

KAIZER WOLF



Innocent Devil's

Harem 5



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Innocent Devil's Harem Book 5

K AIZER W OLF

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Originally Published on Patreon: October 24, 2021

Originally Published on Smashwords: April 12, 2022

Smashwords ISBN-13: 978-1005631116

Copyright Year: 2021

Website:

AuthorKaizerWolf.com

Patreon:

Patreon.com/KaizerWolf

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NOTICE

This story contains adult content that may not be suitable for all audiences, including explicit sexual relations, as well as unconventional social dynamics (including a harem).

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(1) CHAPTER 61: LABORATORY

I sat on a black leather sofa in the living room area residing within the succubus Miriam's master bedroom suite, while I waited for her to 'get ready' for our mini-date that would commence pretty much after we took care of the small tube of blood I was currently holding in my hand. The blood wasn't mine, of course, though we would be drawing some of mine as well, in order to see how it reacted with what we'd already drawn.

Or, more specifically, to see how my blood would affect a cursed werewolf's blood.

The blue-haired Rockstar chick, Natalie, had been a little hesitant when Miriam proposed taking some of her blood, with the short succubus apparently having an entire modern laboratory in one of her whopping four basements, but when we explained the reason, the blue-haired vixen didn't even hesitate to take off her leather jacket halfway and hold out her thin arm.

Because as much as she wanted to be free of having any sort of alpha, she above all else wanted to be free of the excruciating transformation that plagued her once a month, describing it as someone chopping her up into a million chunks and then stitching her back together as a bloodthirsty monster, only to be diced up a second time and deposited into a heap of broken and guilt-ridden agony.

Not at all something 'cool' like modern movies made it out to be.

Upon agreeing, Miriam seeming amused by Natalie's eagerness, the short minx had her demonic maid Gwen, along with Serenity and Gabriella, all remain in the grand foyer - which had several couches of its own, framed by twin staircases that led to the second floor - while the sexy redhead succubus had me accompany her to the west side of the house to grab the supplies needed to draw the blood.

Thus, I followed her through the massive dining hall, seeing that there was a 'breakfast room' and a conservatory just beyond, to the north side on my right, remaining on her heels as she led me to a service hall stairwell that had a secret door leading to the modern underground lab.

And dang, was it modern.

Stepping out of the metal doorway felt like walking into an entirely different world, or at least an entirely different building, with everything bright white like the interior of a state-of-the-art hospital. The space only had three rooms in total, with one just being a supply closet, but it was still fairly spacious, with the largest room having four island countertops along with additional counters and cabinets lining three of the four walls.

Seeing my obvious curiosity, it was at that point that Miriam began really explaining the layout of her mansion, deciding to give me a mini-tour after she had me draw Natalie's cursed blood, which unexpectedly resulted in us making a stop on the second floor, at her master suite, where I now waited.

In total, the second floor had eight guest bedrooms just on the east side of the grand foyer, which didn't count Miriam's own master suite that included a living room, mini-kitchen, master bathroom, and of course an actual humongous sleeping room for her massive canopy bed.

Entering into her suite also felt like stepping into an entirely different world, since the overall color scheme was romantic shades of black, gray, and highlights of deep red.

Technically, of the eight guest rooms, one of them used to be Mrs. Rebecca's old room and wasn't actually treated as a true guest room. However, I wasn't sure about the others, since Miriam only smirked at me when I asked her where Gwen's room was. At the very least, I knew that the first guest room on the north side of the hall, just after coming up one of the twin staircases, was truly a guest room since it was where Miriam and I had our first sexual experience, and where she'd broken the seal on my third-eye.

On the west side of the grand foyer, still on the second floor, I'd been told that there was a laundry room, a few supply closets, as well as another bedroom and a few small 'fun' rooms where Miriam apparently had a large variety of toys to play with, either for use on whoever she was fucking at the time, including women, or to have used on her, specifically for the men who had more aggressive kinks.

Normally, that kind of disclosure might have bothered me, but given that Miriam wasn't planning on fucking around anymore, hearing about her sex rooms only excited me a little, looking forward to exploring what all she had. And honestly it made perfect sense that she'd have areas dedicated to sex when that sole activity served as her primary source of entertainment and technically even her source of sustenance.

Sex was her hobby, pastime, recreation, sport, and even her job, in a way.

It was the very thing that filled many of the hours of her day. Or at least, it had been, prior to her falling for me after we met and got to know each other better yesterday.

Granted, I was sure she'd be more than happy to fuck me all day, every day, but it was kind of hard to do when we lived an hour away from each other.

I suspected that was one of the reasons why Miriam had decided to give me this mini-tour, and to begin explaining all the amenities that came with her place, especially since

she'd already offered for me to stay here, along with all my women.

But now that Serenity had gone and commented about being interested in living in a mansion like this, Miriam realized there wasn't much holding us back from taking that leap and moving in with the deceptively youthful succubus. At the very least, she certainly had plenty of space to take on quite a few permanent residents.

Taking a deep breath, enjoying how comfy this first room to her master suite was, I examined the tube of dark red blood in my hand, wondering briefly if the purple cap held any significance or if the color was random. The tube had actually come with something already in it, a white substance at the bottom, so I suspected the color *did* mean something.

Maybe an anticoagulant or something similar?

Looking up when I saw the door to Miriam's luxurious bedroom open, still not entirely used to not being able to hear everything in this house, my jaw dropped when I saw what she was wearing. First, the most noticeable thing was the bright white lab coat, fashioned with a dip in the back portion for her wings, which I knew had to be only a prop for what we were about to do in the lab, given the rest of her outfit.

Miriam stood with her hands on her bony hips, thereby holding the lab coat back to show off the ridiculously shiny bodysuit that was so tight on her figure that there wasn't a single wrinkle in the wet-looking black material.

Holy fuck, she looked like a fun-sized pornstar getting ready to shoot a doctor porno.

"You like?" she giggled as she twisted her hip, while tugging away the lab coat more, showing off the side of her small plump ass, and part of her lower back, her shiny juicy curves causing my cock to rapidly stiffen from the sight alone.

Recalling from Mrs. Rebecca that succubi had the uncanny ability to anticipate what their partners were interested in sexually, I cleared my throat to respond. “Umm, I think you know.”

The sexy minx, whose vibrant red hair was still in twin French braids, only giggled again as she further twisted around, revealing that her midnight tail was somehow poking through the material between her shapely asscheeks, and also allowing me a better view of her black wings, with the coat and bodysuit both having the same dip, no zippers in sight on the latter, as if it was all one piece she’d squeezed her thin body into.

I tried to gather my thoughts. “Umm, so will be having sex later?” I asked uncertainly, kind of assuming as much, but not exactly sure since us spending time together was going to involve more serious things too.

“Of course, silly,” she said cheerfully, facing me again. “Why do you think I changed? Certainly, taking my leather pants off wouldn’t be too much of a hassle, but now you can surprise me with your cock when I’m not looking,” she said with a suggestive wink.

Thinking again about her tail sticking out of the material in the back, I glanced down at her crotch, prompting her to grin as she reached down with both hands to pull a little on the shiny material.

Immediately, her bare juicy pussy lips squeezed out, revealing that there was actually an opening between her thighs, only concealed by an overlapping section that might have normally had a zipper. But again, the whole bodysuit looked to be one entire piece, with no zippers or seams in sight, and much shinier than I would normally expect even from lubed latex.

I cleared my throat, suddenly finding myself wanting to kiss those visible lips between her juicy thighs.

“I guess are you ready to head back to the lab then?” I wondered, not wanting to be too obvious about the effect

she was having on me, even though I doubted she was anything other than fully aware.

She grinned, reaching down to ensure the midnight material was back in place, concealing her hot snatch. “Playing hard to get, are we?” she teased.

I scoffed. “Just figured we had some things to do, and possibly to discuss, before getting physical.”

She folded her arms and reached up to tap her delicate chin with her index finger, looking very studious in her white lab coat.

Fuck, her thighs, her hips, her waist, all looked so fucking sexy wrapped up in shiny black. The perfect proportions to match her four-foot, eleven inches stature.

“Very true,” she agreed dramatically. “Work comes before play, except wherein work *is* play, so I always say.”

I shook my head at her, deciding to stand up despite my raging hardon. “And apparently a poet,” I mumbled under my breath.

She giggled. “Yep! A Haiku, to be exact, though rarely such poems rhyme. I’m just an overachiever.” She practically bounced over to me in obvious excitement, her almost flattened tits actually bouncing just barely from the movement. “Believe it or not, I once spent almost an entire year speaking in rhymes, much to the *chagrin* of poor little *Gwen*. She humored me for a *time*, but she soon found it a *crime*, that I found rhyming so *sublime*...” She paused to giggle when I rolled my eyes. “And eventually got to the point where she’d probably be happy to never have to hear me rhyme ever again.”

I smirked at that. “Yeah, I could imagine how that could get old fast, having a little old woman teasing you all the time.”

“Uh!” Miriam exclaimed in mock offense, grabbing my arm roughly to hold onto it. “How rude, young man! I’ll have you know that I am very good at rhyming, and forcing such limitations on oneself is great for keeping the mind sharp!”

"Got to take care of yourself in your old age," I agreed in an overly sympathetic tone.

She stuck her adorable tongue out at me, only to begin tugging me out of the room into the hallway, leading me back toward the grand hall, which we would be passing on our way to the far west stairwell that led down to the dining hall on the first floor, as well as to the lab in the basement.

Technically, we would be visible to anyone below as we walked by the open space, but only Miriam's white coat would be visible from that angle, not to mention I knew everyone had left the grand foyer anyway, and moved to the East Drawing Room - which was basically just a grand living room - since the others were all aware that Miriam and I would be spending some time alone for a while.

Once we passed the grand foyer, we stopped briefly in the ensuing open room, with Miriam pointing out the doors to the laundry room on the right, as well as an additional guest bedroom, and then to a door on the left that led to one of her small fun rooms. We then turned left into a hallway, quickly making a right that was more toward the front of the mansion, which had more doorways that led to storage rooms, and two additional sex rooms, followed by making a right turn toward the back of the house to get to the service stairwell.

"Oh, and I should probably show you where the elevator is too later," Miriam unexpectedly commented as we began walking down the first flight of stairs.

"You have an elevator?" I asked seriously.

"Yep," she said warmly, still holding onto my arm. "We actually just passed it. You might have noticed it on the first floor when you and Gwen went through the staff lounge last time you were here, on your way to the kitchen."

"Afraid I didn't. I was just trying to keep up with Gwen, so that I didn't get lost."

She grinned at that. "I'm sure the sheer size is very daunting at first, but before long you'll know of every nook

and cranny in this place. It's honestly not that big. Maybe for a house it is, but it pales in comparison to something like a modern hotel."

I nodded, realizing she was right about that, but also knowing that most hotels were much more straightforward in their setup, whereas this place had concealed basement entrances and even secret hallways, like the one that led to the room with the steel doors that were the literal gateway to a transdimensional portal deep beneath the mansion.

"So what exactly do you plan on doing with our blood?" I wondered as we slipped through the hidden doorway and into the circular stairwell leading even further down to the lab. "Just mixing it and examining it with a microscope?"

"Not just any microscope," she replied. "I've used a moonstone catalyst and magic to allow me to see more than just the physical properties through the normal lens. You said it takes about four to eight hours for someone to become like you, so I plan on getting a blood smear to use as a control, and then adding a single drop of your blood to the blood from this tube, to see how her blood changes in response to yours over the next four to eight hours. Although, since the samples are so small, any changes will probably happen much quicker than that."

"Makes sense," I replied, reaching out to open the door for her.

She gave me an affectionate grin as she slipped through, only to wait for me so she could hang on my arm again, even though we only had a handful of steps to go to enter the main laboratory. I then followed her into the wide white room, focusing toward a microscope sitting on one of the snow white countertops when she gestured for me to wait by it.

"So," I began as I leaned against the counter, watching her walk gracefully over to a cabinet next to what looked to be some kind of an oven or incubator. From behind, all I could see was her slim calves wrapped in shiny black, a

simple pair of black flats adorning her feet. "Just curious, but why all the white down here? Like, there's no color at all, not even black really. Only gray here and there."

She pulled a step stool out of a lower cabinet, followed by a pair of safety glasses to protect her eyes, and then climbed the stool to reach up and grab a tray of glass slides from another cabinet.

"For cleanliness, mainly," she replied. "If I spilled blood, for example, it would be very obvious on a white surface, but not on a black surface. Kind of the same reason why doctors and scientists wear white coats like this one. Partially to protect the clothing underneath, but also to alert the scientist to a spill or leak that they might not otherwise notice. Although, there are other reasons as well for wearing white, not based in practicality, such as professional appearance."

"Huh, I guess that makes sense."

She nodded after stepping down and beginning to walk toward me, her emerald eyes on the tray of slides in her grasp, gently rattling as she moved. "I'm actually wearing this coat for that reason, to alert me to any spills..." She paused as she set the tray down next to the microscope, only to begin reaching into her pocket as she grinned up at me, the glasses looking so fucking adorable on her. "But also just because I knew you'd find it sexy. Especially in combination with this bodysuit," she added with a wink.

My cock was instantly straining against my shorts again, just from how erotic even the simple things were, like her seductive wink and grin, combined with how she just barely bit her bottom lip afterward.

I cleared my throat, focusing on what she was pulling out of her pocket, the first item a pair of blue gloves. "So do you have a degree in science?" I wondered.

"Not formally," she replied as she donned the gloves, snapping them in place. "But I can assure you I'm more knowledgeable than the average professor at a major

university. As I mentioned to Gabriella, I read a lot. Study a lot."

"Like what?" I asked curiously.

She shrugged, reaching into her deep pocket again, her tone casual. "Anything that interests me. I sort of have all the time in the world, and have for a long time, so one of my pastimes is keeping up with modern knowledge."

"I can't even imagine all the things you must know."

She shrugged again, handing me a blood draw kit, I assumed for myself, as she responded. "Well, I'm sure there are humans who are more educated than I am. Maybe not in scope, but in depth. Like I said, it's just a pastime. One that has allowed me to accumulate quite a bit of knowledge over the years only because I've been around so long." She frowned as she focused up at me, her serious expression so ridiculously adorable with her hair in those twin French braids. "Unfortunately, quite a bit of the knowledge I have is outdated, and it would probably take several lifetimes just to cover the material being put out every five years nowadays. I still learn new things from time to time."

I nodded, gesturing with the blood draw kit now in my hand. "I assume you want some of my blood."

Her emerald eyes widened slightly. "Oh, yeah. But I'll help you in just a moment. I was going to start the controls first," she explained, only to pull out two additional tubes of blood from her coat.

My eyebrows shot up as I focused on the tubes, both with purple caps, realizing she had a total of three.

"*Controls*, plural?" I repeated in sincere surprise.

She nodded, beginning to unwrap a syringe she'd pulled out of her pocket. "Yeah, if Gwen and I are going to be around you a ton, then I figured it would be good to know how your blood might affect us too." She then looked up at me, her expression serious. "Kai, I don't want to alarm you, but for all we know, exposure to your blood could kill us."

"Shit," I hissed in shock, not having even remotely anticipated that being her reasoning. If anything, my first thought was that maybe she wanted me to make the two of them like me as well, only to be completely blindsided by *that* possibility of all things. "Do you really think it could?" I finally managed.

She shrugged again. "Honestly, I don't know. Like I said, these things don't always turn out as expected. It's why study and experimentation are so vital. Because sometimes what you think will do one thing has a very different effect." She then focused on me again, holding up the syringe and unmarked tube, which was Natalie's cursed werewolf blood. "But thankfully, I'm not worried about your other bodily fluids hurting us, considering we've already been exposed to them, so I'll still fuck your brains out every chance I get. Risk I'm willing to take to get to fuck *you*."

She giggled when I gulped loudly, finally focusing on the task at hand.

I watched as she inserted the metal syringe into the top of Natalie's tube, drawing out a small sample, and then preparing the first blood smear on a glass slide. Each of the slides had a clear portion, and then a smaller white portion that I assumed was meant for labeling. She then pulled out a metal tray out of a drawer at waist level, set the used syringe on it, and then pulled another syringe out of her pocket, doing the same for a tube she'd marked with an 'M,' I assumed indicating it was her blood.

However, unlike the first time, she prepared two slides this time, one with just her blood, while she carefully picked up the first needle and added a drop of Natalie's blood to the second slide. She then proceeded to do the same with Gwen's blood, using a third syringe, again preparing two slides, one with a drop of Natalie's cursed blood.

I assumed she wanted to verify how being bitten by a werewolf would affect either of them, but decided to ask anyway. "Does werewolf blood transmit the curse too?" I

wondered, since she'd only mentioned being bitten previously, which would imply it was mainly transmitted via something like saliva.

She nodded, pulling out a pen to jot down a note on each slide's label, only to begin to carefully set the organized slides on another tray. "As you might expect, yes. Although I'm not aware of such a transmission actually happening naturally. Bites are the main method of transmission, and even those are usually intentional on the part of the alpha, in an attempt to form a pack." She paused as she checked her pockets again, only to focus up at me as she stretched out her wings a little, seemingly subconsciously. "Based on what you've shared about your transmission to Gabriella and Avery, as well as the lack of transmission that initially occurred with Serenity, we at least don't have to worry about checking your saliva." She glanced away, suddenly pensive. "Although, I suppose I could just rule that possibility out, since I'm already doing this."

I shrugged. "I mean, if it's not much of an extra hassle, then might as well. I'll spit in a cup or whatever, and you can mix it with some of the blood samples."

She smirked at me, with me again noticing how her fiery red hair in twin French braids made her look so fucking hot and adorable. "Perhaps. But let's go ahead and draw your blood first, and you can spit for me while I work on getting slides ready."

I nodded, turning around to face the counter and open the blood draw kit she'd handed me. She then gently placed her hand on my arm, a nonverbal request to let her handle most of the rest, opening up an alcohol wipe, and then beginning to rub the crook of my elbow with it.

"I'll have to push it in," I commented.

She nodded, an affectionate look in her emerald eyes, with the way she touched me almost tender now. "I figured as much," she said softly. "But let me get everything in position first."

I nodded, holding what she called a ‘butterfly needle’ up to my arm with the tubing and end resting on my forearm while she dug out one final unused tube from her other pocket. She then nodded for me to insert the needle, and once there was a flash of red, she inserted the tube into the other end and began filling it up. She then had me deposit the entire thing in a sharps container, a white box a couple of feet away on the wall, that only had a small red hazard symbol to indicate what it was for.

I then moved back into position and silently watched her as she began preparing more slides, adding each of their blood first and then using a fourth syringe to mix in a drop of mine. Then, once she was finished with that, I spit in a tiny medicine cup for her, and she did the same with my saliva.

Afterward, I waited patiently while she finished marking the slides with her pen, only to then pull out a second step stool so that she could comfortably examine her samples under the microscope, noting that everything looked to be as she expected, and that there were currently no noticeable changes in the samples that had a tiny bit of my blood.

Alternatively, while there was no physical change to Miriam or Gwen’s blood containing the werewolf curse drop, her special microscope could already detect the curse spreading, even if there was nothing to be seen physically.

In the meantime, while I watched her switch out slides one at a time, a familiar ball of pleasure was beginning to form in my gut, making me feel hot even though the room was fairly cool, suspecting Miriam was giving me a nonverbal cue that it was time to play.

However, it wasn’t until she started on her third pass through the slides that I began to suspect she was intentionally pretending to ignore me now, waiting for me to pick up the hint she was clearly giving.

With no more hesitation, I stepped a little closer to stand behind her, slowly reaching for her slim shoulders as I leaned my face between her relaxing wings to plant a tender kiss on the back of her delicate neck. She shivered from the contact, beginning to switch out another slide as she continued to ignore me, her tail beginning to gently tap between my knees as it slowly swayed back and forth.

I realized for the first time that she was at the perfect height for me to fuck her from behind, thanks to the step stool, with the white coat being the only hindrance right now.

Continuing to gently peck her on the back of the neck, loving it as she began to shiver slightly with each kiss, I gently grabbed at the soft white fabric on her shoulders and began to slowly tug, until the material was far enough and just straight-up fell to the floor under its own weight, easily sliding against the slick shiny bodysuit she was wearing.

Fuck, she was so ridiculously sexy, the curve of her lower back into her small plump ass alone making me feel like I was going to go crazy.

Continuing to plant kisses as she pretended to work, I reached down to tug down my gym shorts, and then angled my cock below her tail, not necessarily aiming for her asshole, but just wanting to start working the tip through the opening.

She moaned as I began putting pressure, with me wrapping my left arm affectionately around her slim squishy chest while I used my right hand to continue working my cock up and down, inching deeper into her bodysuit and crack.

She finally tilted her hips then, sticking her ass out more and raising herself up on her tiptoes a little, pressing at the perfect angle for my cock to abruptly slip into her wet juicy snatch, clearly knowing exactly how to get my cock inside her from this position. At the same time, her black tail wrapped snuggly around my bare hips, tugging me closer.

“Oh fuck,” I whispered as I began pressing deeper, loving how it felt to have my cock tightly engulfed inside her body, loving how perfectly she arched her back once I was all the way in. We were both breathing a little heavier now, just from the anticipation of going beyond this intimate moment, both of us seeming content to take it slow.

She finally turned her head then, her tan face flushed slightly, the tip of her nose noticeably red, as she pushed away the microscope and took off her safety glasses while looking at me passionately from the corner of her eye. Her full lips parted then, her tone quiet. “Ready for your first lesson in werewolf sex?” she whispered.

My eyes widened in sincere surprise, though it didn’t take me out of the mood. “Umm, yeah. Are succubi like werewolves?” I wondered.

Her full lips smirked just slightly. “Yes and no. First, let me tell you a little about myself.” She paused, tensing her hips a little forward to pull off just incrementally, only to slide right back down on my shaft, causing my own hips to reflexively push deeper the moment her ass squished against me...

Deeper, to the point that suddenly I was going about an inch deeper than before, the head of my cock suddenly feeling like it was going to explode from the unexpected pressure gripping it.

“Oh fuck,” I hissed, my eyes uncontrollably closing as my hips reflexively jerked a little more, her entire pussy beginning to throb as if it was trying to coax me into shooting my load into her.

Her tone was warm and affectionate as she continued. “When you were larger yesterday, I reassured you that I could fit you, despite you being much larger than you are now. Did you ever wonder why that might be?”

“Umm, no,” I gasped wrapping both arms around her small figure firmly as my hips continued to reflexively twitch. Fuck, it felt like she somehow had a hold of the head

of my cock and was trying to milk it. “Oh fuck,” I repeated, my crossed hands grabbing at her small squishy tits and squeezing firmly.

Her tone was even more warm and tender. “The answer is rather simple, and I hope it doesn’t disturb you. For a normal woman, the penis is only able to enter the vagina, which becomes more loose and stretchy the more aroused she is. The vagina itself is only about four inches on average, but it can stretch to eight or more inches during stimulation.” She paused, raising incrementally on her tiptoes, as she pressed her ass firmer into me, her hands on the counter to support herself some, *tugging my cock even deeper* inside her. “Entry further than that is impossible for a human female, and hitting the cervix with the penis, which is the bottom of the uterus, can actually be painful for a lot of women.”

My breathing picked up as her pussy continued to rhythmically pulse against me, feeling like we were fucking like wild animals right now even though we weren’t even really moving. I squeezed her small tits more urgently, my hands rubbing against the slick material.

“But,” she continued softly. “For a succubus, we have full access to those parts of our bodies, being able to open up our wombs during sex and allow for even deeper entry. Much like I could grab the head of your cock with my hand, and squeeze, I’m doing much the same with my cervix right now.” She giggled then when I abruptly buried my face against her neck, beginning to lose the ability to concentrate as she built me up to my climax. “Do you like it?” she wondered in amusement, only to giggle again. “I’m basically milking your cock right now, like a farmer might milk a cow’s udders.”

“Fuck,” I exclaimed, my hips really jerking now, trying to pull my cock out more, so I could slide it back in, which only increased the intensity of the pleasure when she managed

to mostly hold onto it, the overall movement causing me to slide barely half an inch.

Her tone was abruptly seductive, sensing my climax, her whole body getting thrust with my hips, the jerked movement affecting her speech. “That’s right, b-baby. Fill me u-up with that hot thick c-cum of yours. Fuck my cute p-pussy.”

“Fuck !” I exclaimed, my hips abruptly jerking forward, causing us both to yank our hands up to grab at the cabinets as my hips slammed hers into the countertop, one of my arms still wrapped tightly around her. I then continued to thrust into her snatch, lifting her entirely off her feet with her weight supported by the counter as the tension around the head of my cock forced my cum out in explosive shots.

“Mmm, so yummy,” she moaned once I began gathering myself. “Glad I told you about this while fucking, because you handled that news really well.”

“Why wouldn’t I have handled it well otherwise?” I finally asked after a second, almost feeling dizzy after cumming so hard, one of my hands still on the cabinet, her body firmly against mine due to my one-arm embrace.

She shrugged, her head still turned toward the side, her expression passionate, her chin almost resting on the shiny material covering her shoulder. “I’ve not shared that information with too many others, but the few times I have, they didn’t react well. I guess it disturbed them for whatever reason.”

I finally leaned back, allowing her to get her feet back on the stool, while wrapping both of my arms around her body tightly, my crossed hands again going for her tits, and kissing her tenderly on the neck. “It’s your body,” I whispered against her skin, causing her to shiver. “And I love everything about it.”

Surprisingly, she moaned at that. “Keep holding me like this, and you might make me cum too,” she whispered.

"Yeah?" I replied, squeezing her a little bit tighter, feeling her wings tense against the sides of my chest, like she was trying to force her way out of my embrace. "You like that?" I wondered, starting to gently thrust my cock again, surprised when it began sliding in and out of her wet pussy like normal.

"Very much," she whispered, shivering again in my arms. "But first, let me tell you how that compares to a werewolf."

"Sure," I said quietly, kissing her tenderly on the neck as I continued to work my cock in and out of her.

"They're a little unusual," she continued, her eyes fluttering closed as I slowly fucked her. "For one, and I'm sure that girl, Natalie, can verify this, but female werewolf vaginas don't get wet like a normal person."

My eyes widened slightly, realizing Miriam was still very much in the moment, but her words kind of snapped me out of it a little, making me feel very attentive now.

"That sounds uncomfortable," I replied quietly, not wanting her to stop enjoying our slow sex.

"Mm-hmm," she agreed, the most adorable sound in the world, moaning softly as I continued to thrust. "But it doesn't hurt either werewolf, even while in their human form. If anything, the increased friction makes sex more pleasurable." She paused, her eyes still closed, her brow furrowing slightly in obvious pleasure. "For werewolves, at least."

I leaned forward to plant a kiss on her soft cheek, eliciting yet another moan. "So how do I become her alpha?"

She nodded, as if in acknowledgement that she should continue explaining. "Even though sex can feel good for both parties involved, it's a very aggressive ritual for werewolves. The male werewolf's penis has a sort of gland at the base that swells upon penetration, thereby locking himself inside the vagina. And, almost as a reflex, the female werewolf's cervix opens up and grabs the head of

the cock. She can't control it, like a succubus can, but it has a similar effect. The two become locked together, and only after the male ejaculates is it possible for them to separate, due to the lubrication from the semen, since otherwise there's a ton of friction involved."

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. "So upon penetration, there's no stopping until the guy gets there," I rephrased.

"Mm-hmm," she agreed, again making that fucking adorable sound.

"And that's how I become her alpha?"

"*Mmm*," she moaned, still enjoying my thrusting. "It's a very dominating act. The dominance part will be what allows you to become her alpha, now that she is currently without one. And, while your cock isn't like a werewolf's penis, you have one advantage that should help you replicate the effect."

"What's that?" I asked quietly, realizing by her facial expressions that she was really starting to focus more on the sex than the conversation.

Her voice came out barely above a whisper, her face flushing even more.

"You can grow bigger," she moaned, her passion seeming to escalate at just the idea. "Fill a pussy right up and stretch it to its limit."

My eyes widened in surprise, realizing she was really in the mood and I needed to focus on her now.

My tone was just as quiet.

"Would you like that, Miriam? Do you want me to get bigger, and fuck you with my huge cock?"

She whimpered, her eyes still closed, her thin red eyebrows twitching. Surprisingly, her erotic aura pulsed with just the tiniest bit of fear, only to be immediately replaced by her rapidly strengthening arousal. Which confused me a little, prompting me to take my next action slow.

My bones began popping softly as she again left her feet, this time impaled on my cock and snuggly wrapped up in my arms as I grew taller. There was again just the slightest hint of anxiety combined with even more sexual desire, making me suspect that it was the fact that she had lost some control in this situation that caused the tiny bit of apprehension.

Her emerald eyes then finally fluttered open, her expression unexpectedly apologetic, even as I felt her craving climb even higher. "It's okay, I don't want you to think I'm unsatisfied at your normal size, because I'm not."

My cock was, in fact, thicker now, even after only growing about a foot, and when I didn't respond, her eyes fluttered closed as I continued to slowly thrust, with me gently lifting her up slightly in my embrace before pulling her back down on my shaft. Really, I was in complete control right now, since her feet were no longer on the step stool, all her weight residing on my cock and held in place by my arms.

And now her aura was exuding with desperate desire.

She tried speaking again. "It's just...oh fuck, you're just so perfect," she moaned.

A moan that abruptly shifted into a whimper.

Her body seemed to relax entirely then, as if she was giving into the fact that I was fully in control right now, her legs going limp as I continued to impale her.

"Oh fuck, Kai, you feel so good," she whimpered again. "Oh fuck." She moaned even louder, her legs beginning to tense to the sides, the bright white light reflecting off the glossy black material. "Oh fuck, please. Oh yes, please. Fuck me, fuck me, baby! Oh *FUCK*!"

She screamed, beginning to violently twitch in my arms as she sucked up some of the lingering lust I'd generated, her hips jerking as she continued to thrust just her lower body down on my shaft by tensing her cute belly repeatedly. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh *fuck*!" she gasped.

Deciding I might as well suck up some of her passion as well, I carefully held her snuggly in one arm as I lowered my right hand, feeling her belly tense over and over under the shiny black bodysuit while slowly tugging on her energy.

She moaned again as we both gently increased the flow of lust and passion, her body continuing to twitch as I slowly began reducing my size again.

“P-Perfect,” she whimpered as she found her footing on the stool, grabbing for the counter when I loosened my embrace a little. “Oh fuck, you’re so perfect, baby. It’s like you were made just for me.”

“Seems like a silly reason to experiment on someone,” I said playfully.

She finally looked at me over her shoulder and grinned, her expression full of affection. “Yes, that would be a really silly reason, wouldn’t it? Still,” she said more seriously.

“You’re like a dream come true. The answer to all my prayers. I’ll never have sex with another man again, for as long as I live, if you’ll please have me. I won’t even fuck another woman ever again, unless you allow it. That’s how much I need you, baby.”

I could see the vulnerability in her emerald eyes, being well aware she’d just blurted out the one thing she’d probably been dreading sharing with me. Admitting that she was so addicted *to me*, that she’d give up whatever I requested of her.

That she’d do whatever I wanted, so long as I’d just have her.

Not wanting to belittle how significant of a statement she’d just made, I replied seriously. “Miriam, with an offer like that, I could never refuse. Let’s be one. Like Adam and Eve, let’s become one.”

Her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears. “H-How did you know to say that?” she suddenly asked, her voice sounding strained and confused.

Which of course, left me confused as well. "Say what?" I asked hesitantly. "Adam and Eve?"

She didn't respond though, only shaking her head seemingly in disbelief rather than denial, tears falling from her eyes onto the counter.

And now I was *really* confused, my cock still buried deep in her.

"Miriam?" I whispered. "What's wrong?"

"You're just perfect," she replied quietly. "And probably know what kind of thing to say because you're part incubus."

"Is that a good or bad thing?"

"It's not bad," she said reassuringly, finally standing on her tiptoes again to try to get off my still semi-hard cock. After slipping free, she then twisted around to face me, her emerald eyes tender as she reached up to rest her delicate hands on the sides of my face. "Thousands of years ago, not long after I became like this, I fell in love with a man, and almost killed him." She paused to let me grasp that, before continuing, gently rubbing my cheeks with her thumbs. "My charm wasn't as potent at first, so he didn't become hopelessly addicted, but he did still love me. And when he realized it was impossible for us to truly be together, he made a promise to me. It was in a different language, but he basically said, 'I'll leave and find a way to be with you, and when I do, we'll become one, like Adam and Eve.'"

My eyes widened in shock. "Umm, I don't think..."

She immediately shook her head, her eyes still affectionate. "No, of course you're not him. And that's okay. This happened a really long time ago." She sighed. "Still, when you said that, it surprised me. And all it really means is that you're truly perfect for me. Because you're right. We *can* become one." She gave me a small sad smile. "And if he were still alive, I'm sure that he'd be happy for me that I'd found someone. Although, I am a bit curious as to whether or not you know why you might have said that?"

I glanced away as I considered that, my face still in her grasp, only for the realization to surprise me.

I returned my focus to her, knowing exactly why – something I'd picked up on without realizing it.

"I guess because Mrs. Rebecca, and possibly you by extension, might actually believe in God. I mean, you *did* just say I was the answer to your prayers..."

I paused when she didn't respond, neither denying nor confirming that unexpected assumption.

I continued. "And, having grown up in a semi-religious family – my mom at least – I knew that was a thing. A man leaving his family and becoming 'one flesh' with his wife, or something like that. So, it just kind of made sense to say that to you. Like, I knew it would be meaningful to you."

She simply nodded, shifting the subject slightly. "So then, under those conditions I mentioned, will you please have me? I understand that I'd be sharing."

I was again taken aback by the vulnerability in her expression, knowing it truly was a huge deal for her to admit something like that. Her willingness to do anything just for me to accept her, including getting involved in a relationship that wouldn't be completely equal. At least, not in regards to the rules that governed the relationship.

Of course, I was well aware that we had a lot to discuss if we were going to really make this work out, but I also felt like there wasn't a reality in which I wouldn't try as hard as I could to make it work at this point. Meaning, the commitment was already there for both of us, this key piece she was offering being our last major hindrance, with the rest just being something we'd work through as we came to it.

Thus, I nodded confidently, realizing now why she was holding my face like this. Wrapping my arms tighter around her thin body, I pulled her slim belly firmly against mine, as I leaned my face closer.

"Yes, Miriam. I want you, and *will* have you." I paused, my tone more meaningful. "Forever," I added just before pressing my lips into hers.

Tears began running down her cheeks as she passionately returned the kiss, holding my face tightly while I held her waist.

"Forever," she whispered briefly, her lips resuming their movement against mine.

(2) CHAPTER 62: NEW EXPERIENCES

After a surprisingly intimate date with Miriam, mostly in her underground laboratory – where she presented an offer I couldn't refuse and we officially agreed to make things work out between us – we finally made our way back to her master suite. At which point, I ended up fucking her again in her massive romantic bed in a failed attempt to help her get out of the shiny skintight bodysuit.

To be clear, I was trying to stay on task, but she made the casual comment that I was free to 'use her' whenever I desired, and 'little me' immediately got 'not so little,' prompting me to take her up on that offer without hesitation, now knowing that she could handle the pounding, fucking her like I fucked Gwen the day before – as a means to enjoy myself with her cute body.

However, it turned out that taking control like that really turned her on, and she actually cummed just before I got there, only to squirt harder once I filled her up with my thick load.

Fuck, her moans and whimpers were so adorable.

And so strange to see a succubus so overwhelmed with passion, to the point that it looked like her head was swimming like she was dizzy, her midnight wings twitching uncontrollably.

I also quickly realized that stopping for us was going to be difficult if we fully gave into our lusts, because when her passion sored afterward and she decided to gag herself on

my cock, I realized I was already feeling like I *needed* to cum again.

Not just wanted, but *needed*.

Honestly, it wasn't much different from fucking Mrs. Rebecca, aside from the lust and passion cycle just being stronger. However, I was also different now, and felt more in control of myself, being less affected by her erotic charm overall, causing us to end up settling with some snuggling in her bed before dinner.

Yeah, it was already that late.

Serenity, Gabriella, Natalie, and I all arrived at Miriam's mansion just before 3:00 PM, and it was already almost 6:00 PM, the time having flown right by, although some of that initial time was spent just socializing with Miriam, and sharing my biggest secret.

At first, Miriam and I didn't realize we'd spent more time alone than we'd anticipated, but upon checking the clock on her cellphone, she got dressed in a more presentable outfit, just tossing on what she'd been wearing previously - including her leather bolero shrug and leather pants, coupled with her creamy open-back shirt - and we regrouped with everyone else and headed to the dining room in preparation for dinner.

At which point, I met one of Miriam's chefs, who apparently wasn't her 'renowned five-star' chef, but had been employed for nearly a decade, looking quite attractive for a woman in her late forties. I tried not to feel awkward when Miriam introduced me to the lady, knowing very well that Gwen had made it a point to emphasize that her mistress used to fuck *everyone*, including her chefs, instead just being thankful it wasn't one of the male cooks who happened to be working today.

But then again, I wondered if maybe it wasn't a coincidence.

Miriam had already disclosed that she'd suddenly found herself in a situation where she couldn't resume her

previous lifestyle, and I suspected that having her only female chef come in for the day might have been a conscious choice on her part. Hard to say without asking directly, but I didn't want to put more stress on her than necessary, trusting her to keep her promise to me no matter what other ancillary decisions she made.

Meaning, I didn't expect her to start firing everyone working for her, just because she'd slept with them at some point. Maybe eventually she'd transition to a staff who'd never had the honor of such an experience, but I figured I'd let her make that decision in her own time.

She was a grown woman after all, far older than me, and had already made the one decision that mattered most to our relationship. So I wouldn't stress about the rest, or stress her out about it.

Of course, that meant I'd probably have to get used to potentially meeting people who Miriam had fucked at least once, if not dozens of times. She was a succubus after all, and that had been a biological requirement of her existence for thousands of years.

But again, as far as I was concerned, all that mattered most was that, upon meeting me and getting to know me, she'd decided to dramatically alter her life, in part because she could actually have a more normal relationship with me in particular.

But it was still a huge transition, and I would have to be patient with her.

At the massive dinner table, while munching from a fruit platter that included berries and nuts, the women all socialized more with each other, while I just listened for the most part, enjoying that they were all getting along so well, especially the two redheads and darker-haired women.

The four of us visiting were sitting across from Miriam and her maid, with both Gabriella and Serenity on my left, while Natalie sat quietly on my right.

Gwen was especially *super* interested in Serenity after finding out that she was probably part-imp, having already seen her transform while Miriam and I were alone, but still seeming very focused and engaged with the girl I grew up with, as if the devil maid had found her new best friend.

But then again, if imps were really so rare now, then I could understand why.

And similarly, Gabriella was very interested in getting to know the family she hadn't been aware existed prior to just a day ago.

Natalie didn't really participate in the conversation, but she seemed to be much more relaxed compared to when we first arrived. I supposed that part of that was her learning that Gwen's stares weren't necessarily hostile, and that she was truly welcome here so long as she obeyed Miriam's rules.

The biggest, of which, was to just be careful what she did with her mouth, so as to not accidentally give someone else her curse.

At first, even as everyone else filled a small glass bowl of fruit to snack on while we waited for dinner to be ready, the blue-haired magazine model only sat quietly in her seat on my right, seeming content to just sit there. But when her belly quietly grumbled, a noise I suspected only I heard, in part because of the eavesdropping spell that controlled sound travel in the mansion, I decided to fill her a bowl myself and then slide it in front of her.

Unsurprisingly, there was a bit of surprise in her expression, followed immediately by hesitation, but when she glanced at the other four women and didn't see anyone even reacting to the gesture, she whispered 'thanks' and began digging in, being much more graceful than the last two times I'd seen her eat.

While I couldn't be entirely sure, I suspected she might still feel unwelcome, which would make perfect sense considering Serenity and I basically picked her up earlier

that morning, and essentially dragged her along for all our pre-arranged plans.

However, I figured her inclusion in the overall group should shift once I successfully became her alpha, and possibly once I gave her some of my blood too. Although, I was fully aware that getting rid of her previous tormentors would be a factor as well, and even then she might need time to sort of get used to normal life again.

Not to mention, even though becoming her alpha involved sex, that didn't necessarily mean we were going to end up forming a relationship afterward, something I knew she might not be interested in after all she'd been through.

For all I knew, it might be sex one time, just so I could have the level of authority to control her as needed when she turned into a monster, and then after that we might never have sex ever again. Hard to say for sure at this point how things would turn out, but I was plenty happy with my current situation, and wasn't going to lose sleep if she ended up having no interest in becoming more than just master and servant.

Granted, she *was* going to have to be in my life from now on, either way, but her inclusion didn't necessarily need to be romantic.

I glanced at Serenity right next to me on my left when I realized she was asking more about the experiment now, since Miriam had just made a comment about taking me to check on it after dinner.

"What exactly are you checking?" she wondered, only sounding curious. "To see if it'll change Natalie like it has done to us?"

Miriam had a pleasant smile on her face, seeming very content as she leaned forward on the table, her cheek in her hand, leather-clad elbow on the table. "That, and I also wanted to ensure his blood wouldn't be harmful to Gwen or myself."

"Is there a reason to think that it might?" Serenity asked in concern.

Miriam glanced at me briefly, before focusing back on her. "Well..." She paused, frowning slightly. "I once heard a story, a very long time ago, about a creature with cursed blood that would turn humans into monsters, but would actually kill other supernatural beings if exposed to it. Honestly, I have no way to verify if that tale was true or not, but figured the interaction of his blood with ours was worth investigating, rather than just assuming Kai has miracle blood that can benefit just about anyone."

Serenity turned her head to look at me, seeming sincerely worried about that possibility.

I decided to chime in. "Good thing is that I don't bleed easily, so there's that."

"Yeah," Serenity agreed, seeming hesitant. "But Gabriella and I now share your blood, and we're not as durable as you. At least not yet."

Oh. Shit.

I focused on Miriam, seeing that she didn't seem overly surprised or concerned about that realization. "How soon do you think we could check?" I wondered seriously.

She shrugged one shoulder, her cheek still resting in her palm. "You said four to eight hours to transform an entire person. So we probably could have checked an hour ago and felt confident about *those* results."

Now I was confused. "Then...is there any reason why we can't check now? Why wait?"

She gave me a small smile. "Because I'm honestly not too worried about those results." She glanced at Natalie. "The werewolf curse is what needs a lot more time, and we have samples of both Gwen and my blood actively reacting to hers." She focused on me again. "However, I suppose it couldn't hurt to check soon, since ultimately what really matters is determining whether or not your blood will affect

her curse in any detectable manner. Hopefully eliminating it entirely.”

I nodded, glancing to my right to see that Natalie was now looking away from everyone, her hands folded in her lap, her legs entirely bare due to the short sheer dress and leather jacket not covering much beyond her hips, her expression pained.

Miriam’s tone was unexpectedly affectionate. “Do you want to come with me and check now, Kai?”

I returned my focus to her. “I mean, yeah. If you don’t mind, and think we’ll at least know how my blood affected things. I wasn’t really too concerned before, but kind of feel anxious about the results now.”

She nodded, glancing over her shoulder as the chef and a single waitress began wheeling out two carts full of covered plates and dishes. She then sat up and slipped out of her chair, focusing on the other four women.

“Go ahead and start without us.”

Gabriella spoke up. “Are you sure? I don’t think any of us mind waiting.”

Serenity nodded as I slipped out of my chair. “Yeah, we can wait for you and Kai to get back,” she agreed, focusing up at me when I briefly rubbed her upper back.

Miriam gave a small smile. “Thank you. But that’s alright. I don’t technically need to eat food, and was only planning on poking at my meal a little. This large feast is mostly for all of you.” She glanced at her maid. “Gwen, you’ll make them feel welcome by eating your fill, won’t you?”

“Yes mistress,” she replied simply.

The female chef spoke up. “Would you like for me to reheat your plate when you return, Madam Klein?”

We all looked at her in shock, none of us having heard anyone call Miriam by the name ‘Klein’ before.

Was that her last name?

The redhead minx wasn’t affected by our looks, giving the chef a similar warm expression. “No, that is alright,

Emma. You already came in on your day off. You may go home after you've cleaned up in the kitchen. Gwen can handle the rest of our dishes."

"As you wish," Emma replied. "Thank you, and I hope you enjoy tonight's selection."

"I'm sure I will," Miriam said warmly, only to focus on me, gesturing with her hand. "Let's go."

"Wait, is Klein your last name?" I blurted out, knowing everyone else probably had the same question.

Miriam shrugged. "It's the one I'm currently using. I didn't share, since I'll probably end up changing it again in a few years, considering 'Ms. Miriam Klein' is on record as being over ninety years old." She paused. "Miriam is my real first name though. I usually don't change that." She then abruptly looked at her devil maid. "I let Gwen pick it out the most recent time I changed my last name." Her look turned into a playful glare. "She thought it would be funny to name me something that means 'small.'"

"Sorry mistress," Gwen blurted out, the corner of her purple lips twitching like she was trying not to smirk.

"Sure you are," Miriam scoffed, rolling her eyes, only to grin at me. "Now, ready?" she prompted again.

"Yeah," I replied simply.

Having already patted Serenity's shoulder, I similarly gave Gabriella's shoulder a gentle squeeze as I passed, prompting an affectionate look from her, only for her attention to shift to the waitress when she came around the long table with two covered plates.

Now that I was becoming more familiar with the mansion, I knew that going to the right of the table, or east, would lead to the grand foyer, whereas heading deeper into the dining hall, toward our left, would lead to a breakfast room with a glass wall that opened up into a conservatory with a ton of plants.

However, just beyond that space was the doorway that led to the west service hall with the secret door to the

underground laboratory. Previously, we'd reached it from the second floor, going past a laundry room, additional guest room, as well as some sex rooms I still hadn't seen, only to take the stairs down to the first floor.

In this case, we were already on the first floor, so after following Miriam into the stairwell area, we went right for the lab, with her waiting on me briefly to hold my hand as we walked down the wide spiral stairwell together.

"Hey, so kind of a random question," I blurted out without thinking.

She looked up at me with a tender expression. "What is it?" she wondered.

I sighed, deciding to just be blunt. "I'm assuming you've fucked both that chef and waitress, right?"

She immediately looked away, her expression slightly pained. "Oh. Umm, yes."

"And of course, I know that you've pretty much fucked all your other staff too. How do you think they're going to react to you potentially not doing that anymore?"

She sighed heavily. "Not *potentially*, Kai. I don't break my promises. I don't commit to something unless I fully intend on following through."

"Oh, well, I didn't want to sound rude."

She shook her head, stopping at the door leading out of the hall into the bright lab in order to allow me to open it for her. She then took my hand again as we walked more slowly down the short hall, slowing down even more once we'd turned into the main room. "I don't think it's rude of you to expect me to keep a promise I made," she finally said quietly. "And for now, it probably won't affect anything, in terms of their reactions to that decision. I can only fuck a human about once a month, maybe twice a month at the most, without hurting them, so doubtful anyone would even notice that anything was different right away." She glanced up at me, our fingers still intertwined, her looking so sexy in her black leather pants and leather bolero shrug, with her

creamy ivory shirt hanging seductively off her small perky tits. “I have roughly sixty humans who work for me, rotating throughout the week, so that pretty much allowed me to have sex with anywhere from two to four people daily, without hurting anyone. But for them, that meant only getting to fuck with me once or twice a month.”

I nodded slowly as I considered that. “And having sex with me one time can replace all that lust?” I clarified.

She frowned slightly. “Kai, the last time you were here, you gave me enough lust to fill seven opals, which would normally require sex with over a *hundred* humans. You gave me more lust than I need for half a year.”

My brow furrowed, trying to work out that math.

She seemed to pick up on my confusion. “At bare minimum, I really only need to have sex every other day to remain healthy. I fucked around much more than that because I love to fuck.”

“Oh. Make sense.” I paused, just wanting to fully understand things, now wondering why she was implying she previously had sixty partners. “But if you don’t need the lust of up to four people per day, then is there really any harm in sleeping with the same person more frequently?”

She shook her head. “Even if I don’t absorb their lust, I’m still fatiguing their capacity to produce it. And once that capacity is fatigued, their ability to generate lifeforce gets fatigued next if I have sex with them again too soon, again even if I don’t absorb anything. Of course, that lust would just go to waste if I don’t store it somehow, but that’s what I’d been doing. Absorbing the lust, converting it to magic as my body naturally does, and storing the extra in opals to ensure I had plenty of energy to fuel my other obligations, such as the barrier sealing the portal.”

I nodded, fully understanding now.

She unexpectedly grinned at me. “You want to see me in this leather without my shirt, don’t you?”

I was stunned by the abrupt change in topic. "Oh, umm, well kind of."

She giggled, reaching up to the silver buttons over her upper chest. "I knew from the moment you arrived, of course, but figured now might be a good time to make your dreams come true," she said with a wink as she audibly unsnapped the bottom button on her upper chest. "Want to help me undress a little?" she asked innocently.

Fuck. Yes please!

I reached down to unbutton the other silver button and grabbed the sides of her bolero shrug like I might the top of a full leather jacket, pulling her toward me to plant a rough kiss on her lips. She giggled again from the gesture, seeming amused by how horny she'd just made me, only to help me slip the leather shrug off.

She then seductively slipped her shoulders out of her open back shirt, of course not wearing a bra, allowing it to fall directly to the floor around her ankles, only to take the leather shrug from me and slowly begin donning it a second time, seductively biting her lower lip as she snapped the buttons in place while I took it all in.

Truly, her tan body was perfect, thin in all the right places while having just enough plump to really get my hormones raging. I'd never really taken the time to appreciate her tits though, since even when we'd been mostly naked together, she'd had those covered up, such as when she was wearing her latex bikini top. Certainly, I'd gotten to touch them when she wore the red silk robe, but this felt like the first time that I really got to see their shape unhindered, the leather shrug covering her arms, shoulders, and upper chest, while her leather pants covered part of her hips and legs, leaving everything completely naked in between.

Her tan belly alone was so fucking adorable, but I realized her cute tits truly fit that description as well. They were just large enough to have a hint of that familiar breast

shape, while also being small enough to give her the flexibility of not wearing a bra without it being overly noticeable, unless her cute nipples got hard.

And those nipples were very hard now, just begging me to suck on them.

Deciding to take the lead, and just enjoy her like I'd done back in her master bedroom, I reached down to grasp her underneath her armpits and hoisted her into the air to set her leather-clad ass on the nearest island countertop.

She immediately wrapped her arms tightly around my head as I went straight for her chest, beginning to gently kiss her affectionately on her slightly dark areolas, being a shade deeper than her tan skin. It kind of reminded me that Avery and Michelle had frosted features, wondering if there was a reason for those two actually having lighter areolas and nipples. And also, of the fact that Serenity's transformed nipples were actually purple like her lips, whereas Gwen's areola and nipples were sort of a dark brownish gray even though she similarly had purple eyelids and lips.

I realized I could ask Miriam if she knew, but decided I just wanted to suck on her tits right now.

"I love you, baby," the sexy minx whispered, gently stroking her thin fingers through my hair. She then giggled when I sucked harder. "Keep that up, and you might actually get something."

I froze for a second, just surprised that she was serious. I then let go of her nipple long enough to speak. "What will I get?" I wondered, only to go back to sucking while she responded.

"Not milk," she said playfully. "But with enough stimulation, my nipples do leak this clear sweet fluid sometimes. The taste will probably make you hot and bothered, but if you don't mind staying down here for a little while then by all means. Suck to your heart's content."

I let go briefly to plant a kiss, only to move to her other nipple and suck on it for a few seconds, eliciting a soft moan. I then kissed her areola again, and finally pulled away to instead plant a heavy kiss on her lips. She moaned into my mouth, tensing her leather-clad thighs against my hips, only to focus on me tenderly when I pulled away a second time.

I couldn't help but smile at the desire in her emerald eyes, clearing my throat as I spoke. "Maybe when we have more time, I'll nurse on you until you start leaking, but for now I think I want to find out the results of our experiment first." I paused when she gave me a playful look of disappointment. "And then I want to fuck you from behind again on your stool, before we head upstairs for dinner."

She grinned. "*That's* more like it. Truly, I never imagined I'd meet a man who could resist me, and certainly not one who would make a point to tease me by playing hard to get."

I smirked. "Well, you did make my dream come true, by showing me what you look like with only the leather on, so I figured fucking you in the ass was the least I could do."

She gasped, dramatically looking frightened by that disclosure. "In the ass?" She gasped again. "But you're so big, mister. How will you ever fit?"

I chuckled at her obvious roleplay. "Haven't you ever heard, '*where there's a will, there's a way ?*'"

She giggled at that. "As a matter of fact, I think I *have* heard that before. As well as probably a million other such snippets of wisdom that *you've* probably never heard."

"Fair enough," I commented, pecking her on the cheek. The tender gesture surprisingly caused her face to flush, something I'd notice her do before when I showed her affection.

I suspected it might be because she was used to people desperately expressing their sexual craving for her, along with their sexual frustration, but that she wasn't nearly as

used to someone showing a controlled form of affection, like a simple tender kiss, that only a person *not* hopelessly addicted to her could do.

Essentially, rather than attempting to ravish her body with my every gesture of desire, I was instead mixing it up, occasionally surprising her when I simply showed her gentle and controlled affection.

"I like you so much," she whispered, clinging to my shirt with her small fist as I took a step back. Of course, considering what she'd said about 'love' feeling like an empty word, and instead feeling like she needed to describe how she felt about me with something stronger like everlasting *infatuation*, I knew there was a lot of meaning behind a simple '*I like you so much.*'

It was possible to love someone you might not like, and for her I was sure it was likely she'd fucked a lot of people she might not actually like - at least, not in the same way that she liked me. If anything, how much she actually 'liked' me was new to her. Granted, I was sure she'd continue to say 'I love you,' as well.

"Me too," I replied warmly, taking in the sight of her all over again, including her thin plump thighs as she sat on the counter, as well as her completely naked belly and chest, only to focus on her leather-clad arms and then finally her face, meeting her emerald gaze. "Very much."

She grinned, her expression longing and almost somber.

"So, results now, and fucking after?" I said playfully.

She smirked, only to give a dramatic sigh. "Oh, very well." She reached for the counter to support herself as she slipped onto the floor, her midnight wings reflexively flaring out as if to help slow her brief fall. "I suppose I can just have fun teasing you with my charm a little while I work."

I gulped as she turned to walk away toward the microscope, suddenly finding myself mesmerized by the dimples in her lower back just above her midnight tail on either side. Fuck, everything about her was so ridiculously

hot, even just the way her spine kind of curved inward to make a small indent compared to the rest of her back, almost making her look more muscular than she was.

Of course, I found her wings attractive too, including even the section where they came from her back, the initial portion looking very much like her upper arms, only for the skin to rapidly transition to pitch-black. Only thing was, I didn't really know how to define how or why it was sexy, other than just visualizing me grabbing her by the base of her wing 'arms' and holding onto her while I fucked her from behind. Really, it would be pretty similar as holding her regular arms in that position, forcing her face into the bed, except somehow more exotic feeling, much like it might feel to hold onto Gwen's horns while fucking her.

Realizing that Miriam was already stepping onto her step stool and sliding the microscope forward to inspect the samples, I moved closer to lean against the counter while she worked, really enjoying the sight of her perky tits from this side angle. And, enjoying the feeling she was giving me as that ball of pleasure began to radiate in my gut, causing my stomach and chest to begin feeling hot.

"Hmm," she said after a second, already examining a slide.

"What is it?" I wondered, suspecting it wasn't good by her tone.

"Well, I suppose it shouldn't be surprising, but the werewolf curse seems to have fully tainted Gwen's blood." She pulled away from the microscope to focus on me. "At this point, because I don't have a human control, I don't know how it compares to a normal person, but the curse has definitely contaminated her entire blood smear."

I nodded. "And what about yours?" I wondered.

