

KAIZER WOLF

Innocent Devil's
★ *Harem 2*

Innocent Devil's Harem 2

Innocent Devil's Harem Book 2

K AIZER W OLF

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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 16: SHARING

I abruptly woke up in midstride in the middle of a forest, shocked to realize I was running as fast as I could.

Immediately confused as hell, I quickly slid to a halt in the dirt, looking around uncertainly at the trees as my memory slowly began trickling back, as if I was waking up from a deep sleep.

Gasping, I unexpectedly recalled what I'd just been doing, having shot myself in the arm several times in order to see what would happen if I got hurt badly enough, realizing that Gabriella was nowhere in sight. My stomach suddenly felt like a ball of lead when it dawned on me that I must have been sleepwalking, just like she'd done back at the house when she attacked Serenity.

Fuck!

Without hesitation, I turned around and began bolting back the way I'd come, my shoes kicking up dirt as I tried to speed up.

Was she okay?!

Did I hurt her?!

Shit, please tell me I didn't hurt her!

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Why didn't I consider this as a possibility?! I never imagined it would happen so quickly, but still!

Fuck!

Of course, the bullet wounds in my arm were healed, but that only made my panic worse, terrified that I might have gone for her instead of the deer. However, after a few more

seconds, I picked up on her scent, shifting directions slightly as I ran as hard as I could, desperate to get to her.

I almost felt like I was going to cry when I finally spotted her, running in my direction, seemingly unharmed. Her chin-length hair was still a more vibrant red than usual, as well as her emerald eyes, her skin a deep tan.

“Kai!” she exclaimed when she saw me. “Oh Kai! Are you alright?!”

I didn’t slow down until I was right upon her, abruptly coming to a halt again as she leapt into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist and holding me tightly. I could smell her panic, and almost wanted to ask if *she* was alright instead, but knew from her scent that she was truly okay physically.

I hadn’t harmed her.

Or at least, not enough that she couldn’t recover from it...

“What happened?” I finally managed, still holding her in a firm embrace.

She dropped her legs, resting her feet back down on the ground and pulling away slightly to look up at me. Her voice was low. “Seems like you did what I did earlier,” she explained quietly, almost as if she were sharing a secret that she didn’t want others to overhear. “Just after you said you were going to pass out, you started growling and attacked the deer.” She grimaced. “And once you were done, you just took off. I’ve been chasing you for only about a minute, but you were way too fast for me to keep up.”

I sighed heavily, feeling relieved, but also wanting to clarify that I hadn’t attacked her. “I’m really sorry. But I didn’t hurt you, right?”

She shook her head. “No. I admit that it was a little scary, but you completely ignored me.”

“And you ignored *me*,” I realized, recalling that she didn’t remember waking up until she was already downstairs, even though I’d been lying right next to her.

“Still, I really don’t like this. We could accidentally kill someone if we aren’t careful.”

She cringed, knowing that was in fact what might have happened back at the house, only for her to become pensive, her thin red eyebrows knitting together.

“Yeah, but really, most people live their entire lives without being fatally wounded. So if we just avoid dangerous situations, then we should be fine.” She then grimaced. “Assuming that it happening to me when I wasn’t fatally wounded was only a fluke,” she added quietly. “Like a ‘first-time transformed’ kind of thing.”

I considered that for a moment. “Yeah, I guess that may be true. Obviously, I’ve gone my whole life without this being a problem until now.” I then smiled warmly at her. “You really amaze me.”

“I do?” she replied in surprise.

“Yep. This whole thing was making me feel really anxious and stressed, but you made me realize this might not be too much of a problem, so long as we can avoid getting seriously hurt. So thanks for that,” I added, leaning forward to rest my lips briefly on hers.

Shockingly, she *moaned* when our lips met, leaning more heavily into my embrace as her intoxicating aroma strengthened, only for her hands to suddenly slip down and begin tugging on my black gym shorts.

I pulled back slightly in surprise, even as she reached through the opening in my boxers to wrap her fingers around my limp cock, kneading it in her grasp.

“You want to do this *here*?” I said in sincere confusion, mostly due to the abruptness of it.

“Yes please,” she whispered, reaching up with her free hand to pull my face back down to hers. She then broke the kiss just long enough to continue, her eyes closed. “No rules this time. Just fuck me.”

I hesitated, not especially in the mood given everything that’d happened so far this morning, and also feeling

uncertain about how sudden she was wanting me.

Like, was it something I said that turned her on?

Because she was horny as fuck.

I could *smell* it.

And between her kneading and her strengthening scent, my cock quickly grew as hard as a brick, already beginning to leak precum as she stroked me, my concern rapidly dissipating as I became more focused on her touch.

Now, I just didn't care, more than happy to oblige her.

I reached down and unbuttoned her jeans, before breaking our kiss and dropping to my heels to slide them to her ankles, my face now level with her hips. Leaning forward again, I rested my lips against her tan thigh, prompting her to run her fingers through my white hair and grasp me firmly, urging my face closer to her hot snatch.

However, I wanted to tease her more and was plenty strong enough to resist her, instead planting more kisses along her lower belly, causing her toned muscles to flinch. When she moaned again, and tried lifting up a leg onto my shoulder, I pulled away, pushing on her bony hips.

"Turn around," I said quietly, twisting her and then tugging her shirt up a little more so I could see the dimples on her lower back. She shuffled with her pants still at her ankles, trusting me to not let her stumble and fall, beginning to gasp when I pressed my lips against her tight tan ass, my hands roaming up and down the sides of her thighs, her right hand still grasping my hair firmly from behind.

It was still so strange seeing the sun-kissed skin on her, especially since she was so pale just last night. However, feeling like she was my own personal busty stripper, that I could play with however I wanted, only made me more aroused.

My cock was definitely leaking now.

Running my mouth up and down her spine, planting kisses across her dimples, and back down to her butt, I

smirked as she shivered repeatedly, only for her to begin pushing down on my head, leaning forward slightly as if she was trying to get my face in her crack.

Like, damn, just how bad did she want me to give her oral?

Not that I was complaining, but I wasn't sure I wanted to lick and suck on her pussy from this angle - otherwise I'd just have a face full of ass.

But then again, that really didn't seem so bad, now that I thought about it...

Having my face in her ass could be fun...

Shaking my head at the thought, I realized my mind felt kind of weird, my inhibitions feeling as if they were melting away with each passing second. Like, on the one hand, I felt as if I was just horny as fuck, but on the other hand, the lightheaded sensation I was getting didn't feel normal either. I almost felt like I'd end up deciding I was okay with anything if I kept breathing in her scent, continuing to become intoxicated on her arousal...

And by anything, I meant *anything*.

Suddenly, I was having the desire to pleasure her in any way possible, and found myself being likewise fine with any situation that brought her that pleasure. Even stuff I'd previously said I wouldn't be okay with.

Like, thinking about her parents again, I suddenly could understand how her dad might not mind watching her mom fuck other men...

Shaking my head again, knowing I really wasn't okay with that, she finally spoke up.

"What's wrong?" she whispered, her tone thick with lust.

I paused with my lips on her ass cheek as I considered whether or not I should be fully honest. But then, I ultimately decided I should just get it out before I ended up agreeing to something I'd regret later.

"Umm, well..." I took a deep breath, which didn't help at all, her maple syrup scent overwhelming me. "Umm," I tried

again. "I think you're messing with my head," I finally managed.

She abruptly thrust her hips forward, pulling her butt away from my face. "Messing with your head?" she repeated in alarm.

I nodded slowly, blinking a few times before I looked up at her. "Umm, maybe," I hedged, suddenly recalling that she might be part-succubus.

A part-succubus who had recently just undergone a transformation into something even more supernatural.

Her voice came out as barely a whisper. "Do you think it's because I'm part-succubus?" she asked in concern, seeming to echo my thoughts.

I looked at her in surprise, realizing how bizarre it was that I had almost forgotten about that to begin with.

It was almost as if her scent had made it impossible for me to remember that she might be supernatural too. My thoughts did feel kind of fuzzy.

"Umm, maybe," I repeated. "Did you ever get in touch with your mom to confirm that?" I wondered quietly, realizing in the back of my mind that I probably knew the answer already, since she'd been preoccupied with my housemate getting kidnapped, followed by passing out after I bit her.

Gabriella shuffled around to face me, her soft red pubic hair now inviting me to lean forward.

However, her tone was serious.

"Kai, look at me," she said firmly, only to pause when I did. "You look drugged," she added in concerned.

"You just smell *really good*," I replied.

Her vivid emerald eyes widened slightly as she held my gold gaze, her pupils visibly dilating.

She didn't respond.

My voice was a whisper now. "I really want to suck on your clit."

She nodded slowly in agreement, her fingers reaching out to run through my hair again as she pulled my face closer. The movement prompted me to break our gaze as I leaned forward, ready to bury my face between her thighs. Ready for her to push one of her legs on my shoulder so I could get a face full of pussy.

However, she abruptly jutted her hips backward, not seeming to be able to go far, pulling her hot snatch away. "Kai," she said urgently, turning her head to the side. "I want you to suck on me so bad..." She took a deep breath. "But something feels off. I think we need to stop for a second."

I froze solid, still feeling lightheaded as I continued to breathe in her arousal, desperately wanting to just lick her pussy now and figure the rest out later.

"Kai," she repeated, her tone suddenly somber. "Please. I don't want to hurt you." When neither of us budged, she continued. "Please, Kai. I feel like I can't deny you, so please deny yourself for just a few minutes."

I sucked in a ragged breath, and finally turned my face away too, realizing for the first time that I had a firm hold on her hips.

Shit, when did I even grab her? I'd been touching her lightly before, but not like this.

Letting go, I let gravity take over as I fell back on my ass, my boxers shielding me from the ground, trying to ignore the craving to stop her as she began shuffling away a little, to put some distance between us. Tucking my head between my knees, my rock hard cock still poking out of the front of my underwear, I was then even more dismayed when I heard her pull up her panties and jeans, buttoning them up before walking a few more steps away.

Fuck.

Did I mess up?

Was this some kind of test to see if I'd respect her wishes and I fucked it up?

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, unsure if she heard me. When she didn’t respond, I lifted my head and repeated it louder. “Gabriella, I’m really sorry.”

She shook her head, slowly turning around to face me, keeping her gaze averted. “Kai, I want you. I really do. But I think I need to talk to my mom before we do this again. I’m scared I might hurt you.”

My heart sank. “But I’m fine,” I said desperately. “Gabriella, we’ve had sex several times now, and I’m perfectly fine.”

“I know,” she agreed. “And I’ll try to talk to my mom today, if possible.” She took a deep breath. “But Kai, I think we also need to consider more than just the effect I might be having on you.” She finally met my gaze hesitantly. “Kai, I think we also need to consider the effect you might be having on me.”

“W-What do you mean?” I said in surprise.

She abruptly looked away again, her pupils visibly dilating a little before she did. “Kai, your gold eyes are mesmerizing. More than that. When I look at you when you’re transformed, I feel like...” Her voice trailed off.

Suddenly, it felt like someone slapped me in the face as I recalled my housemate kissing me earlier that morning – recalled how her expression looked as she held my gaze.

Did I...

Did I ‘make her’ kiss me?

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

“Feel like what?” I prompted in a whisper, hoping she didn’t say what I thought she might say.

Gabriella sighed heavily. “Like, I just want you really bad. I mean, I already want you, but sometimes when I’m holding your gaze it feels like my mind goes blank, apart from that sole desire. It happened on the couch when we first slept together, and a few times since then as well.”

Fuck!

I immediately tucked my head in between my knees again, feeling horrible, ashamed, embarrassed, and disgusted at myself. Because I made my lifelong friend kiss me! She didn't want to. I was sure she didn't want to, and when she snapped out of it, she seemed so ashamed of herself!

But it was my fault!

Fuck!

"Kai, what's wrong?" Gabriella asked urgently, taking a few steps toward me, clearly seeing my distress.

I couldn't look up at her, feeling so miserable now that I didn't even care what she might think. Really, I didn't care if she'd be angry, because I felt like I *deserved* for her to be angry. I deserved for her to hate me.

"Gabriella, I kissed Serenity this morning," I blurted out.

"O-Oh," she said hesitantly, sounding surprised.

"I think I made her," I added in a rush. "I was transformed, and really she kissed *me*, but she was holding my gaze and then suddenly she was in my lap..." My voice trailed off, having the desire to shoot myself again.

For a different reason this time.

To cause myself pain, as punishment for what I'd done.

It was unforgivable.

I continued. "And then she put a stop to it." I sucked in a ragged breath. "Gabriella, she seemed so ashamed, and I didn't feel like it was my fault because she was the one who kissed *me*, but now I realize I made her do it." I shook my head between my legs. "Fuck, I forced myself on her."

Gabriella didn't respond for a long few seconds. She then cleared her throat. "Kai," she said gently. "It's true that it feels like that desire is the only thing on my mind when I hold your gaze sometimes." She paused. "But that doesn't necessarily mean that you're causing the desire to happen."

I finally looked up at her, knowing my body looked normal again, my eyes their usual color. "You think Serenity

really wanted to kiss me?" I asked in disbelief, sincerely doubting that now.

She gave me a sympathetic look. "I think you should at least talk to her about it. And after I speak with my mom, I think we need to discuss that too."

I sighed heavily, only to nod. "Yeah, I guess. Serenity already said she wanted to talk about it later, but at least now I can tell her it was my fault, instead of letting her feel bad for crossing that line. Because it wasn't her. It was all me."

"Maybe," she agreed softly. "But Kai, let's keep all this in perspective. I still want you, and I'm hoping that we'll all be in each other's lives for a long time, so let's just focus on being honest with each other and work through all this together. Serenity included."

I looked at her in confusion, uncertain of what she was trying to say.

She continued, in response to my expression. "What I mean is, don't just assume you made her. Talk to her first. Explain what might be going on, and see what she says. Have a *conversation* about it, rather than just telling her what you think you did, and beating yourself up about it." She took a deep breath. "And please don't be mad at me for wanting to wait a day or two before we have sex again. I care about you, more than I want to screw you, and I want to make sure I'm not accidentally hurting you when we do stuff. Because you were really sore the first time, and there might be more at risk than just physical harm."

I sighed heavily, knowing she was right. Of course, there were a lot of legends about sex demons, with the succubus in particular having a lot of variations in folklore, including the kind that killed those they slept with. But none of that necessarily translated to the real thing.

Plus, Gabriella might only be a sixteenth succubus, which might change things.

But then again, I'd obviously done something to her with my bite...

And if she wasn't completely human to begin with, then how might that affect the succubus side of her?

Assuming she truly was...

Really, we just needed to get confirmation from her mom on what we were dealing with, and try to figure out what the risks might be. Then, we could go from there. I was hopeful Gabriella didn't have a *need* to have sex though, since she'd gone so long without it. Because a need for regular sex, coupled with a certain lethality to it, was a horrible combination.

And it was the reason why I wondered if frequency might be a problem for Gabriella's parents.

I mean, if it worked for them, then great. But I really didn't want to suffer through that. I *couldn't* go through with that. I didn't like it, didn't want to like it, and didn't want to find myself in a position where I was forced to like it in order to avoid being miserable.

Just the idea that I had been even sort of considering that possibility, and even being okay with it, when I felt drugged by her scent only moments ago, was alarming.

Taking a deep breath, I let it out slowly, another idea hitting me.

Gabriella didn't seem mad about me kissing Serenity. Not at all.

I focused up at her. "So," I began hesitantly. "Were you serious about sharing me? Because it kind of sounds like you're okay with what I did."

She frowned slightly, seeming pensive now. "Well, I guess it's because I feel like I'm stepping on Serenity's toes," she admitted. "Assuming she truly does have feelings for you, then I feel like that makes *me* the mistress, instead of the other way around. Because I kind of swooped in and stole you from under her nose." She sighed heavily. "I still want to be important to you. I want you to love me like your

only woman. But I know I can't compete with the relationship you two share. Especially not after all you've been through together."

I nodded slowly, searching for any signs that she wasn't being entirely forthcoming. But as far as I could tell, she was being blunt about how she felt.

"Well, you *are* important to me," I said seriously. "And I really do want to marry you," I added, only to glance away. "But yeah, I'm not sure if I can let Serenity go entirely. Assuming she feels the same way."

Gabriella scoffed then, her tone a little more playful. "Well, I sure *hope* you want to marry me," she said, holding out her hand to show off her engagement ring. "Would be awkward for you to ask me when you weren't really into it."

I smiled slightly at her. "Yeah, that would be awkward," I agreed, only to do a double-take when I realized she'd lost some of her color. Or rather, she looked a bit more normal.

"What's wrong?" she asked in alarm, her coloring instantly looking as vibrant as ever. Her hair so red it was almost glowing, her emerald eyes similarly super bright, her skin a deep tan.

"Oh, sorry," I said after a second. "It's just, I think your hair was starting to look more normal. Your skin too, before I freaked you out."

"Oh," she replied in surprise, holding up her arms, focusing on the one with the torn sleeve.

Nothing happened.

"Maybe try taking a deep breath and relaxing," I suggested, deciding to get to my feet and pull up my shorts.

She nodded, her huge chest puffing out as she sucked in a breath, slowly letting it out as she rolled her shoulders once, attempting to relax. Slowly, her skin started becoming a little more pale, as if her tan was fading away, her red hair dimming in saturation as if she was a picture on my phone that I was messing with.

Then, all at once, she abruptly shifted the rest of the way, suddenly looking completely normal.

Her skin was pale, her hair was still bright red, but not like it had been, and her eyes were now...

Still vibrant green – that seemed to be the only difference.

Her eyes were really bright before, but not like this. Still, overall, she looked like she was entirely back to her normal appearance.

Gabriella blinked a few times, seeming to notice the abrupt transition, focusing on me after a moment.

“Huh,” she commented, holding up her arms a little higher to look at her skin again. “That was...” She paused. “Different. I think I can do it ‘at will’ now,” she added, only for her appearance to abruptly shift a second time.

Just like that, she had the stripper look, her skin tan, her hair looking dyed bright red.

She continued after a second. “I can feel it.”

“You can?” I said in surprise. “What does it feel like?” After all, I had no recollection of ever being normal, so I had nothing to compare it to.

Shifting back to her pale complexion, she crossed her arms under her heavy chest, seeming pensive now. “Well, it’s sort of like I have a new muscle I can flex. Except, it’s everywhere. I can feel even my organs shift inside me when I flex it, which is a really bizarre sensation.” She uncrossed her arms to look at her right one again. “Granted, it’s probably not a muscle, but that’s kind of what it feels like.” She then focused on me. “Although, it makes sense that you’d have a hard time appearing normal under threatening or arousing circumstances.”

“It does? Why?”

She gave me an affectionate smile. “Because that’s what muscles do naturally when people are stressed. They tighten, as a reflex. And even though this isn’t really a muscle, it probably activates in a similar manner. You can

choose to do it, but in certain situations, I'd imagine it becomes difficult *not to* ."

Gabriella then walked up to me, abruptly grabbing my hand without warning as fast as she could.

Jerking it back in surprise, she smirked at me.

"See? Just like that. Did you mean to pull back?"

I frowned as I considered that. "No, I guess not. It was more like a reflex."

"Exactly!" she said cheerfully. "That's exactly what it was. Something you couldn't control."

My eyes widened slightly at her unexpected change in mood, with her seeming super excited and happy now. It forced a smile out of me, almost making me forget all the tension I felt. "How do you know so much about all this?" I wondered.

"Anatomy and Physiology!" she chimed, abruptly kicking her heels together and saluting me. She then giggled at her own gesture.

"Are you alright?" I asked seriously.

Her cheer instantly vanished, looking at me in confusion. "Yeah, why?"

"Well..." I reached up and rubbed the back of my neck briefly. "Your emotions just kind of seem to be jumping all over the place. It wasn't so noticeable earlier, but kind of seems to be getting worse. It's like one minute your sad, the next you're horny, and the next you're happy." I paused.

"No offense."

Her cheer immediately returned. "None taken!" she exclaimed, only for her expression to immediately become serious. Her tone was super intense. And thoughtful. "I do feel a little emotionally fickle right now though," she admitted. "Like, I'm really excited to be with you, and I'm excited to be *like* you. And I also kind of want to fuck you." She gave me an apologetic look, as if she was saying sorry for wanting to wait. "But I also feel guilty about what I did to Serenity. And I'm really stressed about the unknown."

Specifically, I'm afraid of hurting you without meaning to, since there might be something dangerous about me if I really am part-succubus." She sighed, reaching up to tap her temple, her gaze on the ground. "It's a big swirl of conflicting feelings in here at the moment. And it feels easy to switch gears on which one has my focus."

I nodded, not responding verbally as I reached out slowly and pulled her into my arms, wrapping her fully in my embrace as I inhaled a deep breath of her suddenly increasing aroma. We were both quiet for half a minute before she continued.

"We should probably get back," she whispered, her own hug a little loose.

"You still love me though, right?" I asked seriously, her body language making me have doubt.

She looked up at me in surprise. "Love you? Of course I still love you." She then sighed. "Kai, please don't make me feel guilty for trying to put on the brakes a little. I'll fuck you as much as you want after I've talked to my mom, but I need to know that it's safe for you." She paused. "Or were you just exaggerating when you said it felt like I was messing with your head?" she asked seriously.

I took a deep breath. "No, I was serious," I admitted. "And I'm not trying to make you feel guilty. I just didn't think a hug was going to hurt anything."

Gabriella abruptly gave me a tight squeeze, only to grin up at me, her tone coming out a little sarcastic. "Kai, you could barely handle me touching you only yesterday. So forgive me for being hesitant to even give you a sincere hug."

I smirked at her. "Okay, I guess you have a point."

"Yep!" she agreed cheerfully, her expression rapidly becoming serious again. "But we really should get back. I want to make sure Serenity is doing okay."

"Sure," I agreed, loosening my embrace so she could pull away. I then grabbed her hand, thankful when she

intertwined her fingers in mine, a big grin plastered on her face as we began walking back. On the way, we passed the mauled deer, and Gabriella made a point to make sure we grabbed Serenity's gun where I'd dropped it.

After making sure the safety was on and sticking it in my black gym shorts, we continued on, walking mostly in silence, simply enjoying each other's company on our way back. At one point, she abruptly let go of my hand to throw herself against my chest, wrapping her arms tightly around my torso, before pulling away just as quickly and snagging my hand again.

I decided not to question it, not wanting her to feel bad about her behavior, instead just focusing on the fact that she was wanting to nonverbally communicate to me how much she loved and wanted me.

When we returned to my backyard, she gave me an abrupt kiss on the lips and then took off like a bat out of hell, rushing through the backdoor with a huge grin on her face like she expected me to chase her. I considered doing so, but decided against it when I realized Nick was still here.

Not that I was trying to get rid of him necessarily, but I'd been so focused on testing my limitations that I hadn't even considered the fact I was putting my housemate in a situation where she'd have to be alone in the house with him. Granted, I supposed I *was* hoping she'd ask him to leave sooner, rather than later.

Even though I had plenty of reason to believe Serenity was going to explain to me later why we couldn't be together, I also really didn't want her to start dating anyone else anytime soon.

If ever.

When I walked through the door and down the hallway past the stairs, I found Gabriella hesitating in the foyer, seeming guilty again. The look prompted me to recall that I had my own reasons to feel guilty as well, since my

'hypnotic eyes' might have actually been the reason why my best friend kissed me.

Thus, I couldn't help but mimic her expression as I deposited the gun where my housemate normally kept it, only to join Gabriella's side as we both walked into the kitchen together.

Surprisingly, Serenity seemed fine, minus the bandage on her arm, her expression normal when we made an appearance. Alternatively, Nick was sitting across from her at the table, an empty plate in front of him from breakfast, seeming a little glum.

"Oh, hey!" Serenity exclaimed in surprise, focusing on Gabriella. "You look normal again!"

"Yeah," she agreed quietly. "Seems I can control it now," she added, looking ashamed, her vibrant emerald gaze lowered.

"Gabriella, look at me," Serenity said gently. "I'm alright. It's really not that bad."

My fiancé sighed. "I just feel so horrible about it," she whispered.

Serenity gave her a sympathetic look, only to focus on me, seeing that I was pretty dejected too. "Did something bad happen?" she wondered seriously, clearly directing her words at me now.

I shook my head. "I mean, not really. I just feel bad about earlier."

Her deep brown eyes widened incrementally, reading between the lines, knowing what I was actually referring to. She then tried to change the subject.

"So, then how did it go?" she pressed.

Nick perked up a little. "Actually, I'm really curious about that too," he said, leaning forward in his seat.

I glanced at Gabriella. "Oh, well, actually that didn't go well. Nothing bad," I clarified when they both looked confused. "But it seems that what happened to Gabriella

wasn't a fluke. Once I lost enough blood, I passed out and pretty much did the same thing. Woke up running."

"Oh..." Serenity's voice trailed off. "But no one got hurt, right?" she wondered, looking at Gabriella with concern now.

My fiancé decided to respond. "No, he didn't attack anyone. Only the deer he caught. And he completely ignored me." She paused, glancing up at me. "Basically, like how I ignored him earlier. Coming downstairs instead..."

I nodded. "Yeah, and it looks like once I had enough blood, I regained consciousness pretty quickly. I mean, I can run pretty fast, so I'd gone a decent distance, but..." I focused on Gabriella again.

"Honestly, not sure about the time," she replied automatically. "But maybe a minute at most?" she added with a shrug. "After you were done drinking its blood."

Nick sighed heavily. "Well, I guess that means you better be careful not to get hurt. But at least it sounds like animal blood will truly work. It would be extremely problematic if it *had* to be human blood. Getting your hands on that wouldn't be easy."

"Agreed," I replied, only to focus on Serenity. "So, now what do we do about your bite? Just wait to see what happens?"

Serenity and Nick exchanged a glance, before my housemate looked back at Gabriella. "How did you feel after Kai bit you last night?"

Gabriella was pensive for a moment, crossing her arms again. Nick glanced down at her chest in response to the motion, almost as a reflex, but quickly glanced at me uneasily and then back at her face. I ignored it, not about to start worrying about trying to control people gawking at her. Otherwise, I'd have a problem every time we went out in public.

After a few seconds, my fiancé responded. "Well, when he was drinking my blood, I started feeling really cold and tired. It wasn't too bad at first, but I barely managed to stay

awake on the way home last night.” She sighed. “And then it was all I could do to make it upstairs before I crashed.” She gave my housemate an apologetic look. “I tried to stay up longer, but it was like I couldn’t keep my eyes open at a certain point. Might have just been stress though, and maybe a reaction from the blood loss.”

Serenity frowned at that. “Well, so far I feel completely normal.” She looked at me. “Are you still up for a trip to the bank?”

My eyes widened slightly. “Are you sure? We can wait.”

She shook her head. “I’d really like to go with you, and this is the only day I could do it, because of work. I mean, I could take a day off if I had to, but would really prefer to avoid doing so.” She sighed. “Plus, if this bite is going to end up making me like you, then we shouldn’t have to worry about me looking different until tonight.” She paused. “I mean, when you went upstairs this morning, Gabriella still looked normal, right?”

I nodded. “Yeah, she did,” I replied, glancing at the person in question, before focusing back on my housemate.

“And Gabriella can come too,” Serenity added, seeming to assume that’s what was on my mind.

“Oh.” I hadn’t even thought about that part. Her going out in public could actually be problematic if she couldn’t control her emotions enough to avoid transforming. I glanced at her again. “Do you think you can keep your appearance normal?” I asked seriously.

Gabriella laughed, unexpectedly grabbing my hand and beginning to rub her thumb affectionately over mine. I gave her a confused look, only for the gesture and her intense expression to begin causing my hair to flash white.

She then grinned. “I think I’m better at this than you are!” she said cheerfully, only for her to let go and begin intentionally causing her hair to brighten, even as her skin grew tan. “See?” she added triumphantly, rapidly shifting back to normal.

I scoffed at her teasing, unable to look at Serenity now, feeling embarrassed at having her witness all that. I mean, if I'd realized what Gabriella was going for, then I probably would have pulled away before she had that effect on me.

I was almost glad when Nick seemed confused, more than happy to explain what was going on in order to avoid focusing on Serenity's reaction.

"Usually strong emotions can make me start transforming, even when I don't want to. She was just showing that she's in better control than I am."

"Ah, okay," Nick replied. "I was suspecting it was something like that, but I didn't want to ask in case there was only *one* reason."

My eyes widened in surprise, only for it to transition to renewed embarrassment, my skin graying underneath my shirt. "Umm, no. Being afraid, anxious, angry, or anything else similar can have that effect. I've always avoided horror movies, since the startle can make it happen too."

"Oh Kai," Serenity whispered. "I'm so sorry."

I looked at her in confusion. "Why?" I wondered seriously.

She sighed. "I just wished I'd known. I mean, I'm not really into horror movies either, but just everything makes so much sense now, and I just wish I'd known," she repeated.

I sighed, deciding to change the subject as I glanced up at the clock, seeing it was already past nine. "So when do you want to leave for the bank?"

Serenity mimicked my sigh. "Umm, well, I guess whenever. Preferably before ten. Gabriella can wear one of my shirts," she added. "But you need to change yours Kai."

I glanced down, realizing I still had a little visible blood on mine.

"Right," I agreed, wondering if I should hop in the shower too.

Nick chimed in then, seeming somber again. "Well, I suppose I should get going if that's the case." He paused,

focusing on Serenity. "Maybe let me know how it goes tonight?"

"Sure," she offered. "Might have to let you know when I see you on Monday though."

"Okay yeah, that's fine," he agreed, looking depressed as hell, and not doing a very good job of hiding it.

Honestly, I kind of felt bad for him, but this was my lifelong friend we were talking about, who I'd loved since forever, and they'd literally just met a day or two ago at most. And even if they'd known each other longer, she was still *my best friend*.

Who I was infatuated with and wanted for myself...but who might not feel the same way, probably because of the age gap and us having to live together for so long.

Dammit.

If only.

Taking a deep breath, I spoke up. "Well, I think I'm going to jump in the shower," I commented. I then focused on Nick. "Thanks, by the way. For everything. Sorry to be rude to you last night. I was just really upset."

"Nah, man, it's fine. Someone kidnapped Serenity. You had plenty of reason to be upset." He grimaced. "I'm just really bothered by who was responsible. Like, I've been thinking about it, and I kind of wonder if the first guy might have been involved too."

Gabriella and I immediately exchanged a glance, before I looked at my housemate as well.

"You know," Gabriella began slowly, still looking at me, but sounding like she was talking to Nick. "When we went to the mall yesterday, this really big dude came over to us and almost seemed like he was intentionally trying to provoke Kai. Even grabbed my arm when Kai didn't initially say anything." She began directing her words at me. "And then you said he looked accomplished, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah, he seemed triumphant, like he'd achieved his goal."

“Oh really?” Nick said in surprise, reaching up to scratch his chin. “So what happened?”

“Umm, I sort of showed him my eyes,” I admitted. “Scared him off.”

Nick slowly inclined his chin, seeming pensive. “Then, I really hate to admit this, but it’s possible all of this was orchestrated by the man you killed last night.”

My eyes widened in shock, as I focused on Gabriella again. “Including her kidnapping?” I asked seriously, talking to him while I focused on her.

“Yeah, unfortunately,” he replied. “I, umm...” He cleared his throat. “Well, I’d already made the connection that Serenity was on all the cases, and while I had everything encrypted, the guy was a genius. I hate to admit it, but I feel like I might have led him right to you. Which means he might have went for Gabriella to try to draw you out.”

“So,” I began hesitantly, trying to understand what he was implying, since obviously Gabriella and I hadn’t been dating a couple of days ago. “You think that he targeted Serenity’s best friend simply because she had a connection to the cases.”

He nodded. “Doubtful he thought it was you specifically at that point, instead just assuming that she might know the Impaler. But after you saved Gabriella, he might have hired someone to provoke you at the mall, to see how you’d react.” He frowned. “The only question is, was the man just making a random guess, or did he have reason to suspect it was you?” he wondered, the question sounding rhetorical.

Holy shit, Nick sincerely was smart!

Because the man from last night *did* have reason to believe it was me, after he sent a second serial killer after us, only for that fake-cop to ‘disappear’ after coming over to my house...when Serenity was at work too.

But then, that just meant that the man – who I noticed Nick was intentionally avoiding referring to him as his

biological father – had been keeping an eye on us somehow from a distance.

After all, the guy would have had to be keeping some kind of surveillance to know when we left the house, as well as knowing which mall we ended up going to.

Honestly, I was glad he was dead, but realizing this had all been an orchestrated crime made me paranoid now.

“You do think it’s really over, right?” I wondered seriously. “Like, do you think that guy from last night was calling all the shots? Or do you think there might be more danger?”

Serenity and Gabriella both looked at me in alarm, before focusing on Nick at the same time.

He didn’t seem phased, scratching his chin as he sincerely considered it. “I think it’s a pretty low chance there are more people involved. Probably a good idea to still lock your doors at night of course, but I’d be sincerely shocked to discover this whole thing wasn’t all him.”

Serenity spoke up. “Well, we always lock our doors,” she commented.

He looked at her in surprise. “Oh, yeah, I just meant that as a figure of speech. Like, still be vigilant, but probably don’t worry too much.”

“Oh, right,” she said with a nod. She then sighed. “Well, we should probably get ready to leave. Doubtful that traffic will be a problem, but I don’t want to risk getting to the bank too late.”

Nick nodded in understanding, pushing his seat back to stand up, not looking nearly so glum now. “Sure. I guess I’ll see you on Monday then.”

“Yep,” my friend said enthusiastically. “It’ll be nice to get back into a more normal routine after such an eventful couple of days. Hopefully the next few cases I’m assigned aren’t so stressful.”

He laughed at that. “Isn’t it always stressful?”

She shrugged. "I've gotten pretty immune to most things. It's only the really horrible stuff that gets to me."

He nodded again in understanding, focusing on me as he took a step closer and held out his hand. "Alright. Well, Kai, it was nice meeting you, and thanks again for saving my little sister all those years ago. Sorry that it's culminated into this mess, but I'm glad everyone got through it in one piece."

"Sure," I agreed, shaking his hand. "And I'll probably stop getting involved in those kinds of incidents, so that the case doesn't get reopened."

He grimaced. "Yeah, that's probably best. Hard to ask that of you, when both my little sister and Gabriella here wouldn't be alive without your intervention, but I really don't think it's a good idea to draw any more attention to yourself. The fact that you exist raises a ton of questions about our world, including what else might exist out there."

I nodded in agreement, not responding verbally.

"Well, anyway, see you later everyone," he added in general, as he continued past me and headed out the door.

"Bye," Gabriella and Serenity both chimed in sync.

We then all sighed once he was gone, all of us glancing at each other.

Gabriella was the one to break the silence, speaking to my housemate. "So, I know about the kiss," she announced abruptly. "And it doesn't bother me. I know you really love Kai, and I'm sorry for getting in between you two. I really hope we can work something out."

Needless to say, my friend's face turned bright red.

And I was dark gray now, as well.

Serenity seemed to be struggling to respond, when I felt dread creep into my chest from what I heard outside.

Because a moment later, there was a knock on the door, only for Nick to open it and pop his head in.

"Sorry, forgot something," he mumbled, dashing into the living room and then rushing back to the door. He then

paused when he focused on Serenity, only to look at me since I obviously was transformed. "Everything good?" he wondered.

I couldn't look at him.

My housemate cleared her throat. "Umm, yeah. We're good. Just trying to figure out how to deal with the issue that was brought up at dinner last night," she hedged.

Nick likely assumed she was referring to the can of worms he'd opened by prompting Gabriella to admit she and I had fucked.

"Oh," he said hesitantly. "Sorry," he added. "I'll leave you guys to it then."

And with that, he quickly made his way back out the door.

"Good save," Gabriella whispered. "I wasn't sure what to tell him."

Serenity shook her head, taking a deep breath. "Umm, why don't we just focus on going to the bank for now, and then later we'll try to figure the rest out. I'm..." She paused, sucking in another deep breath. "I'm not really sure how I feel about everything that's happened."

I felt ashamed again. "I need to tell you something," I blurted out.

Serenity looked at me in surprise. "Okay?"

"Gabriella thinks I might have hypnotic eyes or something. Which means it was my fault." My shoulders dropped more, focusing on her chin since I couldn't bring myself to meet her gaze. "And I'm really sorry."

Serenity frowned at that, her brow furrowed. "Yeah, if that's true, then I could see that being a factor," she agreed.

I looked at her in surprise, prompting her face to flush red.

"I just mean," she tried to continue. "That I'm not sure I would have had the nerve to do it like that," she explained,

only for her face to grow brighter red when she realized what she'd said.

