

~~Author's Note~

This chapter is 100% sex, just for funsies. Also contains some very minor swinging elements.

~~Samantha~~

Othello was so handsome. Ugh, the thought made her feel so guilty. Jacob was super handsome too! But Othello was the sort of handsome you found on a book cover, standing on a porch of a mansion by a tropical beach, hair blowing in the wind, wine glass in hand, half naked beauty beside him. Even Jacob admitted the man was pretty, too damn pretty. The big muscles, the abs, the long dark dreadlocks, tan skin, and those happy, almost dopey brown eyes. It was all very dreamy and exotic.

Plus, he was a Daeva like her, and every time they met eyes, she knew he knew exactly what went through her Daeva mind.

So, when she'd shown up at the Circle's cave to see Jacob tonight, she'd come a bit early. She wanted to watch Othello do what he always did whenever she was around: have sex with his beautiful ghoul Madison, and sometimes a couple other ladies too. Did he sit around waiting for Samantha to show up, so he could tempt her? Or maybe he enjoyed Madison's body twice a night, every night, since even before Samantha was embraced? She didn't think Othello knew her schedule, so, probably the latter.

She walked up to his alcove, smiled as she found the fur curtain pulled open, and smiled wider as she found Madison and Othello, kissing and fondling, already naked. Othello was just the sort of man who'd only bother with clothes if he had to leave the cave or something, and the sort of man to keep his woman naked whenever he was naked. And Madison happily obeyed.

"Hi Othello. Hi Madison," she said, and she stopped in the entrance of his alcove.

"Samantha," Othello said with a small nod.

"Sam! How are you, girl?" Madison's smile was pleasing and warm, and it relaxed Sam instantly, despite the fact the woman was currently sitting between Othello's open legs, facing away from him and leaning back into his chest, while the strong man groped and massaged her breasts. Madison had amazing breasts, huge, and they matched her curvy figure really well.

"I'm good! Just came to see Jacob. We were going to stay in, relax, you know." It took a lot of effort to keep her voice steady, because Othello was looking at her, at her suit, and as he stared with

hungry eyes, his hands continued to massage Madison's body. He was good. Madison was panting lightly, and her nipples were completely swollen. And, after Othello whispered something into her ear, Madison giggled, slid a hand down to her pelvis, spread her legs inside Othello's, and gently caressed her swollen clitoris.

Was he trying to tempt Sam, on purpose? Jacob warned her he would. But then, he also said to tease Othello in return if he did.

"Jacob's not here yet," Othello said. "Want to wait here for him?"

Madison nodded. "Oh yes please. I'd love that."

Samantha tried to hide her relieved smile, but she knew she failed. There was always a chance Othello or Madison would say they wanted some privacy when Samantha visited like this, but it never happened. Privacy didn't seem to matter much to anyone in the Circle, except Aaron.

"Thanks. I was going to show Jacob something, and—"

"Oooh, lingerie?" Madison said.

Samantha jaw dropped. "H... How'd you guess?"

With a heavenly, womanly sigh, Samantha leaned back against Othello's big, wide chest, and groaned openly as she continued to slowly masturbate. "You have that look in your eyes, like you're excited to show something off. And you just came in and aren't carrying anything."

Evidently, Madison was smarter than she let on. Othello was, as Jacob put it, dumb as a brick, and Sam would be lying if she said she didn't think that reflected onto Madison. But the ghoul grinned at her, pleased with her guess, and Sam squirmed.

"Just a new bra and panties."

Madison and Othello shared knowing grins, before Madison clapped her hands together.

"Wanna show em off? We can let you know if they're good."

"Um..." She did. She really did. She remembered that time when she let everyone see her breasts, all so Othello could get a look while Madison gave him a blowjob. It'd been intensely erotic.

When she told Jacob about her random and unexpected bit of exhibitionism later, he'd said it was okay. Encouraged, even. Which of course made her gasp, cause she hadn't expected she'd ever do something like be naked with other people, but Jacob had only grinned at her. He was super smart, and

wise, and knew what she liked better than she did. He'd told her, encouraged her, to get naked around the others, and if they wanted to masturbate or have sex while looking at her, all the better.

He was so secure with himself, like Antoinette was. Must have been an age thing. No wonder Jack was into Antoinette so much.

After a deep, useless breath, Samantha nodded, and Madison grinned and clapped a couple times. She leaned back into Othello, and the man behind her grinned a gentle smile, eyes on Samantha, hands on Madison's breasts. The ghoul also slowed her masturbating, way down to that 'gonna make this last' pace, which sent a shiver through Sam's whole body.

"Ok, uh... d-don't judge too harshly!" She undid the buttons of her blouse, and eyed Madison and Othello with her best motherly glare. "I mean it."

Both put up their hands in surrender.

"Swear to God," they said, in unison. Must have been a thing they shared.

She frowned, but it melted away as the shivers of excitement and nervousnesses worked through her. The blouse slipped off her shoulders, and she set it on the big pile of blankets and pillows in Othello's alcove. For a moment, she covered her bra and breasts with her forearms, but that was silly. They'd seen her breasts before. They'd seen her naked, being fucked by Jacob in the middle of the cave before. That had not been part of the plan that night, but damn Jacob knew her kinks better than she did, and she'd cum so many times with the other witches watching.

She lowered her arms, and Madison and Othello whistled.

"White! Ah, it's like, half sexy, half cute!" Madison, giggling, leaned forward and set both hands on Othello's knees. She ground her ass into the man, eyes on Sam, waiting for more.

Normally, Jacob would be around, and he'd be the one pushing her to do things like strip for his witches. But now, the only person pushing her, was her, and she shivered as she undid the fly of her jeans, and slid them off.

"Oh, girl, a white thong? That is beautiful, and sexy. You're like, a bride on her wedding night, the sort who knows how to have a good time." Madison scrunched up her nose, grinning. "And I saw the way you stuck that booty out. Been taking dance lessons?"

"Oh my god, how did you know?" With her jeans still around her ankles, Samantha stood up straight and stared down at the ghoul. "Antoinette, she—"

“Knows her way around a man, teaching you to work your ass like that!” Madison chuckled some more, enjoying herself way more than Samantha expected. The woman had a loud, fun attitude, and Samantha found it both overwhelming, and endearing.

“I didn’t... mean to, it just...”

Othello shrugged. “You’re a Daeva. It’s natural. Embrace it.”

A Daeva, right, like Othello. Expression, sensuality, Daeva loved to embrace those things.

Nodding as she steeled herself, she kicked her jeans off, along with her shoes, leaving her in nothing but her bra, thong, and socks; no necklace tonight, not with what she had planned for Jacob.

Madison laughed. “Girl, you are gorgeous, but you can’t wear socks with lingerie. At least, not that kind.”

Samantha laughed and nodded, nervousness melting away, replaced by giddiness. “You’re right, yeah.” Getting some sexy socks would have to wait. For now, she slid out of those too.

