

~~Mason Harding~~

~~The Year: 1986~~

Being alone is horrible.

Lot of the people he knew — knew being a strong word — thought being alone was bad, and rough. But to them it was just a word. Being alone, well and truly alone, alone to the point you feel it in your bones, that it's a part of you, that's hell.

Something about sitting on a city bus really lets the mind wander, and Mason used it to write in his journal. Back angled to the window a bit so he could write without people looking over his shoulder, he jotted down notes about loneliness, about his past, in an effort to contextualize, conceptualize, and understand why his past affected him so. Over-analyzing? That was him, thinking was his favorite hobby. Thinking himself right into the grave.

Mother, dead. Father, in a ward. Siblings, one sister in prison for trafficking, and one brother dead. Friends? All the ones he'd made in high school had moved, and the ones that stuck around were in prison. Some for trafficking, some for fighting, breaking and entering. One for murder. All because they were stupid. They weren't good friends.

Did he try and make new friends? Sort of. There weren't many friends to make, working nights at a convenience store. Just him, alone, and the crazy sort of fucks you found drifting city streets at three in the morning. Not the drunk people getting taxi rides home; they were nice enough. It was the people dropping by the corner store, perfectly sober usually, with a dead look in their eyes that Mason knew were dead inside. Drugs and/or a shitty life had a habit of doing that to people.

Didn't matter to him. Just a twenty-year-old dude trying to survive, making minimum wage and living in a shitty bachelor apartment that could fit into a closet. People showed up, went to the back corner, exchanged things in small bags, with chains dangling from their pants and wallets, and many with tattoos that read 'bitch' or 'nigga' and such. Posturing. Made him roll his eyes, but he kept his mouth shut. Stupid as it was, he didn't need a knife in the gut or bullet in the chest to prove it.

He sighed at the memory, and looked out the window until the bus pulled up to his apartment building. A shit shit, shit shit shit end of town. No cops, no cameras, nothing but bars on the windows and leaking roofs. No friends here, no family, no one to turn to, nothing.

He kind of liked it, but mostly hated it.

The front door of his apartment creaked like a dying siren. He put his journal down, walked past his busted couch, and stood in front of his dirty mirror. He was an attractive man, he knew that, with blond hair buzzed short, blue eyes, and a tight jaw. Average height, but he took care of himself; nothing else to do with his free time. So he spent his days exercising using a metal bar hanging from his ceiling that probably wasn't code, and anything he could do with his bodyweight. No money for equipment. But even if he did have money, he doubted he'd go to a gym.

All alone. Didn't know any other way. Wouldn't know where to begin to not be alone.

He sat down and grabbed a book. Long walk to the library, but at least the library was free. And he was enjoying this book. Journey Through the Rain. The passages about the man's hatred for his family alone made the book worth reading.

He tried to focus on the book, he really did, but memories kept moving through his mind. They were recent memories, new memories, or at least, memories being filed away in a different light compared to usual.

Prey.

He shook his head out and ran his fingers over the buzzed texture of his hair. Everything smelled different these days, everything tasted different, everything felt different. He couldn't look at someone anymore without wondering how fast they could run, if they could hit as hard as he could, if they could stop him if he wanted to rip their throat out.

As the people had come and gone from his store, each had warranted a far longer glance than was normal. Each had pulsed on a radar in his mind, until he managed to assess how much of a threat they were, and how easily he could kill them.

Was this what got all his friends and family into such trouble? Didn't sound like them, and they told him nothing of any feelings like this. But considering the sorry state his parents were in, dead and psychotic, it wouldn't surprise him if there was something wrong with him, genetically. Christ he hated them; fittingly, like the man in the book.

It didn't really matter. He had bills to pay.

~~~~~

The next night at the convenience store wasn't any better.

A man came in, covered in tattoos, shaved head, a white dude that screamed biker gang. Mason watched him come in, watched him get some cigarettes, watched him get some milk, watched him help an old lady reach some crackers on a high shelf, and watched him buy his stuff. Nice man. Dangerous man. Same could be said for three black men and one black woman, wearing hoodies with low, torn jeans, and each laughing and joking. He put each as large blips on his radar, but they were polite and patient.

Then several new people came in, college students by the looks of it. A delightful mix of ethnicities and arrogance, wearing fraternity shirts and varsity jackets, or whatever. And these fuckers sent his heart racing. These idiots, his age, were dangerous like a kid with explosives was dangerous.

“Hey man,” the woman said. She walked into the candy aisle, grabbed a couple packs of candy, and slipped them into the jacket. While she made a small attempt to avoid the camera filming the store’s interior, it didn’t take much to avoid the one camera. And she didn’t give a shit that he could see her.

There were a few customers around, some older people easing their way through the aisles to find bread and such. The college brats pushed past them, and not gently either. Mason grit his teeth, but said nothing. If someone wanted help, all they needed to do was ask, and no one asked. Not his place to impose.

Cowardly? Maybe. Not really. People needed to be able to look after themselves, or at least have the stomach to ask for help if they needed it.

Mason sighed and waited. Some of the jocks came up to the counter and paid for what they were getting, mostly cigarettes. But the beer was a problem, and Mason shook his head.

“Need some ID.” He could tell they were going to argue, and he could feel his muscles tense, the balls of his feet press down against the hard floor, and his heart rate increase again.

“What, we don’t look nineteen?” the woman said, standing in front of him, pockets filled with stolen goods. Whatever.

“Legal age to buy alcohol is twenty-one now.” He shrugged, and motioned to the small sign by the cash. The age to get alcohol was increasing across a lot of the US; it’d finally caught up on beer.

“Yeah, fuck that. That was what, last year? Come on,” one of the men said, complete with a little posturing of his chest. Might as well have been puffing up like a blowfish to Mason.

“Sorry. Need some ID.”

The stupid college brats glanced at each other. No doubt they were trying to figure out if it was worth it, to push him on this, which meant they weren't twenty-one. Shoplifting some candy or other silly crap wasn't a big deal, but taking alcohol while being underage was a bigger problem.

They glanced between each other a few times more. They weren't sober. Three of them had been drinking, he could smell it on them, their breath. At least two of them were on some sort of drug, and it certainly wasn't green. If it was weed, the worst Mason would have to be afraid of would be their extreme munchies. No, this was different, and he raised his lips in a small sneer as one of them, eyes twitching and blinking in quick succession, stared at him.

"Just let us buy the beer, man."

He really should have just let them buy the beer. This part of town, it wasn't exactly uncommon to let nineteen-year-olds buy beer. Hell, it was almost expected. But, these kids were his age, a year younger actually, young adults, and today, he just wasn't feeling like being charitable to fucking kids.

He felt like sinking his teeth into something.

"No. ID."

"Look man, you know who I am, you know who my dad is?"

Dad. Kid might have sounded slightly more intimidating if he'd said father. Slightly.

"That's right!" The woman got in closer, and slammed her palms on the table. "Matt Terner is his dad! You know who that fuck is? Man owns half this city."

Oh god, this was turning into a college drama. Who wrote this script?

They didn't like his silence.

"Fuck you. We're outta here." College brat with the drinks in hand tried to walk away, but Mason moved his hand to rest it on the beer, and pinned it down to the counter.

"I'm afraid you'll have to leave the beer. Want a drink? Go cry to your daddy."

He really, really wanted to sink his teeth into something. Or at least, piss off some twerps who deserved to be reminded they really were twerps. Fuckwads.

The bunch of them looked at him like he'd grown an extra head. They glanced at each other, at the woman, who glanced at them, and around at the others, and it went around like that for twenty seconds as, slowly but surely, their shock washed away. The girl gave the biggest guy a nod, and the guy came in closer to the counter.

A college brat may have been a fucking moron, incapable of using the mystical power of thinking past five minutes into the future, but a college brat could still throw a punch. Much as Mason liked to think he was strong and fast — and he was — he wasn't in a position to dodge that punch as he was trying to hold onto the beer. Plus he really hadn't expected it, despite the situation. Now he was the dumbass.

Dumbass with a split lip and the world spinning around him as he spun around and collided with the floor.

“Yeah Joe, get him! A few more!” The woman, evidently, did not think a single punch was enough punishment.

A man jumped over the counter, and Mason managed to get his bearings long enough to see the sneaker coming his way. He tried to turn around to block it, but the man was already on him, and it crashed halfway across his forearm and his chest. And then again, into his shoulder, and then again, into his chest. And then, into the stomach.

All concept of breathing left his body, as if the dick's shoe was possessed by a spirit of asphyxiation. Diaphragm ceased functioning as a shoe toe replaced it, forced the air out of him, and left him choking on his lungs. Pain put everything in his body on pause, and forced his eyes to stare along the floor as the man kicked his arm and chest another time, and another, and another.

A minute went by. An eternity. Someone else jumped behind the counter to kick him a couple times more in the back, adding to what was turning into an array of bruises and dents in his body, each a bomb of agony that forced his muscles to convulse. If they'd been wearing proper shoes instead of sneakers, they'd have broken his bones.

“Come on, let's go!” the woman said. “Mr. Turner got us covered, right?”

“Oh yeah, definitely. I'll make up some bullshit and this all disappears. Dad's got the cops under his thumb. They won't piss him off for a fucking clerk.”

They laughed, chuckled, laughed some more, and left.

It'd been a long time since he was beaten like this. Pain like this didn't go away quickly, kept the muscles from moving, kept the mind in shock until at least it stopped flooding the brain with panic signals. Having been beaten like this before didn't help him get over it any faster, but at least he didn't piss himself this time.

Other people had been in the store. They were gone now. The camera filming the floor didn't get audio, and it was blurry at best. And Matt Turner was a name he knew, typical corrupt politician and business man.

Really, who wrote this fucking script?

He forced himself onto his hands and knees, and then onto his feet, with hands braced against the counter and the coffee machine behind him. Last time this happened, it took a month for the bruises to heal, and a few months after that for the bones to stop aching. His cheek was damaged and split as well, so there was no hiding all the bruises.

He leaned his weight against the counter, and looked out across the isles. Empty. He looked outside through the glass doors, and winced as he saw some pedestrians, people passing by. Some of them must have seen what just happened. They winced, like he did, and walked on. Of course they did.

He looked down at the counter, and wiped his hand across his face. Blood from the cheek bone, blood from his lip, now all over his wrist and palm, now all over his shirt. Blood inside his pants, and trickling down his ankles, getting into his shoes. Blood in his mouth, coating his teeth and tongue, the taste of life.

Funny how much life tasted like metal.

He looked down at his hands. They were shaking. He looked across the counter where it now showed a couple bloody hand prints. Blood hand prints, what a poetic way of showing the futility and fruitlessness of his job, his life, his predicament.

A really shit script.

His whole life was a really, really shit script. And every single god damn mother fucking cell in his body was screaming at him to go do something about those people, those punks, those pieces of trash. Those threats.

He walked out the door. The smell. He knew their smell.