"Wait, you mean..." My voice trailed off, because I honestly couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Serenity shook her head, groaning as she leaned her face into her hands, her elbows on the table. "Kai, this is so wrong. We shouldn't even be discussing this."

"Why is it wrong?" Gabriella asked seriously. "You love him, don't you? And he's an adult. So there's nothing wrong with it."

Serenity looked at her in surprise. "Well, I'm supposed to take care of him, and I'm legally responsible for his finances..."

"Yeah, but it's not like you're his guardian," Gabriella corrected. "And even if you *were* his guardian, it automatically ends when he turns eighteen, right?"

Serenity frowned at that, before nodding. "Technically yes. And yes. The lady who was serving as his guardian had her last visit a couple weeks ago on his birthday."

"And you probably would have ended up with him anyway, right? Since you're basically best friends?" She paused. "Did becoming responsible for his finances suddenly mean you couldn't eventually marry him? Did the court make you give that possibility up, in order to take care of him?"

Serenity's frown deepened. "Well, no. Technically..." She paused, looking embarrassed. "Well, there are a lot of reasons why someone might become another person's guardian or conservator, with the person's age only being one of those reasons, since even an adult can have a legal guardian. Like, technically a husband can be the legal guardian of his wife, and vice versa."

"*Which means*," Gabriella continued emphatically. "There's nothing wrong with your interest in him, especially since he's an adult now and his guardianship has ended, correct?"

Serenity's face looked even more embarrassed for a few seconds, before she frowned again. "This really doesn't bother you?"

Gabriella's expression became more sympathetic. "Well, as I've already explained to Kai a few times now, I feel like I'm the one stealing him from *you*, not the other way around. And I feel bad about that. I don't want it to ruin our friendship."

"Gabriella," she said hesitantly. "It wouldn't..." Her voice trailed off, possibly because disagreeing would be a lie, at least to some extent.

"I saw how devastated you were last night at dinner," Gabriella added quietly.

My housemate grimaced and looked away again.

"So can we work this out?" my fiancé continued almost in a whisper.

Serenity finally looked over at me.

I was still transformed, but no way in hell was I horny right now. If anything, I was the most nervous I'd ever been, afraid to even hope that this was really going to turn out well.

"Kai," my lifelong friend said quietly. "What do you want?"

I again couldn't believe what I was hearing. My heart was pounding in my throat now, making it feel like I couldn't speak, but at the same time I felt like I *had* to answer.

"I can't live without you," I whispered. "And I can't handle you being with someone else. It..." I sucked in a deep breath, glancing away. "Just the idea that you might end up finally dating was really devastating." I focused back on her. "And I'm really sorry that I made you feel that way," I added.

She gave me a small reassuring smile. "It's alright. I mean, yes it really sucked finding out. Especially like that." She paused to sigh, glancing at Gabriella. "But I knew she was perfect for you."

“You’re perfect for me too,” I whispered.

Serenity looked at me again for a second, before looking away, her expression unreadable, almost pensive. “Well, let’s get ready to go to the bank, and then when we get back, we can talk about this more.”

“That’s fine,” Gabriella chimed back in. “But just so we’re all on the same page, we’re sharing Kai, right?”

Serenity’s face flushed bright red again, before she glanced at me and then away.

“Umm, yeah.” She paused. “I guess we are.”

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(2) CHAPTER 17: ENCOUNTER

After Serenity's agreement to 'share me' with my girlfriend – technically fiancé, since we'd sort of just jumped straight into the deep end – the three of us all fell into a short awkward silence, before I cleared my throat and excused myself to take a shower, so we could head to the bank.

Normally, under different circumstances, I might have used the opportunity to jerk one out while I had the chance, to ensure I was level-headed while out in public, but right now I was far from horny.

Instead, I was nervous as fuck.

Scared too, if I was being honest.

Because what if my best friend changed her mind?

I mean, all this just seemed too good to be true, and I felt like at any moment Serenity might slam on the figurative brakes and suggest she couldn't go through with it. But then again, I was almost glad we weren't crossing the line physically first, like we almost did earlier that morning, because it would *really* hurt to go too far, only for her to *then* change her mind after we'd fucked.

Or after we'd at least done oral, or something.

So I knew it was better to let her sit on the idea for a while, maybe sleep on it too, before we let it go beyond where we currently were.

However, I also had another problem.

Being this nervous made it difficult to look normal, prompting me to realize I needed to change my mindset and

focus on something else. Thankfully, I was able to do it, but it was only through letting the lingering depression to set in, that I managed.

A somberness that came with the fear of being let down.

When I finally got out of the shower, seeing that Gabriella had changed into one of Serenity's black t-shirts, which almost didn't fit her because of how busty my fiancé was, both of them knew something was up. However, when they asked, I just shook my head.

"We ready?" I wondered simply.

They both hesitated before nodding, following me down the stairs as I went to go collect my wallet, phone, and keys, before heading out the door. Similarly, my housemate grabbed her black leather purse and followed after us. Outside, when I opened the driver's door of my silver car to climb in, I was a little surprised when Gabriella offered for Serenity to sit up front with me, only for her to decline and say that she could sit up front instead.

Gabriella hesitated then, before looking at me. "Kai, which would be easier on you?"

That gave Serenity pause, speaking up before I could answer. "Wait, are you worried about him transforming, or something?"

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah, that's part of it. I just want everything to go smoothly, and I'm pretty sure it's a little stressful for him to keep it together when he's around me. Plus, I really don't mind taking the backseat, although I admit I'm not sure if it would help."

I finally spoke up. "If you really don't mind Gabriella, it would probably be a little easier if she sat next to me."

Really, I just kind of wanted my best friend to be at my side, afraid that showing signs that I had preference for Gabriella would mess things up.

My fiancé focused on me, nodding confidently. "It really is fine, Kai," she said, moving to the rear door to climb into the back.

My housemate met my gaze for a second, before giving me a tiny sympathetic smile and following suit, popping open the passenger's side door to climb in.

Once we were all buckled, and I began backing the car up, Serenity glanced back at Gabriella to give her a similar smile, glancing down briefly before turning her head partway.

She then froze solid, looking back and *down* a second time.

"What is *that*?" Serenity asked seriously, her deep brown eyes wide.

I was just in the middle of stopping to shift into drive, glancing back myself, realizing that Gabriella had her hands on her knees, a brand-new engagement ring in plain sight on her finger.

Serenity quickly looked back at me before Gabriella could formulate a response.

"Wait, Kai, you already asked her to marry you? You're *engaged*?"

"Sorry," Gabriella blurted out. "I know it's fast, but I've never been so sure about someone before."

Serenity stared at her in disbelief. "Okay, I get it, but you guys *just started dating*!"

I took a deep breath, pushing on the gas to begin heading down the driveway. "We can make another trip to the jewelry store," I said quietly. "I'll get you anything you want, Ren."

She gawked at me, putting her hand on my arm. "Wait, stop."

I looked at her in confusion, slowing down about a dozen feet from the road. "What?" I asked seriously.

She took a deep breath, taking her hand back as she glanced forward at the gravel driveway. "Kai..." She sighed, focusing on me, her tone somber. "First of all, you don't need to rush all this. It's okay to take things slower. And second, you can't marry two people Kai."

"I disagree," Gabriella chimed in, causing us both to look back at her, prompting her to elaborate. "I mean, obviously he can't marry two people *legally*, but what really is marriage? Think about how they did it thousands of years ago. Nowadays you just have to go to the courthouse and sign a piece of paper, but back then they didn't have that." She paused, only to repeat her first question. "So then, what really is marriage?"

I turned forward to think about it, deciding to press on the gas again, while my housemate kept her gaze on me as she considered it.

After a minute, once we were on the road, my best friend finally spoke up. "I guess..." She sighed. "I guess you have a point. Marriage boils down to a lifelong commitment." She glanced back at Gabriella. "And really the reason why the government doesn't allow someone to marry multiple people is for tax reasons, since people could abuse the tax laws that way."

"Oh. I didn't know that was a part of it," Gabriella admitted. "But that's exactly what I'm saying. Honestly, I already feel like I'm married to Kai." She scoffed. "I mean, what's signing a piece of paper going to do? We could have easily done that yesterday too. And it's not going to change how I feel, whether we do or don't. Not to mention, someone could just as easily sign when they didn't really have their heart in it."

Serenity took a deep breath, finally sitting forward in her seat. "Well, I don't think I could wear a ring," she admitted. "I'd get too many questions at work about who the guy was."

I spoke up again. "I could get you something more simple if you want," I offered, sincerely desperate to take that step with her – to make it feel like this was really going to happen, instead of being afraid she'd change her mind. "And you could wear it on your right hand," I added.

“Or just your middle finger on your left hand,” Gabriella said in agreement. “Whatever works best for you.”

Serenity sighed heavily. “This is all just so fast. I honestly can’t even believe I’m seriously considering it.”

“*Considering* it?” I repeated, my depression obvious in my voice.

Serenity focused on me in surprise, before seeming somber herself. “Kai, it’s not that I don’t want to. It’s just a really big deal. Like, I might lose my job if people found out, even if we technically aren’t doing anything illegal. And even if I *didn’t* lose my job, I’d lose all respect from my coworkers. No doubt the guys at work would probably start treating me like a slut.” She scowled then, clearly frustrated at the idea. “No doubt I’d get under-the-breath comments wondering why I won’t sleep with them if I’m so slutty that I’d sleep with the guy I’ve been living with, and been taking care of, all this time.”

“Isn’t that harassment though?” I asked seriously.

She nodded with a frown. “Of course it is. But that won’t stop them from doing it and denying it later.” She scoffed. “They would never let themselves be overheard. And while I’d like to think that most of the guys I work with are decent, I’ve seen signs that it might turn out like that if they found out. They’d at least call me a slut for sure.”

“You’re not a slut,” Gabriella said firmly. “And no one has to know,” she added. “Besides, it’s not like you’re going to stop being good friends just because you become more romantically involved. Like, he’s still the same person you’ve lived with all this time. That will always be your relationship, whether you’re married or not. And whether it’s recognized by the government or not. You’re still best friends, and in many ways, I feel like that is more important than every other relationship either of you have.”

Serenity shook her head in disbelief, focusing straight ahead. “Gabriella, I really don’t understand why you’re okay with this. I mean, how are we even supposed to live our

lives from now on? Like, are you wanting to move in? And how do we do sleeping arrangements?"

When Gabriella didn't respond right away, my housemate glanced back at her.

My fiancé shrugged. "It's a lot to consider," she agreed. "And honestly, I wouldn't mind moving in. I'll even pay rent if you want. But I'd rather us all be in this together, and figure it out together, instead of making sure it's 'easy enough' before making it official."

Serenity faced forward again, mumbling, "I wouldn't make you pay rent," under her breath. She was then quiet for a few minutes, glancing at me. "I guess let's stop someplace so I can go in and get my ring sized, and then go someplace else so you can pick out a ring."

"Really?" I said hopefully.

She nodded, seeming more confident now, her tone gentle. "Yeah, really. I think my hesitation just comes from making this transition to you going from being a person I can't date, to now being someone I *can* date. But Gabriella is right. We are first and foremost best friends, romance or not, and there's nothing actually wrong with us being together as adults."

"But what if you don't like what I get?" I wondered, referring to the fact that she implied I would pick something out without her being there. "Are you sure you don't want to at least take pictures or something to give me an idea?"

She shook her head. "I already feel uneasy about the possibility of being seen by someone I know, even if it's unlikely. I'd rather just do it quick." She then abruptly focused on me, her expression apologetic. "And I'll love anything you get me, Kai. Just nothing too flashy. Like, maybe even just go for a simple wedding band."

I pursed my lips as I considered that. "Maybe I could get you something a little nicer, and you could just say you got a family ring cleaned or something."

Serenity was pensive. "Yeah, actually that could work. I could say it was my mom's old ring, and if I'm wearing it on my middle finger, or even my right hand, then I don't think anyone would assume it was an engagement ring." She focused on me again. "I would still prefer it not be too flashy though. Really, I don't mind. Simple is better."

"What about a wedding band that has small diamonds all around it?" I wondered, recalling seeing a few such rings at the store when we got Gabriella's ring.

Serenity thought about it for a second. "Yeah, that could work. I've seen girls wear rings like that on their middle, index fingers, and even thumbs before. And if someone realizes it's a wedding band, then I still have the family heirloom excuse."

"Sounds good," I replied, feeling sincerely relieved now.

"Is this stressing you out?" Serenity asked quietly, sounding a little sad.

I sighed, glancing at her, deciding to be honest. "You potentially changing your mind is stressful. Really stressful."

My best friend gave me a sympathetic look, turning her head toward the road for a few seconds, before focusing on me again. "I really think we should take this slow, Kai. It's a big change." She took a deep breath. "But I won't change my mind. I think we're past that point now. I mean, even if I did change my mind, nothing is going to be the same again. We still kissed." She sighed. "So I don't feel like I even can change my mind at this point."

"Promise?" I whispered.

"Promise," she said more firmly. "I love you, Kai. More than anything." She sighed. "And I guess if I'm being honest, this is what I've been wanting too. I think it's why I decided not to date. Sure, I told myself that I just wanted to focus on making sure your life was stable – to make sure you had all my attention..." She sighed. "But I think deep down I felt like you were enough for me, even if we always remained just normal friends. I was fine with never being with anyone."

"Me too," I whispered, only to clear my throat. "Well, that was the plan until I met Gabriella, and even then, I wasn't planning on starting anything with her." I sighed. "But she found out my secret, and was okay with it." I glanced back at her. "Not that I'd want someone else," I added, speaking to my fiancé now. "Obviously, you know you're amazing."

Gabriella nodded, giving me a small smile.

I sighed, glancing at Serenity again. "So, just wondering - and I know this is kind of random - but does that mean you weren't attracted to me?"

She frowned. "Kai, being attracted to you would have been a big deal, even if our parents were still with us. You are still a lot younger than me, and are only now an adult. So no, I wasn't thinking about you like that. Although..." Her voice trailed off, as she looked up at me with a grimace. "I did buy those pajamas with you in mind, when I got your other birthday presents...even if I felt really horrible afterward..."

"Which pajamas?" Gabriella wondered.

Serenity turned to look at her. "The ones I was letting you wear."

"Oh," she said in surprise, only to look apologetic. "I'm sorry. I would have picked something different if I'd known."

Serenity shook her head. "I wasn't planning on wearing them. And by the sound of it, if I *had* worn them, then he would have avoided me."

"Yeah, probably," I admitted.

"Why Kai?" she abruptly asked. "Seriously, why keep this from me? Why did you think I would reject you?"

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Honestly? Because you always called me your little angel...and I look like a devil."

"Oh Kai," she whispered, tears abruptly appearing in her chocolate brown eyes. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean..." Her voice choked up. "Kai, you *are* my little angel, no matter how you look."

"I fully agree," Gabriella chimed in. "We talked about this, Kai. It's not what you look like, it's what's in your heart."

I took another deep breath and let it out slowly, reaching over to rest my hand on Serenity's forearm. She immediately rested her thin fingers on top of mine.

"I know," I whispered, glancing at Gabriella in the rearview mirror, still speaking to Serenity. "I'm just saying that I was sincerely worried you would reject me if you ever found out." I focused on my best friend. "And I couldn't lose you. I *can't* lose you."

Serenity nodded, squeezing some tears out of her eyes before sniffing. "I'd never reject you. I love you, no matter how you look, or even if you really are a devil of some kind. I still love you no matter what."

I sighed with a nod. "Thanks," I whispered sincerely.

She let go of my hand then, pulling her arm away as she reached up to wipe her eyes. Likewise, I put my hand back on the steering wheel, not wanting to overdo it on the physical touch right now, though I wasn't at all in danger of turning gray. It was more like, I didn't want Serenity to become uncomfortable with me being too touchy.

Essentially, I was taking her advice to take things slow.

We were all quiet for a few minutes before Gabriella broke the silence.

"So what are we doing at the bank?" she wondered. "I didn't want to be rude, but was kind of curious."

Serenity took a deep breath, answering on my behalf. "Umm, his parents left him something, and he wasn't allowed to withdraw it until he turned eighteen. I'd forgotten all about it, but then randomly remembered this morning."

"Oh." Gabriella paused. "Any idea what it is?"

"Nope," Serenity replied. "Not a clue. Probably not money, but really could be almost anything else."

I frowned at that. "Part of me hopes it's related to my biological parents, just because it would be nice to have an

idea of where I came from." I leaned back more into my seat. "But part of me also hopes it's not."

"Why is that?" Serenity asked seriously.

I grimaced, glancing at her from the corner of my eye. "Because I really care about you. I don't want to become too interested in whoever gave me up. Honestly, even if I had an entire family out there, I don't think I'd want anything to do with them. They didn't raise me. They didn't love me." I sighed. "And they weren't there for me. Not when I was younger, when it really counted, and I definitely didn't want to end up seeking them out after our parents passed away, only to get separated from you."

Serenity frowned, only nodding in understanding instead of responding. Because she probably knew that was exactly what would have happened.

If the courts had identified my biological parents, and I ended up living with them instead, then I would have undoubtedly been separated from Serenity, and probably never reconnected with her.

We would have spent the last five years apart, possibly eventually forgetting about each other as we moved on with our new lives, instead of growing closer together.

Thus, she didn't respond.

We were all quiet as I navigated through the city, drawing closer to the specific branch where the safety deposit box was waiting for me.

Gabriella spoke up again as I was pulling on the appropriate street. "You know, I just want to say, that this is really nice."

Serenity looked back at her, while I glanced at her in the rearview mirror, prompting her to elaborate.

"I mean, I don't want to speak too soon, since I know this has all happened really fast. But I'm really happy to be in this relationship with you both."

"Oh," Serenity said in surprise, seeming a little hesitant. "I hadn't really thought of it like that," she admitted quietly.

Gabriella continued. "Well, I just feel like we're all together now, a team of three, ready to tackle whatever life throws at us." She laughed then, though there wasn't much humor in it, her expression dropping. "Honestly, Serenity before I met you, I was getting kind of lonely. Not to the point that I was planning to try looking for someone to date, but I just don't feel like I fit in with most people." She sighed. "Part of the problem is that a lot of the people who want to be friends with me are either shallow, or they eventually get jealous of my appearance, especially if their boyfriends start showing interest, or *something*. Always something." She smiled then, refocusing on Serenity. "So thanks. For being the perfect friend, and for agreeing to be a part of this."

Serenity nodded slowly, not seeming to know how to respond. She then frowned, her voice quiet. "You know, I haven't really thought much about how this 'sharing' thing is going to work. We should probably discuss that later," she commented, glancing forward to see that I was pulling into the bank parking lot. "Once we're done here," she added.

The bank was a little busy, given that it was a Saturday, though most of the vehicles were waiting in the drive-thru, with only a few actually parked.

"Sure," Gabriella agreed, garnering Serenity's attention again. "And I'm fine with taking the time to work things out. We probably won't completely agree on how we'd like things to be, so I think it's important to keep an open mind on ideas and compromise where we're willing."

Unexpectedly, I recalled that Gabriella actually had a bit of a crush on my housemate, suddenly wondering if that was what she was referring to. It wasn't necessarily that I'd forgotten, but I'd been so focused on Serenity possibly changing her mind that I hadn't even thought about it. However, the idea was affecting me now.

"Shit," I hissed, gray already peeking out of my shirt collar.

“Kai?” Serenity said in alarm. “What’s wrong?”

“Different subject please,” I managed through my teeth, trying to keep my mind focused on parking.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Gabriella exclaimed sincerely. “Umm, umm, fuzzy pickles?”

I put the car in park, turning around to look at her in confusion. “What?”

She shrugged. “Fuzzy pickles. It’s random. Did it help?”

I sighed heavily, sitting forward again, trying to focus on the task at hand. “Umm, yeah, I guess it did.”

“Cool,” Gabriella said cheerfully. “Then let’s go in and find out what’s in the box! Err, or the vault, or whatever its in.”

“It’s a deposit box,” Serenity clarified, only to focus on me hesitantly. “But Kai...if you don’t want to say right now, that’s fine. But I really don’t understand what just happened. What did she say? Or was it something I said?”

I shook my head. “Later,” I replied simply, deciding to pop my door open and climb out. “Sorry,” I added over the top, after she climbed out and stood up too, shouldering her black leather purse.

She gave me a reassuring smile. “It’s fine, Kai. I’m just glad I know now.” She sighed. “And I’ll do most of the talking once we’re inside. You might just need to sign for it.”

I nodded in agreement. “Thanks,” I said sincerely, giving Gabriella a small smile as well when she got out.

As we started walking, Serenity took the lead, allowing me to walk side-by-side with my girlfriend, technically fiancé, prompting her to speak to me quietly.

“Hey, just FYI, I think my senses are getting a little stronger. I can hear things I’ve never noticed before, and you also smell amazing. Way more amazing than any cologne I’ve ever smelt.”

I nodded. “Probably not the best subject right now,” I whispered.

“Of course. Sorry. Just figured you should know.”

I gave her a small smile and a nod, focusing on Serenity as she held the door open for us. I then held the next door open for the two of them, waiting until they were both through to follow.

Gabriella stopped just on the inside, while Serenity went right on in to get in line. However, it wasn't until I focused on the other people in the room that I realized we suddenly had a problem, my nose tipping me off before my eyes actually focused on the issue.

There was only one teller helping those in the building, with another woman at the window taking care of those in the drive-thru, though the line was still short.

Only three people in total.

The problem was, I recognized one of them.

A very attractive blonde middle-aged woman was standing in line, waiting on a frustrated older man to finish being helped, and just behind her was an even more beautiful blonde girl who I knew by scent alone, having sat beside her every day at lunch for the last two years, never mind the few classes we had together where she often sat in the same row as me, often right behind me.

Avery was extremely thin, with a lean athletic build, minus her surprisingly busty chest, which was about a size bigger than Serenity's C-cup breasts, likely a D-cup. Her fitted gray t-shirt left little to the imagination, her slim shoulder blades clearly visible between her bra straps, never mind the tight skinny jeans that hugged her ass and thighs like a glove.

It was obvious she got her figure from her mother, who was similarly very thin, despite her above average size up top, being just a tad bit bustier than her daughter.

And just like I noticed her, she also noticed me right away, her eyes drawn to the entrance due to the door's chime.

"Oh, hey Kai!" Avery called out cheerfully, her bright blue eyes suddenly excited as she waved at me.

I'd always tried to avoid examining her too closely, keeping my eyes off her body as much as possible, for fear that I might transform if I liked what I saw. However, having sex with Gabriella must have made me less cautious. Either that, or it was our conversation about whether or not the girl that sat with me at lunch was attractive, because I forgot to be careful.

I found myself scanning over her busty chest, ridiculously thin waist, and slim juicy thighs before I realized what I was doing, quickly focusing on her bright blue eyes, which unfortunately weren't oblivious to my gaze, given that her eyes seemed a little wide in surprise.

After all, I'd never paid her much attention before, aside from when I had to.

Giving a half-hearted wave, I replied. "Hey Avery," I said simply, trying to keep my tone normal. However, when Gabriella peeked over my shoulder, I suddenly realized why seeing her gave me pause.

Because my fiancé couldn't afford to get jealous right now – not without potentially exposing that she wasn't normal anymore.

Not wanting to seem awkward, but knowing there was no avoiding it, I swiftly turned around to speak in a low voice to Gabriella. "You might want to wait in the car," I whispered. "We can't risk you getting upset."

She straightened slightly in response, quickly putting two-and-two together. "Wait, that's her?" she whispered in surprise. "I thought you said you weren't sure if she's pretty?" she continued in disbelief, her tone becoming a little sarcastic. "Kind of hard to not be sure about *that*."

"Because I can't focus on that kind of stuff in public," I reminded her. "Definitely not at school. And she doesn't have even a hundredth of your scent," I added. "No one does."

Gabriella nodded slowly. "Well, I'll be fine. You have to put up with guys gawking at me, the least I can do is put up

with some hot chick who has a thing for you.”

I hesitated briefly, before inclining my chin, knowing we’d talked for too long. Serenity had stopped about halfway and was waiting uncertainly, as if she wasn’t sure if she should officially get in line or not. She was just turning more toward us when I turned around and continued walking casually, giving her a reassuring smile.

Serenity hesitated until I reached her, before turning to get in line.

Unsurprisingly, not only did Avery look confused, but her mom was eyeing us too, considering my delayed hello quickly turned into hushed whispers. Wanting to try to dispel the awkwardness, I spoke up again, intending on coming up with an excuse, followed by introductions.

“Sorry about that,” I said directly to Avery. “Seeing you reminded me of some homework I forgot I had to do. I was just mentioning it to my girlfriend, since it will probably mess with our plans for tomorrow night.”

Avery’s expression instantly dropped at the word ‘girlfriend,’ failing miserably to hide the devastation it caused her.

It was bad enough that it made me sincerely feel horrible, prompting me to quickly try to move the conversation along, gesturing to my housemate. “This is Serenity...” I began, only to hesitate.

Shit, Avery really wasn’t handling this well. It was like I’d shattered her world.

Why in the hell was she even so attached to me? Seriously?

She was looking like she just found out her entire family died or something crazy like that. Like, her expression was almost worse than Serenity’s last night, when she found out that Gabriella and I had slept together.

I cleared my throat, hoping to do anything to appease her some, focusing on Serenity. “This is Avery, my friend from school. The one I normally eat lunch with.”

Thankfully, Serenity immediately picked up on the undertones of the situation, even though I'd only mentioned her a couple of times at most. "Oh! Of course! Avery, it's finally nice to put a face with a name. And wow, you're so pretty." She paused. "And who is this with you? Your older sister?"

Avery's mom laughed at that, introducing herself as Michelle – Avery's mom – the person I knew she was.

Although, when Serenity apologized, the woman commented that people made that mistake all the time. It took me a second to realize that the reason why I was so confident that the youthful blonde woman was Avery's mom was because I knew my classmate didn't have any siblings, and I also knew that her mom was in her mid-forties.

I supposed it was hard not to learn a few things about her, just from being around when she socialized with others.

It was obvious Avery's mom was trying to help dispel the awkwardness too, because she immediately became super chatty with Serenity, more than happy to do all the talking for our little group of five.

"So you're a police officer, aren't you?" Michelle asked, revealing that Avery must treasure every little piece of information she could get from me, since I'd only mentioned that *one time* – two years ago. And it also indicated that she likely talked about me at home more frequently than I would have initially thought.

"Detective," Serenity corrected her, beginning to share a little about her job.

I stopped listening pretty quickly though, because a well-dressed guy came in then, the scent of his hormones rising as he approached to get in line. Knowing Gabriella was kind of hidden behind me, and very visible to this man, I stepped to the side and wrapped my arms around her shoulders, pulling her into a brief hug, before slipping behind her. She was obviously really confused that I was showing any kind of affection in public, especially under these circumstances,

considering the gesture didn't go unnoticed by Avery who was kind of angled away now. However, one look at my expression tipped her off.

That, and her seeing the guy in the corner of her vision as he walked up.

Certainly, there was nothing I could do about the guy's gawking, but after our bad experience in the mall, I wasn't wanting to take the chance of this man getting too close to Gabriella, pretending like he didn't notice he was almost touching her.

And even though I didn't look at him at all, since I could hear and smell him, he seemed to pick up on the slight defensiveness in my posture, because I began smelling faint agitation as well. It only lasted a few seconds though.

He had a great view of Serenity, Avery, and her mom, all of them hot enough to be models.

How in the hell had I ended up surrounded by such attractive women anyway?

Just luck?

I mean, it obviously had to be luck with Serenity, but now I was wondering if my hypnotic eyes had anything to do with Avery's attraction toward me, despite the fact she'd never seen me transformed. Because she was objectively the hottest girl in school, even if she didn't hang out with what was considered to be the 'popular' crowd.

Like, she was in track instead of being something like a cheerleader, though I wasn't sure how she ran with those huge tits – probably a really tight sports bra. And she'd also refused any advances to date guys who might have otherwise propelled her to the pinnacle of popularity.

Popularity for high school, at least.

I was well aware that no one gave a shit about that kind of thing in the real world – outside of a school setting. Unless someone was choosing a career as a politician, musician, or actress, no one gave a fuck about something like popularity.

And as far as I could tell, Avery knew that too, not seeming to care about how popular she was, even though she undoubtedly had a shit ton of friends. Or at least had a shit ton of people who wanted to be her friend, minus most of the cheerleaders and the girls who thought *they* were the hottest.

Really, they were the snobbiest and most shallow.

Thankfully, we didn't have to wait much longer before the older guy was finally satisfied, the teller looking relieved to have him go. However, when Michelle realized it was her turn, Avery didn't budge, seeming to finally work up the nerve to turn more fully toward Serenity and Gabriella, a pleasant smile on her face.

The guy behind me was still shamelessly looking them all over, but I did my best to ignore him, staring at the wall so that it seemed like I wasn't engaged in the conversation.

"So," Avery began, her tone sounding more cheerful. "I'm not sure I caught your name?"

"Gabriella," she replied politely. "And I think Kai forgot to introduce me," she added, briefly giving me a chastising look over her shoulder, though I suspected it was for show.

"It's nice to meet you," Avery continued, sounding sincere. "What high school do you go to? I don't think I've ever seen you before."

Even if I didn't already know my classmate was a genuinely nice person, it was obvious from her tone, expression, and overall demeanor that she was being genuine. She'd always been like that, always wanting to make others feel welcome.

Honestly, I was certain there wasn't a mean bone in her thin body.

Granted, she didn't necessarily go out of her way usually, like she did with me, but when forced into an unpleasant situation, like if a group of cheerleaders tried teasing her, she was always nice. Although, in this particular

situation, she didn't have to talk to us. She could have just gone up to the counter with her mom...

Which made me suspect that her obvious obsession with me, and curiosity about my life, were pressing her onward.

To get any opportunity to be near me, even if that meant socializing with my girlfriend.

Shit, what would she think if she realized Gabriella was actually my fiancé?

Gabriella had hesitated briefly, before responding, actually seeming a little timid. Which surprised me, even though I knew she'd previously claimed to struggle being confident around strangers. So then, I supposed I was seeing a new side of her.

She cleared her throat after a second. "Umm, well, I'm actually not in high school. I graduated two years ago."

Avery's blue eyes widened in shock, her expression instantly dropping. "Oh. Then..." She seemed to be struggling to continue. "Are you in...college? Like a sophomore or junior? Or something?"

Damn, I hadn't even considered that Gabriella was old enough to be a sophomore in college. It kind of made her feel older than two years for some reason. Maybe because I still had the perception that college girls were a lot older than me, even if I was old enough to be starting college myself.

Gabriella quickly shook her head. "No, I have a cosmetology license. I work at a nail salon."

Avery regained her composure some, perking up a little. "Oh, which one?" she wondered, sounding interested now.

Normally, I wouldn't have cared too much if Gabriella shared, but the guy behind me had slowly drifted more to the side, giving him a better view of all the women. And the last thing I needed was for him to learn where my fiancé worked and decide to stop by.

Call it paranoid, but I had reason to be.

Gently, I rested my fingertips in the middle of Gabriella's shoulder blades, as if I was just going to rub her back a little, prompting her to stop midsentence as she began with, "Oh, over on—"

Avery immediately noticed, focusing up at me with wide eyes, though I kind of wondered if the expression was due to the fact that I was finally making eye contact with her again.

I gave her an apologetic look. "I'll tell you about it at lunch on Monday. It looks like your mom is done."

And thankfully, she *was* just about done, not seeming to have needed much of the teller's time, already accepting what looked like a deposit slip receipt from the woman. Avery continued to hold my gaze for a couple of seconds too long, before slowly nodding. She didn't even bother verifying that her mom was really done, seeming to trust that I was being honest with her.

"Okay," she whispered, only to clear her throat as she focused on Gabriella and then Serenity. "Umm, it was very nice meeting you both."

"Nice meeting you too," Serenity agreed cheerfully. "Hope you have a nice day."

"You too," Avery replied, giving her a small smile. She then gave Gabriella another nod before turning around, just in time for her mom to do the same.

"Ready, sweetie?" Michelle wondered, her tone slightly sympathetic.

Avery only nodded, looking almost like a deer in headlight's now.

Serenity gave the mom one last wave when they made eye contact, before giving her focus to the teller as she stepped up. Gabriella followed suit, and thankfully the guy stayed put at a reasonable distance.

The woman greeting us had curly brown hair, and brown eyes that were somehow a world of difference from Serenity's eyes. It wasn't the first time I'd noticed that fact,

that Serenity's milk-chocolate brown eyes were comforting and attractive, seeming to somehow be different from every other person with brown eyes. But for some reason, it stuck out to me now.

Likely because this woman had almost the same shade of brown eyes as Serenity, and yet they were flat. There was no depth to them, no comfort, and no attractiveness. The woman had a plain face, plain appearance, and overall made my friend look like a goddess in comparison.

Serenity spoke up as soon as she got to the counter, reaching into her leather purse to pull out the envelope from earlier. "We need to withdraw the contents of a safety deposit box," she explained, pulling out the letter and handing it over.

The woman looked it over for a few seconds, before focusing on me. "I presume you're Kai Ashworth? May I see some ID?"

"Yep," I said with a nod, pulling out my wallet.

She accepted my Driver's License and placed it on the counter in front of her, before beginning to type some information from the letter into the computer.

"One moment please," she said after a few seconds, sliding my ID back to me, while moving the letter further away. She then proceeded to make her way around a corner, disappearing for about half a minute. When she came back, she held a pitch-black wooden chest no bigger than my hand stretched out, having a tiny combination lock on it, as well as a worn envelope.

She then proceeded to print out a slip of paper that was essentially a receipt for the contents of the bank's safety deposit box, literally just listing the tiny wooden chest and letter. No indication of what was inside the chest, if anything.

After that, she printed out another receipt showing the balance of a special account that had been used to pay the yearly fee for the space inside the vault.

“The remaining deposit left is yours,” she explained. “Do you want me to move it to a different account, or would you like a cash withdrawal?”

Glancing at the receipt more closely, I saw there was only a few hundred dollars left over, which was probably enough to keep the lockbox available for a few more years, depending on how much it cost. “My checking account is fine,” I replied, focusing on the black wooden chest again.

Despite the tiny lock’s size, it was a four-number combination, prompting me to wonder if the code was in the envelope. I decided to ask.

“Oh, and is the lock combination in here?” I wondered, gesturing to the paper.

She shrugged. “I would presume so. Though a wooden box like this really isn’t secure to begin with. Someone could just take a hammer to it and get it open.”

My brow furrowed as I considered that, realizing she was right. Maybe my parents just didn’t want bank personnel to get curious and peek inside, since obviously damaging the chest would be a huge ‘no-no’ for them.

Once the lady finished the transfer of the few hundred dollars, she handed me yet another receipt slip, and asked if we needed anything else. I glanced at Serenity just to make sure and she confirmed that we were good.

Grabbing the chest and envelope, we headed back out to the car. Once we were all in, and Serenity was holding the wooden box in her lap, the first thing I did was open the letter, surprised that it was a very simple note, written in my mother’s elegant handwriting. The sight of her script made me nostalgic and somber, though I tried to push it off for now.

“Huh,” I said out loud, attempting to keep my voice even. “It says I need to open the chest in private.”

“Can I see?” Gabriella wondered, prompting me to hand the letter back to her. She then began reading it out loud, word for word. “The combination is Kai’s birthday. Not to be

opened by the bank. Not to be opened by anyone other than Kai. Open in private." She then handed it to Serenity. "It's literally just a list of bullet point instructions."

Serenity accepted it, only for her eyes to instantly fill with tears.

I immediately reached over and rested my hand on her shoulder, prompting her to bend her arm at the elbow so she could reach up to rest her hand on mine.

"What's wrong?" Gabriella whispered in concern, shocked by the abrupt shift in our demeanors.

I took a deep breath, really trying to not get emotional myself. "My mom wrote this," I said simply. "We both recognize her handwriting."

Her emerald eyes widened in surprise. "Oh." Her expression dropped. "I'm so sorry," she whispered.

Serenity shook her head, taking a deep breath as she let go of my hand to wipe her eyes. I went ahead and let go too, deciding to shift into gear and begin pulling out, with her sniffing before focusing more intently on the letter.

We were all silent for a couple of minutes, before I finally spoke up once Serenity carefully placed the letter back in the envelope, likely planning on keeping it. After all, even if it was my own mom's handwriting, she would still treasure it as something representing all our parents.

"I wonder what's in it," I commented, glancing at Serenity. "I'm fine with all of you being there when I open it," I added. "But probably best if we do it at home."

"Definitely at home," Serenity agreed, sniffing again. "Although, it's fine if you open it alone, Kai. You can always show us afterward."

Gabriella immediately agreed. "Yeah, definitely. We can wait to see."