“Dance for us?” Madison said. Smiling up at Sam, the dark-skinned, gorgeous ghoul got onto her elbows and knees, and wiggled her naked ass in the air in front of Othello.

“I... I don’t know. I’m not very good.”

“We’re not strangers in an audience!” Giggling again, Madison wiggled her ass some more, causing her large butt to jiggle lightly in front of her master. “Please?”

Othello’s eyes drifted between Sam and Madison, before he eventually reached beside him, grabbed some lube, and drizzled some on his ghoul’s ass. As Othello slipped two fingers into her ass, Madison’s eyes rolled up in bliss, before she managed to right them on Samantha again.

Samantha was instantly hypnotized. She stared, awestruck by how Madison’s ass spread around Othello’s hand as he worked the lube into his ghoul’s butt. Without realizing she was doing it, her body began to move, hips slowly dipping left and right, and back and forth.

According to her sire, the key to an enthralling dance, was to look like you were making love to the air itself. Every motion, every sway, should draw motions — and watching eyes — to the hips and ass, the center of the body. And every motion should sway as if the air itself was lucky to exist between her thighs. Put in a more modern and delicate way: all in the hips. And maybe it was her Daeva blood, or maybe she’d always had a dancer hidden inside her, but she found she was actually pretty good at moving her hips through the air in swaying, interesting patterns.

“Oh, you’re really good!” Madison said, voice wavering a little as Othello fingered her. “Strip tease? Please? You’re so hot, it’s really making me...” The overly honest ghoul groaned openly, only to whimper in frustration as Othello withdrew his fingers from her.

But her whimper turned into a mewl of joy as the man took her hips, and aimed her ass down toward his very long, very thick shaft.

Strip tease? She hadn’t planned on stripping! But, then again, maybe she had? It was hard to know. Every time she was with the witches, she felt like a teenager again, too stupid to think more than five minutes ahead.

Nodding and squirming, she reached behind her, undid the clasp of her bra, and earned some hungry smiles from her audience as she let the bra drop just enough to expose her breasts. She wasn’t blushing life yet, and that was the only reason her nipples weren’t hard, and heat wasn’t building between her thighs. She continued to sway her body as she played with the bra, using it to cup her breasts and earn more sighs of bliss from her audience. Antoinette was right, this was fun.

Being Daeva was, in a way the other blood clans would never truly appreciate according to her sire, absolutely, deliciously, guiltily fun. Without thinking, she Blushed Life, and both Othello and his ghoul groaned with excitement as they stared at her.

She let the bra slide off her forearms onto the cave floor, and blushed red from head to toe as she exposed her body to Othello and Madison. The way Othello looked at her breasts like he wanted to pounce her and devour her, was instantly arousing. And the look on Madison’s face as the man took that moment to grab her hips, and pull her down onto his cock, was enough to have Samantha boiling. Ugh, Jacob needed to come back, and soon, so she could throw herself at him! He—

“Whoa, what is this?”

Samantha squeaked and covered her breasts and thong with her hands as she spun around. “B-Beatrice! Um... hi...”

The Nosferatu blinked at her, then past her at Othello and Madison, grinned, and slowly brought her gaze back to Samantha. “Strip tease show?”

“I... um...”

Beatrice laughed and shrugged, before she slid into the alcove and sat down beside Othello, with only a few inches between them. Super casual, as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “That is a gorgeous thong.”

Oh no, she was going to watch too. Well, that wasn't—

“Oh my, now that is a beautiful woman, wearing some beautiful underwear.” Jennifer, sexy and ridiculously gorgeous Jennifer, looked her up and down with the same look of Othello, though the Ventrue's eyes were considerably sharper. Othello was a gentle soul. Jennifer was not. She kind of scared Samantha, but she was also incredibly beautiful, and Samantha blushed a hundred times more as the vixen complimented her.

“Thanks. You really think it's pretty?”

“Samantha, you are so delicious, it's killing me.” Jennifer smiled at her, smiled down at Triss, and then at Othello and Madison. Othello had put his legs together so Madison, still on her hands and knees, had something to kneel around while she fucked him, and to make some room for Beatrice. Slow, gentle sex. And despite the fact there were five people in the small alcove, no one was watching the two people having sex. Everyone was looking at Samantha instead.

Jennifer's grin grew into something almost evil, and she slipped past Samantha into the small alcove too. As she did, she undressed. It took her only seconds to remove the suit and strip down to only her underwear, before she tossed all of it onto the pile of growing clothes, leaving herself completely naked.

She sat down on Othello's other side from Triss, and smiled up at Sam as she Blushed Life. Gaze locked on Samantha, the Ventrue's body lit up with arousal; Kindred eyes could see it easily, from the increased heart rate, to the swelling nipples. Jennifer had gotten horny in just seconds, looking at her.

Jen gave Madison's leg a gentle, affirming slap, gave Othello's arm the same, and spread her legs as she leaned back, getting cozy in the pile of furs next to Othello close enough to touch shoulders. She set one hand on one of her large breasts, the other on her pussy, and masturbated, just like Madison had before.

“You are such a horndog,” Triss said, looking past Othello to her lover, but even as she said it, she Blushed Life and pulled off her tank top. “Ah whatever. While in Rome.” Her crocodile teeth were scary, but Triss's body was so beautiful, a work of art with all the tattoos and piercings, and she was so lean! She looked like an Olympic athlete.

She leaned back, and set her eyes on Samantha too. She didn't masturbate, but she did watch her with hungry snake eyes, and stroked one of her hardening, pierced nipples with the blunt side of one of her claws.

Samantha gulped, took a deep, useless breath, and started the dance again. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of the thong, and eased it around in a circular motion around her hips, as she ground her hips side to side, in and out, as she rotated on the spot. It was wet.

“Oh my god,” Jennifer said. “Where does a woman like you learn to dance like that?”

“From her sire I’m guessing,” Beatrice said. “Remember, she lives with the queen of sex.”

“True, true.”

Othello, eyes still on Samantha, let out a soft moan, and he set both hands on Madison’s hips again. Everyone turned and watched as the man bounced Madison on his cock, and the curvaceous ghoul mewled and whimpered with the increased speed. With her leaning forward, her hands on his knees, and her knees spread apart around Othello’s legs, Samantha couldn’t help but stare at the black woman as her huge breasts rippled underneath her. But, more than Madison, it was Othello she couldn’t stop staring at, as the man smiled at Samantha as he came inside his ghoul’s ass.

Samantha knew he was cumming. She’d seen those dopey, dreamy eyes of his cum many times already. And seeing them now had her thong soaked.

“Oh, it’s g-going to be... one of those nights?” Madison said between pants.

“Those nights?” Samantha asked.

“Yeah. Sometimes Othello cums first if he’s really horny. And second, and third, and fourth, before I get to!” She leaned back, set her back against the man’s abs and chest, and Samantha couldn’t help but let out a small groan as she saw a few trickles of white leak out of the woman’s ass and down onto her man’s testicles. “But he’s a vampire. He’ll stay hard for me, and cum again... and again... until it’s eventually my turn.” The way she said ‘turn’ was enough to make Samantha’s legs weak.