"Just a second," she replied, focusing back into the eyepiece to reexamine Gwen's blood. She then went ahead and removed that slide, to replace it with hers, speaking up after a second. "Huh, that's actually unexpected. I can still

detect the curse from the drop of Natalie's blood that I added, but it doesn't appear to have spread at all."

"Does that mean you're immune to the werewolf curse?"

She shrugged infinitesimally. "Perhaps. I'll need to check again once more time has passed, because it's also possible that the curse just spreads slower for someone like me. It already spreads fairly slow for a human, at least compared to how quickly your blood can apparently change someone."

"How slow are we talking?"

She frowned, leaning forward to look at her slide again. "Well, previously recorded evidence suggests that it depends on how much of the curse someone is exposed too. Usually meaning, the severity of the bite. A graze is still going to result in a werewolf, but the spread of the curse is much slower, possibly even allowing the individual to make it through their first full moon without transforming." She straightened to look at me. "But a normal nonlethal bite usually is enough to spread the curse within two or three days."

"Oh, so quite a bit longer than my blood."

"Yes," she agreed, switching out the slides. "If you were anyone else, I might question the validity of your claim, but I know you're not one to exaggerate."

"Nope," I agreed. "Gabriella and Serenity were both still normal prior to this weekend. And while I'm not entirely sure how long it took for Gabriella, in particular, I feel confident about the length of time it took for both Avery and Serenity. My blood knocked them both out for roughly four hours, and when they woke up, they were like me."

She nodded, seeming focused on the slide. "And Avery is your classmate, right?" she wondered, almost absentmindedly.

"Yeah," I replied simply.

She didn't respond, still focused.

"Which one is that?" I asked.

"Your saliva," she replied, switching out the one labeled for Gwen and putting in her own.

It only then occurred to me that she'd looked at Gwen's first each time, prompting me to point that out as just a random thought.

"Is it important to look at them in a certain order?" I wondered.

She paused just as she was getting ready to switch out another slide. "What do you mean?" she asked with surprising hesitation in her tone.

"Just that you've looked at Gwen's first each time."

She inclined her chin just barely, in acknowledgement of my comment, as she slowly slid in Natalie's slide that was combined with my saliva. She then sighed heavily while leaning forward to examine it. "I suppose it may not surprise you to know that I care a lot about my maid."

"Oh," I said simply, not realizing personal concern might be the reason.

"No, it doesn't really matter," she continued, answering my question. "I do want to compare equal things, which is why I looked at the ones with Natalie's blood first, and now I'm looking at the ones with your saliva, so I can make semi-equal comparisons. But as to the exact order I look at them, no it doesn't matter. Aside from my concern about how all this affects her."

My voice was quiet as I responded. "What do you mean?"

She sighed again, straightening up and focusing on me, almost at eye-level thanks to the step stool. "Kai, as far as I'm aware, there are no full-blooded imps left. She may very well be the last of her kind."

"Oh," I repeated, unsure of what else to say, since they'd already implied that they were rare, but I hadn't realized the situation was *that* bad. "W-What happened to them?" I asked hesitantly.

"That's a mystery," she replied simply, still holding my gaze. "Their numbers were already on the decline, but then at some point in time they all just seemed to vanish without any explanation. Traces of their lineage still exist in humans, mostly due to the impregnation of human women by male imps, but full-blooded imps are just gone. There's only Gwen left. And even her existence is a bit of a miracle. The fact that she doesn't *age*, like she's frozen in time, is a miracle."

I nodded, realizing by Miriam's aura that her heart sincerely ached for Gwen.

"Anyway," she continued. "The role you could play in her life, in particular, has been weighing heavily on me. She would probably never admit it, but being the last of her kind is hard on her. *Knowing* she's the last of her kind, is hard on her. And I want her to feel like she belongs. I want her to feel like she has a family."

"You want me to change her," I assumed softly.

She sighed. "I don't know. That's a decision I'd leave up to her." She paused. "Well, and you too, of course. It is your blood after all."

"I'm not entirely opposed to that," I admitted. "I do want to be careful who I share it with, but if we're really all going to be together, then I would like that. For her to be like me, and..." My voice trailed off. "Well, you too, if you want."

She gave me a small smile. "I'm not sure how it would affect me, but depending on these results, I might consider it. I've been the same for thousands of years, so I'm sure you can imagine that introducing a substance into my body that might permanently change me is a little...well, it causes me a bit of anxiety."

I nodded. "And what are the results so far?" I wondered.

"Oh." She paused. "Well, for the slides I just checked, it appears your saliva has broken down the blood, but otherwise hasn't had an effect."

"What does that mean?"

She shrugged. "Just that it's what I would have expected. Normally people have enzymes in their saliva that begins the process of digestion. For example, let's say you eat crackers or chips, and a bunch of wet crumbs get stuck in your teeth, the reason why that gunk disappears after a while is because the saliva is actually digesting it. Specifically sugar and carbs though, since protein is mainly digested in the stomach, which is why a piece of meat or something high in fiber stuck in your teeth stays there until you get it out. Similarly, your saliva has kind of dissolved the red blood cells." She shrugged. "It's not at all an unexpected outcome. Human saliva might have a similar effect."

I nodded, prompting her to turn to grab another slide, appearing as if she was grabbing Natalie's blood smear – the one that had a drop of my blood.

"Now," she said emphatically. "The moment of truth. How does your blood affect werewolf blood?" She paused as she leaned forward, remaining silent for a painfully long few seconds.

As much as the anticipation was killing me, I couldn't help but love the sight of her exposed tan torso framed on top and bottom with leather. Her ass looked so ridiculously amazing in those leather pants, and the transition was exceptionally arousing. All she needed to make it even more perfect was a shiny thong pulled up on her bony hips, though I was pretty confident she wasn't wearing any underwear to begin with.

Either way, the sight certainly helped me be patient.

Finally, she spoke up, seeming stunned. "It's gone."

"What's gone?" I asked seriously.

She continued to focus on the slide. "The curse. The curse is really gone. I can't detect it at all."

Relief swept over me, revealing I'd actually been pretty stressed about it without realizing. "So, does that mean she'd become like me if I gave her my blood?"

Miriam frowned at that, straightening to meet my gaze. "Unfortunately, I can't say. There are no noticeable physical changes in the blood itself, and I doubt a DNA analysis would show anything either." She paused, realizing I needed her to elaborate on that. "Both Natalie, as a werewolf, and probably you too, would pass as humans right now, on a genetic level. It's why I didn't even bring up doing such a test, because all we really care about is to ensure that your blood doesn't destroy ours, which would indicate it was lethal, and to otherwise confirm that it will or won't remove Natalie's curse." She paused. "And that's what is most important here. We won't know how it changes her until you give her some of your blood, but at least we've confirmed that it should at least remove the curse."

I nodded. "And what about *your* blood sample?" I asked seriously. "Can we make sure it's okay?"

She nodded, going ahead and grabbing it instead of Gwen's first. "Let's see," she commented as she looked at it for a few long seconds. She then straightened, reaching for Gwen's slide. "No detectable change in mine, which at least means your blood wouldn't hurt me. And now for Gwen's..." She paused, leaning forward again. "And also nothing unusual on hers."

I let out a big sigh. "Well, that was kind of anticlimactic."

She scoffed playfully, knowing I wasn't serious. "It's a good thing that it *is* anticlimactic. While I was being a bit dramatic when I mentioned that your blood might kill us, I'm glad to see that's truly not the case. Superficially, your blood would either have no effect on us, or it might have a similar effect as the others."

I frowned. "Do..." I hesitated, feeling uncertain now. "Do you want to try?"

She frowned at that. "As I mentioned, the unknown makes me nervous," she replied. "I think I'd first prefer to see how someone like Natalie reacts to your blood. Then, if the outcome is acceptable, I'll propose the option to Gwen

and let her make her own decision. Similarly, at that point, I'll make my own decision."

I nodded.

"However," she continued, focusing on me. "Not before we try to deal with this werewolf pack. I can't afford to be unconscious for four to eight hours right now. We obviously need to find those guys, and then you need to become that girl's alpha. After that, it might be a good time to give her some of your blood, while you track those guys down, kill most of them, and bring one back. But I want to be awake while you're gone, and then I need to get rid of the curse on your mystery stone."

"Sounds good," I agreed. "And if you decide not to become like me, that's fine. If anything, I just like the idea of being able to share my natural healing with the people I care about, so that I don't have to worry so much about you or anyone else getting hurt."

Her emerald eyes were full of affection now. "Kai, I love you so much. Why don't you unbutton my leather pants and fuck me in the ass?"

I almost laughed at the abrupt transition, suddenly really eager to do so. "Don't mind if I do," I replied with a grin, slipping behind her and thrusting my hips into her ass just to bump her, wanting to play with her a little first, wrapping my arms around her bare waist and reaching up to grab at her small tits.

She moaned from the rough movement, bumping me right back with her small juicy ass, only to bend her knees a little when she felt my stiffening cock, rubbing against me like she was giving me a sensual lap dance.

Leaning forward to get at the back of her slim neck, knowing I was only able to comfortably do so thanks to the step stool she was standing on, I rubbed my lips at the base of her hairline, her fiery red hair still in twin French braids, loving how she shivered underneath my touch. She moaned

again when I grabbed her small squishy tits more roughly, only to begin pinching her hard nipples.

I was surprised when she reached down herself and expertly unbuttoned her leather pants with one hand, speaking up in a low seductive tone.

“I’m already so wet for you, baby,” she whispered. “If you want to really fuck my ass, why don’t you shove your cock in my pussy first to get it nice and wet? Then I’ll let you fuck my asshole.”

“Do you like getting fucked in the ass?” I asked in a heavy tone, just trying to keep up with the dirty talk.

“Oh baby,” she moaned, wiggling her hips out of the leather pants. “There’s not a way I *don’t* like getting fucked. Every part of my body is an erogenous zone. Now fuck me like you *own* me.”

I grinned at that, more than happy to do so, grabbing the lip of her leather pants on her thighs and slipping my throbbing cock into her hot wet snatch with ease, even despite how tight it was, thrusting a few times to ensure I was plenty lubed up. I then wrapped my left arm more tightly across her bare tits, and moved my hand to the base of my shaft, even as she pulled away slightly and tilted her hips more, getting her asshole right on my tip with precise accuracy.

Just like that, her asshole was starting to grip the head of my cock, feeling like she was sucking me right in, though I knew I was undoubtedly pushing as well from the pleasurable sensation.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped, shocked by how tight it was, my mind beginning to swim as it felt like I was already about to pop.

“You going to fill my ass with cum?” she asked innocently, starting to rock gently to ease my cock in further and further. “You going to fill me with all that warm gooey yumminess?”

I finally grabbed at her hips to keep her still as I pulled most of the way back out, the sensation dramatically escalating the moment my head was right at the entrance of her asshole again.

"Yeah, that's right, baby," she encouraged. "You found the sweet spot, didn't you?"

I couldn't respond, trying to readjust my grip now. Her leather pants were still mostly on, being tight enough to remain on her thighs after she wiggled them down to let me get to her ass, and I realized I could use them to keep her lower half motionless with one hand.

Now feeling almost aggressively desperate to shoot my load, I reached down for the lip of her leather pants again to do just that, even as I reached upward to grab at one of her wing arms, pushing her forward all in one motion.

"*Oof*," she exclaimed as she quickly slid the microscope away, allowing me to force her upper body onto the counter. "Yeah, baby," she then moaned. "You know I like it rough. Oh fuck, the counter is so cold on my tits. My nipples are so hard right now."

"*Fuck*," I hissed as I thrust my cock forward, and tugged back again, her asshole squeezing me like a vice grip. "Fuck!" I repeated as I blew my load the hardest I felt like I ever had in my life.

A wave of pleasure shot up and down my body from the first pulse of cum, only for it to feel as if her asshole gripped even tighter, making the second shot feel even more overwhelmingly powerful.

"*Mmm*," she moaned loudly, as I shot again, and *again*. "Yeah, baby, that feels so fucking good. It's so warm. I love that you cum so much."

Completely spent after a sixth shot, I leaned forward on top of her, sinking my cock in a little more even as I attempted to support some of my weight on my elbows on the counter.

"That feel good, baby?" she wondered innocently, her head turned to the side to try to look at me in the corner of her eye.

I gently kissed her on the cheek. "Amazing," I whispered. "And you didn't even really use your charm much, did you? Once we got going."

She giggled. "You noticed, did you? I figured we'd *never* make it back upstairs, if I really blew your world."

I kissed her on the cheek a second time, just baffled that it could sincerely be more amazing than just now. "I love you so much."

Her tone was suddenly serious and intense. "I love *you* so much. Thank you for accepting me."

"Thank you for being so flexible," I replied sincerely.

She giggled. "Oh, you have no idea just how *flexible* I can be. I can't wait for the day when I can really play around with you without restraint."

I took a deep breath, finally standing upright again. "Looking forward to it."

"Me too," she said warmly, only to quickly continue when I started pulling out. "Slowly, please. I'd rather avoid too much of a mess."

I nodded, pulling out as slow as possible once my head was just barely in her ass. I could feel her tightening as I began slipping out, her asshole actually beginning to push me, until I was completely free.

"There," she said triumphantly, reaching down to pull her leather pants up. "Now, why don't we sneak up to the second floor to quickly rinse off in the shower, and then we'll join the others for dinner."

I scoffed as I pulled up my shorts. "Think we'll make it back down before they start on dessert?"

She giggled. "Well now, that's part of the excitement, and I'm perfectly alright with finding out." She reached up to grab my face then, planting a passionate kiss before looking at me with a lusty gaze, her bottom lip sticking out

slightly in an adorable pout. "After all, you still haven't taken care of poor little ol' me. It's not really fair that I don't get to cum too."

"So not fair," I agreed, kissing her again. "We'll fuck in the shower," I promised.

"Perfect," she cooed, finally stepping down off the step stool. "Then let me grab my shirt, and we'll sneak upstairs."

I took the opportunity to smack her tiny plump ass, causing her to yelp in excitement.

Suddenly, her emerald eyes were full of lust, her expression mischievous. "Bet you can't catch me!" she taunted.

I grinned. "I'll give you a two-second head start," I teased.

All at once, her face lit up in pure joy and she whirled around as fast as lightning, dashing away in the blink of an eye, gracefully grabbing her ivory shirt off the floor, and running at the door at shocking speed, moving so fast that she had to use her wing to grab the door frame as she spun herself toward the stairwell.

I just stared after her, noticing that her footsteps were already vanishing due to that inconsistent eavesdropping spell over the whole place, causing me to realize I might lose her if I lost sight of her.

"Make that *one* second!" I called out as I bolted to catch up, having no idea if she'd hear me, but definitely feeling the thrill of the chase now.

Because once I caught her - and I had no doubt I would - I was going to fuck her silly until she was screaming my name in orgasmic ecstasy.

And then, I was going to fuck her some more.

(3) CHAPTER 63: IMP

I was a bit torn in how I felt like the evening at Miriam's mansion was going so far. On the one hand, I was doing a really bad job of hanging out with everyone else, considering every time I slipped off with the short redhead succubus for a legitimate purpose, we ended up fucking for several hours. But, on the other hand, I supposed Serenity and Gabriella both kind of expected it to happen when we visited.

Like, we arrived with the expectation that I was likely going to spend time alone with both Miriam and Gwen at some point during the evening. Problem was, after initially socializing with Miriam and sharing my big secret - that I could turn other people into creatures like me - I'd pretty much spent the ensuing four hours solely with her.

We did technically sit with everyone in the dining hall while waiting for dinner to be ready, but in my eagerness to find out the results of the blood smear experiments, we ended up going at it again, leading to an entire escapade of fucking.

This most recent time we fucked, it was in the shower, with us having the well-intentioned goal of rinsing off after we fucked in her underground laboratory again, only to play a short game of cat and mouse, where we fucked in the stairwell just prior to reaching the second floor, and then fucked again in her massive bedroom when I tried to help undress her to take a shower, only to go at it for the fourth time, as if we were starving for more.

To be fair, we kind of *were* starving for more.

She was literally awakening my lust to its full extent, and I just couldn't get enough of her cute sexy body.

However, technically it *was* very similar to when I fucked Serenity in the recliner back home for the entire length of a full movie, only to do the same with Michelle, overall passionately fucking for nearly three hours straight with two different women.

Except, in Miriam's case, she had such an erotic presence that it was difficult to feel satisfied for very long even after multiple mind-blowing orgasms.

To be clear, she was *very* satisfying, but she could get me worked up again so easily, to the point that I was sure everyone had long since finished eating by the time we were dried off and getting ready to head back down to the first floor.

And I still had to keep my promise to fuck Gwen!

Dammit, not how I expected the evening to go.

At the very least, I didn't want Serenity and Gabriella to feel jealous that I was spending so much time with everyone else, unsure if asking them to join might help...or just cause problems. Because while I at least seemed to have some capacity to resist becoming fully addicted to Miriam, I wasn't sure if that applied to Serenity, even if she *was* technically like me now. Really hard to say, especially with the little revelation Miriam pulled out of her earlier, about wanting us both to be over her in a master and servant relationship.

Made me wonder if transforming her had some degree of a negative impact on who she was as an individual, or if she'd just kept those types of desires hidden while essentially raising me. At the very least, I suspected she would have avoided disclosing a craving like that without Miriam's encouragement.

However, my overall worries were eased when we did finally rejoin the other four women, discovering they'd waited in the dining hall to continue socializing, with Gwen

entertaining them with embarrassing stories of her mistress, much to the short succubus' chagrin.

But I quickly found out that, apparently, they'd taken bets the moment we left, trying to predict what time we'd be back.

That, at least, made me feel a little better, especially since Natalie was the most optimistic with thinking we'd be back within thirty minutes, whereas Gabriella, Serenity, and Gwen all guessed for various times starting after an hour and a half.

In the end, Gwen won, guessing that her mistress would bring me back by around the two-hour mark.

And here, Natalie thought she'd win by default, since she couldn't imagine we'd be gone even for an hour. She'd also apparently grown much more comfortable with the others in the last two hours, because she made the most brash and crude statement I'd heard thus far.

"Oh come on!" she exclaimed, to my complete surprise. "No way you guys fucked for *two* hours!"

Even Miriam was a little surprised, but recovered the quickest. "Well," she said in an innocent tone. "We actually overheard your little bet, and I couldn't cheat my poor little Gwen out of a win. She can be very competitive."

Serenity laughed. "Yeah, well looks like Natalie has a bit of a competitive side too."

"Damn straight," the blue-haired chick scoffed. "I don't like to lose. What were you two even doing, playing 'Go fish?'"

Miriam giggled, while I was left scratching my head, having no idea if that was supposed to be a euphemism or not. "More like, 'playing doctor,'" Miriam teased, flaring out her wings. "He was very curious in the shower."

I shrugged, glancing at Gabriella and Serenity, who were both giving me questioning looks. "Never had to wash my wings," I said simply.

Natalie's light brown eyes widened in sincere surprise.
“The fuck? You can seriously grow wings?”

It took me a second to realize I'd never shown her that, since I hadn't grown them out when I grew bigger. I just shrugged again. “Yeah.”

Gwen spoke up, reaching over next to her to slide a small dish. “Mistress, I saved you dessert.”

Miriam focused on it, only to look a little touched emotionally. “She made me Blueberry Cheese Danish? Oh bless her heart. I’m sure she was a little sad to leave without getting to see my reaction. I’ll have to be sure to thank her tomorrow.”

“I reassured her that you’d love it,” Gwen replied.

Gabriella spoke up. “Wait, if you like it so much, then how come you don’t have her make it more often?”

Miriam gave her a small smile. “Well, I don’t eat a ton of food anyway, since I technically don’t have to eat. Usually only one meal per day, often dinner. And I rarely have dessert. My chef, Emma, knows I only have it on rare special occasions, and she accurately guessed this was a special occasion for me.”

Natalie chimed in, *really* seeming to have gotten comfortable. “Because you knew you’d be fucking *him* all evening?”

Miriam scoffed, her expression and tone playful. “How rude. Kai is more to me than a fuck toy.” She then grinned with a giggle, looking up at me affectionately. “But yes, he sure has made this evening *quite* special.” She then almost glared at Natalie pointedly, her aura still playful. “You’re just jealous.”

Natalie abruptly scoffed, turning her head away and crossing her arms.

My eyes widened in shock.

Oh shit, *was* she jealous?

No.

No way.

Why would she be?

Gabriella chimed right in, being overly dramatic with her pout. “I’m a little jealous. Kai you better give me a lot of attention once we get back home.”

“Yeah, me too,” Serenity agreed, playing right along – at least with her, I knew when she was teasing me.

“Or,” Miriam said playfully. “You can both just join in our fun next time. I’m okay with sharing, and really love playing *Twister*.”

Gabriella, Serenity, and Natalie all immediately flushed in obvious embarrassment.

Miriam only giggled, stretching her midnight wings out briefly as she finally left my side to sit down and eat her dessert. I took her lead and headed around the other side of the table to sit next to Natalie, since she’d slid over in the last two hours and taken my seat next to Serenity.

In response to me sitting down, Serenity scooted a small dish over to me, similarly having a piece of dessert on it, which Natalie proceeded to scoot the rest of the way, avoiding my gaze entirely.

“Thanks,” I said simply.

“Welcome,” Serenity replied warmly.

Natalie only grunted in acknowledgment, clearing her throat and shifting her weight like she was uncomfortable now.

Ignoring the reaction, I grabbed the spoon and took my first bite.

Damn, I needed to eat Blueberry Cheese Danish more often, because it was amazing. In particular, I realized that the ‘cheese’ part actually meant cream cheese, and it was obvious it had been cooked in an oven at some point, though it was still pretty cold now like it had come straight out of a fridge.

“Yummy?” Miriam wondered from across the table, grinning at me with a bit on her spoon.

“Not as yummy as you, but yeah it’s pretty good.”

Natalie groaned, rolling her eyes.

"Okay seriously," Serenity chimed in. "Are you guys going to share the results of the blood test thing?"

"Oh," Miriam said in surprise, only to give both her and Gabriella an apologetic look. "Sorry, forgot all about that." She then frowned, as she glanced at Natalie. "I should probably double-check again, but short story is that the werewolf curse might not hurt me."

"What about me?" Gwen whispered.

Miriam turned her head to focus up on her. "Unfortunately, it seems it would affect you." She focused on me and Natalie, her tone becoming more cheerful. "But, it also seems that Kai's blood *does* eliminate the curse, which implies that anyone with his blood will similarly be immune."

Gabriella and Serenity exchanged a glance, while Natalie just looked straight down at her folded hands in her lap.

Natalie spoke up after a second, her voice quiet like she was only speaking to me. "So, you can really help me then," she almost whispered.

Miriam continued. "But not before he becomes your alpha."

Natalie looked up at her in surprise, only to focus on me and back on her. "W-Why not?" she wondered.

Miriam shrugged. "Because, Kai made it very clear that he doesn't want to share his blood with just anyone, and I fully agree. He can't give it away as a charity, because the last thing we need is 'powerful beings' running around unchecked." She shrugged again. "Besides, while I feel confident that his blood will remove your curse, we can't be sure that implies you will become normal, or that it will be painless to have the curse eliminated from your body. He needs to already be your alpha to ensure you can be controlled in the event you have an adverse reaction to the change."

Serenity spoke up. "With us, we all just got really tired and passed out for a few hours."

Miriam nodded. "And that might happen to her as well, but you also weren't cursed. For all we know, she might transform in response to his blood and run wild, even though it's not the full moon yet, killing everything in sight - at least until his blood has time to have its effect."

"Fuck," Natalie whispered, her expression pained as she crossed her arms in a self-hug.

"Worried about it hurting?" I assumed quietly.

Surprisingly, she only nodded in response as she stared at her lap, her legs almost fully exposed due to the shortness of the sheer black dress and leather jacket, her expression seeming vulnerable. Which I could understand. Even if she'd remained strong despite her situation, it was obvious that the agony of transforming was itself a torment that threatened to defeat her every time - to break her resolve to 'persist' and leave her as a broken empty soul.

Miriam spoke up again. "Gwen, what time is it?"

"Half past the first hour to the last of fourths."

"*Huh?*" the rest of us all said in sync.

Miriam simply nodded. "I think I'll allow you some time with Kai, and then we'll make the preparations for that spell."

"Thank you, mistress," Gwen said with surprising appreciation, sounding almost as if she was desperate to spend time with me.

"Wait," Gabriella chimed in, looking at her phone. "It's about 8:30 - was that what she just said?"

Miriam focused on her. "Inferno imps have a constant awareness of the sun at all times, and can meticulously sense the passage of time. She normally reverts to her old way of telling time, if I ask her when she doesn't have immediate access to a clock."

When it was clear we were all still confused, Gwen spoke up.

“This language is not my first. I can barely speak the language I was born into, due to disuse, but it still affects how I think. My people divided the day into six sections, and further by fourths, so there’s the first of fourths, the first four hours of the day, the second of fourths, the second four hours of the day, and so on. I’ve adapted to the concept of twenty-four hours in a day, since it’s not unlike what I grew up with, but I still perceive the day in chunks.”

“Weird,” Gabriella commented.

Miriam shook her head. “Not weird. Just different. Not every human culture measures time the same. For example, in Thailand, they have six-hour clocks instead of twelve-hour clocks. And in India, they traditionally divide the day into eight sections, called *pahar*. And actually, the method of time I was born into was quite different too.”

“Sorry,” Gabriella said apologetically. “I didn’t mean that in a bad way. Different is what I meant, when I said weird.”

Miriam simply nodded, not seeming offended at all, but definitely quick to defend Gwen the moment it was implied that she was weird.

I again recalled how Miriam believed her maid to be the last of her kind, as well as what she’d said previously about wanting her maid to feel like she belonged. To have a family.

And yet, despite being the last of her kind, here Gwen was describing memories of being with ‘her people,’ implying that she did, in fact, know what it was like to have a family to belong to, thus only intensifying the obvious loss she must have suffered.

Plus, the mystery of it all.

Supposedly, she was a hundred and twenty-seven, despite being born much longer ago, combined with the fact that Miriam described Gwen as being frozen in time in terms of mental and physical age, all of which just seemed really bizarre.

It was really starting to cause me to want to unravel that mystery.

But first, I wanted to make sure me disappearing again wasn't going to cause problems.

I focused past Natalie at Serenity and Gabriella. "Are you both alright with me running off again?" I asked seriously.

Gwen's expression dropped slightly as she focused on them too, realizing the decision resided with more than just her mistress. Which kind of made me feel bad, but I had to continue prioritizing my first two women, especially Serenity. I could never stop prioritizing Serenity.

However, apparently they were both surprised that I'd even ask.

"Of course, Kai," Serenity said reassuringly. "She's been looking forward to it all evening."

"Yeah," Gabriella agreed. "We found out pretty quickly that you'd made a promise to her. She's commented several times now about her anticipation, and how lucky she feels like Serenity and I are, for getting to spend time with you whenever we want." She paused when she noticed Gwen's face was flushing, due to them disclosing that the maid had openly spoken about it. She focused back on me, leaning forward more to see past Serenity and Natalie. "And besides, you've monopolized my great-great-grandmother all evening, and I want to get to know her."

The person in question scoffed. "It's Miriam, *please*, sweetie. You're making me feel so old."

Gabriella abruptly grinned at her. "Well, I've recently discovered that you actually like being teased about your age."

"Uh!" Miriam exclaimed, abruptly looking up at Gwen. "You did *not*!" she retorted, only to scoff again. "Looks like someone's getting spanked later."

Gwen's face flushed even more. "Yes, mistress. Sorry, mistress."

My eyebrows rose in disbelief.

Did Gwen seriously share embarrassing stories about Miriam with the others, and disclose ways they might be

able to tease her, all so she could get ‘punished’ later?

Fuck, that was kind of hot. And sort of adorable.

This tall sexy chick with purple lips and eyelids, crimson eyes, intimidating horns, and the thickest muscular thighs I’d ever seen on a woman, desperately wanted to be put in her place by her significantly shorter mistress. Fuck, she was so hot.

“Don’t worry,” I abruptly said, sliding out of my chair. “I’ll spank her for you, Miriam.”

Gwen immediately looked at me in alarm, visibly gulping.

Miriam just giggled. “Oh, yes!” Her tone became pouty. “She’s been such a bad girl this evening. Be sure to spank her really hard for me, okay?”

“Yep,” I replied with a grin, only to give Gwen a firm look. “Come on, naughty imp. I’ll wear your ass out, and then your mistress can have a turn later.”

“Y-Yes, master. O-Of course, master,” she stammered, quickly standing up.

I focused on her leather attire as she walked over, her long black furry tail swaying low to the ground, having been so focused on the glossy material stretched to its limits on her thighs, that I hadn’t really noticed how her lower legs looked, appearing mostly normal until the very bottom, where her heel was perpetually raised as she balanced on her large hooves, almost looking like she had abnormally large feet that caused her to walk on her tiptoes.

Kind of made me wonder how tall she’d be if she had normal legs, but then I realized that was a silly question for two huge reasons. One, because it was obvious she’d be tall either way, given how long her torso was and the fact that her hips were about even with my own, but also because she’d never have normal feet. And the last thing I wanted was for her to catch the shadow of my thoughts and find me comparing her to what I considered ‘normal.’

Because she already was ‘normal,’ at least for her kind. Furry tail included.

Thus, I instead shifted my focus to her leather jacket and glossy leather vest, really enjoying how she looked in it. Like, Gwen could totally pull off wearing a suit and tie, and look fucking hot as hell in it. Her figure on its own was very feminine, with her medium chest being just large enough to ensure no one could miss it, never mind her wide hips attached to those ridiculously muscular thighs.

Fuck, I was going to enjoy spanking her.

Once we left the dining hall and entered the grand foyer, I stopped since I had no idea where we were going to go, but kept my tone firm in an effort to maintain the roleplay we had going on - a roleplay that I wasn't sure was actually 'pretend' for her.

"Lead the way, naughty girl. Take me to where you're going to get spanked."

"Y-Yes, master," she replied, sincerely flustered with anticipation. "T-The previous basement I took you to is still under construction. The concrete still needs to dry. S-So the main basement might be more suitable."

She was angled sideways to me, so I paused just briefly as her furry black tail shifted out of my way, only for me to quickly reach around and slap her juicy leather clad ass.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, her entire body tensing, including her tail, even as she remained exactly where she was.

"Get to it, then. Lead the way," I said with a grin.

"Y-Yes, master. S-Sorry, master. Right this w-way."

Leading me beneath the twin staircases to the main hall that stretched down most of the first floor, she took me past a couple of doorways, only to turn right to another hallway leading more to the front of the house. I'd already been past this way numerous times when we visited the grand living room that Miriam called the East Drawing Room, but had never gone this particular direction.

Sure enough, there was a normal stairwell that led down to a typical basement that was furnished much like the first floor, making it easy to forget it was underground. In

particular, as we walked down to another level of hardwood floors, I saw that there was a bar, pool table, several black leather couches, along with a series of doors against the wall toward our right. However, after stepping down, she didn't proceed into the main room, instead leading me around the edge of the stairs to another door that was much more out of sight.

"I-In here," she stammered, opening it to reveal a bare concrete hallway, her black furry tail twitching now like she was anxious with anticipation. Surprisingly, she didn't noticeably turn on any lights, but when she stepped through the doorway, a few lights in the ceiling came on, glowing dimly like a night light...

No, they were crystals, not regular lights.

Following after her and closing the door behind me when she quietly implied I should, she led me to another room, this one with a metal door, being similar to the original room she'd once brought me to in the unfurnished basement that felt like a dungeon.

However, upon seeing inside this one, I saw that it was actually semi-furnished with purple silk furniture, including a simple metal chair upholstered with a rich violet color, along with an actual metal-frame bed with a thick silk sheet, but no pillow. Also no flooring, aside from the concrete.

My eyes widened in surprise. "Umm, this isn't your bedroom, is it?" I asked seriously, about to be really shocked if it was, considering it was so bare. There wasn't even a dresser.

She shook her head, turning to face me as I closed the door. "N-No, master. This place is for me, but not as a bedroom."

"A sex room?" I tried again.

She shook her head. "N-No, master. You're the only man I've had sex with."

I decided not to emphasize the fact that I knew both Miriam and Mrs. Rebecca fucked her, hence my assumption

that it might be a sex room, focusing instead on her main point that this room wasn't usually for that purpose.

"So then?"

She lowered her crimson gaze, seeming hesitant now, and almost embarrassed. "When I was much younger, I sometimes had bad days. Ones when controlling my heat was too difficult, even with my sapphire. My mistress gave me this space so that I might be free of that responsibility."

I nodded. "You can be as hot as you want in here, without worrying about hurting someone," I replied, assuming that 'not hurting anyone' was a responsibility she'd been given.

She nodded, definitely looking embarrassed of her lack of control, even if it was in the past, much like I might think of things I did when I was younger and cringe at the memory. At the very least, her furry black tail was hanging straight to the floor now.

Deciding to shift the tone of the conversation, I smirked. "Well," I said firmly, moving past her and having a seat on the metal bed, surprised by how much noise it made, realizing it was definitely a metal spring mattress. "Time for your spanking. Get over here. Now."

Gwen actually whimpered, quickly moving over to me and getting down on one knee on my right side, her thigh definitely looking like it was about to burst out of the leather. However, I didn't want her to do things completely out of compliance. Instead, I planned on *making* her do things because I physically *forced* her, with my own strength.

Like getting on my lap.

Thus, grabbing her horn with one hand, I used the opportunity to grow a little larger while also grabbing her leather-clad asscheek at the same time, pulling her forward and down onto my own enlarging legs.

The sexy maid gasped from the abrupt movement, only to whimper again when I got her in place over my legs, her

hands abruptly folding underneath her chin like she was suddenly praying, knowing I could strike at any moment.

I didn't make her wait long, pushing her furry tail out of the way, and starting off with a strong hit to test the waters.

SMACK.

"*Uhh !*" she exclaimed, her entire body abruptly shivering. "I'm sorry, master. I've been such a bad girl. Please spank me harder, master."

SMACK.

"*Mmm !*" she moaned, ducking her head briefly, her hands clasped even tighter, her tail now raised straight up in the air, going pretty high given its length.

I ran my hand over her firm bubbly ass, loving how heated it was, squeezing firmly and then reaching down to feel her thick muscular thigh, before slipping my hand in between her legs to press against her hidden snatch, eliciting another moan, only to quickly raise my hand.

SMACK.

"*Uhh !*" she repeated, the red cracks in her horns beginning to glow brightly.

I placed my palm firmly on her warm ass again, really registering how hot it was, and how amazing that heat felt against my skin. No doubt a normal person would get burned pretty quickly at this temperature.

"You still don't have your butt plug in, do you?"

"N-No, m-master," she stammered. "S-Sorry, master. My m-mistress requested I leave it o-out."

SMACK.

"*Ahh !*" she exclaimed.

"Definitely a naughty girl," I replied. "But you know what that means, right?"

"I...I don't know what that means, master."

I grinned. "I'm going to have to fuck you in the ass now."

She gasped. "Y-Yes, master. As you wish, master. P-Please fuck me in the ass, master."

I tried not to laugh, enjoying her eagerness so much. But I still wanted to play with her some more, deciding to spread my legs a little so I could get my hands underneath her hips, aiming to unbutton her pants.

Realizing what I was trying to do, she unclasped her hands and reached for the floor to push up a little, allowing me to begin shimmying the tight leather down her wide bony hips, stopping once they were down to her thighs. I then pressed her fully back down on my legs, feeling her skin against mine thanks to my gym shorts having ridden up a little, feeling amused when she clasped her hands in front of her chest a second time. Her upper back look so sexy in her leather jacket.

Just wanting to kind of explore her body a little, I brushed her tail out of the way again, with it really seeming to have a mind of its own, and grabbed both of her pale asscheeks to spread them, focusing on her asshole. The sight immediately had my cock throbbing, quickly rising until it was pressing through my shorts against her leather-clad belly.

Of course, it was about what I'd expect a puckered asshole to look like, multiple lines and slightly folded tissue leading to the center, but the darkened skin was the same shade as her huge nipples, and just looked so ridiculously relaxed, the muscle obviously being used to the butt plug that kept her perpetually stretched out.

Deciding to touch it with my finger, I began tracing around the edge, smirking when it began repeatedly tensing from the stimulation.

"M-Master," she whimpered simply, still clasping her hands tightly.

"You're really sensitive here, aren't you?"

"Y-Yes, master."

"Is that common?" I wondered without thinking, glad I managed to stop myself from getting too specific and

leaving it vague, not wanting to remind her that she was the last of her kind.

Thankfully, it didn't seem to bother her.

"It's not...uncommon," she replied. "Some humans are very sensitive there too. S-Some can even climax from anal stimulation."

"Can you?" I wondered.

Her face flushed. "Y-Yes, master."

"Has that butt plug ever made you cum?" I wondered playfully.

Her face visibly flushed even more, her body so hot now that she was beginning to release invisible waves of heat, much like the hood of a running car in the middle of summer. "Y-Yes, master."

SMACK.

"Ahh!"

I loved the sight of her muscular ass jiggling just barely before she tensed it from the strike, the whole thing growing seductively solid. Fuck, squeezing her firm ass when it was tense was so arousing. I also loved the sight of the red area beginning to form where I'd spanked her several times now.

"Relax your butt," I said quietly.

She immediately did so, the rest of her upper body tensing instead.

SMACK.

"Uhh!" she exclaimed.

I grabbed her asscheeks again and spread them, about to touch her puckered hole again, only to realize it was tensing repeatedly now all on its own, almost as if it was pulsing. Damn, suddenly I really wanted to know what it would feel like to have that pulsing asshole on my cock.

"Yep, that's hot. I need to fuck you in the ass now."

"Y-Yes, master. Please fuck me in the ass, master."

"Will your jacket and vest get damaged by your heat?"

"N-No master. My mistress used a spell to protect this outfit. Leather is already resistant to heat, but it won't even

catch fire for a time, even if exposed to flames.”

I assumed there must be a reason why all her clothing didn’t have a spell like that, maybe because it was more complicated than it sounded, but decided not to ask more right now.

“Good,” I said simply, raising my hand again, just to give her one last spanking before we changed positions.

SMACK.

“*Mmm !*” she moaned with her mouth shut.

“On the bed,” I demanded, grabbing her waist and tugging her to my right to push her on to the creaking metal bed.

She gasped again from being manhandled, the scent of her arousal strengthening even more.

“Ass in the air,” I added as I stood up, seeing that she was just staring at me with a flushed expression.

“Y-Yes, master,” she stammered, rolling onto her stomach and then pushing her bare ass into the air, the leather pants tight around her thighs, which was just low enough for me to see where the black fur started on her legs, her face and chest pressed into the silk covered mattress.

I could also clearly see the small patch of silky fur between her thighs, hiding her pussy from this angle, the black hairs much softer than pubic hair, and hot as fuck to look at.

Normally, I wasn’t sure if an overly hairy pussy would be enticing, the kind that was literally hidden from sight under normal conditions, but Gwen’s furry cunt really turned me on.

“Yeah, that’s more like it,” I said quietly as I stripped off my shorts and shirt, climbing onto the bed naked and angling my rock hard cock right for her pulsing asshole.

“Deep breath,” I added playfully, beginning to shove forward.

"UHHH!" she moaned loudly in obvious ecstasy as my head sank in, her ass gripping the tip of my cock firmly now.

Fuck, I already felt like I was about to explode from the friction and tightness, deciding I might as well, since we were both dry to the point that I couldn't easily advance any further. Of course, normally I wouldn't have been able to essentially cum on command, but having so much passion stored up from fucking Miriam, I realized I could probably use that energy to stimulate my own orgasm, much like I'd done a few times when I was fucking Serenity and Michelle in the recliner at home.

And sure enough, it worked as expected, and my own climax was rapidly building.

I pulled out just a little and then shoved forward again just as my thick load burst into her asshole.

"Uhh!" she moaned. "Oh master, oh *master*! It feels so good! You're making my ass feel so good!"

"Yeah?" I gasped, pulling out a little and smearing the head of my cock on her puckered hole. "Did you like that, naughty imp?" I wondered, abruptly shoving my cock halfway in.

"UHHH!" she exclaimed, her entire body tensing. "Y-Yes! Master! Fuck me harder master!"

Gwen obviously liked it rough, and she liked a little bit of pain, but I felt confident it was only the kind that was nondamaging. For example, a smack to the ass wasn't going to leave a long-term mark, and definitely wouldn't bruise. Likewise, she enjoyed having her ass pounded, but not in a way that would actually cause her to bleed or something crazy like that.

Thus, I took my time to begin working my cock in and out of her ass, causing her to moan as I did so, only to grab her hips and pull downward a little to get her to spread her knees, with the intention on bending over her more so that I could reach for her hair at the back of her head to tug on it a little.

Only problem was, the leather pants were restricting how far she could spread them.

Wanting to keep myself stable as I began bending over her anyway, I grabbed her slim leather clad arm with my left hand at the same time I began winding my fingers through her pitch-black hair.

Her reaction surprised me.

“Ouch!” she exclaimed involuntarily, jerking away from me, the reaction much stronger than a minor discomfort. Somehow, I’d just caused her significant pain.

“What’s wrong?” I asked seriously, both my hands flying up into the air, my cock pretty much buried to its full extend into her ass. “Am I too deep?” I asked uncertainly.

“N-No, it’s my arm,” she exclaimed, seeming surprised herself. “I’m sorry, master, but I need to check. Your touch shouldn’t have hurt me.”

“Of course,” I replied in concern, carefully easing myself out, briefly focused on some of my cum leaking out of her ass as I did so, a small trail beginning to drip down toward her hidden pussy.

She paid it no mind though, getting up the moment I was free, and pulling up her leather pants, but leaving them unbuttoned, her pitch-black pubic hair visible, reaching up to begin slipping off her jacket.

“Ouch,” she repeated, as she did so, being more careful as she tried to get her left arm out of the leather sleeve.

I moved closer, still naked, and began helping her ease it off, knowing from her aura that it hurt much worse than she was even making it seem.

And then I saw it.

Her otherwise perfectly smooth pale skin was literally black, blue, and purple, with a hint of green on the edges, on the entire back of her left arm, as if someone had taken a baseball bat to her. At first, she couldn’t seem to see it herself, but then she finally lifted her elbow enough, her slitted crimson eyes widening in shock.

“Something bit me,” she said in alarm.
It took me a second to register that.
“Wait, *what* ?!” I exclaimed in shock.

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(4) CHAPTER 64: DOMINANCE

“Something bit you ?!” I repeated in shock.

Gwen and I had just been in the middle of fucking when I grabbed her left arm, only for her to cry out in sincere pain from the touch. And then, now that we were both standing up – with me completely naked while she was mostly clothed in her leather outfit – we saw that under her leather jacket she had nasty bruising all over the back of her arm.

In response to her comment about thinking she'd been bitten, I focused on the darkest section, realizing she'd noticed it due to that spot being a little raised, a very visible singular puncture wound, as if she'd been bitten by a mosquito from hell.

“Bitten by *what* ?” I continued. “And *when* ?!”

She finally met my gaze, her slitted crimson eyes serious now. “Hurry and dress, master. We need to show this to my mistress.”

Fuck.

I immediately did as she asked without question, tugging on my shorts and shirt, while she buttoned her tight leather pants, holding her leather jacket now in her right arm as she looked at the back of her arm again by raising her elbow and looking over her shoulder.

Then, once it was obvious I was ready to go, she gave me a nod and led me back out of the room, down the hall into the furnished basement, and then up the stairs, not running by any means, but moving at a quick pace.

A handful of seconds later, when we entered the dining hall, it appeared everyone was standing up now, as if they were in the process of moving to the East Drawing Room and had just gotten stuck socializing.

However, the moment we barged in, we instantly had everyone's attention.

Miriam was the first to speak, looking from me to her maid. "What's wrong?!" she asked seriously, easily picking up that something horrible was up.

"Mistress," Gwen replied. "I believe something may have bitten me."

Instantly, Miriam's horrified expression turned into a death glare at Natalie, to the point that if looks could kill, then I was sure the blue-haired chick would be dropping dead on the spot.

Natalie was immediately defensive, taking a step back with her hands out.

"I swear I didn't! I would never!" she exclaimed.

Gwen spoke up. "Mistress, it wasn't her. I was aware the whole time I was watching her, and I haven't taken my jacket off."

Miriam's obvious anger transitioned to full blown concern. "Let me see," she demanded, moving closer as Gwen turned a little, so the back of her arm was more visible. Her expression then instantly turned to one of devastation, as if she felt like the biggest failure in all the universe. "W-When did you notice?"

"Just now," Gwen replied. "Mistress, it's not your fault."

The short redhead didn't acknowledge that comment. "But nothing has bitten you today, correct?"

"Not that I'm aware, mistress. And I haven't noticed any pain all day, but the only time it could have happened..." Her voice trailed off.

Miriam gritted her teeth. "Fuck."

"When?" I asked seriously.

"Last night," the redhead minx replied. "While she was asleep."

"Fuck!" I hissed.

Serenity spoke up. "What does that mean? Did something get inside your house?"

Miriam shook her head. "No, it means something *never left* my house. It means that something came through the gate yesterday and might still be in my mansion."

Instantly, without warning, all my skin shifted gray and I grew half a foot.

"Son of a bitch," I snarled, my body threatening to grow larger. "Son of a *bitch*! I'll find whatever the hell did this and kill it!"

"Kai, calm down," Miriam said firmly, the top of her head barely even coming up to my chest at this point. "I know you're pissed. I'm pissed too. But clearly whatever is lurking around isn't easy to find. And, something like this is probably *not* going to attack in broad daylight. No one is in any danger right now. But we obviously do need to find whatever did this."

That wasn't enough for me.

I'd left both Miriam and Gwen alone here last night, assuming that they would be perfectly safe, especially since Gwen had searched the whole place, and here some kind of creature was lurking around in the shadows, and had gotten *fucking close enough* to *MY* Gwen that it was actually able to bite her!

I gritted my teeth. "Yeah, but—"

Gwen cut me off. "Master, my blood is dangerous to most who would want to drink it."

That drew me up short. "What?"

"Not all imps," Miriam clarified with a nod. "But yes, if something drank her blood, and if it is the type to be sensitive to sunlight, then it's likely it lost half its face in the process."

"*What?*" I repeated in disbelief, my body finally beginning to shrink down to my normal height.

Miriam continued. "Most blood drinkers, like what you'd imagine a vampire to be, though usually not intelligent, are harmed by the sun as a tradeoff for their rapid healing. And inferno imps have a strong connection with the sun. It can be a source of magic for them during the daytime, and even at night during the full moon. And its power flows through their veins. In particular, their blood has been known to cause similar damage as sunlight to those who might otherwise prey on them."

"Damn," I said in disbelief.

Gabriella chimed in, taking a deep breath, her hand on her chest like she was physically trying to settle her heart. "Wow, Gwen. That's actually pretty badass."

The maid only shrugged her right shoulder. "It's just how I was born," she said simply, not seeming to feel that it merited praise.

And I knew Gabriella was trying to calm me down by changing the subject slightly, with me only now realizing that Serenity had moved closer to place her hand on my arm, but I wanted this dealt with. *Now*.

"So what are we potentially dealing with?" I asked seriously, still very focused on finding whatever did this, but making an effort to place my palm over Serenity's hand to acknowledge the gesture.

Miriam shrugged, focusing intently on Gwen's arm again. "It might be something akin to a bat," she replied. "Or maybe something larger, but still only an animal. More of a nuisance than anything. A pest that needs to be eliminated."

I was surprised by that answer. "Okay, so then it's not the intelligent being who actually opened the gate? Or a monster like what originally came through?"

She shook her head. "Doubtful. While this creature is probably from the gate, it was likely only a hitchhiker that

was lucky enough to get tugged along. Very unlikely that the true source of that breech is still around, and also unlikely that they would ever return, since they would risk getting thrown back through the portal.” She focused more intently on me. “To be clear, my property is heavily protected with wards and barriers to keep mostly nonhuman enemies out. And even for humans, locating my actual mansion is nearly impossible for those not invited. Which means, if the intelligent individual left, then they couldn’t easily *come back*, even if they wanted to.”

I took a deep breath. “Okay, that makes me feel a little bit better. I assumed at least some kind of monster did this to her.”

“No, that was my fault, Kai,” Miriam said affectionately. “I’m sorry for not being more careful with my words. Although, I will admit that most humans would probably classify such a creature as a monster.”

I shook my head. “It’s fine. But then, what do you mean about someone being invited? Does that mean I’d have trouble finding this place if you decided to uninvite me?”

She frowned slightly at that. “Umm, well, yes. It’s how I keep people away, in general. But Kai, I would never uninvite you.”

I sighed heavily, deciding to change the subject. “Is there some way you can get rid of this eavesdropping spell?” I asked seriously. “I didn’t want to say anything before, but it makes me really uncomfortable having that sense muted so much while I’m here, and honestly I might have been able to locate this creature if I could just *hear* it.”

Miriam’s expression was apologetic. “I’m really sorry, Kai. I didn’t realize it distressed you so much.”

I shrugged, still waiting for an answer.

She sighed heavily, glancing at Gabriella and Serenity, before meeting my gaze again. “Technically, yes.” She sighed again. “Kai, the eavesdropping spell doesn’t affect me. I can hear normally in my own home.”

My eyes widened in surprise. "Oh. So then?"

"I would essentially need to make you joint owner," she elaborated.

"Oh," I repeated, unsure of what else to say. "Umm, is that hard for you to do?"

Her thin red eyebrows raised slightly. "Hard for me to share something I've solely owned for hundreds upon hundreds of years? A space to keep me and the gate safe, that I've spent thousands of hours warding by myself? Yeah, Kai, it didn't exactly jump to the forefront of my thoughts, even after the promises we've exchanged, and not because I'm not committed to those promises. Rather, for me, it would be like someone asking you if they could jointly have possession of your own arm."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you," I said seriously.

She shook her head. "You didn't offend me, Kai. And I'll consider that request." She sighed. "I mean, superficially, it's a logical decision, if you're going to help me with my responsibilities regarding the gate. But that's a very big decision for me to make. I'm not sure if you can fully appreciate the scope."

"No, I get it," I replied. "I mean, probably a better example would be the money I have. Or the money *you* have. I wouldn't expect you to share half of that money with me, just because we were in a relationship. I would still view your money as yours. And likewise, I would find it weird if you suddenly felt like you owned half of what I had in my bank account."

She gave me a warm smile. "Thank you for understanding."

I frowned then. "Can you do it temporarily though? Or at least somehow give me the ability to hear normally? Miriam, I just want to find this thing and get rid of it. And if you *can* make me an owner temporarily, I'll give it back to you. I promise I will."

Gwen spoke up, her tone hesitant. "If this creature was harmed by my blood, then it might already be dead, depending on size. We might need to just look for it."

I focused on her. "Would it have left evidence of it being hurt? Like, would it bleed or something?"

Miriam shook her head. "I'm sure we would have noticed a trail of blood. Although, Gwen is correct. It might already be dead. Might be a good idea if we go searching for it." She then sighed, answering the question Gwen had shifted the topic away from. "I'll think about it, Kai. Give me some time though. Even doing it temporarily is a big deal, because it does require a lot of trust. If you decided not to give your ownership back, then I couldn't take it from you. It's...it's a lot to ask of me."

I shook my head again. "Miriam, I understand. Really, I do. Just ask Serenity here," I added, patting her hand still on my arm. "I have major trust issues."

"Yep," Gabriella agreed cheerfully. "It's a miracle he let me get close enough to seduce him. He's as friendless as I was."

I scoffed, knowing she was teasing me in a way she knew shouldn't bother me since she likewise didn't really have any friends, aside from Serenity, again trying to lighten the mood some. "Don't need any friends when I have all of you," I retorted.

"Love you, baby," Gabriella said warmly.

"Love you too," I replied sincerely, only to sigh, focusing again on Miriam. "Okay, so what do you want to do? This is your house, so it's your lead. I'll do whatever you want."

Miriam gave me a small smile. "Well, this surprise has kind of thrown a wrench into my original plans." She focused on Natalie. "Maybe, can I please have some more of your blood?"

The blue-haired magazine model was taken off guard, having been silent until now. "O-Oh, umm, I...I guess. F-For what?"

“Because I’m going to request that Kai become your alpha now.”

“Wait, seriously?” I said in surprise.

The short redhead nodded, her expression very patient as she focused up at me. “Yes. For both spells I might use, I only need fresh blood. Even if you become her alpha, the blood I’ve already drawn will be unaffected by that change. Meaning, it’ll still work to locate the person who bit her, even if she becomes subservient to a new alpha.”

“And you’re sure?” I asked seriously. “I don’t want to risk not being able to find this guy.”

“Kai, I’m a very cautious person by nature. The only reason I would have waited would be to have a fallback plan to the fallback plan, but it’s not necessary. If these spells don’t work for some reason, then no amount of her blood would help. But they *will* work, Kai. There’s no reason why they won’t.”

“Okay, but why become her alpha now? Shouldn’t we be looking for this creature?”

She frowned, glancing at Natalie again. “Because Kai, while I’ve come to believe that the cursed girl you’ve brought into my home doesn’t mean any harm, I’m not going to allow her to run around unsupervised while she’s not under your control.” The short redhead returned her gaze to mine. “As I said, I’m a cautious person by nature. So, become her alpha, and then we can all go searching for this thing, without me feeling like Gwen and I have to keep an eye on her at all times.”

I took a deep breath, understanding her logic. I then tightened my grip on Serenity’s hand slightly, glancing at her, before focusing on Natalie.

The blue-haired Rockstar chick met my gaze just briefly and then quickly averted it.

“Natalie,” I said firmly, prompting her to focus on me again. “What I told you before still stands. So, you need to make a decision now.”

Her light brown eyes widened in sincere surprise, likely recalling that I'd told her that I had no interest in having sex with someone who wasn't fully committed to doing it. Thus, either she needed to decide she wanted me as her alpha, or suffer the consequences of not having one, including possibly being reclaimed by the guy who kidnapped and tormented her over the course of the last year.

"O-Okay," she stammered, visibly gulping. "I'm...I'm ready."

I nodded, looking at Miriam again. "Where should I take her?"

She shrugged. "Remember the guest bedroom I took you to yesterday? On the second floor?"

"Of course," I nodded. "Want me to take her there?"

"Depends on how far you and Gwen got in bed, and whether or not Natalie here would appreciate you showering first, so that you're fresh for her."

My eyes widened at that. "Oh, umm..." I glanced at Natalie, whose face was flushed now.

"Umm, y-yeah," she stammered. "I'd p-prefer that."

Of course, I realized that was probably a good idea either way, since my cock had just been in Gwen's ass, but hadn't been sure what exactly to say.

Miriam only nodded, clearly having used her natural intuition to know what others found most desirable sexually. Except, in this case, she'd determined that after-shower sex was preferable to Natalie, or at least that I hadn't just fucked someone else prior to fucking her.

"Then," Miriam continued. "If you go just a little down the main hall, there will be another hall on your right."

"Like, where there are stairs on the first floor to the main basement?"

"Yes, precisely. Except, on the second floor the first room on the right, just before that hall, is a room with a bathroom. And, the two additional guest bedrooms down that hall have

a shared bathroom and shower as well. You can use either one.”

“Okay, then how about I go take a shower now, while you get some more of her blood. And then maybe Gwen can bring her to the room?”

“Yes, that’s acceptable,” Miriam agreed.

I glanced at Serenity again when she gave my arm a reassuring squeeze, and then let go entirely.

I sighed. “Okay, well, I have my phone on me,” I said, directing my words more to Gabriella and Serenity. “So seriously, give me a call if something is up.”

“We’ll be fine,” Miriam said reassuringly. “We’re going to move to the East Drawing Room, so we’ll practically be just below you.”

“Yeah, except I won’t be able to hear you if something is wrong.”

She shook her head, her red hair still looking damp due to her leaving in the twin French braids during our shower. “It’s an eavesdropping spell, not a complete block to all sound. If someone yelled or screamed, you should be able to hear it.”