I frowned as I considered that, beginning to slow down since there seemed to be a traffic jam up ahead. "I mean, I can't imagine why I'd need to be alone, unless..." I paused.

“Well, unless they really did know about me. But even then, it would be fine since you both know my secret now.”

Serenity shrugged. “There’s probably no harm,” she agreed. “So I guess we’ll do whatever you want when we get home.”

I nodded, concentrating fully on the road now, scanning ahead to try to see why we were all stopping. And then I saw it – an accident at the intersection just ahead, though it couldn’t have happened too long ago, since no emergency vehicles were in sight and we were stopping only a couple hundred feet away.

Honestly, I was surprised I hadn’t heard it happen, knowing there were so many sounds around right now that I tried to keep my focus closer, so that I could concentrate on the people in the car with me.

Attempting to see between the traffic and through windows, I was able to piece together that it looked like an SUV and semi-truck had basically had a head-on collision, appearing as if the SUV might have tried to make a turn in front of the semi, with the truck swerving in such a way that the trailer tipped over and landed on another car, crushing the top.

“What is it?” Serenity asked, likewise trying to crane her neck to see. “An accident?”

“Yep,” I agreed, sighing heavily. Part of me reflexively wanted to jump out and help, but what could I do? Probably nothing except draw attention to myself. Not to mention, we were a decent distance away, and I was sure there would be others already out of their vehicles, trying to assist.

Best to just stay with the car and wait until they started redirecting traffic. This definitely wasn’t the first accident we’d passed on the road, and it wouldn’t be the last.

However, I couldn’t help but notice the faint scent of blood, seeming to grow stronger in my own perception, allowing me to pinpoint the exact location, coming from the SUV. Figuring it couldn’t hurt to at least focus my senses and

see how things were going up ahead, I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, wading through the plethora of scents and sounds.

Immediately, it felt like someone punched me in the gut.

My heart froze solid in my chest.

All my senses instantly focused on one sound.

On one scent.

A scared whimper of pain, coming from the partially crushed car underneath the semi-trailer, the voice so familiar that I recognized it even though I'd never heard her make that exact sound. Her scent equally just as terrified, her normally floral aroma suddenly the only thing I could smell.

Gabriella shocked me by speaking up before I could, her nostrils flared, her vivid green eyes wide.

"Avery..."

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(3) CHAPTER 18: ACCIDENT

At the realization of who was involved in the accident, Avery's distinct floral scent potent enough for even Gabriella to notice, I looked back at her for only a second, our thoughts seemingly in perfect sync.

Without hesitation, we both reached down to unbuckle our respective seatbelts, with me popping open my door even as Gabriella scooted in the backseat to get out as well. However, our actions prompted Serenity to speak up in alarm.

"Wait, what are you doing?" she demanded in a harsh whisper.

I hesitated, focusing on her for half a second before explaining quietly. "Avery and her mom were in the accident. I can hear her, Ren. She's scared. And possibly hurt. I can't just sit here while she's in trouble."

Serenity just stared at me for a long few seconds, blinking as she tried to process what I was telling her, before she unbuckled her seatbelt as well. "Okay, I'm coming too then, but you need to be careful, Kai. I can whip out my badge and try to keep people back, but I'm sure someone will end up taking a picture or video with their phone. So you can't do anything abnormal."

I nodded, quickly turning off the car since we were all leaving, and then climbed out, rapidly picking up the pace as I jogged between the long lines of stationary vehicles. Both Gabriella and Serenity were close behind me, since I

was still keeping my pace at a normal level, with my fiancé taking up the rear.

It seemed Serenity already had her badge out, because just as I was passing a vehicle, the door popped open an inch, only for her to flash her credentials at the guy trying to get out.

“Police,” she announced. “Please get back in your vehicle.”

The guy quickly nodded and closed his door again. I could hear him mumbling something under his breath, regarding Serenity looking a little young to be a cop, but I was ignoring pretty much everything now as I focused on the scene ahead of me.

The windows in the car Avery was in were all shattered from the weight of the trailer, which had crushed the driver’s side of the cab down to the seats, making it impossible to try to open that door, even if I wanted to. On the positive side, I didn’t smell any blood coming from their vehicle, but the noises Avery was making didn’t sound like she was alright.

It was causing me to panic, my chest actively graying underneath my shirt.

Ducking down as I rushed to the passenger’s side, I realized the door was crushed enough that I wouldn’t just be able to open it with the handle. The ground was littered with glass, crunching under my feet as I finally reached the passenger’s window, now able to assess the situation visually.

I heard Serenity flash her badge to someone again, but I was focused on Avery.

She was sitting mostly upright in her seat, except that her head was trapped between the headrest and the roof of the car supporting the trailers weight, her neck twisted at a slightly unnatural angle, looking as if she might have been reclining back a bit before it fell on them. Under different circumstances, it looked like her seat might have actually

gone further back on its own from the weight, but it couldn't go further due to a large wooden cabinet in their backseat, right behind Avery.

Her bright blue eyes were open and panicked as she stared into space, her body looking like it was completely limp, her arms lifeless at her sides.

Her mom was unconscious in the seat next to her, with the older woman's head almost touching Avery's thin shoulder, her body held in place by the seatbelt.

The moment I came into sight, Avery's azure eyes focused on me, the panicked look making my own anxiety escalate even more.

"Avery," I hissed. "Are you alright?!"

Obviously, she wasn't, but I needed her to speak to me. I needed to know what she was experiencing. Because it looked like her neck might be broken, and that complicated everything. Made it all much worse than it just being a broken arm, leg, shoulder, or anything else.

"Kai, it hurts," she whimpered, her face contorted as she barely kept it together. "My head, it hurts so bad..." She paused, her face scrunching up again. "And I can't feel my arms, or my legs. Kai, I can't feel *anything*," she whimpered, her blue eyes filling with tears.

I could only imagine the amount of pressure being placed on her head right now, suspecting it might even be enough to cause fissures in her skull, along with a severe concussion. Which only meant I needed to get her out of the car as fast as possible, except that I was uncertain of how to do so. If only I could just lower her seat, then it would only be a matter of keeping her neck stabilized, but the cabinet in the back would make that impossible.

Fuck!

I could hear more people getting out of their vehicles now, seeming to be finally spurred to action from the lack of emergency vehicles showing up, combined with our own involvement. Sometimes that was all it took to get people to

go from a bystander to a good Samaritan – seeing someone else do it first.

But that only meant I was running out of time to use my unique strength to get her out safely, since it wasn't a guarantee that Serenity could keep them all at bay.

“I'm going to get you out of here, okay?” I tried to reassure her, attempting to just focus on one thing at a time.

First, the door.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that Gabriella was just a couple of feet behind me, also ducked down, while Serenity was standing just outside the edge of the fallen trailer. I whispered to both of them. “Hey, block my view from anyone behind you. We have to do this quickly.”

They both immediately shifted their positions, looking over their own shoulders to try to see who was closest.

At the same time, I dug my fingers into the edge of the door, the metal bending slightly as it yielded to my appendages. However, as I tried to get a good enough grip to force it open, I discovered the crushed door to be even more stubborn than I was anticipating, and my rising adrenaline levels were forcing my body to change.

I tried to keep my graying skin underneath my clothing, but as my ears focused on the approaching bystanders, I realized there was no way in hell I was going to manage this without shifting most of the way – at least, enough that Avery might see.

Fuck.

Gritting my teeth, I tried to keep my hair a normal color as the graying crept up my skin and my eyes started shifting, the white turning black, my irises shifting to a glowing gold.

Avery's somewhat unfocused gaze immediately widened, her heartrate noticeably spiking, prompting me to close them as the graying continued up my jaw.

Abruptly lifting my left leg, I shoved my foot into the back door with enough force to slam a dent into it as I put my all into a violent tug. Instantly, the creaking frame snapped free and swung open, causing me to almost slam into Gabriella behind me.

I quickly caught myself though, rushing back forward and sticking my head in over Avery's limp body, aiming to unbuckle both of their seatbelts. Her mom instantly felt the moment she was free, but I was prepared to catch her, able to handle her adult weight like a small child as I eased her over Avery's lap.

Gabriella was right at my side then, her own skin looking a little tan as she helped me move Michelle carefully to the ground.

I then climbed fully into the car and straddled Avery's body, placing my knee up on the center console as I attempted to find good spots to support myself. My blonde friend's heart was still racing, but otherwise there was no physical sign from her body how she was handling everything.

Gabriella was right there again, ready for instructions.

"Pull her head loose as soon as you can," I began, easing my head up next to hers, causing her heart to spike into a full-on gallop as she whimpered again. "I think her neck is broken, so you'll have to support it the whole time."

Gabriella immediately stuck her arms inside the vehicle, and got her hands around the sides of Avery's neck, her fingers partially on her skull, her palms squished against her jaw. I was glad Avery couldn't see my face, because I was almost fully transformed at this point, my hair barely hanging on to its normal color.

In the corner of my eye, I saw Serenity reach her hands in too, squishing next to Gabriella as she grabbed the thin girl's shoulders in preparation to help pull her out.

Finally grabbing the doorframe next to Avery's right shoulder, I grunted as I began putting pressure upward,

pushing up with my head and shoulders.

Of course, I knew it was going to be heavy, but fuck.

I didn't realize it would be *this* heavy. Straining even more, my adrenaline spiking higher, a vicious growl began rumbling in my chest and throat, sounding like a wild animal about to attack as the metal above me began bending, rather than the trailer itself rising higher.

But it was all that we needed.

A few more seconds of pushing, my violent growl growing louder, and they were able to ease her head out, Serenity quickly moving to grab Avery's legs and tugging her lower in the seat when she realized she couldn't just pull her forward by the shoulders.

Now that her head was free, I carefully reduced the pressure I was exerting, attempting to calm my racing heart down and look normal again as I reached down to slip my hand underneath Avery's butt in order to help Serenity get her out, even as Gabriella continued to focus on supporting my classmate's neck. I then moved my other hand to the middle of her upper back as we collectively eased her out of the car, Gabriella intensely focused on her primary task, as if her own life depended on it.

"Kai," Serenity hissed urgently as we began easing her on to the ground. "Shift back, *now*. Your face still has some gray."

I nodded, taking a deep breath with my head angled downward once my classmate was on the asphalt, not worried about her getting cut from the glass shards, especially since that was the least of our concerns right now.

I could finally hear several sets of sirens coming from different directions in the distance, thinking that maybe a fire truck and ambulance were on the way, though I suspected it was too far away for everyone else's ears to pick up on.

In the meantime, Gabriella was focused on Avery now, her hands still on her neck, trying to reassure her. "It's going to be alright," she whispered. "The ambulance is coming. I can hear it."

"I can't," Avery choked out, her heart still racing, tears slipping down the sides of her face.

"Well, it's coming," Gabriella immediately said gently. "I promise you, it's coming."

Avery whimpered. "I can't move *anything* . I can't *feel* anything."

Gabriella's expression pained, before she focused up at me, crouched next to them.

Serenity knelt back down then, settling on her knees as she reached out to touch Avery's shoulder. "Can you feel that?" she asked gently. "On your shoulder?"

"N-No," she whimpered, her blue eyes filling with more tears.

"What about here?" Serenity continued, reaching for the other shoulder.

"S-Sort of," she stammered, not seeming overly thrilled.

Serenity didn't seem overly excited by it either, appearing as if she was more just helping to pass the time, to give my classmate something to focus on before the paramedics arrived. Moving her hand to Avery's stomach on the same side, the side closest to me, she asked again. "And what about here on your belly?"

"Yes," she whispered, sniffing.

"And here?" she continued, placing her hand on her hip next to Gabriella's leg.

"N-No," she sobbed.

Gabriella focused up at me then, giving me a meaningful look. However, I had no idea what she was trying to communicate with her emerald eyes, prompting me to lean down further so she could press her lips to my ear.

Serenity took the opportunity to continue to try to distract Avery.

“Kai,” my fiancé said almost inaudibly. “She’s probably going to be paralyzed for the rest of her life. They can’t fix this.” She sighed, her breath tickling my ear. “But you might be able to.”

I pulled away and looked at her in alarm, knowing instantly she was probably right, but also uncertain if she’d really thought about what that would mean. Because to fix Avery, it meant giving her my problem. She’d never be able to date anyone without accidentally revealing herself, not to mention that it would make her just one more loose end to potentially having my secret discovered.

I mean, it was one thing when dealing with my girlfriend, technically fiancé, as well as Serenity, both of whom were firmly in my life already.

But Avery wasn’t really in my life – at least, not to the extent that I’d feel comfortable with her becoming like me.

However, that just meant, if I did this, then her life would forever be connected to mine.

And not just because of my blood changing her forever.

No, I couldn’t let her do what she wanted anymore. I couldn’t afford the risk. And I couldn’t afford her making even more of us, in the event she and Gabriella were capable of it.

Avery would be stepping into my world, and by extension, stepping into a new life under my control, her freedoms forfeited.

Yeah, that’s how it would have to be.

Avery would have to be a part of my life permanently, and she’d have to obey me.

It felt bizarre having those thoughts going through my head, but I didn’t see any other way. Not if I was really going to fix her. Because, right then and there, I realized that was the choice that all of us would be making. Either I leave her as she was, or save her from a life of disability in exchange for basically servitude.

I mean, that’s what it would be.

Because she wouldn't be free to make her own decisions anymore.

She couldn't go off and just do whatever she wanted.

Fuck.

Really, it was the same for Gabriella now, when I really thought about it, but she at least had no interest in it being any other way.

Granted, there was still the issue of how to even fix Avery if I wanted to, since we still didn't know for a fact that it was my bite that changed her. And no way in hell was I going to have sex with this girl's limp body in an effort to see if that would cause the transformation to happen. Fuck, even if I knew for a fact that was how, I wasn't sure I could do it.

Glancing up at Serenity, I realized whether or not she began becoming different from Gabriella's bite would be our first clue, though I wondered if maybe I should try biting Serenity myself, just to make sure it was or wasn't that.

But then again, if Serenity didn't change...then maybe this was her chance to stay normal.

After all, who was I to force this problem on her? I mean, even if I viewed it as a blessing, it was also still a major complication to my life.

Serenity met my gaze, not having heard what Gabriella whispered to me, but seeming to anticipate that I was going to say something.

I sighed then, hearing that the now three sets of sirens were a lot closer. "Let's go with her to the hospital. We can't do anything here with so many people watching."

Gabriella nodded, but Serenity just gave me a confused look. However, after a second of thought, her deep brown eyes widened in shock.

"Kai," she hissed in disbelief. "Are you sure?"

I shrugged, glancing down at Avery's tear-soaked face, her blonde hair disheveled and strewn over the glass-covered asphalt. "We can't just leave her like this." I

focused on Serenity again. "I don't know about you, but I'd rather die than be completely paralyzed for the rest of my life. However..." I grimaced, knowing I needed to explain what that would mean for me to fix her.

Unfortunately, Avery misunderstood my meaning, gasping as her heart burst into a gallop again. "Y-You're going to kill me?" she whimpered, sounding terrified.

"No, no, no, no," Gabriella said urgently, leaning down closer. "Kai might be able to *help* you. He might be able to fix you. But you can't tell anyone," she added seriously.

"H-How?" she stammered, her eyes unfocused now in shock.

Her voice could barely be heard over the sirens now, since an ambulance was finally pulling up.

"We will have to explain later," I said quickly, leaning down closer so she could see and hear me better. "And Avery, it's something we'll have to talk about." I sighed. "It will be a life altering decision, and one you'll have to spend some time thinking over. But you can't say anything to anyone. Okay? We'll find you at the hospital, and then I'll explain more." I focused on Serenity. "Do you think you could try to go with them in the ambulance? It'll be easier to make sure we can find her."

Serenity frowned, seeming uncertain. "I can ask. I'll tell them I'm a friend of the family, and my badge should have some weight if they--"

"Is my mom alright?" Avery abruptly blurted out.

We all looked behind Serenity at Michelle's unconscious body, her heartrate and breathing normal aside from her looking like she was asleep on the asphalt.

I tried to reassure her. "She's okay, I think. She will likely have a really bad concussion, but her breathing is fine. And her neck didn't look broken."

Serenity abruptly stood up when two of the EMT's jogged over with a gurney on wheels, also having a flat stretcher on

top, another EMT running over to the SUV where I could no longer hear a heartbeat.

Serenity quickly explained what we knew, which prompted the guy to make a fast decision.

“We can put a neck brace on the younger one, but she’s conscious right now. That makes the older woman our priority between the two.”

“That’s fine!” Avery blurted out. “Just please make sure my mom’s okay!”

The guy nodded, but was quickly distracted by the other EMT running up to them. “The guy driving the semi-truck is fine, and the one in the SUV is deceased. Looks like they must have recently had surgery. Stitches tore and they bled out. Let’s load up one of these two.”

“Fuck,” he hissed. “Probably driving while high on their pain medicine.” He then sighed, instructing his companions to help with the older woman.

In the meantime, the first one knelt down and started asking Avery questions, just trying to get an assessment of her condition, and to see if she was showing signs of confusion. Gabriella kept her hands on Avery’s neck the whole time, and he went and grabbed a neck brace once they had the mom loaded up from the stretcher to the gurney.

In the meantime, a fire truck did show up, as well as another ambulance.

Serenity finally took the time to ask if she could go with them, and they didn’t have a problem with it. She didn’t even have to bring up her badge or anything, especially since Avery agreed that she wanted her to come.

Gabriella and I waited until Avery was loaded up into her own gurney, before I gave Serenity a hug and headed back to my car with my fiancé. It wasn’t until we were inside that we both relaxed some, stressed by everything that just transpired. At first, neither of us said anything for a long few

minutes, with Gabriella sitting up front with me now, the black chest by her feet.

However, when I realized we were still probably going to be here for a while, until they redirected traffic since we were boxed in, I decided to make use of the time by explaining to Gabriella the thoughts that crossed my mind earlier.

Specifically, I told her what I felt like it would mean for me to change Avery.

How it would mean she'd be forfeiting her freedoms to do so.

How I felt like this wasn't a situation where I could just be nice and fix her, only to let her go off and do what she wanted afterward.

Thankfully, Gabriella understood.

She also suspected that Avery wouldn't have a problem with that being the price she'd have to pay...

"I saw the way she looked, Kai. When you said I was your girlfriend," Gabriella clarified with a sigh. "Kai, she was possibly even more devastated than Serenity was. And that's saying something. That chick has it bad for you. Really bad."

I just shook my head in disbelief. "So what are you saying?" I wondered seriously. "I mean, if I do change her, then what? She'll have to be in our lives, and she's clearly infatuated with me."

Gabriella shrugged. "Kai, I'm really not opposed to you having a relationship with her. I mean, she's been clearly obsessed with you for two years. Almost feels like she has more of a right than I do."

I shook my head again. "Okay, seriously," I said, focusing on her, not even remotely in danger of my skin graying. "Serenity was one thing, but you're really okay with me being with a third girl?"

Gabriella sighed. "It just feels right," she admitted. "Maybe it's my succubus intuition, if I really am part-

succubus, or maybe it's just because I wouldn't mind having a relationship with her too."

Fuck!

I tried to keep my mind blank, speaking slowly as I probed for more information. "Okay, seriously. I thought you weren't sure if you liked women too."

Gabriella took a deep breath, leaning more heavily into her seat. "It's not that. It's Avery. There's something about her that's really enticing. Actually, it's her scent, now that I think about it."

"The flowery smell?" I commented in confusion.

Gabriella looked at me in surprise. "Flowery smell?" she repeated, looking just as confused.

I nodded. "Yeah, she kind of smells like flowers. Like roses or something, I don't know."

Gabriella just stared at me for a second. "She doesn't smell like flowers to me, Kai."

"Oh?" I said in surprise. "What does she smell like to you?"

Her brow furrowed at that. "Honestly, it's hard to think of a comparison. But something really amazing, like warm vanilla cinnamon. Sort of sharp and sweet. And really strong."

"How strong?" I wondered, since when I smelled Avery, I felt like her scent was about as faint as a normal person. Only more floral than I was used to, not counting when people wore floral-scented perfumes.

Gabriella's red eyebrows were knitted together, her arms crossed underneath her heavy chest now. "Well, I noticed it when we pulled up to the bank," she admitted. "Like, when I told you I could hear better, and that you smelled really good. I also smelled something else too, but didn't know what it was at first. And then it was so strong when we actually entered the bank that I thought someone had walked away spraying everything with perfume or something." She sighed. "I didn't fully realize it was coming

from her until they started leaving the bank. Her mom has a similar scent, but it's not nearly as strong."

"And that's how you knew Avery was involved in the accident," I suddenly realized.

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah, I realized I could smell that scent again faintly, making me wonder if they were stopped in traffic too. But then when I focused on it, I suddenly realized she'd been involved in the accident, because there was something else with it – tainting it."

I nodded slowly. "Probably fear," I suggested. "You probably smelled her scent tainted with fear."

Gabriella shrugged, clearly having no idea.

"That's just so strange though," I continued. "She smells different to you. I wonder why that is."

"Well, the difference between us is that I might be part-succubus. So then, maybe she's part-succubus too?"

I shook my head. "No, I can't imagine that being true, because then wouldn't she smell as amazing to me as you do?"

"Oh, right," Gabriella agreed, her brow furrowed again. "I really need to get ahold of my mom. I'm surprised she hasn't called me back yet."

"Think she's okay?" I wondered seriously.

"Oh, yeah I'm sure she's fine. I mean, it's Saturday, so if she was up really late last night, then she might still be asleep."

"Partying?" I said in surprise, assuming that's what she meant.

Gabriella grimaced. "Umm, no. Ever since I moved out of the house, Friday night kind of became their designated domination night. So, umm, she probably had a guy over."

"Oh." I wasn't sure what to say to that. It was just so weird to think about. "And I assume your dad is aware," I added.

She nodded, her voice a little strained. "Umm, yeah. He would be watching the whole time."

I sighed. "I really am glad you aren't like that," I admitted, only to clarify. "Not that I have a problem with your parents. I'm just saying, I'm glad you aren't wanting our relationship to be like that."

Gabriella frowned. "I think it's partly because I want to be the one to watch," she admitted.

Well, fuck.

"Oh! I'm sorry," she quickly added, realizing gray was showing on my neck. "Umm, fuzzy pickles!"

I laughed, shaking my head. "Why is that now your go-to distraction?" I said in disbelief.

She grinned. "It's kind of funny, actually. As long as you don't think too much about it. Otherwise, it's kind of gross."

I chuckled again, seeing that traffic was finally starting to move up ahead. "Well, I guess I'm glad you're okay with me possibly inviting Avery to join what we have going on. But I would still need to ask Serenity."

"I think she'll be fine with it," she replied. "But yeah, I get it. We're kind of your two main women, so we both need to be alright with you adding another."

My knuckles were white on the steering wheel now, feeling like I was in a twilight zone just from the mention of Serenity being classified as one of my main women. Never mind the fact that I was in a situation where I might have three women in total.

Fuck.

It seemed too good to be true.

Was this really even happening?

I mean, I knew it obviously was, but how was it that I was lucky enough to be in a situation where my fiancé and housemate both loved me enough to want to share, *and* also allow me to have relationships with multiple women? Was it because of my gold eyes? Were they truly hypnotic? Or was there something else about me that was so alluring?

Something else that made women want to please me?

Honestly, I didn't know, and the idea kind of made me uneasy, to be honest, because it made it feel like maybe their behavior wasn't natural. However, alternatively it sounded like Gabriella grew an interest in Serenity even before she met me. And of course, while my housemate had been around me all my life, from what I knew, she didn't change when I joined my family and she subsequently met me.

Certainly, Serenity was thrilled to have a younger playmate, and to dote on him, but she'd already been like that when she only had dolls to play with.

So then, maybe their behavior *was* natural.

Like, Gabriella obviously had an invested interest in being with both me *and* Serenity. And from the sound of it, there was something that was especially enticing about Avery for her as well. Which meant this wasn't just about me having three women. This was also about Gabriella having two women she was interested in, along with her man.

It wasn't an unequal situation, at least not between me and my fiancé. She wanted us to have a four-way relationship, not only one between me and each woman.

My phone vibrated then, only for me to see that it was Serenity telling me which hospital they were at. Honestly, I was kind of surprised they'd already made it, but then again I supposed we'd been sitting here for a good ten or fifteen minutes at least. Plenty of time for an ambulance to get to the hospital.

"Anyway," Gabriella continued, interrupting my thoughts. "If we are going to consider changing Avery, then we need to try to figure out what caused it to happen to me. Because I'm beginning to suspect that Serenity isn't going to change from my bite."

"Really?" I said in surprise, finally merging lanes so I could go around the accident. "What makes you say that?"

Gabriella seemed pensive. "When you bit me, I felt sleepy right away, like you'd injected me with a drug. And, I don't mean lightheaded," she clarified, glancing at me. "But actually sleepy. And I just feel like my overall sleepiness last night wasn't normal. I sincerely felt drugged, and it was difficult to stay awake. So then, either the problem is that my bite doesn't work, or it was something else that caused it to happen."

I frowned. "So then, it was definitely the bite," I clarified. "Not something like sex."

"Right," she agreed. "But if that's the case, then we need to consider what was different. Obviously, the first difference was that it was *you* doing the biting, but was there anything else that was different?"

I considered that. "Well, the only thing I can think of is that my mouth was bloody from chewing on the cables."

"Oh!" Gabriella said in surprise. "That's right! So then, what if that's it? What if it's like a bloodborne pathogen? Or maybe just something special about your blood itself?"

"My blood," I repeated hesitantly, trying to think it through.

"Yeah," she continued. "I didn't have blood in my mouth when I bit Serenity, and you might have basically injected me with your blood when you bit me."

I sighed. "I mean, that would certainly make changing Avery easier. We'd just have to try to snag a syringe at the hospital, and inject my blood directly into her. Think we should try that first?"

Gabriella focused at the digital clock on the dash. "Maybe. Let's wait and see what happens to Serenity before we do though. If she's still not showing signs of changing when we get to the hospital, then we'll go from there."

I rubbed the back of my neck as I thought about that. "The only problem is, Serenity can't hang around all day if she *is* going to end up changing. Because if she starts transforming, she won't be able to control it. At least, not for

the first hour or so. And I also don't want to leave her by herself in case she ends up doing what you did."

Gabriella frowned. "Yeah, that might be an issue for Avery too, either way. Which is really problematic, since she can't leave the hospital if she's paralyzed, yet also can't exactly stay in the hospital alone while she's changing."

Fuck. She was right.

So then, what could we do?

"Maybe I can stay with her," Gabriella continued. "Like, if the blood works and Avery falls asleep, then I'll stay at the hospital as late as I need to, even overnight, in order to keep her from attacking anyone."

I frowned at that, not thrilled by the idea.

Granted, I wasn't sure there were alternatives. After all, it wouldn't be a good idea for Serenity to stay, whether she was still normal or not, and I definitely couldn't stay overnight. At least, I assumed I couldn't, since I was a guy and clearly not her family.

Then again, being eighteen now might mean I could get away with it, maybe if I just claimed we were dating, but I felt like having Gabriella stay truly might be the best option.

"Think you can overpower her?" I wondered seriously.

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah, I think I'll be fine. And honestly, when she wakes up, she might still be paralyzed. She might not be healed right away."

"Well, your wound was already gone," I countered.

"Oh," she nodded. "Yeah, I guess that's true." She sighed. "So then, I'll just have to keep a close eye on her and maybe slap her or something to wake her up. After all, it was you hurting my jaw that snapped me out of it."

I grimaced. "Sorry about that."

She shook her head. "No, it's fine, Kai. I'm glad you did."

I nodded in acknowledgment.

"Okay," she said firmly. "That's what we'll do. We can snag a syringe and inject her with your blood. Worst case,

and her body will treat it like an infection, and she'll get a little sick. Best case, and she starts feeling sleepy like I did."

"And what if it doesn't work?" I wondered

"Then it has to be your saliva instead, though I feel like that's unlikely," she replied. "But if that is the case, you can just inject her with that, rather than biting her." She frowned. "You definitely shouldn't bite her, if it can be avoided, since they'll end up noticing that in the hospital. There's not a lot of privacy there, especially for someone who is paralyzed. They'd likely see it even if you bit her someplace most wouldn't look."

Unexpectedly, what she was implying made my hair flash white. Here, I'd managed to stay looking normal throughout this whole conversation, and just like that, she pushed me over the edge.

"Kai!" she exclaimed. "Get your mind out of the gutter!"

"Well don't say stuff like that!" I retorted, glancing around to make sure no one saw. "I get aroused just from you touching me, and here you are talking about me biting her someplace intimate!" Granted, I was more embarrassed than anything, rather than aroused. I then scoffed, lowering my voice, my hair beginning to shift back to its normal color. "I mean, there are only a handful of places where 'most wouldn't look,' as you put it."

She was immediately apologetic. "Sorry, I guess that wasn't very careful of me."

I sighed, taking a few seconds to calm down. "No, I'm sorry." I sighed again. "And I wasn't trying to think about that, but you talking about it made me visualize it." I glanced over at her. "You know I have an extremely vivid imagination, right? And this is a girl I've sat next to for years."

"Oh..." Gabriella paused. "Sorry, I didn't realize that. Although, now that you mention it, I think that sounds reasonable, considering you have heightened senses."

I nodded. "Yeah, I've seen her in enough tight clothing to know exactly what she would look like naked, never mind the sounds, smells, and everything else that bombards my senses. Like, before she started taking birth control a little over a year ago, I knew when she was on her period, could hear the difference between a pad and tampon, and could smell when she was just beginning and when she was toward the end. It was always a good smell to me, which I now realize is because I apparently need blood sometimes." I paused. "And my memory seems to be stronger with my sense of smell and hearing in particular. Like, just thinking about Avery causes me to vividly recall her scent, as well as how her heart sounds when she's flustered, and what her voice sounds like. Plus, we just saw her today, so I have a fresh image of her in my mind."

"That makes sense," Gabriella agreed.

"Not that I even need the recent exposure to her," I continued. "Considering I've seen her almost every day for the last two years." I sighed. "But my mind pieces it all together into a powerful representation of her. Like, if I think about touching her arm, I can almost feel it, as if it was real. And thinking about biting her makes it feel like her skin is already between my teeth, her taste already against my tongue..." I paused, glancing at her again. "Obviously, I have no idea what her skin actually tastes like, but I can assure you that my mind is very good at using her scent to come up with a pretty realistic taste in my mouth. And honestly, it's probably an accurate taste too. Like, if I did bite her, then I probably wouldn't be surprised by the real thing."

Gabriella nodded. "Makes sense," she repeated. "And I'm sorry," she added. "It's just that sometimes you don't react to things that I think you might, and other times you react to stuff I'm not expecting you to."

I nodded, focusing on the road. "I understand. I think it was the surprise more than anything. I wasn't aroused. Just

embarrassed.”

Gabriella spoke up again. “But I guess that explains why I was so arousing to you.” She turned in her seat slightly to look more fully at me. “Because, just from being near me, you could probably imagine pretty easily all the things a normal person shouldn’t know without actually experiencing it.”

I sighed, leaning back in my seat more, feeling thankful we could have this kind of discussion now without it affecting me a ton – at least, when the subject was her.

“Yeah, pretty much. I could imagine what you felt like, what you tasted like, and even had a pretty good idea of what you looked like underneath your clothing. Granted, experiencing the real thing was far more amazing than I would have ever anticipated, but I still wasn’t really surprised by anything.”

She frowned. “So then, how did you manage to sit next to Avery day-after-day for so long without transforming? Because it’s pretty obvious she’s extremely hot. Like, it’s to the point that I was sincerely shocked when I saw her in person. The way you talked about her made it seem like she might be a little above average, not freaking *to the moon*.”

I shrugged, knowing that her assessment wasn’t just her opinion. Avery really was that hot, enough that it would be difficult to find someone who disagreed.

“Well, for one, I have a different mindset at school. I’m more guarded with my thoughts, and I’m much more restrictive with my focus.” I glanced at her with a small smile. “Granted, if you had walked into one of my classes, I still would have found it hard to ignore you. Your scent alone would have been enough to demand my attention. And yeah, being completely honest, Avery is really hot, but her scent is only average to me. Different than most people, but still average in its potency.”

“Well, not so average to me,” Gabriella mumbled, only to laugh, seeming to change subjects slightly. “You know, I

never thought my natural scent would be how I'd get a guy's attention." She chuckled some more. "And that would be a funny introduction too. 'So, how did you two meet? Oh, well Kai fell in love with my scent, and the rest is history.'" She laughed even more, seeming to really find it hilarious. "I'm kidding of course," she added, a big grin on her face.

I gave her a small smile in response, focused more on the road now.

We were turning on the street to the hospital, and I needed to figure out where to park.

Thankfully, there were clear signs for the nearest parking garage, and getting inside was pretty straightforward.

However, it became obvious right away that noon on a Saturday wasn't a great time to find a decent spot. Granted, I supposed that made sense, considering the weekend was likely when most people visited their loved ones.

And once I did find a spot, and I'd put the black chest in the trunk, we found that there was a ton of activity inside the building, with people coming and going, and the occasional nurse pushing a patient around in a wheelchair.

Pulling out my phone, I called Serenity to find out if they were in a room yet, discovering that they just moved Avery to a bed after doing a series of scans on her head and neck. She also told me that the doctors weren't considering surgery at this point, and that she would explain more when we got there.

Now that I had Avery's room number, I used the hospital signs for directions and we began making our way through the maze of hallways, getting on an elevator and then making our way to the appropriate room. I would have had no problem asking someone for directions if needed, but it was all pretty straightforward thanks to the signs.

When we walked in, I was thankful to see that it was a single-bed room, instead of one with two beds, since that would have only complicated everything. I hadn't even considered that being a problem, but now realized it would

have made it difficult to talk to Avery about the decision she would be making.

The curtain hanging from the wall was partially closed when I laid eyes on Serenity, with Avery's head hidden from my view.

Serenity met my gaze with a frown, currently in a chair and leaning forward against the bed, her left hand on Avery's stomach over the hospital gown while the other was higher, seeming as if she might be touching Avery's face.

There were wires all over the place coming out of Avery's gown, with a monitor in the corner displaying all her vitals, a soft beeping coming from her pulse.

For half a second, I was surprised Serenity was being so handsy with her, only to recall that my classmate seemed to only be able to feel in certain spots. No doubt Serenity was cupping her face and touching her stomach to help Avery cope with having no feeling almost anywhere else.

Obviously, holding her hand would be pointless if she couldn't even feel it.

Avery must have noticed Serenity's look, because her heartrate picked up on the monitor after a second, and then even more so when I finally stepped into sight, with her bright blue eyes focusing on me while her head remained stationary from the neck brace - not that she could have moved it anyway.

I tried to give her a small reassuring smile, but ended up giving Serenity my attention again when she began explaining the situation.

"The doctors said her spinal cord doesn't appear to be permanently damaged, and that her condition might just be this bad, due to inflammation. They think that she might even begin to recover from her paralysis in the next three to six months. Apparently, the initial trauma and subsequent inflammatory response is likely the source of her lack of feeling now, but there's a good chance she'll make a full recovery in the next year or so."

Part of me was actually glad to hear that, since it technically gave Avery more of a choice. However, it was obvious the reminder of that news didn't thrill her in the slightest.

Avery's heartbeat raced faster as she began to panic. "Please don't leave me like this," she begged, tears reappearing in her eyes. "*Please* . Please fix me. I'll do anything."

Serenity quickly began stroking her cheek again, trying to calm her down. "Hey, it's okay. Just relax. Calm down. Everything is going to be alright."

Avery wasn't calming down though, her pulse triggering an alarm on the monitor that also echoed somewhere down the hall.

Within a matter of seconds, a male nurse rushed into the room to check on her, seeming to quickly assess the situation.

"She needs to rest," he said firmly to me and Gabriella. "I think it might be best if you come back at a later time."

"No!" Avery blurted out, her breathing even more escalated. "No, please! I want them to stay!"

The guy stepped closer and pulled the curtain back more to focus on her, his expression becoming sympathetic as he used her name like she was a good friend, even though I was sure they'd never met before. "Okay, Avery, then I need you to try to take a deep breath for me, and calm down, okay? We need your heartrate under a hundred-twenty."

I was sure Avery would have nodded if she could. Instead, her face scrunched up as she tried to slow her breathing, her full lips tensed out as she forced a controlled exhale.

After a few seconds, her heartrate began dropping again.

The guy finally focused on me, giving me a hard look as if he knew I was the problem. "She needs rest," he repeated. "If her pulse doesn't stay under control, then we'll

have to ask you guys to leave whether she wants you here or not.”

I nodded, not seeing any reason to become defensive by his attitude.