“Typical man,” Triss said, and she gave the man a slap on the shoulder. “Dude, always treat the girl first.”

Othello rolled his eyes, but even that had a softness to it. The man just wasn’t capable of being mean. Instead, he looked back at Samantha, let go of his ghoul’s hips, and he smiled up at Sam as Madison gently ground her ass against him once again. His eyes lingered on her thong, and her thighs, and only now did Sam realize her thong was more than wet, it was dripping. He could see how wet she was. They all could.

“Triss, come help me?” Jen, one hand still caressing her clitoris, motioned for her lover to come to her.

“Fine fine, you damn slut.” Laughing, Triss got up and stepped over Othello’s legs, still in her jeans. As she did, Jennifer turned where she sat, and set her back against Othello’s side, legs out along the wall of the alcove so Samantha was looking at her profile. She spread her legs, and Triss got down on her knees between them.

The Nosferatu opened her mouth wide, and let out her inhumanly long tongue. She looked at Samantha through the corner of her eye, winked, and lowered her mouth down onto Jen’s wet pussy. As she did, she forced in the long, long long long appendage into Jennifer’s clenching body. Madison turned, looked down at Jennifer beside her, and moaned. Samantha moaned too. So did Jennifer. Everyone stared at how a growing distension moved along Jennifer’s flat stomach, a bulge that flowed back and forth from her mons to nearly her navel.

Triss’s tongue had filled the woman to bursting, and was rolling like waves inside her. Big, powerful, thick waves.

“Don’t stop,” Jen said.

“Ah won wop.”

“Not you. Samantha.” Even as the beautiful seductress obviously writhed in extreme pleasure, and the bulge on her belly grew as Triss forced her tongue in harder and harder, Jennifer looked at Samantha, her cheek and ear resting against Othello’s shoulder. “Keep dancing.”

With another gulp, Samantha started the dance again. Around and around she went, slow rotating circles, with her ever teasing to remove the thong, but never actually removing it. Each time she turned, she whipped her head around quick, desperate to not miss a moment of the four lovers enjoying each other. She’d been around them during their lovemaking before, but never like this, not all together, and not all so focused on her. And not while she Blushed Life so they could tell how deliriously aroused she was.

As Jennifer started to cum, her eyes half closed, and she smiled up at Samantha as she trembled. One hand reached down and ran fingers through Triss’s hair, while her other caressed one of her breasts. Her body shivered in such a beautiful way, large breasts rippling with her occasional tremors, Samantha had to stop dancing for a few seconds to stare.

And then Othello came again! Madison laughed, leaned back against his chest, and pointed down at her pussy for Samantha to look. She was dripping wet, but she hadn’t cum yet, obviously on edge but not able to cross over, while her lover pumped more cum into her. Leaning back like that, Samantha could see the man’s cock flex between spurts, and see some more of his fluid leak out of his ghoul. And



through all that, he stared at Samantha over his ghoul's shoulder, eyes lingering on her breasts and hard nipples, her waist, her thong, and her thighs where a few beads of wetness trickled.

Something touched Sam's shoulders. She let out a loud squeal, and everyone froze as Samantha turned around.

"J-Jacob! Don't... don't scare me like that."

The man grinned at her, but his grin softened as he looked around at what was happening. "Took my advice, I see."

"Um, I uh... yeah."

"Well, looks like you've got everyone mad horny, each and every one of them looking at you. Bunch of horny, punk ass kids on my lawn."

She gulped, and squirmed slightly, guilty. They were still staring at her, staring, and cumming.

"I guess... I guess they are."

Jacob stepped in closer, set his hands on her hips, and put his lips to her ear. "Get on your knees."

She shivered, and her knees shook. That voice, the whisper, the dark tone, it was all so perfect! The man jumped out of one of her novels, and spoke to her in the same tone she'd always thought those dark, scary, handsome, dangerous men had. Without telling herself to do it, she'd already gotten down on her knees, and was looking up at Jacob with her hands on her knees. Her body was acting on its own.

The man smiled down at her, and stripped. He'd been wearing one of his scary robes, very witchy sorta clothing, and it hid his physique super well. But she knew what he looked like underneath, and so did everyone else. The man may not have been as wide and muscular as Othello, but his lean body, defined muscles and abs, and salt and pepper hair, were all intoxicating and perfect. The bandage over his eyes made him look mysterious, and she stared up at him with heat boiling through her as the man tossed the robe and underwear out of the alcove.

He blushed life, and immediately, his large cock rose to life. It earned a mewl from Madison, and she bounced on Othello faster as she stared at Jacob's naked body. Even Jen and Triss wanted a peek, Triss taking a break and lifting her head so she could get a proper look. Everyone wanted to see what Sam would do.

Samantha, hands shaking, reached up, set one hand on the front of his leg, the other on his hip, and knelt higher. The smell of arousal on him was obvious, and she breathed it in as it mixed with the arousal everyone was emitting. Jacob's gaze was pointed at her, no one else. She couldn't see his eyes,

since he didn't have any, but it seemed pretty obvious he was looking at her through the bandage, and it was her that had him hard in seconds, before she'd even touched him.

God, she was soaked. She could feel more of her juices trickling through her thong and down her thighs. If this kept up, she was going to start masturbating like a horny kid.

Bookmark: thong still on?

She set her lips on Jacob's cock, slipped it into her mouth, and worked her head back and forth in a slow, massaging rhythm, her lips tight around his glans. No hands. He liked it when she only used her mouth. She kept her grip on his leg and hip, and tilted her head around and around as she suckled on his cock, her tongue occasionally slipping out to lick and tease around it. The satisfied smile on Jacob's face had her heart fluttering.

Another moan drew her eyes, and she turned her head enough so she could look at the audience. Oh god, they were all staring even harder, especially Othello. The man smiled at her over Madison's shoulder, grabbed his ghoul, and again bounced the beautiful woman on his cock. Poor Madison still hadn't cum either, and drops of her juices trickled from her slit as she bucked on the man.

Jennifer, on the other hand, was well on her way to another orgasm as Beatrice got onto her stomach between Jen's legs, and forced her huge tongue back inside her. The beautiful Ventrue moaned openly, and held Beatrice's head to her pussy with one hand, while the other pressed to the fur beside Madison's leg. With her face still turned to look at Samantha, back snug against Othello's side, she licked her lips as their eyes met, and shudders running through her told Sam she was cumming again already. Cumming, and staring at Sam as she gave the elder vampire a blowjob.

Samantha couldn't help but moan around Jacob's cock as she pulled her head back and forth a little faster, lips massaging the base edge of its bulbous tip. She had to keep her mouth open wide to fit him, and old her would have trouble keeping this up. The new her, the vampire, had little trouble, and ran her tongue around and around, caressing him and earning a drop of precum on her tongue, and another, and another. And as he trickled juices into her mouth, Samantha couldn't help but peek at the other vampires frequently, each of them with eyes locked on her, and what she was doing to their leader.