~~~~~

The brats were driving out to Makeout Hill, far outside the city. Mason had never been there, but he knew of it, a place where teenagers and young adults went to make out, kiss, maybe secretly fuck under the light of the moon.

It never occurred to Mason to stop himself, never crossed his mind to put an end to this insanity, and just go back to the store he was supposed to be watching. He hadn't called in the theft, or his assault. He locked up the store but hadn't closed it down. Cash still in the cash register. Just didn't fucking care anymore. He was on the hunt.

Running a few miles was hard, or it should have been. Felt good tonight. Felt right. He put a few miles under his feet in record time, and by the end of it, didn't have his usual exhaustion. Breathing deep, but fine. Felt good to be outside and putting asphalt behind him, until eventually he was outside the city and out into the woods.

The cliff overlooked a lake, and at the top of the cliff where it crested outward over the lake, there was grass, soft, and inviting. A few of the punk idiots were lying on the grass on blankets, kissing, fondling, and a few more were in parked cars, living out their greatest cliché fantasies. These idiots had seen Grease too many times.

Idiots. Prey. The words started to blend in his mind, or at least, the word prey was slowly replacing it for the tag he used to describe these people in front of him. He watched on from the shadows where the hill and the forest met, and licked his bloody lips and teeth. Someone was going to die tonight.

He squeezed the bark next to him, until his fingernails tore bits of it away from the trunk. Get a hold of yourself, calm down, breathe, let it go; none of those words of wisdom came to him, even though he knew they should, that normally they would. Not tonight. As he watched the idiot sacks of meat, he sank low to the bushes and let the adrenaline fill him until his fingertips and toes started to tingle.

"Bobby, there are people around!" a woman said, the woman who'd more or less instigated his beating.

"Come on babe, no one cares." Her friend, the macho jerk sort, was lying on his side facing the woman, the two of them on a blanket, beer beside them. Far as Mason could see, Bobby had a hand on her side, and was slipping his hand up underneath her shirt.

"Bobby, you're so bad." All pretense of trying to dissuade the man's sexual aggression tossed out the window immediately, she leaned in and resumed kissing her friend, while several men and women hooted or hollered from their cars, cheering on the increasingly erotic scene.

Maybe this would be like one of those scenes in those ridiculous slasher horror films, where every person running from the killer was suddenly struck with a terminal case of insanely-fucking-inept-itis.

Perhaps they'd try to run, and trip over every possible twig or slippery bit of grass. He licked his lips as he remembered the film Friday the 13th. Maybe it'd go like that?

What would go like that? The killing spree. What killing spree? The one he was about to unleash. Why? Why would you do that? Because every muscle, every fiber, every instinct he had was telling him to get rid of these fucks, that they deserved to die for attacking him, that his territory would be better off with them gone.

The world would be better off with them gone.

He started walking forward, out into the open. Some of them noticed him, some of them didn't; he was still far away and buried in the darkness of night. It didn't matter, they weren't getting away.

He knew what to do, somehow, just knew to let it out. Something in him snapped, and a part of him thought that it should have been a more explosive, more violent, more loud experience, this string snapping in his mind. But it didn't. No, it was more like a thin silk rope that someone cut with a pair of scissors, and the rope fell away, no longer blocking this thing that had been building inside him for weeks. Longer than weeks, months, even years, a shit life on top of a shit day on a shitty fucking job with shitty fucking people and these shit fucking kids.

His clothes were starting to fade away. A weird brown fur was replacing it. He seemed taller. He seemed faster. He seemed stronger. The distance between him and the parked cars was shrinking far faster than it should have. He wasn't walking on the ground anymore, he was tearing into it with the claws of his feet. Each step sent him ten feet, easy, despite the monstrous weight he felt sink into each bounding leap.

There was screaming. People running. One of the metal boxes two of them sat in started making noise, mechanical whirs that sounded more like roars. But Mason jumped through the air, landed upon the metal box's front half, and with one swipe, ripped out its guts. Black liquid squirted outward, and the noisy lifeless thing went quiet.

“What the fuck is that!?”

“No, no! Oh god oh god oh god, run! Run!”

Words. The meat was saying words. Meat wasn't supposed to speak, meat was supposed to die.

He marched over the length of the metal box, and swung his two gargantuan arms forward, with them both hanging at his side. They caught the meat at an upward angle against their chest and jaws, and his claws ripped through their skin-covering fabrics, chests, breasts, throat, and up through their



screaming mouths. Blood was everywhere, and he roared satisfaction. Two less pests defiling his territory.

The other two in another metal box got out, and ran. He jumped after them. First the woman, he sank his claws in through more of the colorful, alien material that covered her skin, and deep into her body. His claws were long, and his hands titanic. She screamed, gargled blood as he punctured her lungs, and died seconds later as her insides were shredded. He tossed her meat aside, and leapt thirty feet to land upon the female's mate. Mason's new weight was enough to crush many of this trespasser's bones, and as the male cried out in agony, Mason reached down, and ripped his head off; no more difficult than plucking a dandelion.

The two who had been on the grass on a blanket were much further. They'd left their pack to die. Typical of pests. He roared his fury to the moon, to Luna, and bounded after the two.

It took seven breaths to reach them. He could hear their pants, their cries, the strange, hard things on their feet striking the grass. He could hear their heartbeats, loud as they were, almost as fast a hummingbird's.

First the male. He pounced this one, landed upon his back and legs with all of his weight, with his four sets of claws, and broke the man in many places. Bones snapping, cartilage tearing, his prey went down and screamed. Pitiful sounds. Mason stepped on the prey's head, and crushed his skull and brain like stepping on a cockroach. Pop.

The girl he would deal with last, the one who had instigated the attack on him. She cried out, begged for mercy, but they were just words, words he barely understood anymore. Something about 'help' and 'please don't' or some such. Just words. Nothing, meaningless compared to weight, muscle, meat, blood, tooth and claw. The hunt, and the kill.

He ran her down, and bit down onto her skull. It shattered. Hair, brain matter, blood, it filled his mouth. He spit it out, tore off the strange fabric from some of her limbs, and sank his teeth into—

~~~~~

He woke up with a snap, a crack of lightning, a slap of white against his eyes, and dampness on his body.

Grass. He was outside. The sun was up. What the fuck.

He sat up, and regretted it. Pain danced up on his back and arms, a burning sensation he hadn't felt in a long time, since the last time he'd been to a gym. He'd had a good workout yesterday then. The fuck did he do—

Blood. He could smell blood. How did he know what blood smelled like? He fucking knew, knew it down to his bones, knew it like it was a part of himself to know, knew it like he knew the smell of eggs and rice he'd been eating for the past ten years straight. Blood and the other things, the sinew, the bone, organs, those smells were in the air and in his mouth.

He looked down, and froze. Blood, everywhere, on him, soaking him. Blood and bits of flesh. Oh shit, oh shit oh shit. He grit his teeth down as the memories started to rise from their graves, each pulling him down into a hazy mess of blood-soaked carnage and mayhem. Something was stuck in his teeth, and when he reached into his mouth to pull it out, he begged it wasn't something he didn't want to see.

It was a piece of clothing.

He tossed it away, turned, and vomited into the grass. Oh god, oh fucking god. More of the memories came back, blurry things, mixed together like a bunch of shit thrown into a blender. There'd been people, right? People, and... he'd eaten them, or at least bitten into them, tore them apart, ripped them open and shredded them.

His vomit didn't show any of the horrible things he was remembering, but as the memories came back, he was sure he could taste them. And hear the screams of the humans as he bit through them. Humans? Right, because, he wasn't human, not then at least, not when he was killing these people.

He looked at his hands. There had been claws. Fur. He could remember having a snout. He could remember being tall.

And he could feel it now, inside him, something that was hiding underneath the skin before, but now it was out there, in his eyes, on his fingers, between his lips and on his tongue. He could feel the wolf there, almost hear it barking and howling. A wolf, a fucking wolf, no denying it, no escaping it, he just knew it.

He got up, and looked around some more. The mess wasn't as bad as the memories told him it should be. Where were the bodies? He must have moved on from the site where he'd killed them.

He almost vomited again. Killed. He'd killed them. Shit, they were just kids. Kids who'd beaten him to shit and—his wounds were healed. No pain, other than sore muscles, and no bruises either. The beating they'd given him was gone, and in return, they were dead.

He stumbled around, and pressed his hand against a nearby tree. Right, he was maybe a mile out from Makeout Hill, and had run that mile as his... other... form... in minutes. He hadn't had clothes then, just fur, but now he had clothes again. How the hell did that work?

Shit. Shit shit shit shit what was he supposed to do now? Go back? People saw what happened to him, saw him walk out of the store, after those fucking kids beat him to shit, and now they'd be reported as missing. By tomorrow, they'd be on the news, dead, killed by some wild animal. Police would come to him, interview him, find evidence, lock him up.

Mason shook his head. No, don't go back to the city, you don't need to. No friends, no family, no nothing. Just, stay out here, in the woods, and do what wolves do.

What the fuck did wolves do? They hunted. But he wasn't a wolf. Yes, he was, he fucking was. With a little digging, he found a piece of that wolf in himself.

The fuck was he doing? The fuck was he going to do? Why the fuck was any of this happening? Did he really want to do this? Did he really know how this was going to go, how it'd work, anything? Just up, and go? Leave?

The animal half of him, brand new but a part of him, brand new but as familiar to him as breathing, knew what to do. How? No fucking clue, no fucking clue at all. And either he could stand here, with the blood of a bunch of college kids he'd murdered on his hands and clothes, or he could leave this shit life.

Changing was easy enough. A bit painful, and he growled and groaned as the feel of muscles pullings and bones grinding filled him. His clothes vanished into his body, fading away like shadow, and he fell to his hands, almost signifying the lost of his human self. Hands became paws. Mouth became snout. Naked skin became fur.

Painful, but easy. Too easy. Should it have been harder? Did others of his kind do it like this? And there had to be others. He was a werewolf, a fucking werewolf, and he'd never been bitten by an animal his whole life. Whatever changed him could have changed others, must have.

Holy shit. Did he just accept abandoning his old, shitty life, accept that he'd killed a bunch of shitty college kids, accept that he was a werewolf, that other werewolves must exist, and did he decide to go on a mission to find some?

He looked at himself. A wolf. A normal, natural, normal wolf. Not the titan he was last night, but a normal wolf who could sneak and hide and leave, eat deer, and leave everything behind.

So he did. Being alone is horrible, and he had no intentions of staying a lone wolf. Maybe he could find a pack, other werewolves, if they existed.

God, how come this came so easily to him?