Still, I couldn't help but wonder if he was a bit more fond and possessive of his new patient than he should be. Made me wonder if her being hot, thin, busty, and vulnerable was making him more *interested* than he should be.

Once the guy left, seeming satisfied with my nonverbal response, he left the door cracked on his way out. I rolled my eyes as I walked back over, waiting until he was seated down the hall to close it all the way.

In the meantime, Gabriella pulled up a chair by the wall and sat next to Serenity, speaking quietly. “How's her mother?” she wondered.

Serenity sighed. “Last we heard, she's alright. Just a really bad concussion. They're keeping her in another hospital room for now, probably overnight, but the nurse said he would try to see if they could bring her over in a wheelchair to visit.” She then paused, looking back up at me. “So, Kai, what's the plan?”

I frowned at that, glancing around the room, only to be surprised that there were a couple of syringes just lying out on the med cart against the wall, both of them individually wrapped in plastic. But then again, I supposed there was nothing overly special about syringes in a place like this. They were probably really cheap, and I doubted hospitals worried too much about people stealing them.

Walking over, I grabbed one and then stuck it in my pocket as I moved back over to the bed, speaking in a low voice. “We figured it might be best if I try injecting her with my blood first, and then go from there.”

“Your blood?” Serenity repeated in confusion.

Gabriella quickly nodded, leaning closer to explain in a hushed whisper so that Avery wouldn't hear.

However, it was obvious my blonde friend was trying to eavesdrop, desperation evident on her face when she couldn't hear what Gabriella was saying.

Knowing we needed to have a discussion first, I cleared my throat to get her attention, taking a step closer to the bed, only for Avery's pulse to spike again when she focused on me.

Honestly, I wasn't sure why she was reacting to me like this, since she remained fairly calm at school, with the only major difference being that I usually ignored her.

Then again, she'd definitely seen my gold eyes just a little bit ago, so maybe that was it?

She didn't smell scared though, only anxious.

Holding up my hand, I spoke in a gentle tone. "Hey, deep breath please. That guy is going to kick us out if you don't calm down."

Avery whimpered and stared straight up at the ceiling, tears reappearing in her blue eyes as she tried to take a few controlled breaths the best she could. Once her pulse was under a hundred again, I continued.

"Alright, now we need to talk a little bit, okay? I'm going to explain everything, but I need you to stay calm as I do. Can you do that for me?"

"Okay," she whispered, her eyes tight now.

I frowned, feeling like she wasn't in the right mindset for this conversation. "Avery, do you trust me?" I wondered.

Her azure eyes abruptly darted toward me in surprise, before she looked up at the ceiling a second time as she thought about it. She then took a long slow breath, her expression suddenly shifting, seeming to become almost determined.

"Yes," she said firmly.

Honestly, even though I assumed she might respond in the affirmative, given how much time we'd spent in each other's presence, I was sincerely surprised by just how certain she seemed of her answer.

“Umm, okay,” I began hesitantly, trying to think of where to begin. “So, first of all, I’m sure you saw that I’m not a normal person.”

Her expression became vulnerable again as she took another controlled breath, her gaze still on the ceiling. “W-What are you?” she asked hesitantly.

“Honestly? I don’t know,” I admitted. “But I was born this way, and I’ve had to try to keep it a secret my whole life.”

“Even I didn’t know,” Serenity unexpectedly blurted out, garnering Avery’s attention. “I’ve been around him practically my whole life, and he even kept it from me too. I only recently found out.”

“And I only recently discovered that I could change people,” I added.

“C-Can I see?” she whispered.

I hesitated, before speaking slowly. “Yeah, I can show you. But you need to keep your heart under control.”

She took a deep breath. “Okay,” she whispered, focusing more intently on me.

I nodded, beginning to let the change happen slowly, rather than just shifting in an instant. However, despite what she said, her pulse began picking up again when my hair turned white, and most importantly when my eyes shifted to gold and black. Oddly enough, she didn’t smell scared, but was definitely anxious.

She immediately focused up at the ceiling to try to control her breathing, only glancing at me again after a full minute.

“Can you come a little closer?” she finally asked.

I slowly took a step toward her, followed by another, until I was right beside the top of her bed, allowing her to see me clearly. She examined my face more intently for a few seconds, before her blue eyes locked onto mine, her pupils visibly dilating as she held my gaze, her heart rate actually falling some.

The response prompted me to glance away, feeling uneasy by the effect I was clearly having on her. However, I remained where I was, and after another minute, she spoke up again, sounding much calmer.

“So then, are you all like this now?” she wondered.

I was surprised by the assumption, considering Serenity admitted she’d only recently found out about my secret, and that I only recently discovered I could change people.

However, Gabriella was quick to respond. She stood up and stepped behind Serenity’s chair to stand next to Avery’s head on the other side. “I am,” she admitted cheerfully, abruptly transforming.

Of course, my fiancé’s transformation wasn’t nearly as dramatic as mine, since her skin only became tan while her other coloring just became more vibrant.

“And, of course, Kai might be able to do this to you too,” Gabriella continued, only for her voice to drop. “Except, if he does, then there are going to be conditions.”

Both Avery and Serenity looked at her in surprise, before my housemate focused on me in confusion. “Kai, what’s she talking about?” she asked seriously.

I sighed. “Think about it, Ren. I can’t just go around making people like me. Especially if that gives them the ability to do the same. Like, imagine what would happen if I do this for her, and then she does it for some random guy she likes, only to have him dump her and do it for someone else. It could get out of hand really fast.”

“I don’t want another guy,” Avery unexpectedly blurted out, only for her face to flush bright red, her pulse spiking again.

“Avery, calm down,” I hissed. “I can’t help you if we get kicked out of the hospital.”

Her face scrunched up as she tried to gather herself, again focusing on her breathing as she stared up at the ceiling.

Serenity spoke up after a few seconds. "So, what are you saying, Kai?"

I took a deep breath, and then held her gaze, only to look away when I saw her brown eyes dilate.

Fuck!

Shifting back to normal, I focused on her again, seeing that she was clearly trying to collect her thoughts. After a second, she seemed to figure out what I was implying on her own, glancing up at Gabriella. "So, umm, does that mean we're including her in all this?"

Gabriella nodded. "I mean, I'm fine with it. What about you?"

Serenity sighed, leaning forward in her seat as she massaged her temples.

"Hey," I whispered gently. "I don't have to do anything at all. We can just leave things as they are, if that's what you want."

"Please don't leave me like this," Avery whimpered again, but I ignored her.

Serenity took a deep breath, and focused on me. "Kai, I've had to take care of you ever since I was eighteen, and so I always figured you might end up with someone else eventually." She sighed. "Never did I seriously consider that I might get to be with you too. But..." Her voice trailed off.

Avery's eyes were wide now, easily having grasped Serenity's meaning. Of course, my classmate knew the basics about our situation, with her mother's comment about Serenity being a cop pretty much confirming that Avery had absorbed every detail of everything I'd told her and held onto it, no matter how long ago I'd mentioned it.

Serenity sighed as she continued. "I'm alright with whatever you decide, Kai. But just know that this is going to be complicated with her involved too. Probably more than you realize."

I nodded, looking down at Avery. "So," I began hesitantly. "Do you understand what this means? If I fix you, then your

old life ends here too. You can't do what you want anymore." I hesitated then, glancing at Gabriella before focusing on Avery again, realizing I needed to be harsh about what it would mean for me to do this.

Because she needed to understand what this decision really entailed before she made it.

"Avery, if I do this, then you're going to belong to me. And I'm not saying I'll ever do anything that you don't want me to do, but you're going to have to start living your new life completely revolved around my approval. You won't be able to date anyone, and you'll have to listen to me. That's my offer. If you're not sure you're okay with that, then I'm not going to try fixing you. Because I can't afford for you to be like me if you're not going to obey me. Understand? If I fix you, then you belong to me. Forever."

Avery was taking shaky breaths now as she stared at the ceiling. "O-Okay. W-Will it hurt?"

Serenity spoke up again. "Avery, take a second to think this over," she said seriously. "Don't just automatically agree because you're scared of being like this for a few months."

"You don't understand," Avery replied, tears appearing in her eyes again. "I can't feel anything. I feel trapped inside my own body, almost feel like I *don't have* a body. It's... horrible. And there's no guarantee I'll get better at all." She sucked in a deep breath. "And what he's offering is something I would have accepted even if I wasn't in this condition."

I frowned at that, having no reason to think she was lying, but honestly not understanding why she was so attached to me. Serenity and I exchanged a glance, before she gave me a slight nod.

I sighed. "So you're mine now, that correct?"

Avery finally looked at me, her expression vulnerable. "Kai, I was yours from the day we first spoke. Even before

that. I've been yours all this time. So there's no decision to make. It's already been made."

Well fuck. I didn't know what to say to that.

Honestly, I didn't feel right about this. I didn't feel like it was natural for her to be so obsessed. Like, part of me wanted to just accept it for what it was and enjoy it, and the other part of me was concerned that I was causing people to make decisions they wouldn't normally make.

Gabriella sensed my hesitation. "Kai, just hurry up and do it. We don't know how much time we have before we get interrupted again, and it needs to be done. I want her too, so hurry up."

Avery looked at Gabriella in alarm, prompting my fiancé to give her a reassuring smile. "No, it won't hurt," she said gently, answering her previous question. "He's going to inject some of his blood directly into your arm, and it will probably make you feel really sleepy. When you wake up, you'll be like us."

Avery stared at her for a few seconds, before clearing her throat. "Umm, okay," she whispered.

My fiancé then gave me a look to prompt me to get on with it.

I sighed, pulling the syringe back out and opening the wrapper.

"Oh," Gabriella continued, still speaking to Avery. "And while we eat normal food, there are certain situations when you might want to drink blood. But animal blood is fine."

Avery looked at her in alarm. "L-Like a vampire?" she said in disbelief.

"Sort of," Gabriella agreed. "But as long as you don't get hurt, you shouldn't want it. Like, Kai's gone his whole life without drinking blood, and only found out recently about that too."

Avery didn't respond, just seeming stunned by that information.

Holding the needle up to my skin, I placed it over a bulging vein in the crook of my arm, only to have to give it quite a bit of pressure before it started advancing. Then, once it was in, I pulled up on the plunger to draw some of my blood out, deciding to fill the tube up halfway. Once I was finished, I focused on Avery again.

“Okay, and you’re sure you still want to do this, right?” I confirmed. “Because there’s no going back after I get this in your arm.”

“Yes,” she said without hesitation. “You’re turning the worst day of my life into the best,” she added.

I frowned at that, deciding not to comment as I focused on her thin arms. Reaching down to grab her wrist, she didn’t even react to me touching her, not seeming to feel it when I twisted her arm a little so that I could get better access to the crook of her elbow.

“Okay,” I repeated. “Ready?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “And thank you.”

I didn’t respond as I got the needle in her arm, being able to pinpoint a vein that wasn’t visible from the surface, just using my hearing and sense of touch to locate it. Then, once I was pretty sure I was in it, I pulled back a little on the plunger, seeing that some of her blood was coming out.

“Here we go,” I commented, beginning to press in the opposite direction to inject her with my blood.

The effect was immediate, Avery’s eyes drooping.

“Whoa,” she exclaimed. “You weren’t kidding...about...”

Her eyes closed, and just like that, she was out.

(4) CHAPTER 19: ORIGINS

When Avery abruptly fell unconscious from having my blood injected into her arm, her heart rate dropped too, until the monitor was showing fifty-four beats per minute.

I was also a little surprised it happened so fast, at least glad that this confirmed it was in fact my blood that caused the change. I assumed the major difference, from when it happened to Gabriella, was the fact that I didn't inject it directly into her bloodstream, instead getting it in her tissues.

Essentially, it took longer for the blood to do its job in Gabriella's body, whereas this dose got circulated through Avery's bloodstream with a single beat of her heart. I wondered if that also meant her transformation would be faster.

However, I wasn't the only one who noticed the significance of Avery's sudden unconsciousness.

When I pulled out the syringe, Serenity abruptly stood up and grabbed her purse, like she was going to leave.

"Well, clearly I'm not going to be transforming anytime soon," she stated matter-of-factly, walking around the end of the bed and over to the med cart. She then grabbed the second syringe and put it in her purse.

I looked at her in surprise. "What are you doing?" I asked seriously.

She gave me a hard look. "What do you think, Kai? Did you really think I would want to stay normal after finding out your secret? After finding out I could be like you too?" Her

expression dropped then, suddenly vulnerable. "Unless you don't want me to be like you," she added quietly.

I took a deep breath. "Okay, yeah." I sighed. "I'll make you like me," I reassured her, only to realize I should remind her of what that would really mean. "If you really want me to," I added. "But it might mean you have to quit your job if you struggle to look normal."

She shrugged. "If I end up looking like Gabriella does, then it won't really be that big of a deal."

I frowned, giving her a look.

She sighed. "But yeah, I get it. And yes, if that's what I have to do, then I'll quit. But I want to be with you Kai, in every way possible."

I ran my fingers through my hair as I considered that. "Okay," I replied simply, unsure of how else to respond. I felt like it was a big decision, but Serenity seemed like she'd already made up her mind, and I wasn't going to deny her what she wanted.

She was literally everything to me, having always been there for me, even when the worst happened, and pretty much the one person who I could never deny.

Serenity simply nodded, only to point toward a red box on the wall. "But you should get rid of that needle. Just pop it in the sharps container."

I walked over to do as she asked, and then turned to face them again, focusing on Avery's unconscious form. "So now what?" I wondered, suspecting that she was going to be out for a while.

Gabriella replied. "Now, I'll stay here until she wakes up. And if she's not herself when she does, then I'll slap her, or do whatever it takes to get her to snap out of it. You can stay if you want, but I don't mind if you two want to go home."

"Gabriella," Serenity said in surprise. "We aren't going to abandon you here. I mean, if we have to leave because it gets too late, and they kick us out since they have rules for

only allowing one visitor overnight per patient, then that's one thing, but we can hang around to keep you company until then."

My fiancé sighed. "Well, I really need to get a hold of my mom anyway, and I kind of figured you two might want some alone time together to talk everything over. A lot has happened just in the last few hours."

Serenity frowned at that, seeming pensive. Of course, Gabriella and I hadn't mentioned the 'succubus' thing to Serenity, so she had no idea about that, instead likely focused on the last part of my fiancé's statement - us having a lot to talk about.

She then looked at me. "What do you want to do?" she wondered.

I focused on Gabriella as I replied, just wanting to make sure she was alright with my decision. "I'd like to hang out for a while to make sure everything seems fine." I gave my attention back to Serenity. "And then, yeah. We can probably head home. We do sort of need to talk, and I still need to open that chest."

Serenity nodded.

"Only problem," I continued, looking back at Gabriella. "Is that, when we leave, you'll be without a car."

She shrugged. "It's not a big deal, Kai. You can just pick me up if needed, and worst case is I could just get my mom to pick me up. Might have to do that anyway in the event she doesn't want to discuss things on the phone."

"Okay, sounds good," I agreed simply, moving closer to lean against the wall next to where she was sitting, since we planned on staying a little while.

Serenity also returned to her seat and shifted it more toward me, considering Avery was no longer involved in the conversation. However, it seemed no one had anything to say at this point, all of us falling silent for a handful of minutes.

The silence wasn't uncomfortable though, instead feeling kind of nice just to be around each other. It also felt like there wasn't a lot of personal things we could discuss here without it affecting my skin, but I was perfectly fine with just hanging around with the two of them.

However, as I began thinking more about Avery and her getting better, I realized we might have another problem we hadn't thought of. "What do we do when she *does* wake up?" I wondered. "I mean, it's probably not a good idea for them to run tests on her after she's magically healed."

Serenity sat back slightly as she thought about it, only for Gabriella to respond.

"Honestly, she should be able to refuse treatment," my fiancé commented. "And if she can move again, then they can't deny her request to be discharged. I will just need to keep people out while Avery looks different, but that might not be a problem if it happens in the middle of the night. I think the medical staff only check in on people every couple of hours, so their patients can sleep, which gives us a lot of leeway for her to try to look normal again."

"Will you be able to stay up?" I wondered.

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah, I think I'll be fine. I mean, do you have an issue with staying up if you want to? Because for some reason I feel like I could stay awake for days if I needed."

I frowned, realizing she had a point. "Yeah, I guess you're right. If I'm determined to stay awake, then usually it's not an issue. And there's no reason to think you can't do that too, especially since you feel that way."

Gabriella nodded, not responding this time as she glanced at Avery.

I could hear people walking by in the hallways, not really paying too much attention to the commotion, so even I wasn't anticipating for the male nurse to return, with him knocking on the door before popping it open.

We were all surprised when he had a bag of blood in his hand. "Her numbers are a little low," he explained politely. "So the doctor decided to order this." He paused when he focused on her. "Oh, did she fall asleep?"

"Yeah," Serenity said right away. "Just a little bit ago. Does she have internal bleeding or something?" she wondered.

He shook his head, moving over to the med cart to punch in a code and grab some supplies. He didn't even seem to notice the syringes were missing, which probably was due to him having three or four patients and not really paying that much attention to a common object. Not to mention, there were other medical staff around.

A nurse's assistant, or even a doctor, might have come in and grabbed them.

"No," he replied. "There was no serious hemorrhaging, as far as they could tell on the scans. Honestly, she might have just recently had her period or something, and didn't take enough iron. It's not too unusual for women to have lower numbers than what we prefer, though the doctor wants to make sure she doesn't drop any lower from an unknown bleed."

"I see," Serenity said simply in response.

I frowned at that, since I knew Avery had been on birth control for a while now, or at least hadn't had a period in almost a year and a half, but didn't comment.

He continued to speak as he laid everything on the bed next to Avery's hand. "I need to grab a chair, since I'll be in here for a while. I have to stay at the bedside when giving a blood product. It can take up to an hour for this much," he added.

Serenity nodded again. "No problem." However, once he left, she sighed heavily. "Well, I guess this is a good thing."

"Yeah," I agreed quietly. "If she might end up needing blood anyway, then maybe she can shift back to looking normal right away."

“And maybe she won’t even have an episode like I did,” Gabriella added.

We were then all quiet again when he returned.

Gabriella decided to use the opportunity to step into the hallway and try calling her mom, likely just intending on keeping things vague to avoid anyone overhearing her. In the meantime, after the nurse got the blood hooked up to Avery’s IV, he then tried to strike up a conversation with us, casually inquiring about our relationships.

I decided to just stick with saying that Avery was my classmate from school, as well as one of my best friends, as well as explaining that Serenity was also my friend when he asked.

Unfortunately, he then focused on her, being overly curious as he asked her what she did for a living, and then seemed to get *really* interested when she told him that she was a detective.

But Serenity was used to talking to strangers, and had no problem keeping him entertained, without getting too personal, while he jotted down information on a piece of paper every handful of minutes.

When Gabriella came back not long later, she seemed like she was in a good mood, but just kept her whispers to me vague, saying that she and her mom were going to talk as soon as they got the chance tomorrow.

Of course, I suspected that they would talk sooner if Avery woke up before the hospital’s arbitrary curfew for visitors set in, but I knew we shouldn’t plan for that to happen.

After that, we both fell silent again while Serenity continued to converse with the male nurse.

However, the blood transfusion didn’t take as long as he was expecting, and he was done after only forty-five minutes, seeming surprised that it hadn’t taken a full hour. He told us the doctor would likely want more labs to verify the amount was enough to raise her numbers, but I wasn’t

worried about them seeing anything abnormal in her bloodwork.

After all, it wasn't like they would be studying it. Instead, they would only be checking for specific things, probably having a machine or an overworked tech doing the test on 'just another tube' out of thousands.

Once he left the room, Gabriella finally elaborated by saying that her mom seemed excited that her daughter was finally interested in a guy and overall seemed positive about the situation.

"Of course, I didn't mention we are already engaged," Gabriella admitted. "And I kind of made it seem like I was only 'interested' at this point, so she doesn't know we've done stuff." She grimaced then. "But I'll definitely let her know tomorrow."

I frowned at that, being reminded that we'd kind of jumped straight into it, without her parents even knowing me. "You don't think they'll be mad that I didn't ask them or anything, right?" I wondered. "Like, would your dad be upset?"

She shook her head. "Nah, they're pretty easygoing when it comes to traditional stuff like that. Or rather, I suppose you could say that they're pretty untraditional in a lot of ways, so I don't think it'll be an issue."

"Untraditional how?" Serenity asked curiously, just being conversational.

Gabriella grimaced. "Umm, Kai, maybe you can tell her at home?" she suggested, seeming kind of embarrassed now.

I shrugged. "Sure," I agreed simply, with my awareness of the topic not bothering me, since I had my mind mostly elsewhere, wondering if we should go ahead and get going.

It was only about 2:30 PM at this point, but what Gabriella said earlier was kind of true - Serenity and I had a lot to talk about, and it was probably going to take up a significant amount of time to discuss everything.

“Okay?” Serenity said in confusion, clearly not sure what to make of Gabriella’s reluctance.

“I’ll tell you when we get home,” I reaffirmed. “And speaking of which, are you ready to go?” I focused on Gabriella. “As long as you don’t need anything,” I added.

She shook her head, giving me a warm smile. “No, I’ll be fine. I’m starting to kind of feel attached to Avery here, so I won’t feel like I’m alone, even if she’s asleep.”

I smiled at that, walking toward her to give her a quick hug. “Okay, I love you. Just call me if you need anything.”

“Will do,” she agreed, moving to give Serenity a hug too. “I think everything will go alright though,” she added.

“Especially since they gave her a bag of blood. If we’re lucky, she might just wake up looking completely normal.”

“Sure,” I replied. “And let us know if she does wake up. Like, even if it’s two in the morning, I’ll come pick you both up.” I paused. “Assuming she doesn’t want to go see her mom, but it might be better for her to experiment shifting a little before she does.”

“Agreed,” Gabriella replied, giving me a warm smile. “Love you.”

“Love you too,” I repeated, only to take a deep breath. I then focused on Serenity before exchanging a final goodbye with my fiancé and then heading out of the room.

After taking an elevator to the ground floor, Serenity wrapped her arms around mine as we began walking out to the car, something she’d occasionally done prior to today, but now felt a *little* different.

More like, a *lot* different.

I always suspected that people assumed we were together when she did that, but I knew we weren’t a couple previously. But now, we kind of *were* , unofficially.

I tried to keep my torso from graying as we reached the parking garage, finally having to pull my arm away once we got close to the car.

Thankfully, she didn't appear to notice that there was an issue, just seeming content to walk while holding onto me, but I knew I'd have to tell her later that I might not be able to handle it anymore.

Not if we were sort of dating now.

It wasn't until after I'd gotten the chest out of the trunk, and we'd driven down to the entrance of the parking garage, getting ready to exit, that she thought of it herself.

"Oh," she exclaimed in surprise, readjusting the small black chest in her lap as she glanced at me. "Was it okay that I held onto your arm? I didn't even think anything of it," she added with a grimace.

I sighed heavily, not really wanting to discuss this too much while I was driving, but knowing I should be honest. "Umm, yeah it was fine, but I was a little gray underneath my clothes," I admitted.

She gave me an apologetic look. "Does that happen a lot?" she asked quietly.

I shook my head. "No, normally I'd just pull away if it was affecting me." I sighed. "And really, the biggest reason is because things are sort of different between us." I paused, only to continue when her heartrate picked up. "But we shouldn't talk about that too much right now," I quickly added. "Let's talk about something else."

She nodded, focusing down at her lap. "So, what do you think is in here?" she wondered, glancing back up at me. "When we were first moving it around, it didn't really make any sounds, but now..." She paused to gently shake it side-to-side, only for it to sound as if something loose was hitting the edges. "Almost makes me wonder if there is a rock in here or something."

I laughed at that. "Wouldn't that be funny?" I said playfully. "My biological parents, or whoever that's really from, left me a piece of coal for being a bad boy."

She initially started grinning only to immediately frown. "Hey," she said somberly, her expression full of concern. "I

don't know why they dropped you off, but you were still the answer to my prayer. You were a miracle to me, and still are." She paused. "In every way," she added meaningfully. "If it's because they didn't want you for some reason, then I'm glad they didn't see your value. Because I want you, and always will."

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat, knowing she meant that in a variety of ways.

"And besides," she continued, her tone somber. "It's also possible something happened to your biological parents. Like, I know this sucks to think about, but maybe the woman who gave birth to you actually died. Not saying that happened, but it might not be because she didn't want you."

I grimaced then as another horrible idea occurred to me. "I hope she didn't have me as a result of something like sexual assault."

Serenity looked at me in alarm. "Kai, why would you even think that?"

I shrugged. "I mean, what if my mom was a normal person? I'm obviously not normal, which would mean the guy who donated his DNA wasn't human. And if he really was some kind of devil, then their relationship might not have been mutually consenting."

She just stared at me in disbelief, before focusing ahead at the road, seeming pensive now. "Well, Kai, I'll be honest with you. If that happened to me, I'm not sure I'd be able to go through with the pregnancy." She then looked at me seriously. "But that would only mean your biological mother *did* go through with the pregnancy. Which says a lot." She sighed. "I mean, yeah, maybe she couldn't handle keeping you, but she still gave you a chance at life. I'm not sure I would be able to do the same."

I nodded in acknowledgment, knowing from her scent that just the idea of having to make that choice was stressing her out. Because for some women, the choice

would be easy – some might not even view it as a question to abort the pregnancy right away, while others might feel it was wrong to do so, even despite the circumstance.

But for Serenity, she didn't necessarily lean in either direction. Or rather, she was in both camps at the same time, able to understand the reasoning to both sides, though I doubted she'd ever seriously considered how she might handle making the decision herself. And the idea that I might have come from such a situation stressed her out even more, since it probably made her feel guilty for thinking she might not be able to handle nine months of pregnancy after such a traumatizing event.

"Don't worry about it," I finally said in a gentle tone, reaching out to rest my hand on her forearm. She immediately grabbed my hand instead, as I continued. "That might not be what happened at all. And for all we know, maybe my biological mother was the different one. Like, maybe my biological father was the human. Besides, I'm not going to ever let anyone sexually assault you."

Serenity grimaced at that. "Thanks, Kai. I really appreciate that. But, while I can certainly take care of myself, the only way you would be able to keep that promise is if I never left your side again."

I sighed, knowing she was right. "Well, then I guess it's a good thing I'll be injecting you with my blood later," I said quietly, only to glance at her meaningfully. "Because then I *will* be protecting you, only in a different way. Indirectly, by making you like me."

Serenity gave me a warm smile, pulling my hand more against her stomach and clasping it in both of hers. She then looked at me apologetically. "This is okay, right?" she wondered, making no effort to let go of my hand.

I tried to swallow. "Umm, yeah. It's okay for now," I hedged, knowing my back and chest were dark gray. Although, I actually felt mostly in control at the moment, feeling stable in my half-transformed state, prompting me to

consider asking another question I desperately wanted to bring up, even if it was risky.

I cleared my throat. "Umm, so can I ask you something?" I began hesitantly.

She looked at me in surprise, likely due to my tone. "Of course, Kai. What is it?"

I took a deep breath, realizing I did need to take my hand away. She let go without complaint, seeming even more concerned.

"Umm, so you said you were alright with me getting you a ring, but you aren't really thrilled about telling people you're engaged..."

She nodded slowly. "Does...does that bother you?" she asked hesitantly.

I took a deep breath. "Well no, it doesn't. And I mean, I'm kind of engaged to Gabriella, so I sort of already have someone to call my fiancé, and..." My voice trailed off.

Serenity was also quiet for a few seconds. "You're not sure how to define our relationship now," she finally realized.

I took a deep breath. "I mean...can I call you...my girlfriend?" I finally managed.

Surprisingly, she glanced away with a small smile tugging on her lips. Her voice was quiet as she responded.

"Actually, I really like the sound of that," she admitted softly. "I still probably won't claim I have a boyfriend at work, just to avoid issues with people asking who I'm dating. But yes." She focused on me, her expression affectionate now. "I really like that."

"Me too," I whispered, barely managing to keep my graying skin hidden.

We were both silent then for a few minutes, with me finally offering my hand again, before I spoke up.

"Umm, so you *are* sure that you want to be like me, right?" I asked hesitantly.

She looked at me in surprise, readjusting my hand in her lap. "I mean, can you think of any downside to it? Other than having to keep my emotions under control, of course, which I kind of do anyway in public."

I frowned as I considered that. "Umm, no. I guess not. I certainly wouldn't choose to be normal, despite the problems that being different has caused me."

She nodded, holding my hand even tighter. "Then yes, I'm certain I want to be like you." She sighed, leaning back in her seat more, the black chest balanced on her thighs as she slid her butt out a little, my hands still in her grasp. "I admit I'm not sure how I'll feel about possibly needing to drink blood, but if Gabriella was able to handle it, then I feel like I should be able to as well."

I nodded.

She smirked then. "Plus, I might be able to show off a tan whenever I want," she said playfully. "Just kidding," she quickly added, before she even let me think she might be serious about walking around transformed.

I sighed. "Umm, so about that..." I began hesitantly.

She looked at me surprised, due to my tone. "What's wrong?" she asked seriously.

I leaned back more in my seat. "Well, Gabriella is the only other person I know like me at this point, so I don't know how you or Avery might turn out. However..." I paused. "Umm, well, Gabriella might not be entirely normal either," I admitted.

Serenity abruptly sat straight up in shock, almost knocking the chest off her knees from the motion. She quickly reached out with one hand to grab it, leaving us with our fingers intertwined, one hand each. "She's not normal?" she repeated seriously.

I shrugged, graying even more underneath my clothing from how we were now holding hands. It felt much like what a couple would do. "She's not entirely sure," I admitted.

"That's why she needs to talk to her mom. Because supposedly she might be part-succubus."

Serenity's chocolate brown eyes widened, before she slowly leaned back into her seat as she focused ahead at the road. "Oh," she said simply.

"That doesn't bother you, does it?" I wondered seriously.

Her brow furrowed then as she thought about it. "Umm, I mean, is she safe to be around? Like, intimately," she clarified, glancing at me as her cheeks flushed slightly.

I sighed. "Well, we're really not sure. It's probably safe, since it sounds like her dad is a normal person, but Gabriella also wonders if that's why her mom..." My voice trailed off, realizing Serenity didn't know that part yet. I quickly pulled my hand away from hers as I cleared my throat, prompting a confused look from her.

"What is it?" she whispered, turning toward me a little in her seat. "Was holding my hand too much?"

I shook my head. "Umm, no. It's just that her mom is apparently kind of kinky, and just thinking about it is making me embarrassed."

"Oh," she replied, facing forward again. "Gabriella did mention her mom was untraditional or something, didn't she?"

I cleared my throat, deciding to just get it out. "Umm, yeah. So, I guess her mom sleeps with other guys. And her dad is okay with it," I quickly added when she looked at me in alarm. "He, umm, kind of watches."

Holy shit, she looked shocked.

"*O-Oh*," she managed after a second, slowly turning her head to stare straight ahead again.

"Which is something I'm not okay with," I continued, just wanting to get that out there too. "Like, I already talked with Gabriella about it, and she agreed it wasn't something she was interested in either."

Serenity nodded slowly. "Yeah, I agree. Just thinking about it kind of makes me sick to my stomach."

I looked at her in surprise. "It does? How come?" I wondered. "Not that I'm complaining," I added.

She sighed, slumping down in her seat. "I don't know," she admitted. "Maybe because of how I really feel about you? Like, I've always tried to deny that I had any romantic feelings. You've always been a lot younger than me, and I felt like it was my purpose in life to take care of you." She sighed, turning her head away as she glanced out the window. "But if I'm being honest, you're the reason why I've never really dated. And for some reason, if I do seriously consider the idea of being with any guy, it makes me feel uneasy. Especially the thought of bringing a guy home to meet you."

I tried to lighten the mood. "So I guess you really didn't bring Nick over for a date then, huh?"

She scoffed. "Jeez, no. I mean, if I'm being honest, he is kind of cute, but I literally just met the guy and..." Her voice trailed off when she examined my reserved expression. "Kai, I love you. I didn't bring him over for a date, and I don't plan on hanging out with him again. I won't even talk to him outside of work." She sighed. "I just didn't want to lie by denying that he is good-looking, but he's got some major quirks to his personality that can be kind of annoying. And I've only known him for a couple of days now! He *way* overanalyzes everything, even when he's not working."

I scoffed. "Yeah, I kind of noticed that."

"Sorry," she whispered.

I shrugged. "Nothing to be sorry about. In the end, everything turned out alright."

She sighed heavily. "Yeah, I guess things could have been much worse," she agreed.

"*Much* worse," I echoed simply, causing us to fall silent again for a few minutes.

Considering we were closer to being home now, I decided to reach out and offer my hand yet again, after snagging it away from the embarrassing conversation

regarding Gabriella's parents, prompting her to look at me in surprise, before giving me a warm smile and accepting it, intertwining our fingers like before.

The intimacy of simply holding hands under these conditions was actually starting to affect me beyond just embarrassment now, my cock becoming firmer in my jeans, not to the point of having a full-on erection, but definitely bigger and more stiff.

Thankfully, she didn't seem to notice, appearing to be pensive again.

"So," she finally said hesitantly. "Back to Gabriella. Are you saying that she might look different than you because it's possible she's part-succubus?"

I nodded, clearing my throat. "Umm, yeah. Sort of. Then again, it's also possible that the method that I caused her to transform might have influenced it too."

"How so?" she wondered.

I shrugged. "Well, I did get blood in her body, but I didn't inject it into her bloodstream like Avery."

Serenity frowned at that. "And what about other differences?" she wondered.

"Like what?" I prompted.

She gestured with her elbow toward me, still holding my hand tightly. "Between you and her. Like, are her senses as strong as yours now? She seemed to know Avery was involved in the accident at the same time you did."

"Huh, that's true," I agreed. "Although, apparently Avery smells really good to Gabriella, sort of like how Gabriella smells really amazing to me."

Serenity nodded, but didn't comment on it. "But then, if you're thinking that her appearance might be related to her not getting the same kind of dose of your blood, then that would imply two things. One, if she's sort of 'less transformed' than she could be, I would assume that her senses should be a lot weaker than yours. And two, it might

mean that getting more of your blood would cause her to end up looking more like you.”

I frowned as I considered that, unsure of what to say.

“Honestly,” she continued. “I don’t think it makes much sense she would only partially transform from the blood. I think how she looks is how she was going to look, no matter how she received your blood, whether it’s from her being part-succubus, or not. The only difference might be the speed of transformation, and I honestly wouldn’t be surprised if it takes less than ten hours for Avery to wake up.”

I sighed. “Well, I’m not sure I would want to give her more of my blood to test it out anyway, since right now she can still technically pass as normal when transformed. But yeah, I think you might be right. Unfortunately, we won’t know for sure unless you or Avery end up looking different than me too.”

“And, *unfortunately*,” she continued. “If we both end up with dark gray skin like you, then we won’t know for sure, since we both would have gotten an injection directly into our blood stream.”

I nodded. “I don’t think knowing for sure matters too much though. Like, I don’t plan on changing more people after this, so the only reason why it might matter is if it turns out that you and Avery surpass Gabriella in terms of senses or strength, or something. Then I could try giving her more blood if she really wanted me to.”

“Or wings,” Serenity added, only to look at me affectionately. “I kind of hope I get wings like you too. The idea that I might be able to fly is almost surreal to think about, but the idea that we might be able to fly *together* is kind of romantic.”

My heart swelled at that thought, just the idea of flying with her in the sky. It was definitely an activity I enjoyed, but I’d never considered how lonely it was until just now.

I gave her a warm look. "I'd love that," I admitted. "I really hope you can grow wings too." I then paused. "Speaking of which, when do you want to do that part?" I wondered.

Her brow furrowed. "Well, part of me wants you to do it as soon as we get home, but I realize that means I'll be asleep for the rest of the day." She sighed, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. "And we have a lot to discuss. About being boyfriend and girlfriend, even if our commitment is much deeper than that."

I cleared my throat, deciding to let her continue holding my hand, since we were so close to home, even though I was struggling to keep the graying underneath my clothes now. "Umm, yeah, makes sense," I said, referring to her wanting to wait to transform. "Plus, I don't want to have to leave you home alone in the event Gabriella needs me to pick her up."

"Oh, right. That's true," she agreed. "So then, I guess we're going to have to wait until Avery wakes up."

I knew she was right, but the idea of waiting made me feel uneasy.

"Dammit," I hissed under my breath.

"What's wrong?" she asked in surprise.

I sighed. "Well, I just feel really paranoid now, and I'm afraid something will happen to you, like you'll get hurt really bad, or worse, if we wait."

Serenity squeezed my hand again. "Kai, I know a lot has happened recently, but I think it'll be okay. That man who kidnapped me was likely the person orchestrating everything that happened the last few days, and he's dead now." She then sighed. "But I guess if you want to be on the safe side, then maybe you can hide me in my closet or something, and lock all the doors if you have to leave to pick her up."