Jacob let out a small, happy sigh, and pulled back. He set his hand around the base of his cock, and masturbated, while aiming his cock down at her body. He was going to cum on her, in front of all these people.

A splash of warm liquid landed on her lips and neck. Another landed on her sternum and shoulder. Another landed on one breast, and then another for the other. And more. She knew Kindred could exploit the Blush of Life with practice, and do truly crazy things sexually speaking; Jacob had shown her before. But even with all the times she'd had sex with Jacob, he'd never done anything this lewd! Warm, thick strands of white cum splashed over her again and again, and she gasped as the coating grew thick enough it dripped off her breasts.

Finally he stepped back, and Samantha managed to turn her eyes from him to the rest of the group. They all stared at her, looking her up and down, smiling, grinning, and hungry. She must have looked like a painting, or like six men had just taken turns cumming on her.

The look in everyone's eyes set her body to boil. The moment Jacob decided to touch her, or fuck her, she was going to cum and cum hard, she knew it. And everyone was going to see.

“Go, and get Madison to clean you up.”

“W-What?”

“Sit in front of Madison.” He squatted down and gave her ass a slap, and she squeaked before crawling over to Othello's legs. Not close enough. Jacob pushed her shoulders gently, and with her whole body shaking, she slid in closer, kneeling beside Othello's feet, on the same side as Jennifer. Still not close enough. Jacob gave her another small push, and she whimpered as she slid even closer, her knees now beside Othello's. Still not close enough. She slid in closer again, her knees now nudging against Jennifer's side and Othello's thigh.

Madison grinned at her, leaned in, and set a hand on her shoulder. “Come on, get in here.”

With a shivering little whimper, Samantha knelt up high, and leaned forward. She had to put her hands on something to keep from falling over and onto Jennifer and Madison. Her left hand found Madison's right shoulder, and her right hand found Othello's left shoulder, above Jennifer's head. A hard, big shoulder, owned by a man who was looking at her with obvious ‘I want to fuck you’ eyes.

Madison took Sam's hand, the one on Madison's shoulder, and pulled it past her so it could rest on Othello's other shoulder. Sam, holding both Othello's shoulders, looked at the ghoul between her arms, and then at the man, her whole body shaking. It only got worse when Madison leaned in, and set her lips onto Samantha's wet, hard nipples.

“Nn!” Samantha squirmed, and her fingers dug into Othello's muscles as his ghoul began to clean her. Kisses and licks, each hungry and powerful, were placed all over her breasts, each cleaning a section free of cum. Not only that, but the ghoul spent time massaging her skin, rubbing and spreading

Jacob's cum into her body, under her breasts, into her stomach and chest, and up to her neck. And when Madison had spent some time cleaning the upper, lower, inner, and outer edges of her body with her tongue, she set her lips back onto Sam's nipples. Cleaning those tiny things shouldn't have taken very long, but Madison slid her hands onto Sam's body, held her hips, and kept her close while she began to lovingly suckle.

It felt good. It felt great. Powerful jolts of electric pleasure coursed into Samantha's body through the sensitive, swollen nubs, and she whimpered as her eyes again found Othello's. He was loving this.

Jennifer reached up, took Sam's hand, the one on the shoulder Jen was leaning against, and guided it down onto her body. Down to her lips, chin, neck, against one of her huge, supple breasts, and then down to her stomach. She grinned up at Sam, and helped pressed Sam's hand down on her abdomen, against the bulge Triss's writhing tongue was creating inside her.

"Press down."

Samantha gulped, nodded, and pressed down. She whimpered again as she felt Triss's tongue fight against the pressure, and she looked down at the Nosferatu to see what how she felt about this. Beatrice rolled her snake eyes, but didn't stop. If anything, she worked her tongue against Jen's insides even harder, and deeper, and Samantha moaned openly as she watched the bulge along Jen's abdomen reach her navel. That, was deep.

As the tingling bliss in her breasts continued to grow, Madison's kissing only ending long enough so she could switch breasts, Jennifer came again. Even as her body trembled with orgasm shocks, she kept her eyes on Sam, and what Madison was doing to her breasts. And, without being asked, Samantha pressed her hand down against where she knew Jen's g-spot would be, squashing it against Triss's tongue. She could feel the tongue through Jen's body, feel it wriggling and fucking her, and making her whole body tremble.

Triss pulled away, exposing Jen's soaked, dripping slit, sat up, and let out a frustrated groan. "Alright, fuck this."

"I'm sorry!" Samantha squeaked. "I—"

Beatrice threw her a confused glance, before she leaned back, and kicked off her pants and thong. "What? No, I'm horny, damn it! I can't stand it anymore. Jen, get to work."

Chuckling, Jennifer sat up. Despite her confident expression, Jen's whole body trembled with the effort, and a small moan escaped her as she crawled out of the spot from Othello's side. Beatrice replaced her, though she didn't lean back against Othello's shoulder.

At least until Jen, chuckling, pushed Triss so she fell into Othello's side.

"Hey!"

"Relax," Jennifer whispered, kneeling between Beatrice's spread legs, and winked at her as she coated her right hand in lube.

Triss rolled her eyes, but she wriggled into a comfortable position against Othello's arm. Othello lifted his arm so Triss was instead snuggling her back into his torso, her shoulder nudging into Madison, and the man set his arm across the woman's chest in a loose hug.

"Hey, you fucker." Triss squirmed again, this time in an attempt to escape Othello's hug, but it ended the moment she let out a moan. A glance down between her legs showed Jennifer had already managed to sink a finger into the woman's ass, and was pushing in more. And more. And more.

Jen winked at her lover, and sank her fist in to the wrist, earning a loud, trembling groan from the squirming Nosferatu. If Beatrice really wanted to get out of Othello's hug, Sam knew they'd let her. And Triss wouldn't care if she offended them anyway, and would forcefully escape if she wanted. The Circle knew Triss well though, and the super lean Nosferatu slowly relaxed back against Othello's side as Jen gently eased her fist back and forth inside her lover's ass, while her other hand teased and played with her clitoris and clit-hood piercing.

Before Sam could say something, like maybe they were being a little too forceful with Triss, she gasped. Two hands took her hips, and before she could look behind her to see what was happening, Jacob slid her thong aside, drove his hips into her ass, and sank every inch of his thick length into her dripping slit. He sank his cock into her hard, the angle driving it forward down into her g-spot, and she collapsed forward as the pleasure exploded outward from her insides. Her left hand pressed hard against Othello's shoulder, and her right hand pressed high against the cave wall behind Othello and Triss. So far forward, Madison wasn't able to keep sucking on her breasts. In fact, Sam had fallen so far forward, her left breast was against Madison's, and her right breast now sat directly over Triss's head.