~~~~~

~~The Year: 1991~~

Being alone is horrible.

He knew that, knew all along. What he didn't know was how different it'd be to actually have a family, and friends, to have people who watch your back, people who care about you and will put their life on the line for yours. Irritating to be around people so much, sure, but now he could sleep at night and not have to look over his shoulder. Sleep, actual real sleep.

Sleep under the stars.

Their pack was small, for now. Avery was certain they'd find more, and that their totem would grow along with the pack. Not like Mason was in any position to complain. Woman had saved him from wandering the woods as a literal lone wolf. Now he had a purpose, something he could sink his teeth into and pursue, something that clicked and made sense.

He was a werewolf, and he had a duty to hunt. Except, not hunt mindlessly, but hunt with a purpose, like keeping a population in check. His new job was to guard the barrier between the physical and spirit realms, and manage the spirits and humans in both, the way a wolf knew best. Hunting.

He looked to his right. Avery, leader of the pack, a tiny woman who was a bit older than him. Blue eyes with a hint of silver, light tan skin, and a black ponytail that went down all the way to her hip. Lot of scars. The fuck kind of wounds she'd suffered to get those kinds of scars, especially as an Uratha, he had no idea, but she had them, a lot of them.

The pack sat by the fire, and waited. To his left were Erica and Stephanie. Erica was an adult, like him, but Stephanie had just turned eighteen, with a chip on her shoulder the size of a mountain. The change had come upon her a year ago, damn young, and it'd ruined her life. So now, she was a bitch. He could understand that, a little, but it didn't justify how much she liked to take out that aggression on him and the rest of the pack. She'd been a part of their group for a month, and the only person she treated with decency was Erica, and Avery by necessity.

Carter sat on the other side of the fire, closer to Avery. He was older than her, but the man followed her lead. Such was the way of Irraka, hunting from the sidelines, quiet, unseen, necessary. Brianna sat on the other side of her, a strong woman, tall, the Rahu and muscle of their small pack. Erica and those two had been with Avery when they found Mason, and before him, each of them had been a recruit to Avery's new pack. Avery rarely spoke of her old pack, other than to say it was gone, destroyed, dead, and she was building it anew.

They were journeying south. Their pack was of the Meninna, Hunters in Darkness, and they did not like to travel. They wanted a home, a place where they could guard the territory, manage it, keep it balanced. Avery knew there were problems, major problems in the Hisil in Tijuana, and problems on this side of the Gauntlet as well, vampires wreaking havoc there. Seemed as good of an idea as any. And maybe they could find more for their pack there.

Heh, how long had it been since he'd just sat down, and entertained thoughts about his circumstance? He used to do it all the time, when he worked at a convenience store, lamenting his shit life. Times had changed, he'd changed. He learned he was an Elodoth Uratha, a werewolf of the Half Moon. Thinkers, according to Avery. He did like to think.

The night came upon them, darker, and darker, until the starlight above was a bright painting against the trees that surrounded the pack. They'd found a small stream to rest by, with a tiny waterfall that danced against an equally tiny pool peppered with pebbles. It was the perfect place and environment to speak with their young totem.

Avery stood up first. "It won't be long before we're in Tijuana. I have an old friend there, and I'm pretty sure he's in deep shit with the Kindred there." Words she'd said before, but it was normal for a leader to recap; in this case, for Stephanie's sake as well. "Erica, Mason, Stephanie, none of you have ever been in a city, not as Uratha, and not when it's a hotbed of shit. You'll have to get used to vampires trying to shoot you in the back."

"Why the fuck would they do that?" Steph said.

"Cause they know they'd lose if they tried shooting us in the front."

"No, I mean, why are they shooting us at all? We making enemies? This doesn't have to be like those other cities you've been to. Doesn't have to be like Dolareido."

Mason facepalmed. This girl. Why couldn't she just shut up and listen? Always arguing.

"Don't start, Steph," Avery said. Everyone else waited, and listened, because this song and dance had happened plenty times the past month, and now it was going to happen again.

“Why don’t we go someplace where the people there aren’t trying to shoot us in the back? Or hell, maybe some place without vamps?”

Mason leaned back against a tree, and grit his teeth, silent. He had no words to interrupt this argument, none that wouldn’t explode in his face and get him skewered.

“We need to find a place where we can do some good, Steph.”

“We can do good out here, in the woods, just... watching, taking care of the spirits that get uppity here.”

“These wilds are peaceful, Steph, for tens of miles in any direction. Balanced. The wild usually is. More often than not, it’s where humans congregate that everything gets out of balance.” Avery stood there, and tapped her foot on the ground, arms folded across her chest. Patient, more patient than Mason would be, and more patient than he had been.

“Yeah, I know that, you’ve told me. A dozen times.”

“Then why—”

“Because I don’t think we should have to put our lives on the line for a dead ancestor! Father Wolf is gone, if he ever existed, and children inheriting the sins of the parent is some pretty old world, illogical bullshit.”

Well, shit. Mason winced, and waited for the explosion, for Avery to tear into the young pup and set her straight. But the small woman didn’t. Avery sighed, shook her head, and sat down on the ground by the stream once more. The gentle splashing of water against water and rock was probably the only thing keeping her temper in control.

“Stephanie, I’m sorry that Luna has never spoken to you. You are Rahu, and it’s understandable for that to be the way of things. But I’ve been on this Earth far longer than you, and I’ve had the visions. Many Cahalith do. We’ve been tasked with Father Wolf’s duty. If you want to leave and—”

“It is, perhaps, best if she follows her heart.”

Everyone went silent, and stared on as a swirling mist of color rose above the stream. It wasn’t normal for Uratha to rest out in the open, but it was where the nearest stream was, and their totem found an easier foothold to manifest near water. Such was the way of Flowing Sanctuary.

They all turned, and watched the spirit grow, manifest, become visible as waves of blue and navy, azure and cerulean, flowing with the sparkling crystal of living water. Angel wings rose from the gentle waves, and the color of blue faded from them until only the white of pure, heavenly feathers remained.

Flowing Sanctuary itself started to form and manifest its body, and everyone stared on as womanly curves joined the floating waves. Shoulders, but no arms, falling fog where arms should have been. And the spirit's legs never solidified into more than mist, the upper half forming into something almost human looking, carved of crystal-like blue, with hair like water flowing down its back.

“Even the damn spirit agrees with me.” Stephanie stomped around in place, pacing side to side as she threw up her hands. Here came the raised voice, right on schedule. “I don't care what Luna's tasked us with, I didn't ask for any of this.”

They all looked at each other, and then Avery, and then Flow. The spirit hovered away from the stream, and toward Stephanie. Its wings, its mist, they did not touch the physical, but there was no hiding the light its body gave off, how a gentle azure buried them all as it radiated from its form.

“You Uratha, always seeking purpose,” it said. A lovely voice, almost a singing voice, feminine like its figure. Only the bright white of starlight in the spirit's eyes looked hard.

“Don't talk to me about purpose, spirit. You're a fucking spirit, you don't even know what it means to exist without purpose.” Stephanie struck out, but her hand passed through Flow without resistance. Might as well have been trying to hit actual mist.

“I know that without purpose, Uratha and humans alike, crumble into nothing.” Flow floated around Steph, getting between her and the rest of the forest. “Your pack leader found purpose when she found me, after the death of her former pack and totem spirit. It has given her not only purpose, but joy, something to pour her energy into, her essence.”

Mason winced with the spirit's words. Yeah, no purpose was fucking horrible.

“I don't need that purpose! I'd be cool being a Ghost Wolf and—”

“Would you?” The spirit flew into the air, gentle, a wisp of mist on the breeze, except six feet tall and a wing span of ethereal cloud to follow. “A lost pup, wandering alone, afraid of the spirits with tooth and claw that do not appreciate an Uratha in their midst.”

“I'm not—”

“Be silent,” the spirit said, and shattered the air around them with thunder. Avery didn't flinch, but the rest of them did. “Avery presented to you a purpose, and you chose it. What's changed in that scant amount of time, little pup? I said it is best to follow your heart, and not long ago, your heart took you from your home, your city, and threw you into this wild journey with Avery.”