“Oh,” I said in sincere surprise. “Okay, that makes me feel better.”

She gave me a warm smile. “Sorry again for not clarifying. I now fully understand why you were so anxious. You thought someone could get killed in the next room over and you’d never hear it.”

I shrugged. “I mean, yeah. It was making me really uncomfortable.”

She smirked. “Once I head upstairs, I’ll scream for you, okay?”

I couldn’t help but grin, knowing she was trying to lighten the mood.

She giggled. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“I mean, not the scared scream, but screaming my name...”

She giggled again. "Anyway, if you hear me yell, then go take your shower. And obviously if you don't hear me yell, then there's a problem."

"Okay. I'll wait in the hallway upstairs."

She nodded, prompting me to give everyone one last smile before heading out of the dining hall. And sure enough, just as I climbed the nearest twin staircase, and I got to the top, I heard her yell.

"CAN YOU HEAR ME?!"

Except, it sounded like she was all the way on the other side of the house, instead of just down below in the dining hall. Still, I suspected even a normal person could probably hear her.

I decided to respond simply.

"YES! THANK YOU!"

There was no response, but I felt a lot better now.

Thus, I headed down the hallway, only to take the first door on my right, prior to that hall Miriam spoke of. Sure enough, after flipping on the light, I saw that it was a guest bedroom with a pretty tall bed. Except, the overall space was much larger than I was expecting, as if it was two rooms that were separated by a wall that didn't quite split the area into two distinct sections. And the bathroom entrance appeared to be on the right, between those sections, where I could similarly walk into the other 'section' of the bedroom.

Honestly, it was kind of set up like a fancy dorm room, with two people essentially being in the same overall room but having distinct living quarters. Or maybe the first 'room' could even be a living room area, while the second area could be the actual bedroom for one person.

Leaving the door cracked open so that Gwen would know which room I was in, I went ahead and got in the shower, making sure I cleaned off thoroughly in preparation for what Natalie and I were about to do.

A handful of minutes later, and I had just gotten soaped up, in the middle of scrubbing my groin area, when there was a knock on the door, followed by Gwen stepping right in.

"Hi, master," she said warmly. "I brought Natalie."

"Oh, thanks," I replied, surprised that I felt a little embarrassed to just be standing here completely naked, since the sliding glass door was transparent, when Gwen was fully clothed. Kind of weird considering I'd been naked previously when we'd just started going at it, but it just felt different in this situation.

"May I come in?" she wondered.

"The shower?"

She shook her head. "The bathroom."

"Oh, of course," I agreed, realizing she hadn't gone further than her initial step.

Her crimson eyes were affectionate and warm as her hooves clacked up to the shower door, opening it right up.

Figuring she wanted a peck on the lips or something, I moved closer, surprised when she grabbed my face in her firm grasp and planted an extremely passionate and wet kiss on my mouth, her shockingly long tongue slipping almost to the back of my throat. I slipped my tongue under hers in response, before she finally pulled away, a tender smile touching her full purple lips.

"Thank you for cumming in my ass, master. The inside of my pants is really sticky now, and I love it. My body feels so warm inside."

"Oh." I laughed. "It was my pleasure."

She smirked at that. "Yes, it very much was your pleasure, master. And mine too. I'm glad you cummed before we discovered the bruise."

I gave her an apologetic expression, realizing our time really had been cut pretty short. "I'll make it up to you, Gwen. We'll do it again soon, okay?"

She nodded. "Thank you, master. I'm looking forward to it."

"Me too," I agreed warmly, only to frown, recalling her bruise again. "Oh, and umm. Do you want me to try to heal your arm?" I asked hesitantly, trying to remember the spell I'd used the previous day, wondering why it was so easy to evoke before, but now felt hazy in my mind.

She shook her head. "I am alright, master. I have my own way of dealing with wounds, and I must return to my mistress now. I'll close the door behind me. Natalie is waiting for you."

I was surprised by her abrupt goodbye, but knew there were things we both had to get done.

"Sure. Love you," I replied.

She gave me another kiss, her heated purple lips pressed firmly against mine. "Love you, master," she replied, letting go and turning around to walk out of the room.

Damn, she wasn't kidding about it being messy in her pants now. Of course, since it was leather, it wasn't soaking through, but I realized I could hear it as she moved. Which was actually pretty hot, knowing it was my cum, although it did get me wondering strange thoughts about Miriam.

Because my cum hadn't leaked back out after unloading in her ass...or her pussy for that matter.

Shit, and here I'd actually cummed directly into her womb, hadn't I?

Was she able to hold it in?

And it was the same with her ass too. When I pulled out, it was like she clamped her asshole completely shut, not even a little leaking, leaving her outside mostly dry afterward, aside from the wetness that came from her during sex. Damn, what a weird thought to consider. Was Miriam really walking around right now with both her ass and womb full of my cum?

I mean, I supposed she probably was, just like Gwen undoubtedly probably had some still in her ass that hadn't

leaked out.

Needless to say, the idea apparently was enough to get me hard again, because my cock was sticking straight out by the time I was thoroughly clean. Problem was, I didn't want to intimidate Natalie by walking out rock hard, wanting to give her a few minutes to work up to it, so I wrapped a towel I'd found in a closet around my waist, and then poked my head out of the doorway.

I barely got a word out before my voice got caught.
“Hey...” My eyes widened in surprise.

Natalie was standing next to the bed in the first part of the room, looking nervous, giving me her attention when I spoke.

However, that wasn't why I suddenly couldn't speak. She'd taken off her leather jacket, and set it on a chair, letting me finally see her in *only* the sheer black dress that barely went past her ass, which did nothing to hide what she was wearing underneath. Of course, I knew she had a vinyl thong on, but that was pretty much it.

Like, if not for the vinyl thong and matching bikini-like top, that did little to hide her perky tits, she'd look completely naked.

Well, so much for getting my cock to cool off a little.

“W-What is it?” she stammered.

I cleared my throat. “Sorry,” I said simply, trying to focus on her vulnerable light brown eyes, framed by that tasteful cosmetic tattoo.

“Is...Is this okay?” she finally asked.

My eyebrows rose in surprise. “Oh, umm. Yeah, of course. I just...” I sighed heavily. “Well, I figured we'd spent some time at least talking or something, before we get going, but umm...” I paused. “Well, I'm already hard, and didn't want to freak you out.”

She cleared her throat, looking like she was trying to be brave. “That's...kind of what we need. So...” She then laughed, a really uncomfortable sound. “Would kind of be a

big problem if I couldn't get you to pop a tent for me. Glad I don't need to work at it."

"Nah, you're drop dead gorgeous."

She abruptly looked away, her face flushed. "T-Think so?" she stammered.

"No way that surprises you."

Her face flushed even more. "W-Well, compared to the other women here right now, I'm not exactly at the top of the list of hotness."

I frowned at that, just kind of surprised that she was actually kind of humble about her appearance. Granted, there wasn't a person alive who could probably compete with Miriam's level of sexual appeal, and not just because she was a succubus. Miriam was just hot as fuck, period. Her body was perfect in every way.

Her *face* was perfect in every way.

But as far as everyone else? I mean, I was sure everyone might rank them slightly different on level of physical attractiveness, much like beauty pageant contestants might get ranked, but at the end of the day they were all still *beauty pageant contestants*.

Fuck, they could all be models. They could all be pornstars!

Serenity included.

Miriam was just in a league of her own, but everyone else was far above normal, and I felt confident that there were people out there that would rank Natalie at the top of their personal list, if they were going solely off of looks.

"So, who's the hottest then?" I wondered out of curiosity.

Her face flushed even more, glancing at me from the corner of her eye. "Everyone? W-What kind of question is that?"

I shrugged, deciding to step out from behind the bathroom door since our conversation had actually caused my cock to soften just a little. Sure, it was still very

noticeable that I was hard, but I wasn't sticking straight out now at least.

Her gaze immediately fell from my chest to my waist, only for her to look away again. "A-Are we doing it now?" she stammered.

"What? No, we need to discuss it first anyway."

"L-Like what?"

"I mean, Miriam told me that it wouldn't be like normal sex. That you'd be dry and that we'd get locked in place. Does that all sound correct to you?"

Surprisingly, my bluntness actually sobered her up.
"Umm, yeah. That's correct."

"Okay, and what kind of position do you want to do?"

"Has to be from behind," she whispered, looking away now, her expression having completely dropped.

"You don't seem too thrilled about that."

She gritted her teeth. "Bad memories."

I frowned at that. "Okay, well what if you lay on your side?"

She looked up at me in surprise, only to glance away as she thought about that. "Like, still from behind, but while I'm on my side?" she clarified.

I nodded, prompting her to meet my gaze again. "Yeah, and we can take it slow. You'll be able to see me, and I'll listen to whatever you say. If you tell me to stop, I'll stop."

Holy fuck, the vulnerable look she gave me was intense.

Her entire expression was immediately emotional as she averted her gaze and tried to clear her throat. "I'm...I'm not sure if you can become my alpha with that attitude," she whispered.

I shrugged, grabbing her attention again. "We'll see. Let's just start off slow, and cross that bridge when we get to it. If I have to be rougher, then we'll only go that direction once you've told me you're ready. Okay? Is that fair?"

She sighed heavily, only to nod. "Yeah, that's more than fair."

"Okay, then, *when you're ready*, go ahead and slip off your thong and lay on the bed on your side. The bed is pretty high, so I'll stay off it for now."

She looked at me in surprise, only to glance at the bed as if to confirm that it was basically elevated to the point of being waist level, before nodding slowly. "O-Okay. W-What about the rest of my clothes?"

I shrugged. "Keep them on, if you want. You're hot with, or without. Not like that dress is hiding much anyway."

She nodded. "Okay." She then took a deep breath, only to reach down and hike her sheer dress up a little, grab her thong, and then take it off by simply lowering it a bit, followed by pulling up one leg at a time to her chest.

Her pussy was completely bare.

She then discarded it on the chair with her jacket, took another deep breath, and slowly climbed into bed, grabbing a pillow and getting it underneath her armpit as she laid on her side, bringing her knees up so that her bare ass was exposed now.

She then looked at me expectantly.

"When you're ready," I said simply.

Her light brown eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, umm." She took another deep breath. "Okay, I'm ready."

I nodded, moving around the edge of the bed and standing behind her ass, her gaze having followed me the whole way. Deciding to go ahead and drop the towel, she immediately focus down at my cock. She didn't really respond to it, not seeming overly surprised or anything, but she did visibly gulp, her expression otherwise neutral.

I then took a step closer, her body tensing slightly.

And then I took another, the tip of my cock now just barely an inch away from her bare snatch.

Natalie immediately closed her eyes.

"We're taking this slow," I reminded her, causing her light brown eyes to pop open and focus on me again. "When

you're ready, I'm going to touch your pussy with my cock, but I'm not going to just jam it in."

She took another deep breath, closing her eyes again, the cosmetic tattoo on her eyelids even looking perfect with them closed. "Okay, ready," she finally said.

Since she couldn't see me right now, I went ahead and inched forward, until my cock was gently touching her pussy lips, surprised by how warm they felt. Like, it wasn't as hot as Gwen by any means, but she definitely felt warmer than a normal person. Pressing forward just a little more, the very tip of my cock sank in just the tiniest bit, Natalie not reacting at all, though her body was rigid.

Stopping there, I reached up and gently rested my palm on her thigh, feeling her smooth skin. She opened her eyes again, but I ignored her, examining her legs in this position, gently running my hand up and down her skin.

When she started shivering, I glanced at her. "That alright?" I wondered.

"Yes," she whispered.

I simply nodded, resuming what I was doing, feeling her soft skin while my cock just barely rested against her pussy, the tip just barely engulfed by her slowly swelling lips - a sure sign that she was actually getting aroused, even though I knew that alone from her scent and aura.

The affection was working on her.

She cleared her throat after a bit. "I'm...umm, I'm ready," she said quietly.

I nodded, causing her eyes to widen, clearly assuming that I was specifically waiting on her to give me permission. Which, I sort of wasn't, just enjoying the feeling of her smooth skin, but I probably would have asked before advancing further anyway.

However, once I started *really* beginning to press, aiming to just get the head of my cock fully in her snatch, I did end up meeting more resistance than I was expecting.

I frowned at that, meeting her gaze to see that she was focused intently on me.

I cleared my throat. "Okay, so just to clarify. You're not going to get wet, correct?"

Her face flushed, seemingly in embarrassment now, but she held my gaze. "N-No," she stammered.

"And that's preferable that you're really dry, right?" I added.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And it doesn't hurt, correct?"

Her expression dropped and she looked away.

"Natalie," I said quietly. "I need to know this stuff. Is it going to hurt you, or not?"

Her voice was quiet. "It never hurts," she whispered.

Well, shit. That was surprising to hear, assuming she was being honest.

"Never," I repeated slowly. "As in, it has *never* hurt for you? Not once?"

She shook her head, almost looking ashamed now. "No." She then glanced at me, her light brown eyes filling with tears. "It did hurt a little the one time I did it as a normal person, but not since then."

"Why are you crying?" I whispered, sincerely concerned.

She unexpectedly scoffed, her expression bitter. Her volume immediately went from soft to very loud. "Because I never wanted it to feel good!" she retorted. "I would have preferred if it hurt!"

Well, fuck.

Didn't mean to hit a sore spot.

I sighed heavily, not wanting to dwell on that right now while we were trying to fuck. Sure, in any other situation, I'd be fine with talking about this, and helping her process everything, but not now. Thus, I decided that I'd instead test her claim out, to see if she was really telling the truth.

Without thinking, I grabbed her thigh with one hand and began pushing *much harder* into her, to the point I felt

confident it would hurt a normal woman, and only then I began to advance a little.

Thus, I tensed my hips even more and pressed even harder, beginning to really sink in, purely from the ridiculous amount of pressure.

Natalie unexpectedly gasped, only to turn her head away and moan, which immediately turned into a whimper when she tried to stop moaning.

For half a second, I thought about pulling out to pull some wetness out with my cock, basically a reflexive assumption that she'd be a bit more wet on the second attempt to thrust, only to recall that wasn't going to happen.

Thus, I abruptly reached up with my other hand to grab her wrist, causing her to gasp again as I tugged roughly, while still holding onto her tight, beginning to force myself even deeper until I finally hit bottom.

“Uhhhhhhh !” she groaned in obvious pleasure.
“Fuuuuck .”

She was struggling now, her arms and legs tensing, almost as an attempt to get away, while her head began shaking back in forth like it was spinning in ecstasy. At the very least, I knew from her scent and aura that she was highly aroused now.

I was about to ask where we should go from here, only to be surprised when the resistance against my cock began to dissipate, allowing me to begin advancing even deeper, with even greater pressure. Of course, thanks to my experience with Miriam, I was able to guess what that meant.

As weird as it was, her cervix was opening up, likely getting ready to grab me like a boa constrictor once I was deep enough.

“Ohhh, fuuuuuck !” she moaned, tugging against me even more, definitely trying to pull away now, with her twisting her wrist every which way as she tried to free her

hand. “*Fuuuuck ! Uhhh !*” she exclaimed, closing her mouth as she started whimpering again. “*Mmmmmm !*”

The pressure increased even more, but I pressed even deeper, finally feeling that vice grip beginning to tighten around my head. The sensation was causing my cock to really begin to throb now, but I wasn’t sure where to go from here, because I didn’t feel like her hold on me was strong enough to prevent me from fully pulling back out.

Thus, I just waited for a few seconds, hoping she’d start collecting herself.

She continued to whimper and struggle, trying almost desperately to free her wrist from my grip, but finally she tried to look at me, her eyes visibly moving like she truly was dizzy.

“W-Why did you s-stop?” she stammered. “Y-You’re supposed to f-fuck me.”

I assumed she meant, I was supposed to try to pull out. “Will I be able to become your alpha if we aren’t locked together?” I asked seriously.

She finally really tried to look at me, lifting her head, only for it to drop again. “Fuck,” she hissed, deciding to just keep her head down. “Umm, t-they said...” Her voice caught in her throat.

My brow furrowed. “Who said what?” I wondered.

She tried to collect her thoughts. “S-Serenity, Gabriella, and all them said that your cock gets bigger when you get taller.”

“Oh, yeah that’s true. Why?” I wondered, suspecting I knew the answer based on what Miriam had told me, but wanting to verify.

She finally took a deep breath, managing to focus on me. “You don’t have a werewolf cock, and I’m really glad you don’t, but I think you’re going to need to get bigger. Should be able to do it at your current size, but it’s going to be harder...” Her voice trailed off. “You’d have to be rougher,” she clarified.

Ah, that made more sense.

After all, it was supposed to be an aggressive and dominating act, so it was either fuck her really rough with a looser physical connection between us, which I was hesitant to do given her past, or else have a stronger physical connection that could only be released by my own cum lessening the friction holding us together.

“Sure,” I replied simply, my bones already popping quietly as I began growing another foot, just before my horns were fully grown – a habit I’d gotten into, in order to avoid the others transforming. At the same time, my cock rapidly became thicker, causing her to abruptly duck her head again with a hiss when I began really stretching her out to the fullest.

“That okay?” I wondered, my voice deeper now.

“Yes,” she whimpered, sounding like she was about to cry.

“I need you to be honest with me,” I said seriously.

“Fuck, it feels good, okay?” she unexpectedly snapped, still not looking at me. “Fucking amazing. Okay? Happy now?”

I scoffed. “I mean, that’s a good thing, right?”

She sniffled then, her tone immediately apologetic. “Yeah. It’s a good thing. Sorry.”

“It’s fine. But I think it’s time. Are you ready?”

She whimpered again, this time out of pure arousal and anticipation, only nodding once.

I didn’t respond.

Because it really was time.

I could feel it now, a sort of bond beginning to form between us, much like I’d felt with Gwen, Serenity, Gabriella, Avery, and Michelle. Except, a bit different. It wasn’t the same kind of bond as the rest of them, still very much a matter of loyalty, but without the need for commitment or anything similar.

Only obedience.

That was the fundamental nature of this bond, and I immediately understood the basis for solidifying it.

I now understood how to become her alpha.

I *would* dominate.

She *would* obey.

Forgetting to be careful with my own transformation, my horns finished growing and I erupted beyond my seven feet, no doubt causing all the others to abruptly transform, grabbing Natalie's hips with my much larger hands and twisting her on my shaft while jerking my hips forward, shoving her more on the bed.

Her arousal exploded, coupled with complete confusion, as she screamed in ecstasy.

"*AHHHH !*" she exclaimed, only to try to speak to me.
"W-What—" she tried.

"Quiet," I demanded, grabbing at her dress and roughly tugging it up over her head, leaving her only in her black vinyl bikini top. I then climbed on top of her with my large cock buried deep, causing her to squeal again as I forced her forward and more onto her stomach, hovering over her until I was pressing my chest into her mostly bare back, the whole bed creaking underneath our weight.

I then tugged my hips back as I spread my legs more, like I was going to pull my cock out, instead tugging her whole body with me, because we were truly locked now.

"*Uhhh !*" she exclaimed, only for the sound to get cut off when I shoved forward again, sliding her whole body underneath me. Suddenly she was gasping for breath, her arousal having shot through the roof, her hands going wild as she grasped at anything, finally grabbing at my enlarged wrists, holding on tightly like her life depended on it.

I pulled back, and thrust forward again, beginning to pick up the pace like I was fucking normally, with her continuing to attempt to keep herself in the same spot by holding my wrists, only to get tugged back and forth all over again.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh," she involuntarily exclaimed with each thrust, my movements growing rougher, her own uncontrollable gasps growing louder. "Uh, uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh fuck! Oh fuuuuuuckkkk!"

She screamed, obviously cumming, grabbing my wrists even tighter as she tried to hold herself still.

But I kept pounding, thrusting harder and harder, her throbbing pussy finally beginning to work me up to my own climax, the pressure on my head beyond intense.

"UH! UH! UH! UH! UH! UH! UH! UH!" she continued, clearly preferring that she could have a moment to recover after getting there once. But it was the lack of recovery that was stimulating me, her pussy throbbing even harder. "OH FUCK! OH FUUUUUCK!"

She cummed again.

And there was no sensation of increased wetness.

However, I felt the bond begin solidifying when I didn't stop pounding, her submissiveness escalating, the pressure in her pussy feeling like I was sticking my cock in the world's tightest asshole, except it wasn't her ass. Her snatch was squeezing and throbbing like a reflexive desperation to milk my cock to orgasm.

And I knew it was important to let her milk me to cumming, rather than stimulating it with my own energy, sensing that me getting off purely via her body was vitally important this very first time. Because I was her alpha.

And she'd please me one hundred percent through her own efforts.

I finally grunted, feeling my peak hit its high...

Only to remain there, building and building. And building.

"Oh please!" she unexpectedly begged, sensing it too, starting to rock her body with mine, instead of fighting against me, her bare back rubbing against my chest. "Oh please, yes! Oh fuck, YES! OH, FUCK YES! OH, FUUUUUUUUUCK!"

She cummed again.

And as I got there, I gritted my teeth by the intensity of my own eruption, truly the most powerful pulse of cum I'd felt thus far, possibly because I'd never gotten off while my body was this large. Still, that was saying something, my load shooting powerfully deep within her while she flopped and twitched and struggled, clearly in the middle of cumming herself for the third time.

But we weren't quite done.

I was now completely her alpha, she was now completely submissive, but our fucking wasn't quite done. We were still pretty tightly connected.

Thus, I continued pounding, each thrust beginning to shove her body a little less underneath me, my cock slowly advancing a little out each time, until I was starting to fuck her like normal – like I was used to.

"Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!" she groaned repeatedly, now mostly from my hips slapping her ass as I thrust in and out of her snatch.

For a brief second, I began to wonder if she was going to eventually ask me to stop, but then immediately knew the answer to that. Because I was her alpha now, and I could feel the absolute submission coursing through our new bond, truly being unlike anything else I had experienced before...

She was literally a fuck doll beneath me at this point.

Physically, yes.

But also, in every other way that counted...

She was no longer her own person.

No longer an individual with autonomy...

No longer, the Natalie I'd met earlier that day...

What the fuck?

This was *more* than just being her leader.

It was like she was an extension of my own body now. Just like my arm or leg. As if the person I'd just been speaking with had *died*.

As if she'd fucking died!

This unique, distinct, sort of charming *individual*, with her own special personality, was now suddenly just a part of me, and nothing more.

The girl that was Natalie, was gone...

It felt like only a shell was left...

After that last orgasm, now there was only a shell!

Fuck!

I finally slowed down my thrusting, not wanting to stop too abruptly, only to finally pull out.

Natalie just laid there on her stomach for a few long seconds, breathing heavily, before beginning to sit up when I thought about her doing so.

When I *fucking thought* about her doing so!

Fuck!

I didn't want this.

Shit, I didn't fucking *want* this!

It would be better to wrestle her werewolf form to the ground and hold her still all night than to exert this level of control over another person. She was fucking dead right now! The girl before me was literally just a fucking *puppet*!

A *FUCKING PUPPET*!

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK ?!

Unexpectedly, a commotion was at the door as it slammed open, Serenity and Gabriella both rushing through, both of them fully transformed, with Gwen and Miriam hot on their heels.

Serenity spoke up first, her voice full of concern. "Kai, what's wrong?!" she pleaded urgently. "Baby, what's wrong?!"

"Just look at her!" I roared, confused as to why I was struggling to see them clearly. "This is fucking messed up!"

Miriam abruptly slipped passed them, and climbed right onto the bed, forcing herself in front of me even when I tried to push her away, my attempt weak out of a fear of hurting her, as her hands reached up to grasp my gray face.

“Shhh ,” she unexpectedly whispered, a simple sound filled with *power* , everything about the room around me shifting dramatically.

Her intense erotic presence suddenly became something else entirely, like an ocean of motherly love that I found myself drowning in. I began choking, unable to comprehend what was happening to me, until the choking finally erupted into a sob.

“I fucking killed her,” I whimpered, suddenly feeling Serenity’s warm embrace wrapping around my shoulders on my left, followed by Gabriella’s on my right.

“Shhh ,” Miriam repeated, another wave of her tender love hitting me like a freight truck. “Just take a deep breath, baby.”

I gritted my teeth. “But I–”

“Listen to me, Kai,” she said firmly. “Take a deep breath. Feel us holding you.”

I felt like I was choking again as I tried to do so, feeling my muscles beginning to tremble as the three of them held me tightly.

“Now,” Miriam continued softly. “You need to relax your hold on her, okay? Natalie isn’t dead. She’s still there. But you went too far. So just relax.”

I shook my head. “What are you even talking about? How do you even–”

“Master,” Gwen interrupted, causing me to try to focus on her through my teary gaze, seeing her standing by the bed only wearing the glossy leather vest, her pale shoulders bare. “She knows because I know. Master, your mind is very powerful. You can still be her alpha while allowing her to be separate from you. Picture her like a ring on your finger.”

“What?”

“Master, please do as I say. Picture her like a ring on your finger.”

I tried to do so, struggling a little since I didn’t wear rings. But I knew I might one day.

"Now," Gwen said after a second, her tone reassuring. "Master, I want you to take off the ring. Place it in your pocket. Please. Trust me, master."

Of course, I was completely naked, but I knew this was purely a psychological thing she was expecting me to do.

I took a deep breath, and did as she asked, placing 'Natalie' in my pocket, instead of keeping her on my finger. But really, it felt more like cutting off my finger and putting *that* in my pocket. Doable, but kind of...difficult...to allow my finger to remain *detached* from me. Because it was a part of me, and it was meant to be on my hand.

A familiar voice unexpectedly spoke up. "Shit. This is awkward."

I immediately turned my head to look at her in surprise, just in time to watch the blue-haired girl grab one of the pillows to hide her exposed waist. It was really her.

"I'm so sorry," I said sincerely, afraid she was going to hate me for what I'd just done to her.

Instead, she only shrugged, glancing away. "Kind of used to it. Not the first time I lost the ability to make my own decisions."

"Fuck," I hissed.

She looked at me then, her light brown eyes seeming surprised and concerned, only for her to focus on Miriam, Serenity, and Gabriella all showing me various levels of physical comfort. "H-Hey," she then said, meeting my gaze again. "I'm...I'm okay."

I just shook my head, feeling uncertain that I could even trust those words at this point.

Gwen spoke up again, but not speaking to me this time. "Natalie, you need to share that with him. It's important."

The blue-haired vixen looked at Gwen in shock, only to focus on me hesitantly. "Umm...hey, look..." Her voice trailed off.

Miriam finally chimed in. "Just spit it out please. Now isn't a time for hesitation."

"S-Sorry," Natalie stammered, only to focus on me again. "Look, I hated being that other guy's bitch. It was horrible. Absolutely horrible. But...this isn't so bad." She paused, her light brown eyes looking vulnerable again. "I feel like I'm going to be okay with this," she added quietly.

I sighed heavily, trying to gather myself now, feeling a little embarrassed by my mental breakdown just now. "I really am sorry," I repeated.

She sighed again, finally looking at me fully, loosening the grip on her pillow. Her tone was firm, almost sounding annoyed. "Okay, seriously man. I'm cool with you, okay? You're obviously a halfway decent guy, and I'm still really hoping that you'll share your miracle blood with me, so I'm more than happy to put up with being your puppet. Okay? Like, *anything* is better than being that other bastard's bitch." Her voice abruptly dropped, her expression starting to look vulnerable again. "Except, that you're a lot better than 'anything.' Kind of like, at the top of my picks, if given the choice." Her voice dropped even more, to the point that it was barely above a whisper. "Best I could have hoped for."

"See?" Miriam finally said affectionately to me, urging me to meet her emerald gaze. "It's okay. She's okay. Everyone's okay." She paused. "Okay?"

I reached out and carefully wrapped my arms around her torso, pulling her in closer. "Thank you," I whispered. "All of you. Thank you, Serenity. Thank you, Gabriella. Thank you, Gwen." I squeezed Miriam a little tighter, lowering my voice. "And thank you, Miriam." I sighed. "Sorry for freaking out."

Miriam turned her face and gently kissed me on the cheek. "It's just because you're a good guy," she said softly. "You're *good*, Kai. And that's why I love you."

"Don't ever stop being good, Kai," Serenity unexpectedly whispered, an affectionate phrase she'd said to me frequently growing up whenever I did something that surprised her.

Looking up at her, seeing the tenderness in her now brown eyes, I moved my left arm back and got her in my embrace too, pulling her against me tightly. "Love you, Ren. So much."

"Love you too, baby. More than anything."

"Still awkward," Natalie retorted. "I'm naked."

"Oh, don't worry," Miriam replied playfully, pulling away a little to focus on her. "I won't touch you while you've got cursed blood." She paused, being intentional about looking her up and down. "*Although*, after Kai gives you a little bit of his blood. *Mmm, mmm.* I might just have to try you out, cutie."

Natalie's face was instantly beet red.

And I couldn't help but laugh, knowing from Miriam's abrupt grin at me that she was *only* teasing to help ease the lingering tension.

Well, sort of.

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(5) CHAPTER 65: COMPASS

Becoming Natalie's alpha did not go as I'd initially planned, in so many ways. For one, I hadn't planned on growing much larger than my seven-foot crowned state, thereby causing everyone else to transform, including Avery and Michelle miles away. However, the act of becoming Natalie's alpha kind of forced it out of me, the requirement to dominate causing my body to react in kind.

Thankfully, despite Serenity tipping off the two blondes that we might need their help keeping an eye on the enemy once we found them, they were still at their own home. However, it had been a bit of a close call, since they decided to order pizza, and the delivery guy had literally just dropped their order off right before they both uncontrollably shifted, quickly calling Serenity up to make sure everything was okay.

It sounded like that was a bit of an awkward conversation, since Serenity decided to just tell them plainly what was going on, so that they'd feel reassured that everything truly was fine.

But then, there was the act itself, and the outcome.

An outcome I sincerely wasn't expecting.

I knew both Miriam and Natalie had used the word 'puppet' when describing what it was like for the blue-haired chick to be connected to an alpha, but I hadn't fully grasped what that might mean. At least, not until it happened to us.

Until it happened to *her*.

While Natalie was still aware of what was going on, she'd briefly lost all capacity to make her own choices, becoming like an extension of my own body, much like my own hand was a part of me. And just like my hand, which didn't have thoughts of its own, and only moved in response to my thinking, the girl I'd come to know as Natalie likewise seemed to vanish, only reacting in response to my thoughts.

It really freaked me out.

Because it felt like she was gone.

Felt like she was *dead*.

Felt like...

I'd killed her.

If she had died under different circumstances, even by my own hand, then I might not have been too torn up, but this was different. No matter how rough it was, sex was an intimate act to me, and I'd grown pretty attached to her while fucking her. Thus, the unexpected realization, that the girl who I'd come to feel some affection for was now gone, really messed me up.

But, once I'd calmed down, Natalie reassured me that she was very much aware, even when I thought she was gone, describing it as if she became a passenger in her own body, able to see where the car was going and how it was being driven, but unable to control the vehicle herself. When she'd first become a werewolf, she explained that it was horrifying and would always cause her to silently panic, but she was pretty used to it at this point, and losing control of herself didn't bother her.

Essentially, she was kind of numb to the experience after undergoing it repeatedly for almost a year.

Still, it had really freaked me out.

Also kind of freaked me out that I could sincerely sense the blue-haired magazine model like I might sense my hand, to the point that I could sense the pain in her body from her hidden bruising on her torso, covered up by concealing cosmetics. It didn't hurt me like it might if it was my own

body, but I was at least aware of it. And from what I could tell, her ribs especially ached, with me suspecting that the actual damage hadn't been done recently, and it had been afforded some time to heal.

Thankfully, despite the distress I had begun experiencing, both Miriam and Gwen quickly understood what was going on, and were able to help me in a sincere time of need.

Not that I was discounting Serenity or Gabriella's roles, since they were the ones who knew something was horribly wrong.

But my two first women sounded the alarm.

And both Miriam and Gwen responded to save the day.

Miriam used her powerful presence to calm me down enough to listen before I became too escalated, and Gwen had the knowledge necessary to help me understand how to loosen my hold on Natalie enough to allow her to be in control of herself again.

I also learned something new about Miriam.

As a succubus, I'd assumed that her entire existence was purely erotic, a sexual presence radiating from herself that defined who she was. And, while it was true that she could never subdue that sexual presence entirely, I'd discovered that the tenderness I'd felt in her aura was just the tip of the iceberg to something else entirely.

The gentle love she'd bombarded me with felt like nothing I'd experienced before, being like the comforting hug from a mother, except a thousand times more potent. The sexual nature of that presence wasn't gone by any means, but it was briefly overwhelmed with her nurturing, affectionate, and gentle existence, which powerfully communicated that she wanted nothing more than to comfort and guide me through my emotional distress.

And unlike her eroticism, she couldn't just turn it on whenever she wanted.

It came on without prompt when she felt the appropriate emotions.

Her sincere desire to comfort me overpowered everything else.

However, we couldn't dwell on what happened for long, because there were still things to do, especially considering that Miriam had been in the middle of trying to use the first and most accurate of her location spells.

We were still in the guest bedroom where I'd fucked Natalie, but I was dressed now in my gym shorts and t-shirt, since Natalie had commented again about how awkward it was that we were both practically naked with everyone else in the room. And since I wanted nothing more than to do what the blue-haired vixen requested right now, to reassure her that me being her alpha didn't mean I was going to be a dictator who did only what I wanted, I was more than happy to comply.

On the contrary, I wanted to prove to her that she still had a voice.

That her opinion, desires, and needs still mattered.

It was obvious that my reaction to her comment, quickly slipping past everyone and getting out of bed to throw on my clothes, really had an effect on her. She almost seemed somber as she hesitantly got out of bed and dressed herself, putting on her sheer black dress and vinyl thong, and then even more touched when I focused on everyone else, and acted like nothing was different.

Acted like she was still just some random girl I'd met, and like I *didn't* have the capacity to exert absolute control over her now.

As if I *wasn't* letting such power go to my head.

As if I had no desire to flaunt that power just because I could...

Granted, I had gotten out of bed quickly for another reason too.

I'd been naked the previous day when overwhelmed with lust and surrounded by Gwen, Miriam, and Mrs. Rebecca, but I hadn't really viewed us all pleasuring Gwen as a foursome, at least not in my own perception. Maybe because I wasn't the focus of the sexual activity at that point? Because instead, my attention was pretty much on the fact that I was buried in Miriam while she and Mrs. Rebecca helped Gwen achieve orgasm.

However, feeling naked in front of four of my women, not counting Natalie, suspecting that all of them would undress if I requested it, actually kind of made me nervous, at just the idea of the five of us getting sexual together.

I supposed it felt like it would be too much, too fast.

Especially since I didn't know how Serenity, in particular, would react to being in a sexual situation that involved a full-blooded succubus like Miriam. And especially since having sex with a succubus could become a true addiction, like being exposed to an illegal drug, something that made me worry about it permanently shifting her priorities.

Never mind the fact that, if I really had a true experience like that – where it felt like a real threesome or foursome, specifically where the focus was more on me – then I kind of wanted it to be with only Serenity and Gabriella the first time.

Granted, I knew that being placed in a tempting situation might change my mind...

But, I felt as if we needed to ease into that kind of experience together, rather than just jumping headfirst into a sea of absolute bliss, due to someone like Miriam being involved. Maybe one day we'd reach that point, where we were all comfortable with such an experience, but for now I felt like taking it slower was better, specifically in regard to including Miriam and Gwen with my other women.

Alternatively, I was very happy that Serenity, Gabriella, Avery, and Michelle had all chosen to go faster with their own boundaries, and I sincerely hoped they'd continue to

cross those lines, but we still had a ways to go before we were even close to being as comfortable with sex as Miriam was.

Especially sex involving multiple people.

However, thankfully, no one seemed disappointed that I got dressed, all of them appearing to be ready to focus on the task at hand, now that I was calmed down, Natalie was back to normal, and more importantly, now that Natalie had an alpha who could keep her under control and prevent her from being reclaimed by the enemy.

Unfortunately, what I hadn't expected, was that the sexy redhead minx had some bad news.

"What do you mean, it didn't work?" I asked seriously, concerned that doing this out of order had messed things up.

Miriam's tone and expression were patient. "Kai, I promise that I did everything correctly, but the spell failed to help me locate those guys. And I suspect it wouldn't have worked either way."

"Why not?" I wondered, keeping my tone in check, since I wasn't trying to sound angry.

She sighed. "Honestly, I'm not sure the reason." She glanced at the blue-haired vixen. "Gwen mentioned that Natalie made a comment about them having some way to conceal themselves. That might have something to do with it."

Natalie nodded hesitantly. "I...I don't know what it is though. H-He never told me anything."

"I believe you," Miriam said reassuringly.

I sighed. "So, is that it, then?" I wondered.

She shook her head. "No, I only tried this method first, because it would have been more accurate by giving us the exact location. I do have another option. And it should work. Literally, it's just creating a magical compass, using her blood and a spell to find the source, modified to go a step further and find the originator of her curse. There's no

reason why that one won't work, but it'll just be a lot less specific, only showing the direction, but not distance or anything else useful."

I nodded, glancing at Natalie as I continued to speak to Miriam. "Sounds like what *she* described, about how they could find her prior to the full moon. They'd know her direction. But if you can even give me that, then I'll find them."

Miriam inclined her chin as well. "So, what we can do is make sure the compass spell is working, and then we can try finding that creature that attacked Gwen." She focused on Natalie. "And now that Kai is your alpha, you are fully welcome in my home as a guest. You can go where you want without consequence, although I do ask that you still respect my home as you might anyone else's."

"O-Of course," Natalie stammered. "I won't touch anything."

Miriam gave her a small smile, looking up at me again. "Then, come with me downstairs?"

I nodded, gesturing for her to lead the way.

She did, with Gwen hot on her heels, while I focused on Serenity, returning her somber smile and walking over to wrap my arm around her shoulders. "Sorry if I scared you," I said softly.

She immediately shook her head, wrapping both her arms around my waist. At the same time, Gabriella grabbed my free hand, intertwining our fingers as we began walking out of the room together, with Gabriella hanging back just a little, still holding my hand, so that Serenity and I could get through the doorway, before she returned to my side.

"You didn't scare me," Serenity said reassuringly. "I think Gabriella and I both just felt your panic, and knew something was up."

I sighed, being *very* aware that Natalie had grabbed her jacket and was right behind us now, just like I'd be aware of what my own hand was doing, even when not looking

directly at it. Which meant, I was also aware that my cum was actively leaking down Natalie's thighs in response to her walking, considering I'd unloaded so much in her snatch, with her being too nervous to even request I let her clean up a little.

I was about to stop to tell her to go ahead and clean herself up, but surprisingly it was like she read my mind, knowing I'd given her permission to do just that.

Neither Gabriella or Serenity seemed to notice her stop and turn around to head back to the guest room, with us continuing to walk down the hall.

"Thanks," I said sincerely to Serenity, in response to her suggesting that she was only concerned about me, instead of being afraid. "I wasn't...I just wasn't expecting it to be like that."

Gabriella gave my hand a gentle squeeze, prompting me to focus on her, giving her a small smile. "Love you, baby," my busty redhead said quietly. "I know the last few days have been hectic, but I'm really happy to be with you."

"Oh, yeah me too," I agreed, wondering where this was coming from. "I'm extremely thankful to have both of you in my life. Sorry so much has changed so quickly."

"I like the changes," Gabriella admitted, as we began stepping down the nearest twin staircase. "It is a lot all at once, but I'm happy to be a part of it."

"Me too," Serenity agreed. "Kai, I love you so much, and I'm so happy to be with you. They usually say, '*When it rains, it pours*,' and that couldn't be more true right now. I'm sure things will settle down after we handle this situation."

I frowned at that, knowing Natalie was hardcore rushing to clean up in the bathroom and catch back up to us. "Well, I hope when you say 'we,' you mean when 'I' handle it. No offense, but I'm not sure if either of you are strong enough to take on one of these guys."

Gabriella grinned. "Could wrestle you, and find out."

I laughed, kind of liking that idea. “That could actually be fun. But still, I’m pretty sure I can handle these guys on my own, and don’t want to risk it.”

“That’s fair,” Serenity agreed, as we stepped down the last few steps. “Knowing how fast you can recover helps ease my worries a little, but I’d still like you to be careful. And we’d both like to at least be nearby, in case you needed our help.”

I frowned at that, realizing these guys were a good hour drive away, and that this magical compass thing might be too sensitive to use in the air anyway. Which meant, I might have to drive there, while also trying to navigate the roads based on a very general direction. Might actually be helpful to have someone else drive while I try to figure out where the compass was leading us using my phone’s GPS and the device.

“Maybe,” I offered, as we walked through the grand foyer and down the hall to the East Drawing Room. Natalie was done and rushing down the stairs now, the muted sounds in the house preventing Serenity or Gabriella from noticing, likely just assuming she was still right behind us. “I could probably use the help finding them with this compass thing, but you’d just have to promise to not get involved unless I really needed the help.”

“Of course,” Serenity agreed. “Trust me, Kai, we both know you’re more than capable. I just don’t want to sit around here, while we wait around all night to find out how it went.”

I nodded as Natalie silently fell in line behind us, and we finished walking to the East Drawing Room, finally seeing that Miriam was already on her knees in front of a low coffee table, using a knife to pry off the glass to an actual gold compass. I let go of Gabriella’s hand, as well as Serenity’s shoulders, while the three of us hovered around to watch her work, Gwen not in the room at the moment.

Miriam looked so small in that position, still wearing her leather pants and creamy ivory shirt, but having taken off the leather sleeves, her thin tan arms smooth, her hair still in twin French-braids, her red eyebrows slightly furrowed as she worked.

She already had the tube of Natalie's blood on the table, as well as what appeared to be a ton of supplies on the other end, including a sketchpad, a bunch of laminated maps, and the wood chest of softly glowing opals.

She had one such opal resting next to the tube of blood and syringe, this one pretty large and flat.

Clearing my throat, I spoke hesitantly. "Do you need to focus? Or can I ask questions?"

"You can ask questions," she replied, carefully moving the piece of glass to the side, and then gently poking at the needle inside with the knife. "What did you want to ask?"

"Well, I guess, how is this supposed to work? And is this something you came up with, or something other people already know about?"

She smirked, having gotten her finger underneath the needle while gently scraping at the tiny sliver of metal with the knife. "Kai, you may be surprised to learn this, but the compass has been around for a very long time. The Chinese were the ones to invent a magnetic compass thousands of years ago, which points to magnetic north, but the compass itself is even older than that. The spell I'm about to use is likewise very ancient, though the exact language it's spoken in doesn't matter."

"Are there spells where language does matter?" I wondered.

She shrugged. "There's sort of an ongoing debate on that. I've never read of anyone *truly* verifying that language affects the spell, but there have always been those who believe it matters. Some also argue that speaking spells in your first language is better than a foreign one, like Latin, simply because true understanding is lost when dealing with

unfamiliar words. Although, I admit that there are certain spells I only use in the language I learned them.” She paused. “But as far as your first question goes, basically I just put a drop of her blood on the needle, chant the spell and make sure it follows Natalie around, and then I’ll chant the second incantation. We’ll know it worked when it stops following her and instead points in a specific direction.”

I simply nodded, watching as she set the knife down, and placed the heavy gold compass on the flat opal. She then carefully grabbed the syringe, which already had a little bit of blood in it, and slowly placed the tiniest droplet of crimson on a little groove she’d made in the needle.

Satisfied, she quickly set the needle down, and placed her thumbs and index fingers on the dimly glowing opal.

“*Blood and metal bind, seek to reunite with one’s source.*”

Immediately the glowing opal brightened, only to dim again, while the blood on the needle sizzled followed immediately by the sliver of metal abruptly shifting its direction.

Toward me.

Or rather, to Natalie, behind me.

“Quickly,” Miriam said to her, looking between me and Serenity. “Move in front of me so I can verify it’s following you.”

“Oh, umm, okay,” the blue-haired vixen responded, hurrying around us and to the front of the low coffee table.

Sure enough, the needle perfectly traced her movements.

“Alright,” Miriam continued, taking a deep breath. “Now for the next part.” She paused. “*Curse and metal bind, seek to reunite with one’s origin.*”

The opal glowed a little brighter this time, as more magic from it was used, only for it to quickly dim completely, as if it was just a normal stone again. At the same time, the needle abruptly began spinning around wildly in a circle,

appearing like it was going haywire, only to come to an instant halt, pointing directly at Miriam.

Her eyes widened in surprise, prompting her to stand up to verify that it wasn't really pointing at her. Of course, it wasn't, but as she focused toward the wall, her brow furrowed.

"Did it work?" I wondered.

She nodded. "Yeah, it worked, but the problem is the direction it's pointing." She paused to gesture to the side wall with her index finger, which wasn't where the needle was pointing, instead directing our attention more toward the grand foyer. "You guys live in that direction about fifty miles away, which means this guy has traveled pretty far away for the needle to be pointing over here."

I was surprised at that, glancing at Natalie as I spoke generally to the room. "Do you think he actually ran away?"

"No idea," Miriam replied, focusing on Natalie as well.

The blue-haired vixen looked uneasily from me to the redhead, and back again. "I...I don't know. He doesn't like to lose, so I don't think he would run away."

"Maybe he's biding his time," Serenity suggested. "After Kai broke his arm, he might have run away to ensure he has time to recover. It would be a logical move."

Miriam nodded. "Yeah, that makes sense." She then sighed heavily. "Well, since that's done, let me replace the glass to ensure the needle doesn't get damaged, and then we'll go look for whatever bit Gwen."

"Where is Gwen, anyway?" I wondered.

"In the main basement. I can actually hear her walking up the stairs now. She requested that I allow her to undress and burst into flames, as it can help speed the healing process up, as well as ensure that her body eliminates any toxins that might have been in the bite."

"Why not just use a spell to heal her?"

Miriam hesitated at that, choosing her words carefully. "Gwen...has certain wards placed on her. Magical defenses

that protect her from being harmed by magic, but also prevent even helpful magic from being used on her."

My eyes widened in sincere surprise. "Can you elaborate on that? Or is that something you'd prefer she share?"

Miriam sighed. "That information is for her to share, if she chooses. Honestly though, there isn't much more to say. If someone were to stab her with a knife, it would obviously hurt her, but if someone hit her with a spell, it would basically just bounce off no matter how powerful it was"

I really wanted to know more, but I knew she was just going to respond the same way, indicating I should ask Gwen directly. Still, it really sounded like someone had gone through a lot of effort to keep the tall maid alive and safe, obviously viewing protection against magic as a higher priority than physical damage, assuming that it was the same person responsible for the other mysteries surrounding the sexy imp.

I glanced over my shoulder just as I finally heard Gwen's hoof-steps, only for Gabriella to speak up in alarm.

"Umm, guys, did the needle *move* ?!" she asked seriously.

We all immediately focused on the compass, left undisturbed on the table. Sure enough, it did look as if the needle had shifted slightly...

No, it looked as if the needle was *actively* moving.

"That's not possible," Miriam exclaimed in disbelief.

"What's not possible?" I asked seriously.

"If this guy is fifty miles away, then he would have to be traveling thousands of miles per hour for the needle to move that much. Which means..."

Miriam immediately looked up at me, our eyes locking as we undoubtedly came to the same conclusion. However, it was Serenity who blurted it out.

"He's *not* fifty miles away! He must be much closer!"

We all looked down again when the needle abruptly began moving even faster, going from pointing almost south

to pointing almost completely west.

"He's fucking *here*!" Miriam yelled.

Unexpectedly, the lights in the room went out, only for them to pop back on at a much dimmer level. It didn't affect my capacity to see clearly, since I could see in the dark anyway, but it very much was like someone had cut the power and backup generators had come on to make up for it.

Immediately, everyone was panicking, Natalie especially.

"Fuck!" Miriam exclaimed, rushing away from us to grab the tablet that was still lying on the table where we'd talked when we first got here. At the same time, Gwen rushed over to the 'normally blank' screen on the wall, which had lit up when the lights went out.

"Did someone cut the power?" Serenity asked urgently.

"No, this is basically defense mode," Miriam replied, seeming to try to collect herself as she tapped on the screen. "All magical and electrical energy is being diverted to my enchanted and physical defenses. That bastard isn't actually right outside the mansion, but it's very obvious someone uninvited is trying to invade my domain."

Glancing at Gwen in one direction, and then Miriam in the other, I hesitated briefly, before deciding to move over to Miriam to take a look at the screen. Sure enough, it was literally something like twenty camera feeds, which she swiped in order to look at another twenty, all of them showing nothing significant.

"Mistress, panel six!" Gwen unexpectedly yelled.

Miriam quickly swiped over twice, apparently already being on panel four, just in time to see something very large and pale dash past the tiny screen on the bottom, with the outline of the image flashing blue, as if to indicate it sensed motion. I half expected her to tap on that particular camera feed to make the screen larger, maybe to rewind the video a little, but she didn't, her eyes instead darting to the video feed above it...

Only for nothing else to show.

"What was that?" I whispered seriously, noticing Gabriella move to Miriam's other side in the corner of my eye. Alternatively, Serenity and Natalie had moved over to the screen Gwen was looking at.

"Might have been a spooked deer," Miriam admitted. "My wards should keep both uninvited people and supernatural creatures out. But there's no doubt someone tried to get through. The problem is, the compass is indicating that this werewolf bastard is really close, like just on the edge of my property, yet he shouldn't have the capacity to even trip my system's defense mode. Especially not while he's in his human form."

"So what does that mean?" I asked seriously. "If he couldn't trip it, then what could?"

"Usually, I'd assume it was someone, or *something*, much more powerful. Not a werewolf. Especially not when we have almost a week until the full moon, even if such creatures *do* have a track record of slipping past wards."

"Shit," I hissed, watching as she finally flipped to another panel. I assumed the deer hadn't shown up on another camera because even a couple hundred or so cameras wasn't enough to have a visual feed of every inch of her property. Not when she potentially had thousands of acres. I mean, from what I could tell, her property was on several square miles, which would definitely be well over a thousand acres. Enough space to fit dozens of individual subdivisions and streets, if this area was allowed to be urbanized.

"So what do we do?" I wondered. "Should I try to go figure out who is trying to get in, and get rid of them? I mean, what would you do normally?"

Miriam finally focused up at me then, only to look at the low coffee table at the compass. "Normally, my wards are strong enough that anything trying to get through would just go away eventually. And even if those assholes

somehow tripped the system, there are few threats that could actually break through." She paused. "There are actually three layers of barriers, with the rock wall surrounding the mansion being the inner most, forming an invisible dome of protection over my house. Of course, invited guests can still come and go without even noticing the wards, but the uninvited would be stuck with no way in, like hitting an impenetrable rock wall, even at an open gate." She sighed. "If anything, we might be overreacting to this, and if the compass is accurately pointing to our enemy, then it just means that he made it a lot easier to find and eliminate him." She lowered the tablet to her side and slipped by me to walk over to the table. "Let me go ahead and put the glass back on the compass. Then you can safely use it to track him down, without worrying about accidentally messing up the needle."

"So our plans haven't changed then?" I clarified, Gabriella and I moving to follow her. Natalie turned away from the screen on the wall as well, and walked over hesitantly too, with Serenity and Gwen still sifting through the camera feeds. "We just got lucky by him coming to us?" I added.

Miriam sighed again, resting the tablet on the low table and carefully picking up both the compass and glass covering. "I would have preferred for this place to not end up on anyone's radar," she admitted while carefully putting the two pieces back together. "But as long as you capture him and kill all his puppets, then it should be fine. Just means we'll have to worry about whatever bit Gwen at a later time."

I frowned at that, reminding myself that the lurking creature might already be dead. And, at the very least, it hadn't done any major damage while Gwen and Miriam were alone all night, indicating that it probably was only seeking food and was otherwise harmless.

"Okay, well—"

Miriam unexpectedly hissed loudly, dropping the compass onto the table, cracking the glass, her visible tan skin abruptly lighting up with bright blue markings similar to what I'd seen appear when she called for Gwen, by tracing a circle on her shoulder.

Except, these marking seemed like they might cover her entire body, even underneath her clothes, glowing brightly through her ivory shirt, with patterns even forming on her face.

"*Mistress!*!" Gwen yelled, whirling around where she stood, a single vibrant blue circle lit up on the side of her pale neck.

"Shit!" Miriam snapped, going from calm and collected, to panicked and urgent. "Change of plans! Something broke through! This is *not* a normal threat!"

"The cameras!" Serenity unexpectedly yelled, having focused back on the screen.

We all looked at the nearest panel of cameras, just in time to see something large flash by *way faster* than the first time, only for something else large to follow...

Followed by another, and *another*, and *another*, and *then two more*.

"Fuck!" Miriam yelled, only to start barking out orders. "I don't know how it's possible, but we're assuming werewolves! Kai, you're coming with me! Gwen, take everyone else to the armory, and then to the tower!"

Serenity was still focused on the screen. "I think there's a lot more than five!"

Miriam abruptly bent for the tablet, snatching it off the table, the blue symbols on her skin still glowing brightly, her eyes widening as more and more blue outlines lit up around the cameras, seemingly dozens of pale blurs zipping past at an alarming rate, beginning to fill the entire panel of camera feeds, even though the actual cameras were undoubtedly spaced hundreds of feet apart.

"Oh my God," Miriam exclaimed. "This is a full-scale assault! There's got to be multiple packs! Gwen!"

The maid practically flew over to her mistress, grabbing her arm roughly, only for brilliant crimson symbols to begin flying up the maid's own arm, Gwen's midnight horns lighting on fire, her breath unexpectedly coming out with a plume of vapor.

At the same time, Miriam's wings shot out, one of them shoving into me with surprising force and pushing me back, the succubus' hands clasped together now like she was praying, her already vibrant red hair beginning to glow red, the twin French-braids starting to unravel.

The succubus' tone was suddenly full of power and authority as she spoke.

"Vires naturae collige!" she yelled in another language, with it sounding like a violent storm appeared out of nowhere right above the mansion. *"Vim tempestatis ostende!"* she continued, a flash of lightning and the ensuing sound of thunder erupting above us. *"Cognosce inimicos, ET PERCUTE!"*

Instantly, it was daytime outside as the world around us lit up in a blinding white light, the entire room starting to vibrate with invisible energy, even as it felt like someone unexpectedly unplugged my ears, the eavesdropping spell all but vanishing as an uncountable number of earsplitting *CRACKS* erupted in the distance.

Then, the blinding light instantly vanished just as fast, the world around us completely silent for what felt like an infinitely long second...

Followed immediately by a deep rumbling that rapidly escalated to the point that we all slammed our hands over our ears, everyone except Miriam and Gwen, the intense noise being like a bomb going off right outside.

The floor and walls around us vibrated beneath us like an earthquake, the intensity only growing as if it was never going to stop, before it broke into waves of rumbling that

slowly began to spread out until only a lingering vibration remained.

"Mistress," Gwen hissed, holding tightly on to Miriam's arm as the succubus dropped to one knee, grabbing onto the low table for support.

The short redhead was breathing heavily now, gasping for breath like she'd run a marathon, beads of sweat dripping off her face as the blue symbols all over her body faded. Her creamy shirt was rapidly soaking through, already beginning to reveal her naked torso beneath in certain spots, her short red hair now hanging loosely, no longer braided.

I looked up to meet Serenity's wide black and crimson eyes, with her having shifted in response to the startle, her hand still covering her ears, only to glance at Natalie and then meet Gabriella's emerald gaze too, all of us completely stunned by what we'd just experienced.

Truly, we were shell-shocked after witnessing such a violent explosion of force and power, shaken by how loud and extreme it was despite us being safely within the walls of the mansion.

More than that, we were safely within the *shield* of an invisible inner barrier to Miriam's property, and yet it still felt as if we'd just survived a literal bomb going off and lived to tell the tale.

Had Miriam just called forth hundreds of lightning strikes from the sky?

Because that's what it felt like, but I couldn't imagine how she could have such power to do so. Was it because we were on her property? Did she wield godlike power here, in particular? Was this just a part of her defenses? Or could she call forth a storm out of nothing anywhere?