I slowly took my hand back as I considered that idea, since we were finally driving down our street, close to

pulling in. Really, there was no reason why I had to take my hand away, but I just felt so paranoid now.

When I made the turn into our driveway, I was almost relieved to discover everything as it should be, feeling as if there would be *something* amiss, considering the last couple of days had been so eventful. But there was nothing wrong at all.

When I parked the car, I even asked Serenity to wait for a minute so I could close my eyes and focus on my senses to scope out the area through my cracked door, but again there was nothing wrong.

When I opened my eyes again, she spoke up.

"Everything alright?"

I nodded. "Yeah, everything is fine. Just really paranoid." I paused. "I think I'll call Gabriella to make sure she's okay, and then we can see what's inside the chest."

Serenity nodded, holding the small black wooden box up. "Sure. Where do you want to open this at?"

I shrugged, opening my door more fully. "Doesn't matter."

"Want to do it in my room then?" she wondered casually, only for her face to flush. "O-Open the chest," she quickly clarified, seeming to assume I misunderstood her.

Which, of course, caused my entire body to instantly shift, since I hadn't really taken it the wrong way initially, but now realized how that might have been interpreted.

Normally, I wouldn't have thought much of it, since it wouldn't have been the first time we'd sat on her bed to talk, or to do an activity like wrapping Christmas presents. It was one of the reasons why I never worried about getting caught in her bedroom, because her door was always open to me.

But now, I couldn't stop thinking about what she was accidentally implying.

We were boyfriend and girlfriend now, and eventually we might really end up spending some intimate time in her bed.

“S-Sure,” I agreed, fumbling with my phone as I got out, to try to call Gabriella. “I’ll be up in a minute,” I added, turning away from her.

I heard her hesitate for a few seconds, just seeming to examine me before she headed inside, leaving the front door cracked open. My phone call with Gabriella wasn’t long at all, with me just asking for an update to make sure everything was fine, and her wondering if we just got home or if we’d opened the chest yet.

I told her I’d let her know what was inside when we did, and then she wished me luck with talking things over with Serenity.

“And hey,” she continued. “I really love you, Kai. I know a lot has changed in the last couple of days, but I’m really excited about the future. Excited to get to know you better,” she added. “And I’m really looking forward to becoming friends with Avery too.”

“I love you too,” I replied sincerely. “And yeah, I guess I feel the same. Just nervous about the unknown is all.”

She laughed at that, the sound adorable. “Well, of course *you* are excited,” she teased. “What guy wouldn’t be? I just wanted you to know how I felt about it.”

“Oh, umm, right,” I agreed. “Anyway, I guess I’ll talk to you in a little while. Might be an hour or two, in the event Serenity and I end up talking a lot.”

“Sure,” she replied. “Take your time. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

After we hung up, I heard my new girlfriend – damn, it felt so ‘right’ to be able to call her that – flushing the toilet in the bathroom upstairs. She then calmly walked back into her room as I opened the front door.

Of course, I knew she wasn’t thinking about doing anything unusual, since everything about her scent was normal now.

And her natural aroma was really comforting too.

Locking the front door behind me and heading directly upstairs, I found her on her bed sitting cross-legged with the small black chest in front of her. She was holding it kind of delicately now, tilting it so she could look at the bottom and sides.

I climbed on the bed too and sat in front of her, prompting her to hold it up.

However, I didn't accept it. "Want to do the honors?" I wondered.

She looked at me in surprise. "Oh, umm, I guess I could. I can at least put the combination in, if you want. But you should open it."

"Sure," I agreed, watching her as she set it down and grabbed the tiny lock. It was currently set on four zeros, but she quickly shifted the numbers to my birthday. Obviously, being that it was April and I'd just turned eighteen a couple weeks ago, the first number was a four. She then gave it a small tug, and it unlocked without a problem.

Serenity then twisted it toward me.

Reaching down, I unhooked the lock and opened the little latch, surprised when the lid stuck for half a second as I tried to open it up.

I wasn't sure if it was sticking from disuse or what, but there was no evidence of glue or anything sealing it shut.

However, that brief thought disappeared when I laid eyes on what was inside. Honestly, I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but felt almost disappointed there wasn't anything overly interesting on first glance. The sides and top were black, while the bottom was a light tan, almost looking like it had a layer of old paper, a single object inside.

A solitary black stone that was shiny, flat, and oval, almost looking like a piece of onyx for the theoretical heirloom we'd considered earlier. But that was it. No actual heirloom – no necklace, hairclip, or anything else I might have imagined.

Just this stone.

Carefully reaching in, I grasped it in my fingers, and pulled it out, noticing that there was a sort of red wax underneath, that it had been resting in, likely holding it in place. Returning my focus to the shiny midnight stone, I held it in my open palm as I examined it. The whole thing was only about two inches long, and maybe an inch-and-a-half wide, as well as a quarter inch thick, making it fit nicely in my grasp if I turned it sideways.

But was this really it? And if so, what was the significance?

Serenity seemed confused too, twisting the chest back toward her. "That can't be the only thing," she commented, reaching her fingers in, picking at the red wax. "Oh!" she then said in surprise, pulling something else out.

I looked up, shocked to realize that she was holding a folded piece of old parchment the size of the bottom, the red wax actually a seal, making me feel kind of dumb for not realizing that the tan surface wasn't actually the bottom of the chest. But then again, the parchment kind of looked like it might have been added for decoration, sort of how velvet might be used nowadays to make the inside of a ring box look nicer.

My older *girlfriend* broke the seal without hesitation, only to pause, before handing it to me. "Sorry," she said sincerely. "I'll let you read it first."

I shook my head, focusing down at the stone in my palm again. "No, go ahead. Might be better if you see what it says, since it'll affect you less. At least that way you can warn me if there's something in it I might not want to hear." I sighed. "Like the reason why they didn't want me," I added quietly.

Serenity nodded with a sympathetic expression, before fully opening up the parchment and beginning to read it.

I tried to ignore her facial expression and scent as she started reading, but it was hard to not register her sincere shock. I finally glanced up at her when she abruptly covered

her mouth with her hand, tears suddenly filling her chocolate brown eyes.

"What's wrong?" I said in alarm, concerned that she was reacting so strongly to whatever the letter said.

She finally just set it down, her initial gaze appearing as if she was giving up reading before finishing it, staring at the bed now with a defeated posture, her shoulders slumped.

"Hey," I whispered, reaching out for the paper, feeling confused as hell by the dramatic shift in her demeanor. She looked like she was shell-shocked now, just stunned to the point of numbness.

She didn't offer the letter to me, but also didn't try to resist me taking it, almost looking like she just felt empty now.

Part of me wanted to comfort her, but I also wanted to know what had caused her to be so upset. I wasn't sure I'd ever seen her react like this to anything before.

Taking a deep breath, I focused on the surprisingly elegant script, shocked to immediately realize it was a message from my biological father.

-

'Greetings, my son.

I hope this message finds you well.

My servant and his consort should have already disclosed your origins, but in the event he has chosen continued reluctance toward his familial obligation, passed down from his ancestors, I shall bestow upon you the most fundamental attribute of your circumstance.

You are the rare child of an Incubus, and as such you may have noticed a certain persuasion over those of the feminine sex. It will likely be subtle for you, being that you only have traces of my abilities, but I am sure with time you can learn to control your gifts.

However, in the event you have found your innate aptitude lacking, I have already prepared for you a gift: the

young girl you will come to know as your close friend, whose family I have also influenced.

She is yours to have.

She will be your first concubine, and perhaps even your consort, if you are of preference.

However, at the adamant request of my servant, I agreed to only persuade the young girl to be reluctant to set her eyes on another man, leaving her free to cherish or loathe you. Perhaps you will accept the challenge to charm her yourself. Or perhaps you will fail and be required to seek your own path. The outcome will depend on you.

Originally, it was my wish that you be delivered to my servant's household the moment you were born, but unforeseen circumstances prevented that from occurring. You were raised by one of my many concubines for a time, a female I obtained in the prime of her lactation, before I finally persuaded my servant to accept his obligation, lest I take his consort for myself.

A simple look was all it took for him to finally agree, since a look was all it took for his female to submit at my feet, along with the girl, ready to accept any command I gave them. It is my preference to come to an agreement with males through mutual understanding, but his reluctance pushed me to an ultimatum.

Speaking of which, you may also feel free to take the woman raising you as a concubine as well, should you so desire. My servant is obligated to provide you anything that you wish to take, including his own consort. And if he spawns any additional females, you are welcome to have them too.

Beyond this, I will be of no further assistance.

Your life is your own, and you may live as you desire.

In the past, I was more involved in the lives of the rare children I fathered, following many of the traditions of my kind, but now I am content to allow my offspring the freedom to do as they please.

Consider this a gift as well, since all that is yours is traditionally considered to be mine, including your females. It is a tradition that is still practiced by many of my kind even in the present century, but I have lost interest in the custom. I have more than enough concubines to entertain me, and more than enough methods of exerting my power and authority over others to feel the need to do so in your life.

Many cambions in your position might consider that the greatest gift of all.

Finally, you should find alongside my epistle a catalyst imbued with a message from the woman who gave birth to you. She is a peculiar female, one who I am unable to charm with my innate influence, and she requested solely this single favor when I took you from her: that I deliver her message.

The catalyst is activated with your blood.

It is unlikely we shall meet, something you may consider a blessing, so I wish you well, and encourage you to live your life without regrets.

*Sincerely,
Absalom Melchizedek'*

-

Finished reading, I just stared at the page in disbelief.

Holy...

Holy fuck...

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(5) CHAPTER 20: CHARMED

After reading my biological father's message, I stared at the page for a long minute even after I was finished, just trying to comprehend everything, feeling completely stunned by everything this message said and *implied*.

For one, I wasn't a devil like I thought. Or at least, not the kind I originally imagined.

I was the son of an Incubus.

Which I felt like made everything suddenly make complete sense.

No wonder my gold eyes were hypnotic when I was transformed.

No wonder I seemed to have women drawn to me. Granted, I was objectively good-looking, just as much as Serenity was, but being attractive didn't necessarily mean a guy was going to have women deciding they *belonged to him*, 'just because.' Like what Avery said earlier at the hospital...

Fuck.

It also implied that their behavior might not be natural.

And it implied a certain level of mind-control, whether it was intentional or not.

Furthermore, it also indicated that my biological father lived in a world where women were objects to be possessed and played with, rather than people. After all, it almost sounded like the woman who breastfed me as an infant was actually taken from another family, *from another baby*, so

that I was provided for, while my real dad – the man who raised me – remained reluctant to accept me into his family.

And who could blame him?

It sounded like my dad was fully aware that I could take everything from him when I grew up, including his own wife, and that knowledge suddenly made me suspect that his awareness of the situation was the reason why he was distant when I was younger.

Because I had plenty of fond memories of my mom spending time with me, as well as Serenity, but it wasn't until I was about seven or eight that my dad started acting like he actually cared about me.

Until then, it was more like he was just the father-figure in the house, though he never had to punish me, since I always listened and obeyed. But it never felt like he was a real dad to me until I was a bit older. And in those handful of years before he and mom passed away in a car accident, we grew close enough that I sincerely missed him after he died.

It was like he was finally able to see me, for me, rather than seeing my biological father in me.

But fuck, this was messed up.

Part of me didn't want to believe that any of this was true, but it just made too much sense. It explained far too much.

It was also kind of scary to think about the fact that, if my biological father had been a different incubus, then he might be showing up one day to take all my women away from me. Or at least, to use them for his own pleasure before eventually returning them, whether they were willing or not.

After all, I had no doubt a full-blooded incubus would be stronger than me in every way.

Not to mention, it sounded like he'd been alive for a long time.

Or rather, it sounded almost as if my biological father was immortal, indicating he'd been around a while and was

very experienced in handling 'delinquent' children, who might not have been a fan of him stealing what he believed to be his.

After all, in this guy's mind, there were plenty of women in the world to be obtained. I could even imagine an incubus doing this to his kid just so the poor soul didn't grow too attached to individual females. Sort of like teaching them a lesson to view women as property.

And I had no doubt that I wouldn't be able to stop him from making Serenity or Gabriella do whatever he wanted.

Fuck.

Taking a deep breath, it wasn't until Serenity sniffled that I focused on her again, beginning to consider how this might be affecting her. Clearly, she was still stunned and upset, unable to look at me now as she stared down at the bed in front of her.

Focusing on the letter again, I reread the part that mentioned her, assuming it must be the rough spot where she just gave up and stopped reading.

'I have already prepared for you a gift: the young girl you will come to know as your close friend.

She is yours to have.'

I shook my head, unexpectedly irritated and frustrated by the implications. By the realization of how my biological father viewed her.

Serenity wasn't property .

She was a person.

And I sincerely loved her, as a person .

"No," I said firmly out loud, rejecting the idea as I dropped the black stone back in the chest, only to crumble up the letter and toss it across the room.

Serenity looked up at me in alarm, but I ignored her, climbing out of bed and heading for the door.

"K-Kai!" she said in shock. "Where are you going?"

"To my room," I snapped, sincerely pissed now, growing more angry the more I thought about it. "And forget about

the agreement we made earlier,” I continued, feeling almost irate at this point. “There’s nothing to talk about now. We’ll go back to how things were before.”

I was so angry, I almost just wanted to break up with Gabriella too, just because I felt livid at the idea that no one wanted to be with me out of a natural desire for it. They all wanted me because they were compelled to want me. Or charmed, or whatever.

“Kai, wait!” she pleaded when I opened the door. “Just stop for a second. Please, just talk to me.”

I froze with my hand still on the handle, the door opened up halfway. “What’s there to talk about?” I asked seriously.

“W-Why are you so upset?” she stammered. “I didn’t finish reading it. What else did it say?”

I shook my head, unable to look at her. “It’s not what it said, it’s what it implied.” I then sighed, staring down at the hallway floor, my expression pained. “Ren, I love you. And I don’t want you to feel like you are property. Because you’re *not*. And this is the only way I can prove that to you. We’ll just go back to how things were.” I grimaced, lowering my voice. “And you can be with whoever you want,” I added somberly.

“Kai,” she said, her tone pleading. “I don’t want to go back to how things were. Please, just wait. Let’s just talk about this for a minute, okay?”

“But is that really what you want?” I asked seriously, finally looking at her over my shoulder. “How do we know I haven’t just charmed you, or whatever? How do we know this is what you truly desire?”

Serenity grimaced and looked away, seeming to consider it. “Kai, I’ve always loved you,” she finally whispered. “And the letter said he didn’t make me love you.” She looked up at me again. “And I said I feel uneasy when I think about dating other guys, but I’ve never really considered dating anyone else.”

"Exactly," I nearly spat out. "Because he made you feel that way."

"No," she said seriously, sitting up straighter, only to reach up to wipe her eyes. "What I mean is, he didn't make me revolve my life around you. I chose that. And the only reason why I've ever thought about dating someone else is because I've had friends in high school, and in the academy, bring the subject up. And when they did, I was against it, but not because this man made me against it. The uneasy feeling only came when I thought about a guy being potential marriage material, but I wasn't actually considering a relationship."

I sighed heavily. "I'm not sure I see the difference," I said seriously.

"That's fine. But the point is, I know the difference. I chose to stay focused on you. No one made me. And the uneasy feeling I've experienced before felt unique. It felt different to me."

I took a deep breath, deciding to turn back around and cross my arms, my expression somber. "And how do we know I wasn't the one making you do those things?" I asked seriously.

Her brow furrowed as she glanced away again, only to give me a serious look. "Kai, you made me kiss you earlier this morning."

I grimaced and looked away.

"But the thing is," she continued gently. "I *wanted* to kiss you before it happened. If anything, your gaze only lowered my resistance to it." She sighed. "And that experience was unique. It's the first time I've ever felt compelled to do something for you."

"But what about Avery being obsessed with me?" I retorted. "How do we know I don't have a passive influence?"

She shook her head. "Kai, of course she's obsessed. What's *not* to like about you? You're handsome, kind,

respect others, value women, and fundamentally have all the qualities most girls desire. You don't need some supernatural influence to make women fall for you."

I shook my head at that, but didn't respond, unable to argue with her.

After all, I'd grown up eager to please all the women in my life, especially my mom and Serenity, and likewise enthusiastic to be who they wanted me to be. I wanted to be a good boy for them, partly because I wanted their approval and love. And just like with Gabriella in the beginning, I couldn't deny that Avery's obsession might also be grounded in facts, since she didn't grow attached until we'd spent some time together on that group project. Like, it wasn't as if her obsession was completely random.

Or at least, I *assumed* that's when she became obsessed...

Plus, people became infatuated with attractive people all the time, without the assistance of any kind of supernatural influence. It might be different if I was ugly or something, but I knew I wasn't.

When I didn't respond, my new girlfriend continued.

"Here, why don't we practice a little," she offered. "Why don't you try to make me do something? That way we can see the difference between me choosing to do something, versus being forced to."

I gawked at her. "Ren, you can't be serious? Do you really want me to experiment with that kind of power? I mean, doesn't that scare you? That I might be capable of that kind of thing?"

She sighed with a grimace. "Honestly? Yeah, it does scare me. Because I don't remember meeting your biological father at all, yet I must have if he did something to me. But I trust you, Kai."

I grimaced as well, realizing what her words implied. "How far exactly did you read?" I asked seriously, knowing there was no question about her meeting him.

She looked at me in surprise. "Umm, well just to the part about me. Maybe a little after. Why?"

I sighed, and then walked over to where I'd tossed the crumbled parchment, retrieving it and then handing it to her.

She gave me a confused look as she tried to smooth it out, before focusing down on the elegant script. I watched her read it this time, seeing her chocolate brown eyes widen as she read the part about how my biological father made my dad accept me into his household – about the part where both my young mom, as well as Serenity, were forced at his feet, ready to please him in any way he demanded.

About the threat of him taking them away entirely, if my adoptive dad didn't agree.

I then watched as she read the part about my mom being a potential 'gift' as well, along with the fact that others of his kind practiced the custom of claiming the women belonging to their adult children. By the time she got to the significance of the black stone, her face was nearly as pale as a ghost.

Serenity cleared her throat as she folded the wrinkled parchment up, placing it next to the chest. She then glanced up at me and patted the bed gently, only to look away again.

I hesitated, before sitting down on the edge, uncertain of what to say.

After a minute, I cleared my throat. "Just kind of gets worse and worse, huh?" I finally commented, hoping to lighten the mood a little.

She nodded, taking a deep breath. "I'm really sorry, Kai," she whispered.

My eyes widened in surprise. "What? Why are you sorry?"

She met my gaze. "I'm sorry your father is like this. Sorry that this is who you come from."

"He's not my dad," I retorted, looking away.

Serenity gave me a sympathetic look, scooting closer until she was sitting right next to me, still cross-legged but facing me, her ankles crossed against my hip.

“Hey,” she said softly, reaching out to rub my upper back. “I know he’s not your real dad. Not in the way it counts.” She then pulled on me gently, prompting me to lean toward her as she wrapped her arms around my shoulders.

I didn’t want to fall on her, so I wrapped an arm around her waist, tugging her more against me instead, hugging her to my side. In response, she rested her head against my shoulder as we embraced, taking a few slow breaths, seeming to collect herself.

We were both quiet for a few minutes, simply enjoying our sideways embrace – well, sideways for me.

Finally, Serenity took a deep breath. “At least we don’t have to worry about him coming around ever. And it’s good we now have an idea of what you are.” She pulled away then. “Besides, when you inject me with your blood, for all we know that might eliminate any influence you have over me.”

My eyes widened in shock, prompting me to glance at her from the corner of my eye. “Oh,” I said simply, looking away. “Wow, actually you might be right,” I realized, recalling how I felt the last time Gabriella and I almost did stuff together in the woods. It had almost felt as if she was messing with my head, though I kind of wondered if I was messing with her head too, since I felt like I was still having an influence on her whenever we made eye contact.

Actually, now that I thought about it, I realized my newly official girlfriend was probably wrong about that.

Serenity then shrugged, seeming to have a similar train of thought. “Or maybe it’ll make your influence stronger on me,” she commented. “Who knows? Either way, I still want to be like you.”

I frowned at that.

She continued. "But I really do think we should experiment a little with this influence thing first. I think it's important to know what you're capable of doing, and I'd also like to know how it feels when I'm being influenced. Or compelled, or whatever you want to call it."

I sighed, giving her a gentle squeeze, pulling her body more into my side. "Are you sure?" I whispered.

She nodded against my shoulder, before pulling away again to look at me.

I turned my head, finding our lips only a couple inches apart.

"Yes," she said softly, her warm breath caressing my face. "And I'll try to resist whatever you make me do, but know that I'm not truly unwilling, so don't feel bad if it works."

Fuck, what was she thinking I was going to make her do?

Because she was talking like she expected me to compel her to have sex with me!

Did she want that? For me to compel her into fucking?

Was that truly what she had on her mind? Or was she saying all that, just in case?

After a second, I cleared my throat. "Umm, maybe I'll have you do pushups or something," I said in an uneven voice, trying to lighten the mood caused by her intensity.

"Or *something*," she agreed quietly, her cheeks flushing a little.

"Serenity," I said seriously, pulling away a little. "You're not really encouraging me here. I feel like I'm affecting you right now."

She looked at me in surprise. "Oh, I'm sorry." She then grimaced. "Kai, how are we supposed to make this work, if every time I'm being romantic with you, it only makes you assume I'm being compelled or charmed, or whatever?"

I scoffed. "I mean, what did you expect me to think, when that's exactly what we were talking about?"

She frowned, only to sigh. "I guess I just felt like it would be more fun to try to resist you *making me* kiss you, as opposed to doing something silly like pushups," she admitted quietly, only for her expression to grow more somber. "And also, an excuse to do it again," she added just as softly, her cheeks flushing, this time in embarrassment.

I took a deep breath, realizing that was sincerely her priority right now, but not necessarily because I was influencing her. On the contrary, it sounded like she didn't care too much if she was being compelled or not, largely because she trusted me.

Instead, while I was confident that she sincerely wanted to experiment with my charming ability, she also fundamentally wanted an excuse to cross the line again without being blunt about it.

Specifically, she felt embarrassed to ask me to kiss her, but 'experimenting' was the perfect excuse.

I sighed as I rewrapped my arm around her waist, turning my face back toward her, our lips again suddenly inches apart. Surprisingly, my body was still mostly untransformed right now, most likely because I'd spent so much time being physically close to her, having to keep my hormones at bay while I was around her.

But now, as I focused on her lips, so close to mine, my cock began to stiffen again. I decided not to meet her gaze as I watched her cheeks begin to turn rosy, her breathing picking up a little. Slowly reaching down, I rested my hand on her knee, her legs still crossed on the bed, feeling the soft material of her fitted jeans, only to trace my fingers down her warm calf, gently grasping around her ankle and giving a little tug.

Realizing what I was silently requesting, she remained in my one-arm embrace as she scooted her butt back a little on the bed, her motion slow and sensual, carefully uncrossing her legs and slipping them on either side of where I sat. Then, she slowly scooted her butt closer again,

inching little-by-little until her warm crotch came into contact with my hip.

Resting my hand on her thigh, surprised by the heat I could feel seeping through her jeans, I continued to stare at her full lips while shifting my hips a little more into her, pressing firmly into her hidden snatch.

She bit her bottom lip then, almost like an invitation as she moved her face slightly closer.

Slipping my hand from her thigh to the bottom of her shirt, I eased my fingers underneath to feel her toned stomach, her silky smooth skin against my touch seeming to encourage my whole body to finish eliminating the gap between us.

I leaned the rest of the way and closed my eyes just before our lips met.

I almost half expected her to pull away to tease me, but she didn't, instead leaning more heavily into me as our mouths connected, her tongue instantly slipping out just enough to part my lips. Without thinking, I gently sucked on it, pulling her tongue further into my mouth as I moved in for a more passionate kiss.

Rocking her head slowly with mine, one of her hands moved to my toned chest to rub across my muscles, while the fingers of her other hand began running through my hair.

I was definitely transformed all the way now, my cock beginning to hurt as it strained against my own jeans, silently begging me to free it and bury it in my new girlfriend's pussy. However, I wasn't sure if she was ready for that step yet, and didn't want to push it.

Thus, I was pleasantly surprised when her hand began moving lower, until she was gently moving her fingers to my thigh, and then feeling around for my cock. She gasped when she felt me, breaking away from our kiss to look down.

She bit her bottom lip again as she stared for a few seconds. "C-Can I see it?" she finally asked hesitantly,

glancing up at me. "I've actually never seen one hard before," she added, sounding embarrassed now.

To be honest, I wasn't too surprised by that confession, since I would obviously know if Serenity watched porn – she didn't, at least not at home where I'd hear it – and she'd already pretty much disclosed she was a virgin still, even if she was twenty-three.

Certainly, I had no doubt she had ended up seeing a penis here and there, whether it be from health class back in school, or even possibly from pictures related to a case at work, but seeing a hard cock wasn't something most would experience if they avoided the right situations.

Kissing her affectionately on the temple, I gave her a small smile. "Sure," I whispered, reaching down to unbutton my jeans and undo my zipper with one hand. "Want to help pull it out?" I then wondered, since I still had my other arm wrapped around her.

She nodded, focused intently on my lap now as she reached in through the opening in my boxers, with me tugging on my jeans more, allowing her to wrap her fingers around me and carefully begin pulling me out.

Initially, she gasped when she felt me, her face flushing all over again as she experienced my warmth.

Then, once I was out, she began tenderly caressing up and down, her expression growing even more passionate.

"Oh," she said in surprise after a second, stopping her movement briefly. "You're leaking already," she commented, focusing on my gaze. "Is it precum?" she wondered seriously.

I nodded, not needing to look to know, leaning forward to meet her lips again.

She moaned as she wrapped her fingers around my shaft more tightly, almost as if she was using my cock to keep from falling backwards, even though I still had my arm wrapped firmly around her. When I broke the kiss a moment later, she focused back down on my member in her grasp.

“Do you like it?” I wondered softly.

She nodded, taking a shallow breath. “Very much,” she agreed quietly, only to grow more serious. “Although, I’m a little nervous about putting something this big in me,” she added, looking embarrassed again as she met my gaze. “Largest thing I’ve had up there is a tampon. And even those can be uncomfortable.”

I leaned forward to kiss her on the lips again, still feeling like it was surreal that we were even having this conversation, before responding. “Well, there’s no rush,” I whispered. “We can wait to go that far.”

She frowned at that, pouting slightly. “Yeah, but you and Gabriella have already...” Her voice trailed off.

“It’s not a competition,” I replied gently. “And in a year or two, it won’t matter if we waited a few days, or even a few weeks. Plus, I still need to get you a ring, which might help this change in our lives feel more official.”

She sighed heavily then, pulling away a little, even as she kept my cock in her grasp. The tip had leaked enough that I was sure some of my clear precum had gotten her hand a little wet, but she didn’t seem to mind at all.

“Speaking of that,” she said quietly, focusing on my chin. “How are we going to do this with Gabriella involved? And Avery for that matter? I’m not sure how sharing is going to work.”

I sighed. “Well, it’s sort of a four-person relationship at this point, so it can kind of go any way we want. Like, to be completely honest, I won’t be surprised if Gabriella tries to seduce Avery.”

Instantly, Serenity looked up at me in shock. “Wait, *what*?” she said in disbelief. “You aren’t serious, are you?”

I grimaced, wondering if it was too soon to tell her that. “Umm, yeah kind of,” I admitted, uncertain about her reaction. “D-Does that bother you?” I asked, suddenly wondering if I really shouldn’t have mentioned it.

She frowned at that, glancing away. "Well, I guess not. I'm just surprised is all, since she never even hinted at swinging that way." Her frown deepened. "I'm also not sure how I feel about her liking your classmate so much. Kind of feels like she's cheating on both of us."

I looked at her in surprise. "Ren, you don't like her, do you?" I said in disbelief. "Because she totally is interested in you," I stated bluntly, causing another shocked expression from her. "In fact, when I asked her about it, she said you were the reason why she started wondering if she might be interested in women too."

Serenity just stared at me for a few seconds. "O-Oh," she finally managed. "Umm, that w-wasn't exactly what I meant. I was sort of talking about 'cheating on her best friend' by suddenly being into another chick, but umm..." Her voice trailed off as she glanced away again. "Kai, I'm not sure what I think of all this. I do sort of find her attractive, which might actually be because she's part-succubus, now that I think about it, but I've never seriously considered..." Her voice trailed off a second time.

Part of me was surprised Serenity seemed to be accepting all this so easily, including Gabriella's possible supernatural lineage, but at the same time I supposed she'd seen enough to realize there was more to the world than she originally assumed.

But honestly, I felt like all of us were coping really well, considering everything that had happened in the last couple of days. It made me wonder if I had some kind of psychological buffer to such dramatic stress, due to my supernatural heritage. Also made me wonder if I could passively make others more accepting of things too.

Granted, if my incubus father could steal a nursing woman from her baby and husband, and make her willing to take care of me instead, then he at least must have some kind of ability to make women accept their new life as one of his concubines.

Or rather, as one of his sex slaves.

So then, maybe everyone was adapting so easily because of me. Because I was influencing them without realizing it.

And for some reason, that particular idea was starting to bother me less. Not only that, but I was also beginning to feel a little more comfortable voicing what I wanted.

"Well, just being completely honest," I replied. "The idea of you two together is really hot." I then sighed. "But don't feel like you have to force yourself to do something you don't want to do."

She frowned. "Well, it would make sleeping arrangements easier," she admitted.

"It would," I agreed simply, knowing we could all fit comfortably in Serenity's bed. Although, if Avery somehow started living with us, maybe after graduation or something, then I wasn't sure we could manage to all pile into the same one.

Although, the possibility of potentially getting a bigger bed for Serenity's room sincerely excited me. That, and the idea of this now being *our* room.

"What?" Serenity said after a second, her tone a little playful as she focused on my grin.

I shook my head. "Just thinking about it," I admitted.

She rolled her eyes. "Well, don't get too excited, young man. I haven't even tried being physical with *you* yet, and the idea of doing something with Gabriella feels surreal and kind of weird."

"Can I at least tell her you're open to letting her seduce you?" I wondered seriously.

Serenity's face immediately turned beet red. "Kai!" she exclaimed in shock.

"Just wondering," I replied, averting my gaze.

She took a deep breath, shaking her head in disbelief, before focusing down on my cock in her hand again. "Umm, well I guess it might at least be easier if you let her know

I'm okay with talking about it. Otherwise, I'm not sure if I'd ever be able to muster the courage to bring the subject up myself."

"Sure," I replied, kissing her gently on the temple again, even as she slowly stroked me.

Honestly, I had no idea if her acceptance of all this was completely independent, or if I was truly having an influence on her, but in this moment I didn't care too much. Because I didn't feel like I was manipulating her. If anything, from the sound of it, Gabriella might be the one who was unintentionally manipulating her.

Or maybe not.

After all, they were both fucking hot as hell, so maybe they just naturally found each other attractive. I mean, that kind of thing *did* happen without any supernatural influence, so maybe I was just worrying too much about it.

At the very least, I definitely wasn't compelling her like I'd accidentally done earlier that morning. On the contrary, I had been careful about looking her directly in the eyes while they were black and gold.

"So now what?" I finally wondered when she didn't say anything else.

She sighed. "I guess I'll have to talk to Gabriella about how we make this work. And also talk to her about how our friendship is going to be from now on, if I can get over my embarrassment. It's just..." She took a deep breath. "So much is changing so fast. It's a lot to take in."

"Well, Gabriella didn't seem like she was in any rush either," I replied. "Honestly, she might not have even told you how she felt, afraid it might ruin your friendship. She sincerely cares about you, so don't feel pressured to move too quickly. Just talk to her about it, and go from there."

She nodded, continuing to slowly stroke me absentmindedly.

I was about to ask if she wanted to kiss more, but unexpectedly my phone rang.

Pulling it out of my jean's pocket, I saw it was Gabriella, automatically concerned that something was up. And then even more concerned, when I answered it and heard all the little signs that she was crying – noises most wouldn't notice.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I asked seriously.

"Kai," she sobbed, trying to speak evenly. "Avery's mom is worse than they thought."

"She is?" I said in surprise. "How bad?"

My fiancé made an effort to try to steady her breathing.

"Umm, well, I guess they've been giving her medicine to keep the swelling on her brain down, but the doctor said she started having a seizure from the inflammation, and they had to put her in a medically induced coma."

She tried to stifle a sob again, taking another shaky breath.

After a second, she continued. "The doctor seemed really somber about the situation when he came to tell Avery. And when he saw she was sleeping, he asked me if I was going to be staying for a while. Of course, I told him I was, but then he said Avery will need someone here if her mom doesn't make it." She sniffled, her voice strained. "Kai, I'll accept whatever you want to do, but I think Avery is about to lose her mom. The doctor didn't seem hopeful at all."

Fuck. Was she serious?

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

What was I supposed to do?

I mean, it wasn't like I could make the same offer to this woman that I made to Avery! Because not only was she unconscious right now, but she was also Avery's mom!

Fuck!

And even if she *wasn't* Avery's mom, she was still a married woman! A married woman who would *end up transforming* every time she tried to have sex with her husband!

Which meant, even if I got Michelle to keep quiet, it would mean Avery's dad would find out too, assuming I didn't try to demand she not have sex anymore. Not to mention, what if all of the women I was changing were capable of using their blood to transform a regular human? No doubt Avery's mom might change her husband, and I could see the situation very quickly getting out of control from that point.

Fuck!

But at the same time, I knew the hell that awaited Avery if her mom died, including possible survivor's guilt since she was in the same accident. Without a doubt, I knew for a fact what my classmate was going to end up going through if I didn't fix her mom...

Because I'd already gone through it once myself.

And it was hell.

A devastating, unending hell.

Would Avery hate me if I let her mom die?

Fuck.

Fuck!

"Kai," Serenity whispered when I didn't say anything, having let go of my cock, seeming to have heard what Gabriella said.

I took a deep breath, glancing at her as I finally responded. "Gabriella, my secret has to *remain* a secret, no matter what. I can't keep fixing everyone."

My fiancé sobbed. "I know," she whined, taking a shaky breath.

I sucked in another deep breath, unable to believe I was really considering this. "But what that means is, if I do fix her, then it's got to be the last time. I can't be fixing either of your parents if they get hurt, and I might have to be a jackass toward Avery's mom, to make sure she keeps my secret. To make sure she doesn't do anything that would expose us."

Serenity's brown eyes widened in shock, and Gabriella was silent for a few seconds, equally as stunned.

Finally, my fiancé responded. "You mean, you'll do it?"

I sighed. "I guess, maybe? I don't know. But Gabriella I have to draw the line here. Like, if your mom or dad ends up in the hospital and they look like they are going to die, I can't keep doing this. I'm sorry, but *we* can't keep doing this. Every person who becomes like me ends up being a new risk. And as you once said, we aren't gods. We can all still die. Which means, we can't let normal people find out about us."

She sniffled. "I know, and I understand."

I sighed again, still unable to believe I was really considering this. But I felt like letting Avery's mom die just wasn't an option. Would I have to threaten her life to ensure she didn't try to change her husband or anyone else? I mean, if I was saving her life, then in a twisted cruel way, I could threaten to take it back, even if it was an empty threat...

Shit.

I supposed I'd just have to figure it out, since I doubted we had time to waste. "Okay, well, I guess we'll head over there soon. Can you try to find out her floor and room number? If we can head straight there, that would be best."

"Kai," Serenity whispered. "If you do this, she might not be able to live a normal life with Avery's dad anymore. Not without him finding out, at least." She paused, looking me over for a second. "Assuming you can't help but transform when you have sex."

I grimaced at that, obviously having already thought of it. And being reminded didn't help anything.

Shit! Why did this have to be so complicated?!

I sighed. "Well, both his wife and daughter are about to be given a new life because of me. And I really hate to be an asshole, but I might have to threaten *him* to make sure he keeps it to himself." I sighed again. "But I can't let her mom

die, Ren. I can't let her go through that. Not when I can prevent it from happening."

Serenity nodded in understanding, her expression sympathetic. Out of everyone in the world, she of all people knew how difficult of a decision this was. Because we really couldn't take this risk, and yet she knew full well that no one truly got over losing those they loved. They only slowly relearned how to cope with life again, but the pain never fully went away.

I took a final deep breath, making up my mind. "Okay, Gabriella. Try to find out Michelle's room number, and let us know. We'll head over there and get it done."

Gabriella took a shaky breath, sounding guilty now. "Okay, Kai. Just, please don't do this for me. Please do it because you really want to." She paused. "Obviously, I feel horrible about letting her die, but I don't want you to blame me if this goes wrong."