Yeah, what had changed? Flow was frustratingly smart, and Mason appreciated that; also appreciated how good it was at getting to the root of a problem.

“I didn’t... I didn’t think it’d be like... Arg, fuck this. Fuck this and fuck all of you.” She threw her arms up, and stormed off.

Avery got up, hand up to her neck and stroking little necklace it held. Just a string, a black string, and one the woman liked to touch whenever she seemed upset, stressed, or when Flow was summoned. He didn’t ask, because, yeah, no reason to.

“That woman,” Mason said, “is insane.”

Avery shook her head. “She’s not insane, she’s just young and confused. Go talk to her.”

“I guess she—wait, what?”

The small woman came up to him, sat beside him, and gave him a punch in the shoulder. Soft enough to leave him unmoved, hard enough to hurt a little.

“Go talk to her.”

“I uh, um... why?”

“Because you two don’t get along, and this is a perfect opportunity to use some of that frustration for an eye-opening exchange.”

This woman was strange. His leader was very strange. Wise, but strange. Ugh, he threw up his hands, stood up, and walked after Stephanie. Wasting my time, wasting my time, wasting my time.

It didn’t take long to catch up to Steph. The damn woman had stopped only maybe a few hundred feet from the pack, and had sat down by a tree. He was approaching her from behind, bit of an angle so he could see her shoulder, but he could see the frown through the back of her damn head. God damn this idiot girl.

He found a tree maybe five feet from her, and sat down against the grass as well, back to the bark, arms hanging off of his knees.

“You’re a real bitch, you know that?” First words out of his mouth. Yeah, this was going to go real well.

“Fuck you Mason.”

“Serious. Avery gave you shelter and a group of people you can rely on, and you—”

“Sorry if I don’t feel like I should have to die for that.”



Oh, fear of death. Yeah, that should have been more obvious. Christ, why hadn't that been more obvious? He was Elodoth, he broke things down into logical equations, weighing the facts and the realities, while forever being disconnected from the emotional weight of them; so Avery told him, anyway. He didn't entirely agree, didn't like being put into a box like that, didn't like how she bypassed the nuances with her generalizations. She called it good storytelling.

"You won't die."

"Won't I? Avery's old pack died."

"Avery's old pack was lead by some guy named Simon, and the man was asking for trouble. You know that, she told you that. Not all packs go out like that."

"Bullshit. Avery's taking us into a shit storm. I don't want that, I want to find a calmer territory."

"... you really don't. You'll die of boredom, and you said you didn't want to die." It seemed like such an obvious problem, with an obvious fix. Afraid of dying? Get over it. What else was there to it? Apparently a lot, because he couldn't crack this egg, couldn't figure this girl out. Christ she got under his skin.

"I wanted to let loose, go out there, be a fucking werewolf, fuck and fight and kick around some punks who have the nerve to waltz into our territory. She wants us to go fight someone else's fight, and try to clean up streets, like... like... fucking cops."

"We are cops."

"Excuse me?"

"We are cops. We're supposed to be keeping the—"

"Fuck that, I didn't ask for this. I—"

"You wanted to join the pack. Avery offered, and you—"

"I didn't want to be alone!"

He pulled his head back, and blinked. "... yeah, I know that feeling."

"The fuck do you know about being alone? My family went and... I... Fuck it, I'm not going to give you some ridiculous rant describing my life."

"Same."

She threw her hands up, and snarled. "Like you know anything about being alone."

"... I know a lot about being alone."

“Bull shit.”

Ok, that was it. He got up, stomped over to her, picked her up by the shoulders, and slammed her back against the tree behind her.

“You’re a werewolf now, you idiot little child. Get used to it. You can either roll with us, be a part of this family, not be alone anymore, and try to make this world just a little less fucking shitty, or you can be alone, deal with this alone, hunt alone, live alone, die alone.”

“I—”

“So take your high school drama and shove it! What is this, a cry for help? Be loud, be obnoxious, piss everyone off around you, push them away, cause all you really want is for someone to reach out and save you from yourself?” This was the worst. God, he hated arguing with a teenager; they were too stupid to know why they were upset, or to articulate it to him.

Funny, now it was easy to understand why parents got so frustrated.

He opened his mouth, ready to keep arguing, ready to maybe drill into this girl’s head that she was creating her own problems, that she just needed to accept reality and stop treating everything like a problem. She had a family now, and they’d protect her, be there for her. They’d understand her new life as a werewolf, they’d be able to offer advice, support, purpose. The need to hunt was in the blood, almost overwhelming sometimes, like a wild wolf raised to be domesticated, who could never quite shake the instinct to hunt.

But a fist to the mouth suggested he shut up, and he fell back onto his ass. Stephanie glared down at him, took a step forward, and started to change. Oh shit.

Height, muscle, those were the first to come. The woman put on two feet in height, her muscles grew thicker, and fur started to grow out of her dark skin. It was a visceral change for her, not smooth like Avery, and she screamed in what must have been pain as her clothes vanished with her human skin, and a titan of muscle and rage came out.

Mason looked back in the direction of the pack. Predictably, everyone came out of the woods to join him in the dark, even their totem spirit. But, as Erica came closer, Avery put her hand out and stopped her. And then, she nodded to Mason.

Finally. Time to let out some of that frustration. He got up, and let out the beast, let out the rage inside him, let it out until he could feel it on his skin, in his muscles, in his fucking bones. Like Stephanie, he started to grow in height, higher, and higher, and muscle mass filled him, building upon itself, defying physics and increasing his weight until his claws — not shoes — were digging into the

forest floor. Clothes disappeared, fur replaced them, and his mouth grew longer, and longer, until he was looking down a snout.

If Avery was cool with it, then fuck it, he was going to smack some sense into this idiot girl; not so much smack, as tear and rip, though.

Gauru, the classic werewolf form, a goliath of power, strength, size, and blood-lust. You didn't change into this form for jokes, you didn't change into this form for a fucking brawl, you changed into Gauru when you were ready to kill. He wasn't going to kill Stephanie, but he was going to make her wish he had by the time they were done.

They lunged at each other. No disillusions here, no dancing around the issue, they didn't like each other and now was as good a time as any to let loose some anger.

His claws found her chest, but before he could slice down, she slammed her forearm against the inside of his arm, knocking it aside as she slammed the rest of her weight into his chest, shoulder first. They bowled over, and rolled along the grass and dirt until they hit a tree. She came out on top, hands on his shoulders, knees outside his waist; a full mount.

But they weren't doing MMA, they were werewolves, beasts, and he slashed out with his claws at her arm. Blood gushed over him as it poured out from her, and she howled as the damaged arm lost its grip on him. His other hand struck out for her neck, but she rolled to the side and away from him and the tree. He leapt after her, throwing himself into the air toward her with the full weight of his body, claws first. Eight hundred pounds of pissed off.

She turned to face him, but still on her back, and caught his weight with her feet. Barking, roaring, she drove her legs back toward him, and sent him flying. The tree caught him with all the grace of a brick wall, and cracked, toppling over and cutting through nearby branches of other trees before crashing into the ground. If anyone was around to hear, it wouldn't be a good thing, but this was too important to stop, impossible to stop.

"You'd leave me to die." Her words were guttural, barely words, mixed with harsh, intermittent snarls. And they hurt.

"I would never!" He forced himself back to standing, but only in time for Stephanie to tackle him. Not a shoulder tackle, but a full body tackle with arms wide and her head lowered. He went flying again, and the ground broke away beneath him as she landed on him, their weight and momentum splitting the earth and leaving a trail as they slid. But she kept her grip on him, and grabbed his wrists as

she full mounted him again. Apparently, he really sucked at fighting other werewolves; he'd never done it before.

“You'd leave me to die! You hate me! You're not family, I'm not safe with you! I—”

“We said we'd protect you!” He almost brought his legs up, to maybe get one of them digging into her side; he was damn flexible when he needed to be, even in this form. But, he didn't. He stared up at the woman, the wolf, the enormous creature glaring at him and pinning him.

“You'd never protect me! Why the fuck would you ever protect me?” Her voice died away, but her grip didn't. She glared at him with enough hate in her eyes to cut a hole through steel, and panted fury down onto him until he could feel the heat of her breath.

Speaking English in this form was a bitch, but even if she was in gauru form, catching the inflection in her tone, the drop in pitch, was easy. She didn't think they'd protect her, because she figured they hated her. Because, as far as he could tell from the train wreck life they picked Stephanie up from, everyone hated her.

It'd be so easy to tear into her, verbally, knock her down a peg, expose to her her stupidity. Of course they were going to protect her, they were a family, and family protected each other no matter how much they hated each other. At least, that's what families were supposed to do, did in the Disney movies, and... and Stephanie didn't know what that felt like, at all.

She was him, from five years ago. Well, way to be a giant fucking asshole, Mason.

“... I'll protect you.”

“You—”

“I'll protect you. Me, I'll do it.” His transformation faded away, no more rage or blood-lust to fuel it. Now, he was just an average-sized guy, in the clawed grip of an enormous beast. “I'll keep you alive, personally.”

She returned to her human form as well, until all that was left was a woman, tall, a sharp chin, sepia skin, and sad eyes.

“You will?”

It should have annoyed him, bothered him, that Stephanie could be such a child. He didn't do this shit, didn't throw temper tantrums, didn't need anyone to draw him through a leading conversation to come to realizations about himself. Maybe Avery was right, and Elodoths were just good at thinking shit through, and Rahu like Steph had to say it out loud. Or, maybe, people were more complicated than

that, and trying to wrap Stephanie up in a box was doing her a disservice. But, for some really stupid reason, he felt like maybe, he should help her. It was probably some sort of redirected desire to help himself, and escape his similar past. As good a reason as any.