Glancing at the tablet again, the flickering screen starting to clear up, I realized the spots of light in each of the camera feeds appeared to be small fires that were

rapidly dying out, as if someone was pouring water on them, though I didn't see any sign that it was raining.

"Forty-three targets," Miriam finally gasped, sucking in a deep breath. "Truly, an army of cursed creatures if I ever saw one. We'll have to verify later if they were truly werewolves, or something else." She took a deep breath, letting go of the table and straightening up, still on her knee. "But I'm confident I got them al-AHH!"

Instantly, the blue symbols reappeared on her body, glowing just as bright as before, causing her trembling arms to grab the low table again for support. At the exact same time, a pale blur zipped past one of the cameras on the tablet, only to be immediately followed by another, and another, and *another*!

Just like before, the video feeds began filling with a seemingly uncountable number of enemies flooding onto her property.

"Fuck!" Miriam exclaimed. "What the hell is going on?! Gwen, back to the original plan! Take everyone to the armory!"

Gwen immediately stood up and gestured at Serenity, Gabriella, and Natalie. "Come! Now! We have no time, so do as I tell you."

All three women immediately glanced at me, before hurrying after Gwen when she marched out of the room, heading to the right, leaving me and Miriam alone.

The redhead minx then focused up at me, her entire body trembling. "Kai, pick me up and take me to the main basement. We have to hurry."

"Shouldn't I go out, and try to fight them off?" I asked seriously, assuming she couldn't cast that lightning storm spell again.

Her tone was firm. "Yes, Kai, but first I need to make you an owner to my home. Only then can you fight completely unhindered by my wards."

My eyes widened in shock.

"Now Kai," she demanded, grabbing the knife on the table, and trying to stand. Her tone was more urgent. "They still have two more barriers to get through, but we don't have long!"

Moving to action when it looked like she might fall back to her knee, I quickly scooped her up in my arms, her shirt pretty much transparent now from the sweat, her tan perky tits completely visible underneath. I then turned toward the entrance, intending to rush out of the room, only to freeze solid in my tracks so fast that Miriam looked up at me in confusion, before focusing ahead of us with wide emerald eyes.

Standing in the doorway were two cloaked individuals, over half a foot height difference between them, one extremely petite while the other figure was large and muscular, their faces coming into focus as they both lowered their dark hoods in sync.

The man was visibly old, with thick gray hair, but also looked like he might be ripped as hell, his muscles bulging underneath his clothing, while the girl was young and thin, her nose and mouth covered by a black veil, hiding half her face while leaving her blonde hair and eyes completely exposed.

But not just any eyes.

Bright *crimson* eyes.

They both had vibrant red eyes.

"What the fuck?!" Miriam exclaimed.

The codger immediately held up his gloved hands.

"We mean you no harm," he said in a deep aged voice. "We only wish to leave your domain, and are willing to offer our support in *defending* your realm of authority, if you permit us passage."

I could barely hear him speak though, the room around me blurring, my gaze locked on the blonde girl, focused on her crimson eyes that were now wide with obvious fear as she stared directly at me.

I couldn't look away, everything dark now except flashes of blonde and red.

Because I'd seen those eyes before, registering a memory of witnessing her gaze looking *down* at me sympathetically...

...Right after I'd had my heart ripped out.

Right after I'd died.

Right *before* ...

Right before I *woke up* .

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(6) CHAPTER 66: VISITORS

A sudden memory that felt like a dream. And yet it was real.

The girl with blonde hair and red eyes looked down at me sympathetically, her full pink lips almost forming a somber pout, sincere remorse in her youthful expression as if the sight before her truly burdened her soul with guilt. The room around us was splattered with blood, my crushed heart lying on the floor by her bare feet, a black cloak bunched up on her thighs to prevent it from becoming soaked in crimson, a bent metal door in my peripheral vision, my eyes remaining unfocused.

"Get ready to move," an old voice grumbled. "It's chased them into a corner."

I understood the words he spoke, but realized they were not in a language I knew. Both of them spoke with foreign words.

Yet, my mind found comprehension.

Her voice was pained. "Was this really necessary?" the young girl whispered, tears filling her red eyes as she reached down to gently touch my face, balanced on the balls of her bare feet, the blood not touching them as if repelled by her presence. "They didn't seem like bad people."

"My only priority is keeping you alive, princess. This is life or death, and staying on the other side would have guaranteed our lives forfeited. The entity guarding this gate is obviously very powerful. I cannot risk your safety by

involving you in a fight to the death. There were no other options."

The blonde girl didn't respond, visibly swallowing as her tears brimmed over and slid down her cheeks.

"Ready yourself, princess. This abomination would just as easily turn on us, if given the chance. We need to be quick, and I need you in front of me so I might remove all traces of our passage. Steel your nerves and follow my command. Do not cause me any more grief in fulfilling my duties."

"Forgive me," she whispered in response, though it didn't sound like she was only speaking to him.

As she brushed some hair on my forehead...it sounded like she was speaking to *me* ...

But...

But I wasn't about to forgive her for causing me such pain.

I wasn't about to forgive her for ripping my heart out.

I wasn't about to forgive *anyone* for fucking killing me!

Sensing that all I cared about was about to be ended, sensing the panic coming from the one whom I'd died for – the one whom I was clinging too, even now – my rage boiled over and I immediately glared at the girl looking down at me sympathetically.

Because *no one* looked down on me!

NO ONE !

The blonde's crimson eyes flew open in alarm and she shrieked in panic, vanishing from my sight.

She shrieked...

Sincere terror in her expression...

As she ran away...

Yet, I was now staring at those crimson eyes again, in the East Drawing Room this time, holding the short minx I'd died for in my arms, clinging to her beautiful soul even now, the two of us bonded far beyond the physical realm.

I was staring at those crimson eyes, the first thing I'd seen upon resurrecting from the dead, all my rage and

anger identifying *everything* and *everyone* - except for the soul I'd bonded to, and the imp I'd claimed - as my enemy.

AS MY ENEMY.

"We mean you no harm," the codger said in a deep aged voice. "We only wish to leave your domain, and are willing to offer our support in *defending* your realm of authority, if you permit us passage."

My body exploded, erupting to seven feet, my horns sprouting from my forehead as a show of my power and authority, my gray shirt ripping as my muscles swelled, my body growing even taller, towering over my prey.

My shoulders reshaped, my massive wings - far larger than ever before - sprouted from my back, rising high in the air as they grew, causing both sets of crimson eyes, staring up at me, to widen in alarm.

Without thinking, I abruptly lowered my left wing and deposited the small redhead woman into my large webbed grasp, only to drop her onto a white leather couch behind us, not wanting her to be in the way when I struck.

"*Cazzo!*" the codger cursed, abruptly dropping to one knee and holding up his thick muscular left arm, revealing an intricate pattern of black markings covering its entirety.

Shocked by the unexpected sensation of impending doom, I focused on the elaborate tattoo, realizing it was beginning to *glow pitch-black*, like the literal opposite of normal white light, having an existence unto itself like the darkness beginning to leak out of the endless abyss.

"FUCK!" Miriam shrieked at the top of her lungs, suddenly right at my side again, her own black wings stretching out in front of me. "STOP! EVERYONE STOP!
BASTA!"

The anti-light on his arm began to dim slightly, but he didn't budge, his crimson gaze locked on mine.

Those familiar blue marks reappeared on Miriam's tan skin then, spreading along all her wings and outstretched

arms, though I wasn't sure if it was intentional, or due to the army of monsters breaking through the second barrier.

Needless to say, the man's red eyes finally darted to her, keeping his arm aimed at me, his gloved hand outstretched.

The succubus' tone was full of power and authority.

"I, *Miriam bas Methuselah*, permit you and your companion passage through my domain. Leave now, and never return!"

The man didn't even hesitate, not budging from his position, but speaking harshly to the blonde. "Go now!"

She *did* hesitate just briefly, seeming terrified, before abruptly twisting and darting out the door down the hall. The movement caused the black cloth covering the girl's face to shift just enough to expose the side of her cheek...

Revealing that she had no cheek!

Her white teeth were visible right up to the back of her jaw!

What the fuck?!

The moment she was out of sight, the man abruptly rose and followed in one swift motion, both of them vanishing from the room.

And I was pissed.

I was *pissed* !

Was that chick the one who bit Gwen?!

Was that why half her face was missing?!

Fuck!

Yet, despite my anger, I didn't follow, trusting in my instinct, knowing we had more pressing issues to deal with, and more importantly *trusting in Miriam* .

Still, I had to ask.

"Why did you let them leave?" I said in a deep even voice.

She didn't respond, instead dropping down to one knee again, breathing heavily, still visibly worn out from her previous lightning storm spell, her ivory shirt completely soaked through and leaving her torso entirely visible.

I quickly reached down and scooped her up, already heading for the door, knowing our overall plans hadn't changed.

"Hurry to the basement," she said firmly, even though I was already entering the hallway. She then took a deep breath when we made the turn to go down the stairs. "That man - no, that elite *vampire* - wields one of the deadliest magics in all of existence. You would not have survived *Absolutum Dissolutum*, which basically means *Absolute Disintegration*. No one could survive it."

"Fuck," I hissed, unexpectedly finding myself irritated that there might actually be a power that could defeat even me. "How can something like that even exist?" I wondered, realizing my own *Incinerate* spell was pretty powerful too.

"It's not without significant cost, but to a vampire, I'm sure it's an acceptable one. And I know you're angry, and I'm sorry," she continued as I stomped down the stairs, still towering well over seven feet, my midnight horns just barely missing the ceiling. "But the attacking enemy has already broken through the second barrier, and will begin surrounding the walls protecting my mansion within minutes. I need to make you an owner, so you can fight them unhindered."

"I understand," I said simply, still pissed about the situation, but keeping my anger in check. Because while I wanted revenge for getting killed, those two vampires were not a threat right now, even if I considered them an enemy. It sounded like they didn't want to cause trouble, but instead just wanted to leave this place, apparently having gotten caught within the mansion in some weird limbo of existing on Miriam's property without being invited.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs, Miriam had me turn toward where Gwen had taken me previously, with me opening the door to reveal the concrete hallway, actively lighting up in a dim hue from the crystals in the ceiling.

However, upon taking my first step, she had me stop, reaching for the wall.

The blue markings on her body glowed in response to her touching the concrete surface, only for the light to spread to the wall, creating the outline of a doorway, followed by the area within to begin to disintegrate.

“What in the hell?” I said in sincere surprise.

“There was never a wall right here,” she explained simply. “It’s a barrier that looks like a wall, much like the one keeping the dimensional gate closed.”

I nodded as the interior hallway was revealed, leading directly into a dark room that only had one source of light within. A large crystal on a pedestal, glowing the exact same shade of blue as the markings on Miriam’s body.

“Hurry,” she urged, when I only stepped in hesitantly. “We need to cut...Fuck, I forgot the knife!”

“Cut what?” I asked seriously.

“Both of us. The crystal needs your blood to identify you, and mine to make any changes.”

“It’s fine,” I replied, setting her down on her feet. “My claws are sharp.”

She looked up at me in surprise, before grabbing my large hand, her fingers now so small compared to mine, and looking at my midnight claws briefly, only to grab my index finger and press her other palm into the tip, wincing as she stabbed herself. Miriam then hurried over to the crystal and placed her bleeding hand on the surface.

“What is mine, is mine, and only mine.” She paused as her blood audibly sizzled beneath her hand, taking a slow deep breath. *“Now I share all that is mine with one other.”* She gestured with her free hand for me to come over.

“Hurry. Cut your hand and place it next to mine.”

I quickly complied, knowing I would heal quickly, so intentionally stabbing my claw deep into my palm, ensuring plenty of blood began to pool, before quickly putting it on the crystal. The difference in our hand size was really

significant now that I saw them spread out so close together, but I didn't focus on that for long as I heard *and felt* my blood sizzle, a warmth beginning to creep up my arm.

Miriam continued. "*All that is mine is now his, and all that is his is now mine. By my authority, Miriam has Methuselah presently permits another's dwelling within this domain as an equal.*"

My eyes flew open in shock as a heat raced up my arm and into my chest, grasping my entire body in its hold like a physical presence locking me in place, a brilliant blue light beginning to crack through my gray skin, my awareness of everything around us expanding dramatically as I began to feel the barriers erected to protect this location.

More than that, I began to fully *understand* what was meant by domain.

The fabric of space surrounding Miriam's property wasn't normal. It literally existed as an isolated area that was somehow blended in seamlessly with its surroundings, while being distinctly separate from the world I knew.

And it was here that Miriam was practically a god, able to control so much, including the weather.

Where she could literally generate a storm out of nowhere and call forth lightning to strike her enemies. An ability that would normally be more than capable of dealing with the average foe, as I'd already witnessed firsthand for myself.

However, the problem was a combination of her body's limitations, combined with just the fact that using up too much stored magic would weaken the barriers. And truly, the spell she'd cast earlier required a ridiculous amount of magic, far more than I currently wielded.

In fact, experiencing the stored power residing within her domain made me realize just how small I was in comparison, feeling like a grain of sand on a tiny island that was the actual physical land, residing within an ocean of magical

energy creating three spheres of ridiculously powerful barriers, a globe within a globe, *within a globe*, with a condensed barrier sealing shut a dimensional gate at the center.

Truly, as Miriam said before, this was no normal attack.

For this was no ordinary dwelling.

At the very least, I had no doubt that I would *fail* to breech even one of these barriers, if I were ever uninvited, and that was saying something. Which meant, someone very powerful was behind this organized attack.

For someone to break through these powerful walls of magic?

Clearly, by stealing Natalie, we'd obviously gotten on someone else's radar. Someone far bigger than the little shit who had been controlling her, a true puppet master manipulating all the strings, since I strongly doubted that bastard just happened to have powerful friends.

Hard to imagine someone like him even had friends, and not because he looked like a nerd.

No, it was because he was a self-entitled jackass who wouldn't be able to function in a normal group, being far too selfish to think about anyone other than himself and his own wants. Impossible to actually be friends with someone like that.

The glowing blue hue of markings continued to painlessly pierce my skin until it had covered my entire body, including my face, the azure light bleeding directly through my torn gray shirt, even managing to pierce my black gym shorts, the only article of clothing still intact, but stretched to its limits.

However, I quickly became confused as I focused on the sensation of the barriers, realizing they all felt intact, not a single one breached. It made me wonder if the individual making a hole in the invisible wall was forced to enter with the rest of the attacking monsters, since I couldn't imagine someone would be capable of doing this from a distance.

Which meant, now was my only chance to try to defeat the main enemy here.

I, of course, had to kill all the other monsters, but all would be lost if this powerful individual got away, since there was no doubt they would just return better prepared at a later date. But then again, we also couldn't afford even a single casualty on our end, so killing the army was still a major priority. And as my hearing began to clear up, I was beginning to suspect they might already be practically at our doorstep, residing just beyond the final barrier, low growls and twigs crunching beginning to fill my ears.

Knowing the process of transferring part-ownership was complete once the invisible energy released its hold on me, I quickly pulled back my hand, verifying that the wound was already healed.

"Get to safety," I urged, reaching in my pocket to grab my phone and hand it to her. "I think we're out of time."

"Yes," she agreed, accepting the phone in both hands. "Go, Kai. Gwen is an amazing shot. We'll try to support you from the tower above the library. If it's werewolves, then even one silver bullet will be enough to put each out of commission."

I nodded, knowing there wasn't even time for a hug, or any other gestures of goodbye.

Turning around, I ran back out of the room and into the concrete hallway, reflexively ducking to avoid hitting my horns against the doorframe, only to skid to a halt to dash up the stairs. It was as I began running through the grand foyer that I distinctly heard a scream outside, sounding like a young woman.

But I could also hear everything else now too, knowing from the sensation of Natalie's elevated location that she, Gwen, Serenity, and Gabriella were all on the east side of the building now, sounding like they were hauling heavy objects as they climbed a set of stairs to get to the top of what I assumed must be the roof to the library.

Which meant, the scream wasn't someone I cared about.

Still, I knew it was possible my own life could be on the line here, overwhelmed by sheer numbers, and that being arrogant could be the end of me. At the very least, I felt a bit more reassured knowing that the badass maid would be behind a rifle, watching my back while I was in the throes of fighting to defend everything that mattered to me.

Rushing through the massive front door and down the concrete steps, I zoomed around the edge of the still-gurgling fountain, just in time to see familiar blonde hair at the entrance to the open metal gate, her back against an invisible wall preventing her from retreating further.

Miriam's words echoed in my head at the sight.

'Leave now, and never return!'

Focusing on the dark path and trees just beyond, I saw the muscular old man poised with a short sword in his right hand, a decapitated figure at his feet, surrounded on all sides by seemingly dozens of glowing yellow eyes.

Glowing eyes that now focused on me as I rushed forward.

Part of me wanted to jump in headfirst and fight, but I knew it would be wise to give Gwen time to get into position, being well aware that Serenity also knew her way around a gun, not to mention that I'd like to at least get an idea of what we were up against, so that I might decide how to best kill the enemy, whether that be slashing my claws through its throat, or otherwise.

"Retreat!" I demanded, reaching the girl just as she abruptly started falling backwards, having been granted the permission to enter the barrier. Grabbing her roughly by the back of the neck, she screamed as I both kept her upright and semi-tossed her backward out of harm's way, while I continued to bolt straight ahead.

Apparently, the monsters sensed an opportunity caused by the distraction, because three of them lunged forward at

once, aiming for the old man. And they were nothing like I was anticipating, the sight almost enough to give me pause.

For one, the biggest alarming aspect was that they all looked like they were grinning with enormous mouths full of daggers for teeth, their heads stretched out to the sides, including their yellow eyes being further apart, while their noses were warped outward like someone had attached the world's most powerful vacuum to their faces at the same time that a truck drove over the top of their skulls, overall elongating the lower half of their faces while flattening everything out.

Definitely didn't look like a wolf's head, instead being much more like a hideous deformed human from the worst of nightmares, their stretched arms appearing long enough to go past their knees if they stood up, like the victims of a torture device, their legs likewise long and awkwardly bent to allow them to move on four grisly deformed hands.

Yes, *hands*, as if they were part-monkey on top of everything.

And truly, they moved on four limbs, rather than running on two.

Without a doubt, we were being attacked by werewolves, and yet these hairless deformed *permanently grinning* monsters were nothing like I'd ever seen before, or would have even imagined in the worst of nightmares.

Ugly, grotesque, and obviously highly lethal, if their mouths full of needle-like teeth and razor claws were any indication.

With me leaping into the air toward the one coming on the old man's left, I watched in disbelief in the corner of my eye as the muscular codger moved at the speed of light, everything feeling like it was happening in slow motion as he dodged to his side, in order to stay outside of the nearest creature's grasp, while leaping upward with a wild spin, slashing his short sword downward.

As if there was no resistance, his blade sliced through the first monster's neck like butter.

However, it was obvious that the friction of the blade cutting through the beast had both slowed his spin while also thrusting him further upward in the air, with him already using his leg to push off the still-airborne corpse while swinging up now into the arm of the ensuing beast.

No, he aimed for the *elbow*, again slicing right through like butter, the creature not even having time to react to its severed arm, as his momentum began to slow and he thrust downward at its neck.

Just like that, both monsters were decapitated, the two bodies and vampire still airborne, and I was only now colliding with the third, aiming my black claws for its neck.

However, the werewolf was just as fast, its own nasty razor-like claws trying to dig into my shoulders as mine sank into its throat, with it lunging its grinning snout forward directly for my face. Shocked to suddenly have a massive mouth full of needle teeth closing around my head, even despite my fingers burying deep enough to hit its spine, my instincts kicked in and I did the only thing I could think of.

I opened my mouth, suddenly enraged, and called forth my azure flames of hell.

“*DIE!*” I demanded as my words cut off into a rushing stream of unquenchable white and blue heat, the blast thrusting the monster’s disfigured head back with such force that it’s neck audibly snapped, with it still struggling to hold onto my shoulders, as its skin and muscle was eaten away, followed by its white skull rapidly blackening and beginning to disintegrate into ash.

We all landed at roughly the same time, two decapitated heads and their bodies, a graceful vampire with the body of a champion boxer, and me with a headless corpse that was still clinging onto my shoulders.

The old codger didn’t pay me any mind though, even as my fire continued, again focused on the enemy as all the

others seemed to finally join the fight, an uncountable number of hideous creatures either leaping into the air or beginning to rush head-on, coming from every direction, far too many to handle all at once.

But I was still breathing fire, and not about to stop.

Jerking my arms outward to force the clinging corpse to disengage, I dramatically increased the blue and white flames spewing from my throat, forcing the codger to jump backward as my onslaught widened, many of the airborne beasts colliding into burning heaps on the ground at my sides, while some of the others on foot halted in enough time to try to run away. Yet, my flames continued to spread like a ghost of death through the thick trees, flowing as if it were a heavy mist rather than normal fire. A mist of heat and death that rolled after my enemies...

And then I ran out of disposable magic.

Fuck!

Jumping backward toward the gate, I was shocked to see three more monstrosities leaping through the air, two of them with flames eating up their skin, all three aimed directly for me. And I wasn't sure I was going to get behind the invisible wall in time before they slammed into me.

The sound of a gunshot filled my ears.

CRACK !

A bullet exploded the leftmost disfigured head, continuing through the chest on the next, and through the gut of the third, all three hitting me now as limp bodies.

Holy fuck, was that a shot from Gwen?!

I used my wings to shove them away while leaping backward the last couple of feet through the open metal gate, seemingly another twenty monsters rushing at me, slamming into the invisible wall headfirst like massive insects pelting an impenetrable windshield.

“Fuck,” I hissed, only to reflexively jerk when another gunshot filled my ears.

CRACK !

I could hear Gwen cocking the bolt action mechanism as she ejected the shell and loaded another shot.

CRACK!

Each bullet was a headshot on the first, and it usually at least fatally wounded one other.

I heard blood splatter against the payment then, glancing back to see that the old man had just flung his sword toward the ground, ridding it of most of the cursed blood, only to focus on me, even as a few more werewolves tried to smash through the barrier with their heads.

“Amicus meus, inimicus inimici mei,” he said evenly in an aged voice. “Or as you say it, ‘*the enemy of my enemy is my friend.*’”

“Yeah, I guess,” I grumbled, glancing at the blonde who was clasping the black veil over her lower face now, only to focus forward on the ever-increasing numbers of monsters appearing. Fuck, and I was out of disposable magic too, even after gathering so much. How had I gone through all of it so fast? Was I just inefficient in using it?

Never mind the fact that I was beginning to feel pinging sensations on other parts of the inner barrier, as werewolves attempted to jump the stone fence in different locations, only to hit an impenetrable wall.

An impenetrable wall, that they’d somehow already penetrated twice.

“Someone is controlling this army,” the codger continued, as if he’d read my mind. “We take him out and the rest become an unorganized mass of teeth.”

CRACK!

Gwen took out three more, only for a machine gun to begin unloading into the crowd, possibly wielded by Serenity, attempting to disperse the gathering horde.

Fuck, where they ever going to stop coming?!

Just how many of these fuckers were there?!

“And how will we know which one is controlling them?” I asked seriously.

"You can fly, yes?"

I looked back at him in surprise, seeing him pull up his robe sleeve, sword still in hand in a reverse grip, to reveal the black markings on his left arm.

"Give me height. I will locate and take out the Apex."

Apex?

Apex *what*? Apex werewolf?

Fuck, was *that* what was controlling all these? And could such a creature even be that powerful? Powerful enough to break through these impenetrable barriers that even I couldn't get through? Or was slipping through wards and barriers truly a skill these monsters had?

"Fuck, whatever," I hissed, not thrilled about carrying around a passenger on my back like a horse. "Let's just get this done."

He nodded, sheathing his sword. "Permit my charge to shelter inside."

I focused on her, giving her a look up and down, noting from her thin body hidden beneath the dark cloak that she truly was useless and entirely just a liability. Of course, I also realized this man was fighting to keep her alive, and needed to not be distracted while eliminating the enemy.

An enemy that I also needed to be defeated.

And if she died, he'd have no reason to keep fighting.

"Go inside and hide," I demanded.

"Go," the codger added, as if anticipating her hesitation.

Her crimson eyes were pained, but she spun around and made a run for it, her blonde hair flowing in the air, her hand still clasped tightly over the veil hiding her disfigured mouth.

"Okay, let's get this done," I snapped. "Get on."

He shook his head. "My attack is dangerous. Better to carry, and keep my arm in front of you."

I looked at him in confusion briefly, only for him to turn slightly and raise his right arm. Realizing what he was implying, I quickly moved closer, being potently reminded

just how tall I was right now, towering two heads above him, only to duck my head down so he could get his arm over my horns and around my neck.

I then stood up straight, wrapping one arm around his waist as his muscular side hit against mine, his feet barely reaching my knees as I spread my wings and leapt into the sky. However, despite his obvious shortness compared to my larger form, his sheer bulk of muscle was more noticeable now, definitely being much larger than the average man, both in terms of height and girth.

Pounding at the air, I was a little surprised by how inconsequential his weight was to my ascension, realizing his sharp red eyes were already scanning the breaks in the trees for any sign of the leader. I began looking around as well, climbing even higher, to the point that we breached the first invisible dome residing above the mansion, realizing that I could finally see Gwen's gun now, aimed out of a window above what I assumed must be the library.

CRACK !

She fired again, taking out another couple enemies.

Continuing to look around, I didn't see anything noticeable in the visible mass at the gate, beginning to wonder if they were just the distraction while the real enemy breached through the wall somewhere else.

Circling around toward the east side of the building, more toward where Gwen was firing, my ears were unexpectedly filled with another stream of machine gun fire, just as I felt a twinge of pain combined with the blue symbols on my body lighting up.

Fuck!

The first machine gun was quickly doubled with a second weapon unloading nonstop, only for a third to begin repeatedly shooting, like aiming suddenly didn't matter. Because it *didn't* matter.

Urgently looking for where they were firing at, sensing the unexpected opening in the barrier, I realized all three

barrels were shooting out another window facing over the roof, aiming for behind the mansion.

Shit!

They'd really gotten through!

Disfigured beasts were beginning to flood through the rear gate, the stream of hideous monsters dramatically increasing as more joined from the dark trees to break through the bottleneck.

"There!" the codger exclaimed, pointed with his gloved left hand. "The man! He's in human form."

The man?!

Focusing in the direction he was pointing, I finally caught sight of the individual, partially hidden behind a tree trunk, appearing to be holding a short knife that looked *anything* but normal, a weird invisible distortion around the midnight blade, causing me to wonder if that item was how he was breaching through the barriers.

However, what was most striking about his overall appearance was that he looked uncomfortably similar to the bastard who had kidnapped Natalie, while being very different in so many ways.

Having the same greasy looking black hair, pasty skin, and a similar facial structure, he was anything but nerdy looking.

Tall, built, and composed, there was definitely a relation between the two, but this guy looked much more like the badass older brother, or possibly even the battle-hardened father, giving me a pretty good idea of why this attack was happening in the first place.

Even if I hadn't messed with this guy directly, it was obvious that I'd messed with his relative, prompting his apex werewolf instinct to crave crushing his enemy with the truly significant forces he wielded.

Or maybe this was just fun to him, to get to participate in a real war, to try to defeat a formidable enemy with the powerful army he'd amassed. And my stealing of one of his

indirect puppets was simply just me presenting to him a challenge he couldn't pass up.

Or possibly, that act alone was perceived as a huge threat to their hierarchy.

Either way, it was clear he was overall enjoying himself, even if there was no indication of a smile. And yet I got the distinct impression that he was content to sit back and watch his puppets die, his primary goal simply bloodshed *of any kind*. It was also possible he was waiting to capture his enemies to finally get more involved himself, so he could actually torture and kill with his own hands.

But it didn't matter, since there was no way in hell I was letting him win.

However, I was really thankful for the eavesdropping spell now, because it didn't look like he saw or heard us coming until it was too late, with the old codger asking me to stop moving my wings and just glide, as the cloak covering his arm began to disintegrate in the midnight light that was beginning to appear all over his skin.

Skin that was beginning to disintegrate as well, patches of his bulging muscle beginning to appear, his glove eaten away to reveal a hand that was already beginning to show white bone.

Fuck .

Unexpectedly, a howl filled the air, so high pitched that it was nearly ear shattering, prompting the man to immediately focus up at us as if he'd been tipped off to our exact location. His beady black eyes then widened as he seemed to focus on the glowing abyssal nonlight brightening in the sky, sincere fear finally crossing his previously hardened expression.

Clearly, he understood the significance of what he saw.

All at once, as if existing as one mind, every single monstrosity shifted their trajectory and began flooding right back out of the invisible opening, even more rushing out of the forest, while others ran along from other parts of the

rocky fence, all of them bolting as fast as they could for one location.

His location.

The old codger's voice boomed from his throat as his entire arm became nothing but bone and ligament.

"ABSOLUTUM DISSOLUTUM!"

A wide beam of pure darkness exploded from his body, following the trajectory of his bones, and instantly erupted into the mass of clustered bodies like a missile shot from a jet.

Yet, there was absolutely no sound as the entire army exploded into black dust, instantly vaporized into fine particles in the blink of an eye. Literally, there was a horde of flesh and bone one millisecond, and a thick cloud of black dust the next.

It hadn't killed all of them though, a few half-bodies dragging themselves across the ground, while some even managed to escape entirely, beginning to disperse into the trees. Still, possibly more than a hundred enemies wiped out just like that.

However, as Miriam said, it wasn't without cost.

What remained of the old man's hand abruptly fell off his body and plummeted to the ground far below, followed by the rest of his arm from the elbow down, only leaving what remained of his upper arm.

"Cazzo!" the codger unexpectedly exclaimed, gesturing with his bony protrusion. "He still lives!"

I urgently focused on the trees, seeing a large black mass dash full speed through the breaks in the canopy.

Fuck!

We couldn't let him escape! He'd just come back with more enemies next time!

"Drop me!" the old man ordered, lifting his right arm off my neck.

I wasn't about to second guess his decision, no matter how high up we were, because keeping this man alive was

not my priority. He was still an enemy, as far as I was concerned, and right now the more pressing threat was actively getting away.

I let go without hesitation, and let him plummet straight down to the ground below.

I heard him crash into a paved section with a sickening *crunch*, not about to look back to verify if he'd survived or not, instead trying to catch sight of my prey a second time.

But he was fucking gone!

Fuck!

Knowing he was partially trapped by the barrier, and would have to breech the second one again on his way out, I began pounding my wings in the general direction he'd been running, coming within a few hundred feet of the barrier when I finally felt a surge of pain erupt through my body as those blue symbols reappeared, alerting me to the location where he'd broken through.

He was more south, to my left, prompting me to quickly pound my wings harder as I aimed in that direction, knowing I had to find him before he broke through the final barrier and escaped.

Dammit!

Unexpectedly catching sight of a black mass moving through the thick brush, I saw the furry beast barreling straight for the last barrier, quickly catching up so that I was right over him, shocked when I realized the knife he'd been wielding was pierced through his massive left clawed hand, straight through the palm, seeming unhindered as he ran on all fours.

And the moment he reached the barrier, appearing to anticipate its location, he thrust his arm forward, slicing at the invisible wall with the blade, sending another wave of pain to rush through my body as he barreled through.

Fuck!

It was now or never!

Folding my wings as I exited the final invisible wall, I aimed for him as I barreled headfirst for the massive midnight mass of fur, not fully realizing just how large my target was until just before I smashed into its back.

Instantly, we were tumbling and rolling as claws and teeth met in kind, both of us thrashing at each other with everything we had, my enemy equally as large as I was, except clearly more experienced at fighting.

Before I knew it, his claws had sliced through my neck, cutting off my air entirely, as blood filled my mouth, his needle teeth attempting to close on my face, instead piercing right through my hand and trying to tear it off my body.

The unexpected damage sent me over the edge, my mind going blank as all thoughts were replaced with one emotion.

PRIDE.

My hand abruptly closed down on his lower jaw, even as his teeth sank deeper through my palm, my body strengthening the bond between my bones as it rapidly regenerated the muscle and ligaments, my wings sweeping around and stabbing into the monster's sides, my fingers of my free hand thrusting into my enemy's gut like a knife.

'NO,' I thought coldly, the world around me beginning to glow white, those yellow eyes going from *certain*, of their win, to *fearful* as my throat closed up.

I gripped underneath his ribcage as he began trying to pull away now, holding him tighter as I opened my mouth to speak, a flood of energy beginning to bubble inside of me, threatening to rupture out of my body.

My tone was cold and full of authority.

"I WILL LIVE, AND YOU WILL DIE," I demanded. "Cease to exist and become ash. *Incinerate*."

A blinding white light exploded around me, a brilliant blue flame consuming all before me.

And then, I was alone...

Covered in the ashes of my enemy.

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(7) CHAPTER 67: REVENGE

Death.

Death was my enemy, and also my judgement.

The very thing I sent others to, was the thing that I myself ran away from.

The very thing I counted on, in order to win, was also the thing I feared above all else, knowing that death claiming the wrong person would be an unforgivable loss.

Death was also the thing that made unlikely allies form an unbreakable alliance in battle. And death was also the reason why those unlikely allies became enemies the moment the battle was won.

The most pressing threat in my life was now gone, my werewolf enemy burned to ash by the unspeakable pride and rage that coursed through my soul. But my first enemy, the one who was responsible for forcing me to meet death in the first place, still lived and was still a threat.

Just from a single fight, I'd witnessed for myself that the elite vampire I'd fought beside was a shrewd and calculating man, capable of far greater destruction than I would have ever imagined.

But most importantly, I knew he wouldn't hesitate to turn on me if it was ever in his best interest.

And what was worse, he actually had a power that could defeat me.

A power that could force me to meet death again, and possibly be reclaimed this time.

Dead, forever.

Which was a big problem.

I'd never forgive myself if he took Serenity's life, and I hadn't taken action when I had the chance.

If I hadn't taken action while he was weakened from our earlier fight.

Maybe it was dishonorable for me to even consider such a thought, especially when our very victory depended in great part on the man who I was now planning to kill. But showing mercy now and regretting it later made me fear such a merciful action would be regretted.

Especially when I was reminded of the destruction this *Absolute Disintegration* spell could cause.

On my way back to the mansion, carrying the mysterious black knife that had allowed my werewolf enemy to break through Miriam's barriers, I came across some of the stragglers, who had managed to only lose a body part from the dark spell, most of them now looking human. However, even those who were relatively unharmed found themselves soon collapsed on the ground, their flesh having become almost diseased as the decay climbed up their body, continuing to eat them away even though they'd escaped the majority of the blast.

Which meant, even coming into brief contact was enough to ensure death.

Truly, while it cost that man his arm – a limb I was sure he could eventually regenerate – that spell was beyond lethal, and I was highly uncomfortable allowing such a person to continue to wield it when my temporary 'ally' might truly become my enemy again, now that we didn't have a common enemy to fight against.

However, when I finally reached the rear gate – initially sprinting at full speed to kill stragglers along the way before discovering it would be a waste of time – I was a little shocked to discover that Miriam was already taking things into her own hands.

Not wanting to interrupt, I stopped before she noticed me, though it was possible that she could sense my presence, given this new connection we shared as me being part-owner of her domain.

At the very least, while I knew from my strong connection with Natalie that she was inside the house right now, I could also vaguely sense everyone else, though they were all in sight at the moment.

Serenity and Gabriella were standing back a little, both wielding machine guns, lowered at the moment, while Gwen stood with her rifle aimed at the maimed old man, who was significantly more injured from the fall than I'd anticipated.

For one, jagged bones were showing out of his legs, and the side of his face was all bloody and dented, with his left eye appearing to be smashed enough to render it useless. And of course, his left arm was almost completely gone as well, with him being propped up on his right elbow, the only limb that was currently functional at the moment.

His expression was neutral, as if the pain didn't bother him and nothing currently happening came as a shock, looking up at the short succubus with a single impassive crimson eye.

Miriam was standing with a metal blade in her hand, this one looking like it was meant to be only decorative, having elaborate engravings in the gray blade. She was still wearing her leather pants, her ivory shirt still soaked through with sweat enough that it didn't hide her torso, her emerald eyes firm. Her black wings were also fanned out just slightly, as if to make herself appear larger and more intimidating.

Now that the overall threat was gone and the barriers weren't actively being attacked, all the lights in her mansion were on, and there were even a few light poles outside slightly illuminating the overall area. I had never been behind Miriam's mansion, so I was surprised to finally see the makeshift greenhouse on the right that led off the dining

hall, a breakfast room in between the two spaces, with a covered porch area extending across the majority of the rear side of the building.

There was then a patch of grass with a few trees, flowers, and other landscaping prior to the paved area where this man had fallen when I dropped him.

I'd heard the codger speak just a moment before, his voice low and deep, but I hadn't understood what he said, given that it was in a different language. However, I had no problem understanding Miriam's voice crystal clear as she responded.

"Yes, I fully agree. Which is why I'm only sealing you for now, instead of killing you."

His tone was reserved. "Risparmia la principessa," he responded.

"I will do the same for her," she said simply, only to continue. "If for no other reason than the fact that she caused little harm while she was trapped in my domain, and since having her death on my hands might cause me undesired problems," she added, lifting the decorative knife slightly.

The man didn't respond, instead closing his one good eye and otherwise remaining still, as if there was nothing left to say.

Miriam paused for a few seconds, seeming to assess him, before moving as fast as lightning, ducking down and plunging her hand forward all in one motion, expertly piercing the blade through the man's ribs.

All at once, he let out a breath of air, sounding like he was groaning as his skin grayed, his body beginning to shrivel up slightly.

His right arm then went limp, and his head fell back onto the pavement with a dull thud.

Just like that, there was a corpse lying on the ground.

Miriam stood back up, leaving the knife buried in the man's heart, and took a deep breath.

She then focused in my direction, with me still hidden in the shadows.

I sighed and stepped forward, causing Serenity and Gabriella to both give me expressions of relief, looking me over as if they were searching for some sign of me being injured. But all my injuries were already healed, though I had to admit there was a slight craving for blood now. Hopefully finding a deer later wouldn't be too much trouble.

But first, I wanted to ensure that everything here was fine.

"So you sealed him?" I wondered, sincerely curious, but also wanting to ensure she knew I'd at least heard part of her conversation with him.

She nodded. "Yes. I realize you fought together, and he was a huge help, but—"

I shook my head, cutting her off. "That power he wields is too dangerous. I was already prepared to kill him."

She looked at me in surprise, only for her expression to become sympathetic. "We still can, if you want. All we would have to do is leave him outside until sunrise. What I've done is put him to sleep for now, as a sort of compromise for him helping us, but we don't have to move him."

"What was your original plan?" I wondered. "Put him in a box or coffin indefinitely?"

She sighed. "First, before I respond, might I ask a question?"

A little confused, I shrugged. "Sure."

"Did the leader get away? The one controlling this army?"

I shook my head, surprised she didn't assume as much. "No, he's a pile of ashes."

She nodded, glancing at the midnight blade in my hand. "I had hoped as much, but didn't want to assume." She then took another deep breath. "As far as my original plan, it would be against my ethics to allow either of them to go free. Not when their very existence means death to the

humans I've committed myself to protect. But it would also be horrible of me to not treat them humanely, by keeping their sleeping bodies safe indefinitely, especially when they played such a huge role in saving our lives." She took another deep breath. "While intelligent vampires like this do obviously exist in our world, they would still classify as the type of threat I'd prefer to keep sealed behind the gate. Such creatures with any sense of morality are rare. Most view humans purely as food, and feel no more remorse for taking a human life, than a hunter might perceive the death of a deer."

"How did they even get on the other side?" I wondered.

She shrugged. "I have no doubt there are other such portals to that hellish world. Possibly they used it to escape some greater threat, since I can't imagine anyone going in willingly under other circumstances."

I nodded, glancing at the mutilated corpse. "Now what?"

"I've already uninvited his companion, thereby trapping her in my house. Though I never imagined that my barriers would interact with a vampire in this way, since usually the uninvited are able to leave unless I specifically keep them between barriers. But now, we need to find her and seal her as well."

"The princess?" I commented.

She frowned at that. "I suppose it makes sense that you might have figured out what he was saying, even if it *was* Italian."

I shook my head. "It's not just that. When I saw her back in the East Drawing Room, I recalled a memory of what happened just as I was waking up after being killed. For some reason, I understood everything they said, and I remembered him calling her princess then."

She sighed. "Well, if she truly is vampire royalty, then it would be in our best interest to not kill *her*, in particular. The last thing I need is to have that kind of threat come

knocking on my door, and for me to not be able to give them what they want.”

“But they shouldn’t be able to get in, right?”

She nodded, again glancing down at the midnight knife in my hand. “Yes, that’s correct. The fact that anyone managed to penetrate my defenses is shocking. But such creatures could still wreak havoc on the surrounding area. They could also kill anyone who might want to come in, trap me on my own property, and otherwise seal me off from the outside world until I ran out of resources.” She shrugged. “I could probably survive under certain circumstances, especially if you were here, but it would just be more favorable to be able to hand them their princess if they ever requested it.”

I nodded, focusing at the long covered-porch area, toward the greenhouse, or I guess conservatory, when I sensed Natalie was hurrying out of it.

Miriam looked over her shoulder too, in response to my gaze, just in time to see Natalie open the door, holding something in her hand. She also had two guns on her back, using the straps crisscrossed over her shoulders to secure them in place, one appearing to be a machine gun like what Serenity and Gabriella had, while the other looked like a fancy shotgun. She’d taken off the leather jacket at some point, leaving her body visible underneath the sheer black dress, only her vinyl thong and matching top keeping her from being completely exposed.

Gabriella spoke up then, prompted by the pause in our conversation.

“So are there a lot of vampire princesses, or just one?” my busty redhead asked seriously, continuing when Miriam focused on her. “Because if there’s only one, then it might be better to get on her good side, don’t you think? Or, to at least try to give her back, rather than waiting around for them to come for her.”

Miriam only frowned, not responding as she seemed to consider that.

Serenity chimed in. "And was it one of them that bit Gwen? Or is there still another creature inside the house?"

"Probably one of them," Miriam finally said. "But we shouldn't rule out the possibility that it was something else."

"No, I think it was definitely this vampire princess," I replied. "I saw under that veil she was wearing. Her mouth looks pretty messed up. And you said that Gwen's blood might hurt them like sunlight would."

Miriam nodded, turning to face Natalie as she ran over the grassy area, since her expression still looked urgent.

We all focused on her to see that she was holding the gold compass in her hands, the one that was supposed to locate the guy who'd kidnapped and tormented her, with her expression almost desperate as she focused on the short succubus.

"Is it still working?" she asked urgently. "I think it's still working. He's still alive."

Miriam's eyes widened in surprise as she moved closer and focused on the device she'd enchanted.

I spoke up. "I did see some stragglers. But they all looked like they were close to death."

Miriam gave me a serious look. "Then we'll have to hunt them all down, and ensure they all truly die, if that's the case. I do not wish to have monsters on my property every full moon." She then focused on Natalie. "Yes, it appears it's still working. He's alive."

Natalie immediately gave me a pleading look. "Can we find him? Please. I need him to die. He can't get away."

I nodded, holding up the black dagger. "Well, it seems he was here with all the others, and since I have this knife, he should be trapped between barriers now, since it feels like they're impassable in either direction at the moment."

"Precisely," Miriam agreed. "Although, please don't misplace that knife. Most likely, that weapon is a very ancient artifact, as such magic to create a tool that can cut through such powerful barriers has long since been lost. This item can never be allowed to enter the wrong hands ever again."

I nodded, carefully holding it out to her. "The last thing we need is for the vampire princess to get a hold of it, and we also can't afford for her to release this man either. I'll take Natalie, if you want to take the knife and deal with it."

Miriam hesitated for a second, before coming closer to carefully accept the blade, treating it like it was the most fragile piece of glass in the world...or like it was a cursed object, and one cut might be the end of her. However, based on *how* I'd seen the apex werewolf carrying it, literally stabbed through his hand, I doubted it was inherently dangerous to people, other than in ways a normal dagger might be.

But to a powerful barrier?

It might as well be sunlight to a vampire.

When Miriam turned away, still handling the knife carefully, Serenity spoke up, looking at me.

"Kai, what do you want me to do?" my sexy brunette wondered. "I'd like to go with you, but I understand if you need me to stay here."

"Probably better if you do," I admitted.

Miriam chimed in. "Serenity, if you want, you can come with me. Gwen will stay here to guard this body, and to ensure that sealing dagger doesn't somehow leave his chest, but in the meantime I still need to worry about that young vampire going on the offensive."

"Oh," Serenity said in surprise, glancing at me again, as if to verify if that was alright, and then nodding at her. "Of course. Gabriella and I can both come with you..." She paused, glancing at the busty redhead in question. "Unless you want to stay with Gwen?"

Gabriella shook her head. "I think we need to prioritize safety above all else, and Gwen can obviously handle herself. Not that Miriam can't, but I think it's best if I go with you two. Especially if that vamp is stuck in the house."

"Very well," Miriam agreed. "Then let's get this artifact locked away, and we can focus on finding the princess."

Serenity and Gabriella both nodded, quickly following after her when she picked up the pace toward the terrace, despite her short leather-clad legs.

I looked at Gwen, prompting her to speak up right away. "I'll be alright, master."

I gave her a nod, just as a nonverbal acknowledgement, and then began heading back toward the rear gate. Of course, Natalie was hot on my heels, seeming more than eager to catch up to the guy who'd caused her so much torment.

The guy who was also responsible for killing her parents in front of her, and even responsible for forcing her to be the one to lead them to their deaths.

At first, we followed the compass down the wide paved driveway leading away from the back side of the mansion, only for it to appear to begin curving around toward the main driveway that led to the front of the house, with me vaguely recalling that there had been a gated pathway more toward the local street Miriam lived on. However, instead of continuing in that direction, we were forced to begin trekking through the trees, our overall direction more northwest.

Granted, that was based purely on my own spatial awareness, since the compass would continue pointing in a single direction no matter which way it was turned, with the way Natalie was holding it being the only reason it was currently pointed toward the N.

It wasn't until we had almost walked to the invisible second barrier that we finally spotted a body on the ground,

appearing to be actively dragging itself with its arms, as if it's still-intact legs no longer worked.

Natalie immediately handed the compass off to me, assuming it must be him despite us not being able to confirm that yet at this distance, with her quickly unshouldering one of the guns. Specifically, the shotgun.

Picking up my pace in sync with her, we quickly closed the distance, the naked creature's greasy black hair finally tipping me off that it probably was him, seeing that his legs had that diseased looked that I'd seen on the others. Which meant, he would probably die soon either way.

But I knew that wasn't going to be enough for Natalie.

When we got close enough to be heard, with him beginning to turn his head to see who was coming, she abruptly cocked the shotgun, causing an empty shell to pop out in the process, indicating she'd already fired it at least once.

The panic on the bastard's face was obvious, our positioning being so that he saw Natalie first.

"W-Wait, let me e-explain!"

"Explain my ass!" she snapped, walking around him as if she was trying to ensure his escape route was cut off.

"He...he made me do it," he tried.

"Bullshit!" she snapped. "No one made you do anything! Fucking bastard!"

He was beginning to tremble, he was so panicked. "I...I'm s-sorry. I..."

I began moving more to the side too, prompting him to look up at me in shock as she continued.

"You're a fucking loser! A no-good loser, who had to force himself on others to get what he wanted!"

Shockingly, that fired him up, his expression suddenly pissed as he glared up at her.

"Fucking bitch!" he snapped, swiping at her leg. "I should have fucking killed you when I—" His voice cut off.

Natalie had easily yanked her foot back, and then lowered the barrel right up to his eye, causing him to freeze solid. The blue-haired chick's tone was suddenly calm and almost somber.

"You know what? Forget what you put me through. *This* is for my mom and dad."

She pulled the trigger.

CRACK!

His head literally exploded into chunks of flesh and bone, causing her to jerk back when some of it got on her legs.

She then focused on the nearly headless corpse in front of her, just staring at it like she couldn't believe he was really gone.

Like she couldn't believe it was really over.

I sensed she was going to fall even before she dropped the gun, with me reaching out to catch her just as her knees buckled. She immediately grabbed at me as a wave of intense emotions hit her all at once, everything from the agony of all she'd been through, to the guilt of being forced to be a part of her parents dying, as if achieving her revenge finally released everything she'd kept bottled up inside for the last year.

"Oh God," she unexpectedly sobbed, rapidly falling apart. "Oh God! I just want to die! I just want to fucking die!" she cried out, grabbing onto me even more as she became almost incoherent. "They're gone, they're all gone. He took everything from me," she sobbed. "Everything," she whimpered, her crying now too intense for her to speak.

I held her tightly against me as she let it all out, feeling the intensity of her bottled up emotions almost as if they were my own, as if I was the one mourning my own parents in a way I'd never done before. Feeling their loss all over again as something *more* than a part of my life disappearing. Experiencing it instead as if a part of my very soul had been severed from me and massacred.

Because, for Natalie, that's what it felt like, and finally eliminating the one responsible for her torment made that void in her heart exponentially more painful. Honestly, it was almost as if she hadn't been afforded the opportunity to really grieve until now. And she had so much to grieve for.

So she cried, and cried. Her entire world falling apart as if suddenly she had nothing to live for. No reason to *persist*. No reason to continue on. A fact that influenced the very core of her aura, causing the nature of it to waver slightly.

Because now, everything was gone, including revenge.

Everything was gone...

Everything...

Except one thing...

One person...

After a long while, her clinging to my chest became something else.

And very slowly, her sorrow and grief transitioned into something else.

She was no longer a ship adrift in the middle of a raging storm.

She had an anchor.

Except, it was more like a crane lifting her up, instead of holding her down.

Her ship was full of holes and she was sinking with no reason to even try to remain afloat any longer, only for a much larger ship to begin pulling her back to the surface. A much larger ship hoisting her onto its massive deck.

Thus, after a while...*her clinging became something else*

Something *more* ...

I honestly wasn't sure how Natalie would have coped if she'd somehow obtained revenge on her own, without my help, but it was very obvious she was having a major existential crisis with several major questions plaguing her.

What now?

What is there worth living for?

What's the point of it all?

Truly, the bond that werewolves shared was something else entirely, because I could *feel* these questions in my very core as if I was the one thinking them. And yet, I had answers for all of them, whereas the blue-haired vixen in my arms was slowly formulating her own responses, as she clung more and more desperately to me.

It wasn't until I heard notable movement in the distance that I finally loosened my grip.

I could feel her reflexively try to stay molded to my body, but our link was powerful enough for her to quickly realize we still had work to do. There were still werewolf stragglers that needed to be put down. However, that was an activity that could take all night, and I wanted to make sure everything was a hundred percent alright back at the mansion before truly embarking on that quest.

Still, if I could hear an enemy, might as well take it down while we had the chance.

Natalie finally pulled away fully and bent down to pick up the shotgun, the second rifle on her back almost slipping out of position in the process. I began to turn around, only to stop when I could sense she was going to request it.

"Hold on," she commented as she unshouldered the rifle while putting the shotgun back in place, focused down at the semi-decapitated corpse lying a few feet away. "I want to make sure he's dead with a silver bullet," she explained, aiming for his back.

The guy literally didn't even have half a head at the moment, but oh well. If she wanted to triple-check he was dead for good, that was fine with me. Honestly, I would have been fine with turning his body to ash on top of everything, but didn't have the magic for it, a topic that was growing more and more confusing with each spell I cast.

Like, seriously, I needed Miriam to start giving me magic lessons, because I didn't have a clue what was going on, or how I could use up so much so quickly, only to be

completely out and subsequently use a spell that required a ridiculous amount that seemed to bubble up from nowhere.

Kind of made me wonder if I fundamentally misunderstood what was ‘disposable’ magic.

Like, maybe I had a vast store of it hidden within me that I wasn’t aware of most of the time. Or maybe certain emotions triggered a rapid formation of what was needed to cast certain spells. Either way, I really needed to understand how it worked, so that I could be more effective at using it in a fight. Because it was obvious I couldn’t rely solely on my physical strength to win everything.

There were probably weapons and *definitely* magical spells out there capable of hurting me.

After Natalie put a couple silver bullets in the corpse’s back, for good measure, we tracked down the other straggler I’d heard, and put him out of his misery too.

We then began heading back for the mansion, with me not hearing any other notable signs of others who needed to be put down, but fully intending on ensuring none were left alive later on. Of course, my hearing was far above average, but it wasn’t nearly as precise as my sense of smell was, with it being more difficult to pin down specific sounds when there were a multitude of them. Granted, I could say the same about smells too, when it was a plethora of almost the same scent everywhere.

But with sounds, despite everything that had happened with the attack, the normal nighttime noises of crickets, tree frogs, bat squeaks, the occasional hoot of an owl, and everything else were in full swing, making other quiet noises more difficult to pick up on. And even a twig snapping wasn’t really significant, since I did hear the low grunting of a few deer toward the edge of the first outermost barrier.

A few deer which I might have to track down before the night was done, so that I could quench the slight craving I’d been plagued with, for a while now, after getting mildly hurt a few times.

Natalie was quiet as we walked back, but felt completely stable now.

Still somber, and a little emotionally drained, but stable.

She was tethered to me and that seemed to be her main focus now. The only thing that mattered at this point, at least in her own perception.

It wasn't until we got to the rear gate that I began to wonder how long we were gone, feeling like it might have only been twenty minutes at most, but still being surprised that a tarp had been placed over the maimed old man's corpse, a visible peak caused by the decorative knife in his chest, with Gwen having been replaced with Serenity now guarding.

"Oh Kai," she said in relief, shouldering her machine gun when she saw us walking through the open gate. "I was starting to get worried."

"We weren't gone that long, right?" I said in surprise. "Feels like it's only been about half an hour, at most."

She frowned at that. "Well, I heard a gunshot not long after you two left, and I guess I just figured you'd head back right away."

"S-Sorry," Natalie stammered. "That was sort of my fault."

Serenity shook her head, her expression gentle. "No, that's alright. We've kept pretty busy while you two were away. That vampire princess is already taken care of, and now both Miriam and Gwen have been running around to make preparations to take care of the bodies." She paused. "Gwen just dropped off this tarp a handful of minutes ago, just to ensure this guy doesn't get exposed to anything harmful, and said she'd be back with a wooden box to put him in for now."

I frowned at the mention that the young blonde vampire had already been dealt with, kind of surprised that they'd already found and stabbed her so easily. Especially since the blonde was mostly unharmed, unlike the older man who

couldn't exactly do anything to prevent getting stabbed in the heart with a knife.

"And how did that go?" I wondered. "Sealing the princess," I added for clarification.

Serenity frowned again at that. "Well, not how I expected. She didn't even try to hide or anything, unlike before. And the way Miriam handled the situation was a bit...unexpected. She pretty much just walked up to her, and stabbed her with another one of those fancy knives." She grimaced then. "I'm not sure what that girl was thinking, like if she thought we were all friends all of a sudden, or what, but she looked almost relieved at first, and then really betrayed."

Natalie spoke up with a scoff. "Yeah, I can imagine that getting stabbed in the heart with a knife when you weren't expecting it probably has that effect usually."

Serenity just sighed. "I don't know. The whole thing was just weird. Like, I realize having her struggle would have made everything more difficult, and I understand that letting either one of them go free isn't really an option, but I can't help but feel like we could have handled this differently."

"Differently how?" I wondered, doubting there really were other options. Especially since we were dealing with a couple of bloodsuckers, who I assumed required *human* blood to survive, and who also couldn't be trusted.

The older guy especially couldn't be trusted, and I hadn't exactly gotten over the fact that both of them were at least partially responsible for my death.

Well, *fully* responsible for the old man, and maybe partially for the girl.

And sure, maybe it could be said that the young blonde vamp hadn't made any of the decisions I was ultimately angry about, kind of just along for the ride, but I at least knew for a fact she was the one who sank her teeth into Gwen...

Or just a tooth? Since there was only a single puncture spot...

In the arm, of all places...

Oh well.

What was done, was done.