So close! Everyone was so close. She was pressed against Madison, and her face was inches from Othello's. Her knee nudged against Triss's side and ass, too. She tried to back up so people could have a little more room, but Jacob slid in even closer, and Sam had to press her left hand harder against Othello's shoulder to keep from squashing Madison even more.

Othello glanced past Sam to Jacob, silently asking something, but before Sam could tell what happened, Othello's arm currently hugging Triss slid forward toward Sam a little, and touched her

stomach. Then down lower, and lower, and Samantha's body erupted into panting whimpers as she realized what the man was about to do.

As Othello's hand found her aching, swollen, dripping clitoris, Madison also took Sam's left hand, the one pressed hard against Othello's shoulder, and pulled it down. Samantha outright squeaked as her chest planted against Madison's, now only her right hand against the cave wall keeping her from falling into everyone. The ghoul set a kiss on Samantha's neck, and another, and another, and Sam's whole body melted into butter as the ghoul's warm, life-filled flesh gently rubbed against her. Melting quickly turned to boiling as two of Othello's fingers pressed against her clitoris, and rubbed it in gentle, circular massaging motions, while Jacob continued to fuck her from behind hard enough to make her tremble.

She managed to look down, and meet eyes with Beatrice only foot a below her, as Sam's first orgasm ripped through her. She let out ungodly noises that were beyond embarrassing, groans and mewls, and her whole body shook worse than an earthquake as the pleasure exploded. With her chest rubbing into Madison's, Othello caressing her clit, and Jacob slamming into her hard enough he had everyone shaking in rhythm, she couldn't help it. The electric explosions of pleasure rushed out into her chest, and down into her toes until they curled.

New wetness coated her inner thighs, and she knew it was hers. So wet, she felt a few beads of it nearly reach her knees.

"Ok, I admit," the Nosferatu said between panting groans, "that is very... very hot."

"Extremely," Jennifer said, her eyes mostly on Samantha. She sank her arm deeper into Triss, and deeper, until her gentle fucking rhythm inside her friend's ass showing up on Triss's defined abs, and the bulge pushed past her navel. God, that was so deep! And Triss was loving it.

Samantha managed to pull her head back a bit, fighting against the trembles in her legs and arms, and stared at Madison with wide eyes as the ghoul slid Sam's left hand down her body, down to her empty, soaked slit, and down further, to Othello's heavy, warm, soaked testicles. The ghoul grinned at her, and helped guide her hand in a massaging motion on Othello's balls, gentle circular motions, just like Othello had done to Sam's now aching, sensitive clit.

Sam's eyes eventually looked from Madison to Othello, and her whole body set alight as the gorgeous man smiled at her. He liked it. He liked it so much, Sam felt the muscles squeeze as the man pumped cum into his ghoul's ass, for the fourth time. He came, and came, and came, body pouring buckets of cum into his ghoul, just like Jacob had earlier when covering Samantha. And as he filled his ghoul's body with his cum, he kept his warm, heavenly gaze on Sam, and refused to look away even as

a small groan escaped him. She felt every flex in her hand. So much cum, Sam felt it trickle out of Madison's body, and soak his testicles, and Sam's hand. So warm. So wonderful. The feel of its thickness coating Sam's fingers had her mewling, and she pressed more of her weight into Madison's chest as she continued to massage the fellow Daeva's heavy testicles. Now, she was massaging his cum, and Madison's juices into his skin, and the hungry look in his eyes said he never wanted her to stop.

Everyone looked to Triss as the woman let out a feminine whimper, a sound Sam rarely heard from her, and the woman started to tremble. Her hands reached up, and clutched Othello's hugging arm like she was on a roller coaster. Her eyes closed, and her body shook as the pleasure worked through her, making her toes curl and her thighs tremble around Jennifer. And a moment later, a hard squirt of clear fluid shot out from her empty pussy, and hit Jennifer in her heavy, rippling breasts.

"Wow," Samantha whispered. "W... Wow."

"Beatrice is as much an anal addict as Othello," Jennifer said, chuckling.

"Not a fucking addict," the shivering Nosferatu barely managed to say.

Jennifer rolled her eyes, and pumped her fist inside the fit woman's ass again, not bothering with her clitoris anymore. Everyone watched, hypnotized by the way the distension moved back and forth along Triss's abs, and the way her body writhed in obvious pleasure. The first orgasm had tipped Triss over, and now, every following orgasm would be easy to reach. Sam knew the feeling.

Jacob thrust into Samantha again, hard, and she collapsed forward completely, hands falling, and all of her weight pressing into Madison again. Her left, cum-soaked hand pressed to the girl's thigh for balance, and her right hand slid from the wall to Othello's shoulder belonging to the hand playing with her clitoris. The man stopped caressing her clit, but he kept his fingers on it, happy to keep touching her as she came on Jacob's cock in seconds. Triss looked up at her, struggling to keep her eyes open as she came too, but apparently she really, really wanted to watch Samantha cum. They all did.

And when Jennifer reached out, took Sam's right hand, and set it on Triss's stomach, Triss made no effort to stop her. If anything, she looked excited, openly groaning when Sam accidentally pushed down on the woman's lower abdomen, just above the pubic bone, over her g-spot. Didn't mean to! But Jen put her hand right there. God, she could feel Jen's arm working Triss's insides. And she could feel it as Triss's muscles clenched hard, another orgasm hitting her, and a hard squirt of fluid again splashed against Jen's chest and dangling, shaking breasts. The splash hit Sam's arm, and she groaned as the warmth coated her hand.

Madison hugged Sam close with her left arm, but her right reached down, took Sam's left hand, and guided it back down. She thought maybe Madison wanted her to keep massaging Othello's testicles, but instead, the ghoul guided her hand to Madison's slit. As the ghoul forced two of Samantha's fingers into her clenching pussy, she moaned into Sam's ear, and whispered, "drink me."

Sam returned the groan, and sank her teeth into Madison's neck. Her Beast took over, and gave her no chance to say no. The ghoul moaned, and her body shook with spasms as she immediately came on Samantha's fingers, hard. Clenching, hot muscles leaked juices onto Samantha's hand, and the woman pushed her hips toward her, desperate for more. And Sam obliged, lost in a haze of heat, desire, and the Kiss. She pumped her hand back and forth hard enough to make the ghoul's body shake, and she clamped her teeth down on her prey to make sure she didn't escape.

And to make it all a delirious concoction of carnal pleasure, Othello's hands took his ghoul's hips, and he fucked her, bouncing her a couple inches at a rapid pace, as Sam fingered her and drank her.

Her own muscles clamped down on Jacob's cock, and she groaned into Madison's neck, their voices mixing. She lost track of the pleasure. Madison's blood flooded her, filled her with passion, life, heat, desire, and bliss. It also blinded her to anything else. Dimly, she was aware she was still pumping her hand back and forth in Madison's pussy, and that the ghoul was cumming so hard she was drenching Sam's hand. She was also aware she was cumming too. Was Jacob? She felt him pump her faster, and then slam into her with fewer, harder thrusts. She felt Othello do the same, his grip on Madison matching Sam's fingering, until he slowed, and slowed, and stopped.