“Yeah. I will, with my life. Ok?” He almost said something really, really cheesy, like ‘you’re not alone anymore’ or ‘I’ll be your friend’, but knowing Steph, she’d either take offense, or burst into laughter. Besides, ‘I’ll keep you alive, personally’ implied some degree of friendship, didn’t it?

He turned his head a bit, and caught Avery’s smirk. She probably thought it did.

~~~~~

~~The Year: 2019~~

Being alone... is horrible.

“You’re one of the Uratha, aren’t you?”

Mason frowned at the woman, and lowered his eyes back to his drink. He wasn’t so disconnected from his human half to have trouble with alcohol, like some of his kind were. Getting drunk took a lot though, more than he was willing to guzzle just for a buzz.

“Hello?” they said. Apparently his silence wasn’t clue enough to go away.

“... yeah. I am.” He shrugged, took another sip, and kept his eyes down. Maybe they’d leave if he just showed no interest.

“Mason, right?” The woman sat down next to him, and leaned forward over the table enough to catch his eye.

They were in a night lounge, some place close to Invictus territory, but still in Carthian territory according to Avery. The vamps suggested it as a quiet place where they could scout the populace.

The Cahaliths like Avery and Clara pointed the pack in the direction of trouble, based on their visions. David turned the vague direction into a more solid lead by talking with the spirits; a typical approach for the Ithaeur. And Elodoths like Mason analyzed the information to turn it into something actionable, if action was required. It was an important part of the job description, for Uratha to keep tabs on the ins and outs of the humans, see if they could pick up on any oddness before it evolved into a

problem. What that oddness was, and what the problem would be, were to be figured out by people like him, people with their ears open and a mind for analyzing.

Garry had pointed him toward the night lounge Danny's Dusk, and Mason liked to get his ear to the ground and see what he could learn. Never hurt to get digging before trouble started.

Course digging wasn't going to happen, for two reasons. The first was the vampire beside him trying to get his attention. The other was that the only thing going on in the lounge was people genuinely having a good time. Getting drunk, getting laid — some in the club itself in their booths — and getting high. Mason wasn't a fan of all the drug abuse Dolareido had, but violent crime was low in the city, and it didn't seem like kids were getting dragged into the drug world, so—

“You're really good at spacing out. Mid conversation too.”

“... sorry. Just want some peace and quiet.” A good friend died and I can't stop blaming myself, so go the fuck away. He almost said it, too.

“In a lounge?” the vampire said, and she gestured to the booths around them, the dance floor further out, and to the corners where speakers were playing the music. Not as loud or as obnoxious as some other clubs, like that horrible place Bloodlust he'd tried once; not that Bloodlust was a loud club, just loud for a werewolf. And instead of red light pulsing with a flickering white light, the lighting here was just a simple, navy, subtle light, just enough light for people to see by.

“In a manner of speaking.” He shrugged, took another sip, and nodded his head in the direction of one of the booths. Two men were in it, chatting over an envelope. “Drug deal going down.”

“Yeah, that's pretty typical,” she said.

He frowned at the vampire, and gestured in another direction. A young woman was sitting with an older man, maybe in his forties, and the two were chatting while slipping some money across the table.

“Prostitute.”

The vampire shrugged it all off like it was normal. “Prostitution is a pretty ancient occupation. And besides, I've seen that girl around. She makes quality money, and picks her clients.”

“... this city is just asking for problems from across the Gauntlet.” It was a wonder more spirits of wrath or envy weren't causing havoc as it was. Spirits of money, drugs, sex, and varying incarnations of their elder, more grown, more fed siblings had set up some powerful holds in the Hisil. How the city maintained its weird balance, its weird peace, he didn't know.

“No idea what that is, but stick around for a while and you’ll learn to ride Dolareido’s strange groove.” She reached out for his drink, took a sniff, and grimaced as she put it back down.

He raised a brow at the vampire beside him. She had very short red hair, a dash of freckles, and pale skin. Average height, and quite thin, almost thin enough to be unhealthy until he took another glance at her neck, her shoulders, and noticed the muscle definition. A touch of muscle, the sort of you found on a dancer’s body. Very attractive. She was wearing a green dress, tiny straps and plunging, loose cleavage between her small breasts, with a split skirt that cut high enough on her hip to show the side of her black thong. Confident in her sexuality, that was for sure.

He sighed, and let his mind wander back to Stephanie. At least until the vampire flicked him in the arm.

“... you’re persistent,” he said.

“Yeah well, I heard your friend died last week, and I thought you could use some company.”

Even the Kindred were talking about it. How fucked was that, for Kindred to be talking about Uratha dying, and then one of them trying to cheer him up. But, it was a much better direction than Tijuana would have taken it.

“I’d rather be left alone.”

“So I gathered, but you reek of all the typical self-destructive tendencies of a loner who really needs a shoulder to lean on.” The redhead shook her head, and flicked him in the shoulder again. “Trust a Daeva to know.”

Daeva, right. Artsy, passionate sort of Kindred. Ugh.

“And you are?”

“Tilly. Work for Garry.”

He sighed but nodded, and turned his gaze back to the crowd of people dancing. The music was slow enough to keep the mood at least somewhat calm, where the people were almost slow dancing, and the people in booths greatly outnumbered the people dancing.

“Garry keeping tabs on us?”

“Well of course, all the elders are. But that’s not why I’m here. I came for a meal, but saw you.” She slid in closer, until her leg was touching his. He was wearing some black suit pants, and a white shirt; just nice enough to fit in, without being so nice or ugly as to draw attention to himself.

“And you thought, a week after my friend died, was a good time to start pestering me?”

“Yeah, basically.” She chuckled, and set her elbows down on the table in front of them. “How long you been Uratha?”

This woman. Was this how Kindred operated in Dolareido? So blatant and direct? It was a welcomed change, just not right now.

“Bit over thirty years now.”

“Really? You don’t look a day over forty.”

“We age slower, once we’ve changed. And you?” Couldn’t have been very old. Every instinct he had told him he could tear this girl in half without her having time to blink. She looked about twenty, but that visual age meant nothing to an immortal creature like a vampire.

“About ten years now since I was embraced.” She nodded a few times, and turned her head to look him up and down a few times more. “I can tell you’re a lot, lot stronger than me, or my sire. No wonder Kindred fear your kind.”

“... being strong means little against the fortunes your kind grow, the hundreds of ways you can manipulate people, the empires you build.” Immortality provided a lot of benefits, if you got old enough to use it.

“And yet, all gone with the snap of a finger.” And on queue, she snapped her fingers. “One fuck up and we’re gone. One sunrise and it’s over.”

He nodded, and pushed down his smirk. The girl was actively trying to grab his attention, to keep his mind off of Stephanie. And it was working. Daeva indeed.

“You are paranoid creatures.”

“Wouldn’t you be? Centuries of potential power, wealth, pleasure, all teasing you, all so easily taken. So, yeah, we spend a lot of time scheming and setting up stockpiles of money, webs of deceit, and droves of servants and slaves once we’re strong enough, cause one bad night can ruin everything.” She slid in closer. Their legs were already touching, making closer very close, and she smiled up at him as she flicked his shoulder again. “I could run you over with a train and you’d be fine.”

“... I suppose I would be. Wasn’t enough to save Stephanie.”

“With shit like that happening in the city now, I am pretty glad you guys showed up. Thanks for that. And sorry, about your friend.”



He raised a brow at the beautiful creature, and offered her a small smile. She was very pleasant, and continued to throw him intrigued glances, warm smiles of her own, and did not move from her spot with her leg against his. And despite all the smells in the dark lounge, he could smell her clearly, with her proximity and her blushing life. Perfume, and fake life. Not an offensive smell, just unique.

“You don’t need to blush life, just for my sake. I’m used to the smell of Kindred.”

“Yeah well, I like doing it when I’m here. I like the way it gets this dead heart beating when I watch some couples in their booths, doing things to each other.” She gestured to one of the booths in the far back corner. A woman had one of her dress straps pulled down, and a man was caressing her breast while kissing her neck. Tilly gestured to another booth, where in the dark corner, a man was looking down at the table like he was in heaven. Someone was giving him a blowjob from underneath.

“I’d heard you vamps hunt like this in Dolareido. Clara confirmed. People just throw themselves at you for a Kiss. Sounds reckless to me, putting your Masquerade at risk.”

“We’re more careful than you think, and there’s no trail back to us.”

No real trail, but hunters didn’t use real trails, hunters followed rumors and gut instinct and found their targets through sheer determination. He sighed, shrugged, and looked to another booth where two men were kissing. At least Dolareido embraced sexuality in many forms.

“Surprised you haven’t eaten yet then,” he said, “considering the glances people are throwing you.” And there were many glances, men and women who were very attracted to Tilly; and him, now that he took a moment to look.

“Who says I haven’t?”

“I’d smell it.”

“Ooh, impressive.” She giggled, a wonderful little sound. Practiced no doubt, but that was fine, it was a nice sound anyway.

“Surprised people aren’t coming over to asking you out, or over, either.”

“They think I’m propositioning you.” Tilly traced a finger on the table, and slowly nodded her head to the slow beat. “Trying to sell you my drugs, my Kiss that they don’t understand. It’s pretty funny, sometimes when the kine try and get in on trafficking it, not knowing what it is.”

“That... is a bit funny, yeah.” He chuckled too at the thought of a human trying to coax secrets out of a vampire. If they tried to bully a vampire, it’d only end badly for the human.

“So,” she said, “I am pretty hungry... and I wanted... to ask you... you know.”

He furrowed his brows, and looked down at the gorgeous creature beside him. Not a touch of shame to her face. In fact, the only reason she hesitated was to try and add a touch of huskiness to her voice, a little seduction. It worked, but he wasn't about to let some random Kindred drink him.

“You want to Kiss me?”

“Mmhmm. Friend of a friend told me it's pretty intense, getting the blood from a werewolf.” Her hand found his leg, and her fingers reached out to start stroking his inner thigh. “And honestly? You're very handsome, but you also look pretty depressed. And that's just a recipe for attraction from a fucked up girl like myself.”

“Attracted to the depressed?” He looked down at her hand, and then back to her face. The pale skin, the blood red lipstick, her blue eyes, she was a very attractive woman. But he wasn't really in the mood.

Tilly, apparently, thought she could change his mind.

“Like a moth to flame. I know you're hurting, and if I see a cute guy brooding about horrible things, I want to help him.” Her hand drifted higher. He half expected her to grab his crotch, but her fingers found his shirt, and she reached in between two buttons to begin teasing a finger along his abs. “Daeva are horrible like that, you know? To me it's like a really good story, the ones where bad things happen to the characters, and you just keep reading cause the drama is addicting.”

That got another smile out of him, and he nodded. He did know that feeling, and he knew Daeva lived for that feeling. She was honest, for a Kindred.

“You are very... aggressive,” he said.

“Well you have to be, to get into the pants of scary, dark, handsome types, the ones who like to brood and get a girl all... you know, wanting to take care of you.” A few more chuckles, and she raised her hand outside his shirt to set it on his chest. “If you were wounded, and I had to nurse you back to health? Ugh, makes me swoon just thinking about it.”

He was wounded. Stephanie's death hit him in a weird way, a deep way, some place in his fucking guts that felt like fire sizzling on his intestines. He hated her, and he loved her. Never even kissed her, and he never knew he wanted to until she died. Which of course made him hate himself, and it led to a delightful downward spiral of depression and negative thoughts. He'd seen what this sort of self hatred could do to people, and how bad it could get when the person closed themselves off to others. Worse for an Elodoch, over analyzing things and never letting them hit the heart.

Stephanie's death hit the heart though, hard enough to crack it. Fuck, he was starting to sound like a Daeva vamp.

"... I... could use a little nursing, yeah." Hurt to say, but it was true.