For now, probably best if I just made myself useful, so that this entire fiasco could be fully behind us.

When Serenity didn't respond, I sighed heavily.

"Okay, well, I think I'll go inside and see if Miriam needs me to do anything."

Serenity nodded, still seeming somber as she readjusted her gun on her shoulder and reached into her back pocket. "Okay. I should probably call Michelle anyway. She and Avery both have been worried that you were transformed for so long. I sent her a quick message to let her know we were okay, but I'm sure they're freaking out still."

I nodded, moving closer to give her a quick hug. Surprisingly, she let out a cute little gasp of relief and hugged me tightly in response, giving me a long squeeze before letting go.

"Will you be okay out here?" I asked seriously after pulling away.

She inclined her chin. "Yeah, I'll be fine. There are none of those *things* inside this area, and the rock wall is also a barrier, right? So nothing should be able to come in, not even through the gate?"

"Correct," I agreed. "And yeah, the barrier is working just fine. No one should be able to get in now that we have that weird knife."

She gave me a small smile. "Then I'll be fine," she repeated. "And the sooner we get these bodies taken care of, the sooner all this can be behind us. I'm glad the overall situation has been dealt with, but I never imagined something like this might happen."

"Me either," I agreed, taking another deep breath. "Okay, well just yell if you need something. I can hear fine now, so I

should be able to hear even a whisper if you're just outside the house."

She smirked at me and nodded.

I began walking again, past her and over the grassy patch between two younger trees, only to step onto the deck and make a right toward the conservatory greenhouse. Unsurprisingly, Natalie stayed right with me, and it took me a second to realize why I hadn't even considered suggesting that she stay with Serenity.

It was because of how it felt to be her alpha.

Even though she had full autonomy right now, I still couldn't help but feel like she was an extension of my own body, and since I planned on going inside, it just felt natural that she would too, similar to how I would expect my own arm to accompany me wherever I went.

Granted, I could ask her to stay and feel comfortable with it, but it just wasn't the first thought that popped into my head, my basic assumption being that she'd just continue to be my shadow as I went from one place to the next.

Although, there was another reason I wanted her with me too.

Even though she'd cried her heart out for the last twenty or thirty minutes, and felt mostly stable, I could sense that she would find it difficult to remain stable on her own. Because she was finding strength in the werewolf bond we had, feeling like she had a purpose by following me around, ready to obey my every wish, finding hope specifically in the concept of *who* she was following around.

In who she was *submissive to* .

In who she'd been *dominated by* .

Barely thirty minutes ago, and she'd lost sight of any reason to live.

She'd lost all light in her dark world.

But now, I was her light.

I was the one giving her hope, a hope that maybe the future wouldn't be so bad.

A hope that maybe her future might even be *more* than she'd hoped.

Because she had a good alpha, one she felt safe around.

And she found healing in that fact.

Healing in her willingness to serve me.

Healing and safety, in her position beneath me.

Which was all I'd essentially promised her.

So yeah, I'd keep her by my side for now, though I knew she'd never truly be away from me ever again. Even if we were separated by miles, she'd still be by my side.

As was the strength of a werewolf bond.

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(8) CHAPTER 68: MERCY

I'd never been in the conservatory before, having only seen the ensuing breakfast room in passing when Miriam took me this way through the dining hall, to get to the stairwell that led to the underground lab. Thus, I was pleasantly surprised by how nice it was inside, expertly designed to feel like a tropical paradise, just without the excessive heat and humidity.

And the subsequent breakfast room, through sliding glass doors, was also pleasantly designed with couches and low coffee tables, rather than a traditional dining table, feeling like a nice transition from the outside space to the inside of the house. The overall design was very open concept, much like the dining hall and grand foyer area.

The actual dining hall was empty, aside from the massive table, with no one in sight, so we passed through quickly on our way to the grand foyer.

It was there that we found Gabriella, standing next to a corpse with a knife sticking out of the chest, the redhead turned with her body angled more toward our direction, but looking toward the large front doors. I could hear Miriam and Gwen now, sounding like they were all the way on the east side of the house, carrying something heavy through the library just past the East Drawing Room, soon to be heading down the main hallway on the first floor.

"Hey," I said to get my busty redhead's attention, vaguely noticing that there was a strange smell in the air.

She squeaked and jerked a little in surprise as she focused on us. "Oh, Kai. You scared me." She glanced at Natalie, and then at me again. "Did you get him?"

I nodded as we moved closer, patting the compass in my shorts pocket. "Yeah, there might be some stragglers out there, but..." My voice trailed off as I focused down at the girl's corpse, shocked by how different it was from the old man. Mainly, whereas he almost became desiccated looking, and truly appeared to transition to a dead body, this girl's hair was still blonde, her skin still smooth and flawless, only looking an unhealthy gray like how Michelle looked when she was truly dead back at the hospital.

Honestly, I wasn't exactly sure how to quantify the difference, except to say that one shade of gray distinctly lacked the hue of life, whereas Michelle's transformed light gray was healthy and appealing in its appearance.

But this girl sincerely looked dead...and still young.

Her eyes were closed, so I had no idea if her irises were still crimson, assuming they must be, but she overall looked peaceful as if she might just be sleeping. Granted, the black veil was still covering the lower half of her face, hiding her bare teeth and cheekless jaw that made her look like a true horror of the night when exposed.

But right now, she looked exactly how a normal person might look at their funeral, just without the cosmetics to give her skin some fake color. It made me wonder why there was a difference, such as if maybe this girl was actually as young as she looked, rather than being hundreds of years old or something.

Gabriella continued, not seeming affected by my pause. "Well, just make sure you leave one of those monsters alive, so that Miriam can use them to break the curse on your stone."

Oh shit!

I looked at Gabriella in alarm, having completely forgotten about that.

She looked alarmed too. "You didn't already kill them all, did you?" she asked seriously. "Is that why you were gone for so long?"

I shook my head. "No." I sighed. "But dammit, I hope we can find one alive. We might actually have to make that a priority, since if there are any alive, then they might not be for long."

Gabriella simply nodded, with me not being surprised that Natalie didn't apologize for blasting that guy's head off, instead of waiting, especially not when we killed another straggler before heading back. At the very least, while I was sure that the blue-haired vixen didn't want to mess up my own plans, it was undoubtedly true that she really needed to see him dead for good.

Because, in a way, she could finally relax now, instead of feeling anxious that he was still alive and might get away if we didn't keep a close eye on him. Granted, he definitely would have died either way, considering that black curse magic had continued to spread up his body, rendering his legs immobile.

Glancing to the hallway opening underneath the twin staircases, I saw Gwen and Miriam come into sight carrying a single wooden box that was roughly two feet wide and tall, while also being roughly four feet long, metal handles on the ends. It was obviously designed to be a typical wooden crate, not meant to store a much longer human body, but I knew Miriam was just aiming for a temporary place to store the bodies for now.

However, I hoped they had another box, because one was probably going to be too small to cram two people inside, even if the older guy was technically missing an arm.

Miriam spoke up right away when she saw me. "Kai, I'll probably have you and Gwen carry this once we get the bodies inside this crate. I'm strong, but doubt I can handle that kind of weight."

I simply nodded as they carried the box over, the two of them straightening out so that they were walking side-by-side now, with the four-foot wooden crate in between them.

She continued. "Just don't use these handles, since they weren't meant to deal with that kind of weight either. More than likely, they'll just tear right off the wood."

"Sure," I agreed hesitantly. "But do you think they'll both fit in there?" I wondered.

"This is just to transport them safely to the hidden basement. I'm afraid I don't have containers long enough to really hold them long-term. I'll have to procure a couple of coffins for that."

"Cliché," Gabriella commented simply.

Miriam simply shrugged as they set the box down about two feet away from the body. "Well, if you think about it, a coffin is literally designed to hold a body. If all you care about is having something just large enough to store a person's corpse, then a coffin is the perfect tool to do so."

"Make sense," Gabriella agreed. "So how are we going to do this? Just pick her up and toss her in?"

"*Carefully*," Miriam emphasized. "We will *carefully* put her in. That knife is exactly where it needs to be, and we don't want to mess with it."

"Right," Gabriella replied. "I didn't mean that literally."

"I figured, but didn't want to chance it," Miriam said with a sigh, while I moved closer to the body in preparation to help pick the blonde vamp up.

Unexpectedly, I became hyperaware of the scent I'd noticed when Natalie and I walked into the room, suddenly realizing what I should have noticed before - that it wasn't a scent at all.

At least, not a physical one.

It was an aura.

A powerful aura left behind, like what had happened with Natalie, this one full of fear, agony...and betrayal.

The kind of betrayal that was felt after a brief glimmer of hope appeared, only for it to be crushed into oblivion. A small spark igniting, just before being snuffed out.

The sensation was so overwhelming, so powerful, so *agonizing*, that I uncontrollably dropped to my hands and knees, experiencing those emotions as if they were my own for a couple of seconds, feeling that terror, experiencing that crushing betrayal, stunned by the intense overwhelming potency.

“Kai!”

All four women said my name urgently, only for Miriam to continue right away, sounding extremely alarmed. “Kai, what’s wrong?!”

Still on my hands and knees, I focused on the gray face so close now, only to look up at Miriam with a pained expression. I almost felt *bitter* all of a sudden, and didn’t even fully understand why.

She just seemed confused by the look. “A-Are you mad at me for sealing her? I thought you were angry at both of them.”

I struggled to speak as I sat back on my heels, holding onto my thighs in the process, gripping my legs firmly as I tried to stabilize myself. “I...I’m not mad, it’s just...Miriam, don’t you feel that?”

Her emerald eyes widened. “What do you feel? An aura?”

I focused up at her in surprise, stunned that she didn’t sense it as I nodded.

Her emerald gaze shifted to the corpse again, seeming to look her over before responding. “Well, I can detect that something is there, but it’s too faint to really sense it. Might be because she’s female and you’re part incubus, since I personally tend to sense male auras better than female auras. Although, I honestly didn’t think much of it, since it’s not uncommon for people to leave behind an aura when they’ve been killed.”

Killed.

That’s what this was.

That’s what I was feeling in this aura.

It was the sensation of being killed when it wasn't expected, just like Natalie mentioned earlier.

I looked up at the short minx in shock. "So then, sealing them is essentially like killing them," I realized, wondering why such an obvious fact hadn't fully sunk in previously. I mean, obviously, they were dead, but the assumption that they could come back to life made me not realize the significance of that fact.

That they were still dead.

That they'd both still been killed.

Just like I'd been killed only a day ago, prior to coming back to life.

And dying still felt like *dying*.

Miriam grimaced. "I'm sorry, Kai. I didn't mean to upset you. I assumed we were on the same page about the threat they pose, and you seemed completely on board with how I handled the other guy. I would have talked with you about this first, had I known you would have had a different opinion."

I was shocked by the direction this conversation had taken, causing me to sigh heavily. "Well, I *didn't* have a different opinion, but this aura..." I focused up at her, finally realizing how truly bizarre it was that we were even talking about this. "Honestly, I'm kind of surprised you care what I want so much, as opposed to just doing what you know needs to be done."

She mimicked my sigh, resting her hands on her bony hips. "Kai, this brand new relationship of ours is *so* very important to me. Yes, it would be detrimental to let either one of them go free, and I would make a point to ensure you understood the implications of such a decision, that lives would be lost if we let them go, but I wouldn't risk *us* over something like that. Our relationship is too important."

I nodded, taking a deep breath. "Well, as I said, I didn't inherently have a problem with this plan."

"But now?" she said hesitantly, her emerald eyes deeply concerned.

I didn't respond, instead focusing on the fear and betrayal I was sensing, hoping that it would be like Natalie's aura, where it was similar to a snapshot of the whole thing, allowing me to get to the core of who this person was.

And then, I felt it, the essence of what made up the foundation of this aura.

It was surprisingly neutral feeling, giving me no indication what kind of a person this girl was, other than this one trait, which seemed neither good nor bad. Unlike Natalie, who I knew might be stubborn due to her aura's defiant nature that arose from her core personality trait to press on and persist, no matter what, I found this core difficult to define.

The neutrality of it implied nonconfrontational, almost as if she would go out of her way to avoid conflict, as if she completely opposed discord, and her life revolved around that aspect of her personality.

But then, as I tried to think of a name to call it, the word that came to mind was not what I was expecting.

Because if Natalie's core aura could be defined as Defiance...

This girl's aura could be defined as *Compliance* ...

I honestly had no idea what that might even mean, but realized it made sense given her role as a supposed princess, who might live a life where she did as she was told, rather than one of superficial freedom where she did as she pleased.

However, I felt like one thing was clear...

She wasn't a threat like that man was.

Miriam spoke up again when I didn't respond, getting down on her knees to get my attention, almost like a physical gesture of her desire to be on my level. To do things together, rather than apart.

"Kai," she said simply.

I looked up at Gabriella's somber expression, and then glanced back at Gwen, before focusing on the small redhead in front of me. I then sighed heavily, glancing at the dead blonde next to me. "So...vampires inside your mansion can't leave without your permission," I commented quietly.

Miriam hesitated, seeming uncertain about what I was trying to say. "Normally, that's not how 'being invited' or 'uninvited' works, but yes. It appears that's the case. For them."

I nodded. "Obviously, that man is dangerous, and highly skilled at fighting. But..." I paused to glance up at her. "But do you think this girl could pose a risk to your safety? If she wanted to?"

Miriam seemed to choose her words carefully. "It's not a risk I would normally take." She then sighed heavily, glancing down at the corpse too. "But no. At least, not within my own domain. There are certain measures I could take." She paused again, looking back up at me tentatively. "Why, Kai? What are you wanting me to do? Because if she does try harming me, then it might mean I'm forced to really kill her. And not only me. I still have humans who work here, and if she brought harm to even one of them..." She paused with a grimace, seeming sincerely disturbed by the idea of one of her humans getting hurt, only to take a deep breath. "She'd have to agree to drink from blood bags, which I can get her without a problem, but if she hurts even one person..." Her voice trailed off again as she gritted her teeth.

I sighed, knowing this concern was truly who Miriam was. She cared about regular people, and had dedicated her life to protecting them. I spoke quietly. "I mean, can we wake her up and give her a choice? Or at least try to get a read on what kind of person she really is?"

Miriam frowned at that. "What kind of choice? Because I'm not interested in treating her like the princess she supposedly is. She'd either have to agree to be my prisoner

here, and work for me like one, or else it would be better to just keep her sealed.”

I nodded in understanding, but didn’t respond.

Miriam continued. “Honestly, Kai. It’s almost like she’s sleeping right now. And waking her up, only to decide to seal her again would be much worse than just letting her be, indefinitely. We’d be forcing her to experience death twice that way.”

“I don’t think we’ll need to seal her again,” I blurted out. “I think she’ll do as you ask.”

“And what makes you think that?” Miriam asked seriously. “I mean, if she’s really a princess, she’s probably been pampered as hell all her life, and doesn’t understand the concept of doing anything other than exactly what *she* wants.”

I shook my head. “The core of her aura doesn’t feel like that.”

Miriam pursed her lips, not responding this time.

I looked up at her again to meet and hold her gaze, both of us quiet for a long few seconds.

She finally sighed heavily, her voice almost somber but somehow adorable as hell. “I will follow your lead, my love. Just know that we will both have to deal with the consequences. But if this is the route you wish to take, then go ahead and pull out the blade. You have to be the one to do it though. This is your decision.”

I scoffed playfully at that. “Yeah, but sounds like you’ll have to deal with the headache of that decision.”

She nodded with a small smile. “A headache I am willing to accept because I love you. But not one I want to accept if you’re not fully committed.”

I nodded, focusing on the blade within arm’s reach, realizing it didn’t feel nearly as simple as just reaching out and grabbing it. Truly, I understood the implications of this decision, and yet I knew what I wanted to do, because I

could still feel the overwhelming sense of betrayal and fear in the aura hanging over the girl's dead body.

Thus, with a deep breath, I scooted closer and reached out to wrap my fingers around the hilt.

I then began slowly pulling upward, not planning on going all the way, but instead wanting to just go far enough that the effect was lost. That way, I could easily just stab it back into the same spot if I decided this was a bad idea.

However, it wasn't until I'd pulled the blade all the way to the tip that there was a change.

Suddenly, the girl's chest rose slightly and she sucked in a shallow breath, only for everything to change in an instant.

One second, it was like she was waking up from a peaceful slumber, and the next it was like she was panicking.

Her crimson eyes flew open in alarm, and her hands immediately went for her chest, finding the knife with ease and gripping the blade with everything she had, trying to push it away.

However, my arm stayed in place, her red eyes finally locking onto me as tears rapidly filled them, blood beginning to pool through her fingers as she clasped the dull knife with all her might, using every ounce of her strength to try to prevent it from going in again.

It was the most raw desperation I'd ever seen in another person.

She didn't want to die.

She wanted to live.

The whole thing transpired within a matter of seconds, and when she realized she couldn't push the knife away, her tears began brimming over as a whimper escaped her throat, all while she started shaking her head back and forth, her crimson eyes pleading.

Yet, she didn't say a word.

It took me a second to realize why that might be, wondering if more than just her cheeks were damaged. What about her tongue?

Fuck, she was totally mute right now!

No wonder I hadn't heard her even *try* to say anything, other than a scream previously. Really, the only time I'd heard her speak was in my own memory, when she was asking the old man if killing us was really necessary for them to survive.

When she started groaning desperately, the sound pleading as if she was begging us to not hurt her, her legs tense now as well, Miriam finally spoke up.

"Princess," she said both firmly and respectfully. "I need you to calm down and pay attention. Can you understand me? I'm afraid my Italian is a little rough. I can understand it much better than I can speak it."

The blonde whimpered again, focusing up at the short redhead when she moved closer on her knees, only to groan more loudly, more pleadingly, sounding like she was choking as she tried to communicate her desperation.

Miriam was unfazed, her tone hard. "I'll take that as a yes. You have two options. Either we seal you again, or else you will live here as my prisoner and do as I say. I expect..." She paused when the girl only became more frantic as she nodded urgently, her expression even more pleading, her body shaking violently now as she held onto the knife still resting on her chest, more blood dripping from between her fingers. Miriam spoke to me more quietly. "Kai, go ahead and put the blade to the side so she stops panicking." She then continued, speaking to her. "Don't move," she added firmly.

As I slowly pulled the knife away, the blonde let go, but left her bleeding hands in the air where they were, as if to show she would obey in the most literal sense possible. She was told not to move, and so she literally wouldn't budge an inch, having frozen solid.

"Hold still," Miriam emphasized, reaching out for the veil, which immediately prompted the girl's red eyes to widen in alarm, only for her to whimper as she closed them and turned her head away slightly, her bleeding hands still trembling in place over her chest. "So," Miriam said as she peeked under the veil. "It really was you who bit my maid."

The girl only whimpered in response, more tears squeezing out of her eyes as she trembled between us in sincere terror.

Miriam focused up at her maid. "Gwen?" she said simply.

The tall woman spoke without hesitation. "I sense sincere remorse in her thoughts, although that's about it. The shadows are difficult to distinguish, possibly because she's so frightened and panicked."

The girl tensed at that, her eyes still closed, but stopped whimpering.

"Well," Miriam said with a heavy sigh. "I don't feel right about making assumptions when she can't even speak in her own defense right now, so I'll reserve such questions for after she's had a chance to recover." She focused up at me. "However, it'll be at least half a day before I can get some blood delivered, so now we just need to decide if we should seal her again, until then."

I gave Miriam a confused look, wondering if she was being serious, only to focus down at the girl the moment she reacted to that, urgently shaking her head back and forth with her eyes closed, whimpering loudly now in obvious defeat, the pitiful noises she was making being an obvious indication she'd do just about anything to stop this from happening again.

It was like everything about her nonverbal body language was saying the same thing.

Please. Please don't.

Miriam abruptly reached out and grabbed the girl's jaw firmly over the veil, causing the blonde's entire body to

stiffen all over again as she whimpered with her eyes still closed.

“Look at me,” the minx demanded.

The girl opened her crimson eyes, but it was obvious she probably couldn’t see her clearly, given the tears that cascaded out.

“I view you as a threat, and you’re not welcome here. So this is the only chance I’m giving you. Even one misstep, and that knife is going back in your heart. Or, I might even just toss you outside in the sunlight. Understand?”

She whimpered in response, her curled bleeding hands still trembling over her chest.

“Gwen? Does she understand?” Miriam asked seriously, still holding onto the girl’s jaw.

“I think she does, mistress,” she replied simply. “I sense no ill intentions in her thoughts.”

“Good enough for now,” Miriam sighed, letting go of the girl’s face. She then stood up, focusing down at me. “Kai, I’ll hold onto the knife, if you and Gwen would please take this crate outside and load up that man.”

I nodded, holding it out as I stood up too, handing the decorative blade off to her. “We also need to capture one of the stragglers to use on the stone.”

Her emerald eyes widened. “Oh shit! You’re right! With everything happening, I completely forgot.”

“Me too,” I agreed. “It was Gabriella who reminded me. But how long would it take to actually do, because finding someone who isn’t already dying might be difficult. Like, it’s possible all the survivors might be dead within the next half hour, if not sooner.”

“Fuck,” she hissed with a grimace, only to focus on Gwen. “Okay, change of plans. Gwen, you keep an eye on our unwelcomed guest, and I’ll go with Kai to find someone to sacrifice.”

“Yes mistress,” the maid replied, moving closer to accept the blade from her.

Miriam then focused on me. "Kai, I'll meet you out back. Please wait for me while I go grab your stone." She then took off underneath the twin staircases and down the hall, moving with surprising grace and speed in her leather pants.

I wasn't sure why she preferred I didn't go with her, maybe to avoid me asking a bunch of questions if she was going someplace I hadn't been yet, but knew time was of the essence and it was better to just do as she wanted for now. Thus, I gave Gabriella a quick hug, asked Natalie to stay with them since she wouldn't be able to help, and headed through the dining hall to get back outside.

Serenity was glad to see me, still diligently guarding over the tarp-covered body, but quickly grasped the urgency of the situation, with me already focusing more heavily on my hearing, standing near the gate, to see if I could pick up on any notable sounds.

But there was nothing.

Dammit!

Surely, they weren't all dead, right?

There had to be more than just a handful that got away, maybe even a few who weren't close enough to shield the main guy from the attack.

Shit, I wasn't sure at this point, but my sudden desperation got the better of me, prompting my body to turn gray again as I sprouted out my wings and leapt for the sky, adorned only in my black gym shorts as I began to circle the mansion while I listened more closely to the surrounding sounds.

It wasn't until I heard Miriam run out back that I focused on the mansion again, realizing I needed to either resume the search on foot, or else pick her up...

Or at least, that's what I'd *been* thinking, prior to watching her spread her midnight wings and leap into the sky when she caught sight of me.

Shit, I knew she had wings, but I was so used to being the only one who could fly, that the two concepts completely slipped past each other in my mind.

But damn, Miriam could really fly!

And fuck, she looked so hot in her leather pants, her ivory shirt having dried out some so that she didn't look nearly as exposed, though the damp material was still hanging provocatively on her cute tits.

Her expression was serious as she caught up to me in the air, with me just gliding as I examined her, noticing that she had a bottle of dark fluid in one hand, only for her to seem surprised at the look.

She then cracked a smile. "Did you forget I had wings, or do you just like what you see?" she asked playfully.

"Both," I admitted. "Err, sort of," I added, since I obviously hadn't forgotten she had wings, instead just that she could fly. "Sorry, I know it's not the time to get distracted." I then sighed. "Miriam, I can't hear anything other than normal wildlife."

She frowned at that, looking around below. "Well, I do have a lot of land. Just over two thousand acres. Maybe one of us can search from the sky, while the other searches on foot."

I nodded in agreement. "I'll go on foot then, and hopefully be able to follow their scents too. Only problem is, there were so many of them, and they all smell so similar, that even that is going to be difficult to trace."

"Okay," she agreed. "I've got your stone in my pocket, so it's safe. I'll call out if I spot something."

"Thanks," I replied, beginning to fold my wings slightly into a controlled fall, aiming for the trees toward the back of her property, considering that's where pretty much all the enemies had been heading prior to the disintegration spell attack.

Being well aware that most of the stragglers should be trying to escape, I decided to go straight for the second

barrier, with me assuming they'd be trapped within, planning on just running in a spiral circle all the way around her property until I heard, smelled, or saw something of any significance.

All we needed was just one to still be alive.

Just one.

Thus, the moment I hit the tree line, I folded my wings and dropped to the ground, landing on one knee and then pausing to listen to the sudden silence, the noise I caused prompting a temporary break in the crickets and tree frog chirps. But then they started up again, and I was off, running as fast as I could along the edge of the second barrier.

When I came across the first body, I had a brief spark of hope, only to realize I didn't hear a heartbeat, and that the majority of the guy's naturally tan skin was pitch-black. Thus, I continued running, being a little less optimistic when I came across a second body, followed by a third.

All of them had managed to escape complete obliteration, but had still been hit just enough to slowly meet their fate before they even had a chance to realize they were trapped within an invisible cage.

The whole time, Miriam was silent up above, seeming to have picked up my intention and loosely following my spiral pattern, but with her starting from the middle between the innermost third and second barriers. Which was a smart decision, in my opinion, since most had probably at least gotten that far.

But even after making the first loop around the entire second barrier, and even after coming across more and more bodies on my second pass a little further in, I couldn't find any others that were still alive. And really, as I thought about it, even the two guys that Natalie and I had killed looked pretty close to death, even though the curse had only creped up half their body.

Fuck, surely at least one of them managed to not get hit by the blast!

Or maybe one that had been nicked by a silver bullet?!

Deciding to abandon my pattern temporarily just as I was finishing up the second loop and starting on my third, having lost a lot of hope after seeing several dozen dead from the disintegration spell, I instead aimed straight for the mansion again, planning on checking near the front gate where I knew Gwen had nicked quite a few in nonlethal areas.

Of course, she'd used silver bullets, but I felt confident those weren't an instant kill if it hit in the arm or leg.

So then, maybe one of them was still alive.

Even after over an hour...

Again, Miriam seemed to pick up on what I was doing, because she shifted her trajectory in the air, following my lead as she aimed for the mansion too. She then began flying lower and lower as I got close enough to the northwest side of the wall to start running along it, aiming to get to the southern front gate.

By the time I reached it, she was practically hovering right above, watching me jump from body to body, double-checking if any were alive. Of course, all the previously mutated bodies were in their human form now, but none appeared to be among the living.

Fuck!

Beginning to go further into the trees, looking for blood trails or any other sign that would help me pin down another body, since the sea of werewolf scents was too much to be helpful, I felt my heart skip a beat when I suddenly heard the faint heartbeat of someone else.

Shit, we found one!

Not wanting to tip our catch off that they'd been discovered, I simply picked up the pace as I ran straight for the sound, even more relieved when I saw a pale naked

body lying facedown on the ground, the breathing so shallow that it was virtually nonexistent.

Miriam didn't have to be told what to do.

She quickly began flapping through the foliage, waiting until she was much closer to the ground before dropping down, only to run up beside me to focus on the naked form before us. The pale body hadn't been harmed by the disintegration spell, but it had definitely been shot with a silver bullet.

Dark veins were running all up his body, originating from a spot in his thigh, looking like a vine of death was growing just underneath the skin, having spread virtually everywhere like the roots of a weed.

Miriam quickly began uncapping the bottle she held, with me finally realizing what it was when I caught a whiff.

Blood.

Specifically, her blood.

It smelled like her. An almost intoxicating aroma.

"I don't know if he's going to live long enough for this," she said urgently. "But we have to try. He might be the last survivor."

I abruptly held my hand up, just as she looked like she was going to start dribbling some on the ground, hearing the guy's heart falter and stop.

"He's dead," I whispered, feeling completely at a loss.

She looked at me in shock, only to grimace as she focused on the motionless body. "Fuck."

I sighed heavily.

"I'm so sorry, Kai," she whispered, slowly recapping the bottle. "We can keep searching, but I don't think these guys are just being really quiet. As you mentioned earlier, it may be that there are none left."

"Dammit," I muttered, wishing I'd just thought of this sooner. How had I forgotten that was part of the plan? I mean, the unexpected attack kind of shifted my priorities entirely, with me just wanting to ensure everyone survived,

but afterward it truly hadn't occurred to me that we still needed at least one alive. Not until Gabriella mentioned it.

"I'm sorry," she whispered simply.

I took a deep breath in resignation, still planning on searching a bit longer, but knowing she was right. They might all really be dead, which meant...

"So, I guess this means..." I took another deep breath.
"You'll have to go with your original plan."

"Kai, I'm..." She grimaced and looked away.

Fuck. At this point, I was pretty much willing to not even worry about the cursed stone, and just forget about the mystery message altogether. But still...

"Does it have to be a guy?" I finally asked seriously.

She took a deep breath. "A guy is ideal partially because the intended target for the stone and curse, you, is also male. But no, Kai. I should be able to use a female as the scapegoat. But just keep in mind that she might die if it goes wrong. Maybe it's a double standard, but I have a difficult time bringing harm to women or children. If I was going to take the risk, it's easier on my conscience to use a man as a scapegoat. Not that I won't use a woman."

Dammit, was it even worth it?

Would I regret *not* doing it?

When I didn't respond, she continued. "Would it be better if you helped me?" she asked hesitantly.

I glanced down at her. "What do you mean?" I wondered.

She frowned. "This kind of delicate process is one in which I need raw lust to fuel the magic, specifically from the scapegoat. Otherwise, it would be impossible to designate a different target for the curse, if I used magic my body had already processed and stored into an opal. But you could help me with that part."

My eyes widened in surprise. "Like...a threesome? With you, and some random chick?"

She nodded slowly.

"But what about the 'her dying' part?"

She shrugged, her tone suddenly more lighthearted, like she was intentionally trying to lighten the mood. "We could pick an insufferable bitch who wouldn't be missed," she said casually. "Someone physically appealing, but who has all the worst possible qualities humans are capable of. The kind of girl men can't decide if they want to fuck or just slap in the face. That way, the world would be a better place if things go wrong, and when everything likely goes as planned, then you won't regret never seeing her again." She paused, growing a bit more serious again. "That's the best we can do though, at this point. At least, without having another enemy to sacrifice. Maybe the cameras will pick up on a straggler."

I sighed. "Just feels kind of evil," I admitted. "Targeting someone like that. Even if she'd be more than happy to participate."

She shrugged a second time, her tone again more lighthearted. "Killing an insufferable bitch, just because she's a bitch, would definitely be evil. But honestly, the risk of it going wrong is probably no higher than the risk such a person might take just from getting in a car. She'd be more likely to die of an accident than..." Her voice abruptly trailed off. "Oh...Sorry, my love, that was inconsiderate of me."

I looked at her in surprise, only to realize what was on her mind. The knowledge that a car accident was exactly how my parents passed away.

I sighed heavily. "It's fine. And I get it. No matter who we pick, you'll probably have to kick them out the next day, with them wishing they could stay."

"Precisely," she agreed with a small smile. "But, at least this way, if it doesn't go well, then it'll be to one of the worst possible humans, aside from an actual criminal." She paused. "I do sort of have a limit on who I'll fuck. Homicidal and abusive humans exhibit the same repulsive aura that most incubi have."

I frowned, speaking without thinking. "Well, hopefully that limit now goes further than their aura, right?"

She grimaced at that, her expression immediately somber. "Yes, of course, my love. I want you so much, and it's why we're even having this conversation. I don't want to fuck anyone else without you there too, or at least not without your permission. And honestly, aside from this situation, I'll never fuck anyone else again, if you want, aside from you."

I couldn't help but smile a little at that, sensing just how serious she was being right now. "Well, you can at least fuck Gwen for sure. And then, I guess we can just ease into things from there. I really enjoyed how much we fucked this evening, but don't want to rush into things any more than we have."

She nodded. "I understand, baby. And that's the same general conclusion I'd come to. It's been easier to accept than I was anticipating, but I knew the moment I fell for you that there was really only one way this was going to turn out. Especially when I *need* you so much more than you seem to need me." She sighed. "And I'm fine with that, so we'll work together to try to figure out this curse thing." She smiled just slightly. "Or rather, *fuck together*, to figure out this curse thing," she added more playfully.

I knew she was trying really hard to lighten my mood.

I gave her a small smile. "So now what?" I wondered.

She sighed. "I guess, let's keep searching, just in case. Try to cover everywhere within the second barrier, and then we can even go out to the first barrier and check to see if maybe one somehow got caught between those. Werewolves do have a nasty reputation of slipping through even the toughest of magical defenses."

I nodded, not very optimistic, but definitely on board for that plan.

And, at the very least, I still needed to hunt down a deer to crave my own lingering desire for blood.

So that's exactly what we'd do.

We'd keep looking.

Cover the expanse of her whole property.

And then, if we still didn't find at least one survivor, we'd just have to count our losses, focus on the vampire issue, and go from there.

Not the most ideal situation, but considering we all could have died tonight, or that I might have at least lost the people most important to me, I wasn't going to let it weigh me down.

Serenity, Gabriella, Natalie, Miriam, and Gwen were all safe, and the looming threat, one that was far greater than we anticipated, was dealt with as well. Which meant we had time to figure everything else out.

Or at least, I hoped.

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(9) CHAPTER 69: CURSE

Despite having lost most of our hope that we'd find a straggler who managed to survive being mortally wounded, Miriam and I still searched both within the second barrier, as well as the much more expansive first barrier furthest away from her mansion, in an effort to continue looking for just one survivor.

But we found none alive, with all the bodies in the outermost area having been struck down by Miriam's crazy powerful lightning storm attack, being little more than indistinguishable charred husks as a result.

We even checked outside of the barriers entirely, with her dropping down to the forest floor to jog with me as she led us to the edges of her property, areas that weren't within her circular 'domain' even though she owned the land. It was there that we found a handful of abandoned vehicles that had driven through the trees, though there wasn't even close to the number of cars that would be required to transport the hundreds upon hundreds of enemies that attacked us.

Miriam surmised that probably the apex leader, along with a few select alphas, had come via vehicle, whereas the others were required to traverse the landscape as monsters. However, being that her idea was only a theory, she planned on contacting the local police department, all of whom she had long since charmed into practically obeying her every wish, to handle making sure all evidence disappeared.

Which would include body disposal, as well as making sure that a bunch of abandoned vehicles scattered

throughout the area – in the event the hundreds of enemies all came via car – didn’t hit the news headlines.

I could almost imagine it now, seeing on the TV about how a ton of unexplained disappearances had occurred in one small area, them finding over fifty cars just randomly abandoned. With it growing more suspicious the more vehicles they found.

It was the type of case that Nick would probably get put on, except that it might be a detective who was just as good, but who didn’t have any kind of incentive on keeping what really happened a secret. Just what we’d need, for someone to come snooping around who might really have to be ‘dealt with’ in order to avoid things getting out of hand.

Of course, the biggest problem was that Miriam couldn’t outright compel men like I could women, instead using their addiction to her as the primary source of control. Something that was hard to achieve if she wasn’t going to actually fuck them.

Just meant that I might have to experiment compelling men too, as much as I wasn’t a fan of the idea, not being interested in having a guy look at me like I’d seen women do. But, I supposed it was better than the alternative, and if it didn’t work, then I wasn’t sure what we would do.

I supposed we might have to resort to blackmail...or worse, just killing people who caused problems, but I knew that last option was something Miriam would definitely be against.

She was a vegetarian after all, and not because she loved animals.

It was because she opposed death.

All death.

At least, whenever possible.

She was also level-headed enough to know when it was necessary, but I still felt confident she wouldn’t want to kill a human who was just doing their job in investigating a serious incident.

Once we had pretty much covered the majority of her two-thousand, or so, acres of land, having at least *seen* a good portion of it as we ran through, we finally arrived back at the mansion to find that it was just after 2 AM in the morning. I knew the actual attack had taken place in the late evening, probably sometime around 8 PM, with us then subsequently having been out for probably a good four or five hours once the initial threat was dealt with.

I wouldn't call it time wasted though, since the vast majority of it was spent with Miriam, jogging side-by-side through the midnight forest, though we did return empty handed.

Everyone else was still awake of course, but it was obvious both Serenity and Gabriella were looking pretty ragged. Miriam too, if I was being honest, looked fairly tired herself, with only me, Natalie, and Gwen still looking pretty wide awake.

It also appeared that they'd grown to trust the blonde vampire more, because it looked as if Serenity, Natalie, and Gwen had gone ahead and boxed up the old man's corpse, leaving it outside on the pavement for now, having left Gabriella alone with the girl while they did so. Although, that appeared to be a decision made on the busty redhead's part, since she especially seemed to have grown comfortable with the vamp.

When Miriam and I walked through the front doors to the mansion, we found everyone in the grand foyer, but with Gabriella sitting on one of the many couches with her arm wrapped around the blonde girl's shoulders, seeming to comfort her.

And that fact became especially evident when the girl immediately started trembling when she saw us, only for Gabriella to reassure her that it would be alright. The girl's lower face was still hidden by the black veil, though I was sure everyone was well aware of what was hidden behind it.

"Well, this is unexpected," Miriam commented as we walked over to them, focusing specifically on Gabriella.

Serenity was the one to speak up, standing next to Gwen and Natalie by a potted plant. "We had the chance to talk to her while you were gone, and we think Kai was right to remove the knife. Apparently, she's never even taken a person's life, having mostly drank donated blood."

"Really," Miriam said with raised eyebrows, looking up at Gwen.

The maid nodded. "Yes, mistress. She's only been able to respond to yes and no questions, but I've been able to confirm the truth of her answers."

"Huh," the short minx replied, one hand on her leather-clad hip, while she held the bottle of her own blood at her side in the other, as she focused on Gabriella and the blonde vamp again. "Maybe you *were* pampered like a true princess, if you *were* allowed donated blood."

"It's not that," Gabriella responded. "We don't know the exact details, but it seems that she was abused when she was younger for refusing to feed off people, and then given away?" she said uncertainly, glancing at the girl in her one-arm embrace. When the vamp didn't respond, instead only keeping her crimson eyes lowered, Gabriella continued. "Or sold, or something, to another family. And sounds like they were a bit more flexible with how she chose to get her blood, but still expected a lot of her."

"Well," Miriam said loudly, seemingly in disbelief. "That only raises a million questions. Are you a princess because you *were* betrothed to someone in a royal family?"

The girl hesitated briefly, before nodding, keeping her red eyes down.

"And were you one of many suitresses, or the only one?"

"Mistress," Gwen interjected. "Yes or no questions."

"Oh, right." She sighed. "Were you the only *suitress*?"

The blonde girl shook her head.

"So, are they going to come looking for you?" Miriam asked seriously.

She didn't respond, but her red eyes were uncertain, her blonde eyebrows knitted together slightly.

Gwen spoke up again. "I don't think she knows."

Miriam nodded, focusing on the girl. "Then, let me ask you this. Is it your preference to return to where you came?" she asked seriously.

The girl looked up at her in surprise, only for her red eyes to pain as she focused down again.

Miriam's tone was unexpectedly quiet and almost empathetic. "Might it be possible that you *don't* want to return, but that you aren't sure what you'd do without their support?" She paused when the girl looked up at her in shock again, as if she was stunned that the short redhead had hit the mark exactly. Miriam then continued. "You've never been on your own, would have no idea how to get blood without harming a person, and feel stuck between needing to survive and being forced to live with killers. Sound about right?"

The girl's red eyes immediately began filling with tears, and she nodded adamantly, looking like she was suddenly falling apart.

Serenity spoke up again, seeming stunned. "Since when did you become a mind reader?" she asked seriously.

Miriam only sighed. "If it's really true that she's never fed from a human, then it's not too far of a leap to understand how she might feel about her predicament. Vampires cannot have children biologically, although they can still grow older, which means that this girl was likely turned at a very young age, either kidnapped or her family killed, and is probably still chronologically young." She sighed, her expression now a little apologetic. "One of the reasons I was so harsh with her earlier was because I assumed she was much older than she appeared, but I can

see now that she has all the naivety of someone barely out of her adolescence.”

“Ouch,” I said playfully, just trying to lighten the mood.

Miriam gave me a small smile. “Sorry baby, but you’re all practically children to me. Adult children, but still far younger than I am.”

“Mistress,” Gwen interjected.

Miriam looked up at her maid, seeming confused.

“I do not believe it would be accurate to say that she’s never fed from a person, as it seems that was a part of the abuse she suffered, only that she’s never taken a life.”

“Oh,” Miriam responded. “Well, either way. I can see now that I was grossly mistaken about her, and it’s caused me to be very interested in hearing the whole story from her own mouth.” She took a deep breath, only to look down at the same time that she held up the bottle of blood in her hand. She then gestured with it as she continued. “Here, it’ll be at least half a day before I can get some blood bags delivered, and I’m sure your wounds are painful. My blood is safe for you to drink.”

Everyone immediately had varying levels of shocked reactions, with it being obvious that both Serenity and Gabriella didn’t know it was even blood in the bottle, while the blonde girl seemed stunned for an entirely different reason.

Stunned...and then *afraid*, starting to tremble again.

Gwen quickly spoke up. “Mistress, she thinks this is a test. She’s terrified you’ll kill her if she accepts it.”

Miriam seemed surprised now. “Oh. No, I’m not going to hurt you for accepting it. If anything, it’s so you can speak for yourself.”

I decided to chime in. “Not that I oppose, but what if your cameras *do* end up picking up on a straggler that survived?”

Miriam shrugged. “I have one more bottle as a backup, which has a spell on it to prevent it from coagulating. And

absolute worst case, I'll just have to do it the old fashion way by cutting my wrist."

I grimaced at that, but nodded, knowing my concern was a bit misplaced anyway, since if we found a straggler at this point then it meant they were completely unharmed, which of course implied that we could keep them prisoner for days until we actually used them as a sacrifice. *If*that even happened in the first place.

Miriam focused on the girl again, seeing that she still seemed uncertain. Thus, her tone became firm as she continued. "If I'm going to let you walk around in my home, then I expect you to obey me, okay? This isn't some stupid test." Miriam paused to move closer, practically placing the bottle in the blonde's lap between her wounded hands. "Now, take this, so that I can hear the full story from your own mouth."

The girl accepted it tentatively, her fingers trembling, only to glance at everyone and then focus up at Gwen with a pleading expression.

The sexy maid spoke up. "She wishes to drink it in private. She is unable to drink it normally, due to her damaged mouth, and doesn't want everyone to see her face."

Miriam sighed heavily. "Okay, Gwen just take her upstairs, to the room Kai and Natalie were in." She focused on me. "Kai, let's go ahead and bring the crate inside."

"It won't be too heavy?" I wondered.

She shook her head. "Honestly, you could probably carry it yourself, but with just one person inside, I should be fine to help you bring it in."

I nodded, glancing at Serenity and Gabriella, who in turn exchanged a look with each other.

Serenity spoke up. "We'll just wait here, since it sounds like you'll be right back. I should probably call Michelle again anyway. I'm pretty sure she and Avery are still up." She sighed. "And I need to set myself a reminder to call your

school again, since obviously you probably aren't going at this point."

I shrugged, noticing for the first time that Natalie was being exceptionally quiet. "I could stay up if I really had to," I said to Serenity. "So let's play that one by ear. Obviously, I don't really want to, but I can't exactly just skip the last month of classes. Miss more than two days and people will start asking questions. And I'm sure it won't go unnoticed that Avery was off on Monday too. Last thing we need is rumors to start spreading."

She nodded. "I'll leave it up to you, but I'm still going to set myself a reminder just in case. Although, I might need to go into work myself. Their attendance policy sucks, and I'm already sort of in trouble for getting involved, even after getting taken off the case, when Gabriella got kidnapped. If I can get a few hours of sleep, I should be functional."

"Makes sense," I agreed simply, knowing there wasn't much more to discuss at this point when there was still work to do. Thus, I turned to follow after Miriam back into the dining hall.

I could sense that Natalie wanted to follow, so I nonverbally gave her permission to do so, prompting her to whisper that she was going to go with us and then casually following after.

In the meantime, Gwen spoke to the blonde vamp, requesting she follow her upstairs. The girl listened without complaint, so I focused on the sexy succubus in front of me leading the way, quickly becoming distracted by her swaying midnight tail, and small tight ass in those glossy leather pants.

She still smelled as amazing as ever, prompting me to comment on it. Her skin and shirt were dry now, but the intoxicating scent coming off her was really potent.

"You know, most people stink after they sweat a lot, but you just smell better."

Miriam giggled at the unexpected compliment, slowing down for a second to walk beside me, her emerald gaze affectionate as she looked up at me while slipping her small hand in mine. She then glanced back at Natalie, who was staying roughly twenty feet behind us, only to respond.

“Yeah, that’s definitely a succubus thing. The more I work up a sweat while fucking, the more potent all my biological influences become. You probably won’t be surprised to learn that I do actually release pretty powerful pheromones when I want, and sometimes when I’m not necessarily trying, but have the right stimulation.”

I nodded as we began moving through the breakfast room, heading for the conservatory, kind of surprised that Natalie didn’t seem to be reacting negatively to that kind of talk. “Yeah, that’s not shocking at all. Although, that makes me wonder if that’s also how you mess with people’s heads?”

“I assume you mean when I make ideas feel real to you, like when I tried to make you see me as a classmate after we first met.”

“Wow, yeah, that was exactly what I was thinking of too,” I admitted, recalling when I first saw her in the kitchen after she used her soul scrying spell on me. “Or when you made it feel like we were really sneaking around and might get caught if we didn’t hurry, once you decided to help with my third-eye,” I added.

She smirked, reaching up to brush some of the leaves of the plants we were passing in the conservatory, not responding until we stepped outside. Her tone was unexpectedly concerned. “You don’t feel like I’m being manipulative, do you?” she asked seriously.

I looked down at her in surprise. “No, not at all. I actually kind of like it. And I’d imagine that it probably takes roleplay to a whole new level, since you could make it feel real.”

“Yep,” she agreed, glancing back at Natalie again for a brief second. “I can definitely make any fantasy feel real.”

And honestly, I've done the vast majority of them probably a million times. Usually pretending to be a person who would normally be taboo to fuck, like a mother or daughter." She giggled. "Lots of men like to be called daddy in bed. And plenty more are happy to call me mommy, even if I look young."

Of course, that disclosure didn't bother me at all at this point. If anything, I was more than aware of the lifestyle she'd lived previously, and really just wanted to get to know her better. To have a better grasp of who she was, and the kind of experiences she'd had over her life.

I wanted to *know* Miriam.

When I didn't respond, she continued. "But to answer your question, I'm sure that my pheromones play a role, but there's definitely a magical element to it. Feels natural, like breathing, but I'm not sure that my influence could be assessed by traditional means."

I simply nodded, since we were stepping up to the undisturbed crate resting on the pavement out back behind her mansion. Natalie had stopped on the porch, being well aware that she probably wasn't strong enough to help, given that she was pretty much a normal person when she wasn't a transformed monster.

"Makes sense," I said simply.

Bending down, I carefully got my fingers under one edge, only to begin lifting it up. Of course, it didn't feel any heavier than it had to lift the guy when he was alive, and I realized Miriam was probably right about me carrying the crate by myself, with the only problem being the awkwardness of carrying a four-foot long box.

Like, his center of gravity wasn't exactly in the middle, making me hesitant to try getting it on my shoulder, concerned I might drop him and disturb the knife in his chest.

I was about to ask Miriam what she thought, only for her to get into position, spread her knees, her leather pants

creaking slightly, and lower her ass halfway to the ground as she got her fingers underneath the crate. She then lifted right up, keeping her back perfectly straight as she rose using only her legs, her thin thighs looking hot as fuck as they tensed underneath the black glossy material.

"Wow," I said in disbelief. "I think you'd make every store manager in existence very proud. That was perfect lifting form."

She giggled at that. "Who do you think posed for the depictions?" she said playfully. "But in all seriousness, I might be stronger and more resilient than most human women, but even I can be prone to injury. Haven't hurt myself in a long time thanks to the techniques I learned from an Indian witch doctor."

"Indian, as in from India?" I wondered, as we began moving sideways toward the porch. "Like, yoga?"

She giggled again. "*Kama Sutra* is a very fascinating text, if you've never checked it out. Most of the good sex positions are mainstream at this point, but I bet I could teach you a few fun ones, like Jerk the Monkey."

"Sounds very interesting," I replied. "But that was also how you learned to avoid injury?"

"Well, *Kama Sutra* is about much more than just sex, and doesn't really cover the techniques the witch doctor showed me. I suppose yoga would be more accurate, although I don't think there's actually a yoga pose for how I just lifted this. Not sure."

I was about to respond, but unexpectedly we both froze solid when we heard Gwen yell for Miriam at the same time that it sounded like someone projectile vomited all over the place. We both looked at each other with wide eyes, even as we almost dropped the crate in sync, setting it down roughly and bolting for the conservatory entrance.

Natalie was confused as hell, running after us anyway, but being far slower.

I knew I probably wasn't the best person to help with whatever was going on, but I couldn't help but run at full speed, rapidly leaving Miriam behind, to the point that I was entering the grand foyer just when she reached the halfway point through the dining hall, Natalie having barely reached the table, ignoring Serenity and Gabriella's shocked looks as I dashed for the twin staircase close to where they were sitting.

"What's wrong?!" Serenity asked as she and Gabriella chased after me.

But I didn't know how to answer them, and was too busy focusing on the panicked coughing, followed by more vomiting.

Gwen must have run to get help, because she met me at the top of the stairs, quickly stopping and running with me as she spoke.

"I don't know what's wrong. She got some blood down just fine, but then all her wounds started bleeding."

I rushed through the open bedroom door and zipped past the bed where I'd fucked Natalie earlier, knowing the sounds were coming from the bathroom.

What I saw was worse than I was expecting.

The blonde girl was on her hands and knees on the floor, and it was more than just her wounds.

She was beginning to bleed from both her ears and eyes, the dark crimson fluid mixing with her tears as she looked up at me in a panic, everything about her expression begging for help. But I had no idea how to help her, urgently glancing at the counter to see the undisturbed bottle of blood, still appearing to have over ninety percent of it remaining, as if she'd barely had a few sips.

The pleading expression only lasted for a second though, before she bent over again, vomiting more blood just as Miriam finally reached the room.

"I thought you said your blood was safe for her to drink!" I exclaimed.

The succubus focused on me in alarm. "It is safe! She..." Her voice trailed off as she looked down at the girl, her emerald eyes widening as she took in the sight. "Fuck! She has *Alukah's Exorcism*!"

"What in the hell is *that*?"

Her emerald eyes were still wide. "It's a type of curse that reverses vampire biology. Instead of blood healing them, it causes damage! It kills them! And this didn't just happen recently! She must have been cursed prior to escaping into that hellish dimension, because this is almost as bad as that blood curse on your stone!"

Fuck!

"How can we help her?" I asked urgently.

She threw her hands up in defeat. "It's a literal death sentence! I'm not sure if there's even a cure! I think..." She abruptly pressed her hands on her temples, partially grabbing her own head with her eyes closed, suddenly seeming extremely frustrated. "Shit, I think for a female vampire, the purity of a virgin man's blood, *willingly offered*, is supposed to help, but...fuck! It's been forever since I read about this! I don't remember!"

"Do you think that will really work?"

She just looked at me in disbelief. "Even if it *did*, we don't exactly have a virgin here! And even if we kidnapped someone, I'm pretty sure it has to be *willingly offered*! No sane person is going to let a monster take their blood, and possibly kill them in the process!"

I knew what she meant about 'monster,' since the girl looked like a nightmare right now, especially with her mouth so badly damaged. No way any guy would even be lured in by her beauty, since she was far from attractive in this condition.

"Dammit," I muttered, sincerely frustrated as the girl vomited blood again, knowing Gabriella, Serenity, and Natalie were all just outside the bathroom now. I then gritted my teeth. "Fuck, I know I'm not a virgin, but what if I

try? Is it possible that the *willingness* part is all that really matters?"

"Kai, if it doesn't work, then you'll just make her die faster!" She grabbed her head again in sincere frustration. "Shit, Gwen, grab the sealing knife! That's the only way we can stop her from dying right now!"

The girl screamed at that, seeming sincerely terrified, only to vomit more blood all over the tiled floor.

"Just let me try," I urged. "And if it looks like it's killing her faster, then we'll seal her."

Miriam just shook her head in disbelief. "Kai, I know you want to have hope that your blood can fix anything, but your optimism might really kill her."

"Then let's allow her to decide," I offered.

She grimaced at that, though the gesture was enough to provoke me to action.

I quickly knelt down beside the girl, growing out my claws so that I could dig into my graying wrist as I spoke. She was trembling violently, her disfigured lower face a bloody mess, her bony mouth hanging open, her panicked groans and whimpers coming out between her shaky breaths.

"I'm really sorry. We didn't mean for this to happen, but you have to decide right now. We either need to seal you while we look for a cure, or else you can try some of my blood first. It might make it worse, and we might have to seal you anyway, but..." I paused when she abruptly vomited more blood, her arms trembling violently as she whimpered. "I'm willingly offering my blood, so if you want to try, then do it now before Gwen gets back with the knife."

She whimpered again, only to nod.

That was all I needed to take things into my own hands.

Grabbing for her barely clinging veil and ripping it the rest of the way off, fully showing her exposed jaw, teeth, and damaged interior of her mouth, I simultaneously jabbed my claw into my skin as deep as I could while shoving my

wrist into her mouth, forcing her head back and then grabbing the back of her head while I held my breath and strained all my muscles to try to raise my blood pressure.

The girl winced as she took a gulp of the blood splashing into her throat, only to urgently pull away as the bones in her face snapped loudly.

I was immediately alarmed as she groaned in a panic, afraid I *had* made it worse, only to be shocked when I noticed the color returning to her face, with some of the raw areas on her jawline growing brighter red, like freshly torn flesh, *even as* all her teeth began to elongate and her jaw widened...

Even as dark veins began forming around her crimson eyes.

Holy fuck.

She had a transformed state like werewolves did!

And the fact that my blood had provoked it *could only mean one thing*.

Sensing the fear, panic, and *existential dread* coming from her, I immediately knew what I had to do.

I reached out and grabbed her body, pulling her into my arms while running my fingers through her blonde hair, causing her to scream urgently as I grabbed a fistful and tilted her head back while thrusting her mouth against my throat.

Her teeth sank in like a reflex, and she groaned almost in pain as I heard her gulp the blood rushing out, even as she tried to push herself away, her hands tense against my chest.

“Kai!” everyone screamed at once, with Serenity and Gabriella both transforming, rushing over to try to pull her off me.

My head was spinning now, as I tried to tell them to stop, unable to speak, but then the daggers in my throat pulled out on their own, the girl urgently burying her head against my chest in an attempt to get away from what she’d just

been doing, bursting into tears as her body trembled violently in my arms.

She was beginning to make the most pitiful and terrified sounds I'd ever heard, sounding like a beaten and tormented soul.

I spoke up the moment my rapidly healing neck would allow me. "I'm fine," I croaked out, holding onto the girl tightly as I eased us back so I could lean against the nearest wall, my head still spinning a little.

Of course, a small part of me wondered if her drinking my blood would have a similar effect as when I injected it directly into someone's vein, or if everything might be different for a vampire, in general, but the alternative had been letting her die, so I wasn't too focused on it at the moment.

Because my own body felt a little cold now, and I could feel my own thirst rising, knowing I was going to have to make hunting down my own source of blood a priority soon.

Serenity and Gabriella had stopped trying to pull her out of my arms after initially grabbing her, but they stuck close, with Serenity sitting down at my side while Gabriella crouched right next to me. And then, much to my surprise, the girl spoke, though I couldn't understand her.

"Mio signore dio," she whimpered, sounding as pitiful as ever. "Perché mi hai abbandonato."

I looked up to see Miriam grimacing, only for Gabriella to speak up. "What's she saying?"

The short minx sighed heavily. "She's not speaking to us." She took a deep breath. "She's..." Miriam sighed. "Asking God...why he's forsaken her."

Fuck.

Suddenly, I understood exactly what this girl said, as if she'd spoken it in a language I understood.