Sam pulled back, and gasped, looking the sleeping, panting, sweating ghoul up and down. "Oh... oh god."

Othello grinned at her, and licked his lips. "That, was hot."

Jacob nodded, and kissed Sam on the neck. "Sizzling like Tom Selleck in the eighties." Chuckling, he slipped back, pulling his cock free of Sam's quivering insides. New heat dripped out of her, vanishing into the growing mess of fluids. He had cum inside her, enough that she could feel it trickling down her thighs until it reached the furs beneath them.

Sam went weak at the knees, quivering, and she stared on in awe as the unconscious, trembling ghoul collapsed back onto Othello's body. With a playful laugh, Othello lifted Madison up and up, until his huge cock fell out of her ass. A fountain of white cum poured out of the woman, and Sam squeaked as it drenched the man's abs like a flood, before Othello lifted her toward Jacob. He took her, and set Madison out of the way on the other side of the alcove.



“That was... amazing,” she said. Hard to get her voice steady, with tingles still flowing up and down her body. Her thighs wouldn’t stop shaking.

Jacob laughed. “Was?”

“W-What?”

“You just ate. I know you’re not done yet.” Grinning like some mad genius, Jacob picked her up from her waist like she weighed absolutely nothing.

“Jacob! I—” She gasped sharply as the man lowered her down, onto Othello’s lap, facing him, her knees outside his waist. So close! Close enough her knee was under Triss’s side, and the woman adjusted to sit back against it and Othello’s side before grinning back up at her.

Sam froze and stared down at the huge man, and his huge cock currently lying on his abs, coated in a mountain of his cum, cum that’d literally flowed out of his ghoul’s ass seconds ago from what must have been half a dozen orgasms. Smiling his usual dopey, fun smile, the huge Daeva set his hands onto her hips, and pulled her up and forward a little, until her ass hovered a foot over his pelvis, and her dripping pussy was directly over his shaft.

If he cared that her thighs were covered in Jacob’s cum, and it was still dripping out of her pussy, he didn’t show it. And considering his abs, his utterly amazing abs, were absolutely buried in his own cum, it was hard to tell whose mess was whose. Vampire sex could get so insanely messy.

“I... I don’t know if... um... uh... are you sure?” Oh god it was happening. It was happening! This stupid, silly schoolgirl sexual fantasy she’d been having was happening. Oh god oh god oh god.

Jacob leaned back in, and gave her another kiss on the neck. “I’m not done with you yet, but I think you want a turn with Othello, right? Get passed around the Circle like a lovely little sex toy.”

She turned red from head to toe, and peeked at Othello’s warm eyes before looking down. As she did, Othello reached down, took his cock, and raised it to point it at her ass. He let go, and the huge shaft had enough firmness to stay upright as it pulled forward, and its fat glans rested against the crack of her ass.

She stared back at Jacob, but the man smiled at her, winked — all in the face muscles — and gave her a tiny shove toward the Daeva. And Othello, with slow and casual hands, lowered her down onto his cock. There was no doubt the man would want to fuck her ass; it was his fetish, apparently, and the only way he would fuck Madison. Jacob knew Sam had a thing for Othello, and had introduced her to anal sex largely because he knew she’d been fantasizing about it, after seeing how much Madison enjoyed sex with Othello. But this? She hadn’t expected this!

Her whole body buzzed with a fresh meal and renewed need. Her nipples ached, and her labia were beyond swollen. Everything was soaked, and dripping. God, she was even hornier than before, and she knew it. She knew she was going to love this, and everyone was going to see how much she loved it.

She stared at Othello, grabbed his shoulders for balance, bit her lip, and the big guy let out a small, deep moan, as he set the dripping wet head of his thick cock against her sphincter. Jacob had helped her get used to this, and she knew to relax her muscles, but it was hard! So hard when she was so nervous, with her hands holding Othello's shoulders, and the feel of his huge muscles filling her palms.

Slowly, Othello eased her down onto his thick girth, and she squeaked as the warm, drenched head of the Daeva's cock pushed passed her clenching ring of muscle, and into her.

"Oh... no..." She whimpered like a scared puppy, and the two men chuckled as Othello sank her down, and down, and down. Jacob was a very well endowed man, and had fucked her ass on several occasions. She liked having sex with Jacob, a lot, and did, a lot. But Othello was even bigger, and she found herself gasping as the man's thick girth filled her up.

The whole situation was quickly regressing her into some tiny girl with stupid sex fantasies about being penetrated by the men on romance novel covers. Except, not a fantasy anymore. She let out a whimpering whine as her ass molded snug to Othello's thighs and pelvis, and she pressed her hands against his huge chest, trying to lift herself up off the huge thing filling her. Othello didn't let her. He pushed her down until her pussy pressed to his cum-soaked pelvis, and she whimpered, defeated, aching for more.

Jacob chuckled, and a glance back showed his evil grin. He said wasn't done with her yet, but Jacob had so much patience. If he wanted, he'd happily wait, or hook her up to toy and leave her like that for the whole night, before indulging himself. She didn't think he'd wait that long this time, but he did sit back, and watch. He had that grin too, his thinking grin, the one he used when he was planning a new thing to do to her. It sent chills through her, and she whimpered again as she looked back to the big, dumb, handsome man between her legs.

She managed another quick peek over her shoulder to see Jacob scoop up the near unconscious Madison. For a moment, she thought he might start fucking her; considering Sam was fucking Othello, she wouldn't blame him. But he didn't. He sank his teeth into the ghoul, indulging in the pleasure of the Kiss, but his eyes landed on Sam, and he grinned at her, even as he gestured for her to continue and enjoy herself. He was going to have a drink, before he came back for her.

She shivered in anticipation.

With a weary groan, Triss forced herself to sit up straight, still snuggled under Othello's arm, and looked at Sam.

"Sorry, about all this anal. Othello really likes it, and I like it, so—"

"It's fine! It's... fine," she said. Jacob had long proved to her she was a lot more naughty than she thought she was, and that she liked all kinds of kinks. All kinds.

She let out a slow, wavering moan as Othello tilted her hips back, forcing her to lean back slightly, and he flexed his cock inside her, drawing it toward her belly. Instant sparks of pleasure as the fat girth stretching her depths pushed toward her slit, and she gripped the man's huge wrists tight as she stared at him.

He was good. He was so, damn, good. And huge. She felt like she might burst.

With a less weary, happier groan, Jennifer sat down beside Othello opposite of Triss, snuggled into his side, and watched Sam, same as Triss.

"Look at her. She's obviously enjoying herself." With a sly grin, Jen reached out, and traced a line down Sam's body, from collar to sternum to stomach, all the way down to her mons, leaving a tingling trail wherever her finger touched. "I bet she's been dreaming of this moment for a while."