"Wonderful! I like to think I'm pretty good at the nursing thing. I was a nurse, before I was embraced."

Oh, well, that might explain a little of her unusual desire to help him, to tend to his wounds and such. Maybe she became a nurse, in hopes of living that wounded soldier fantasy, and never having it? He knew the reality of being a nurse was nothing like that, but if it was how she wanted to pursue that—stop over thinking everything. Just, for once in your god damn idiot life, let the pretty girl make you happy.

"I worked a convenience store, before I changed."

That got a laugh out of her, and she got cozy against his arm, leaning her shoulder into his as she looked back out to the crowd.

"So, I'll take care of you, and then I can have a drink of you?"

He nodded. "Sure."

Not like he was in danger. That Mekhet girl had drained Arturo earlier on, and he'd survived just fine; didn't even get knocked out like a human would. And Avery seemed ok with the idea of the pack getting close to Kindred in Dolareido, what with Arturo and Matthew having permission to hang with Natasha. And, Arturo described the Kiss with some pretty enticing adjectives. Mason would be lying if he said he wasn't intrigued.

"Want me to get one of the girls over here? If you'd prefer someone else," she said.

"... what?"

"I am a Daeva. Want me to enthrall someone, a kine? One of the girls, or boys?"

"No. No, of course not. Thought it was you flirting with me?"

"Oh I was, just wasn't sure if it was me you wanted... Sorry, guess that's just a Kindred quirk. We often kind of think of sex in looser terms."

"I see. That's... a little crazier than I think your typical Uratha is looking for." Inviting random strangers for sexual favors, when the vampire on his arm was almost a stranger herself, was pretty crazy. Normal behavior for Kindred apparently.

“That’s so romantic! And adorable.”

He smiled, and frowned, at the little devil leaning on his arm. Perhaps he was a hopeless romantic, in Kindred terms at least, preferring to not involve random strangers in their flirtations. No need to mention that he hadn’t had a relationship beyond the occasional one night stand in his entire life, Uratha or otherwise.

Her hand closer to him set on his leg again, and with the table before the blocking out a lot of what people could see, it seemed Tilly had no hesitation to set her hand higher, further inward, and start to stroke his pants along his crotch. Never in his life had he ever found a woman so sexually aggressive. Damn this city was like a teenager, no cares in the world, just looking for sex and fun times. It was going to take some getting used to, but, as he looked down to see the beautiful woman start to undo his pants, he found his smile refusing to leave. It really was a nice change of pace from... everything.

A girl, coming up to him, and asking to do sexual favors for him so she could drink him. And not a drop of shame or guilt or judgment anywhere. Liberating.

“God damn.” Tilly giggled as she slid her hand under the waistband of his boxers, and gently cupped his still soft flesh. “Warm. And... damn, I can feel it filling up with blood.”

“Isn’t that normal for your prey?”

“Ha! Prey? You could kill me easily.” She leaned in a bit closer, head to his shoulder and looking down while her hand eased the length of his cock through the flap of his boxers, so it was laid across her open palm and out in the open. “Would it be really cliché of me to say you have a big dick? Too crass, or silly?”

“A bit... a bit over the top, maybe.” He squirmed a touch, just a little, as the girl began to massage his length. No qualms or hesitation or anything, she just started to caress him and tease his cock with expert fingers. And, being surrounded by all the sex, not to mention smelling the arousal coming from the girl beside him, it wasn’t long before he’d grown erect.

“Well, it is.” She worked her grip higher, to the base of his glans, before she squeezed a little and pulled her grip to the hilt of his length. He glanced her way, and gulped as he found the vampire licking her lips. Her fangs had grown from their hiding spot, and he could see them through her slightly parted lips. Her nipples pressed hard to her dress, and her smell grew increasingly erotic. She was wet, and getting aroused faster than he was. And unlike her, he hadn’t been laid in years.

“The brooding, handsome guy, a loner, wounded, with a really fit body and a big dick, and in desperate need of a woman to save him. Sorry to say, Mr. Mason, that you really are a sexual stereotype

and fantasy incarnate,” she said. Her breathing was picking up, getting faster as she stroked him faster as well, until his length was completely hard, and she was breathing in tandem with her strokes. No need for a vampire to breathe, but she was anyway, probably knowing full well how much more attractive it made her when her breasts and hard nipples kept rising and falling. She was right.

A handjob, in a public place. First time for everything. He glanced around at the people dancing, at the people in their booths, at new people coming and other people leaving. Many threw him a glance, but not a one of them so much as furrowed a brow. Many couples smiled, a few women and one man spent more than a few seconds looking at him, and one couple in a far booth started to copy them. Couldn't see through the table, but from how the woman's arm was moving, it was easy to tell she was giving her man a handjob as well.

“Maybe I should... go out more then,” he said.

“Oh you should. Lot of Kindred in Dolareido who think you wolves are just... really... hot.” Her hand squeezed a bit harder, a tight squeeze, and moved faster, stroking the whole of his length before easing to a slower, gentler rhythm again.

He let out a slow, long sigh, and closed his eyes for a moment. Someone else was touching him, getting past his surly attitude, making him forget about horrible shit for a little while; it was really appreciated. Greatly appreciated even, and a quiet, low groan escaped him as he started to feel the liquids building underneath his testicles, tingling warmth that made him sigh another long, content sigh.

“I know that sound,” Tilly said. “Gonna cum soon?”

“I... might.”

Immediately, her motions slowed, and she giggled when she looked up to catch his expression. “Not yet, we're just getting to know each other. Come on, tell me a little about yourself.”

He didn't see this coming; but he should have. The Kindred in this city were all so comfortable with sex, far more comfortable than Kindred typically were — which was pretty damn comfortable — so it only made sense she'd want to have a conversation while jerking him off. He was ok with that.

“What do you want to know?”

“Not sure. Did you come from Tijuana like a lot of your pack did?” She reached over with her other hand, and pulled his arm up and over her shoulder. Now in the nook of his arm and shoulder, she had more freedom to massage his girth with relaxed motions, arm resting on his lap. Her further arm reached across her lap to find his cock as well, and she teased her fingers along the tip of his member, while the other continued to stroke him. Precum started to drip out of him, but she prevented any of it

from spilling, instead using the liquid to wet his foreskin so she could peel it back. And when she revealed the engorged, pink skin of his swollen glans, she made her own groaning sound.

“I was with Avery, when she—” A small wave of pleasure cut him off, made his cock flex in her hand. She giggled and slowed her hand to a stop, fingers coming to rest at the base of his length in a gentle grip, while her other hand teased fingernails softly along the topside of some of the veins of his girth. “—when she drifted down to Tijuana. I was hanging outside Los Angeles when she met me.”

“Oooh, Los Angeles. Beautiful city.”

“Scary city.”

“That too.” She resumed her stroking, and nudged her head into the groove of his shoulder and chest a little harder. Like a nuzzling cat. “Got a girl waiting for you anywhere?”

“... no.” And it was true.

“Sounds like you wish a girl you knew was waiting for you.”

He smirked at the mind reader, but smirked turned into slightly parted lips, and half-closed eyes as he felt his liquids start to build again, more warmth rising underneath the base of his length and making his thighs spark with the growing pleasure.

“You really are comfortable with this.”

“I told you,” she said, “Kindred are pretty comfortable here, doing this sort of stuff. But with you, I got to admit, there’s a certain danger to it I like. Sire would kill me if she knew I’d approached you like this.” And, as if the situation was not sexual enough for her, Tilly removed her further hand from his length, and slid her skirt aside using its high split. With both her legs fully exposed, and her thong, she slid the hand underneath the waistband to find her sex underneath. He couldn’t see through the fabric, or hear quiet sounds through the music, but he could smell the sexual arousal pouring off of her. Her underwear was soaked.

With the way her hand lifted her waistband, he could see she was completely smooth underneath too. The wolves were used to roughing it, living in the woods for months or years at a time, surviving on nothing but wildlife and wild spirits; body hair was pretty normal. These vamps though, these city dwelling vamps, loved to shave their whole damn bodies smooth.

He kind of liked it.

“You vamps really that afraid of us?”

“Kind of. We got peace here, and we know that’s pretty rare. Wanna keep it like that. And we hear stories about what happened when Avery was here last time, some Kindred dying and shit.” She shuddered, but smiled up at him as she stroked his cock, and herself. Ambidextrous. “So you guys are kinda the bad boys — and girls — in Dolareido. And every girl likes a bad boy.”

Her hand got faster, and faster. As the warm liquids started to build up again underneath his testicles, making his breathing quicken and his heart as well, she slid her other hand out from her thong, and set her fingers onto the glans of his length. Her fingers were dripping of her juices, and she spread them over the engorged head, mixing with his precum, and forcing almost painful levels of sparking pleasure through the sensitive skin and into his pelvis.

With her teasing fingers, she reached out to grab an unused glass from the table. She held it underneath the head of his cock, angled to ensure it caught all of him, as her other hand massaged his girth. Her grip slid up to the base of his glans, and used her grip to nudge wet skin along the bottom edge of the bulbous tip, forcing Mason to rumble as the pleasure coursed through him.

“Milking a werewolf.” She giggled, and rested her cheek against the side of his chest as she stared down at her work. His first gush of cum came out as a squirt, splashing against the inside wall of the glass, before the next wave came out in a slow, trickling stream. “How does that feel?”

“Really... good.”

“Sweet music to any Daeva’s ears.” She sighed into his chest, and snuggled up closer, close enough she was squished against his side as she continued to milk him of his cum. Each flex of his muscle sent another wave of pleasure down his length, and another wave of fluid up his length to flow into the awaiting glass. All the while, Tilly continued to squeeze and stroke his length, timing her strokes to fall in rhythm with his flexing muscles, and drawing more and more of his cum out of him. “Wow, you wolves all cum this much?”

“We...” His voice fell to silence as he let the aftershocks of a strong orgasm settle. But, even as his cum finally stopped, Tilly didn’t. She continued to massage his girth, squeezing at the base of him and drawing out more drops to drip into the glass. Each squeeze and stroke earned another wave of bliss through his insides, until he rumbled again. Rumbling in his chest earned a moan from her in return. “We are... alive, and strong, and... sexually... a bit like humans. Just more... more.” Stronger, hungrier, hornier, all the things that came with being the bigger, badder predator, with the bigger appetite.

“Really? So you’re all just... ready to fight or fuck, all the time? And you’re all like you? Fit, strong, big dicks?”

“I... wouldn’t be able to tell you, about the dicks thing.”

“Ha.” Her hand continued to stroke him, slowly, gently, more of a caress than anything, and as she did, she set the glass with a fair amount of cum back on the table, and set the extra hand on her own leg. A second later, it was back underneath her thong, and she resumed masturbating as she snuggled into him.

“You... were going to drink me?”

“Mhmm. But I kind of like this too. I’m really close, and you’re still hard.” Strange thing to like, to snuggle in a booth in a club, and masturbate while jerking him off. “Want to enjoy this while I can.”

“... I thought you wanted to nurse my wounds?”

“I do.”

“That’ll take longer than a single night.”

“... that an invitation to do this again?” She swooned, literally, and turned her head to look up at him again while she continued to both masturbate, and massage his cock. He was still hard.

“We’re sticking around in Dolareido, and... yeah, I think I could use your company.” He wasn’t so stupid to not see it. He needed company. He needed some socializing, with someone more aware of reality than a human, and less of a pain in the ass than a werewolf.

“Oh, be still my fake beating heart.” At last she stopped stroking him, and herself, and slid out of the booth. “We should go to your place to do this. Kiss might not knock you out like a kine, but it’ll still leave you drained. Probably wouldn’t be comfortable doing that, far from your pack, right?”

A girl inviting herself to his place. First time for everything.