'My Lord God, why have you forsaken me?'

Fuck.

She didn't ask for this. She didn't want to be a monster, and clearly she'd done everything in her power to try to retain her humanity. She'd done everything in her power to remain good, even though she'd been turned into an inherently evil creature.

And I felt that same struggle strike a cord in my own soul, knowing I'd felt like a monster only days ago, and realizing I'd sort of lucked out by being able to feed off of animal blood. Because, what if that hadn't been reality? What if I'd discovered it *had* to be human blood?

Then what?

And I knew Miriam felt the same. Her pained expression said it all.

She'd had to give up any semblance of a normal relationship for a long time, since she too could be lethal to most people.

I took a deep breath, focusing on Gwen when I realized she was standing just outside the bathroom door, having returned with the knife, her expression somber as well. I then focused on Miriam again. "So now what?" I wondered.

She similarly took another deep breath. "Well, it looks like it worked. I sensed the curse break almost immediately after she swallowed the blood from your wrist." She then gave a small smile, sounding like she was trying to lighten the mood, her tone having a hint of playfulness. "Which either means that the willingness part is what mattered, or else your soul is just that pure. Or maybe all the times we fucked didn't count, and I need to work extra hard to ensure the universe doesn't perceive you as a virgin."

I scoffed at that, rolling my eyes, but actually appreciating the teasing. "Oh, and..." I paused as I glanced down, seeing just enough of the girl's cheek through her blonde hair to verify that it looked like her face was mostly healed. She was sobbing still and didn't seem to be fully with us mentally. Still, I lowered my voice. "Was it normal for her face to change like that?" I asked hesitantly.

The girl stiffened.

Miriam shrugged. "Let's just say I'm not surprised. Both the werewolf and vampire curses share the same original ritual, just with different goals in mind. Immortality and rapid regeneration came with a lethal reaction to the sun and need for blood to survive, while increased strength and power came with loss of control and a painful transformation. So I wouldn't say it's abnormal. I've heard of vampires having transformations before, especially under stressful or traumatizing circumstances."

I simply nodded, not wanting to inquire more when it was clearly a sensitive subject for the trembling girl in my arms.

"Well," I said after a moment. "If the curse is broken, then that probably means she can use that bottle of blood now. In the meantime, I need to do my own hunting in the woods."

"Oh, of course Kai," Miriam said simply.

Serenity spoke up, still seeming stressed by everything that just transpired. "Mind if I go with you?" she asked quietly.

I nodded. "Sure, Ren. Love you."

"Love you too," she whispered.

Gabriella took a deep breath then, standing up, speaking to the shorter redhead. "Well, if you've got some supplies, I can help clean up. Do you have something she can wear? That robe definitely needs to be washed."

Miriam nodded, glancing back at her maid. "Gwen, please grab one of the cleaning carts, and something for our guest to wear."

"Yes mistress," she replied. "I'll leave the knife in your room for now."

"That's fine. Thank you, Gwen."

She didn't respond, turning to go do as she'd been asked.

Taking a final deep breath, I sat up straighter, prompting the blonde vamp to immediately scoot away, her hands

splashing in some of the blood she'd just vomited, her body still trembling as she sniffled.

Much to my complete shock, I watched as the blood directly around her hand began slowly, but noticeably, disappearing as if her body was absorbing the crimson fluid directly through her skin. My mind immediately flashed back to when I'd woken up after dying, recalling that her bare feet had likewise seemed to have an outline around where she was standing as if the blood was actually repelled by her body.

In reality, I realized the opposite was true, which only brought up a bunch of questions.

Because, I was well aware I had some vampiric qualities, but I hadn't anticipated an elite vampire being able to absorb blood directly through their skin...like I apparently could. After all, several times now I'd been exposed to blood, on my face or otherwise, only for it to disappear.

Fuck, just what kind of creature was I?

Maybe I really was some kind of Frankenstein monster, on the genetic level, at least. Because I seemed to have the traits of werewolves, vampires, imp lords, and possibly even arch demons. Never mind the fact that my biological father was undoubtedly an incubus.

Like, seriously, what the fuck.

(10) CHAPTER 70: TOUCHING BASE

Now that the blonde vamp would be fine after drinking some of my blood, I had my own thirsts to deal with, since I'd been injured several times now and had my own cravings for the thick crimson fluid. But thankfully, I could satiate the desire with animal blood.

Having risen to my feet, now standing up in the middle of the bathroom, with the short Miriam and busty Gabriella on either side of the blonde vampire on her hands and knees, I focused on Serenity who was still sitting next to where I'd just been.

Reaching down to help her to her feet, knowing she wanted to come with me outside, I went ahead and began heading to the bathroom exit, giving Miriam a simple nod, only for the blonde to speak up urgently, her voice having a thick accent, even though her words were perfectly clear.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, prompting me to glance back at her. "I am...I am *so* sorry," she said with a gulp, staring at my neck, clearly seeing that the damage she'd done was already healed.

I shrugged. "I offered my blood willingly. Nothing to be sorry about."

Her expression pained as she glanced at Miriam, her accent thick. "This...umm...ailment. Is what killed so many. Everyone began dying, and the assault began soon after. *Signor* Lucius believed it to be a...*coup d'etat*. But he believed we escaped the ailment."

Miriam nodded. "We can talk about it more later. But as we've just discovered, it looks like both of you were ticking bombs. The moment you ingested blood, the curse would have activated. You're lucky my maid's blood is dangerous to your kind, and that it never made it past your mouth."

The girl immediately grimaced and looked down, her voice quiet. "I am so sorry. We had not drank for many weeks. *Signor* Lucius demanded I should consume a little. I didn't want to, but I was so thirsty. I am *so very* sorry."

Miriam shrugged. "What's done is done. And you have been forgiven."

The blonde's expression pained and she ducked her head at that, tears forming in her crimson eyes again. My best guess was that 'being forgiven,' in particular, really hit home for her.

But I didn't focus on it long, realizing it was truly time for me to go hunting, because my own craving for blood was getting worse, and I definitely didn't want to sample any of Miriam's blood. Just the very idea kind of scared me a little, because she smelled so good as it was, and her blood had that same scent.

I felt confident it would be like tasting candy, and I was already well aware that those like me could lose consciousness and attack anyone nearby without meaning to. After all, that was how we found out Gabriella was different, when she attacked Serenity. And the last thing I needed was for my body to learn to target Miriam of all people, by having first-hand experience with tasting her blood.

Just the idea was disturbing and unforgivable.

Thus, while holding Serenity's hand, I went ahead and began leading her back through the guest bedroom and into the hallway, just in time to give Gwen a small smile in passing as we made our way downstairs. In the meantime, I heard Miriam finally ask the girl what her name was.

"Serafina Rosana de Luca Casella, ma'am."

"Serafina, then?" Miriam wondered. "Or Sera?"

"Umm, I have a preference for Rosa, ma'am."

"That's fine," Miriam replied reassuringly. "Well then, Rosa. After we get this mess mostly cleaned up, I'll ask that you shower and change your clothing. Then we can talk."

"Yes, ma'am. I...I am so sorry."

"I'll accept your *obedience* as apology. Do as I ask, and we won't have any problems."

"I...I understand, ma'am."

Once Serenity and I got outside, I finally gave her most of my attention when she spoke up quietly, still holding onto my hand. The crate rested undisturbed where Miriam and I had set it on the porch, so I ignored it for now.

"How are you holding up?" she wondered softly, her tone laced with concern.

I took a deep breath. "I'm okay, considering all that's happened."

She nodded.

"And how are you?" I wondered.

She sighed, still holding my hand, but grabbing onto my arm too, pulling herself closer. "There were several times tonight that I thought you were going to die. Thought we were *all* going to die." She grimaced. "Please don't let anyone bite your neck like that again. I know you can heal fast, but..." Her voice trailed off.

"Sorry," I said sincerely. "I didn't even consider how scary that would be for you."

"You didn't see her face, Kai. In a weird way, she was almost more scary than those werewolves."

"Really?" I said skeptically. "Because those grinning deformed faces were pretty creepy."

She grimaced as we continued walking past the rear gate and through the trees, with the forest just as noisy as ever, as if there *hadn't* been a huge massacre of monsters not long ago. "I guess you're right," she agreed. "It's just, their faces almost didn't feel like real life, in a strange way. Like,

they looked so bizarre that it almost felt like they could have come from some fake movie, made up with CGI or something. But that girl's face..." Her voice trailed off.

"Felt more real," I assumed. "Especially close up."

"Yes," she whispered.

I nodded, deciding I should probably try to change the mood and get her mind off it.

Unlike me, who was shirtless at this point and wearing black gym shorts, Serenity had never changed from our date at the mall the previous morning. Thus, she was wearing the same faded skinny jeans that made her ass look amazing, along with the black blouse-like shirt that was made of a stretchy material sort of like spandex, feeling very smooth to the touch. The buttons only went up to the middle of her chest, exposing quite a bit of cleavage, which I focused on now, as I reached over with my free hand to cup her plump C-cup breast.

She looked up at me in alarm, only for her face to begin flushing. "K-Kai!" she exclaimed.

I laughed at that. "We literally had sex in a mall restroom, never mind the time in the recliner while everyone was listening, and then in your bed before that..." My voice trailed off as I grinned wider at her flushed expression, her skin turning a medium gray now. "Still not used to the change, huh?"

She held onto my arm tighter, squishing her tits against me. "So much is different," she admitted. "And in such a short period of time. I'm so happy we've crossed that line, but I'm just so ready to get back to a normal routine. Ready for these crazy problems to go away."

I sighed. "Well, that serial killer guy is definitely gone for good, and we didn't even know that this werewolf bastard actually led to an even bigger problem, but even the main leader is taken care of." I took a deep breath, my tone becoming more lighthearted. "So yeah, hopefully we can

finally relax and deal with more normal stuff, like where everyone's going to sleep."

She smiled slightly at that.

"Thank you, by the way," I said seriously.

"For what?" she wondered, her deep brown eyes endearing, but also a little confused.

I shrugged. "Just for everything. For wanting me. For being okay with this situation with me needing to be with multiple women." I sighed. "Just everything."

"Of course, baby," she replied seriously. "Like, I don't think you realize how important you are to me. You are all I've had to live for ever since we started living on our own. I just want to see you happy, and I want to be a part of that happiness."

"Me too," I replied warmly, only to smirk again. "And wow, that game all of you decided to play made me *extremely* happy. I kind of wish we could do it every day."

She seemed amused, a small smirk tugging on her full pink lips. "I mean, I suppose we could. It might lose its novelty after a few times though."

I grinned. "Well, that's where you could mix it up. Always leave me guessing which two are going to sit in the recliner with me." I paused. "We would just need to get Avery involved, is all, to make it harder for me to anticipate what all of you are planning."

Serenity continued to smile as she considered that. "Okay. And how open are you to us experimenting a little with surprising you?"

I lowered my voice a bit. "Like what?" I wondered, also slowing down a little to walk more quietly, since I didn't want to spook any deer in the distance.

She took my lead as she responded, her voice almost a whisper. "Well, Gabriella pretty much made it clear that it was going to be difficult to match what Miriam can offer sexually. And after meeting her, I realize now how true that is."

I frowned at that. "Well, just so you know, while she is amazing, sex isn't everything. No one could ever replace you, Ren."

She gave me an affectionate smile. "That makes me really happy to hear, baby. But still, Gabriella is convinced that sex with all of us involved at the same time is going to be a thing."

I tried not to grin.

On the one hand, of course my busty redhead was going to push for that, because I was sure it was what she wanted too, but on the other hand, it really was what I wanted as well. And...I suspected that Serenity was interested in the idea too, but just felt more embarrassed to openly admit and discuss it.

"I *would* like that," I admitted.

Her face flushed slightly, only for her to clear her throat softly. "So then, you're okay with us doing whatever to surprise you?"

I nodded. "Yeah, as long as it's just between the five of us, that's perfectly fine with me."

She nodded. "And, by five of us, you mean me, Gabriella, Michelle, Avery, and of course yourself, correct?"

I frowned. "Well, yeah. Why?"

"Well, you're sort of with Miriam and Gwen too. And I guess now Natalie as well."

"Oh," I said in surprise, especially at that last part. "I think that if Natalie wants to be involved, then that's okay, but I'm not planning on it. But if we're talking about surprises here, then I don't think I want to be surprised when it involves Miriam. I'd rather just know."

She nodded with a small frown. "I really am sorry about what I said earlier. I don't...I don't know why I feel like that."

"About her being your mistress?" I assumed.

She grimaced. "I wasn't going to say anything, but then she sort of pulled it out of me."

"Well, that's okay. It's like she said, choice still matters. And it's probably because she and I are sort of connected in a weird way now." I paused. "I hope that doesn't bother you."

She shook her head. "I mean, it's something we can't really control, by the sound of it, and if she's the reason why you didn't die the other day, because you clung to her soul or whatever, then I definitely don't care."

I smiled, my tone affectionate. "Love you, Ren."

"Love you too, baby. So much," she said sincerely, hugging my arm tighter. "And we'll try to make sure every night is exciting for you."

"Shouldn't be too hard," I said reassuringly. "Just mixing it up should be enough. Although, I should probably go on a date with Avery before I advance things with her. I know I see her every day at school, but we haven't really had a chance to spend time together under these different circumstances. Previously, I mostly just ignored her."

"Of course," she agreed simply.

We were both quiet for a few long seconds, listening to the night sounds.

Finally, I took a deep breath, knowing I was definitely ready for the hunting part. "Well, I hear a small herd of like four or five deer, so I should probably go run one down. Are you thirsty at all?"

She shook her head. "Not for blood. I haven't really been hurt, so I assume I won't need any, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Shouldn't need it unless you get injured. But then, what do you want to do after that?"

She hesitated. "Do you need sex?" she wondered.

My eyes widened in surprise. "Oh. No, I'm honestly not in the mood right now. And even though I used up all my magic in that fight, I don't feel like I'm needing it to 'sustain myself,' or whatever." I paused. "Maybe it's because I've subconsciously been refusing to tap into that energy that I need to keep my body healthy."

Actually, I knew that was exactly the case, considering I didn't view that energy within me as 'disposable' magic. Only the excess that I had. Which made me wonder if that was the secret to having more energy for spells, to be willing to tap into what I needed more long-term. Or if the problem was actually just that I was inefficient in my use of it.

Serenity nodded. "Just wanted to make sure. But in that case, I'm fine with going back after you're done. I'm actually getting pretty tired, but just needed a moment with you."

"I completely understand," I replied. "Be right back."

She gave me a smile as she let go, our intertwined fingers remaining stuck for a few seconds as we began separating, like she didn't want to let me go, before I was finally off to go track down my meal. Of course, catching a deer was no problem, the others scurrying away from the danger.

But then I was done feeding and heading back to regroup with Serenity, barely ten minutes having passed. However, on the way back, I caught a dim glimmer of light on the forest floor in the moonlight streaming through the trees, causing me to check it out.

Surprisingly, it was a regular looking knife not far away from a dead body.

The decayed corpse didn't have clothes on, much like the rest of them, so I wasn't sure how it had been carried - wondering if maybe this was one of the few who had remained mostly human, much like the leader had done - or if the weapon was even significant, but decided to grab it just in case.

Of course, Serenity commented on it right away when we regrouped.

"Where did *that* come from?"

"Just found it," I said simply. "Wanted to have Miriam look at it and make sure it wasn't special, like the other black blade."

She nodded. "Good idea. Looks normal to me, but never know."

I wrapped my arm around her this time, prompting her to wrap her arms around my torso as we headed back, walking mostly in silence, just content to be together. From the sounds I was hearing inside the mansion, I realized everyone must be done cleaning up, with it sounding as if Rosa was already done with a quick shower and just finishing up with dressing in whatever she'd been provided.

Honestly, from the sounds I was hearing, I was beginning to suspect she'd just been given normal stuff, like jeans and maybe a nice shirt. Not that I was really expecting anything different, but I had to admit I was a little curious to know what she looked like in normal clothing, as opposed to a large cloak that pretty much hid her body.

Granted, based on the fact that she'd basically starved for a seemingly long time, I suspected it wouldn't be hard to imagine. No doubt she was pretty emaciated and thin overall...not that I really cared one way or the other.

Even though my opinion on her had changed pretty dramatically in the last hour, I wasn't about to get in bed with her, even if her face was ridiculously pretty. I had too many other things to worry about and focus on at this point, never mind the fact that the interest would have to go both ways, *and* all my other women would have to be fine with it...

Yeah, too much of a headache to even think about.

When Serenity and I reached the rear gate, we both hesitated briefly, as if we were having the same thought. She angled herself more toward me in my embrace as I focused on her rich chocolate brown eyes, seeing the longing in them. Not one of arousal, but simply one of *want*.

I leaned my face toward her as she tilted her chin up incrementally, our lips meeting in a soft tender kiss. She then let go a little so that she could slide more in front of me as we continued to keep our lips locked, her arms slowly

wrapping around my neck as I wrapped mine around her thin waist.

I slipped my tongue in her mouth when hers probed at mine, beginning to gently rock my head with hers as our intimacy deepened.

I knew this was all she wanted right now, and so I wasn't surprised when she pulled away after a couple of minutes.

"I love you so much," she whispered affectionately.

"Love you too," I replied, pecking her again on the lips.
"Maybe I *should* skip one more day of school."

She smiled warmly at me. "Well, I still might go into work, remember? And you do have a good point about people asking questions. Never mind the possibility of someone accusing you of truancy."

Of course, I was very familiar with the subject since the court had made it clear that they might reconsider our living arrangements if I missed too much school. Which was why I had perfect attendance, since neither one of us wanted that.

Still, I couldn't help but scoff. "I'm about to graduate and otherwise have perfect attendance. Plus, it's kind of normal for seniors to skip a little during the last few weeks."

She sighed heavily, moving her arms to my torso and resting her head underneath my chin as she gave me a tight hug. "Barely one more month, and things will be so much easier."

"How much longer do you think you'll continue working?" I wondered seriously.

She shrugged incrementally. "We'll have to play that by ear. I do like my job for the most part, but if we decide to move in with Miriam, then it'll be difficult to keep my current job either way. Not unless I want to spend two hours on the road every day."

"Didn't realize you were already seriously considering that," I commented, enjoying the warmth of her body against mine, her head still tucked underneath my chin.

She sighed. "Gabriella and I talked about it a little while you were searching for a survivor with Miriam. We know there's a lot to consider, but we don't really have enough room back home to fit everyone permanently. And we don't want Avery and Michelle to feel like perpetual guests."

"I guess that makes sense."

"Plus, there's Natalie. She needs a place to stay, and we already don't have the room."

I frowned as I considered that, realizing she was right. If anything, Natalie was the most in need of both temporary and permanent living arrangements, since she literally had nowhere to go. Which meant, I either needed to talk to Mrs. Copeland about letting her stay at her place for a while, or I needed to ask Miriam if she was willing to let Natalie just remain at the mansion.

If anything, I suspected the blue-haired vixen might appreciate the extra protection that being here afforded, and might also be thankful of the distance between the two of us, so that she could breathe a little apart from her alpha and start feeling like a normal person. Certainly, I doubted that the distance would reduce the strong bond we shared, but it would at least allow her to live some normal days without an alpha looming over her shoulder.

Although, there was the issue of giving her some of my blood.

That still needed to happen, and I needed to be present the whole time to make sure she didn't attack anyone like Gabriella did. Technically, I knew that giving her my blood could wait, but I felt like it should be a priority - enough of a priority that it *did* actually merit me staying home from school one more day.

I took a deep breath, knowing that doing it now might mean staying at the mansion while sending Serenity home in the only car we brought. Or it might mean that I take Natalie along with us after all.

"I might really need to skip school one more day," I commented out loud. "And then, either bring Natalie home with us, or send you and Gabriella home by yourselves. Assuming Gabriella plans on going into work too."

Serenity looked up at me in surprise. "Oh." She paused. "Okay."

"Not because I'm trying to hang out here all day," I clarified, assuming she must think I had a preference. "I just want to make sure Natalie gets some of my blood, and at this point that'll likely mean I have to stay with her until at least seven in the morning. Maybe longer, depending on how long it takes. With an hour drive, that would make you late, especially since you need to go home to change."

She nodded. "Do you think there's any downside to bringing her with us then? I just don't want to leave you away from home without your own transportation," she added.

I frowned as I considered that.

On the one hand, if I was here, then I wouldn't *need* my own transportation, because there was nowhere else I'd want to go. However, I was well aware of how addicting Miriam could be, especially after we'd already fucked so many times just this evening, and I knew it might be wise to give us a little bit of space again.

Which meant, even if I did stay here, I'd probably ask Gwen to take me home once Natalie was awake. It might mean I'd end up home alone, especially if I left the blue-haired vixen behind, but it honestly might not be a bad idea to force that on myself.

To give myself a chance to really be alone and think about everything that'd happened recently, so I could decompress a little.

Plus, I did need to sleep.

"I guess we either need to leave soon, Natalie with us, or else I give her some of my blood now, and you can just

leave without me if she's not awake by the time you have to go."

Serenity nodded. "Let's just go ahead and plan to stay until morning. I know Miriam is probably the second most powerful person here, but I can't help but feel bad about leaving her alone so soon after everything that happened."

I nodded, moving my arm to her shoulders and gesturing for us to start walking again. "Okay, then I'll help her finish up any last-minute things she needs me to do, and then focus on Natalie. You and Gabriella can then find a room to crash in, and we'll regroup when it's close to time for you to head back home."

She gave me a confused look. "You don't want to just sleep in the same room as me?" she wondered.

I shook my head. "I don't want to chance Natalie waking up and trying to attack someone. I think it's best if I stay with her in one of Miriam's basement rooms. Behind a locked door, just in case."

She nodded. "Okay, that makes sense."

I simply nodded.

She then sighed as we reached the grassy patch before the long porch, focusing on the undisturbed crate where Miriam and I had set it down. "I guess should we go ahead and bring this in?" she wondered.

I shrugged. "Sure," I replied simply, readjusting the knife in my hands as I climbed onto the porch and moved to pick up one end of the crate. Serenity took my lead and grabbed the other side, and we both began hoisting it to the conservatory's sliding glass door.

Realizing we were out of hands, I grew out a wing to get the door, and proceeded to close it again once we were inside. I then did the same for the door leading to the breakfast room, followed by us making our way through the dining room.

I could hear a couple of people coming down one of the twin staircases now, knowing at least two people were

already in the grand foyer area. Thus, Serenity and I set the crate down just as we passed through the dining hall entrance, with me wanting to show Miriam the knife I'd found.

Sure enough, Gabriella, Natalie, and Miriam were all angled toward each other at the bottom of the stairs, while Gwen was leading the blonde vamp down the last few steps, all five of them turning to focus on me and Serenity as we walked into sight.

I held up the knife as I spoke. "Hey, Miriam, I..." My voice cut off as I focused on Rosa, sincerely shocked by her expression.

She'd stopped just on the last step, wearing dark blue jeans and a nice navy blue blouse, her clothing a sharp contrast to her blonde hair, pale skin, and crimson eyes. Overall, she looked even more attractive than I was anticipating, though also far skinnier, and part of me couldn't help but feel a little annoyed and disgusted at myself for *liking* what I saw.

Just because I felt like I should be happy at this point.

Happy to have Serenity, Gabriella, Avery, Michelle, Miriam, and Gwen. And possibly even Mrs. Rebecca and Natalie too. Yet, it was like I couldn't help but find what I saw appealing.

Was it because I was an incubus?

Or simply because I was *a guy*, who was attracted to all women?

No, I knew that couldn't be true.

There were plenty of women out there who were only average in appearance. Not even worth giving a second glance. And honestly, on second thought, when I considered the reason '*why*' Rosa had been adopted into royalty, elevated to the status of princess due to her being one of several suitresses to a potential heir, it made sense that she was gorgeous, considering that beauty was probably the primary factor in deciding who was chosen.

So maybe I was being too hard on myself for thinking she was so ridiculously attractive.

However, those fleeting thoughts were all in passing, as I quickly became confused as to why she looked so terrified right now.

It took me a second to realize I was still transformed after growing out my wings to open the doors, my skin gray, my eyes gold and black. But I quickly realized that wasn't her primary focus the moment she opened her mouth, one of her hands sticking out in the universal stop gesture, while her other hand flew over her chest, her face rapidly contorting in fear, grief, and panic.

"Please no!" she abruptly yelled, rapidly falling apart.
"Please! I will do anything you ask! Just please!"

Needless to say, everyone looked back at her in shock, Gwen quickly reaching out for her. "Rosa, it's alright. He's not—"

The blonde screamed the moment Gwen touched her, attempting to move backward so quickly that she tripped on the stairs and fell on her ass, prompting the maid to reach out and grab her wrist before she could run away up the stairs.

Miriam moved faster than I was expecting, quickly darting for them and grabbing Rosa's other wrist, her other hand reaching for her knee. Immediately, I felt that gentle motherly presence erupt into Miriam's aura, a sharp contrast to her normal erotic existence, even if that was still potent in the air, the effect seeming instantaneous.

Rosa must have been able to feel it, because her panicked breathing transitioned to sobbing as she wrapped her thin arms around Miriam and began crying.

I glanced at Serenity by my side with wide eyes, completely confused about what just happened, only to glance in Gabriella's direction who seemed equally stunned.

My busty redhead was the first to speak up. "What's wrong with her?"

Gwen responded. "She's never died before. Killing her was traumatizing."

Serenity's brown eyes widened. "She's showing signs of PTSD," she suddenly realized out loud. "She must have seen the knife and it triggered her."

"Yes," Gwen said simply, focusing down at Rosa's head buried against Miriam's chest.

Of course, I wasn't too surprised by Miriam's sincere concern, because first and foremost she trusted that Gwen's assessment of the girl was accurate, and that she truly was the victim here, having been forced into a life she didn't want, and having truly done everything in her power to remain *good*.

So Miriam's concern was sincere.

"I do not wish to die," Rosa whimpered. "Please, I do not..." Her voice trailed off as she sobbed again.

"Shh," Miriam hushed, gently stroking her blonde hair now. "No one is going to harm you. And I am very sorry for what I did earlier. I made assumptions about you, based on what you were, and I was grossly incorrect in those assumptions. No one is going to harm you again. You are safe in my home."

The blonde simply sobbed in response.

Glancing at Serenity again, I decided to hand the knife off to her and get closer, figuring I should probably say something as well, to reassure her that I meant her no harm. Stopping once I was a couple feet away from Gabriella and Natalie, I cleared my throat.

"Umm, Rosa, I'm sorry for scaring you. I found that knife in the woods, and was just going to ask Miriam if she could make sure it was normal. I'm not going to hurt you." I then scoffed at the idea. "I mean, the reason why I was able to break your curse was because I gave my blood to you *willingly*. Why would I hurt you after saving your life?"

She sobbed again, her voice muffled by Miriam's chest. "B-But, you were killed b-because of m-me."

I frowned as I considered that, only to sigh. "Yes, and it made me really angry. But honestly, it's that guy who was responsible, and I remember seeing your remorse when I woke up. I saw your guilt. Plus, we're kind of even now anyway, since we sort of killed you too."

She trembled slightly at that, only to sob uncontrollably again.

"Sorry," I quickly added. "Didn't mean to bring that up. Point is, I've decided to forgive you, and I hope you'll forgive all of us for our role in what happened to you."

"You saved my life," she whimpered. "I owe you everything. All the others...they are all gone now because of that alment."

"The other suitresses?" Miriam unexpectedly wondered, sounding as if she was trying to get the girl's mind off the subject of dying. "Or did the prince die too?"

Rosa sniffled, before slowly pulling away to look up at the redhead minx, her flushed cheeks wet with tears. "Many perished. The suitresses, their handmaids, the guards. I assume the others did as well, but I had very little access to them. We were kept separate unless our presence was requested."

"And how often did that happen?" Miriam wondered.

"None for me. It was not yet my turn to meet the prince."

"There must have been a lot of you then, huh?"

"Very many," Rosa agreed with a snuffle.

Miriam nodded. "And..." She hesitated. "Are you aware of what happens to the suitresses who are not picked?"

Rosa's crimson eyes widened slightly. "N-No. Do you know?"

She shook her head. "No, I have intentionally stayed far away from your kind, and am thus unfamiliar with their current customs. However, while I do not wish to trouble you with the thought, I think it's at least a possibility that the attack was a ruse. That the final selection had already taken

place and the curse you suffered was meant to rid the royal family of the burden of those who were not chosen."

Rosa suddenly looked shell-shocked at the idea.

"B-But I had not yet met the prince," she repeated.

Miriam nodded. "I know. But the reason why you were turned in the first place appears to be seemingly for only one purpose. To be a candidate for the prince. And there were probably many other girls who were turned at a young age, but ended up not being *pretty enough* to be a suitress. I'm afraid those girls were also likely dealt with, long before they had the opportunity to even grow up."

Rosa's eyes were filling with tears again. Her voice sounded more defeated and broken. "B-But I had not yet met the prince," she repeated again.

"Would you return to them if given the chance?" Miriam asked seriously. "Would you choose to be chosen by the prince, if he wanted you?"

Rosa immediately shook her head.

"Then, while I may be completely wrong, *if* my theory *is* actually correct, it simply means that you were one of the lucky ones. You escaped death, and no one is coming to look for you. Rosa, that means you're free now." She paused. "Well, free in the sense that I won't harm you, or get rid of you. But I'll take care of you, make sure you have plenty of blood bags to get your meals, and otherwise give you a home where you'll be safe from now on."

"I can never repay you," she whispered.

"You can work for me, and obey me. That will be your repayment. If you can handle that, then I believe you can find happiness again."

"I cannot remember a time when I was happy," she replied quietly.

Miriam's tone was more lighthearted. "Well, I won't force that on you either. If you decide you don't want to be happy, then that is fine as well. You can choose to be sad if you want."

Rosa gave her a bizarre look, only to smile slightly. "Was that a joke?" she asked seriously.

Miriam made an amused noise. "If it was, it wasn't a very good one."

Rosa frowned. "I have been told that when you understand jokes in another language, it means you are fully fluent. I was hoping I might have understood a joke for once."

Miriam laughed. "Oh, I have plenty of jokes I could try on you," she teased, only to sigh heavily, glancing back at the rest of us, only to focus on me since I was still standing pretty close, near Gabriella and Natalie. "Kai, after you help store the old man, what do you plan on doing? You are welcome to stay as long as you want."

I nodded. "Yeah, it's already so late, I think it's best if we crash here. But I was hoping I could take Natalie to one of the basement rooms, so I can try breaking her curse." I shrugged. "Figured it would be best to do it behind a locked door."

"And in a room that has concrete walls," Miriam added for me, glancing at the blue-haired vixen.

"Is that fine with you?" I wondered.

Miriam nodded. "Yeah, that's fine. And then, what about after she wakes up?"

I heard Serenity set the other knife on the crate, glancing back at her as she walked over. "I plan on going into work tomorrow, which means Gabriella and I might have to leave Kai here, if Natalie is still asleep."

Miriam's face lit up like a Christmas tree. "I like that plan," she said cheerfully.

I cleared my throat. "Well, I was actually hoping that maybe Gwen could take me back home sometime in the morning, once she's awake."

Her expression dropped, her tone more serious. "Oh. Of course, Kai. She can take you home. And what about

Natalie?" she wondered, glancing at the person in question again.

I sighed. "Figured I'd leave that up to her," I replied. "Assuming you don't mind accommodating her," I added.

Natalie chimed in, her feminine husky Rockstar chick tone coming out thicker than normal, as if due to not speaking much in the last few hours. "Wait, what?" she said seriously, taking a step more toward my side.

I gave her my attention. "I told you from the beginning that I'd give you space, if you needed it. Just because I'm your alpha now doesn't mean you have to be at my beck and call. Or even be around me at all. Assuming Miriam doesn't mind, then I figured this was a safe place for you to stay if you wanted that space."

Miriam chimed in again. "She'd have to work a little if she stays here. A place this big doesn't get clean on its own." She focused on Natalie too. "Or is cleaning beneath you?" she asked seriously.

Natalie's light brown eyes widened in surprise. "N-No, I'll clean, or whatever else you want me to do. I don't have any money for rent, so it's the least I can offer."

"Perfect," Miriam said warmly, almost as if her comment was a test of the blue-haired chick's temperament. "Then yes, you can stay if you want."

Natalie seemed hesitant, glancing at me again. "C-Can I decide later?" she asked me. "Or is it *you* who wants the space?"

I shook my head. "Being around you is by no means a hassle, and honestly I'm probably just going to sleep most of the day at home."

Natalie seemed surprised at that. "Then, I think I'd actually like to go with you, if you don't mind."

"Sure," I said simply. "If that's what you really want."

She nodded once.

Miriam let out a dramatic breath. "Well, that makes me feel a little better. I was afraid you wanted to get away from

me. And here you just wanted to sleep.”

I shrugged, my tone both casual and lighthearted. “Let’s be honest. I’m probably not going to get much sleep if I stay here, and I kind of need to recover from everything that just happened.”

Miriam giggled. “Yeah, okay. I guess I can give you a little break,” she giggled again. “But then, if that’s the plan, we should probably get to it. Do you mind helping Gwen lock away that crate while I show Rosa to a room? Gwen can then get you and Natalie situated, and the rest of us can try to get a little sleep before morning.” She sighed. “I also need to make a phone call.”

“For blood bags?” I assumed.

Miriam shook her head, glancing at Gabriella. “No, I’ll have to wait until morning for that.” She sighed, focusing on me again. “With a situation this big? My daughter Rebecca is going to want to hear about it directly from me. I at least need to let her know we’re all safe.”

Oh.

Shit.

No doubt *that* was going to be a rough conversation.

(11) CHAPTER 71: BONDS

After helping Gwen get the crate with the sealed vampire into a storage room in their dungeon basement – the same one that had been mostly repaired earlier that day – the sexy devil maid then took me and Natalie to her private room in the main basement. More specifically, to Gwen's private room with all the purple silk furniture, where Gwen and I had spent a little time fucking prior to us discovering that she had a wound on the back of her arm.

It wasn't her main bedroom, but it was still a space reserved specifically for her, where she could get as hot as she wanted without having to worry about starting a fire.

Of course, the moment we began heading down the stairs, I couldn't help but ask.

"Are you sure?"

Her response was somewhat unsurprising.

"Of course, master. I wish for you to be comfortable."

"But what if something gets destroyed?" I wondered seriously, not specifically mentioning Natalie right behind me, but it being obvious why that might happen. After all, the blue-haired chick was technically a cursed werewolf, and we had no idea what might happen when she woke up after being transformed.

Hence, the precautions.

The last thing we needed was for her to transform into a monster and go on a rampage.

Granted, I was hoping that being Natalie's alpha might prevent anything like that from happening, but it wasn't a

risk worth taking.

Gwen simply shrugged, still wearing her low-riding leather pants and matching leather vest and jacket, her long black furry tail swaying low behind her, her hooves clacking against the concrete floor as we began moving down the hallway more behind the stairs of the main furnished basement.

“Everything in that room can be replaced,” she replied simply.

I nodded, focusing on the wall where I knew there was actually an invisible entrance to the core of barriers that protected Miriam’s domain, recalling the experience we’d shared inside, when she gave me the same authority as her. The same ownership, as an equal.

Out of respect, I planned on asking her if she wanted me to return what she’d given, fully intending on doing so if she showed any signs of hesitation, since what she’d done was a pretty big deal. Like, while I was very interested in being with her, and while I understood that she was heavily in love with me, giving away everything important and valuable to her was kind of a big deal.

As she said, it was like sharing her own arm with me, giving me joint ownership of something that was inherently hers.

Similarly, it would be like her owning a multimillion-dollar corporation, and me expecting her to give me half ownership, and thereby a decision-making level of control, in the company, just because she liked me. Just because we wanted to be lovers.

A company that she’d spent years *upon years* building all on her own.

The idea was ludicrous, especially when considering that we didn’t even know each other a few days ago.

So yeah, I was going to offer to return ownership of her place, and give it back if that’s what she wanted. And only accept it again when I’d truly earned it...or in the event it

was necessary to save our lives, like this last time, but that seemed unlikely to happen again.

Still, either way, the decision would be hers.

That was the right thing to do, and if the situation was flipped, it's what I'd want - for her to at least *offer* to give it back.

When Gwen opened the thick metal door at the end of the hall, dimly lit by crystals in the concrete ceiling, she turned toward me while reaching into her leather jacket pocket.

"Oh, and here is the syringe you requested, master," she said warmly.

I focused on her crimson slitted eyes, framed by purple skin that was a stark contrast to her otherwise pale complexion, her attractive face framed by chin-length pitch-black hair. I was a little surprised by the affection in her tone.

"Thanks," I replied, reaching out to accept the packaged syringe. "What do you plan on doing? Will you go to sleep soon?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid I won't be able to sleep until the sun rises. I will watch over my mistress until then, and ensure she gets some rest."

I nodded, deciding to reach out and wrap her up in my arms, hugging her thin waist tightly, enjoying that our heads were level since she was the same height as me. She wasn't even remotely surprised by the gesture, returning the embrace just as snuggly, her deceptively strong arms holding me tight.

"Love you, master," she said as she pulled away. "My mistress will be down shortly to instruct you on how to create a barrier around the room, so that only the two of you may be permitted passage."

I nodded.

She then abruptly peeked her head inside the room as if she'd forgotten something, focused up at the ceiling, only to

speak again. “Just making sure the vents are open. This room is almost completely airtight otherwise, and my flames consume most of the oxygen in the air when I catch fire.”

My eyes widened in surprise, peeking my head in to focus on the ceiling too. Sure enough, there were two inconspicuous vents made of a dark gray metal, one on the left and one on the right, likely one that drew air in and another that pumped fresh air out. “Dang, good to know,” I commented. “That would be a dumb way to die.”

She frowned at that, her tone serious. “Never, master. I would never allow such tragedy to befall you. I knew they were open after I was last down here, and only chose to doublecheck for the sake of redundancy.”

“Of course,” I said reassuringly. “I’m just glad to know about it too.”

She nodded. “Love you, master. Bye for now.”

“Love you,” I replied, focusing on her plump ass and thick thighs in those glossy leather pants as she turned to walk back down the hallway, kind of wishing our time hadn’t been cut short earlier. I mean, sure it was true that I at least got to cum once, but I really wanted to get her there too. And now, since I was determined to go back home in the morning, I wasn’t sure when I would get a chance to spend time with her again.

But I did need to go back home.

I still had about a month of classes to get through, and didn’t want to end up just staying at Miriam’s mansion forever. At least, not until we’d both given it some thought, and were sure it was what we wanted to do. Granted, I couldn’t imagine a world where I didn’t take her up on the offer at this point, but I still felt like it was important we take a break from each other.

In response to my gaze, Natalie sighed heavily beside me.

“Ugh, you’re such a guy,” she commented.

I turned my head to smirk at her. "But at least I'm not a bad guy, right?" I said playfully.

She frowned, her tone a little somber now. "Yeah. At least you're not a bad guy. Far from it."

I gestured with my hand toward the room. "Ready to get started then? Please have a seat on the bed."

"Not like I have a choice," she scoffed.

That drew me up short. "Hey," I said, trying to keep my tone gentle. "Is this not what you want?"

She sighed as she walked into the room and sat right down on the purple silk-covered bed, the wire springs and frame squeaking under her weight.

Her expression was somber again. "No, it's what I want."

"Then what's up with that comment?" I wondered, still trying to keep my tone gentle as I took one step into the room, waiting to close the door behind me. She'd left her leather jacket upstairs, so I could see most of her body underneath the sheer black dress, with only the vinyl bikini top and thong keeping her from being completely exposed.

"Sorry," she said sincerely, only to sigh. "I guess I'm just bitter about everything." She abruptly looked up at me apologetically. "Not about you," she clarified. "Honestly, as I've said several times now, I'm not sure I could have gotten luckier." She sighed again, looking down at the floor. "But this last year has just made me bitter. I finally got revenge, and I'm eternally grateful to you for making that happen, but it's just really *sunk in* that they aren't coming back. My mom and dad are gone forever."

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

She sighed. "No, you don't need to be. I know you lost your parents too. I'm not trying to be a drama queen. It just...really sucks. Everything sucks. And I'm also a little anxious." She sighed. "I get snippy when I'm anxious. It's kind of a reflex for me. I snap at people without meaning to."

I nodded. "Well, as I said before, we can go at your pace. I'll go as slow as you want, and if you say stop, then I'll stop."

She looked up at me in surprise. "We're having sex?" she said in confusion.

I tried not to laugh. "No, silly. I'm going to inject you with some of my blood. But just because it's not sex doesn't mean we can't still do things at your pace. I'm not going to do *anything* until you're ready."

"So..." Her voice trailed off. "What if I'm never ready to have sex again?" she asked hesitantly.

I tried not to scoff. "Then we won't have sex again. It's that simple. Everything I said before is still the same. And, I mean, just because I'm your alpha doesn't mean we even have to be in a relationship. I told you that from the beginning, remember?"

Her expression was vulnerable, her tone quiet. "Do you want to have a relationship?" she wondered.

I did scoff this time. "Natalie, I'm a guy, and you're hot. What do you think? *Of course* I'm interested in getting to know you better, and starting something more serious with you."

"Yeah, but..." Her voice trailed off again.

I sighed, uncertain of where all this was coming from. "But nothing. If you want to, then I want to. And if you don't want to, then we can just be friends for now. That's perfectly fine too."

She frowned at that. "I assume you don't mean friends like where I could date someone else, right?"

That drew me up short. "Umm...are you actually asking that?" I said seriously. "Or just messing with me?"

She gave me a small smile. "Relax dude. That was my version of a joke. I know that's not an option." She then sighed. "And if I'm being honest, I'd be hard pressed to find someone as great as you anyway. I mean, even if I'd somehow escaped on my own, I wouldn't normally be

interested in dating anyone either way. Not after everything I've been through."

"So then, I assume that applies in this situation too. You're not really interested in dating anyone."

She took a deep breath, her light brown gaze lowered. "Maybe can we be 'on and off?' I might be okay with it some days, and not others."

I shrugged. "Yeah Natalie, that's totally fine. And we can have a relationship without the sex part."

She looked up at me in surprise. "But isn't that just friends?"

I shook my head. "No, because 'friends with benefits' is a thing, and that usually has a lot less commitment than a relationship with very little sex. Like, I don't think that sex defines what is or isn't a relationship."

She frowned. "Yeah, that makes sense. The guy I did fuck prior to all this shit happening was kind of a random hookup. And the boyfriend I had before that was much more serious, even though we never had sex."

"Huh, part of me is curious now," I commented playfully. "And the other part of me is afraid I'm going to get my head bitten off for even asking."

She grinned at that, answering the question she knew I wanted to ask. "Dated a guy in high school. We kissed and stuff, but that was about it. Thought he was the one." She frowned. "Then he cheated on me, broke my heart, and I had the random hookup as a sort of rebound thing. Regretted it afterward, but it wasn't like I could undo what was already done. Never talked to the guy again, and decided not to date after that, at least not for a couple of years. Just planned on doing my own thing."

I nodded. "And I assume that's about when things got fucked up."

She grimaced, looking down again. "Yeah, that's about when things got fucked up, a few months later."

I sighed. "Well, I would be very interested in being in a relationship with you without the sex, if you would also be interested."

She looked up at me in surprise. "R-Really?"

I smirked. "I said that you were hot, but not that it was your only attractive quality." I paused, my tone more meaningful. "I like you Natalie. A lot. You're pretty cool, obviously have a backbone, seem to sincerely care about other people, and I feel like that's all just scratching the surface." I shrugged. "Plus, it's not like I'm going to go completely without sex."

"Ugh," she groaned, her tone lighthearted. "You were being so sweet, and then you had to end it that way."

I could tell she wasn't entirely serious, so I continued. "Yeah, but that takes the pressure off you. If you don't want to fuck, then we don't have to fuck. But I am definitely very interested in getting to know you better, and I would absolutely like to date you." I then shrugged. "But if that's too much for you, then we can do just friends too. Although, I have to admit that I'd prefer us having a relationship with no sex, rather than friends with benefits."

"Me too," she whispered, sounding somber again.

"And you don't have to decide now," I added. "We can continue this whole limbo situation for as long as you'd like."

She frowned at that. "Well, actually I don't like it," she admitted. "You're my alpha, but I feel like my relationship to you is undefined. I'm not a servant, but I'm also not a friend. Not a partner, not a subordinate, not anything. Shit, I'm not even a fuck toy to you, and I can feel that in our bond."

I was a little surprised to hear that.

"Okay, so what do you want to be? A friend? A girlfriend with no sex? Something else?"

Her light brown eyes were suddenly vulnerable again. "W-Would..." She hesitated, looking really nervous now. "C-Could you b-be my...husband?"

I was shocked. "You want to marry me?" I said in disbelief. "And here, I thought we were debating being just friends or maybe boyfriend and girlfriend. That's a lot more serious."

She visibly tried to swallow. "Well, our bond can be defined however you choose. And..." She took a shaky breath. "W-Well, a husband and wife may not always have sex a ton, especially not after the first couple of years of being married, but they still love each other. So...it's kind of serious. A relationship, but with the sex being sort of optional. Maybe some days I'm in the mood, and other days I'm not..." She swallowed loudly.

Again, I was just stunned by the proposal.

Finally, I responded. "I mean, yeah. We can do that, Natalie. Although, I am sort of engaged to both Gabriella and Serenity, so might not be the best thing to go around calling me husband."

She seemed surprised. "Oh. No, I won't do that. And yeah, I saw their rings," she added.

I gave her a small smile. "You really want to be my wife?" I paused when she nodded. "Sure you won't change your mind? I mean, we did just meet today...or I guess it was technically yesterday."

She visibly swallowed again. "You're my alpha now. That's already *forever*. And on top of that, you're pretty much perfect. You're nice, considerate, and handsome, and you saved me. You're strong, and powerful, and you protected me. Even though I was a stranger to you. And even though it literally brought hell to your doorstep. You defended me. You saved me from a literal hell."

I smiled more fully. "Then, yeah, I want you as my w..." My voice trailed off as I abruptly felt that shift in our bond, feeling the ambiguity, which I hadn't really paid much attention to, completely vanish as I suddenly felt her become defined as one of my wives.

More than that, I suddenly realized that the sensation I had with Gwen, Avery, Serenity, Gabriella, and Michelle was very similar, with it finally dawning on me that 'claiming' them was something more than just recruiting them to my team. I'd literally formed a sort of marriage pact with each of them, Michelle being the most recent after her own feelings for me solidified.

Granted, the bond with Natalie felt inherently different, given that she was a werewolf and I was her alpha, but the resulting bond was still very similar.

"Wow," I finally said after a couple of seconds. Even though I hadn't legally married anyone at this point, I already had six wives, if I included Natalie. And soon to be seven, if I included Miriam.

Natalie smiled, seeming genuinely touched by the shift in our bond. "I...umm...thank you. I actually feel really happy about this."

I returned the smile. "You're welcome, sexy. This actually makes me really happy too." I paused, shifting the subject slightly. "So, obviously us having sex will be completely up to you, but what about kissing and other shows of affection?"

Her face flushed. "Umm, yeah. Okay."

"I can kiss you whenever I want?"

She gulped. "Umm, yeah." She paused, glancing up at me. "I mean, if I don't want it, I'll let you know. But, umm, yeah. Seems harmless enough."

I nodded, enjoying it when she stiffened as I finally closed the door and took a few steps toward her. I then bent down on one knee, beginning to open the syringe, which prompted her to focus down on me in surprise.

"Y-You're not going to kiss me?" she asked, almost sounding incredulous.

I grinned at her, the two of us now only a couple feet apart, her hands between her tense bare thighs. "Well, while I realize that a kiss is usually the way two people sort of

officially start their marriage, after they've said their vows and such, I figured that breaking your curse would have a lot more meaning."

Natalie just stared at me in disbelief for a second, before her light brown eyes filled with passion.

She moved quicker than I was expecting, abruptly reaching out to grab my face and attacking me with her lips.

I quickly set the syringe to the side as she practically climbed onto me, with me now on both of my knees and sitting on my heels as she straddled my waist, her hands combing through my hair urgently as she thrust her warm tongue in my mouth, moaning loudly as she smothered her lips against mine.

Given that her sheer dress didn't cover much anyway, I easily got my hands on her bare ass and squeezed tightly, before running my fingers up her soft skin until I was wrapping my arms around her underneath the sheer material, holding her tightly as we continued to rock our heads together.

She finally slowed down after a second, only to pull away a little with a content smile.

"Dang," I commented, my breath sincerely taken away.
"That was an amazing kiss."

She gently bit her full bottom lip, only to smash her juicy lips into mine again, thrusting her tongue in my mouth a second time. Simultaneously, one of her hands moved from my head to my bare chest, beginning to rub over my exposed torso, her scent actively strengthening with arousal.

However, after another few seconds she pulled away again, desire in her light brown eyes.

"Hey," she said in an almost husky tone, her expression becoming a little somber. "I just wanted to say thank you." She paused, her light brown gaze seeming to search mine. "Like, even if this doesn't work out, and you can't break my

curse...or something goes wrong, I really appreciate everything else you've done."

I was surprised by the comment. "It should work though," I responded.

She grimaced. "And I really hope it does. But just in case." She sighed heavily.

"You're nervous," I pointed out.

She took a deep breath, her vinyl-covered snatch beginning to feel really warm on my cock as she straddled my lap. "Yeah, that's why I sort of snapped at you a few minutes ago. Just kind of feels like I'm going in for surgery or something, and there's that chance I'll never wake up. Or that I won't be myself when I wake up."

I gave her a sympathetic look, knowing that this anxiety was going to be the same kind of apprehension that Miriam would have, if she decided to do this too.

With Gabriella, it had been an accident, and with Avery the alternative was being paralyzed for an unknown amount of time, possibly forever. But then, with Serenity, she'd already seen Gabriella, Avery, and Michelle change successfully, whereas Natalie's situation was very different.

Unlike them, she wasn't a normal human.

She was a cursed being.

And even if this *did* work out for Natalie, I knew that both Miriam and Gwen might still be anxious about it.

Because, what if something *did* go wrong?

Or worse, what if my blood really did kill one of them? Or cause them to fall asleep and never wake up?

Jeez, just thinking about it was starting to make me paranoid. However, I knew in Natalie's case that it was better to try, since the alternative was reoccurring agony and trauma every full moon. Never mind the fact that I might not be able to easily control the monster she turned into.

In many ways, Natalie's situation was similar to Avery's had been.

Still, it was obvious she was scared.

Scared of more misfortune plaguing her.

When I didn't respond to her comment, my expression somber, she took a deep breath and focused on the concrete floor where I'd placed the partially unwrapped syringe.

"I guess it's time," she whispered quietly, only to focus on me again, shifting her weight in my lap, her knees on either side of my hips. "Will..." Her voice trailed off, only for her to try again, her voice barely above a whisper. "Will you stay with me the whole time?"

"Of course," I replied gently.

She took a shaky breath, her tone still quiet as she averted her gaze. "Will you hold me?" she added somberly.

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her into a tight hug, prompting her to curl her back a little and bury her blue hair underneath my chin. "I'd be happy to hold you," I replied gently, both of us falling silent for a few seconds. I then sighed, knowing it was best to get this started. "Ready to get comfortable on the bed?" I wondered.

She took a deep breath and pulled away, nodding as she stood up, keeping her hands on my shoulders until she turned around to get back on the purple silk sheet covering the metal spring bed. As she laid down and got comfortable, resting her head on her bent arm, I went ahead and got the syringe in position in the crook of my arm, figuring I'd play it safe by only filling up half the tube like I'd done with Avery and Serenity.

Of course, I knew that Michelle's death was probably unavoidable, but I couldn't help but fear that too much of my blood might cause a person's body to go in shock, and I definitely didn't want to have a mishap like that happen now. Plus, I knew that half the tube would do the job, so best to play it safe.

Once the syringe had my dark crimson blood in it, I got up and sat on the edge of the bed, unsurprised when she

slowly held her free arm out, angling her wrist upward so I could get at the inside of her elbow.

"Ready?" I wondered, patiently resting the needle in my lap to ensure she knew that we would do things on her timing. "This should make you feel really sleepy," I added.

She took a shallow breath, only to close her eyes. "Okay, I'm ready. And thank you."

"You're welcome," I replied softly, moving closer and carefully grabbing her arm. She kept her eyes closed as I continued, the tasteful cosmetic tattoo around her eyes really looking like she had her makeup professionally done. Using my hearing and sight to find a vein, I got the needle in and began slowly injecting it directly into her bloodstream, a little surprised when she winced just as I finished.

"You okay?" I asked seriously, concerned that she hadn't immediately passed out.

"C-Cold," she stammered, only for her eyes to abruptly fly open, her pupils constricting to pinpricks as she started hyperventilating, her pulse suddenly visible in her neck, only for her pupils to suddenly dilate to their fullest, her light brown irises all but disappearing as her eyes became nearly black. "H-Help," she stammered, her entire body beginning to tremble.

Instantly, before I could even respond, her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she began convulsing, the reaction looking just like the seizure that hit Michelle right before she died.

SHIT!

I flew to the door and yanked it open, yelling at the top of my lungs. "*MIRIAM!*"

I knew she was coming when I heard footsteps running down the hallway on the second floor, surprised when it sounded like she leapt over the banister railing and half glided, half fell, to the grand foyer, only to continue rushing down the next hall and bolting down the stairs at record speed. Gwen must have been alerted too, because her

hooves came rushing down from the second floor as well, going even faster than her mistress.

The metal frame was creaking loudly as Natalie continued to convulse, only for the noise to abruptly stop.

FUCK!

I turned around urgently, panicking when I saw that Natalie was motionless, with me rushing over to the bed and placing my fingers on her neck to feel for a pulse.

Her neck throbbed against my skin.

Her chest rose just incrementally.

And I suddenly felt like I was going to pass out in relief when I realized she wasn't dead. She was still alive. But something was happening with her. She was sweating profusely, beads of sweat covering her forehead, her blue hair already starting to look wet at the edges. It was almost as extreme as when Miriam used that lightning attack and became drenched in her own sweat.

Except, this was different.

It wasn't the same kind of sweat like when someone exercised a ton, instead reminding me more of when I'd seen Serenity have a fever that broke.

A second later, Miriam burst through the open door just as I focused up at her.

"Is she okay?" she asked urgently, seeing the relief on my face.

"I don't know," I admitted. "She started having a seizure."

Miriam straightened up more and folded her wings tightly as she stepped closer, focusing on the blue-haired vixen intently, Gwen now heading down the basement stairs too. "I heard the bed creaking just a second ago," she replied, as if to verify that she believed I wasn't exaggerating. "Did she say anything before she passed out?"

"Just that she was cold," I replied.

Miriam nodded, looking her up and down, only to glance over her shoulder when Gwen appeared at the doorway.

"Moonstone crown," Miriam said simply, prompting Gwen to turn right back around and bolt back up the stairs, not even taking the time to examine the room in its fullest before she was off. The short redhead then focused on me. "I'm only guessing, Kai, but I think her body is reacting to the curse being broken. She looks like she just broke a fever."

"Can you verify that with your crown?" I asked seriously, assuming that must be why she requested it.

"Yes," she agreed, only to take another step forward... this time toward *me*.

I was surprised when she walked right up to me, seated at the edge of the bed, and leaned forward to wrap her arms around my neck, giving me a tight squeeze. Suddenly, I felt overwhelmed with her maternal presence radiating from her body, filling the entire room with its potency.

"It's alright, baby," she whispered, her tone full of tender love. "I think she's okay. And I'm here for you."

Fuck, I wasn't a wimp, but suddenly I wanted to cry, just like when she comforted me after I'd accidentally turned Natalie into a true puppet for a brief few minutes. I wrapped my arms around Miriam more desperately than I intended, pulling her between my legs, my head ending up against her chest as she straightened a little due to the proximity. Her ivory shirt was soft against my cheek, her small tits just squishy enough to make for the perfect pillow.