"I won't blame you," I promised. "I've made up my mind. Besides, Nick knows and is keeping it a secret out of appreciation for the fact that I saved his little sister. Maybe I can use that against Avery's dad too, since it sounds like his daughter would be paralyzed and his wife dead if I didn't do something."

"Okay," she replied quietly. "And I love you. I'll find out the room number for you."

"Thank you, Gabriella," I said sincerely. "Talk to you soon. Maybe call Serenity's phone, since I'll probably be on the road by then."

"Sure," she agreed. "Love you. Bye."

After hanging up, I tugged on my boxers a little to let my now soft cock slip back inside, taking a deep breath as I just tried to collect my thoughts. Shit, was I really going to do this? And how much of a hardass would I have to be to get them to listen?

Unexpectedly, it was like Serenity read my mind, speaking out loud. "Maybe you can compel her to make sure

she doesn't expose us," she randomly commented.

I looked at her in surprise. "Maybe," I agreed hesitantly. "But I can't exactly ask her to not have sex with her husband anymore."

Serenity shrugged. "Maybe you can compel him too? I mean, we really don't know if it's limited to only women. And, at the very least, if it turns out that Michelle and Avery can use their blood to transform others, you can compel them to not do that. You can stop the spread with *them*."

I nodded with a sigh, having considered that angle. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Assuming I can really have that level of control over a person. The letter made it seem like my biological father expected me to only have traces of his abilities."

Serenity frowned. "Well, let's try now, then. Ask me to do pushups. No, *tell me* to do pushups. A hundred." She paused. "I can't do that many, and don't really want to, so let's see what happens."

"Are you sure?" I asked hesitantly.

She nodded, seeming completely confident. "Yes, we need to know if compelling Avery's mom is even an option right now. And the letter made it sound like you could learn to develop the ability, so even if it doesn't work, the two of us can keep practicing after you inject her with your blood. It might not seem like a lot of time, but you might actually get good at it after a few hours of practicing."

I glanced away, thinking it over.

"Come on, Kai. We don't have a lot of time. Let's give it a try, at least once, and then we'll head to the hospital."

I nodded, focusing on her. I was still transformed, so I simply met her gaze, intending on telling her to do a hundred pushups. What I didn't expect was for her eyes to abruptly widen, her pupils visibly dilating, as she stared at me almost in awe.

"Umm, Serenity?" I said hesitantly.

"Yes," she whispered, looking mesmerized.

Fuck, was this really working that easily?

I cleared my throat. "Umm, I want you to do some pushups."

She nodded without hesitation, still staring intently at me, like she couldn't look away even if she wanted to. "How many would you like me to do?" she whispered. "Or how long?" she added. "A hundred, like we were talking about? Or do you want me to just do them until I can't anymore?"

"A hundred," I confirmed simply.

"Anything else?" she wondered.

I frowned. "Call me master, and then do them."

"Yes, master," she whispered, only to slip out of bed straight to the floor and position herself sideways at my feet, beginning to get her hands in the right spots for her first pushup.

Fuck! Was she for real right now? Holy fuck!

Holy fuck, fuck, *fuck* !

"Serenity, stop," I said in disbelief as she did her first one.

She immediately did, only to sink fully onto her stomach, her entire body beginning to tremble.

"Are you okay?" I whispered seriously.

She didn't respond right away, instead turning her head to the side, away from me, taking a few shaky breaths. "K-Kai," she finally managed. "T-That was really terrifying."

"I'm really sorry," I said sincerely. "I won't ever do it again. Certainly not on purpose, and if I do it accidentally, I promise I'll end it."

She nodded just slightly, before taking another shaky breath and slowly pushing herself up onto her knees, sitting on her heels. She then gently rested her hand on her forearm over the bandage covering the bite, but she didn't look like she was in pain.

Shit, I hadn't even considered that she might rip her stitches out.

“Thank you,” she replied, only to carefully glance up at me. “But I think I need to elaborate. What was so scary was when you told me to stop. I felt like I’d disappointed you, and it literally made me afraid for a few seconds before it wore off. But before that, I didn’t feel afraid at all. Suddenly, all I wanted to do was please you, and any plan I had to resist whatever you wanted me to do just went completely out the window. Like, I didn’t care about what I wanted to do before. All I cared about was doing as you asked.” She focused back down on the floor. “And that alone wasn’t a bad feeling. I didn’t mind at all, in fact, and know I would have done anything you asked. But the way you told me to stop was sincerely horrifying. That was the scary part.”

Fuck, I didn’t know what to say to that. “Umm, so I guess if we try again, I’ll be more careful when I ask you to stop?” I said hesitantly, uncertain of what she was trying to tell me. “But then, did you notice a difference between what happened, and how you normally feel?”

She nodded, looking up at me again, not seeming at all afraid of my gold eyes. “Umm, yeah, sort of. Like, it felt different. Even though I wasn’t unwilling to do anything you asked, I could tell I was being influenced. And I can honestly say that this morning was the only other time I felt like that. Except, you didn’t ask me to do anything this morning. Instead, it was like your eyes just lowered my inhibitions, prompting me to do what I wanted to do in the first place, which was kiss you.”

I nodded in acknowledgment. “Okay, so then maybe it’s because you’ve never seen me transformed before. Maybe I can’t have that same influence when I look normal.”

She abruptly looked at me fully, turning her torso to me. “Let’s try,” she said firmly. “Go back to looking normal and then ask me again. I’ll try not to do it.”

I frowned, but complied, allowing my body to shift back. I then focused on her, having the same intention as before, planning on asking her to do something for me. However,

much to my surprise, she got that look in her chocolate brown eyes again, her pupils visibly dilating a little.

"Ren, I want you to stand up."

Without hesitation, she nodded and began shifting her weight, only to stop herself, her butt settling back down firmly on her heels. Except, that her expression changed too, looking almost pained as she continued to hold my gaze.

"You're not standing up," I commented.

She grimaced. "I'm really sorry," she said sincerely. "I want to do as you ask, and I feel horrible for staying put." She sighed. "But I'm trying to stay put, since I know that's what we're trying to prove – that I can."

"Stand up," I said more firmly.

She grimaced, her expression becoming even more apologetic.

"Okay, you can remain sitting," I finally said, trying to be intentional about keeping my tone gentle this time.

She visibly relaxed. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

I sighed, more focused on the implications now. "So it seems like you want to do as I ask even when I look normal, but can resist if you set your mind to it."

"Yes," she agreed simply, looking away now, almost seeming ashamed of herself.

"Hey," I said softly. "You did a good job. I'm glad you were able to resist."

"I know," she agreed, meeting my gaze. "But it's like the fear I felt before. I just can't shake the feeling of having disappointed you."

"So, it really is a powerful influence then," I realized. "Maybe not mind-control exactly, at least when I look normal, but it still messes with your emotions."

"Yeah, seems that way," she replied. "Although, I'm not sure if we'll ever know the full capabilities of this ability unless you have to use it on someone who doesn't want to listen to you."

I sighed, glancing away. "Hopefully, it doesn't come to that. But I'm not going to take any chances with Avery's mom. Michelle is *going* to see me in my devilish form, and I'm *going* to make sure she keeps her mouth shut about our secret. And I also want to make sure she doesn't ever try changing her husband." I focused on her. "Because I at least feel confident that I can make Michelle listen, but I have no idea if I can make Avery's dad comply. Even with blackmail."

Serenity nodded. "Yeah, that makes sense. Although, we might also consider what it means if Gabriella is truly part-succubus. She might be able to do something similar, to make sure Avery's dad is compliant."

I frowned at that. "I'm not sure if that's the case," I disagreed. "Because from what she's told me, she's like a magnet for men and has trouble getting them to leave her alone. Then again, I'm half-incubus, whereas she's supposedly only like a sixteenth succubus, or something."

Serenity shrugged, finally standing up to her feet. "Well, maybe her becoming like you has changed that. Obviously, we won't know unless we try and see, but I think it's something worth considering." She then sighed. "In the meantime, I guess let's get going. We at least know you should be able to exert some control over Michelle if you need to, and at the end of the day all we need is for her to keep our secret. Since obviously you're saving her life for Avery's sake."

I gave her a warm smile. "I like how you said that," I admitted, only to continue when she looked confused. "*Our* secret," I clarified.

She returned the smile. "Well, hopefully it won't be long before it truly is our secret." She then frowned, seeming pensive.

My thoughts had gone elsewhere too. "Think maybe I should just inject you now and hide you in the closet?" I wondered hesitantly, kind of afraid of getting in a car

accident now, even though we'd driven around places all my life.

She sighed. "Nah, we can do it later. While I can't be sure, it's possible they'll have an issue with a random guy going into Michelle's room while she's unconscious, especially since you aren't family. If we want to be able to ensure we can get some time alone with her, then I should be there too."

I nodded, glancing back at the black wooden chest, along with the paper and midnight stone. Given that it seemed as if we were on a bit of a timer with Avery's mom – since we really didn't know how bad it was, only that the doctor didn't seem hopeful – I decided everything else could wait until later.

After all, I'd hate to check out the mysterious black stone, only to show up at the hospital too late...

"Okay," I finally said after a few seconds, standing up and buttoning my jeans. "Let's get going. And maybe if I give her a bigger dose of my blood, she'll transform faster."

"Worth a try," Serenity agreed, only to glance at the wooden chest too. "Let me hide this stuff really fast in my closet, and then we'll go."

"Sounds good," I replied warmly. "And Ren, I really love you."

She paused to focus on me, her own expression affectionate. "I love you too. More than anything."

(6) CHAPTER 21: FANTASY

The trip to the hospital was really quiet, and not because I didn't have much to say to Serenity. No, it was quiet because I was alone in the car.

Just as we were getting ready to leave, the sun bright in the sky since it was only about 3:40 PM, we considered driving separate vehicles so that Gabriella would have access to some transportation. Objectively, it was a smart idea in my opinion, just to make sure my fiancé could leave if she needed to get Avery out of the hospital in a rush, so my newly official girlfriend was currently in her own blue car, not far behind me.

Of course, that just meant I was left to my own thoughts, now having time alone to process everything.

And it was definitely a lot to process.

My biological father was an incubus, and my mother was an unknown.

At first, I hadn't put too much thought into that latter aspect, but now that I really had time to think about it, I realized just how irregular she must be. After all, my biological father couldn't compel her, which was a big red flag right there, in the sense that she wasn't normal. Not to mention, she left me some kind of magical stone that would allow me to experience a message of some kind when it came into contact with my blood.

Like, what the actual fuck?

A magical catalyst that activated with my blood?

Shit, exactly just how much was there to the world that I was oblivious to? Because apparently magic was a thing.

And was it because my blood was special compared to a human's blood? Or was it somehow tailored to my blood specifically, like a unique key?

I mean, I assumed my father wouldn't be able to view the message, but I might be wrong about that. Maybe anyone with incubi blood could view it, and my father was just respecting her wish to leave it for me. Granted, that was assuming that the message could only be seen or heard once, which could be completely incorrect.

For all I knew, my biological father already knew what the message contained.

Still, no matter how I looked at it, the whole situation just seemed bizarre.

Like, my father's words seemed to indicate he found it peculiar that his influence didn't work on her, and yet he didn't seem overly concerned by that. So then, maybe she was human, but also a witch or something? Was it possible he had come across other women who couldn't be compelled?

So many questions, and basically no answers.

All I could do was speculate and wonder.

I just hoped that the message didn't leave me with more questions. Honestly, I kind of wondered if she wanted to meet me, and that was the reason for the black stone – to explain how I could find her. After all, the original letter seemed to indicate that my incubus father didn't give her the choice of raising me. Instead, he came to take me as soon as I was born and had a different concubine provide for me until he could place me with a family who owed him eternal servitude, or something crazy like that.

I mean, no other woman was ever going to replace the one who actually raised me, but at the same time, if my biological mom didn't have a choice in giving me up...

I sighed heavily, uncertain of what to really think.

Like, did I want this person in my life? Did she even *want to be* in my life?

And would bringing her into my life also result in my father ending up paying me a visit too?

Because while my biological dad seemed like an alright guy, it was still kind of scary knowing what he was capable of. I mean, all it would take was for me to get on his bad side, to offend him somehow, and he could literally destroy my entire life.

Fuck, just thinking about making Serenity do pushups back in her room, I realized I kind of liked the sensation of absolute power, which meant my father probably liked the sensation too. Watching my older girlfriend just obediently do whatever I wanted was almost intoxicating, and there was no guilt associated with it, since she claimed that it wasn't a bad feeling for her.

The only reason she felt afraid was because of how I told her to stop, which resulted in her feeling like she disappointed me. However, as far as wanting to obey me, she had no problem with my compulsion...which I knew was probably a result of the compulsion itself.

She was charmed, and okay with being charmed.

But I also knew I had to be careful with that feeling, because I felt like it was really dangerous.

I didn't want to become someone I didn't recognize – someone who had zero problems with making women do whatever he wanted, without concern for their own wellbeing. Someone who might steal women from other men, just because he could, or who might make a straight woman fuck another woman, just because he wanted to see it happen.

Meaning, I didn't want to abuse this power, because I knew that one day it might get used *against me* if I wasn't careful. Like, I didn't exactly believe karma was a real thing, but I didn't want to take that chance either.

So yeah, I really didn't want my biological father to ever come around. Which meant, by extension, I would probably be hesitant to meet the woman who gave birth to me, even if it turned out she was trustworthy.

Unfortunately, I also knew that she might be the best person to talk to, aside from my bio-father, in order to discover the whole story about everything that went on, leading up to my birth. However, that was mostly a 'curiosity' thing at this point, and I didn't want to be the 'cat' in this situation, even if I did kind of want to know more about who I really was.

It was definitely going to be a tough decision, but one for another time, since I needed to focus on the present moment for now, and then worry about the rest after I saw or heard, *or whatever*, my biological mother's message.

And right now, the task at hand was saving Michelle's life, so that Avery didn't lose her mom and end up hating me due to my refusal to help her when I could. Granted, I was aware that my busty blonde classmate might not be capable of hating me due to my charming influence, but I didn't want her to be depressed either.

I didn't want her to go through what I went through when I lost my adoptive parents.

I also realized there was a small part of me that kind of liked the idea of having Michelle indebted to me. Normally, I wouldn't have such thoughts about someone like her for a variety of reasons, including the fact that she was married and the mother of a girl who had a crush on me.

But just thinking about how my biological father viewed the world seemed to open up the possibilities that I previously wouldn't have dared consider. Like, fuck, the idea that my own adoptive mother was a potential 'gift,' just as much as Serenity was, went a long way to making my head spin with possibilities.

One of which included a reality where Michelle was more than just Avery's mom to me.

Because, objectively, Michelle was hot as hell, looking like a slightly more mature version of Avery, being a little bustier, having slightly wider hips, and overall being just a tad bit thicker in all the right places while still being very skinny.

She also had that motherly look to her, even though most people assumed she was in her mid-thirties, instead of her mid-forties. At the very least, there was a certain look to her bright blue eyes that only an experienced, perceptive, and knowledgeable woman would have, along with a certain sexuality to her mature figure and blonde hair.

A sexuality that had its foundation in her being both hot and motherly.

Like, I could easily imagine viewing Michelle as a loving and caring mother-in-law, filling a maternal role in my life that was completely vacant right now...

However, I could also imagine an extremely sensual version of reality where she was one of my women, my own personal MILF to love and cherish me in the most perverted ways possible.

But I knew I was really letting everything go to my head at this point.

Even if I *could* have that reality, it didn't mean I *should*, and I still needed to consider that Michelle was happily married to Avery's dad, and that sleeping with her would not only be a betrayal to my classmate, but also a major offense to the bastard lucky enough to have scored Michelle in the first place.

No need to tempt karma, even if I didn't believe in the bitch.

Still, as I got closer and closer to the hospital, I realized I was growing more eager to inject her with my blood, realizing I *wanted* the hot MILF to be indebted to me, even if nothing ever came of it.

Of course, that also made me feel bad when I considered how Avery would feel, not to mention what Serenity and

Gabriella would think too. But at the same time, I couldn't stop the anticipation and excitement from rising up inside of me.

I was about to put this hot mature woman in my pocket, and it sincerely gave me a bizarre thrill.

By the time I was pulling into one of the hospital's parking garages, I was no longer making this decision solely for Avery's sake.

I was now making the decision for my sake too, because it was what *I wanted*.

The parking garage was still pretty full of vehicles, which wasn't surprising since it was about 4:00 PM on a Saturday, but I was lucky enough to find a space close to the elevators. My goal was to make it easy for Gabriella to find my car if she needed to use it, which meant Serenity had to go up another level before she could find a space.

I took the stairs and met up with her before she barely had time to get out and lock her vehicle.

She gave me a surprisingly warm smile when she met my gaze, almost as if she felt content and reassured to be by my side again. It made me wonder what she'd been thinking about while she was left to her own thoughts, but I knew now wasn't the best time to ask.

Because we had a mission to accomplish.

As we began walking through the parking garage to the main entrance of the building, she leaned in close to speak.

"So I still have that other needle in my purse," she whispered. "If they don't have any laying out like last time, then we can use it."

I frowned as I considered that.

She seemed to anticipate my thoughts. "Obviously, we still need it for me, since that seems to be the easiest way to get your blood in me, so just save it after you use it on her."

I looked at her in surprise. "You sure?" I whispered seriously.

She nodded. "That's just the worst case," she clarified. "If they have more laying out, then just grab one of those. But yes, I'm sure. Obviously sharing needles is a horrible idea under normal circumstances, but I'm not worried about getting anything from Avery's mom."

I nodded in acknowledgment, with us now walking down the hallway from the garage to the main lobby.

"Oh, and Gabriella did call me on the way," she added. "I've got Michelle's room number, so we can head straight there and get this done."

"Sure," I agreed. "And then, after that?" I wondered.

She frowned as she became pensive, lowering her voice so that people passing us didn't overhear. "Well, I guess we'll have to try to stay with her. Hopefully giving her more blood will cause her to transform faster, but between Michelle and Avery, we at least know Avery was given a blood transfusion. She's the least likely to need a slap in the face when her eyes open."

"Which means," I replied. "If it gets to be too late, then you'll probably need to stay with Avery, and Gabriella will have to stay with her mom."

Serenity sighed. "Yeah, I guess so," she agreed.

Personally, I didn't really like the idea of leaving Serenity alone with Avery, due to the risk she posed when she woke up. But I doubted the hospital staff would let me stay overnight with either woman, and the alternative was to wait and risk Avery's mom dying.

Part of me wanted to dwell on all the possible ways this could go wrong, especially since none of this was happening in complete privacy, but again the risk of Avery's mom dying was sort of out-weighing everything else.

Because if I didn't do anything, or waited for a better opportunity, then it felt like Michelle dying was a *guarantee*, whereas everything that could go wrong was simply a 'risk' and nothing more.

No way in hell was I going to accept a guaranteed 'worst case outcome' just to avoid other potential issues that might not even come up. Not to mention, if we got lucky and had all female staff, there was always the chance I might be able to compel them to keep quiet if they happened to see anything strange.

Serenity and I walked in silence the rest of the way, getting on an elevator with a couple of people and then getting off on the third floor.

Unfortunately, I knew this was going to be harder than I was expecting the moment we stepped off.

The entire setup of this unit was completely different than the floor Avery was on.

For one, it wasn't so much a hallway as it was a massive square area, with the patient rooms being on the outside of the square while the nurse's station was in the middle of the massive space, as if it was the hub to a wheel. This made it so that the nursing staff could sit outside a particular room and have direct line of sight into it, if so desired.

And if that wasn't bad enough, the walls to the rooms were made of glass!

Like, several rooms had curtains pulled to conceal the people inside, with these areas having a staff member in the room with the injured individual, but most of the patients were in plain sight, even from the makeshift hallway. Not to mention, even in the rooms with curtains pulled, it was still possible to make out shadows of the medical staff within.

There was virtually no privacy at all.

I could look into each of the rooms and plainly see other patients, and even guess at the reason why they were here based on what I saw and even smelled, with some seeming as if they recently had surgery, while others looked like they were on ventilators or hooked up to other machines.

Spotting Michelle wasn't difficult, looking like a magazine model even despite her now unkempt blonde hair and hospital gown, tangled up in an endless number of wires

and tubing. The sight made my heart sink, having sincerely grown attached on the way here to this woman who I barely knew.

Not that I would be necessarily devastated if she passed away, but thinking about her in the many ways I did on the drive to the hospital, it was now affecting me seeing her in this vulnerable situation. Of course, that was also a huge part of it – seeing her so vulnerable, completely helpless and fully relying on others to keep her alive right now...

Fuck.

Why did I like seeing women vulnerable so much?

And why was I so in love with the idea of being the one to save her? To be the one to make her indebted to me?

I knew I needed to be careful with these feelings coursing through me, but I couldn't help how these ideas were making me feel now, in this moment. The combination of emotions was actually making me kind of somber, honestly.

Rather than head directly into the room, which was labeled 309, Serenity seemed to have formulated a plan, instead grabbing my arm loosely and leading us toward a nurse sitting at a computer in the nurses station so that she was facing Michelle's room.

"Hello," Serenity greeted to get her attention. "Are you Michelle Copeland's nurse?"

The brunette looked up at her in surprise, her dark blue eyes widening slightly. "Oh, hello. Yes, I am. My name is Tracey. Are you family?"

I decided to interject. "I'm best friends with her daughter, who is also here," I explained. "She's like a second mom to me," I added somberly, not at all faking the emotion, even if what I was saying was a lie.

The nurse gave me a sympathetic look. "Well, I'm glad you're here to see her. We've struggled to get in contact with her family, and it might help if she knows people she cares about are here for her." She sighed. "We also really

need to designate a power of attorney. Do either of you have any contact information for us to try?"

"Wait," Serenity said in surprise, glancing over her shoulder into Michelle's room, before looking back at the nurse. "She's in a medical coma, right? How would she even know we're here?"

The nurse nodded, understanding the confusion. "Yes, she is unconscious, but there have been lots of cases of people remembering things after they wake up. And I'm a strong believer that they often hear even if they don't remember. I know it sounds silly, but even just talking with her and letting her know you're there might make a difference in the outcome."

I frowned at that as Serenity responded. "I see," she said simply. "And then what's this about a power of attorney?" she wondered, only to pause. "I'm afraid we don't have any contact information for other family members, so we wouldn't be able to help with that. Would be different if her daughter wasn't in the hospital too, since we have her information," she lied.

The nurse sighed with a nod. "I understand, and the information we do have came from her daughter, but just no one is picking up the phone. And we've left messages, but no one has called back." She sighed again, glancing at her computer screen. "As far as the power of attorney goes, it's to make medical decisions while she's unable to." She frowned then, giving us another sympathetic look. "I know it's not something anyone wants to think about, but a big decision that needs to be made is if she'll be made DNR or not, which means Do Not Resuscitate."

Serenity looked especially alarmed. "And why would you want someone to choose that?" she asked seriously.

The nurse looked equally as surprised. "Oh, no, don't misunderstand. We aren't going to suggest that directly, but if Mrs. Copeland ends up coding from the inflammation on

her brain, then resuscitating her might mean she's alive only in the most literal sense."

"You're saying she might end up a vegetable," Serenity assumed. "That she'll never truly wake up, even if her heart stops and you get it going again."

The nurse grimaced. "Unfortunately, yes. And while we value all our patients and want them to get better, the long-lasting financial impact on the family could be devastating if we try to keep her alive when there's no hope of her waking up again." She sighed heavily. "Of course, the burden of that decision doesn't fall on your shoulders, but if you do happen to get a hold of anyone, please let us know."

Disgusted by the whole conversation, knowing the nurse was just speaking the harsh reality, but still hating what she was saying, I abruptly turned away and began walking to Michelle's room. It prompted a confused look from Serenity, and a scent of guilt to emanate from the nurse.

"I'm sorry," she whispered to Serenity. "It's a really horrible and tough situation, but not something for you two to worry about. Just please spend some time talking to her."

"We will," Serenity responded as I reached the glass door and opened it. "And do you mind if we pull the curtains?" she added. "Feels kind of weird knowing random strangers can just look in and see us."

"Certainly," Tracey agreed. "Just let me know if you need anything."

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Serenity nod, before following after me, with me holding the door open for her, angled away from the nurse's station behind me. However, despite the short conversation we just had, I could see in Serenity's chocolate brown eyes that she was determined now, remembering that we had a plan to execute.

Figuring it would be best to let her pull the curtains, I focused on grabbing a chair and setting it next to the other side of the bed, so I could face the door, relieved when I saw

a pile of like five or six syringes sitting on the medical cart, all individually wrapped and unused.

When Serenity noticed them too, after we had some privacy, she went right for them.

“Wait,” I hissed, prompting her to pause and give me her attention. “Be careful about it, if you can. The nurse can still see your shadow.”

She nodded, looking around really fast. She then focused on the other chair in the room, before walking over to the med cart. “I need to check for something in my purse,” she said loudly, setting it on the cart and digging through it, while also discreetly grabbing a single syringe from the pile and stashing it inside.

She then shouldered the black leather bag again and walked over to where I was, grabbing the other chair. Once she was seated, she carefully pulled out the needle and handed it to me, keeping it low and out of sight. “Think I should stand between you and the door?” she wondered quietly. “Just in case someone walks in unexpectedly.”

I nodded in agreement, prompting her to stand back up and position herself while I opened the package so I could fill the tube with my own blood.

However, once I got the cap off the needle, stuck myself, and started filling it with my dark red blood, I was about three-quarters of the way full when I suddenly realized the nurse had gotten up and was heading to the room.

I looked up at Serenity in alarm as I yanked it out, hoping that my gaze alone would tip her off. At the same time, panicking and having no idea what to do with the syringe, I abruptly lifted my shirt a little and stuck it on my lower stomach above the lip of my jeans, covering it up and then folding my hands over it, trying to look as casual as possible as I leaned back in my chair.

I certainly wasn’t worried about poking myself, since getting the needle in my arm was a bit of a struggle as it was.

Even despite my look, Serenity still flinched when the door opened and the nurse peeked around the curtain. "Sorry to bother you two," she said, sounding sincere. "But I just realized the doctor ordered some more magnesium for her."

"Oh, umm, of course," Serenity replied, glancing at me again as the nurse proceeded right into the room and walked over to the cart, not seeming to notice a single needle missing from the small pile.

Reaching into my pocket, with one hand still over the hidden syringe, I pulled my phone out and began messing around on it so that I looked a little more natural. After punching in the code to unlock the cart, the nurse then proceeded to grab a few things, including two syringes that both had clear liquid already inside.

Oddly enough, one had the actual needle portion while the second one didn't at all, even though they were both in packages.

Tracey glanced at me as she walked over to my side, which also happened to be the side where Michelle had a whopping three IV's in her arm, one in her forearm, another in the crook of her elbow, and then the last one looked special, being larger and going into the underside of her upper arm. The top one was also the one with all the fluids hooked up, whereas the middle one only had one line and the IV on her forearm wasn't being used at all.

Realizing I was in the way, I pressed down on the floor with my foot to scoot my chair back, trying to otherwise maintain my posture.

"Oh, you're alright," the nurse said politely. "I can work around you."

"It's fine," I replied, my heart suddenly racing when I realized the syringe wrapper I'd just opened had fallen on the floor in plain sight.

The nurse noticed it, before I could even say or do anything.

Fuck!

"Oh," she said, bending down to grab it. "Sorry for the mess," she commented, standing back up and putting it on the bed for now. "We try to keep the rooms clean, but sometimes we accidentally leave stuff behind."

I tried to swallow, attempting to settle my nerves, even as I felt the blood-filled tube against my skin underneath my shirt. "No problem," I replied, my tone a little uneven as I focused blankly at my phone screen.

"You looking up what magnesium is for?" Tracey wondered, her tone a little amused.

I focused up at her in surprise, realizing she truly didn't have a clue that I was hiding something right now.

Fuck. I just needed to relax!

"Umm, no," I replied honestly, coming up with a better lie. "I was looking through my contacts just to make sure I didn't have anyone else's number."

The nurse frowned with a nod, seeming sympathetic again as she focused on the supplies she was laying out on the bed.

"But what is the magnesium for?" I wondered, watching as she tore open an alcohol pad and began rubbing it over the ends of the IV.

Tracey sighed. "Well, for one, her blood levels are a little low in magnesium." She paused, having opened up the syringe without a needle and screwing the end directly onto the IV. "And it also can help manage seizures, among other things. Though right now, the medically induced coma is doing most of the work."

I nodded simply, even though she couldn't see me, watching as she pushed some of the clear fluid into the IV, before unhooking it and *unscrewing* the needle right off the second tube, hooking it up in much the same way.

Fuck, could I do that with the syringe I was hiding? Unscrew the needle part like that and just hook it up to her IV? That would at least guarantee it got in her bloodstream.

After the nurse was finished emptying the second syringe, she hooked up the first one again, pushed some more of the watery fluid, and then unhooked it before it was fully empty.

"There," she said as she gathered the trash. "All finished."

Serenity cleared her throat, deciding to be the one to respond. "Thanks," she replied simply.

"Of course," Tracey responded, walking over to deposit the metal needle part she never used into a sharp's container on the wall, while she put the rest of the tubes and trash into the regular wastebasket. Once she left, doing us the courtesy of pulling the curtain fully closed behind her, we both visibly relaxed.

Giving Serenity a quick glance, I then pulled out the syringe and stabbed it right back into my vein, fully intent on giving Michelle a dose of the full tube. Finished, I quickly stood up and stepped closer to the bed, examining the syringe in my hand, noticing that it did in fact appear as if the needle would screw right off.

Twisting off the piece of metal, I went for the same IV the nurse used, hooking it on just as she had done.

"Wait," Serenity said then, getting my attention. She was still standing between me and the door, so that what I was doing hopefully wouldn't be noticeable just from my shadow. "Why don't you try using your compulsion now? Just in case."

I hesitated as I considered that, my thumb on the plunger, ready to push the blood in. "How?" I whispered seriously.

She shrugged. "Hold open her eyes or something. Obviously, make it quick, but if she might be able to hear us, even though she's in this coma, then maybe your ability will work too. Worth a try, at least."

I nodded, knowing we didn't have time to waste, since the nurse might decide to come back any second, having

forgotten something. Or possibly even a doctor might show up or something. Carefully letting the vial of blood hang against her arm, I maneuvered around all the tubing on Michelle's mature youthful face and bent over as I shifted fully, using my gray thumb and index fingers to open both of her eyes.

"Michelle," I whispered, hoping I'd see some kind of reaction in her blue irises, since her eyes were rolled back right now.

Instantly, her gaze focused on mine like she was suddenly awake.

"Fuck!" I hissed, jerking back in alarm, seeing Serenity flinch too, having also seen the unconscious woman's reaction. However, knowing we didn't have time to waste, I didn't even so much as comment on it, reaching to open her eyes again, seeing they were again rolled back.

However, I didn't say anything as they focused on me a second time.

I tried to think fast, wanting to hit all the basics, but also wanting to explain the situation a little. "Michelle, you're dying from the inflammation on your brain after you got in a car accident. They have you in a medical coma, but the doctors aren't hopeful." I paused. "You're probably going to die if I don't do anything, but if I do help you get better, then your old life is over. You will keep my secret – now your secret too – and you will live your life based around my approval. You are not allowed to do anything I forbid. And I forbid you changing anyone else, unless I ever say otherwise." I sighed, knowing I was rambling too much. I needed to get to the point. "I'm going to inject my blood in you, and it's going to change you. It will save your life, but you'll be different from now on. When you wake up, you might look different, and I want you to try to look normal right away. It will feel like you have a new muscle, except all over your body, and you have to relax it to look normal. Also, no attacking anyone. You might be thirsty for blood,

but I forbid you – and I forbid the unconscious you – from attacking another person. Just try to look normal and then demand to be released from the hospital. Don't let them run any tests on you."

I looked up at Serenity then, uncertain if I'd hit all the major points, or forgotten to mention something.

She quickly nodded as confirmation.

Focusing on Michelle again, I let one eye close, keeping the other open as I reached down, feeling for the syringe. Then I began pushing the plunger, curious to see if anything would happen as I did so.

Sure enough, Michelle's blue eye uncontrollably rolled back even though I was still focused on her, making it seem as if the coma my blood was inducing was far more absolute than the medically induced coma that she was already in. However, I was a little surprised when her low heartrate actually climbed a couple of beats, going from fifty-two to fifty-five beats per minute. It was the opposite of what happened to Avery, with the daughter's pulse dropping a little, though ultimately they both ended up at around the same spot.

I let go of her eye then as I finished pushing the rest of the blood into her IV. I then unhooked the syringe and sat back down, recalling that people in the hallway could still see shadows. Looking up at Serenity, I grabbed the needle on the bed, found the cap, screwed everything back on the tube, and then held it out at waist-level. She took the hint and walked around to grab it.

"Just put it in your purse for now," I whispered. "They might see you put it in the sharps container."

She nodded again, doing as I asked and then sitting down next to me.

We both took long deep breaths, relaxing now that the hard part was over. After a few seconds, Serenity then pulled out her phone. "I'm going to call Gabriella to let her know."

I nodded, just staring at Michelle's thin hand now, my mind beginning to become plagued with all the ways this could end up going wrong. Would she still try to attack someone when she woke up? Would a slap to the face be enough to snap her out of it? And would she struggle to shift back to normal?

Lots of ways this could turn into a huge problem.

But at least I felt confident she'd be okay now. She was going to live, and Avery wouldn't be losing her mom.

"Hey Gabriella," she said when my fiancé picked up. "We did it. So now we're just waiting. Any news on Avery?"

"No, she's the same," Gabriella replied. "But I mean, Kai did it a little after twelve, right? It's only been about four hours. And it took me like ten hours."

Serenity sighed. "Yeah, and now we just need to figure out what to do if they don't wake up before tonight when they ask most visitors to leave."

I spoke up then, just aiming to make a comment to Serenity. "We'll just do what we talked about. Gabriella should probably stay with Michelle, since she's more likely to not be herself when she wakes up. Avery at least got a bag of blood."

"Yeah, I can do that," Gabriella agreed, shocking us both.

"You heard me?" I said seriously, since the phone wasn't on speakerphone.

"Yep, I told you my hearing was getting stronger," she replied, sounding amused. "Anyway though, can I stay with Avery until it gets later in the day?" she wondered.

"Yeah, that's fine," I replied. "I'm here now, so I'm not concerned about it, but if Serenity is going to be the one to stay overnight with either of them, then I'd rather her be with Avery."

"Right," Gabriella agreed, taking a deep breath. "I really love you," she added.

"Love you too," I agreed, watching Serenity's face flush for some reason. Granted, she was the one who was holding

the phone to her ear, so maybe it felt like my fiancé's comment was directed toward her, even if it was obvious she was talking to me.

"Oh," Gabriella said in surprise, speaking more urgently. "Someone's coming in. Call you back."

She hung up.

I took a deep breath, focusing on Michelle's limp hand again as Serenity rested the phone in her lap. We were both silent for a long minute before she spoke up.

"You know what's weird?" she abruptly said.

"What's that?" I wondered, still staring at the older woman's delicate hand.

"Where is Avery's father?" she asked seriously. "I mean, both his wife and daughter have been in the hospital for practically half the day, and he's nowhere to be seen. I know the nurse said she was having a hard time getting in touch with people, but still. If she left a message, then he should know by now."

I shrugged. "Maybe he's on a business trip?" I suggested. "I mean, if he isn't even in the city right now, then he might not be able to get here quickly, even if he knows. Although..."

I frowned when I recalled that Avery's dad worked in IT, which wasn't exactly the kind of field that usually required a bunch of travel. I then thought back to the past couple of weeks at school, recalling that Avery had been a little less upbeat than usual.

I continued speaking after a pause, simply echoing my thoughts out loud. "Although, he works in IT, so actually he's probably not traveling for business. And now that I think about it, Avery has been a little down recently," I admitted. "But not enough that I would normally be worried about it."

Serenity nodded. "Well, I doubt he's dead, since that would be a really big deal, which makes me wonder if they're having some marital issues right now. Like, they might be separated or something."

I looked at her in surprise. “You think they’re getting a divorce?” I asked seriously, sincerely confused as to how she’d jumped to that conclusion.

She shrugged. “I mean, what other reason could there be? Especially if he’s not traveling? Seriously, there’s no way he isn’t aware by now.”

I frowned. “I don’t know,” I admitted. “But even if they are having marital problems, I can’t imagine him not coming to at least check on his daughter.”

Serenity frowned. “That’s assuming that Avery gave them his number in the first place,” she said quietly.

My brow furrowed at that, realizing she had a point. “Maybe we should ask if they have his number. But still, even if Avery’s mom and dad were having issues, I can’t imagine a reason why Avery wouldn’t give them her dad’s number.”