~~~~~

She stood in the doorway of his bedroom, leaning against the door frame, and grinned at him. The Kindred was completely nude, and he was right, she was completely hairless below the neck. One of her hands was holding the elbow of the other arm, while the other arm’s hand had found her clitoris again, and she continued to stroke it as she looked at him.

“You really are a horny creature, aren’t you?” he said, as he slipped off his pants. After that, all he had left was his boxers, but he didn’t take them off yet.



“I just jerked off a fucking werewolf in a public club, with my fingers on my clit. Yeah, I’m horny. And you got to cum once, I haven’t, so you don’t get to say anything.” Eventually she came over to his bed, and pressed her hands against his shoulders since he was sitting on the edge of the mattress.

This close, he took his time looking her body up and down. Skinny, almost too skinny, but she had a little meat on her. Her nipples stood out far from her small, perky breasts, pink and swollen against her alabaster skin, and her tongue licked her luscious lips as she looked him up and down.

“You wolves are all muscle, not a touch of softness to you.”

“The women have some soft spots.” But not much.

Giggling, she grabbed his boxers by the bottom hem, and yanked them down to his knees. “Come on, lie down. To do this fantasy right, my wounded soldier, troubled warrior, you’re going to give me a nice, gentle, couple of orgasms. Some gentle licking, some soft fingering, suckle on my clit for a while, k? And then after that, you’re going to pin me down, and fuck me senseless. Real rough stuff. Like, I’m the sweet, gentle thing who opened her arms to you, not realizing how strong and violent you can be. So you’re going to fuck me until I’m a broken mess.”

He raised a brow, and looked left and right. “I am?”

“You don’t want to?”

“I... I mean, sure. I would like to.” That did sound rather enjoyable.

“Good.” She climbed onto the bed, but also toward him. The only way she got to keep moving was by pushing him onto his back, before she crawled over him, giggling a few more times as she lay on her side on the sheets. “Oh poor me! Opening my sweet, gentle arms to a wounded man, only for my kindness to be repaid in the most rough fucking ever. Alas, how will I ever walk again.”

Too hard to not chuckle as he slid his boxers off the rest of the way, and returned her smirk. She really was a gorgeous woman, and the very short red hair with the blue eyes and red lips was a killer combination. Daeva knew their fashion and sex appeal, and knew it well. Lucky him.

Lucky him? When was the last time he’d ever thought that? Must have been before his first change.

She grabbed one of his pillows, and lay on her back in the middle of his bed with her head on the fluffy cushion. She spread her legs as well, and reached down between her thighs to pull apart her smooth lips to show the tiny slit dripping with juices.

“Eat me,” she said, and her giggles turned into a deeper, huskier sound. Almost a shock coming from her small frame.

He rolled his eyes, chuckled, and lay on his stomach between her legs. It was the most amount he’d laughed in a single night in a long, long time.

But, laughter turned to kissing and suckling, as he set his lips onto the soaked vampire’s clitoris.

“Fucking... finally.” She reached out and set her fingers onto his head. “Make sure to get your fingers in there. Devour that pussy, but keep it slow, gentle; I don’t want to cum from my clit, too draining. It’s your fingers that need to do the work, and press up against my g-spot a bunch.”

He shouldn’t have been surprised, but he was. The girl not only knew her body and knew it well, but she didn’t stutter or hesitate to explain exactly what she liked, and how she liked it. And he was more than willing to do exactly what she said.

He set his lips around her clit, and lightly suckled on it, bathing it in long, gentle licks. With most of his weight on his left elbow, his right arm got in closer, and eased two fingers into her, palm up. A couple inches in, he pressed his fingertips up toward her abdomen, while at the same time, his other hand pressed down on her lower abdomen from the outside. The two hands working together squashed her g-spot between them, and as he pressed the two hands toward each other, Tilly let out a loud moan.

The woman had been close to cumming already, he knew that, from the constant smell of arousal she was emitting. But still, he hadn’t expected how quickly she’d start cumming once he started to properly finger her, and how wet she’d be when she did. A couple tiny squirts of her juices, barely more than a few drops splashed onto his lips, and he pulled his head away from her clit to watch her clenching muscles force another little splash of the juices onto his palm. A few drops again, tiny little squirts, but squirting nonetheless, and he stared on as the woman’s spread legs allowed him to watch her quivering muscles clench on his fingers.

“M... more.”

He grinned up to her from between his legs, and put his lips back onto her clitoris. She’d just came, so he knew better than to get rough with what had undoubtedly become hyper sensitive little nub of swollen flesh. Her g-spot, on the other hand, was a different story, and he began to press up against it, while his other hand pressed down. Slow, deep presses of his finger thoroughly trapped and squashed the spot of flesh, and each pressing motion caused the redhead to groan openly, no effort made to stop her voice from filling the room. The neighbors were going to hear, his pack mates; probably her goal.

He got faster, pumping his hand upward hard enough to make a small, slapping down, while he refused to let up on pressing down against her lower abdomen, below her navel. It was earning the hardest clenches of her hot, soaked insides, and soon, her loudest noises.

She squeezed on his head with her hands, arched her back, jutting out her breasts, and set her delicious thighs on his shoulders as she started to cum again. He kept his lips on her clit, but ceased suckling and licking, giving the small nub a break, while his fingers against her insides did no such thing. Her smooth pussy clamped down, hard, and another tiny trickle of her juices fell onto his palm, as tremors started to work through the girl's legs. He kept it going, kept pressing up against it, fast, hard, making her ass jiggle and her body bounce lightly, and soon, making her squirt again, forcing more little squirts of her cum onto his palm, just a few drops each time, but each time sending the girl into a quivering mess.

Only once her legs fell off his shoulders, did he stop. She let go of his head, and collapsed on the sheets, sweating a little fake sweat, and forcing herself up onto her elbows so she could smile down at him.

“N-Now, you need to unleash your animal need on me. Don't hold back.” She got onto her hands and knees, and backed herself up toward him a little so she had a couple feet between her head and the wall. Her legs were shaking. “I mean, you can start slow if you want... in fact, maybe you should, until you can fit nicely. And then pound me.”