"I... I um..." Sam's eyes found Othello's, and she blushed horribly. Not that she hadn't been blushing horribly this whole time, but now she felt her fake heartbeat right up in her cheeks.

With a warm, dopey, happy smile, Othello met her eyes, and moved her again. His big hands held her easily, and he pulled her a bit forward as he also moved her up and down. He knew exactly where to put her, and exactly how to move her, to make sure the head of his cock pressed toward her pussy with each slow, deep, circular bounce of her body. And each time she felt his hard, huge cock press toward her belly through her ass, tingling sparks of pleasure erupted outward from her swollen depths. The haze of sexual bliss, combined with a stomach full of a fresh meal, had every inch of her quivering with desire and bliss, to the point it didn't take much at all to have her nearing orgasm.

She outright squeaked, when Jacob took her wrists, pulled them behind her, and clicked something around them. Handcuffs! Their handcuffs, the fuzzy ones that Jacob had made, the comfortable ones. The super strong ones!

"Jacob! I... I..." Oh no. No no. She stared at Othello, at Beatrice and Jennifer, as her whole body lit up. She squirmed and wriggled, and tried to push up off Othello with her knees, but he held her down, and smiled his warm smile. He saw it, he must have, how much her body responded on its own to what Jacob did. Oh no no. She squirmed harder, pushed her knees down harder against the fur to try

and sit up and get away, but Othello held on. Embarrassment coursed through her, and she kept struggling, but all that did was make her muscles clench tighter, earning some groans from the beautiful man fucking her ass.

Wriggling on him too much soon had her whimpering, and Othello forced her down on his cock harder and faster, making her body shake and forcing outright squeaks from her. Oh no.

Triss and Jen both stared at her, eyes wide and hungry, as Sam came. She twisted and turned, trying to hide herself, but it was pointless. All she could do was tremble like a leaf as Othello's fat cock reached her deepest places again, and again, making her insides spasm and clench. And soon, more of her juices leaked from her, dripping down onto the mess on Othello's abs.

"Wow, you really love the handcuffs, don't you?" Triss said. "I mean yeah, I saw it before, but damn."

She tried to say something, but electric jolts coursed outward from her core where Othello's cock pressed toward her belly, robbing her of any breath. She managed to keep her eyes open, despite her trembling thighs and curling toes, but her mouth hung open too as she panted and mewled. With how everyone stared at her, she probably looked like some sort of horny slut, gasping with pleasure and cumming from anal sex; Othello hadn't even touched her pussy. It was beyond embarrassing.

It was beyond arousing.

"Look at this," Jennifer said, voice softening, like she was discovering a dark secret. She reached out again, slid her closer hand between Sam's thighs, and this time didn't stop at her mons. Expert fingers traced along her aching clitoris, and Samantha shivered as the woman moved her hand down further, and then into her.

"Jen!" Samantha sat up straight, eyes wide. Oh god, she hadn't expected that!

But Jennifer just grinned at her, and pulled her fingers out of her and away half a foot. A couple dangling lines of thick juices connected her fingers to Sam's pussy, Sam's juices, and Jacob's. Oh god oh god. Sam quickly looked to Triss, hopeful the woman would stop her girlfriend from what she was doing. But Triss just sat there, smiling, eyes looking Samantha up and down, and after a few moments, set one of her hands on Samantha's leg, while the other reached between Triss's own thighs to gently caress her own clit.

Vampires could have sex all night if they wanted. Normally Jacob would stop after an hour or two, so they didn't lose the whole night to it. Tonight, there didn't seem to be any sign of stopping.

“You,” Othello said, voice deep, a whisper that tickled up her spine and made her body buzz, “are gorgeous. And very, very tight.”

She couldn't blush anymore. Her whole body was red, lost to embarrassment and arousal. Climaxing from just anal sex was embarrassing enough, but when Jen sank her fingers back inside her, and then another, palm up, and started curling them toward Othello, toward Sam's g-spot, she couldn't take it anymore. She tried to get away again, pushing with her legs, but Othello's grip on her hips was solid, and the handcuffs made sure she couldn't use her arms, either to push away, or to hide herself. Everyone got to watch as waves of bliss rolled out from her insides, up into her chest, down her legs, and into her toes. Trembling and whimpering, her head rolled forward and her jaw hung, as she stared down at the beautiful man she straddled, and the juices she leaked onto Jen's fingers. A lot of juices.

And then Othello started to cum; the man was a machine. Sam froze, and stared at the handsome Daeva as his muscles flexed, and his eyes closed for a second, before opening again to drink her up. He'd been looking forward to this, she could see it in his eyes, and Sam stared at him as the man filled her ass with his cum. Waves of it filled her, gushes, each accompanied by a hard flex of his huge cock that pulled toward her pussy. Each joined by a whimper and shiver from her.

“You are easily one of the most sexual vampires I have ever met,” Jen said. “Daeva indeed.” For a second, Sam thought she was talking to Othello; he'd cum, what, six, seven times tonight already? But no, Jen was talking to her, and Sam shook her head desperately.

“I'm not!”

“Oh?” Chuckling, Jen slipped her hand out of Sam's insides, and ran them up onto Othello's huge abs and chest. Wetness, strands of arousal, connected Jen's fingers to Sam's leaking body, and she traced the wetness along Othello's muscles. And Sam watched her fingers, hypnotized.

“That... that's cause, I fed, and... and...”

“A stomach full of blood definitely makes it easy to get the body going, and it rejuvenates you too, but it doesn't make you hornier than you normally would be.” With a pleased sigh, Jen slid her hand back down between Sam's thighs, and slipped two fingers inside her once again, palm up. “You'll just have to accept that you are, eternally, a horny vampire.” And before Sam could say anything, Jen started to finger her, hard, hard enough to make the Ventrue's body ripple with the fast, firm motion she put into her arm. Her large breasts jiggled, rubbing against Othello's side, but the man didn't even notice. He kept his eyes on Sam, gazing her up and down, and licking his lips as he watched her mewl and squirm on his cock.

“Jen! Slow... slow down...” It was no good. Sam came in seconds, pleasure pouring outward from her swollen, aching insides, but Jen didn’t stop. Sam looked to Triss for help, but the Nos grinned up at her, got comfortable against Othello’s side, and masturbated faster as she watched her.

Jen wasn’t done. Her other hand reached behind Sam, grabbed her ass, and used the grip for stability so she could pump her other hand faster, slapping her fingers against Sam’s insides. Rough! Oh god, so rough, Sam’s whole body trembled like a jackhammer, as did Jen’s, her arm shoving back and forth like a piston, each forward draw making a wet slapping sound. Sam’s insides clenched hard, but Jen didn’t stop, and before long, Sam felt her insides begin to pulse with waves of pleasure that forced every inch of her to tense and and squeeze in rhythm.