She sighed heavily. “Unless he just abandoned the family completely,” she replied. “Wouldn’t be the first time I’ve heard of someone doing that, though in most of the cases I know of, it was the woman who did it. Just up and left her husband and children behind, never to see them again.”

“Seriously?” I said in disbelief.

She nodded. “Yeah, like a guy I work with, he doesn’t even remember his mom. She just left the country to live with some other guy when he was almost two years old, and never came back. My coworker kind of stalks her online, and says she seems to be doing really well, has a new family and everything, including children – brothers and sisters he’s never met. And he has no idea why she just left them, since his dad is a decent guy and makes decent money too. She just decided she was unhappy and abandoned everything, including her two kids, to start over.”

I just shook my head in disbelief. “I hope for Avery’s sake that it’s something else. Because losing our dads was bad enough, but the idea of any of our parents *choosing* to abandon us seems even more horrible.”

Serenity nodded, her expression somber. "Yeah, it really is," she agreed, only to pause. "Maybe we really should ask. Maybe you're right and he just doesn't know yet for some reason. Maybe he's working today and hasn't checked his messages?"

I nodded in agreement about the first part. However, I doubted he was working right now on a Saturday, which only made Serenity's suspicion seem more likely. Focusing on Michelle's hand again, I didn't respond, my pessimistic thoughts beginning to take over, trying to think through the various possibilities without having much information to go on.

"I'll go ask," Serenity finally said, standing up.

However, before I could reply, her phone abruptly began ringing again. She answered it and held it up to her ear. "Hey Gabriella," she began, only for my fiancé to cut her off.

"Hey," she said urgently. "Avery just moved a little."

Serenity and I both locked eyes in shock.

"What do you mean by a little?" I asked seriously.

"Like, her fingers twitched a little, and then she kind of groaned like she was going to start waking..." She paused as a low groan appeared again, something that was probably too quiet for Serenity to hear, but sounded very much like someone rolling over in bed and groaning at the fact that it was morning already. "There, she did it again," Gabriella said. "She still looks normal, but I think she's coming to."

Serenity and I focused on each other again, with me anticipating what she might say, speaking up before she did.

"I should probably stay here with Michelle, just in case," I commented, not wanting to risk the older woman waking up with only my still-human girlfriend around, even if I just did give her my blood barely a few minutes ago. "But it might be good if you're there when Avery wakes up, so you can distract the medical staff if needed."

Serenity nodded, prompting me to speak to my fiancé still on the phone.

“Gabriella, you’ll need to be ready to slap her as hard as you can if she wakes up and isn’t herself. Serenity can try to help keep people out of the room, or otherwise occupy their time if she’s struggling to learn how to look normal.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Gabriella agreed. “Serenity, you need to hurry though. She just moved her entire arm a tiny bit. Doesn’t look like she’s paralyzed anymore.”

“I’m on my way,” Serenity replied. “Be there in just a couple of minutes.”

“Okay, see you soon,” Gabriella said. “Bye.”

After Serenity hung up, she leaned forward to give me a quick hug. “Love you,” she whispered.

“Be safe,” I said seriously as she pulled away and met my gaze. “And once Avery is awake and everything is under control, make sure Gabriella knows where my car is, and have her get Avery out of the hospital. Then, we can focus on Michelle.”

“Right,” she agreed. “And if Avery is already waking up, then we might be able to get her mom discharged before this evening too. Especially since you gave her double the dose of your blood.”

I nodded, not sure if that would truly make a difference, but concerned enough that I wasn’t going to leave her side in case she woke up suddenly in a frenzy. Or rather, in case her unconscious body started moving on its own in search of blood.

“Hopefully,” I agreed. “And try not to look like you’re rushing too much when you get on the other floor. Don’t want to draw unwanted attention.”

“Of course,” she replied, shouldering her purse. “And I’ll keep you updated as best I can.”

I nodded, watching as she turned to leave and head out of the room.

I focused on her tight butt absentmindedly as she did so, with it feeling almost surreal that her hot ass was mine now. That the fantasy I'd imagined for so long was finally coming true. However, at the same time, I wasn't trying to have thoughts like that, pushing the idea aside after a brief second.

Serenity closed the curtain behind her as she left, causing me to wonder if the nurse would end up coming in, requesting that it be opened since I was the only person in here. However, after a second, I realized that was kind of silly.

For one, someone would have to be pretty bold to try something perverted in the hospital, especially in a room like this. And second, anyone walking by could see my shadow to an extent, which meant it should be obvious if I was doing something weird.

Plus, the glass walls were far from soundproof, even if they significantly muffled sound, which was why we had been speaking quietly most of the time.

Taking a deep breath, I decided not to worry about it for now, since it wouldn't matter either way. I didn't plan on giving her more blood, and no one walking in would discover me doing something inappropriate, so now it was just time to wait and hope for the best.

Examining Michelle's face, it was kind of hard to believe I hadn't noticed her beauty earlier at the bank, or noticed the light trail of adorable freckles running across her upper cheeks – freckles that Avery definitely didn't have for some reason. Granted, I normally did my best to ignore stuff like that, attempting to not even formulate opinions on appearances as best as possible, but now I almost felt in awe of how pretty she was.

And how vulnerable she looked, hooked up to everything like this.

I also suspected that this recent development, including the idea that she could theoretically be one of my women,

sparked by the way my incubus father seemed to view the world, was all causing me to really look at her for the first time.

And I was seeing that, not only was her face like that of an angel, but her physique was beyond enticing as well. Or rather, it was as if her face was heavenly, whereas her body was made for sin.

Of course, she wasn't wearing a bra, her former clothes having been removed in exchange for a hospital gown, but that only seemed to emphasize the maternal nature of her breasts, which were somehow full and heavy appearing even though they naturally hung a bit lower than what I would expect from Avery. Currently, they hung more to the sides, due to her reclined position, and it was actually really hot.

Knowing that Serenity was a C-cup, and suspecting that Avery might be a D-cup given that she was just as thin, I honestly had no idea how big of a bra Michelle wore. Because I did know a little about bras, knowing that the width made a difference, which meant that a 34-C and a 38-C were not at all the same size breasts, even though they were the same cup size. A woman with 38-C size breasts might be equivalent to another woman having 34-DD breasts. After all, there were women with B-cup bras who were actually as big as Serenity, except that they were a bit thicker as well.

But all that just meant that Michelle might also be a D-cup like her daughter, even though her breasts were a bit bigger, simply because she was a tiny bit thicker around the waist.

Either way, they were...very nice.

I wasn't sure how else to put it, since I wasn't trying to be interested in her or anything. Instead, I was just observing that she had a nice rack. Besides, even if her husband wasn't present at the moment, for whatever

reason, she was still a married woman, and most importantly *she was Avery's mother*.

Sighing, I leaned back in my seat more as I focused on her face again, wondering how she was going to feel about this situation when she woke up. I hoped she didn't feel trapped like a prisoner. Certainly, I liked that she would be indebted to me, but it was possible she might react negatively to that fact. She might even end up hating me, especially if I really tried to hold it over her head.

Not that I would ever do that, but it was certainly a possibility.

After all, I really knew nothing about this woman. I had no idea how she felt about men, or what her experience with men even was.

If she was faithful and committed to her husband, then it was possible she might be upset that I'd forced her into this situation with me, since being indebted like this to another guy was kind of breaking her vows, even if I didn't plan on expecting anything from her, aside from requiring that she keep my secret. And yeah, while most people might think she'd be grateful that I saved her life, she might not want to continue living under these conditions.

Because, to her, I was just some random guy the same age as her daughter – a stranger, really – and now she was going to wake up with the knowledge that I could make her do anything I wanted.

No doubt a lot of people might not be thrilled about that arrangement, even if they were alive because of what the person did. Earlier, I had compared it to servitude when I decided to change Avery, and while the younger blonde seemed fine with the arrangement, her mother might be of a very different opinion.

Taking a deep breath, I leaned forward then without thinking, grabbing Michelle's limp hand in my grasp, briefly surprised by my own actions before I then became even more surprised by how nice it felt to hold her hand. It was

kind of like I was finally holding Avery's hand for the first time, except it felt more...comforting.

It took me a second to realize it was probably because she felt like a mom.

Unexpectedly, I flinched when I felt her hand twitch underneath mine, focusing on her chest when an entire tremor seemed to go down her entire body.

Surely she wasn't waking up already, right?

Not after I'd only just injected her maybe ten minutes ago, at most.

Right?

And yet...

Another tremor ran through her body, her muscles visibly stiffening, her entire form growing rigid as she began to tremble slightly.

And then it hit me.

Fuck!

Letting go of her hand, I ran to the door as fast as I could, popping it open, seeing that Michelle's nurse was just walking down the hallway away from me.

"Hey!" I exclaimed at full volume, grabbing several other staffs' attention, with Tracey whipping around to see who was yelling. "I think she's having another seizure!"

The woman's eyes widened in surprise, before she placed her hand over her badge hanging on her shirt, as if she was anticipating it swinging around, as she ran in my direction. Once she reached the door, one look was all it took.

"Call the doctor!" she announced over her shoulder to another woman.

Unexpectedly, an alarm went off in the room, as Michelle's heart rate shot up to two-hundred and then completely flatlined. Just like that, in an instant, her pulse vanished.

"Shit!" she exclaimed. "Code Blue! Code Blue in 309!"

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(7) CHAPTER 22: EMERGENCY

Obviously, I was freaking out.

Avery's mom had begun having another seizure, the shaking mild, only for her heart to just completely flatline. And I had no idea if it was due to the inflammation on her brain from her head trauma, even despite the medical coma they'd put her in, or if it was actually my fault for giving her so much of my blood!

Fuck!

It felt like everything happened in a blur as I tried to remain calm, knowing I couldn't afford to *really* freak out and show everyone what I truly looked like. So I simply stepped aside and tried not to focus my thoughts, as seemingly every medical personnel on the floor all converged on our location.

The glass 'walls' next to the door actually opened up some to make a much larger entrance, and before long a portable cart full of equipment was brought, and several doctors in white coats were all joining the nursing staff as they began working on Michelle, giving her chest compressions and injecting her with drugs.

Within about a minute, there were easily fifteen people in the single room, a line having formed for chest compressions, as people switched off as they got tired, while another handful of people did various things and one of the doctors barked out orders.

They yanked down the front of her gown in preparation to shock her heart, exposing her breasts, and yet no one

seemed at all concerned with her nudity, not even the men in the room. However, the shock never came, as they only continued to do even more chest compressions. It wasn't until a nurse announced, "*We have a VT rhythm*," after several minutes that the doctor finally approved a shock.

And then it was right back to chest compressions, seemingly nonstop.

The whole time, I stayed focused on listening to Michelle's heart, waiting for the fluttering sound to begin beating normally again, feeling brief hope when it sputtered in response to the shock, only to begin fluttering again.

Fuck, this couldn't be happening.

Was all this in vain? Did Serenity and I just not leave the house soon enough? Should we have sped on the way here? Was it a waste of time for me to try talking to her first? To try *compelling* her first, even though she was unconscious?

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck* !

I winced when I heard her ribs crack underneath the pressure of the repeated chest compressions, knowing it had to be loud enough that the medical staff heard too, and yet no one seemed bothered by it.

No, they were only focused on bringing her back to life, not concerned with the damage they might cause in the process. However, as it continued on, I could sense a change in the speed at which the staff moved, as if the initial urgency was wearing off, and it started making me even more worried.

More panicked.

Pulling out my phone, I just blindly put in a few keywords into the search bar, hoping to find out information that might give me hope, only for the very first article to make my heart sink.

Shocking a dead patient back to life was a myth.

Clicking the article, a quick glance at the first paragraph was all I needed to understand what was going on. The

doctor's used a dose of adrenaline to get her heart fluttering again, but they couldn't shock it back to life. All they could do was try to shock an irregular rhythm, to encourage the body to correct itself.

The stuff I'd seen on TV was all a lie.

And if Michelle's heart fully stopped again, the only thing that might help – that *might* help – was chest compressions.

The actual recovery rate for flatline patients was extremely low, almost to the point of nonexistence. At least nine out of ten people couldn't be brought back after their heart stopped entirely.

Fuck.

And then the doctor spoke the words I was dreading.

“Okay, that's enough. Let's call it.”

Fuck.

FUCK!

I dropped my phone and was suddenly standing among the staff even before my thoughts caught up with me, shoving people out of the way with more force than I should be using, moving faster than I should be moving.

“Hey!” someone exclaimed in alarm as I pushed them aside.

I focused on Michelle's exposed body, realizing that her skin was light gray, but not at all like my skin. Everything about her color screamed the obvious truth – she was dead. She had the skin color of a corpse, the skin around her eyes already looking sunken in and discolored, her exposed chest unmoving, her heart silent now.

Completely silent.

She was dead.

Reaching down, my mind blank, my vision blurry, I grasped the top of her gown just below her breasts and slowly covered her up, feeling lost as I did the only thing I could think of, wanting to give her some dignity even though I knew it would never matter to her.

Because she was gone, forever.

She was gone.

Someone placed their hand on my shoulder, gently tugging as if they were trying to get me to walk away.

If only...if only my blood had more time to work.

If only her heart had kept beating for a little while longer...

If only...

NO.

I couldn't accept this.

I *wouldn't* accept this.

If her heart wasn't going to do the work, then I was.

Because I didn't tire.

I *wouldn't* tire.

I would force her blood to pump throughout her body as long as needed. Days even. However long it took. I'd never stop.

Never .

It wasn't until someone was practically yelling at me that I finally registered what I was doing – that I finally realized the motions I was making were thrusting my palms into her chest, giving Michelle chest compressions like I'd seen them do not long ago.

"That's enough!" a male doctor exclaimed. "I'm sorry, son, but she's gone. We've done everything we can. I'm very sorry for your loss, but you need to accept reality."

I ignored him, growing more determined as I pressed on her chest, hearing and *feeling* another rib crack underneath my hands from my efforts, trying to finetune the pressure I was exerting so I was doing it right without causing her even more damage.

"You need to *stop* ," the same person said again.

I finally looked over at him, realizing it was the doctor who had been in charge, seeing the stern look in his dark eyes. It pissed me off to no end, causing me to struggle to keep my skin a normal color.

“Go fuck yourself!” I snapped. “I’ll do this as long as I want! I’m not going to let her die!”

He seemed to react to my fury with his own. “She’s already dead!” he roared back. “There’s nothing more anyone can do for her!”

“We’ll see about that,” I hissed, focusing back down at my hands as I continued my rhythmic pace, knowing from the sound of her blood rushing through her veins that I was at least accomplishing that much – making her blood continue to flow.

“Someone get security up here,” he finally said after a few seconds, walking out of the room aggressively.

I didn’t know how far this situation was going to go, or how escalated it was going to get, but I knew I wasn’t going to stop. No matter what, I wasn’t going to stop.

Unexpectedly a nurse was standing in front of me on the other side of the bed, trying to get my attention as she pointed toward Michelle’s face.

“Look,” she said firmly, prompting me to finally give her my attention. “You see those dark spots on her skin? Those are called Tardieu Spots, and you’re causing them. You’re making them worse. Her family won’t be able to have a proper funeral, because her skin is going to be purple and black everywhere!”

I knew what she was talking about, seeing the dark grayish-pink, purple, and even almost black patches appearing on her neck and face, as well as her arms too, but I didn’t care.

I didn’t care, because I couldn’t accept this.

However, I knew this was going to be more difficult, when I heard a couple of security guards coming down the hallway, the unique sounds their equipment on their belts made tipping me off. I looked up when the doctor came in again, the one I’d been arguing with earlier, looking high and mighty as he ushered in the two security guards behind him.

Both of the men had dark skin and looked like they didn't take anyone's shit, except that one of the guys, the taller one, seemed as if he had a softer look in his eye than the other.

"It's time to leave, young man," the doctor said firmly. "These two gentlemen will escort you off the property."

Instantly, in that moment, I knew I had two approaches I could take, and I was going to try them both, starting with the easier one.

But it meant I'd have to dig deep and get real.

"Both of my parents died when I was thirteen!" I announced firmly, focusing on the guy with a more understanding look in his eyes, even as I continued to maintain my pace. "They died in a car accident," I continued. "And this woman has been like a second mom to me," I lied. "I can't let her die."

"Son," the guy I was looking at boomed in an authoritative voice, even though there was a slight gentleness to it. "You need to accept reality. The doctors and nurses here are good people. They don't give up until it's clear there's no hope of bringing someone back, and even then, sometimes they keep trying. She's gone. Just look at her, and you can see she's gone."

I wanted to tell them all to fuck off for calling me 'son,' but I knew I had to try playing nice first, just so I could buy myself as much time as possible.

"Then what's the harm in me trying?" I asked seriously. "If she's dead then I'm not hurting anything, now am I?"

The doctor chimed in then. "You're disfiguring her!" he snapped, only to turn toward the security guards, as if to elaborate. "When the body dies, the capillaries start breaking down and leaking fluid into the tissues. See all the discolored spots on her skin? He's doing that, and he's making it worse by trying to revive her. Now, if you'll *please*, escort this *boy* off the property. I've been told he's not even her family."

“And where is her family?” I snapped, just trying to delay for as long as possible now. “Have you stopped to wonder why I’m here when her so-called ‘family’ is absent? Just because she’s not my blood doesn’t mean I’m not family!” I added, giving the taller guy a pleading look this time.

He grimaced and then turned his gaze to the doctor, his voice low. “What’s the harm in letting him wear himself out?” he asked seriously. “If he’s already been doing this for ten minutes, there’s no way he can keep this up for much longer.”

I was shocked to hear that, unable to believe I’d really been doing this for that long. Had it really been ten minutes already? And if so, then what took them so long to get security up here? Was it because the nurse also assumed I might tire myself out and give up? Maybe did she vouch for me?

Then again, I did ignore them for quite a while before they threatened to bring up security.

As the doctor responded, sounding flabbergasted and irritated by the guard’s response, I focused back at Michelle’s grayish face, wishing I could just compel her to live. But I knew that had to be pure fantasy, even as crazy as it was that I could compel people in the first place.

However, unexpectedly, my eyes widened when I realized the patches on her skin were visibly disappearing, too slow for a regular person to notice, but after only focusing on her face for half a minute, I could tell a difference.

The discoloration was *improving*.

Yet, as far as I could tell, her heart still wasn’t beating on its own, being completely dead. I had no idea how long it might take, but I needed to buy myself more time before things got physical with the guards.

“Just ten more minutes,” I begged, focusing back on the taller guy. “Please, just give me ten more minutes.”

The man looked at the doctor, who threw his hands up in the air in frustration. "Fuck, whatever! You're on babysitting duty, and I'll be sure to report this so when the family sues, they'll know it was *your* negligence and dereliction!"

He then stormed back down the hall, leaving me with the two guards, who both simply readjusted their postures as they watched me work, seeming almost uncertain if this was the decision they wanted to make. But it was the decision I *needed* them to make.

Time seemed to flow in a blur.

"How long are you going to keep this up?" the other guard finally asked, checking his watch. "It's been almost fifteen minutes now. I'll admit your endurance is impressive, but I think it's time you stop."

"I asked for ten minutes," I said seriously. "Please, let me have another five."

He took a step toward me. "No, you don't understand. It's been fifteen minutes, *since we agreed on ten*. You've been doing this for almost half an hour now!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, urgently focusing on Michelle again, surprised to realize that all the discoloration was completely gone. Now, she was just light gray, and the color didn't look so unhealthy now. Her skin didn't look dead anymore, the light gray almost seeming more like a natural healthy tan that lacked the traditional sun-kissed hue.

Yet her heart still wasn't beating.

Fuck, just *fucking beat* already!

The second guard began walking closer. "Okay, that's enough," he said firmly. "We're done here. Let's go nicely so we don't have to arrest you."

I gritted my teeth, wondering if I should just hold onto the bed and try one-arm chest compressions, while they attempted to remove me from the room, or if I should just go ahead and knock them both out, wondering which option would buy me the most time.

Because I was too invested at this point.

And nothing was going to stop me until she was back.

The man slapped his heavy hand on my shoulder, giving me a small tug as if he expected me to jerk back easily, only to seem surprised when I didn't budge from my spot.

Granted, I knew that he could easily pick me up if I didn't grab a hold of something, and fast.

However, just as I moved to reach for the edge of the bed, I froze solid as her heart unexpectedly sputtered on its own. And then it sputtered again, almost sounding like a muscle cramping, followed by an uneven beat...

And then another.

And another.

Yet there was no machine chirping, or any indication she had a heartbeat, because they'd disconnected the wires that were detecting her pulse. As the man grabbed me more firmly this time, I shrugged him off even despite his significantly larger size, quickly identifying the appropriate wire and grabbing it, tugging on her shirt a little to reveal the circular stickers where they'd been initially stuck.

Snapping them in place at lightning speed, remembering from a brief glance earlier where I'd seen the colors go, thanks to my strong spatial memory, combined with the nodes having tiny pictures to indicate their placement, I clicked them all in place and the room instantly came to life with a mechanical beep.

Both men were behind me now, both of them immediately freezing solid when the device announced loudly that the woman I'd been working on for over half an hour was alive.

She had a pulse!

"Holy shit," one of them said, rushing to the doorway.

"Hey!" he called out. "You need to come see this!"

I was surprised when the woman who ran into the room wasn't the nurse I was expecting, being someone else entirely. She took one look at the monitor, then focused on

Michelle, as if to verify the wires were connected to her, and then turned right back around. "Get the doctor back in here!" she yelled. "Room 309 has a pulse!"

A sincere relief washed over me for half a second, before a heavy hand landed on my shoulder again.

"Okay," the shorter of the two security guards said firmly, still being taller than me, even as two other nurses rushed into the room. "We've humored you long enough. Let's go."

I gawked at him in disbelief. "You can't be serious," I scoffed. "I didn't even do anything wrong! I mean, did I break the law by trying to revive a woman who is like a second mother to me?! Did I break the law by disobeying a doctor?!"

"No," he replied firmly, not at all amused. "But this is private property and the doctor has made it clear you aren't welcome. As I said, we've humored you long enough."

Everything inside of me wanted to smash my fist into this guy's face, but I knew that would quickly turn into me going to jail for real, for assault, instead of just being escorted outside. Glancing at Michelle again, both hearing the loud beeping and her actual heartbeat, I took a little solace from the fact that she was at least alive.

I just desperately hoped she didn't have another episode like that, knowing I wouldn't be able to help her next time. Maybe if I could just go ahead and ask Gabriella to watch over her, knowing that my fiancé might have the stamina and the strength to do what I did in the event it did happen again.

But, in order to make that phone call, I first needed to get these guys off my back.

Sighing, I looked the guy straight in the eye and then intentionally softened my expression, knowing that they could have made this a ton more difficult than it ended up being.

“Thank you,” I said sincerely, causing his hard exterior to crack a little.

He nodded, shoving his hand out in a gesture for me to begin making my exit.

Swallowing my pride, I did as he indicated, stopping just briefly to look up at the taller guy, not realizing how big he really was until I really had to look up at him. “And thank you,” I repeated, knowing he’d heard me just a second ago. “Seriously, she’s alive right now because of you guys,” I lied, hoping that flattery would earn me some points.

The taller guy frowned at that, but then nodded and started leading the way toward the elevators, while the second one took up the lead. However, we didn’t even make it halfway before the doctor from earlier came rushing down the hall, only to pause when he saw me.

“I hope you’re happy!” he snapped aggressively. “You might have got her heart to start beating again, but after being dead for so long, she’s guaranteed to have permanent brain damage! Don’t think you brought her back to life!”

“Whoa!” someone unexpectedly exclaimed in alarm, standing up from the nurse’s station. It was an overweight woman with dark skin, wearing what looked like a business suit, but a quick look at her badge showed she was a Chaplain. However, she was also holding a black phone in her hand, another woman speaking on the other line.

“Who in the hell said that? Dr. Hendricks? And to who? The kid?”

“Uh-huh,” the Chaplain said, her tone almost chastising even though she didn’t actually say any words.

“Put him on,” the woman snapped.

“Dr. Hendricks,” the Chaplain said firmly, holding out the phone. “It’s for you. The On-Call Administrator would like to have a word with you.”

Oh shit, I’d never seen the color drain from someone’s face so quickly.

However, the spectacle was interrupted for me as the security guard behind me gave a small nudge to continue. Nevertheless, even as we resumed heading for the elevator, I could hear the woman on the phone chewing the bastard out for talking to me that way.

Granted, I knew he would probably be right under normal circumstances, and almost wished I could see his face in the event everything turned out okay and Michelle woke up seeming normal, but I had to agree that he was unnecessarily a complete ass.

It wasn't until we reached the elevator that I suddenly recalled that I dropped my phone earlier.

"Shit," I hissed, focusing back at the rougher guy behind me. "Hey, I left my phone back there. I think on the floor. Can I grab it really fast? Or can you grab it?"

"Not our problem," he snapped.

"Hey Fred, chill out, man," the taller guy said. "All the kid has done is try to save someone important to him. Just hold on a second and I'll go check." He then focused on me, ignoring the guy's scoff. "What's it look like?" he wondered.

"It's just a black phone. If you turn the screen on, the background for my lock screen is a picture of me and a girl with brown hair."

He nodded, making his way back down the hall. It was obvious the other guy was irritated, so I politely just stood there, not making any attempts to look like I was going to do anything, and also not making any attempts to socialize.

I could hear the taller guard asking one of the nurses if they'd seen the phone, only for one of them to say they found a black phone and had it on the desk in the nurse's station. He grabbed it shortly after, made a weird clicking noise in his mouth after picking it up, almost as if he was confirming to himself that it was the right one after looking at my screen, and then started heading back.

However, before he even made it halfway, the elevator doors popped open, Serenity locking eyes with me in

confusion, only to focus on the guard and back at me with wide eyes. I quickly shook my head before she could respond, hoping she'd take the hint, though it didn't go unnoticed by my escort.

"You with him?" he asked in annoyance, his eyes narrowing.

She glanced at me again, almost seeming uncertain, before she got that look in her eye, the look a mother gives when someone's threatening her children, abruptly straightening up as she stepped off the elevator.

"Yes," she said firmly. "And what seems to be the problem?"

"We're escorting him off the premises for unruly conduct. He's lucky we aren't going to press charges."

"Well," she replied evenly, pulling out her badge just to flash it at him. "I'd be curious to know what you mean by unruly conduct, and if you're implying that he's guilty of *disorderly* conduct, or just giving me an excuse for why you're throwing him out of the hospital."

"Ren..." I whispered, only for her to hold her hand up to shush me.

The guy's eyes were still narrow. "You a cop?" he said seriously.

She crossed her arms, her badge still in hand. "I am. And I'd very much like to know what my charge, *who is still in high school*, did that deserves this treatment."

The taller guy was close enough now that he'd overheard, speaking up loudly. "He did nothing illegal," he announced, garnering her attention, her brown eyes widening slightly when she saw how tall he was. "But this is private property and we still have the right to escort him outside."

"And just how long is he banned from the hospital?" she asked in disbelief.

He shrugged, handing me my phone. "For today. I'm off tomorrow, and the patient will probably have another doctor

too. If he shows up and is civil, then doubtful anyone will complain.”

Of course, I was silently hoping there wouldn't be a need to come to the hospital tomorrow, but I kept quiet about that. Instead, I gave Serenity a meaningful look. “Hey, it's fine. I'll call you in a few minutes, okay? Just go make sure Michelle's alright.”

She hesitated, clearly confused about what was really going on, since no one had mentioned anything about Avery's mom flatlining, but finally nodded, dropping her arms. She then pointed up at the big guy, giving him a stern look. “You be nice to him, and make sure your partner behaves too.”

He laughed at that, even as the guy at my side scoffed.

“Sure,” the tall one agreed with another chuckle.

Serenity then gave me one last look of concern before heading down the hall.

The taller man continued to shake his head as he stepped forward and hit the down button. “You know, after seeing your background on your phone, I was going to ask what your relationship was.”

“Why?” I asked seriously in confusion, quickly following him onto the elevator when it dinged. However, honestly, I should have known the reason.

“Well, you look nothing alike, but she also looks much too mature for you,” he replied simply with a shrug. He then paused. “Think I can get her number?”

I looked up at him in shock. “Umm, no,” I scoffed. “She, umm, has a boyfriend,” I added.

He laughed at that, not seeming concerned. “He black?” the guy wondered with a straight face.

“Why in the hell does that matter?” I asked seriously, starting to get annoyed even though this guy was the one who kind of made it possible for me to do chest compressions for as long as I did.

He shrugged. "Cuz if her boyfriend's black, then it means she's *satisfied*," he said with an amused tone. "But if he's not..." He chuckled again as his voice trailed off.

"Her boyfriend has dark skin," I lied, although technically it wasn't a lie. Not when I considered the fact that I was officially her boyfriend and was very dark under certain circumstances.

Dammit, I knew why Serenity implied that I was her 'charge,' something they would understand, since that would ensure they listen to her, but now I really wished she had just told them I was her boyfriend after all.

Worst case, and I could have just explained over the phone once I got outside.

He frowned at that. "Hispanic? Indian?" He paused. "Fuck, he's Hispanic, isn't he? Damn lucky bastard."

I decided not to comment.

But then, Mr. Asshole Fred decided to chime in. "Hey, if you're giving up that easy Tyrone, then I'll take her number. I love me a woman who sticks up for herself. And she's a cop too."

"Guys!" I said in disbelief. "I'm not giving you her number!"

"You know," Fred continued, sounding amused. "I think I forgot something back in that room. Might need to make a trip back up there."

Son of a bitch! They were playing with me, weren't they? Fuck, I needed to stop reacting so strongly.

Sighing, I decided not to respond.

I considered making small-talk as we got off the elevator, in an effort to change the topic, but ultimately didn't want to socialize too much with people I might never see again. Not to mention, they were quickly getting on my bad side by trying to get in Serenity's pants.

Like fuck, she was mine, dammit!

And they continued to make little jokes at my expense until we were finally just outside the front entrance. Of

course, I could get to the parking garage from here, but I was much more interested in calling Serenity up the moment they left me alone.

It had only been maybe a minute or two since we saw each other, and yet clearly that was enough time for her to find out what was going on.

Still, I quickly explained my side of the situation, just in case what she'd been told was bias, and she informed me that they'd given her some more medicine, but were holding off doing much since her vital signs seemed stable at the moment and she wasn't showing any signs of seizing.

I was relieved to hear that, but quickly suggested that she switch with Gabriella, having forgotten that I'd wanted them to leave the hospital as soon as possible.

"Oh," Serenity said in response, lowering her voice. "She just left. Avery woke up and actually was able to look normal pretty quickly, so I've spent the last half hour or so trying to help pressure the staff into discharging her. In the end, Avery told them she was just going to walk out if they didn't give her the paperwork." She paused. "Kind of helped that she was standing up when she said it."

"And they didn't mention anything about her mom?" I asked seriously.

"They didn't," she confirmed. "We had no idea anything was going on, which means Avery still doesn't know." She sighed. "You might want to call up Gabriella and let Avery know. They're heading back to our place for now, just so Gabriella can kind of give her a rundown and explain what we know so far." She paused. "I did sort of mention the letter to Gabriella. She'll probably read it when she gets the chance."

I sighed. "Okay. And that's fine. Although, I might wait to call her. I don't want to give Avery hope only for things to still turn out bad. Not to mention, being stressed might make it difficult for her to continue looking normal."

Serenity took a deep breath. "Yeah," she whispered in agreement. "Michelle still looks gray, Kai, and the staff have noticed. They're worried about it, but they don't seem as if they know what to do. Everything is turning up normal now, except for her skin color."

"What color was Avery?" I asked seriously, wondering if Michelle was going to get any darker, since that would definitely be a problem.

Serenity sighed. "Kai, she was a light tan, similar to Gabriella, except lighter. And her hair was white, and her eyes were more of an icy blue, but otherwise there was no signs of her being gray. Her lips did kind of look...frosted, like they were pale compared to her skin, almost as if she was wearing white makeup, but definitely no gray."

Fuck.

What did that mean? I mean, no way in hell the transformed skin and hair color were random. No, they had to be based on genetics or something, especially since it seemed as if everyone's eyes were only changing slightly. At the very least, Gabriella's irises went from an emerald to an even more vibrant and rich green hue, while Avery's light blue eyes turned icy blue.

But then, what did that mean for Michelle? Was she really going to end up having gray skin? Not that it looked bad on her at all – the healthier version, rather than the deceased gray – but still, if her daughter had light tan skin...

The difference must be because of Avery's father, since Michelle and her daughter looked very much alike otherwise. Not to mention, Gabriella said that the two women shared a similar scent, but that it was much stronger and enticing on Avery.

And I agreed that Avery's floral scent seemed to be stronger, even if what Gabriella experienced was much different, with her describing it as being sort of like warm vanilla sugar. Or vanilla cinnamon. Still, if they both

fundamentally shared the same natural aroma, then why would the daughter be more potent?

Maybe there was something about Michelle that was recessive, and it somehow became a bit more dominant in her daughter?

Honestly, I didn't know. But at the very least, it made Michelle's gray skin more concerning.

Taking a deep breath, I finally responded. "Okay, well I guess keep me updated if anything changes. I'll probably find a bench outside and wait."

"Sure," she agreed, only to pause, lowering her voice. "Oh, one of the security guards is back," she added.

Fucking bastard!

"Ren, he's there to try hitting on you."

"Oh," she said in surprise. "Well, don't worry about it. I actually have to deal with his type a lot. I'll handle it."

I sighed, knowing there wasn't really anything I could do about it either way. And I had no doubt what she said was true, since she was objectively as hot as fuck and likely got hit on all the time.

"Okay, love you," I said simply.

She paused, her tone suddenly endearing. "Love you too, Kai," she said meaningfully. "More than anything. Talk to you soon."

"Sounds good," I agreed simply. "Bye for now."

"Bye," she replied.

After hanging up, I focused on the walkway that led away from the main hospital entrance to a nice seating area with a circle of metal benches that had pleasant landscaping around them. Taking a deep breath, I made my way over to have a seat, silently hoping and wishing that things would turn out alright. But for now, all I could do was wait and hope that my blood running through Michelle's veins would do the rest.

For a few minutes, I just tried to clear my thoughts, leaning forward with my elbows on my knees, my phone in

both hands, attempting to not worry myself to death. But after a short while of listening to the plethora of noises bombarding my ears, I decided to experiment to see if I could hone my hearing enough to pick up Serenity's conversation with the guard.

Of course, I could hear from several miles away, easily, but trying to actually wade through thousands upon thousands of noises, including the collective beeping of several hundred heartrate monitors, never mind everyone talking, was all a lot to try to filter through.

Ironically, it was easy for me to do that with a scent, but I hadn't practiced much doing it with my hearing, since I usually wasn't interested in tracking down and eavesdropping on a particular person.

Taking a slow deep breath, I closed my eyes as I attempted to ignore the vast majority of the noises, attempting to find my friend's familiar voice.

However, after another few minutes, I began to lose hope that it would be possible.

Opening my eyes, I focused up on the tall building before me, using my powerful spatial memory to recall where Michelle's room was inside. It only took me a second to realize she was on almost the other side of the behemoth building.

Standing up, I immediately began walking toward the entrance, planning on heading toward the parking garage and then making my way around to the other side on foot. Unfortunately, once I did get to the other side a handful of minutes later, I found myself in an area that wasn't exactly designated for visitors to hang around, even if it was obviously open to the public.

Picking a spot to lean against the wall, I pulled out my phone, just staring at the blank screen as I tried again to focus on my hearing.

I was surprised when I picked up the nurse's voice right away, sounding like she was talking about a different

patient on the phone. Again, using my spatial memory, I searched for Serenity with my hearing, unable to pick her out directly.

I assumed that meant the guard must be gone already, but I also wanted to confirm she was there.

Turning on my screen, I typed out a simple message.

“Love you Ren.”

I heard her familiar notification noise chime barely two seconds later, allowing me to instantly pinpoint her location. I then heard the faint sound of her tapping her screen, my own phone vibrating in my hand shortly after.

“Love you too. You doing okay?”

“Yeah I’m fine,” I typed simply. I then decided to elaborate. “I’m outside more toward your side of the building. I heard it when you got my message.”

After her phone chimed again, she didn’t do anything for a long few seconds, before making an amused sound.

“I love you, Kai,” she whispered.

I grinned, typing on my phone again. “Love you too Ren. Also battery low. Can’t talk much.”

Serenity sighed heavily, sounding like she was leaning back in her seat to get more comfortable.

Frowning, I decided I should use this time to begin focusing on what our next steps would be, trying to anticipate possible outcomes and how I might deal with them. Including what might happen if Michelle wasn’t herself when she woke up.