This woman, good god. He rolled his eyes, but laughed again — he almost didn't recognize the sound, to laugh so much — and got behind her. Much as she was a skinny little woman, she had a fairly large, firm ass. A dancer's ass. And he rumbled desire as he set his fingers against it.

“Do that rumbling thing in your chest more often. You wolves do that a lot? It's really sexy.”

“We do, when we're happy.”

“Oh so it's purring! Thought you were wolves, not house cats?”

He smirked at her as she looked over her shoulder to smirk at him. But her smirk melted away, and her eyes rolled up as he set the head of his cock against her clenching entrance, and started to push forward. Immediately, Tilly started to groan, and she dug her nails into the blankets as she clenched down on the tip of his cock; he didn't have his glans inside her yet, and she was making it difficult.

He took her by the hips, and began to pull her toward him. With more leverage, he forced his cock into her squeezing cunt, and rumbled again as every inch he pushed into her sent warm pleasure down his length. It wasn't just that she was tight — and she was very tight — but also that she kept squeezing

him, making it difficult, resisting him. Maybe that was what she wanted though, to be overpowered, taken, forced. So, with another deep rumble in his chest, he pushed past her resisting, squeezing muscles, and sank her down until his felt the head of his cock hit her depths.

“Oh... god that’s thick... and... fucking deep.” Her body quivered, and she grinned over her shoulder at him again. She liked it deep. Good.

He growled at her, and yanked her down the rest of the way, sinking another two inches of his length into her. She let out a loud squeak, and collapsed to her elbows.

“Fuck!” she said, and her head fell down to hang between her shoulders as she quivered. “That’s... really... deep.”

It was really deep. He’d skewered her, stretched her until her hot, soaked insides were taut around his girth, until he could almost feel her fake breaths with the depth of his penetration. Every motion she made, the way she arched her back with her new position, the quivering and shaking, the wriggling of her legs, he could feel it all.

He gently, slowly slid himself back until only the head of his length remained inside her gripping flesh, before he, again slowly, eased himself balls deep into her tight cunt. The vampire moaned openly, loud enough for his pack mates to hear, loud enough he couldn’t help but smirk at the small woman shivering on his cock. The moans were embellished, but it seemed like she was having fun with it, not that she was bored; she certainly wasn’t faking her juices. He gave her a few more test strokes, each always in a gentle and slow motion, pulling out till only his glans remained within, and pushing in until he was stretching her depths inward.

The few women he’d been with very much against going that deep. This girl though, her moans turned into these squealing whimpers when he bottomed out inside her, and kept her there. And, as he felt her pussy stretch around him, she ground her ass against him, trying to fit more of him into her, even though he was already balls deep.

She wanted deep. She liked deep.

He pulled his ass back half of his length, gripped her hips tight, and slammed into her.

“Oh! Oh fuck!” She threw her gaze over her shoulder at him, and offered him begging eyes. “Please, sir, be gentle with me. It’s... my first time, and... I’m... so scared.”

God damn this girl. He laughed and shook his head, smirking at her. At this rate he’d lose his erection from laughter; couldn’t have that. He ground her hips toward him, pinning her ass to his body,

and he smiled down at the extreme ratio of her tiny waist against her ass spread against him. And, he slammed into her again.

Tilly gripped the blankets, and let her head hang as she moaned. She knew what she liked, exactly what she liked, and she let out a meek little growl toward the bed as she tried to meet his thrusts with her own. But she wanted to do a little roleplaying, wanted to be taken hard. And, he had a little frustration to work out. He reached out, and pressed down against her back, hard enough to make her squeak and collapse to the sheets. And once she was lying on her chest with her ass up in the air, he took her hips again, and pounded into her, fast.

With her down and unable to support herself, he had to admit, there was a sensation of power, of control. She couldn't stop him, even if she wanted to. Even if she legitimately wanted to. And as he forced her tiny pussy onto his length balls deep, she managed to peek up at him, her head turned to rest her cheek on the pillow. Her mouth was open, and struggling to get out more than the occasional squeak or mewl.

He looked down at where her tiny lips were taut around his cock. When he pulled out, he could see the pink of her insides pull out along with him, almost turning inside out despite the copious amount of her juices coating him. And, as he pushed back into her, slowly this time, he let out a deep rumble at how her pussy squeezed on him. More juices were coming out of her, until they were almost dripping.

The slow stroke gave her a moment to speak

"P-Please... don't... hurt me." Much as she got the voice of a terrified little girl just right, the facial expression was all wrong, betraying her attempts at roleplay. She was practically drooling onto the pillowcase, and her eyes were half closed, struggling to not roll upward with bliss.

He started to pound into her again, with a hard, fast rhythm. Each stroke stretched her inward, as he made sure each sank her down the whole of his length until he felt her ass bounce against his lower abdomen, and he felt his balls slap against her. At first, the harsh thrusts earned some squeaks from her, but after a while he could tell she'd run out of air to make noises. And if she were human, he'd have stopped to give her a moment to breathe, or at least stop tenderizing her insides.

But she was Kindred, and that meant he could get a bit rough with her, by werewolf standards. By human standards, very rough. The bed started to rock, joining her panting noises with its creaking, enough noise to let every neighbors know what was happening. Tilly didn't think it was enough noise though, forced in a breath, and started crying out, moans and mewls, the sort of stuff you heard in porn. He might have thought she was faking it, if it weren't for the way she was soaking him, his testicles wet with her cum and, as he continued to pound into her, eventually his thighs.

When she started to shake, he slammed into her, and again stayed there, holding her balls deep so he could enjoy the feel of her orgasm, of her insides squeezing like a vise. She squirted again, a little trickle of the hot juice hitting his testicles, and then another, each in time with how her muscles clenched. He didn't wait for her to finish. Grip tight on her hips once again, he gently eased himself out of her until only the glans of his cock remained within her soaked, trembling insides, and slammed himself back into her.

He knocked the wind out of her. Shaking like a leaf, she started to collapse sideways, but couldn't, not with his hands locked onto her hips. He pounded into her, each impact causing her ass to jiggle as it met his abdomen and pelvis, each impact causing the girl's last few breaths to come out as squeals, before she again ran out of air. Muscles squeezed, trying to make him stop, trying to force him and his cock to hold still, but he pushed through the clenching tightness to sink himself balls deep into her again, and again, and again. The feel of his testicles slapping her clitoris and smooth folds, of her squirting juices trickling out of her, slowing one moment and gushing the next, was all too damn amazing for him to stop.

Tilly didn't just like being sexual, she really enjoyed sex. There was something terribly arousing about that, about being with a girl who wasn't only using her body to be confident and manipulative, but also because she genuinely loved sex so much, she came her brains out. And as she whimpered into the pillow, body again trying to collapse to the side and away from him, he pounded into her harder as his arousal started to boil over, refusing to give her a break.

Only once he felt the tingling bliss of his juices start to flood upward from the base of his length, did he finally slow down his pace. He thrust into her, hard, enough to make the bed creak again, and make Tilly squeak with what little bits of air she managed to find. He stayed balls deep inside her, and ground her hips toward him, as he enjoyed both the trembling of her clenching, soaked insides, and the heat of his thick cum gushing up his length, and into her cunt.

Again, he slammed into her, no longer jack hammering her, but each stroke pulling out to the tip, only to bury himself to the hilt inside her and stay there for a second, to enjoy the feel of his cum pouring into her, and coating his length. The third stroke forced a louder moan from Tilly, and her legs shook as her insides convulsed, random spasms gripping on him, squeezing, milking his cum out of her. Poor girl squirted again, harder this time, a few tiny trickles of her cum splashing against his testicles, coating them, before both hers and his cum started to leak out of her folds.

He stayed there, inside her, and took a deep breath as he focused on the pleasure, and on the beautiful sight of the terribly gorgeous woman cumming on his cock. She was breathing again, and

managed to force herself back onto her elbows, despite her trembling, trembles he could feel as her insides clenched on him.

“S... see you... in a couple d-days?” she managed to say, offering a grin at him over her shoulder, despite her wavering.

“You want to see me again?”

“G-God yes.”

Like a match to gasoline, she lit the fire inside him again. Arousal, hunger, desire, in the woman’s eyes, in her words, while she was in the middle of orgasm aftershocks? Nothing, there was absolutely nothing hotter in the whole damn world.

He leaned forward, and set his weight down onto her, until she had no choice but to collapse onto her stomach on the bed. He grabbed a pillow too, and forced it under her hips, between her and the bed.

“W-Wait, you can’t—nng!” She squealed, music to his ears, as he started to pound into her again.

It only took moments before she was cumming again. She gripped on the blankets, tried to pull herself away, to get away from him, even as she whimpered into the pillow, and squeezed on his cock. She managed to turn her head, cheek to the pillow, and look up at him with begging eyes. The poor woman needed a break.

He didn’t give her one.

Pinning the small vampire into the blankets, he growled into her ear, rumbled deep in his chest, and earned a quiet whimper from the redhead. She still kept trying to escape him, fingers plucking at the blankets with all the strength of a kitten. And as he slammed his body down onto hers, she squirted onto him for hundredth time, tiny little squirts of hot fluid that soaked his testicles, and mixed with his own cum as it leaked out of her, onto the pillow beneath her pelvis.

It took another five minutes of constant pounding to finally reach a third orgasm, and through it all, he’d grunted and growled down at the small creature underneath him. She hadn’t stopped cumming. Were she human, he’d be worried she’d dehydrate, or be thoroughly bruised, but she was Kindred, and he let himself go as he fucked the beautiful little vixen until she went limp underneath him, no longer trying to escape. Now, she simply lay there, and quivered as her clenching insides trembled on his cock, and milked him of his cum.

“You ok?” he said.

“Y... Yeah... I did say... fuck me until... I was a broken mess, right? M-Maybe... um... a little gentler? ... next time?”

Next time. She said next time. Maybe Dolareido wouldn't be so bad.