My eyes were beginning to sting.

Miriam gently ran her fingers through my hair as she shushed me gently, like she knew I was about to cry, her leather bolero shrug creaking softly with her movement. "Shh, it's alright, baby. I'm here for you. I'll make sure she's okay. You can relax now."

I took a shaky breath, my voice quiet. "Thank you," I whispered, only to sigh, squeezing her tighter as I gathered

my thoughts.

“You’re welcome, my love.”

I took a deep breath, finally pulling away to look up at her now that I’d gathered myself. “I really do appreciate it,” I emphasized. “Although I think I would have been okay.”

She gave me an affectionate smile. “I know, sweetie. I’m sure you would have been fine. But as a succubus, I can’t spawn males and I’ve always wanted a boy, so you’re going to have to let me baby you a little. And, as I’m sure you’ve realized, it’s the same for Rebecca. We both have the urge to take care of you, even though you’ve done so much to protect us.”

My eyes widened in surprise, kind of confused by the change in subject, but not focusing on it long as I responded. “You talked to her already?” I assumed, knowing she was planning on it.

“Briefly,” she replied. “I asked her to stay at her place until morning, just to be on the safe side, but she plans on visiting as soon as the sun rises, so that I can tell her everything that happened in person.”

I nodded. “And why bring up her babying me?” I finally asked.

She grinned. “Well, because when I reassured her that Gabriella was alright, and then told her that you handled most of the problem, she became especially concerned about her ‘baby boy.’” Her smile turned affectionate. “Of course, I already know how I feel, so understanding how she feels is simple enough. Although, I admit that I think her maternal urges are a bit stronger than mine.” She sighed. “Difference of personality. It took her a lot longer than most to grow out of playing with dolls when she was younger. And while I wouldn’t consider myself a bad mother by any means, she was definitely a better mother.”

I heard Gwen finally rushing back down the basement stairs as I responded. “Well, from what I’ve heard, you were a *great* mother.”

Miriam gave me a warm smile, only to lower her voice. "And, I also brought the subject up to help keep you from being anxious while we waited," she admitted, almost seeming a little sad now.

I was just stunned, realizing she'd had an ulterior motive to redirecting the conversation a little, but feeling the powerful maternal essence behind it, knowing she just wanted to comfort and distract me, instead of letting me worry needlessly about something that was outside of my control.

Because that worry wouldn't solve anything.

And really, that was her whole point about babying me.

She was here now, Natalie was alive and breathing, and she would make sure Natalie was okay. Of course, I had no idea what she'd be able to do if Natalie *wasn't* okay, but she was making it clear that she had taken responsibility for the situation and would provide instruction as appropriate.

I just had to stay levelheaded and follow her lead.

"Thank you," I whispered, wanting to express my appreciation.

"You're very welcome, my cute boy. Anything for you."

(12) CHAPTER 72: EAVESDROPPING

Thanks to the short redhead succubus holding onto me and comforting me, I was managing to keep it together and remain calm as we waited for Gwen to return with the moonstone crown that should allow her to assess Natalie and ensure she was alright. After beginning to have a seizure, like Michelle had done back at the hospital, I was sure I'd accidentally killed the blue-haired vixen with my blood, but it appeared that once her tremors had died down, she was still breathing and still had a pulse.

In the meantime, I remained sitting on the bed, with Miriam standing between my legs, her arms wrapped around my head while my cheek rested against her small soft tits.

However, she finally pulled away when Gwen came back down the stairs and ran down the hallway, with Miriam accepting the moonstone crown once she entered the room and focused on the blue-haired vixen again.

It only took her a few seconds to make her assessment.

“The curse is gone.”

“That fast?” I said in disbelief.

She nodded. “If I had to guess, I’d say the seizure and her overall reaction were in response to your blood eliminating the curse. Probably happened within a handful of heartbeats.” She clicked her tongue then. “Kind of wish I’d chosen to be here when you injected your blood, so I could see it happen. But at the very least, she appears to be stable, so I think she’ll be okay.”

"Can you tell if her body is changing?" I wondered.

She shook her head. "No, unfortunately that's not something I can detect. But now that the curse itself is broken, I assume that your blood will transform her much like it's done the others."

"So, she won't be a werewolf anymore?" I asked, uncertain if that was what she meant.

She frowned at that. "Hard to say. The curse obviously gave her DNA the capacity to shift, and the removal of the curse doesn't mean her DNA will go back to normal. She might end up completely like you, or she might result in some kind of hybrid between a werewolf and *whatever you are*."

I smirked at that, because it almost sounded like she was insulting me. My tone was playful. "Whatever I am, huh?"

She stuck her tongue out at me. "You know what I mean," she teased.

I grinned, only to sigh again. "So, now I guess we just wait."

She nodded. "We wait. And in the meantime, I need to show you how to seal this room to keep her inside, and if you don't mind, I'd also like to talk a little."

"Sure," I agreed. "About what?"

She gave me a small smile. "About you and me. About what it'll mean for both of us to really be together."

"Oh," I said simply.

It had already occurred to me that we hadn't really talked about this subject much, and I was pretty sure I had an idea of what we needed to discuss, such as the protection of the dimensional gate, but I couldn't help but feel a little nervous about it now.

I cleared my throat, realizing she was waiting for a response. "Okay," I added simply.

"We don't have to talk a ton right now," she clarified. "I'm pretty tired, and after I show you how to seal the room, I'm sure you might want to get a little bit of sleep too. But

since you're going to leave in the morning, I wanted to at least bring up the big things."

"And what are the big things?" I wondered.

"The gate," she said right away. "If I can't fuck whomever I want, then it means I'm going to be limited on where I can get energy to keep the carnelian crystals full. Obviously, that shouldn't be a problem since your capacity to produce lust doesn't appear to fatigue, but I need you to be aware that this basically makes it your responsibility to ensure I have enough stored magic to keep up with it."

I nodded. "I assumed as much."

Her expression dropped. "And, should the worst happen, and something happens to you, or you just can't give me energy for some reason, the gate has to come first. No matter what, I can't allow the barrier to fail."

"And how likely do you think that is?" I wondered.

She sighed. "As long as we remain together, then it'll never happen," she said seriously. "And I hope we do always remain together, but if some other obligation takes you away from me for too long, then the gate has to come first. The literal end of the world isn't worth it."

"And does the energy have to come from men?"

"No," she said simply. "It's just easier and more abundant with men. I get less from women, even when they're lesbian. Not that women can't theoretically produce the same amount of lust, but it's kind of like my charms as a succubus weren't designed to seduce women, even if I undoubtedly can."

"Okay, and are you willing to get it from only women if something like that happens?"

"Yes," she said with a nod. "Are you alright with that? Me fucking a woman who isn't with you? Possibly someone you may never even meet?"

I paused to think it over. "Do you mean, in general, or only if I can't give you the energy you need?"

"Not in general," she clarified. "I don't *want* to fuck anyone not associated with you. It would only be as a last resort."

I shrugged. "Then yeah, that would be fine."

She nodded again. "I was hoping as much, but wanted to make sure." She took a deep breath. "Then, the next thing has to do with you."

"What do you mean?" I wondered. "A limit to who I have sex with?" I guessed.

She shook her head. "No, I don't really mind who you sleep with, and feel it would be unfair to even expect you to restrain yourself when I've done nothing but live in pure debauchery for thousands of years. Obviously, the others might not feel the same way, but that's at least my stance on it." She sighed. "No, it's about what it means for *me* to be with *you*, in terms of safety. Kai, I think you need to understand that those who associate with you, including Serenity and Gabriella, might be in danger." She paused when I grimaced. "And I personally am okay with accepting that risk," she quickly added. "As someone who has lived without true love, *without a real relationship*, for more time than you can even comprehend, I am more than willing to accept that risk. As I'm sure everyone else is too. But I need you to understand the implications of your existence. The implications of how unique you are, and what that might mean."

I felt kind of down now. "And you're really willing to take that risk?" I asked somberly. "You won't change your mind?"

She shook her head, her tone affectionate. "I can't even express with words how I feel about you, baby. So yes, I am willing to take any risk to be with you. Any risk to finally have what I've always wanted. However, as a part of that risk, it means we need to start taking everything else more seriously."

Now I was confused. "What do you mean?"

She frowned, her emerald eyes pensive, her red eyebrows slightly furrowed. "Well, obviously what happened tonight was not your fault in any way, but it only reinforced the fact that the best way for me to defend myself, and the others, is for us to go *all in*. Specifically, you and me. The two of us must go *all in*." Her tone became more firm. "I need to train you, educate you, support you, and overall help you become the strongest you can be. And if it turns out that Serenity, Gabriella, and anyone else with your blood can gain a similar level of strength, then I need to train and educate them too. I believe there might truly be a threat looming at the edge of your life, and we need to be ready to deal with it. Just like it would be best for us to be ready to handle a literal army of monsters knocking on my door, much like just happened tonight, even if such an event is unlikely to reoccur."

I nodded slowly as I considered that, knowing I'd already talked to most of my women about learning how to fight, something that Serenity had volunteered to help with, since she had self-defense training as a detective.

I cleared my throat. "So, should we go as far as to just have me skip the rest of school and focus solely on me getting stronger?"

She shook her head. "No, I think maintaining a level of normalcy is important. Because, if you're being monitored closely, then we might only have a few days before that threat is tipped off and becomes a problem. Worst case, and changing things up might make the threat happen right away. Alternatively, if you continue your normal life as much as possible, then that might give us months, or even years, of time to prepare. And plenty of time to figure out what the message is on your stone."

"And what do you think we are preparing against?" I wondered seriously, unsure if she had an idea, or was just thinking in general terms.

She grimaced. “Someone created you, Kai. They did an experiment *and succeeded*. You are everything people have wanted to create for millennia. However, it’s doubtful such a person designed you for your own benefit. They no doubt want what you have, and if what they want is ultimately power, then it’s unlikely they want to share it. Especially not with you.”

“Think it’s my father then? Would he have any reason to create something like me?”

She took a deep breath. “I think it would be foolish to rule him out completely, but a man like your father should already have plenty of power. I can’t imagine him pursuing a slightly better existence when he’s already immortal, and likely has everything a man could want. It’s kind of the same reason why I, personally, would never consider doing such experiments, and why I’m hesitant even now to become like you. The allure of your rapid healing isn’t alone enough to make it a no-brainer, so to speak.”

“And what about my mother?”

She shrugged. “Depends on if she was fully human or not. Honestly, if I had to place a bet, I’d say there was a third party involved. Someone who truly has reason to be unsatisfied with their existence in life, and who would have the incentive and motivation to pursue becoming something greater.”

I hesitated as I considered that. “If the experiment worked once, then do they even need me? Or could they just do it again?”

She shrugged. “It honestly depends on how they created you in the first place. Obviously, the safest way for them to become like you would be exposed to some of your blood, unless...” She paused, her brow suddenly furrowed.

“Unless what?” I prompted after a few seconds.

She sighed. “Unless they aren’t aware of what you’re truly capable of. It’s possible they don’t know you can turn others into creatures like you. But that just means you need

to be careful to avoid exposure, and otherwise act normally, because if they realize the others are different too, then they might strike before we're ready."

I nodded. "And I assume you believe they might be stronger than me?"

She shrugged, her hands on her bony leather-clad hips. "I don't know, baby. The first werewolf to ever exist was far stronger than its creator – that was the entire reason for the creator to pursue experimentation in the first place, because becoming stronger was the goal. He died, of course, slaughtered by his creation, but left notes behind that others have used. However, if my sources are accurate, and I believe they are, then the first 'true' elite vampire was also the creator. And he always kept his creations well controlled and contained until the day he finally experimented on himself." She paused to let that sink in. "Alternatively, you were released into the world to live a normal life, for whatever reason I cannot imagine, leaving the responsibility of keeping this secret solely in the hands of a child. That alone is a conundrum worth considering. I mean, it's possible your father is the reason why you were protected. Possibly he was unaware of the experiment, but had the power to ensure you remained out of the hands of whoever did this to you."

I nodded, uncertain of how to respond, knowing all this was speculation at this point.

Miriam finally took a deep breath, glancing at Natalie one last time and then reaching up to take off her tiara. "Anyway, it's late, and we could talk for hours. Let me show you how to seal the room."

I inclined my chin again, ready to learn.

Surprisingly, learning how to seal the room was fairly simple now that I'd already had the experience of perceiving Miriam's fortification of the normal barriers to prevent all passage in either direction. Similarly, it was just a matter of creating a new temporary barrier, which would pretty much

exist wherever she placed it, and then preventing others from passing through it, so that even an open door wouldn't allow someone other than me or Miriam to leave or enter the room.

I hadn't noticed it before, but Miriam's suite actually had a barrier around it, in addition to the magical wards that protected it from most types of supernatural damage, separating it from the rest of the house. It was apparently the reason why she'd avoided being chosen as a target when the old man and blonde vampire were seeking out some blood.

According to Rosa, who explained more earlier, they'd found themselves trapped inside her house, able to move within its walls, but because of the other barrier around her suite, they couldn't enter that portion of the house on the second floor.

Of course, Miriam had never put a barrier around Gwen's room, because it was kind of overkill to begin with, since usually no one supernatural would even be able to enter the house without permission. Really, the purpose of the extra barrier was to keep *invited* guests, those allowed into the house, out of her quarters even though they were welcome inside the rest of the mansion, and had nothing to do with having an extra layer of protection to keep the succubus safe.

Miriam also admitted that she'd placed a barrier around the basement room I'd been kept in, when I first visited, which would have prevented me from leaving if I'd somehow broken out of the handcuffs and been able to get through the door. Again, that was in addition to the magical wards that were supposed to protect the place from being damaged by magic.

I jokingly commented that it was good we spoke civilly then, since it would have really freaked me out if I found myself sincerely trapped...and I wasn't sure what I would have done. But she was much more serious when admitting

that she wouldn't have done anything different, if given a second chance, especially since she didn't know I could be trusted at that point, but apologized for the stress it caused me.

Of course, I understood, and ultimately everything worked out fine.

Better than fine.

I couldn't be happier with my situation with her.

Miriam also had my phone with her, which I'd given her earlier before the fight, having placed it in her back pocket recently, since she already planned on coming down to talk to me even before I freaked out at Natalie's mini-seizure and called out for her help.

After accepting the device and deciding to turn it off, since the battery was pretty low, I stuffed it in my gym shorts pocket and exchanged a tender kiss with Miriam for the night, her small warm hands feeling my bare chest. She then went back upstairs after that, closing the door behind her, prompting me to sigh heavily as I mentally checked the barrier around the room to ensure it was fine, and then decided to lay down next to Natalie.

Surprisingly, Natalie's skin was already pretty dry, with the only signs that she'd been sweating earlier coming from some of her rich blue hair being a little damp still, but even her sheer dress didn't feel wet to the touch.

Kind of felt like it was a little strange, but I didn't focus on it much, instead recalling that Natalie wanted me to hold her while she slept. Thus, I carefully got my arm underneath her head, providing her with a makeshift pillow and slowly scooted closer while also pulling her unconscious body into my arms.

She felt good.

Really good.

I wasn't sure how to define why that was though. It wasn't that she was overly warm, like how it felt to touch Gwen, nor was it related to her being fluffy like how it felt to

hold Gabriella, Rebecca, or Michelle. Instead, it was simply the act of ‘touching her’ felt really comforting, and almost pleasurable, but not necessarily in a sexual sense.

Honestly, it kind of reminded me of when Miriam first used her charm on me, making me feel so hot and bothered that even the sensation of my shirt on my skin was making me aroused. But in this case, it was touching specifically Natalie that felt so amazing, like the physical contact was a source of pure pleasure.

Just minus the sexual tension, the sensation being more like the combination of a physical comfort and mental satisfaction.

Or at least, I assumed.

I was far too tired at this point to feel aroused either way, with it definitely being after 3 AM at this point, and my cock wasn’t even remotely hard as I held her, but still...I couldn’t help but almost feel *relieved* with the comforting feel-good sensation that was bombarding me, as I held this blue-haired vixen in my arms.

I didn’t remember falling asleep.

What I *did* remember was finally beginning to relax, feeling extra secure behind a whopping four barriers that basically secluded me from the rest of the world, the one around the room making me feel like I was truly in my own space.

That didn’t stop me from noticing the twigs snapping outside far in the distance, the low grunts telling me it was likely a couple of deer on the other side of Miriam’s property from where I’d attacked the previous group.

Not surprising, since something close to two thousand acres was a shit ton of land.

Like, that was enough land to build probably *fifty* entirely separate subdivisions, hundreds of houses each, with roads and stoplights between. Not that Miriam would ever want to do something like that, probably not in a million years, but the property she owned truly was enormous.

Being asleep also didn't prevent me from hearing the owl hooting by the mansion's front gate for a little while before flying away, or from hearing any of the other little noises from foxes, a bobcat, possibly a coyote, and maybe even an opossum.

All within the realm of normal noises I might expect at night, never mind all the tree frogs and crickets, along with the occasional bat squeaks.

I also remembered something else too...

I saw Avery.

'Kai?' she asked me groggily, glancing back over her shoulder as if I was spooning her.

I didn't respond, and she definitely wasn't in the room with us, but I felt her *relax in my arms*, nevertheless. Felt her relax between me and Natalie, *nevertheless*.

'I...I love you,' she whispered almost inaudibly, sounding like she was falling asleep again.

I was sure it was a dream, but not for a second did I stop hearing the sounds outside.

Not for a second did I lose track of Serenity and Gabriella's breathing upstairs, the two of them sharing a bed. Or Miriam's rhythmic heartbeat in her suite.

I could even vaguely recall hearing whispers coming from Gwen and Rosa, though truly I must have been tired, because not a thing alarmed me or startled me awake.

In fact, I must not have even considered *Natalie rousing* to be threatening, because I slept right through it, only vaguely being aware when she stiffened in my arms.

Suddenly, *clawed hands* were on my bare chest, her scent becoming panicked as I felt her grow slightly larger. Her tone was also panicked.

"No, no, no, no, *NO*," she hissed urgently, her breathing frantic. "Please no. Please stop. Stop, stop, stop, *stop*."

I might have roused if she grew a bit larger, or possibly if she spoke louder, but she didn't continue to change.

And even if she *had* continued, I felt as if she was no threat to me.

Not when I was her alpha.

However, her breathing became more forceful as she sucked in ragged breaths and blew them in my face, her hands still tense on my bare chest, until she was slowly decreasing to her normal size. Not that she had really gotten much bigger to begin with. But her hands on my chest began to relax too, until she finally took one last deep breath and again blew it in my face, the scent sweet like honey...

Honey...like how I apparently smelled to everyone else.

Natalie's hands began moving incrementally then, seeming calm now as she gently explored my toned chest, feeling the shape of my muscles, one hand moving to my shoulder and then slipping underneath my arm to feel my side, all before both hands returned to my chest. She then inched her head closer on my arm, her soft lips pressing gently into mine and remaining there for what felt like a long time, before her body finally relaxed enough that her lips naturally fell mere millimeters away, the two of us now breathing softly, exchanging breaths as we both slept soundly.

It was then quiet.

But then, I even noticed when Serenity woke up, and heard when Gwen checked on her just as she was waking Gabriella up. I heard Serenity's surprise that Gwen seemed like she'd never gone to sleep, and the affection in both of their tones as the two of them quietly moved on to other lighthearted topics after asking if she knew how I was doing.

The maid simply said that she could sense I was very tired and resting.

Gwen eventually checked on Miriam, but when she seemed out of it, similarly drained from the effort she exerted the previous evening, including the lightning attack, among other things, the sexy maid let her be.

Eventually, Serenity and Gabriella exchanged goodbyes with Gwen, and even Rosa, before climbing in my car and heading home.

Not long after, another vehicle arrived, my heart feeling warmed when I recognized Mrs. Rebecca's concerned voice. The sexy maid explained who Rosa was, and also shared a more detailed explanation of what transpired last night. Gwen also explained where I was and what I was doing, when prompted.

Needless to say, Mrs. Rebecca was pretty overwhelmed.

And, unlike Gwen, she was much less reserved about waking up Miriam, the two succubi soon finding themselves alone together in her bedroom, sounding like they hugged for a long time while the shorter minx reassured the bustier woman. There was actually a part of me that was a little surprised when Mrs. Rebecca asked Miriam if she felt like I shared any of the responsibility for so much danger appearing in their lives.

And that surprise must have caused me to begin waking up, because I paid much closer attention to their conversation.

However, before answering herself, the redhead minx turned the question on Mrs. Rebecca.

"And what do you think?" Miriam wondered.

Mrs. Rebecca sounded surprised. "Well, no, I don't think so. I mean, I'm sure he had no way of knowing that bringing that girl here would result in such an attack, and it sounds like he's inadvertently eliminated a huge nearby threat. Who knows what they were planning, and even if it wasn't something too crazy, I'm sure they were involved in criminal activity." She paused. "Plus, he risked his life to protect everyone. But I know how you can be," she added. "That's why I asked."

Miriam's tone was casual. "I agree with your assessment." She paused to yawn. "And I've decided to go all in with him, both for safety, as well as for companionship.

He can give me all the lust I need, and then some, so I'm giving up my promiscuous lifestyle, and plan on devoting all my energy to guiding him and ensuring he's the strongest and best he can be."

Mrs. Rebecca seemed stunned. "I...I know you're not one to exaggerate...*but are you serious*? You're changing your whole life for him?"

"Does that surprise you?"

There was a pause. "I mean, I'm doing the same, but it's not really a big deal for me to make such a dramatic change. I've not lived the same way for thousands of years."

Miriam sighed. "And how are you handling your husband?" she wondered. "I may be making a more dramatic change to my life, but at least it mostly only affects me."

Mrs. Rebecca sighed as well. "I suppose I never told you about our arrangement."

"Arrangement?" Miriam repeated, only to sound like she was clarifying, as if she understood what Mrs. Rebecca was inherently speaking about. "Of course, I always hoped you'd have the appropriate conversations with him, but I didn't want to pry and wasn't aware you'd come to any formal agreement."

"Yeah, he's always known I'd outlive him by a lot, so before we got married, we decided to take it ten years at a time. Reevaluate every decade, and decide if we'd do another ten years, or separate."

"And you're getting close to thirty years now, aren't you?" Miriam commented.

"Yes, it's been twenty-eight years, and we have two wonderful daughters to show for it. However, we'd already begun talking about separating about six months ago. Discussing if maybe we should separate before our thirty-year anniversary."

"How come?" Miriam asked seriously, sounding concerned now.

Rebecca sighed heavily. "He's only forty-six, but he already looks a decade older than he is, and has started to show other signs of premature aging. I know it's not uncommon for men to gray in their forties, but he's fit as a horse and still looks like he's nearly sixty." She sighed heavily a second time. "I'm concerned that his time with me is starting to really take its toll. Honestly, I'm pretty sure it *already has* taken its toll. He's biologically ten years older than he should be. *I've aged his capacity to produce lifeforce.*"

Surprisingly, Miriam didn't disagree. "I'm so sorry, honey."

Mrs. Rebecca took a shaky breath. "Don't be. We both knew the risks, and we've been very happy for the last twenty-eight years. If we separate now, then he should be alright. Time away from me should help him regain a handful of years worth of youth." She sighed again. "But honestly, I'm thankful for my baby boy coming into my life when he did. It was that extra push I needed to break it off a couple of years early. And Jonathan of course understands."

Miriam's tone was playful. "Excuse me. *Our* baby boy, thank you," she retorted.

Surprisingly, the busty woman laughed at that. "Of course, of course. I'm just so happy we can share him. It's a miracle, really. A blessing from God. Who would have thought that such a man might exist? And for us to meet him when he's so young, no less, thanks to my pup. I feel like we've won the lottery. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with him."

"Me too," Miriam agreed somberly, sounding unexpectedly sad.

"You don't mind sharing, correct?" Rebecca asked sincerely.

"No, of course I don't mind. I just..." She sighed. "I guess I've just been forced to be alone for so long, to keep all of my romantic relationships shallow, that I almost feel sad now. Like, I'm so happy that it's making me sad."

"I think I understand," she replied. "The fact that you couldn't have him sooner, right? That you went through so much to get to this point?"

Miriam sounded surprised. "Yeah, I guess that's kind of it. I wish he could have existed thousands of years ago, and been with me all this time."

Mrs. Rebecca didn't respond right away.

"What is it?" Miriam wondered.

She hesitated. "Well, I'm just wondering...when you say that you wished he could have been around thousands of years ago, is that with the assumption that he'd still be alive now?"

"Oh," Miriam replied. "Yeah, normally I'd assume that he'd only live half a millennium, being half incubus, but he has traits that imply he might be immortal like I am. Not only does his ability to produce lust seem incapable of fatiguing, but he heals so fast. Never mind the fact that he came back from the dead. If he turned out to *not* be immortal, I'd be truly shocked at this point."

"Make sense," she agreed. "I wasn't sure how confident you were about that."

"As you know," Miriam replied. "I tend to be paranoid and skeptical. Normally I'd be afraid to hope for such a thing, but like I said, I'd be truly shocked if he *didn't* end up being immortal. Whoever was involved in changing him, into what he is now, truly succeeded in the most literal and miraculous sense possible."

"And what about him changing others?" Mrs. Rebecca unexpectedly wondered.

All at once, *they had my attention*.

My eyes immediately flew open, focusing on Natalie's peaceful expression so close to my face, her soft lips nearly

touching mine, her scent filling my nose. Her complexion was completely normal, her eyes framed in that tasteful cosmetic tattoo, her blue hair slightly disheveled as she slept.

But I didn't focus on her for long as I listened for Miriam's response, just surprised that Mrs. Rebecca knew that I could change others, wondering when she'd been told. Or if maybe she'd somehow figured it out herself, since I hadn't had the chance to tell her myself yet.

I had wanted to share it with Miriam first, and didn't want to put Mrs. Rebecca in a position where she'd have to keep a secret from the woman she respected so much.

The short redhead sighed. "Normally, it would worry me, but it appears his blood is able to bring out the supernatural traits of regular people. Serenity has clearly gained the ability to shift into an inferno imp, like Gwen, and Gabriella appears to be able to change from a sixteenth succubus to almost a full-blooded one." She paused. "Honestly, the only thing your Gabby is missing is the deformed body that most of us were cursed with. But take away my wings and tail, and I'm not sure if I'm any more succubus than she is when she's transformed."

"And do you think they'll also live forever?" Mrs. Rebecca wondered. "Gabby and anyone else who shares in his blood?"

Miriam hesitated. "I do not know at this point. My gut tells me a strong 'maybe,' but I have no real basis for verifying that at this time."

Mrs. Rebecca's tone was suddenly quiet and somber. "I may have to reject the offer, if he decides to ask me."

Miriam sounded surprised. "How come?"

She took a long deep breath. "For one, because I don't want him to feel 'used.' If he finds out that he might also be giving people immortality, and if he especially discovers I knew that ahead of time, then he might doubt my feelings for him."

"Oh my sweet little Rebecca," Miriam sighed. "You never change. Always worried about your intentions being misunderstood."

"Don't you?" she replied seriously.

There was a long pause.

Miriam took a deep breath. "I suppose you're right. My situation is different. I'm not sure his blood would offer much benefit to me, aside from possibly allowing me to heal faster, the price of which is feeding on blood, so there's no reason for him to think that I was using him if I *did* accept his offer."

"Exactly," she replied. "But it's different for me. I'm going to die one day, and I'd almost rather live a normal happy life with him, and die as nature intended, rather than live forever and have him wonder if the only reason I loved him was because I wanted the benefits associated with it."

"You worry too much," Miriam sighed. "Just relax and take things one step at a time. Don't ask him for his blood. If he offers, he offers. And if you still feel that way, then tell him how you feel. It doesn't have to be that complicated."

Mrs. Rebecca scoffed playfully. "I know I shouldn't be surprised that you're an expert at relationships, but you still stun me sometimes. It just seems so simple when you say it."

Miriam scoffed in kind. "I've just seen enough relationships succeed and fail to understand what works and what doesn't. Openness, honesty, communication, and most importantly, *respect*, are what allow any type of relationship to flourish. So if you feel this way, then just tell him. It's that simple."

Rebecca sighed heavily. "Well, not anytime soon. He's got enough to worry about, without me burdening him with my personal drama."

"You'll be telling him about the situation with your husband though, right?"

"Oh, of course. I hope..." Her voice trailed off. "I mean, I think he should be happy."

"You might have to make it clear that you were going to have to separate from your husband to begin with. That you are good friends who decided to start a family, but knew it wouldn't be forever."

Mrs. Rebecca made an amused noise. "Well, my little Anna and I were sort of a family before I met him."

Miriam scoffed playfully. "You know what I mean. Annabella had no father in the picture before that."

"I know," she agreed quietly. "And Anna is aware that Jonathan and I wouldn't be together forever, so it'll be easier for her to accept the news, but I am a little worried about Gabriella. We had a lot of fun the other day when I played with her man, but I'm not sure if she is ready to accept her father and I getting a divorce."

"Just be open and honest," Miriam repeated. "That's all you can do. Might also need to prepare Kai mentally to meet him, since it's not like he's just going to disappear from your lives. He's still the man who raised your daughters. And still the man who fathered one of them."

She sighed. "Of course. I know that. Might need to wait until Jonathan finds someone else though, before I make that introduction. That way my baby boy can see that my ex-husband has moved on and is happy."

"Weren't you going to find him someone, or something like that?"

"He wants to try the dating game on his own first. I mean, he is quite handsome still, and he certainly hasn't lost his charm. He'll probably do just fine without my intervention. But if he does end up needing help, then I'll jump right in and use my gifts to find him his flavor of kink."

Taking a deep breath, a little more relaxed now after listening to the conversation between the two succubi, I forced the air out slowly, realizing I was actually pretty hungry and wanted to go ahead and get up for now.

However, I wanted to be careful not to wake Natalie up, recalling that she had already woken up once, probably at least an hour ago once she'd finished transitioning, only to fall back asleep shortly later. Thus, I carefully pulled my arm out from underneath her head and scooted away to sit on the edge of the bed, trying to collect my thoughts.

And to remember all that had transpired while I'd been asleep.

To recall what I'd been aware of while unconscious, something that had only begun happening since I died and came back to life, as if there was a part of me that was always aware, even when asleep. I felt like I'd heard about cows sleeping like that, with part of their brains always on, basically taking turns which half of their brain was asleep at a time, but had no idea if what I was experiencing was similar or not.

Nevertheless, a part of me seemed to always remain awake, no matter what.

Bizarre.

But useful.

My attention abruptly shifted to upstairs when it sounded like Gwen was heading my way, the sound of something rattling in her hands.

(13) CHAPTER 73: BREAKFAST

As I sat up on the edge of the silk-covered bed in the basement room designated for Gwen, I tried to collect my thoughts and fully wake up while listening to Natalie softly breathe behind me. It was strange, because it felt like I was remembering a foggy dream I'd just woken up from, but in reality that 'dream' was the little details of all the noises I'd been paying attention to all night.

Truly, it almost felt like I'd never actually fallen asleep, even though I knew I was unconscious.

Although...

The part about Avery *had* to be a dream.

She obviously wasn't with us right now, both her and Michelle having stayed over at their own house for the night, so the sensation that she'd been in bed with me and Natalie obviously wasn't real. However, despite having definitely been asleep, I felt like I needed another five hours, having only woken up because I apparently heard something that finally caught my attention.

Specifically, I'd started waking up when I realized Mrs. Rebecca and Miriam were talking about me, and then I *really* woke up when the busty redhead made a comment indicating that she already knew I'd changed Gabriella.

But that was fine. After listening, I assumed that Miriam must have tipped her off on a phone call, giving her enough information for her to figure out the rest on her own. Either that, or I missed a whispered conversation that might have occurred when she first arrived.

Hard to say.

But I was far from well-rested at this point.

I'd already been kind of sleep deprived before, and then I had that huge fight with all those werewolves on top of everything else, never mind all the times I'd had sex with Miriam the previous evening. So yeah, the four or five hours that I'd been asleep wasn't going to cut it long-term.

But, I could manage to stay awake for a while at least.

I supposed I might go ahead and ask Mrs. Rebecca if she could drive me home...

And I guess Natalie too, since she'd indicated she wanted to come with me. Probably best to keep her close by anyway, just to ensure nothing strange happened with her body in a few hours. I assumed that she was good now, her transformation complete, her curse broken, but if there was going to be a problem then it would definitely be most ideal for her to be near me.

However...

Glancing over my shoulder, I focused on Natalie's unconscious form, realizing she was pretty wiped too. And *not* thirsty for blood, surprisingly. In our bond, much like I could determine the needs of my own hand, I could sense that her body had everything it required right now, having no wants other than the desire to sleep. She didn't need to eat, drink, or even use the bathroom.

She only needed sleep.

Made sense, considering she'd actually fallen asleep in the car the previous day when we first visited Miriam and Gwen in that field, likewise seeming kind of sleep deprived. Add that on top of such an eventful night, and I suspected we could both pass out for half a day before we started feeling more normal again.

Listening to the other noises in the house, I noted that it sounded as if Gwen was in the kitchen, mentioning something softly to Rosa, though I couldn't quite make it out what she said.

With Miriam and Rebecca's conversation, they'd been speaking at normal volume, so I managed to hear even though they were on the second floor. But if they'd chosen to have their conversation in hushed whispers then I might not have been able to make it out.

Deciding to stand up and stretch, I was a little surprised when it sounded like Gwen was heading down the first floor hallway, and then even more surprised when she started heading down the basement stairs, a tray gently rattling as she walked, her hooves clacking against the wood-covered concrete stairs.

Did she realize I was awake?

I supposed it was possible, since not only did I have an awareness of her general location, but I also now kind of sensed the fact that she was obviously conscious. Never mind the fact that she could basically read minds, to an extent, although I had no idea what her range was. But the overall sensation was somewhat similar to what I experienced with Natalie, except that the werewolf bond was so much stronger.

But that just made me wonder if I could form this type of strong bond with anyone.

After all, for all I knew, the bond that I now shared with Natalie might not be because she'd been a werewolf.

Instead, it might have more to do with there being in inherent power to how I'd dominated her in bed...

But then, might that mean I could develop a stronger bond with the others too? And did the development of that bond necessarily need to be dominating, or could other things strengthen it? Truly, I had no idea, but I figured it might be worth trying out, to see if I could strengthen my awareness of the others.

Opening the door, and removing the temporary barrier around the room, I stepped out into the concrete hall to find that Gwen had changed into her maid outfit at some point in time, a content smile touching her purple lips as she walked,

her hooves clacking on the concrete like she was wearing high heels, the black fur on her legs looking like silk stockings, seeing that she was carrying a tray of food.

Specifically, a stack of five pancakes with whipped cream and strawberries on top, a glass syrup dispenser next to the fancy plate, along with what appeared to be a bowl of cream of wheat with cinnamon and brown sugar sprinkled on top. Then, there were two glasses, one of milk and the other of orange juice.

"Good morning, master," the sexy devil maid replied affectionately, her slitted crimson eyes endearing. "I had hope that you might be interested in breakfast in bed."

I couldn't help but be touched by the gesture, but I also found myself quickly distracted by her overall sexiness, having almost forgotten how fucking hot she looked in her silk maid outfit, the chest portion going so low that her modest B-cup breasts looked like they would spill out, her massive nipples barely hidden.

I tried to clear my throat, speaking bluntly without thinking. "Umm, if you mean breakfast in bed while I fuck you, then yeah. I definitely want to dive into those pancakes while I dive into your pussy."

Her face flushed.

I quickly backtracked. "Sorry, that was way more vulgar than I was intending. I absolutely love it that you made me breakfast, and I would love to share it with you. Or to at least share in your company and talk while I eat."

Her crimson eyes widened, seeming surprised. "You may fuck me, master. I didn't think you were vulgar at all. I like that you want my body. I like that I'm appealing to you. I love that you want to know me and explore me. Thank you for speaking to me in the manner that you do."

I scratched the back of my head. "Umm, you're welcome? So then, should we move into the room? Or go out into the living area?"

The main basement we were in was furnished much like the average basement, feeling like a massive living room with a couple of sectional couches and low tables in the main area, the hardwood floors matching the rest of the house. Alternatively, the room Natalie and I'd slept in didn't really have a place to set a tray, aside from the bed that Natalie was currently sleeping on, and I didn't want to spill anything.

Gwen nodded, seemingly at my thoughts, angling herself away from me. "Follow me, master. If you want, you can eat your fill while I service you."

Holy shit!

I went from 'not really horny' to 'hard as a rock' in a matter of seconds.

Could we really do that? I mean, there was no reason why not, right? Like, it sounded like she actually *wanted* to suck on my cock while I ate, and suddenly I realized I wanted that too.

Shit, that sounded like heaven!

She made an amused noise in her throat, her furry black tail noticeably swaying now behind her. "Your cum is tasty, master. Of course I want to suck on your cock."

Shit!

I tried to swallow the sudden lump in my throat as I followed her past the stairs and to the rest of the room, realizing she had her gold and sapphire butt plug in again when she bent over much further than she needed to in order to set the tray down on the glass table, her tail raising up high, revealing enough of her ass for me to see the icy blue jewel between her muscular fluffy cheeks.

Oh fuck.

This was literally the best wakeup call ever!

"Master," she said as she stood straight again. "Please remove your shorts and have a seat. Just focus on eating the breakfast I made for you, and I'll focus on making you feel good."

Of course, at this point all I was wearing was my gym shorts, so removing them resulted in me being naked. Not that I minded at all, but if someone came downstairs then there would be no doubts about what was going on. Not that it would be a big deal if Miriam or Rebecca saw, but Natalie might be a bit flustered if she woke up and came down the hall, never mind the fact that there was a blonde vamp running around somewhere who would definitely be shocked.

Oh well.

I did as the sexy devil maid asked and had a seat on the black leather couch, reaching out to scoot the tray a little closer as she got one furry knee on the couch and leaned over me to begin planting tender kisses on my shoulder and upper back.

My body was definitely flushed gray now, my hair stark white, my eyes black and gold.

Part of me *didn't* want to ignore her, especially when she started planting kisses on my neck, but the moment I turned my head toward her, she gently scolded me.

"Please eat, master."

I gulped as I finally leaned forward a little to begin pouring the syrup over the pancakes, my gray hand trembling slightly, and grabbed the fork and butter knife to start cutting out a piece. In the meantime, Gwen moved more on to the couch behind me, her soft hands gently gliding against my chest, her massive nipples covered in silk hard against my back, all while she continued to plant kisses with her soft purple lips, definitely seeming to enjoy herself.

It was more than that, I could feel a 'want' coming from her.

A '*need*'.

She had a deep desire to show me affection, causing me to realize this wasn't just for me. It was truly what she wanted too. By no means was she sacrificing anything right now. If anything, she'd made me breakfast specifically in

hopes that she might be able to explore my body as a reward for her service in preparing it for me.

Shit, this was actually a reward for *her*, and she was loving every second.

She took her time touching my chest and stomach, continuing to feel me up and down as she slowly sat behind me with her furry thighs on either side of me, spreading her legs more and hiking up her skirt to press her furry pussy against my lower back.

I could finally feel her swollen lips when she gently shimmied back and forth a little to scoot even more firmly against me, resuming her kisses on my upper back while grabbing my chest firmly in both hands to feel my muscles. When she unexpectedly moaned, shifting her weight slightly, I realized she was sitting right on her butt plug, pressure being put on her asshole while she gently grinded into my back.

I did my best to focus on not dripping syrup as I took another bite, my cock beginning to hurt it was so hard as her intense warmth seeped into me even despite the magical plug keeping her temperature mostly under control. Shit, I felt like I was in an oven right now, and I was loving every second of it.

Her body felt amazing against mine.

Gwen continued to moan and whimper as her grinding became more intense, her passion escalating as she rubbed her face into my back while basically humping me, the couch beginning to creak as she thrust down on her butt plug over and over again.

Her body began to tense then, her thighs squeezing tightly into mine, forcing my gray legs closed, my dark cock still standing at attention and leaking profusely, only for her to begin slowing down on the grinding. However, oddly enough, I could sense that she hadn't climaxed, instead having just gotten really close and then carefully beginning to edge away before the peak.

She was still super horny though, hanging pretty close to getting there, to the point that it probably wouldn't take much more stimulation for her to get there.

But instead, she simply remained at that point, passion flowing out of her as she provided herself just enough stimulation to almost cum, over and over again.

"M-Master," she finally whispered, her voice sounding overwhelmed with lust. "Please feed on my energy."

My eyes widened in surprise, realizing this wasn't just about her enjoying herself after all, even though I was perfectly fine with that. No, on the contrary, she was trying to feed me in another way too. More than just food, she was trying to give me the type of sustenance that someone like me specifically needed.

Gwen was trying to take care of *all* my needs.

All of them.

And I realized I actually was hungry for more than food. I hadn't notice before but that pool of energy, the kind I didn't view as disposable, but instead perceived as necessary to sustain myself, was actually less than it had been prior to falling asleep. Shit, of course it would be less, just like the food I ate didn't sustain me forever.

Eventually, I had to eat again.

And just like Miriam, who claimed she had to fuck every other day at minimum to remain healthy, I realized I too needed another's passion to refill my slowly draining tanks of sexual energy.

Damn.

"Gwen," I whispered, setting my fork down, my meal half-eaten, and resting my hands on her heated forearms. "I love you so much. Please cum for me, and then suck on my cock."

She gasped at my words, her passion surging even more, a loud unrestrained moan escaping out of her mouth as she began grinding against me again at full throttle, her powerful thighs continuing to clamp my legs shut as she

began rocking her pussy roughly into me, only to thrust down on her butt plug in repeated succession.

Her moan grew even louder, to the point it was obvious she was completely lost in the moment, the world around us vanishing as she was enveloped in an overwhelming surge of desire.

“*M-Master!*” she screamed as she jerked forward into me, her arms wrapping tightly around my torso as her pussy squirted against my lower back, her hips beginning to thrust uncontrollably as her climax continued. “*UHHHHHHH!*” she exclaimed.

My own cock was throbbing now, actively leaking precum with each pulse, prompting her to reach down and grab the head tightly in her grasp, the sensation almost enough to make me shoot my load. However, she released then and began sitting back as she pulled her own hand back behind me, holding it up to her face.

I turned my head enough to watch her begin licking my precum off her palm and fingers, her crimson eyes rolling into the back of her head as she did so, beginning to moan as her shockingly long tongue worked between her fingers.

Curious about it, this not being the first time I’d noticed that her tongue was longer than normal, I decided to bring it up.

“How long is your tongue?” I wondered casually.

She moaned again, giving her palm one last lick, before responding. Her tone became a little hesitant though. “Do you want to see, master? It might disturb you.”

I shook my head. “No, I think it’s hot.”

Her purple lips tugged into a small smile, but she still seemed uncertain. “The portion I can stick out of my mouth is a little over six inches. In total, my tongue is over eight inches long, if you count the part inside.”

At first, I wasn’t too surprised by that, figuring it was something similar to those measurements, but then she stuck her tongue out...

And reached all the way up to her forehead, the tip tapping almost at her hairline.

Holy fuck!

"Holy shit, that's long!" I said out loud, completely dumbfounded to see her tongue literally hiding her nose as it reached to the top of her forehead. "How does it all fit in your mouth?"

She seemed amused at my reaction. "How does a man's cock stay so small when they aren't using it?" she mused. "Just like *your own* tongue, mine is shorter when it's relaxed, but can extend quite a bit when it's tensed. My tongue would probably be perceived as 'meatier' than the average tongue, but there's nothing really unusual about it."

"And you were born that way?" I assumed.

She nodded. "Many types of demons have long tongues. At least, compared to humans. And certain types of cursed creatures do too. As a vampire, no doubt that Rosa's tongue is longer than usual, or can at least grow when she's hungry. And my mistress has a tongue measuring about four inches from her mouth. She can easily touch her nose with it."

Damn, I was pretty sure I couldn't touch my nose with mine, not that I necessarily wanted a longer tongue. Although, that got me wondering.

"And what do you do with your long tongue?" I asked.

Of course, I realized that was probably a dumb question, just like someone asking me what I do with my shorter tongue, but she understood from my thoughts what I meant.

Again, she sounded amused. "Yes, master. I've used it many times to fuck my mistress. If I strain, then it grows thicker. She enjoys having my tongue in her pussy, and I enjoy it as well. I love her taste. And she sometimes asks me to sleep between her legs, my tongue shoved up her pussy all night."

Holy fuck, if I wasn't already about to explode, then that would have put me right on the edge.

Instead, I was throbbing intensely again, even more precum leaking down my cock.

My balls were practically covered in it now.

"I apologize, master," she unexpectedly said, beginning to ease herself more away from me in preparation to get up. "Please forgive me for making you wait. I hope you enjoyed your meal, and I hope you continue to enjoy dessert."

I wasn't done eating the pancakes yet, but I knew what she meant. The passion I just absorbed was the main course, and the blowjob was the icing on the cake.

Damn, she'd brought only a single dish, not counting the bowl of cream of wheat, but in reality this was like a five-course meal, just with only a portion of it being actual food.

Figuring she'd want me to continue eating, I raised my arms briefly as Gwen knelt on my left side, only to lower my left hand to her exposed upper back as she began licking my cock, her long tongue going all the way down to my balls and then sliding back up my shaft repeatedly.

Oh fuck.

In the meantime, I attempted to get another bite of pancake on my fork, my hand trembling slightly as I aimed it for my mouth and then began chewing, all while her tongue encouraged even more precum to leak.

Shit, I was going to pop the moment she engulfed me.

Gwen made an amused noise in her throat, seemingly at my thoughts, only to suck in a deep breath as she abruptly leaned down.

Suddenly, my entire shaft was buried in her mouth, the head abruptly squeezed in the back of her throat, her intense warmth enveloping my entire cock as she began swallowing me, squeezing the head even more.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed, instantly shooting my load directly into her throat, prompting her to gulp loudly over and over again as fast as she could, trying to swallow each shot the moment it was released. But it was coming out too fast, and she finally pulled up a little to collect the last few shots in

her mouth, before swallowing noisily and thrusting down again.

She was moaning now, *loudly*, her furry thighs beginning to squirm, her naked bubbly ass beginning to look flushed, her silky skirt pulled up high enough to see the jewel still visible from this angle.

It was obvious that my cum was stirring up her passion again.

And my head was swimming from the overwhelming release, causing me to lean back into the cushions, reclining quite a bit due to me being on the edge of my seat to begin with.

It took me a second to realize that Gwen was now deepthroating me to the point that I could see a bulge in her neck. Her face looked overwhelmed with lust and passion, the act almost appearing like an uncontrollable reaction to the surge of passion that was beginning to hit her from swallowing my cum.

Her face was beginning to turn bright red before she finally came up for air, only to thrust down a second time and suffocate herself all over again.

Fuck, she was so ridiculously hot.

Watching her willingly suffocate herself on my cock, an almost desperation in her expression, *was so ridiculously hot*.

Finally, she pulled off all the way, only to stand and turn away while lifting a hoof over my legs to straddle me. I barely had time to try to sit up again, focusing on her half uncovered ass, from the silk skirt riding up a little, as she lowered her snatch and began sinking right down on my cock in reverse cowgirl style.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped as I sat up all the way to wrap my arms around her thin waist, holding onto her desperately as she fully impaled herself on my shaft.

We were both swimming in ecstasy again, her in the perfect position to begin riding me in reverse cowgirl.

However, much to my surprise, she leaned forward and grabbed my fork, only to get a bit of pancake ready and carefully bring it back up to her shoulder, holding it like she was trying to get me to take a bite.

“Hurry, master. Before the syrup drips.”

I leaned forward and accepted the bite, resting my chin on her silk covered shoulder as I began chewing, breathing heavily through my nose while she prepared another bite. Fuck, she was feeding me right now, and it was amazing!

“Yes master,” she mused. “Feel free to play with my tits while I feed you.”

My hands went right for them without hesitation, causing her to moan as I squeeze them both firmly, only to tug down the top the rest of the way so I could grab her huge, grape-sized nipples. Out of all my women, Mrs. Rebecca and Gabriella had the largest tits, with both Michelle and Avery close behind, all of them being massive, but in terms of nipple size the range was quite different.

Having sucked on Michelle’s nipples while we fucked in the recliner, I knew that she was tied with Rebecca in terms of overall size, with my blonde MILF’s tits only being a little smaller than the busty redhead MILF. And then, my other women were all roughly the same size, or rather a more *normal* size, even including Miriam despite her smaller tits.

But Gwen’s nipples were an entirely different experience.

Her tits were the third smallest if I counted Natalie, even if they were still quite juicy and plump, but it was like her nipples were out of this world. I’d never imagined that I might experience the pleasure of pinching such massive mounds, being confident it was pleasurable for her when she moaned from the stimulation.

“M-Master,” she finally gasped, her hand trembling as she held the fork. “You’re going to make me cum again. Please allow me to feed you the rest of your breakfast first.”

I gave her mounds one last squeeze, and then resumed grabbing her tits fully, squeezing tightly as she managed to

get another bite up to my mouth, my chin still on her shoulder. Tilting my head slightly, I decided to multitask and begin kissing her slim neck tenderly while I chewed, sucking on her neck briefly after I swallowed, before accepting another bite and doing it all over again.

It wasn't until she was holding up the last bite of pancake that she began incrementally pushing herself up on my shaft, her heated pussy throbbing against me every time my own cock pulsed in pleasure. She then set the fork down and reached back to run her fingers through my white hair, sliding her upper back against my chest to the side so that she could turn her head to kiss me.

Our lips urgently met, her tongue thrusting into my mouth in search of mine, reaching almost to my throat like she'd done before when I kissed her while Miriam was having her help me feel good in the East Drawing Room on the white leather couch, in order to fill up opals with my energy.

Of course, now I realized just how much she was holding back with her tongue, considering I'd seen her touch her own forehead with it, with her probably assuming that I wouldn't like her tongue sneaking into my throat. Honestly, I had no idea if I'd like that or not, but was fine with just kissing for now. We'd have plenty of time in the future to experiment with stuff.

And right now, what felt the best was having her really begin riding my cock in reverse cowgirl position, her thick muscular thighs tensing as she began bouncing quicker. I held onto her shapely tits firmly as she did most of the work, knowing those skull crushing thighs were more than capable of handling all the effort.

Really, I felt like I was just along for the ride, loving how passionate she was becoming all over again as her uncontrolled moans began growing louder and louder. To the point that she had to break our kiss as she became more lost in ecstasy.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh , " she repeated over and over. "Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh, UH, UH, UH, UH !"

I kissed the back of her neck when I felt her getting closer.

"M-Master !" she moaned. "*Oh master ! UHHHH!*"

The moment she squirted against my gray cock and upper thighs, I wrapped my arms more tightly around her thin waist and used a little bit of the passion I'd been absorbing to stimulate my own climax, beginning to thrust into her on my own, with her relaxing her legs as I took control.

"Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm , " she moaned as I fucked her snatch, her eyes still closed as she swam in the pleasure of her own orgasm.

I thrust one final time roughly when I hit my peak, squeezing her almost too tight as I exploded in her snatch, my entire body tensing as my cum pulsed into her over and over.

"*Oh master ,*" she whimpered, her entire body flushing all over again. "You make me feel so good."

I sighed heavily and held onto her tightly as I shifted my weight back a little, my bare ass sticking to the leather briefly from the slight sweat I'd worked up, before leaning against the cushions while pulling her back with me.

Damn, this was perfect.

I felt so relaxed right now, and most importantly felt satiated.

She'd fed me.

She'd fed me an amazing breakfast, though I still had a few things to dig into, but she'd also fed me in probably the most important way possible. With her passion. As an incubus, I truly had a need for sex now, and she'd ensured I was well taken care of before I left for the day.

Best maid ever.

"I...I love you master," she whispered leaning her head against my mouth due to her being as tall as me, my lips

now on her temple, my nose just barely touching the edge of her horn.

I reached up to run my fingers through her pitch-black hair between her horns, before grabbing one of them as I responded.

"I love you so much," I replied. "You made me really happy. Thank you for taking care of me."

"With pleasure, master," she said sincerely, taking a deep breath. She then sighed. "I'm going to miss you, but I hope you have a nice day."

I grimaced at that, turning my head away so that hers was now resting against my cheek, my cock still buried deep inside of her. I suspected that she wanted me to stay, but I felt like it was important for me to leave. I mean, it wasn't like I was going forever, only for the day so I could rest. But I still had almost a month of classes to get through, and I knew I might just never go back if I stayed at the mansion.

No doubt it wouldn't be difficult to find an excuse every day.

It was the same reason why Serenity and Gabriella both went to work though, the two of them being well aware that maintaining some level of normalcy for the next few weeks was very important. And if the threat Miriam theorized might really exist, then maintaining that normalcy for even longer might be necessary.

Granted, I was about to have my final summer break, and there was no reason why I was required to get a job or go to college, even before all this other stuff happened. Thus, I could probably spend a lot of time with Miriam, both romantically as well as in an educational capacity, learning everything she had to teach me to help me be prepared for whatever might come our way.

However, for today in particular, I knew I *had* to go to class tomorrow, and I also knew I was still exhausted and needed to get some real rest. Something that might be very difficult if I stayed here all day.

Gwen spoke up, interrupting my thoughts. "Master, it was not my intention to make you feel guilty for leaving. I was only expressing my longing for you."

I cleared my throat. "You're fine. I'm going to miss you too. A lot. But I do need to leave."

"I understand, master." She took another deep breath, only to sit up on my lap, still impaled. "I must clean myself to avoid making a mess, and then I will return to collect the tray. Please enjoy the rest of your meal while I'm away."

I nodded, watching as she gave me a small smile, her purple lips tugged to the side, only to reach her hand down between her thighs as she slowly eased herself off my still semi-hard cock, covering her pussy to prevent too much leakage while she moved to head back up the stairs.

I supposed they must not have a bathroom down here, although they appeared to have so many other bathrooms all over the house, that it wasn't like they were really lacking.

Taking a deep breath, I grabbed my shorts and slipped them back on, only to down the glass of milk, followed by half the glass of orange juice. I then went ahead and quickly ate the cream of wheat, followed by scooping off the remnants of syrup and whipped cream.

It was as I was beginning to drink the rest of the orange juice that I heard a couple sets of footsteps begin to come down one of the twin staircases, before finally beginning to make their way over to the basement steps.

It was Miriam and Rebecca, the two of them coming down to see me, apparently now that Gwen was done.

And damn, without even trying, they both looked so ridiculously sexy.

But I knew more sex *wasn't* on the menu.

No, it was time to offer to give back what *wasn't* mine.

And to say my goodbyes.

For now.

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(14) CHAPTER 74: DEPARTURE

I looked over toward the basement stairs as both Miriam and Rebecca came into sight, the former wearing a heavy blue silk robe that made her look like the epitome of a rich woman, except far younger than most would expect, while the latter of the two was dressed the most casually I'd ever seen.

Mrs. Rebecca was wearing simple jean shorts that showed off her tan juicy legs and a white t-shirt that was tied in a knot around her thin waist, revealing her toned belly and navel, along with the shiny straps of a red thong.

Shit, the fifty-something-year-old already looked like she was in her thirties, but her outfit made her look even younger.

If she were standing next to Gabriella, I was sure people would assume she was just a *slightly* older sister.

However, despite how hot she looked, I didn't feel like she was going for seduction right now. On the contrary, I felt like she was mostly worried about everyone, and simply threw on what was probably very casual for her. A normal outfit, with no thought put into it, for a stressful morning. Hard to say that the shiny red thong was even meant to be sexy, since for all I knew most of her underwear might be like that. It was even possible that the fact she was *even wearing underwear* was indicative.

I was covered up now, minus the fact that I was shirtless, but I could tell in Miriam's emerald gaze that she was well aware her maid had taken care of me.

Her smile was warm as she spoke up. “I hope you enjoyed your breakfast,” she mused.

I stood up to greet them. “Umm, yeah. I needed it more than I realized. Thanks for having her do that.”

Miriam shook her head. “Oh no, that was all Gwen.” She scoffed then, seeming amused. “She didn’t even ask me. I found out from Rosa.”