Juices flowed out of her, and she stared down at the holy mess she created all over her thighs, Jen’s hand, and Othello’s abs. Little splashes soaked Jen’s palm and everything else, encouraging Jen to pump harder, until Sam couldn’t even moan anymore. If she’d been human, she’d have started seeing stars from not being able to breathe. As a vampire that wouldn’t happen, and all she could do was wriggle in Othello’s solid grip, as Jen made her cum on his cock again, and again.

Finally Jen stopped, and she chuckled as she slipped her hand out of Sam, and again painted her juices over Othello’s muscles. She had plenty to work with.

“Glorious.”

“Othello,” Jacob said, “get over here.”

Samantha, slowly coming up from her climax high, managed to look back over her shoulder to Jacob, knowing she must have looked guilty as hell. What was he doing?

Nodding, Othello pushed himself down away from the wall, until he was lying down on his back, torso only slightly propped up by the blankets underneath him.

Sam squeaked as Jacob’s hands, hands she knew well, took her thighs, lifted, and turned her around. He didn’t lift her up much, keeping Othello inside her, and setting her legs outside his. With a big devil grin, he took his large cock in his hand, and winked at her. Oh no.

Jacob knelt down in front of her, and she wriggled and squirmed again. They’d never done this! Sure, they’d used toys, but never two men at once! Never. And both men were big. And she was not.

Her lover pressed his cock’s head against her drenched lips, and pushed into her, slowly. She clenched and squeezed, panicking, but Jacob kept going, forcing past her tightening insides. She mewled like a cat as he penetrated her, taking his sweet time filling her up, until she couldn’t help but push her hips toward him.

With Othello lying on his back, Jacob had his knees around the man's legs, so he could sit up on his knees as he pushed into her. He grinned down at her as he sank himself to the base, filling her, stretching her, and he stayed there, not moving. She squirmed some more, not sure if she wanted him to stop before she died of embarrassment, or pound her until she was a mewling, whimpering mess.

Jennifer chuckled and slid over to them. With an evil grin, she slid in beside her, naked body pressed to Sam's side, and she slid her free arm down Sam's naked chest. First, over her breasts, both of them, taking the time to caress her swollen areola, and sending sparks through Sam's chest. Then lower, down her body, her stomach, and down her smooth mons. Then lower, to where her aching clitoris sat just above Jacob's cock.

"Jen, you... you shouldn't, I—nnnng." Sam shivered, and her legs shook around Jacob, as Jen caressed her clitoris. Not hard thank god; it was super sensitive by this point. But the woman knew exactly how hard to push her sensitive body, and she used two of her soaked fingers to massage the tiny, engorged bud.

Sam outright gasped when Triss joined them. She knelt down beside Sam, opposite of Jen, and reached out across her chest. Chuckling, she did the same thing as Jen, caressing each of her breasts and cupping them playfully with one hand. On her knees, she had both hands free, so her other hand slipped down Sam's stomach, and down to where Jen's hands were. Her fingers stopped a couple inches higher, and with her evil smile only growing, she pressed down.

Sam's squeals and whimpers turned into heavy groans, as Triss squashed her g-spot down onto Jacob's cock.

Then the boys started to thrust. Like in-sync machine pistons, they found a rhythm that worked together almost instantly. Jacob pulled out, then Othello as they lifted her up a bit. Then Jacob thrust into her, hard enough to make her breasts ripple, before Othello pulled her down, and thrust up into her, both men fully sinking into her. Around and around and around it went, and they were not gentle, turning her into a squeak toy in seconds.

Through it all, Jennifer continued to tease her clitoris, approaching but never crossing that point of painful. After a few seconds of the boys becoming aggressive animals, Jennifer leaned up and over Othello's shoulder, then Sam's. She set a kiss on her shoulder, her neck, and then lower, finding her free breast and enveloping it in her mouth. Jennifer's breasts were huge, and she pressed them into Sam's side as she kissed and suckled Sam's nipple, finding a rhythm that matched the boys. And Beatrice, she kept her one hand on Sam's other breast, massaging, while her other hand pressed harder down against her mons, crushing her g-spot onto Jacob's cock.

Sam was only barely aware of any of this. Thirty seconds into the madness, she closed her eyes and went limp, body refusing to listen anymore as orgasm hit her. Vaguely, she knew a big muscly guy was under her and in her ass, that two women were caressing and playing with her, and that her lover was fucking her pussy hard enough to bruise her, if she'd been human. But the new Samantha came and came hard, until splashes soaked her thighs.

“St... op... need a... break.”

No one listened. She opened her eyes enough to see Jacob, and the evil smile he loved to use when fucking her. Even without eyes, the man's expressions were powerful, and she melted as his face silently spoke a thousand words: you're mine, now cum for me.

She didn't need much encouragement. Her eyes closed as she came again, muscles clamping down despite how her spread, limp legs only managed to quiver on the blankets. Someone's hand wrapped her throat. She didn't know whose. All she could feel was two people massaging and kissing her body, while two more fucked her with an almost desperate rhythm. And then they filled her with cum again.

At some point, the others stopped, and Jacob had her all to himself. He rolled her onto her chest and knees, lifted her ass up, knelt behind her, and fucked her hard.

And everyone watched. She was a trembling mess at that point, but her Kindred body rejuvenated her fast enough that she could keep on going, and going, and she melted into the floor as she came on him. And everyone watched, big smiles on their faces as their boss ravaged her. He thrust into her again, and again, until she felt his cum oozing out of her pussy, trickling down her mons and stomach, and down her thighs, joining the mess already there.

No wonder Antoinette warned her about how vampires could get addicted to sex. She couldn't wait to do this again.

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“Oh my god oh my god oh my god.” She covered herself with her arms as best she could, and shook her head until her hair was smacking her in the eyes. “Oh my god.”

“Chill girl, chill.” Triss laughed, shrugging.



Everyone lay in Othello's alcove, spread out around the blankets. Jacob, then Sam, then Othello, then Jen, then Triss. The only reason the room didn't stink of sex and flesh was because they were vampires, and all that stuff faded away after a while. Except for Madison, she lay on the other side of the room, asleep, and snuggled up to some pillows, smiling.

"I didn't mean to... to touch you like that, Triss," she said.

"Sam, you barely touched me. Besides, if I'd had a problem with any of this, I'd have walked off." She laughed, shrugging again. "Not like I give a shit about peer pressure from these fuckers."

That was true. No one had done something they didn't want to do. Everyone here was comfortable enough to tell each other to stop if they didn't like where things were going. Even Triss, who'd been a bit annoyed with Othello when he got his arm around her, didn't actually try to get out of it. She'd enjoyed herself.

Jacob chuckled, leaned in to her, and kissed her. A good, proper kiss. A romantic kiss. She sighed into it, but pulled away when she heard a couple swoons. The girls were grinning at her.

Before she could say anything, someone else walked up to the alcove. Aaron!

The Gangrel blinked at them, each one of them, rolled his eyes, and walked off.