“Is that a problem?” I asked seriously.

The adorable redhead rolled her emerald eyes, only to walk over and wrap her arms around me, leaning her head against my upper chest. “Of course not, silly. She’s yours now too. And honestly, I feel bad for not thinking of your needs sooner. Had she not prepared you breakfast and played with you while you ate, then I certainly would have done it.”

We both pulled away to focus on each other, only for Rebecca to move closer, clearly wanting a hug too. I responded to Miriam as I embraced the sexy redhead MILF, her massive tits squished against my chest.

“Well, we were *both* exhausted. And I haven’t even thought about what needs *you* might have. Which I’m sorry about,” I added.

“Not at all,” Miriam replied as Rebecca and I separated. “You’re our baby boy. It should be *our* job to take care of you.”

I couldn’t help but smile at that, though I felt kind of bad now when I thought of their conversation. Because it was obvious that they assumed they were speaking in private, having no idea I was eavesdropping from two floors away.

I cleared my throat, also recalling the big decision I’d made. “Oh, and before I go, do you want me to give it back?”

Mrs. Rebecca immediately looked confused, but Miriam knew exactly what I meant.

She froze solid.

“Umm,” she said hesitantly.

I shook my head, knowing what I had to do, reaching out to grab her hand. "Come on, I'll give it back. I know it was too sudden. You didn't have the chance to really make the decision. It was forced on you by the situation."

She seemed shocked as I began tugging on her. "Wait, are you serious?"

I stopped pulling, focused on her again. "Of course I'm serious. I mean, yeah I would much prefer to be able to hear what's going on in this place, but I understand how big of a deal it is. Or at least, I think I do. And if you decide to offer it again, then I want it to be because you truly want to, not because you have to."

When she didn't respond, her expression torn, I began tugging again, leading her to the concrete hallway beyond the stairs, and then stopping just at the beginning, knowing that's where the hidden door was.

But then I just stared at the wall blankly, before focusing down at her. "I don't know how to open it though," I admitted.

Miriam still seemed torn, focusing up at me hesitantly.

"Wait," Mrs. Rebecca chimed in, having followed us to the hallway entrance. "Did you..." Her voice trailed off.

"Yes," Miriam said simply, not looking at her.

When the busty woman only seemed shocked and confused, I finally gave her my attention. "We couldn't risk me fighting with limitations," I explained. "I needed to have free reign, to be able to hear and feel everything." I focused back down at Miriam. "And being able to sense when the barrier was penetrated did help," I added. "A lot. I also like hearing everything, but..." My voice trailed off.

"But what?" Miriam finally asked quietly.

I sighed, deciding to be fully honest. "If you want me to give it back, then I will. No hard feelings. But if you decide to let me keep it, then you should probably know that there's no privacy with me around. I can hear everything." I

paused to let that sink in. “And I heard you two talking this morning.”

Miriam seemed sincerely surprised, but Rebecca actually clasped her hands over her mouth.

I looked up at her.

“Oh honey,” she said behind her hands. “I am so sorry. I may have spoken without thinking.”

I shook my head. “No, it’s fine. You didn’t say anything offensive, and even if you had, I’d like to know how you really feel.”

She only grimaced, dropping her hands to her chest as she glanced away, seeming to try to recall what they’d all talked about when they were speaking in ‘private.’

I looked down at Miriam again, prompting her to speak up.

“So if we go in there, you’ll really give it back?” she asked seriously.

I nodded. “Yes, of course.”

“Why?”

I frowned at that, only to sigh heavily. “Because it’s just like you said earlier this morning, when you *thought* you were speaking in private. One of the most important foundations to a relationship is respect.”

She smiled just slightly at that, only to sigh heavily. She then focused more intently up at me, beginning to readjust her hand in mine, until our fingers were intertwined. Her voice was quiet, but decisive. “For now, I wish to continue sharing all that is mine with you. I just hope you won’t be offended if I change my mind. I’ve slaved for countless hours erecting these barriers. Countless hours creating this domain. I’m not sure if you could fully comprehend spending more than an entire lifetime on a single project this massive. Just like you probably can’t comprehend the dedication *and faith* required for Noah to spend over a hundred years building such a massive ark, even though he was criticized for decades as he did so.”

I shook my head. “I won’t be offended if you change your mind. Honestly, I don’t feel like you sharing this is a requirement for us being together. Like, I feel like we could get married, and we could live together forever, and it would be fine if this remained solely yours.” I paused. “Although, if I’m going to help protect the gate, then it might help.”

“Yes,” she agreed simply, not saying anything more.

“So then?” I prompted.

“I don’t think I’ll change my mind,” she admitted. “I want to share everything with you. And yes, you’re correct. It was sooner than I was ready for. But now that we’ve done it, I realize there’s really no point in undoing it when I would just end up offering it again.” Her emerald eyes became affectionate. “I love you, baby. More than you may even realize.”

“I love you too,” I replied. “Probably as much as you realize,” I added, just to be funny.

She smirked at that, only to change subjects. “Well, I know you want to leave, and Rebecca is more than happy to drive you back to your house. I’ll say goodbye now, before the time slips away from us and you end up staying all day anyway.”

I gave her a small smile. “Thank you, Miriam. Really.”

“You’re welcome,” she said simply. “If you want to rouse Natalie, I’ll go ahead and wait to say one final goodbye in the Grand Foyer.”

“Sure,” I replied. “Be right up.”

Miriam abruptly jumped up and threw her arms around my neck, prompting me to grasp her silk covered torso underneath her folded wings, loving the feel of the shiny blue material, warmed by her thin body, as she gave me a tight hug. She then let go and slipped past Rebecca to head upstairs.

I gave my busty redhead MILF a small smile and then turned to head the rest of the way down the hall, walking

through the open door to find Natalie still passed out. Rebecca followed after me, stopping in the doorway as I sat down on the purple silk covered bed and gently rested my hand on the blue-haired vixen's delicate shoulder.

Natalie was basically just wearing a vinyl bikini with the sheer black dress not hiding anything, the material riding up enough to show part of her exposed ass, thanks to the vinyl thong, her bare legs toned and sexy.

And she was definitely completely out of it.

Damn, I might just have to carry her, because I wasn't sure if I could get her to wake up easily.

Obviously, I hadn't really tried yet, but in our bond, I could feel that she was even more tired than I felt. It was the type of tiredness where it almost felt like there was a physical pressure pushing one to unconsciousness, a side effect of just being completely wiped out after being sleep deprived for so long.

I'd never found out how little sleep Natalie had been getting prior to us meeting her, but I suspected it wasn't much, possibly due to the anxiety caused by the approaching full moon. If anything, this might be the first time she could truly relax in over a year, the absence of nonstop anxiety and suffering causing her body to finally crash in the most absolute way possible.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up after a few seconds. "Looks like you had a pretty eventful day yesterday," she commented, sounding like she was just trying to make conversation.

I glanced at her with a nod. "Yeah, I went on a date with Serenity and we kind of ran into Natalie. Wasn't really planning on starting anything with her, but she's a werewolf and it's a pretty horrible thing. Kind of our only options were to either put her out of her misery or for me to try to help her."

Mrs. Rebecca nodded. "Yes, I understand, sweetie. Miriam explained everything to me."

I looked at her in surprise. "Miriam?" I repeated, just confused that she'd called the short minx by her name. Although, I also realized that I must not have been fully aware of all conversations happening during the night, since I didn't have any recollection of hearing Miriam explain things to Mrs. Rebecca.

"Yes, of course," the busty redhead agreed. "Is something wrong with that?"

I shook my head. "Just surprised you called her Miriam."

Her emerald eyes widened briefly, before she seemed to understand the confusion. "Oh, that's sort of an old habit. My real mother didn't raise me, but she would be pissed if I didn't call her mom. Which means I basically had two people I called mom. Most of the time, saying 'mom' was useful in keeping things vague, depending on who I was talking to, but I also got into the habit of using their names if I needed to clarify who I was talking about."

"Oh, so then you've probably called her by her name a lot."

She nodded. "Not usually when I'm speaking with her, but yes. It feels very normal for me to use her name."

I nodded, only to sigh. "Well, Natalie seems pretty tired, so I think I'll just carry her upstairs."

"Sure," she agreed. "I'm ready whenever you are, sweetie."

I nodded a second time, only to climb more on the bed and carefully begin scooping Natalie up into my arms. She didn't rouse at all, remaining completely unconscious as I did so, the new position causing her sheer dress to slip down even further so that all of her ass was showing, the vinyl thong being too buried in her crack to hide anything.

Not that it really mattered, since only other women would be seeing her exposure.

As I stood up, I focused on Rebecca. "Oh, and we need to figure out where her leather jacket is. Gwen probably knows where it is."

She took that cue to go ahead and begin heading back down the hall without waiting to see if I was following, almost seeming as if she wanted to ensure she got it so that I wasn't inconvenienced by waiting. Not that I would have minded, but it almost seemed as if she wanted to do whatever I needed much like how Gwen acted, waiting on me hand and foot.

However, when I got upstairs to the Grand Foyer, I arrived just in time to see that Gwen was already holding Natalie's jacket, handing it off to Mrs. Rebecca and then giving her a quick hug. Briefly wondering where Rosa was, just out of curiosity since I didn't expect her to see me off, I glanced up at the second floor, surprised to see her peeking around the corner, almost looking as if she was shy and didn't want to be seen.

She was still wearing the same outfit as before, including dark blue jeans and a navy-blue blouse that showed off just how thin she was, her blonde hair and pale skin making her look overall angelic, minus the red eyes.

Giving her a small smile, her crimson eyes widened, only for her to step a little more into sight as she gave me a small uncertain wave.

Turning back toward Miriam, the short succubus gestured with her hand toward the door, making me realize she was going to walk me outside. I gave her a smile as well, as I did so, with Gwen opening one of the massive doors for me to slip through. Rebecca was then right on my heels, opening the back door to her black sedan so that I could carefully get in with Natalie and get her situated.

However, unlike how I'd held Serenity after she'd been kidnapped, feeling very protective of her, I didn't plan on holding Natalie like that on the ride home, intending on sitting up in the front seat. Thus, I instead got her in what looked like a comfortable position, and then buckled her in so that she wasn't flying all over the place if we had to make a hard stop.

I then closed the door, gave Miriam and Gwen both one last hug, and climbed into the passenger's seat. My busty MILF didn't waste any time saying her goodbyes too, again like she didn't want me to have to sit around waiting and thus inconveniencing me, slipping into the driver's seat and starting the car.

We drove in silence as we passed the bodies by the front gate, with me being well aware that the few dozen were nothing compared to the real massacre resulting from that older vamp's death-ray disintegration spell. But at least this way the local police would have less bodies to hide. Less murders to try to cover up.

Honestly, I was kind of surprised they hadn't arrived yet, but I was sure those bodies would be gone by the end of the day.

It wasn't until after we had passed the first and largest barrier around the edge of Miriam's property, and turned onto the street, that she finally spoke up again.

"How are you feeling, baby boy?" she wondered hesitantly.

I turned my head to focus on her, realizing I'd just sort of been staring into space for the last few minutes, with my gaze lowering to her exposed toned belly. Fuck, she looked so hot in those tight jean shorts and simple white t-shirt tied into a knot. And in this seated position, even more of her tan legs were exposed, the shiny red thong strap more noticeable on her wide bony hips. Granted, her tits were so huge that I wasn't sure she would look bad in anything, her maternal figure unmistakable.

At the very least, she certainly filled the white t-shirt out, the outlines of her large white lacey bra visible.

She was literally the epitome of a sexy mom.

The kind of woman who would give all her daughters' boyfriends dirty thoughts upon meeting her, beginning to long for a relationship with *the mother*, instead of the girl more their age.

Clearing my throat, I focused on the thick heavy curls resting on her shoulders, her red hair as gorgeous as ever. “Umm, yeah. I’m fine, Mrs. Rebecca.”

She sighed at that, making me wonder if it was because of the ‘Mrs.’ part.

“Oh, did you want me to stop calling you Mrs. Rebecca?” I wondered, recalling that Miriam requested I stop calling her Ms. Miriam.

She looked at me in surprise. “What? No, that’s alright. I mean, you may call me just Rebecca if you want, but I kind of think it’s cute that you call me Mrs. Rebecca. But why bring that up?”

“Just your sigh,” I admitted. “Miriam asked me to drop the formalities, and I wondered if that bothered you as well.”

She smirked at that. “Nope, I find it adorable. And if you do decide to only call me Rebecca, I’ll probably insist you continue to be formal in the bedroom when I’m spending time with my cute little cub.”

I swallowed hard at that, causing her to grin.

She continued. “I suspect that Miriam feels old when you are formal with her, so I can understand her requesting that. But it doesn’t make me feel old, only in a more dominant role, something I much prefer.” She paused, glancing at me. “I hope you don’t mind. She’s much more flexible in the bedroom, but I have a definite preference. I like to be the one in charge.”

I tried to swallow again, my mouth feeling dry now. “Umm, that’s fine. I don’t mind at all.”

“*Wonderful*,” she said in amusement.

I simply nodded, causing the two of us to fall silent again.

After a few minutes, she spoke up a second time. “So is it alright if we talk?” she wondered.

I glanced at her, realizing she seemed uneasy. “Of course,” I agreed. “I’m just really tired, so it feels like a lot of

effort to try to keep a conversation going. But I can listen. And answer questions, if you want.”

She nodded. “Okay, well, first I was wondering if you could tell me what you overheard.”

I took a deep breath. “Well, I guess I mainly heard about the situation with your husband. How you had an arrangement with him, and how you were already thinking about separating soon. Honestly, kind of crazy that you two have been together for almost thirty years when you look so young.”

She grimaced at that. “Yes, well, I was twenty-six and he was *almost* nineteen when we married. We quickly became great friends, and I spent a lot of time with him even though we could only sleep together once or twice a month. He was also a really good father-figure to my first daughter, who was only four years old at the time.”

I nodded. “Annabella, right?”

“Yes,” she said simply.

I glanced at her again, not seeing anything in her expression, but not wanting to inquire more about someone I’d never met. Thus, I decided to put in the effort to move the conversation along.

“So I guess your husband expected that you would be separating soon, but do you really think he will be okay with meeting me? With knowing that I’m with Gabriella too?”

She nodded. “Oh, yes of course. He’s spent pretty much all of his adult life sharing me with other men, and he of course knew I’d be moving on once we did separate. He also knew I’d probably pick someone very young, since I’ll still look this age in another thirty years. Which means, the younger the guy, the longer the relationship can work out.” She sighed then. “I think my only real concern is how Gabby will react.”

“Oh, well I think she pretty much understands the situation.”

Rebecca looked surprised. “She does?”

I nodded. "Gabriella and I sort of talked about it a little, a couple of days ago."

"You did? What did she say?"

I shrugged. "Just that it would really only bother her if you two separated on bad terms, like how a lot of marriages end. However, when we discussed it, she said that she didn't think it would turn out like that, recalling how you two apparently always emphasized how you were such good friends. And she said she wouldn't mind if the separation was civil." I paused. "Like, she felt pretty confident that you two would probably remain friends and that Mr. Watson wouldn't hate me for being involved with you."

"I see," she replied simply, seeming pensive.

"Plus," I added. "She thought us having sex was super hot."

Mrs. Rebecca smiled at that. "It *was* very hot," she agreed.

"*Extremely* hot," I emphasized, staring out the window again, as I recalled fucking her in that latex bodysuit.

She broke the silence after a handful of seconds. "So, baby boy, is there anything you want to know? It sounds like you pretty much understand everything, so I'm not sure if there's much more to say."

I thought about that. "Umm, well, is it going to be a big headache getting divorced?"

She shook her head. "No, we signed a prenup, just to lay things out since we knew it wouldn't last forever. The house is paid off, so I'll keep that, and he'll keep all his money and his car. It won't be a problem for him to find new living arrangements, since we're both pretty well off financially."

"Oh, actually I do have a question," I realized. "What do you do for a living?"

She laughed at that. "I'm a real estate agent. I help sell homes for a living, mostly the expensive ones."

"Huh. I guess that makes sense. I could see you doing that kind of thing."

She made an amused noise. “What did you think I did for a living, baby boy?” she wondered.

I shrugged. “I mean, not really sure. Miriam doesn’t seem to have a job, and yet she’s well off financially, so I guess I just kind of assumed you both might make money from the people you have sex with.”

Mrs. Rebecca laughed again, seeming highly amused. “Well honestly, I have. And I’m sure she’s done so as well, in the past. But no, that’s never been my primary means of earning a living.”

I nodded. “Glad that didn’t offend you,” I commented, realizing it could have.

“Not at all, baby boy,” she said affectionately. “I’ve never been ashamed of the type of life I’ve lived until now. It’s just how it is for succubi.”

“And you’re really okay with giving that lifestyle up?” I wondered. “You won’t change your mind or anything, right?”

“Of course not, sweetie. You are a very special young man, and I cannot wait to spend the rest of my life with you, so long as you’ll have me.”

I decided not to bring up the ‘immortal’ thing that she’d talked about with Miriam, knowing that I’d be fine with giving her some of my blood at this point, but also not wanting to get into that conversation right now.

“Well, of course I’ll have you,” I replied warmly, unable to stop myself from grinning. “Who wouldn’t want a sexy older woman to dote on them?”

She grinned as well, only to reach over and squeeze my thigh as she focused on my bare chest briefly, biting her juicy bottom lip before focusing on the road again. “Do you want me to just drop you off when we get to your place, or do you want me to stay?” she wondered, keeping her hand on my black gym shorts.

I cleared my throat, my whole chest beginning to feel hot. My cock was stiff too, but I had my legs close enough together that it was staying down and out of sight. “Umm,

well I wouldn't mind if you stay, but I do need to get some more sleep."

"Of course, baby boy," she said reassuringly, rubbing my thigh briefly before placing her hand back on the steering wheel. "I'll let you get all the sleep you want, and be there to 'dote' on you when you're ready to wake up."

I grinned at that, knowing she was teasing me a little by intentionally using the same words I'd used. However, after a moment, I recalled the fact that she'd found out that I'd changed Gabriella before I could tell her myself, kind of feeling bad about it.

"Oh, and, umm..."

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

I cleared my throat. "About Gabriella. Just wanted to say sorry for not telling you that I sort of made her different. It was actually an accident, and the main reason why I didn't share was because I was afraid you'd freak out, and also because I wanted to make sure Miriam heard it from me."

She didn't respond right away, seeming to think about that. "Well, I'm not mad, if that's what you're concerned about," she finally replied. "And I can understand your perspective. You had plenty of reason to believe I might freak out. I just hope that we can all be honest with each other going forward, and share all our secrets."

I nodded. "Yeah, it's been a crazy few days, but I feel like things are finally beginning to stabilize. I want to share everything with you, Miriam, and of course Gabriella too." I paused. "And you know about my classmate and her mom, right? That they know everything?"

She nodded. "Yes of course, Gabby mentioned it when we talked about her needing to sleep with other people, remember? The night we had fun together? And she kind of elaborated more in a message the next morning."

"Oh, right," I replied. "I guess just so much has happened, I kind of forgot."

"That's alright, sweetie. And I'm very happy to share everything with you as well." She grinned. "Also very interested in seducing Serenity for you, and anyone else you want, so you can watch. I definitely need to meet those other two. What are their names again?"

I gulped, knowing I had zero reservations with having that happen, since Mrs. Rebecca wasn't nearly as addictive as Miriam, and I was unable to help myself from wanting to see that. "Umm, Avery and Michelle."

She smiled warmly, only to glance into the backseat. "And what's Natalie like?" she wondered. "Kind of seems like the hardass type, who might just have major mommy issues and be very susceptible to getting bossed around by a maternal figure in bed."

I grimaced at that. "Her parents are actually gone."

Her emerald eyes widened, her tone suddenly somber. "Oh, I'm so sorry. What happened to them?"

I sighed. "The guys who kidnapped her actually made her watch them die. The bastards drowned both her mom and dad right in front of her."

"Oh my God," Rebecca said in disbelief, glancing back at her again. "I'm really so sorry."

"You didn't know," I replied reassuringly. "So nothing to be sorry about. And she's completely passed out right now," I added, only to shrug. "Besides, for all we know, your assessment of her might be right. You do have a talent for that kind of thing."

She sighed. "Yeah, I do. Which means that having a motherly figure in her life might also be healing for her. So I'll pay close attention to her in particular, and if it seems like being seduced will help, then I'll go for it, and if not then I'll just keep things platonic. She might just need a friend."

"Sounds good," I agreed, knowing I'd be surprised if that was something Natalie actually wanted, and especially if it was something that would actually help her find some form of healing. But, I was also well aware that I wasn't really

'well practiced' at anticipating other's desires, unlike the two mature succubi in my life.

At the very least, I knew I personally found something cathartic in my developing relationships with Rebecca, Michelle, and even Miriam to an extent, all because they gave off that mature maternal vibe. Granted, in some ways, that was also what I'd always liked about Serenity.

Although, I suspected that Miriam, in particular, had picked up on that desire, since she'd emphasized that side of her when I was upset, even though I would have been fine had she not. Then again, it might just be how she was. The short redhead was obviously empathetic, and it seemed clear that she *wanted* to baby me.

Mrs. Rebecca was quiet for a few minutes after discussing Natalie, before asking tentatively if I would tell her about yesterday and last night. She'd of course heard about what happened from Miriam, but she wanted to hear about it from my point of view.

More than that, she wanted to know how I *felt*.

She wanted to know if I'd been scared. She wanted to know what thoughts had gone through my head. She wanted to know what happened when I chased down the main guy. And she wanted to know why I'd forgiven Rosa, which she didn't know much about until I brought it up. She also wanted to know why I went so far to save the blonde vamp's life, as to let her bite my own neck to try to break the curse that would have killed her.

And then, she wanted to know how I slept and why I wanted to go home.

To hear my reasons from my own mouth.

At first, I couldn't help but wonder if maybe she was concerned about whether or not I was safe to be around, such as due to how I felt and reacted when I was angry, but those thoughts quickly went out the window as she repeatedly reacted out of pure concern for me.

I told her when I'd gotten angry, and why, and what I wanted to do in response to that anger, and instead of being uneasy, she instead complimented me for my self-control, or expressed how proud she was of me for defeating a difficult enemy.

I mean, with how she reacted to everything, we could have been talking about sports and school, with her praising me for getting a perfect score on a test and making the winning goal for the big game.

She called me brave and strong , sincerely meaning it.

And when I shared my fears, *she was sympathetic and understanding* .

By the time we were almost home, I had a lump in my throat, my heart swelling with affection, finding relief and contentment in just being able to share my experience. To vent my feelings, and to have those feelings validated.

To be able to share my fears without being called a *wimp*

And to be able to share my anger and actions without being called a *monster* .

Once I'd pretty much told her everything, I finally realized I should probably turn my phone back on, only to see that I had a couple of messages from Serenity, as well as a missed call, and a single message from Gabriella. In Serenity's case, it seemed she just wanted to touch base with me and make sure I was doing alright, whereas Gabriella just let me know she was at work and wanted me to let her know when I got back home. Serenity also mentioned that she left my keys underneath the driver's seat of my car, since she'd taken them to get home and I'd need them to unlock the front door.

I went ahead and sent Serenity a message to let her know that I was with Natalie and Rebecca, and that we were almost home. I also mentioned that I planned on crashing once I got there.

Surprisingly, she responded pretty quickly, saying that she missed me, loved me, and hoped I slept well once I got home. She also mentioned that everything at work seemed normal, and that Nick had dropped by to say hi, but didn't chat for long.

I was more relieved than I was expecting when we pulled into the driveway, with my car parked in its normal spot, while both Serenity and Gabriella's vehicles were gone since they'd stopped by the house to get ready for work, only to drive separately since they got off at different times.

Letting Mrs. Rebecca know where the keys were, she went ahead and grabbed them for me while I carefully got Natalie back in my arms, giving the busty redhead a small smile when she opened the front door for me.

I thought about going upstairs to my bed, but knew it was probably best to keep Natalie close and within range to restrain, in case she woke up and wasn't herself, and I wasn't sure if she'd be comfortable waking up in my bed.

Obviously, we'd already fucked once, and she seemed alright with the idea of us being a thing, but I just didn't want to push her too far, too fast.

Thus, I opted for the couch in the living room instead, carefully readjusting Natalie after I sat down until her legs were to my side, between me and the back cushions, while her upper body was resting on my bare chest as I laid back.

I then sighed heavily once I got more comfortable, staring up at the ceiling, with Mrs. Rebecca double-checking that I was alright with her staying, and wanting to know if I needed anything. Remembering that my phone was close to dying, I asked if she could plug it in, and then told her to make herself at home.

Surprisingly, she wondered if I was alright with her exploring my room a little after plugging my phone in, so I said that was perfectly fine as well, and I also added that she was free to raid the fridge if she was hungry or anything. I kind of assumed she hadn't eaten breakfast, so I

wasn't surprised when she did end up opening the refrigerator to see what we had.

However, I sincerely was pretty exhausted, and the couch was super comfortable, which meant that I was already beginning to perceive things differently by the time she was opening a yogurt and searching the drawers for a spoon.

Even as I lost consciousness, I was already beginning to comprehend what was happening around me, despite the fact that I was undoubtedly asleep.

Not a lot happened for what felt like a long time, with Mrs. Rebecca eating and then quietly creeping up the stairs to look into the rooms, finding herself in my bedroom after a bit, even after she took care of my phone. I had no idea how long she was in there, nor did my subconscious mind really pay much attention to what she was doing, instead being much more focused on the sounds outside, surrounding the house, including the wind blowing the leaves in the warm spring breeze.

But then she was back downstairs, sounding like she was checking on me, only to sit down in the recliner to relax.

It was then fairly quiet for what felt like a long time, my dreamless mind drifting to Miriam for a time, with Mrs. Rebecca occasionally checking her phone, the sounds outside and my overall exhaustion making me feel completely at peace as I slept.

Honestly, I felt like it had been ages since I'd been able to fully relax like this, and there was something especially comforting having my mind on Miriam while I slept.

There was also something really nice about sleeping during the day, and knowing that my hot sexy MILF was patiently watching over me while I rested. Knowing that there was nowhere else she'd rather be, even though there wasn't much for her to do while she waited.

Things felt like they couldn't be more perfect...

But then a car drove up.

And shortly later, there was a knock on the door.
Mrs. Rebecca got up to see who it was.

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(15) CHAPTER 75: DELIBERATIONS

Miriam's crossed arms and folded wings were tense as she stood at the front gate leading to her mansion while she watched the small team of five men and one woman bag up the bodies for transportation and disposal. There were also a couple of police dogs in two of the cruisers, waiting for their turn to begin searching the nearby property once the most obvious bodies had been collected in the sheriff's van.

Everything was being taken care of...

And yet, as she stood there, her slim muscles were tense like she was cold.

But she wasn't cold, not when it was so warm outside.

She was still wearing her cobalt-blue silk robe, with only a sky-blue thong underneath, pulled up right underneath her relaxed midnight tail, having mixed feelings about the effect she was knowingly having on the group of police officers.

Of course, she had no intentions on fucking any of them, a decision she never would have dreamed of making even a week ago, but it was still very important for her to exert her influence to ensure compliance in keeping this 'incident' a secret.

And thus, she used her erotic presence to put that same intense pleasure in their bellies that she'd done for a special young man not long ago...surprised to find herself feeling *dirty* from an act she'd done millions of times, if not billions.

Of course, her charm was working.

They were all so hot and bothered, as they worked, that the activity they were doing probably didn't even feel real to

them, as if they could have been picking up stuffed animals or toys after their kids, instead of gruesome bodies.

However, the problem for her, was what to do after they were done.

After all, they'd need a 'release' to guarantee compliance, and this was the first time she wasn't willing to offer that release herself...

If only her charms were more flexible.

She often liked to compare her abilities to a drug, because she was far more addictive than even the worst offenders, but it didn't exactly function in the same way. Similar to a functioning alcoholic, the five men and one woman would be able to act mostly normal, so long as they were getting a hit of her charm, much like the rest of her hired help.

But the outward normalcy was purely a facade, with all of them inflicted with a chaotic desperation in hopes of getting sex. However, they also had been trained the first time she'd fucked each of them, much like Pavlov's dogs, to know that she would only reward them by keeping their desperation contained.

She would not fuck someone who begged her.

Honestly, it was kind of amazing how long a human could remain compliant with only a small taste of her charm when they were so addicted to the promise of sex. When they were trained to know they would only get it, eventually, if they exhibited self-control and hid their overwhelming desire.

Though she could only expect so much of humans.

The moment these officers saw her, suddenly recalling who she was and what she meant to them, they all got that crushingly desperate look in their eyes, *ready to beg*, which was only eased by getting the hit she was now giving them all.

But that might not be enough for long-term obedience, once they left and *forgot the details* of her existence,

knowing vaguely of a ‘Ms. Klein,’ but unable to recall what she looked like or why it was so important that her wishes were always followed, even when illegal.

For now, the hit of pleasure was enough to get them to do what she wanted, especially since they were trained to know what would normally follow as their reward, but she wasn’t certain that it would be enough for them to faithfully keep what they’d experienced to themselves, once they were away from her. And even though she had fucked all of these people at least once in the past, which theoretically might be enough to ensure compliance, it was risky to let them leave without another dose of that addiction.

Honestly, she’d never really experimented with how little was needed to guarantee the absolute obedience of another. Because she’d never been *unwilling* to fuck to get that obedience.

After all, why bother seeing if it could be done without fucking, when she *wanted* to fuck?

Why bother, when she assumed that she would *always* want to fuck?

Why would she ever take that risk with something big like this, just for the sake of experimenting?

Especially when she never imagined a world where she’d want to do the bare minimum.

But now...

But now what ?

What was she supposed to do?

She knew there was no other choice.

She would be required to take that risk.

To hope that the bare minimum would be enough.

Maybe she’d spend a little time giving the one female officer some attention, and warm her up so that she’d enjoy the other five guys fucking her, allowing all six of them to get that release Miriam normally would have offered herself. A release that would renew their addiction to the pleasure that succubi could create.

Doubtful it would be as strong as having sex with a succubus directly, and an outsider might perceive it as unethical to have all those guys fuck the one woman, even though Miriam was pretty sure the woman fucked at least with two of the guys anyway, but Miriam had long since stopped caring about established relationships.

She used to fuck married men and women all the time without qualm, and likewise had married men fuck other married women, without concern about what their spouses might think if they found out.

After all, she had to keep herself well-fed, and the risk of killing someone was too serious to go without, in search of someone who wasn't in a relationship. So it just *wasn't* something she'd worried about for a very long time, not when she was literally a creature who had to fuck a different person regularly in order to survive.

Or at least, that had been her reality, until recently...

But, if anything, those already in a serious relationship often produced the most lust, even if incrementally, with the difference between someone married versus unmarried being fairly minor, considering that she always maximized their lust either way.

Still, when they knew that what they were doing was taboo, it often gave it that extra kick, like adding hot sauce to fried rice.

But for all she knew, maybe it would work.

Maybe watching over humans fucking could truly be an alternative way to gain blind loyalty from them without having to participate herself.

It was hard to say though.

And this was the riskiest time to test it.

Because all it would take was one leak, and then her name might end up on the news, or there might at least be information about this situation that could cause unwanted attention on her property. The kind of attention that she

would normally have to fuck her way out of, or else risk even more dangerous exposure.

Yet, she was now forced to test alternatives.

Fucking her way out of *anything* was no longer an option.

But would having them all fuck together be enough?

Her daughter Rebecca of course had a similar influence on others, but it wasn't as strong. Which had both positives and negatives.

On the one hand, it allowed those men who were addicted to still function overall, being able to go to work and act normally, so long as Rebecca didn't fully reject them. More specifically, so long as they believed she'd fuck them again, they were able to go through the motions, with time flying by in a blur as they waited for that next phone call.

It was a big reason why Rebecca no longer slept with married men, since she wasn't able to use magic, thereby having no way to erase their memory, which ultimately resulted in her stealing those men from their families as they glided through their lives like zombies just waiting to be brought to life again.

To awaken to a single blissful night of fucking that might only come once a month.

So Rebecca instead only targeted hot studs who were single, or loosely attached.

On the positive side, for Rebecca's husband who saw her every day, her weaker charm allowed for him to have a true relationship with her, being able to make his own decisions.

But the downside was, in fact, obedience.

Her husband could refuse to listen to her if he chose to do so, and while that was preferable in a spouse, it was not ideal in the other random fucks. Because they could make their own decisions too.

Granted, the only time the addiction usually reared its ugly head was when she rejected them.

Like raiding a functioning alcoholic's cabinets, closets, dressers, cars, and even under the bed, taking away all their liquor, forcing them to go without, similarly those who Rebecca rejected became belligerent and often showed the signs of withdrawal, though many stayed away with the threat of police intervention.

But it was one of the reasons why Miriam had been required to help her daughter out a few times when a handful of especially addicted men refused to leave Rebecca alone. Because Miriam could use magic, and was very proficient at using her memory spell.

One that would cause them to forget the *specifics*.

Like the police officers who were currently bagging bodies.

They all remembered a Ms. Klein once they left her domain, and all knew they were to obey her every wish, but it wasn't until they saw her in the flesh that they recalled everything. And really, that specific release of the memory spell was a condition she added to avoid the hassle of having to manually undo the spell.

It was much easier to just have them remember her when they saw her.

But even while she would ensure they forgot her when they leave, she wasn't sure if they would be hooked enough to continue obeying her every wish, enough so that they didn't accidentally slip when possibly a spouse asked how their day was. Or when a coworker asked about it.

Which was a problem.

She needed them to be addicted.

She needed them to obey.

But would having them all fuck the one woman be enough?

As Miriam watched the six officers work, her body grew even more tense as she recalled the events of the last few days, knowing exactly why she was so opposed to fucking without restraint now. Never in her wildest dreams did she

ever think she'd reach a point where she *didn't want* to fuck almost everyone in sight, but it all changed in a single moment.

Just one *single* moment.

Of course, she hadn't realized just how much that one moment affected her right away, just feeling stunned from the experience and doing her best to hide her reaction. But nevertheless, she could pinpoint the *exact second* the change occurred, only being reinforced repeatedly from that moment onward.

A dramatic change, attributed to just one incident.

An incident involving a young man visiting her mansion.

An incident involving her sitting in his lap.

The exact moment she pressed her lips to his.

Or rather, the exact moment his lust overflowed, and he pressed his lips to hers.

Miriam didn't speak much about her rare *Soul Scrying* to anyone, not even her daughters, because the one time when the wrong person found out about what it was truly capable of, the bastard took advantage of her and put her through a lot of pain and agony.

But essentially, it was an ability that allowed her to peer into the essence of one's soul. To comprehend the extent of one's existence, to a point that a human could spend a lifetime with another person and yet still not fully understand their partner in the same way that she could know them in mere seconds.

And, upon experiencing this young man's soul, she felt like she'd been hit by a freight train in the most intense, amazing, alarming, terrifying, blissful, somber, joyful, and *longing* way possible.

For truly...

If soulmates really did exist, she felt like she'd just found hers, and it was all she could do to hold it together as she tried to recover from the most violent and amazing connection she'd ever experienced in her entire life.

"Uncover his eyes, and release him," she'd instructed her maid, attempting to keep her tone neutral and apathetic. *"Bring him up to the dining hall while I go get my daughter. I'd like to offer them a meal before they leave."*

But she knew Gwen sensed something had happened.

"O-Oh, umm, okay, mistress," Gwen had stammered, still having the bag over the boy's head bunched up at his nose, clearing her throat after a pause. *"But all the kitchen staff were sent home, and I haven't prepared anything in advance."*

Miriam had hesitated as well, grabbing onto the doorframe to steady herself as if she were dizzy, knowing she had to pull herself together. She'd tried to lighten her tone. *"Don't worry,"* she'd replied. *"I'll help you cook something simple up. It's been a while since I made my own food anyway."*

"Y-Yes, mistress. Understood, mistress."

Gwen wasn't fooled. She was *never* fooled.

The maid knew that Miriam needed a moment to herself, to process what had just hit her with the force of a tsunami and typhoon, together, in the middle of an ongoing earthquake that shook the very foundations of the world – the foundations of *her* world. The maid knew that Miriam needed something to focus on, a task to put her hands to, so the succubus could try to collect her thoughts before she fell apart from such an intense experience.

Because a part of Miriam had wanted to fall to the floor and stare blankly at the wall, sincerely just stunned by what happened to her. By what hit her. By what punched her in the gut and made her want to laugh, cry, sob, dance, scream, and praise, all at the same time.

But she *did* manage to collect herself.

She briefly convinced herself that he was just a typical young man, and nothing more.

Sure, maybe he was a little special, being the spawn of an incubus and yet having a purity like none other, but she

could never have a real relationship with him, not like she desperately wanted. And a part of her was almost afraid of going too far with him, especially since he had evoked such a powerful desire within her, being sincerely worried that she might accidentally kill him by being unable to resist that desire.

Which meant, by the time she had made it to the kitchen, she'd fully planned on sending him home after offering some basic hospitality as apology for how he'd been treated.

But by the time her maid and the boy had made it upstairs to meet her, she was already finding herself slipping in her resolve, instead wanting to be intimate with him.

If only for a moment.

If only for a single time.

She wanted it so desperately.

For, what would it be like to have sex with someone like that?

What would it be like to have sex with someone whose *soul* felt like *that*?

She'd met plenty of people with pure, kind, gentle, and appealing souls, if not ones that were outright attractive to her, so she wasn't sure why his was different, unable to quantify how the experience was so vastly intense. And she especially didn't understand why his, in particular, was different when she could sense from his memories that he'd killed several times, seemingly as an act of justice.

Yet the blemish of death didn't cling to him.

It didn't stain his purity.

And so, she did her best to act normal as she tried to process it, but the more she thought on it, the more she realized how vast her longing had become in such a short amount of time.

For, while he'd known her barely an hour, she'd experienced him to a point that his closest loved ones might

not grasp even after a century.

And this young man was everything she found desirable, and then some.

He was thing she didn't even know she needed, with her somehow knowing the truth of that fact, and yet having no idea how to even define the qualities of that truth. Why had she fallen so hard for him?

Truly, *what* had she just experienced?

But when she began stirring up his arousal during their meal, that just made his initial rejection all the more confusing and alarming, sending her into a whirlwind of chaotic emotions, finding a desperate need to *convince him* to let her show him what she could offer. To prove that she could meet his every need, *and then some*.

Truly, she'd gone from completely stable, to teetering on the edge of the cliff, having grown desperate to cling to both life and hope. *To cling to him*.

The experience also made her feel young.

She truly felt like a teenager again, as if she were experiencing first love for the first time, and was beyond elated when he finally accepted.

She'd never felt so thrilled in her entire life at achieving just one small victory.

But then the intimacy they shared was even more intense than she was expecting, *and they didn't even have sex!*

She tried to play coy, acting like she wasn't already addicted, enthralled, and mesmerized by his very existence...

"*Mmm ,*" she'd mumbled quietly, having taken a deep breath of his neck. "*I think I'm starting to understand why Rebecca and Gabriella find you so enticing. You feel much nicer than a human, and yet lack all the repulsion that comes with an incubus.*"

But she wasn't sure if she was careful enough, feeling like her tone was off. Like she was giving too much away in

the intensity of her voice. She tried to sound casual, but was sure she was failing.

Thus, she'd laughed when he commented that she felt nice too, trying to force herself to lighten up. Trying to keep her internal turmoil from leaking through. After all, she had a task to accomplish. A reason to be in bed with him.

It was so easy to get distracted though.

She was so enthralled.

So *in love*.

Similar to others she'd used her *Soul Scrying* on, she felt like she'd known him for hundreds of years, except for the first time ever, she had actually discovered that she deeply longed, in a way she'd never longed before, for the person she'd just come to know and understand in mere seconds.

However, she knew it could be dangerous for him if she were to get too attached. Dangerous to ignore the harm she could cause him if she allowed her longing to become unrestrained.

And yet, it was like the universe was tempting her, by showing her again that he seemed to have so much lust flowing within him. Far more than a normal person, as if the limit to his lust fatiguing was dozens of times higher.

Could it be possible to spend a full day with him?

Maybe even a few days?

But after a few days, would she be able to stop herself? Could she control herself when she knew that the experience would only make her crave his body more?

Of course, she *would* just forgo the sex, if it meant she could simply remain in his arms forever, but even that could be dangerous if she wasn't careful. Not when her body demanded to be fed. At the very least, she had found herself feeling obligated to warn him of the dangers. To explain to him why it could be very bad if they spent too long together...

And yet, even as she explained, Miriam found the words coming out of her mouth sounding much more like an

argument for why *it would be okay*. For why they should be fine to spend a few unrestrained days together.

But then the shock.

One she wasn't expecting.

She finally got a dose of reality when he disclosed how fast he could heal, wondering if it was related to his capacity to produce lust.

It hit her the moment she bit his jaw as hard as she could...and failed to draw blood.

Stupid!

Stupid, stupid, stupid!

She'd let her guard down. *Again*.

She couldn't stop the traumatizing memories flooding into her mind.

She couldn't stop her heart racing as she vanished from his lap, preparing to defend herself against the creature that had disguised itself as everything she craved.

It took her longer than she'd have preferred to collect herself.

To recover from her fear.

And when she finally returned to his lap, all she could do was apologize.

Apologize and seek forgiveness.

For pushing this young man, who she so desperately longed for, away from her. For making him feel like he was alone and had no one to turn to. She'd focused on his aura again, sensing a hint of what she'd experienced when peering into his very soul. It gave her comfort in more ways than one.

She tried to resume the facade.

To act normal again.

She even managed to relax for a moment, thinking she'd over reacted...

But the surprises kept coming.

His wings elicited more fear, even despite what she felt from him.

However, what she *felt* helped her overcome that fear, and she found herself opening up more and more. Sharing things that she'd scarcely told anyone else. And before long that youthful thrill was sparked again, causing her to be eager to finally consummate their first time together.

But that just made his continued reluctance to have sex even more *jarring*.

She'd never felt so unstable, and once she'd broken the seal on his third-eye, she even found herself feeling deeply bitter for a moment. Bitter to have such a perfect partner reject her.

To have this perfect young man find her *undesirable*.

Only to become scared yet again, when she tried to escape his grasp, and his wings trapped her against him.

Truly, she'd never been so unstable.

But after calming down, her determination finally began to solidify.

Because his wings felt *safe*.

She needed him, more than she'd ever needed anything in her entire life.

"Look at me," she'd whispered, waiting for him to open his beautiful gold eyes. *"I will make you very happy,"* she'd promised. *"Will you allow me to show you just how happy you can be? You may stay for the rest of the day, and both my maid and I will give you the rawest and most carnal of blisses to ever be experienced. Maybe even stay a few days, so that you fully grasp what I am offering you."*

Yet, he refused.

She tried to respect his wishes, planning on sending him home without giving him a taste of what she could give him, but the longer she spent with him, the more she craved that intimacy. And the more she discovered evidence that began to reveal that she might truly be able to have a real relationship with him...

After checking the barrier protecting the gate, due to the mini-earthquake, she'd decided to spend some time with

him after all. Especially when she'd already experienced his wonderful cock inside of her accidentally when the earthquake happened and she fell on it, having been unable to keep her mind off the sensation.

She *had* to be intimate with him, if even indirectly.

But the evidence began piling up. She attempted to hide her sincere shock when she invited her maid to help her test his ability to generate lust, only to find that he just kept filling up opal after opal, until he'd reached seven of them. Which was roughly equivalent to the amount of lust generated from a hundred people.

A hundred people!

In barely fifteen minutes!

She was beyond stunned.

And beyond *hopeful*.

Could it really be possible? Could she really have a true partner?

Miriam did her best to be good, to keep her promises that she'd made to him, but she longed for him so desperately. At the very least, she did manage to avoid having normal sex, even if she'd joined him in pleasuring her sexy maid.

But then everything fell apart.

All hell broke loose, and she soon after suffered the greatest loss she'd ever experienced.

This young, handsome, *perfect* boy...

Died.

Murdered, right before her horrified eyes.

Slaughtered, as he saved her own life in the process...

She'd finally begun to feel the most overwhelming hope she'd ever experienced, a hope that no human could understand, not having suffered for thousands of years... only to have him lost...

Just like that...

He was gone...

She almost died trying to save him, even though his heart was already removed from his body.

Almost *died* trying to recover his *corpse*, even as she felt his soul cling to hers.

It was the greatest moment of agony she'd ever experienced, rivaling the time long ago when she'd been forced to watch her family slain before her eyes, prior to being cursed into the wretched creature she now was.

For, if getting to experience his soul was like being hit with a freight train...

Then, losing the hope and longing that came afterward, was like being crushed to oblivion by an entire mountain.

Yet somehow, it got worse, if only briefly.

He came back to life as a terrifying monster.

A terrifyingly powerful monster that wanted to fuck her to satiate itself after using up so much energy to defeat the first enemy. A monster that sincerely frightened her to her very core.

Truly, she'd never experienced so many intense emotions in such a short period of time.

Being in the worst of a hurricane didn't even come close to the cascade of pendulum thoughts and feelings that bombarded her in those first few hours of meeting that wonderful young man.

In those first few hours of meeting her soulmate...

And the following day had been nearly as intense, as she began to miss him and long for his presence like she'd never longed before. As she began to think seriously about what they'd experienced together the previous day, and what it meant for her future.

For *their* future.

For his sake, she had to be careful not to reveal just how obsessed she was, and she was well aware of the dangers that his life might bring into hers, being potently reminded of that fact when a horde of monsters attacked her home... yet she knew that she would still proceed, no matter what.

For there was now only one path for her.

And even though she'd lived almost her entire eternal life being as cautious as possible, especially after suffering the consequences of not being careful enough, now there was no risk she wouldn't take in order to finally have what she'd desperately desired for thousands of years.

For, after *living* for so long, she finally felt *truly alive*.

And it all happened in one moment.

One single moment.

The change occurred instantly, and she only came to understand what it would mean for her in the ensuing hours as she was thrown into a maelstrom of conflict within and without.

However, even now, her internal turmoil was ever-present.

She was using her charm on the six police officers, giving them all immense pleasure, and yet visibly looked as if she was in pain while she did what was necessary to hide this mess that had stumbled onto her doorstep.

Miriam hadn't realized that she was staring blankly at the back of the Sheriff's van until one of the men finally began slapping his hands together, as if brushing them off, while walking over toward her. She focused up at Sheriff Hawthorne, immediately putting on a warm smile as if she couldn't be happier to have him looking so affectionately at her.

Almost like he was looking at his own daughter who had just suffered through a great trauma. Except that he'd jump in bed with her in a heartbeat if she asked of it, no doubt loving it when she called him 'daddy.'

Yet, even so, she put on an inviting smile.

Her own facade made her sick to her stomach, her folded black wings tensing as her posture relaxed a little...

Folded black wings that the others could not see, though the Sheriff in particular was actually aware that she was

more than she seemed, even though her illusion spell hid her nonhuman features.

His voice was deep as he spoke with great concern. "Looks like we're done with this lot, Ms. Klein. About to get the Shepherds to look for any others. Would you like to pet Bear for a few moments? I suspect some Canine Therapy would help."

Of course, the Sheriff didn't know the true source of her distress, but had easily picked up on the fact that something was bothering her, easily assuming that it was the events that transpired leading to a bunch of dead bodies at her gate.

Miriam glanced at the German Shepherd in question, sincerely being fond of Bear in particular, loving how cuddly he was despite his size, loving his slobbery wet kisses, but feeling like it wouldn't help right now.

Nothing was going to help right now.

She cleared her throat, her youthful expression very appreciative. "Maybe after you're done," she offered. "Kind of just want to get this over with."

Hawthorne appeared very understanding. "Of course, Ms. Klein. *Whatever you want.* I suspect the map you marked will help with finding most of the others, but we'll still do a thorough search. It's a lot of land, so a few of us may have to come out tomorrow as well, even after finding all the ones you've told us about."

Miriam simply nodded and gave a smile in response, prompting him to nod in return and then turn to begin barking out orders, splitting the six of them into three pairs, with two groups each going with one of the Shepherds, while the last pair stayed with the vehicles.

She was almost glad that the sole female would be staying behind for now, knowing this was her opportunity to warm the woman up for what was to come later, but finding herself hesitant to do anything beyond what she'd already been doing.

Alexandria, who preferred to go by Alex, was certainly very appealing, being thirty-two if Miriam recalled correctly, but still looking like she was in her early twenties, her Hispanic heritage giving her a youthful appearance, even though the woman had never lived anywhere other than the small town where she now worked as a cop, and only knew the one language she'd been around.

Still, there was a reason why Alex had never really settled down, finding that she could fuck with two of her coworkers on occasion, and then go out to party on the weekend without qualms, no doubt finding a few quick fucks to enjoy, before doing it all over again the next week.

Alex was very much a woman who was in a stage of her life where that kind of lifestyle was preferable, unlike the succubus who had been forced into that lifestyle for an eternity. But Alexandria also wasn't a 'romantic' like Miriam, who personally would have always preferred a single intimate relationship over many shallow ones.

But, if anything, Miriam felt confident the woman would enjoy having two of her lovers share her at the same time, and that Alexandria's lust would grow to its fullest when she even had her boss and other coworkers fuck her together.

The problem was, Miriam knew she'd feel dirty while it was happening.

While she was *making* it happen, enhancing the experience for them all, like being the one to administer an illegal drug.

And worse, she knew she'd find herself enjoying the experience too, once everyone began exuding all that juicy lust, which was similarly like a drug to her as well. Because the lust entering into her body would absolutely have an aphrodisiac effect on her, as it always did, and even if she didn't give in and participate, she'd still be involved in the experience, even if only as an observer.

Dammit.

Miriam winced and lowered her gaze to the paved ground, tightening her arms around herself as her heart ached. She didn't want to feel dirty like this. And yet, she knew exactly why she felt that way. She had a true lover now, one who she longed to be with, and it was the fear of betraying his trust that made her feel so filthy.

She didn't know where 'the line' was anymore.

She didn't know what was acceptable, and what wasn't.

And even if she knew what was okay for her to do, knowing where the boundary was, she wasn't sure if she could always stay on the right side of the fence in order to fulfill her duties as protector of this place.

Dammit.

She didn't even realize she was crying until, unexpectedly, a spark of warmth hit her, briefly making her alarmed as she tried to look around with her blurry vision, only to realize the sensation was purely internal.

Something rapidly growing.

Just like that, out of nowhere, a heat residing both within and without, stirred deeply through her entire core, causing her to freeze solid as it ensnared her entire body.

'*Miriam*,' a simple whisper came, one that had no volume.

It wasn't even a word, so much as a thought.

Not even a thought, so much as a feeling.

Not even a feeling, so much as an *instinct*.

An instinct involving the strings of her soul, being gently plucked like a heavenly harp, strummed tenderly...

Strummed...by her soulmate...

Who still clung to her soul, even now.

The unexpected release of tension was so abrupt *and absolute* that Miriam's knees almost buckled, feeling like she was going to fall down and start sobbing. Because he was here with her.

Even now, *he was with her*.

And she immediately knew what she could do, as if that sudden realization made everything crystal clear, almost like he'd actually given her a solution. Of course, there was always her love's compulsion to consider trying, but if that wasn't effective in all situations, then she could, in fact, make this work by overseeing other humans having sex with each other, using her erotic presence to create that addiction while simultaneously staying physically out of it.

And then, in order to remain faithful to her love...

She'd simply have to ensure that he was there too.

So that she might turn an otherwise filthy and unfaithful moment into a clean and beautiful one. After all, it wasn't uncommon for couples to watch adult videos together, nor was it entirely uncommon for a couple to be involved in a sex party while only having sex with each other, only participating with the others by watching or being watched. And if her love found that arrangement uncomfortable, then she'd simply move their own private sex to another room, knowing a wall would do nothing to reduce her potency.

Even now, she was still affecting the other officers, even though the distance was slowly increasing.

But at least then, she could ensure obedience and commitment from the humans, without having to be involved herself while simultaneously being able to turn *their* lust into a passion for her love, rather than enjoying pleasure from the group sex occurring before her.

And she knew it would work, because she realized there were a few situations where she'd achieved that level of addiction without regular sex. Which meant, all that truly mattered was that their lust was maximized, being like a true addictive drug when they experienced pleasure unlike anything they'd experienced before, and unlike anything they would ever experience again without her involvement.

So yeah, it could work.

And if her beloved couldn't visit that day, then she felt like it should be safe to hold off until the next, since all of

these officers had experienced a taste of addiction at least once, and that anticipation should be enough to keep their mouths shut, even if they left for the night.

Taking a shaky breath, Miriam reached up to wipe her emerald eyes, her folded wings relaxing even more as the final bit of tension left her body.

She felt okay now.

She felt *reassured* now.

She could make this work without giving up her deepest desire. To finally have true intimacy with just one special person. To finally have the kind of union that had eluded her basically all of her existence.

So yeah, everything would be fine.

Miriam sniffled and focused on the Sheriff's van when she realized she heard quiet kissing, with it sounding like the desire she'd created in Alexandria, as well as the guy who was asked to stay behind, had finally tipped over the edge.

Unsurprising, really.

Out of everyone, it was Alex who might hold out the longest, to keep things professional while they were on the job, but it was also that beautiful tan woman who Miriam had begun putting more effort into, spiking her lust in preparation for what was to come later.

Which was fine.

If Miriam could get each of the guys alone with Alex, one-on-one, then she would be able to accomplish the same goal without affecting herself too much. She'd just have to make sure that the tan beauty didn't quite reach orgasm each time, keeping her lust from maximizing and causing her to become almost sexually frustrated and ready for the next guy.

This particular guy was a bit overweight, and definitely wasn't one of the two guys Alexandria normally messed around with, but that just made their lust all the juicier, experiencing intimacy for the first time. And it was clear

that appearance and loyalties didn't matter at this point, the two of them already hastily undoing their pants, a cock already sliding between the woman's legs as they began making passionate love while standing up, leaning against the other side of the van.

Miriam sincerely loved the tender passion of two lovers having sex for the first time, and even though the lust they were exuding was affecting her some too, she surprisingly found that she mostly just felt *happy* now.

A small smile was now touching her lips, a warmth in her heart coupled with the warmth she felt from her soulmate all around and within her, filling her with a contentment she hadn't experienced in a long time.

More than that, she felt at peace.

The two lovers kept their pace slow to keep the noises quiet, but their kisses were desperate, their breathing heavy, as they both enjoyed the raw carnal pleasure of each other's warm body. Miriam wanted Alex to *almost* get there at the same time that the guy cummed, so she tweaked the pleasure each of them were receiving incrementally, until they were both tensing in ecstasy as one.

She then immediately ramped up the guy's pleasure while tugging back on the woman's enjoyment, knowing Alexandria would still feel like it was one of the best 'almost orgasms' of her life, even if it was much less than it could have been.

Even if she would soon be sexually frustrated when it happened to her again, and again.

All for the sake of preventing her from fatiguing, so that she could enjoy this intimacy with four others. And if for some reason, the woman's lust did fatigue before then, Miriam also had another plan.

There were plenty of female maids who worked for her, women who she might never fuck again, and she realized she could probably use a couple of them for this very purpose whenever the need arose. Which meant she might

need to make a phone call, to ensure someone was available to fuck a couple of the officers in the event that Alex found herself tired out.

Nodding to herself, even as the two police officers finally separated and began buttoning up their pants, Miriam realized that was exactly what she'd do. So, without another thought, she turned around and began making her way back toward her home, intending on making a single phone call.

For, she already had just the perfect human maid in mind.

The perfect maid, to fuck in her place whenever a situation like this arose.

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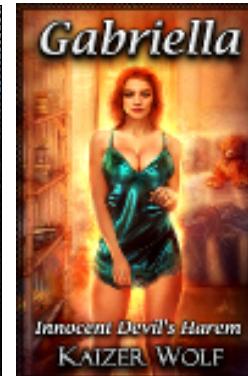
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