Not that I was overly paranoid or anything, but I decided to step away from the building for a second, evaluating the height of the windows to the third floor, and mentally using what I knew of the inside to estimate the best route into the building if I needed to get up there in a hurry.

Because if Michelle woke up and attacked my girlfriend, the person I loved more than anything, there was no way in hell I wasn’t going to leap straight to the third floor, bust

through the window, and bolt for Serenity as fast as *inhumanly* possible.

Of course, that would mean we might have to go on the run after such an exposure, but with my older girlfriend's life on the line, there was literally nothing that was going to stop me from doing everything in my power to protect her.

Taking a deep breath, I then walked back over to the wall, and resumed my position, staring at my blank screen.

An hour passed, with the nurse coming in to check in on Serenity and Michelle a handful of times, before anything significant happened when the nurse wasn't in the room.

Suddenly, it sounded like someone was choking, the noise close enough to Serenity that I suspected it might be Michelle, but wasn't entirely sure.

However, barely a second later, I heard my older girlfriend's alarmed voice.

"Michelle?" she hissed urgently.

Panicked groaning immediately followed, sounding almost as if she was pulling out the tube down her throat that had been controlling her breathing while she was *supposed to be* in a medical coma. Then, a gasp as the older blonde sucked in a desperate breath, beginning to sound like her panicking was escalating, the beeping on the monitor noticeably picking up – enough that the nurse noticed it on her monitor in the nurse's station, based on the sounds I heard from her.

"Michelle," Serenity said urgently. "Calm down. They can't see you like this. You need to try to relax and look normal again."

I heard Michelle suck in a deep breath then, holding it for a second, and then letting it out slowly.

But it was too late. I could hear the nurse rushing for the room, calling out to someone else for help since it sounded like she was assuming the worst based on Michelle's vital signs.

And then, just like that, she opened the door and yanked back the curtain, only to freeze solid.

Fuck, was she seeing Michelle transformed?!

Would she scream and call for security?!

Was there any way for me to intervene to prevent this from happening?!

Fuck!

"Y-You're awake?" Tracey said in alarm and confusion.

"But that's not possible," she added. "We had you sedated."

Did she look normal? She must look normal!

Michelle took another slow deep breath, sounding as if she was pulling out one of her IV's.

"Stop!" the nurse yelled. "Don't pull on that one! It's a central line! It's deeper than you think!"

"I want to leave," Michelle said firmly. "Please take this out and get the discharge paperwork, or else I'll just walk out."

"W-What?" Tracey said in complete confusion. "You can't leave! You were dead for over half an hour! And you shouldn't even be awake right now! We need to assess you!"

"I was?" Michelle said in sincere shock.

"Yes, you were!" Tracey continued. "Your heart was completely stopped! And if you're awake, then the inflammation might make you have another seizure before you even get down to the first floor! You were in a car accident and a truck literally fell on your head!"

"I still want to leave," Michelle pressed. "You have thirty minutes to do whatever mental assessment you want, but then I'm walking out of here, whether you have the paperwork ready or not. Whether you've removed this IV or not. You can't keep me here."

"Yes we can," the nurse retorted. "And we must. You can't leave under these conditions."

"Actually," Serenity finally interrupted, speaking firmly. "I'm a cop, and know for a fact you can't keep her against

her will.”

“We can if the doctor decides she’s not capable of making sound decisions,” Tracey said in disbelief. “And requesting to leave after you’ve been seizing nonstop, forcing us to put you in a coma, and then after being dead for half an hour, is not a sound decision!”

Serenity continued. “Just get the doctor in here to do his evaluation.”

The nurse made a series of flustered noises like she wasn’t sure how to respond, before leaving and coming back half a minute later with the Charge Nurse, who argued with Michelle for a solid five minutes, before she started asking her questions as a challenge, only to seem sincerely surprised when Michelle answered accurately and calmly to everything the Charge Nurse asked.

I could then hear them after they left the room, discussing the fact that there didn’t seem to be any confusion, and how bizarre it was she seemed completely fine. In the end, they decided to wait for the doctor to show up and make an assessment, with *her* apparently being busy elsewhere dealing with a more urgent situation.

Yeah, the doctor they spoke of was a female.

I wasn’t sure if that meant they’d removed the guy from earlier as her doctor, or if maybe he only showed up because it was a medical emergency. Either way, it sounded like there would be a fresh pair of eyes on Michelle’s situation, which could be good or bad. Really, it could go either way.

In the meantime, Serenity was quietly having her own conversation with Michelle while they were alone.

“Are you alright?” she asked seriously. “How do you feel?”

Michelle was quiet for a few seconds, seeming to be focused on her breathing. However, when she spoke, the more firm tone she’d been using was completely gone. Now

she sounded almost sad, and a little timid, her overall voice quiet and gentle. "Where is he?" she finally wondered.

Serenity hesitated. "Kai?" she whispered.

There was a pause, seeming as if Michelle gave a nonverbal response, like nodding her head.

"Oh, he's outside," Serenity continued. "They kicked him out of the hospital."

"What?" Michelle said in shock. "Why?"

"Umm, well you did sort of die. Your heart stopped, like the nurse said, and when they decided to give up trying to bring you back, he kept giving you CPR."

"So they kicked him out?" she said in disbelief.

"Umm, yeah. I guess the doctor was pissed about it and called security."

It was silent then.

Serenity continued. "I know. It's dumb. I looked it up, and there are actually laws protecting people who insist on continuing CPR, since pressing charges against someone who gives too much CPR would set a bad precedent and make people afraid to try. Granted, most people probably can't keep it up for over half an hour, and under normal circumstances the doctor would be right to be upset that he wouldn't stop." She paused, lowering her voice more.

"Because under normal circumstances, you wouldn't have come back. The survival rate is ridiculously low for someone who truly has a stopped heart."

"Was it really half an hour?" Michelle whispered. "I was dead for that long? And he kept trying *for that long*?"

"Umm, yeah." Serenity lowered her voice to barely a whisper. "He sort of helped fix you, and he knew that you might come back if he kept trying."

"I remember," Michelle replied just as quietly.

"You do?" my older girlfriend said in surprise.

"Yes."

Serenity hesitated. "Is that why you want to see him?"

“Yes,” Michelle replied, almost sounding somber. “Maybe can you talk to the nurse, and see if they’ll let him come back up here to see me?”

Serenity hesitated again. “Umm, sure. I can ask.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

I could hear Serenity getting up out of her seat.

“Oh,” Michelle quickly said. “And my daughter is okay too, right?”

“Yeah.” Serenity then sighed. “She was paralyzed after the accident, but he fixed her too. She just woke up a little while ago, and my friend took her to my house to explain things and to help her adjust.”

“His girlfriend?” Michelle assumed, having met Gabriella earlier.

“Oh, umm, yeah.” She paused for a long few seconds.

“Kai is a good guy, Mrs. Copeland. He just doesn’t want anyone to find out his secret. And he won’t make Avery do anything she doesn’t want to do.”

Michelle didn’t respond, and after a second, Serenity walked out of the room. I assumed Avery’s mom must have given a nonverbal cue again, such as a nod, or else maybe she sincerely didn’t respond. Hard to say, and it was difficult to judge how she was handling all this. I could smell her somberness, and yet I had no idea the thoughts that might be behind it.

I honestly didn’t expect the nursing staff to approve me coming back up there, but after Serenity told them Michelle wanted to see me, Tracey discussed it with the Charge Nurse on the floor and they decided that the doctor having security make me leave was probably an over-exaggeration. Especially since I hadn’t been violent or anything.

Of course, they didn’t know that was my Plan B – to knock anyone out who tried to stop me and just deal with the consequences later.

However, I was still surprised that Tracey had been listening so closely when I was talking to security.

“He said he lost his parents when he was young, and it sounds like this woman has taken the place of his mother in his life. Of course, you and I both know that what’s happened is, well, basically a miracle. But I can’t blame him for not wanting to give up.”

After a heavy sigh, the floor’s head nurse agreed, and told Tracey she’d have to go get me.

Thus, the woman asked Serenity to call me and meet her at the front entrance, since an escort would be necessary to avoid potential problems with security. Of course, still a little shocked by their decision, I was already making my way back in that direction when Serenity sent me a message, since I also preferred to speak to Michelle sooner, rather than later.

Sending a simple message of confirmation, I made it to the front doors a good minute before Tracey did, keeping my expression somber when she gave me a weak smile.

“How’s she doing?” I wondered quietly as she led me back into the main lobby, trying to pretend like I didn’t already have an idea.

Tracey sighed. “Well, she’s demanding to leave, for one, and we really need her to stay here. Maybe you can convince her?”

“I can try,” I offered, not at all intending to do so. “But do you think she’ll be okay?”

Tracey took another deep breath as we got on the elevator with a couple of other people, seeming pensive, not responding until the people got off on the second floor. Then, once the elevator doors closed, and we were alone, she spoke.

“We really don’t know,” she admitted quietly, almost as if she was sharing a secret. It made me wonder if she was just used to not speaking about patients in public places. “I’ve heard of cases of someone receiving CPR for that long

and recovering just fine, but her heart was stopped. Normally, that's an irreversible condition. Shocking doesn't help then. Not to mention, she was showing some signs of livor mortis, which is often the most noticeable sign of death." She shook her head. "Truly, this is a miracle if I've ever seen one."

"So then, she's going to be fine?" I tried again, wanting to gauge what her real opinion was.

She sighed again as the elevator doors opened to the appropriate floor. "From what we can see, yes, it seems she might make a full recovery. But we still need her to stay. She at least has broken ribs from the CPR, and should be in a lot of pain. Not to mention, it's not as if the inflammation from her accident is just going to magically go away. This isn't the time for her to be jumping out of bed and going home. She might start having a seizure again at any moment."

I nodded. "I'll try to speak with her in private and see if I can convince her."

Tracey nodded as well, seeming reassured by my lie.

Surprisingly, most of the people I passed didn't look at me like I was anyone special, and now that I was looking around, I realized that most of the normal staff on the floor weren't the bulk of the people who were involved in the code. I supposed it made sense that the hospital might actually have a code team who were sort of on standby, which might be the real reason why Michelle's doctor changed - really, she probably had the same doctor as before, but it was a different person than the man who showed up specifically for the code.

When I approached the room, the curtain was open slightly, enough for Serenity to be visible, so that she saw me before we reached the room. The moment I opened the door, with Tracey hesitating before returning to her desk, my older girlfriend greeted me with a big hug, ushering me into the room.

All it took was one look at Michelle, just meeting her somber azure gaze for a second, framed by her disheveled blonde hair, and I knew I wasn't going to be a hardass with her, like how I imagined might be necessary.

No, she would be compliant of her own freewill.

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(8) CHAPTER 23: EXPECTATIONS

Meeting Michelle's somber gaze was all it took to know that I wouldn't be *capable* of being a hardass with her, like I initially thought. Partially, because she didn't strike me as being someone who was going to be disobedient to my simple requests, but also because she really did feel like a mom, even if she looked so young, making it difficult for me to treat her like I initially did Avery.

Due to how I was raised, I couldn't help but feel as if I should respect this woman, and 'know my place' around her, just like how I'd feel around my own mom.

She looked normal now, disheveled blonde hair and blue eyes, instead of whatever color she'd been when she woke up, still dressed in the hospital gown without a bra. Although, she actually looked healthier than when I first saw her back at the bank.

Not that she'd seemed unhealthy before – far from it – but there was definitely something different now. Was her pale smooth skin more supple? Or maybe it was just because I'd only recently noticed her freckles running across her nose and upper cheeks, which kind of gave her an even more youthful appearance.

When she didn't say anything, I decided to speak up. "You wanted to see me?" I said quietly.

She nodded hesitantly, glancing at Serenity. "Could we speak alone a moment, sweetie?" she wondered.

Serenity nodded in the corner of my eye. "Sure, I'll close the curtain and wait outside the door."

I gave my lifelong friend another quick side hug, and then moved over to the chair more toward the foot of Michelle's bed, sitting down and taking a deep breath as I focused on her knees. I waited until I heard the door close before speaking.

"How are you feeling?" I whispered, uncertain of how this situation was going to turn out and feeling a little anxious about it.

Michelle took a deep breath and turned her head away, seeming to really think about her response. "You know, my daughter has talked about you almost every day for the past two years."

I looked up at her in surprise, wondering why she was bringing that up.

She met my gaze then, her expression still sad. "As horrible as this day has been, I wouldn't be surprised if she ends up viewing it as the best day of her life."

I frowned, feeling uncertain about her point. "Why do you think that?" I prompted after a few seconds, even though I knew Avery had already said as much previously, prior to me giving her my blood.

She gave me a weak smile. "Because she's finally a part of your world now, isn't she? Although, I doubt she had any idea what being a part of your world might look like. I certainly never would have imagined."

I nodded slowly, realizing she must fully grasp the situation she'd found herself in. She must truly remember what I told her while unconscious, and understood that I was supernatural, and that I'd similarly made both her and her daughter supernatural.

But that also meant she was aware I had some level of control over her, and knew that I could outright control her completely if I really wanted.

I sighed. "And how are you going to view this day?" I wondered. "The worst?"

She grimaced at that and looked away. "I don't know," she finally admitted after a second. "I suppose it depends on what you'll expect of me."

I sighed heavily and leaned back more in my seat, garnering her attention from the motion, with me assuming that my potential control was her underlying concern.

"Honestly? Not much. I just need you to keep all this to yourself, and probably the biggest way that'll impact you is your relationship with your husband." When she grimaced again, I quickly continued. "Not that I'm saying you can't do normal married stuff. But..." I paused and lowered my voice. "There are certain situations where you'll end up looking different, and that'll mean your husband will end up knowing."

Michelle sighed then. "Sweetie, you can just say sex. I know I'm Avery's mother, and it probably seems awkward to talk about that subject with me, but I've been around a while. It's not as if I'm going to faint in shock that a young man such as yourself is well versed in the subject."

Stunned by her brazenness, I had to look away from her, a weird combination of surprise and embarrassment hitting me all at once. However, she must have noticed the gray creeping up my neck a little, because she quickly shifted gears.

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry," she whispered. "I didn't realize you might be avoiding the subject for your own sake. Please forgive me, dear."

I took a deep breath, trying to shake the feeling off as I felt my skin shifting back to normal. I was too stressed right now by the situation, and really needed to chill out.

"Umm, it's fine," I said after a moment. I then cleared my throat, deciding to be blunt. "Anyway, I'm just trying to say that I don't plan on making you do anything you don't want to do, and that we just might need to get creative about ensuring your husband stays silent about it too."

She nodded with a frown. "I appreciate what you're saying, dear. But it won't be necessary. Avery's father and I haven't been intimate in quite some time, and I certainly have no intentions on being intimate with him ever again."

My eyes widened in surprise.

Holy fuck, was she serious?

Did that mean Serenity guessed right? Was that why he wasn't around?

Yet, at the same time, I couldn't imagine him not *at least* coming to see his daughter!

What kind of bastard abandons his family like that?

"W-Why is that?" I wondered hesitantly, glancing away, unable to meet her gaze now.

She sighed. "He's found someone else, and has decided that his new *hussy* is more important than his wife and daughter." She scoffed. "Not too surprising, considering the child of a woman is barely older than you are." She unexpectedly gave me an apologetic expression. "Not that I'm calling you a child, honey. But she really is barely older than my daughter."

"I-I see," I replied, feeling awkward to be hearing about their family drama.

She sighed. "But anyway, yes. I understand what you're saying. We aren't divorced yet, but if I do get involved with someone, then this new aspect of my life is something to consider." She paused, her volume dropping. "Or, would you prefer I not..." Her voice trailed off.

But I knew what she was implying – would I prefer she not get in another relationship. And I didn't really know how to answer her.

I did my best to try to respond anyway. "I mean, I feel like I can't exactly ask you not to, but this really does need to stay a secret." I sighed then, meeting her gaze. "I wasn't going to do it at first," I admitted. "Change you, that is. But I also couldn't let Avery go through what Serenity and I went

through.” I then sighed. “I know I’ve mostly ignored her for the last two years, but I guess I do kind of care about her.”

Michelle nodded somberly. “I do appreciate it, honey. Even if you did it for her, I’m glad I get to see another day.”

I frowned at that, uncertain if I should try clarifying, instead of letting her assume that was entirely the case.

However, she picked up on the undertones of my expression. “Or is that wrong?” she wondered hesitantly.

“I don’t know,” I replied honestly. “I mean, not wanting her to go through losing you was what prompted me to make the decision, but ultimately I tried so hard *for you* . Like, maybe it’s because you remind me of my mom, or something,” I hedged, not about to admit my actual perverted thoughts. “But I ended up deciding that I really didn’t want you to die.”

She nodded, her voice sounding a little strained. “Well, either way, I sincerely appreciate it. And while it seems I might not be able to refuse your directions, even if I wanted to, I can promise you that I’ll do my best to do as you wish.”

I gave her a confused look, due to her tone, wondering if she was referring to the fact that she remembered what I told her while she was in the medical coma. Because it kind of sounded like she was implying something else entirely, as if she knew she couldn’t refuse my instructions because she’d already had a related experience.

She responded to my look with a grimace. “I, umm, seem to be very *thirsty* at the moment,” she admitted quietly.

Oh fuck.

Why hadn’t I thought of that?

I supposed because she seemed fine.

Except that she’d obviously suffered internal damage, including broken ribs, that must have healed, putting a strain on her body.

My tone was urgent now. “You’re saying that my demand earlier is helping you stay under control?” I hissed in a rush.

“Does that mean you feel like you might lose control?” I added.

She cleared her throat, appearing ashamed now. “Yes and no, dear. I’m alright at the moment. But my mind felt foggy when I first woke up, and I remember it initially feeling as if the only thing that existed in the world was a really strong smell that was making me so thirsty that it made my body hurt.” She slowly reached up and wrapped her arms around herself at the memory, only having the one IV in her upper arm, which was no longer hooked up to anything. “But I found myself quickly seeing your beautiful gold eyes, remembering your words, and it helped me deny the sensation as I woke up. All of it kind of feels like a dream almost, but I know it’s not.”

I nodded, thankful that speaking to her when she was unconscious actually worked and prevented her from attacking anyone, like Gabriella initially did when she first woke up after receiving my blood. But now that meant we needed to get her out of the hospital as fast as possible, so I could take her hunting.

When I didn’t respond right away, she continued in a whisper. “Honey, if you don’t mind me asking, Serenity still seems to be normal, right? She doesn’t smell the same as you.”

“Umm, yeah. She’s normal right now, but not for long,” I admitted, surprised she could already notice a difference in smell. Michelle’s bright blue eyes widened at my response, prompting me to elaborate. “I only found out recently that I can change people,” I explained. “It was an accident with Gabriella, and Serenity would probably just now be waking up herself, if all this stuff hadn’t happened.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, honey,” she said sincerely.

“Why are you sorry?” I wondered in surprise.

She sighed, holding my gaze. “Well, I’d imagine that making Serenity like you is very important, isn’t it?”

I nodded, realizing she must be apologizing for inconveniencing me. “Umm, yeah, but it’s alright. However, I do want to make that a priority now. Like, after we leave, we’ll likely stop at my house so I can take care of that, and then Gabriella and Avery can watch over her while I get you something to eat.” I paused when she grimaced. “Animals will help the craving you have, if you’re okay with that. And the only reason why you even want it is because you were injured.”

Michelle looked at me in surprise. “You mean, you don’t normally drink...” Her voice trailed off.

I shook my head. “I haven’t my entire life, and the reason why I have recently is because I’ve gotten severely injured a couple of times.” I paused. “But I can explain more about that later, if you want. Probably shouldn’t talk about it here, even if no one can hear us.”

She nodded in agreement, both of us falling silent for a few seconds as I began wondering how we might best get her out of here. I supposed I could try compelling the doctor, since she was female, but I had no way of knowing if my compulsion was permanent – meaning, if it wore off, then the woman might be able to tell people about me, assuming that I transformed to do it.

Alternatively, I might be able to try charming her while I still looked normal, which would be less potent, but also less risky long-term.

Michelle cleared her throat to get my attention. “Umm, sweetie, if you don’t mind me asking...” She hesitated. “And don’t answer this, if now is a bad time to ask. But I’m just wondering what your plans are for my daughter.” When I frowned, she continued quietly. “It’s just, she really likes you, and while I’ve only met your girlfriend once briefly, I sort of got the impression she would be alright with you dating two girls.”

I tried not to gawk at her bluntness, feeling a little confused for a number of reasons.

Granted, it was obvious Michelle realized at this point that I could probably be with them at the same time, and have them both be alright with it due to my influence, but it was almost as if she was giving me the benefit of the doubt and assuming I wouldn't do that – assuming that I wouldn't *make them* .

She was correct, of course, but it was also strange to have her sound as if she was almost hoping that I would be with her daughter too.

Was it because Avery was so obsessed with me and Michelle just wanted her to be happy?

I also wondered if Gabriella was sincerely lusting after Avery at the bank earlier, to the point that it was obvious enough for Michelle to notice. I mean, this woman wasn't stupid, and that was basically what she was saying, but it was strange that I hadn't noticed it myself. Then again, I'd been more focused on trying to ignore them, as well as keeping my attention on the nicely dressed guy that showed up shortly after they all began talking.

The asshole who was visually undressing them the whole time.

Taking a deep breath, I realized that I should probably just tell Michelle how it was, which included letting her know about Serenity as well. However, while I knew the mature woman might not be thrilled to discover that I was involved with more women than she even realized, I wasn't going to apologize for it.

"Yeah, you're correct," I admitted bluntly, regarding Gabriella being interested. "Assuming Avery is okay with it, I'll probably start a relationship with her as well. However, she won't be the second person I'm with, she'll be the third."

Michelle's eyes widened in sincere surprise, her gaze darting toward the door, which was currently hidden by the pulled curtain.

“Yeah, I’m with her too,” I said simply, assuming she’d figured it out. “We’ve been around each other basically all our lives,” I added. “And I’ve tried to deny the feelings I have for her, but I love her more than anything.”

Michelle shifted her weight slightly in the bed, seeming as if she was trying to compose herself. “I see,” she finally said after a few seconds. “Well, then I’m especially sorry that you had to delay making her like you.”

“It’s alright,” I repeated, wondering if she was truly handling that news as well as she seemed. “But I hope you won’t think badly of us for our relationship. I know that our situation is a bit untraditional, especially since there are already three of us involved, but I really do care about Gabriella and Serenity both, and I’ll be good to Avery too, assuming that’s what she wants.”

Michelle nodded, seeming uncomfortable now, her tone hesitant as she continued. “A-And where do I fit into all this?” she whispered.

I looked at her in surprise, realizing she must really be nervous about me potentially taking advantage of the situation. After all, from her perspective, she’d found herself indebted to a young guy who already had multiple women he intended on being with, and who could clearly make her do anything he wanted.

Fuck, I wondered if this was more stressful for her than she was letting on.

I cleared my throat, glancing away. “Oh, umm, nowhere you don’t want to fit,” I hedged.

She nodded, glancing away as well, her bright blue eyes tight.

I sighed, being well aware that, despite what I secretly wanted, it would be highly unrealistic to expect Avery and her mom to be alright with sharing me. And while I could certainly make them be okay with it, I was afraid I’d feel guilty about it later, especially if the influence I had was

irreversible. Which meant, I needed to reassure her that I wasn't like that.

"I really mean that, Mrs. Copeland. I just want you to keep my secret. And yeah, if you want to get involved with someone else after you divorce your husband, then we'll probably have to figure out how that's going to work." I grimaced, feeling torn between what I wanted and what I felt like was ethical, based on how I'd been raised. "Like, you probably won't be able to do stuff with a guy unless you're really serious, and I'll probably need a way to blackmail him into keeping it a secret, but..." My voice trailed off, growing more and more depressed by the idea of having to deal with that.

Fuck, I really wanted her for myself.

Michelle's tone was gentle. "We'll figure it out, honey," she said reassuringly. "And Michelle is fine. No need to call me Mrs. Copeland. Unfortunately, my last name just reminds me of my husband's betrayal at this point." She grimaced. "Nearly twenty years we've been together, and now it's like it meant nothing to him."

I grimaced as well, giving her an apologetic look, sincerely feeling bad for her. "Sorry. I can't imagine what he was thinking. I mean, even if he likes younger women, you look much younger than you are, and in many ways you're even more attractive than Avery."

Michelle didn't react at all to my compliment, her expression pained. "Yes, well, you know there's a saying regarding this subject. Something like, *show me the most beautiful woman in the world, and I'll show you the man who is tired of being with her.*" She sighed. "The original phrase is a bit more vulgar than that, but you get the idea."

I frowned, knowing it was more like, '*and I'll show you the man who is tired of fucking her.*'

She continued with another sigh. "Of course, not all relationships are like that, and such a saying is only more true for relationships that are primarily based on physical

appearance. There are plenty of married couples who grow to love each other even more as time progresses.” Her expression pained again. “Unfortunately, it seems my husband was more interested in my appearance than me.”

“I’m sorry,” I repeated, kind of feeling bad about my compliment now, regarding her being more attractive than her daughter in certain ways. No wonder she wasn’t flattered by it. If anything, being called ‘pretty’ was a sore spot for her right now.

She gave me a confused look. “Why are you sorry, dear?”

I shrugged. “It just sucks,” I replied, only to pause. “And I’m not like that,” I added. “In case you were worried about Avery. The only reason why I’m in this situation is because they are all okay with it.”

Michelle nodded, seeming shocked. “Of course, dear. I wasn’t trying to say anything about you. And honestly, if my husband had approached things differently, then I might have been open to sharing him as well.”

Fuck, was she serious?

She quickly continued. “Of course, I’d never consider such a thing now,” she clarified. “It would be one thing if he only wanted the younger woman in addition to me, but he made his choice.”

I honestly didn’t know what to say to that, sincerely surprised she was suddenly sharing this information with me. But then again, I supposed I’d been the one to bring the subject up.

“Does that surprise you?” she wondered, seeming almost curious now.

I cleared my throat, trying not to think about it too deeply. “Umm, yeah, a little.”

“Mothers and fathers are still *people*,” she said, sounding amused. “I know we often do as much as we can to shield our children from the things that go on in the world, but just because a couple is married, and has kids,

doesn't mean they don't necessarily have deviant lifestyles that they conceal."

No joke about that.

While I was sure it wasn't as common as she was making it sound like, it seemed as both Gabriella and Avery's parents either led deviant lifestyles or were at least open to it. Or maybe I was wrong. Maybe it was more common than I thought.

"Anyway," I said, knowing we should probably change the subject before it became obvious this conversation was affecting my skin. "I guess I'll try to talk to the doctor and charm her into letting you go."

"Charm?" Michelle repeated in confusion. "Is that what you call it?"

I cleared my throat. "Umm, well I'd have to look different if I wanted to *make her* do it. Whereas, when I look normal my influence isn't as strong, so charming seems like the more appropriate word."

She frowned then, nodding once.

"It's an intentional thing," I added to reassure her. "Like, I've really only done it three or four times in my entire life, and a couple of those times were me just practicing with Serenity."

Michelle looked shocked. "W-What did you have her do?" she wondered hesitantly.

"Oh, just pushups. We only wanted to see how strong my influence was when I was trying, since I needed to make sure I could guarantee your silence before I saved your life."

She nodded somberly, not responding.

"Sorry," I repeated. "It's not that you're untrustworthy, but I just didn't know you well enough to be confident you would keep it to yourself. And this is something that *needs* to stay a secret. Like, I don't plan on doing this ever again, for anyone else. So the secret has to stop with you and Avery."

She looked surprised at that, before shaking her head. "No, it's alright, dear. I understand. Let's just focus on getting me out of the hospital, and we can worry about the rest later."

"Oh." I paused, realizing she was right – I was wasting too much time. "Yeah, of course," I agreed, standing up to see if the doctor was around.

Unfortunately, I didn't hear her, and when I reached the door and asked Serenity, she hadn't seen the woman either, indicating she might have gone to a different floor.

Going up to the nurse, who was sitting at her desk again behind a raised counter, I decided to practice my charming ability in preparation for the doctor, thankful that I had the cue of her eyes dilating slightly when she met my gaze. And even more so relieved when she just stared up at me, seemingly speechless, as if I was suddenly the hottest guy she'd ever seen.

I mean, I was objectively handsome, but she was looking at me like I was a famous actor she never thought she'd get to meet in person.

"Have you seen the doctor around?" I wondered, leaning forward on the raised counter, trying not to smile when she leaned incrementally forward too, as if she was ready to push herself up to meet my lips if I asked for it.

Her breathing was shallow as she responded, seeming to absentmindedly brush a strand of her dark brown hair off her cheek. "Umm, I think she's on the second floor below us," she replied, her lips parting slightly as she held my gaze for what might be considered an awkward amount of time before continuing. "W-Why?" she finally wondered.

"Well, I spoke with Mrs. Copeland and I think she's about to walk out of here, even if you guys aren't ready."

Tracey's dark blue eyes widened in shock and alarm, but she didn't avert her gaze. "S-She can't do that. We need to take the central line out, and the doctor isn't ready to discharge her."

"Do you think *you* could take the central line out?" I wondered curiously.

"Umm, I...I could, I suppose, but..." Her voice trailed off.

"And maybe could you ask the doctor to come up here? I'd like to talk to her, if possible."

"Yes, I can do that," Tracey replied adamantly, making it clear she was reluctant to do my first request.

"Would you get in trouble if you took the central line out?" I asked quietly.

She grimaced. "Both the doctor and charge nurse wouldn't be very happy about it," she admitted.

I nodded, not wanting to get her in trouble over something like this. "Okay, then please get the doctor up here, and then I assume you can do it if she decides to discharge Mrs. Copeland, correct?"

Tracey nodded adamantly again, seeming much happier with that plan. "Yes." She paused, reaching over to grab the phone with her left hand, only to meet my gaze again. "I'll call her right now." She hesitated again. "Is there...anything else I can do for you?" she asked, sounding hopeful.

"We'll start with that," I replied, only to focus on her hand holding the phone – specifically at the engagement ring on it. "Wait, are you engaged?" I wondered out loud, without thinking.

Her eyes abruptly widened, before she quickly switched the phone over to her right hand and hid her left underneath the desk, seeming to forget she'd need her other hand to dial the number for the doctor. "Oh, umm, yes. Sort of."

Fuck, was my charming ability *that* powerful?!

Fuck!

I knew some guys might be thrilled with this kind of power, but it made me really uncomfortable, because it reminded me that I was only half-incubus, and the power that a full-blooded incubus wielded might be unimaginably more potent.

Fuck.

I sure as hell hoped karma truly wasn't a real thing, not that I planned on tempting the bitch anyway.

I was about to respond, only to immediately remember how Serenity reacted to feeling like she'd disappointed me, already seeing a similar fearful look in Tracey's eyes. I quickly cleared my throat. "Well, that's good," I said reassuringly. "I'm very happy for you."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, umm, me too," she replied uncertainly.

"And I'll also be very happy when I can speak to Mrs. Copeland's doctor, if you wouldn't mind going ahead and calling her."

The hopefulness in Tracey's eyes reappeared. "Yes," she said confidently, bringing her left hand back into sight to dial the number. "I'll call her now."

I nodded, giving her a small smile when I heard it begin ringing, the expression prompting Tracey to look like a deer in headlights for a couple of seconds, even after the doctor answered.

"Hello?" the woman said for the third time, causing Tracey to finally clear her throat and focus.

"Oh, umm, this is Tracey. Would you mind coming back up here? It's about our patient in 309."

The woman sighed. "Is she trying to leave? If so, then just tell her I'll be up in a few minutes to discharge her properly. I can then just say I got caught with another patient, or something. Anything to delay her leaving. No doubt she'll start seizing again soon, and then this nonsense of her leaving will be over."

Tracey grimaced, looking up at me apologetically. "Umm, actually, someone else needs to talk to you..." She paused, searching my face for any signs of approval as she continued cautiously. "Umm, it might be family," she lied. "They haven't said, but maybe you can get them to help you talk some sense into Mrs. Copeland."

"Oh," the woman said in surprise. "Okay, I'll be right up then. Is it a man or woman? Maybe her husband?"

"Man, and maybe," Tracey replied, looking up at me uncertainly, since obviously she was making up a fictitious person just to get the doctor up here. "Not sure. I'll try to ask in just a minute. I'm actually with another patient right now."

"That's weird," the doctor replied. "I could have sworn the number was from the landline up there, not your hospital phone." She then sighed. "Clearly, it's been a long day already. Anyway, I'll be right up."

"Thank you. Bye," Tracey said, only to hang up and take a deep breath. "Was that okay?" she asked me hesitantly. "I can just tell her the person I was talking about disappeared somewhere. Or that the guy had the wrong room number, or was just on the wrong floor."

"That was perfect," I said sincerely. "You got her to come up here, and that was exactly what I needed."

Tracey sighed in relief, only to smile warmly at me. "Can I do anything else for you?" she asked hopefully. "Anything at all?"

"You've done everything I need for now," I replied, trying to remember to be gentle with how I declined. "But I hope you'll continue to take care of Mrs. Copeland while she's your patient, and that you'll be open to helping again if I need it."

"Yes, of course," Tracey agreed adamantly, only to glance to the side. "And the doctor should be coming from that direction," she added. "She usually uses the stairs."

"Thank you," I replied sincerely. "I think I'll go wait for her."

Tracey's expression dropped.

"If that's alright with you?" I added, shocked by the abrupt change in her demeanor.

"Umm, yes, of course. That's alright," she said with an unconvincing smile.

Fuck, this wasn't good. She looked like she was lovesick now, and I couldn't help but fear it was permanent. Had I just ruined her for other guys? Had I just ruined her for her *fiancé*? Would she ever be able to love him the same again?

Fuck.

Tracey was pretty, but not to the extent that I'd want her like I wanted Gabriella and Serenity...or Avery and her mom, for that matter.

And I really didn't want to ruin things for some random dude, which would just bring more unwanted attention into my life. But then, that meant I had to fix this, in case it *was* permanent. And if it wasn't permanent, then it would wear off either way.

But if it was...

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Serenity watching me, but doubted she could hear our conversation with how quiet we were talking. Giving her a small smile, I then faced Tracey again and abruptly leaned more forward, causing the nurse's eyes to widen as she stared at me like she was desperately hoping for a kiss – a kiss right in public, where random people walking around the corner might see. A kiss that even one of her colleagues might see.

"Hey," I said gently, giving her a warm smile. "Can I ask you a personal question?"

She nodded, her eyes still wide. "Of course. Anything."

"It's regarding you and your fiancé. Have you two already slept together?"

She gulped, looking nervous again. "W-Would that bother you?"

I shook my head. "No, not at all," I said reassuringly. "I just know that some couples wait until they're married, though I know it's kind of rare nowadays."

She nodded. "Umm, yes. We have, and we do," she clarified.

I gave her another reassuring smile. "Then I'd like for you to do something for me," I said, hoping this would really fix

the problem. "I want you to fantasize about him for the rest of your shift, though not to the point that it distracts you from your work. And then, when you go home, after you've taken a shower and whatever else you usually do, I want you to have passionate sex with him."

It was bold to say such a thing so bluntly, but she didn't even blink, only seeming a little shocked that I actually wanted what I'd just requested.

Tracey stared at me in disbelief. "T-That would make you happy?" she asked incredulously.

"That would make me very happy," I agreed. "Do you think you could do that for me? And not just tonight. I want you to do that from now on."

She gulped. "O-Okay. Yeah, I can do that," she agreed.

"Good," I said warmly, hoping this would really solve the problem of her being permanently charmed by me.

However, just as I stood up straighter, I grimaced when I really considered what it would mean for this to truly be permanent, and what it might mean if this guy broke up with her eventually.

Fuck.

"Oh," I quickly added. "And if for any reason you two break up, then I'd like you to take your time getting to know the next guy, and if you decide you want to marry someone else, then I want you to treat him the same. Okay?"

She hesitated, before nodding slowly, seeming uncertain.

Fuck, this was more difficult than I imagined, because relationships were too complicated, and I could tell from her hesitation that she wasn't entirely confident she knew how to fully obey my wishes. I mean, best case and this charming thing would wear off in a few days, maybe a few weeks, but worst case...

I sighed. "Do you have your personal phone on you?" I wondered.

Her eyes widened again, before she nodded. "Yes, it's right here," she said, eagerly pulling it out.

“Let me give you my number just in case, but please don’t call me unless you’re having problems doing as I just asked.”

Fuck, someone would probably think I’d just given her the best gift of her life.

“Okay,” she said cheerfully, turning on the screen and getting ready.

I sighed again, quietly rattling off my number under my breath. She then showed it to me, to verify she’d put it in right, and had a big grin on her face as she saved the number.

I cleared my throat. “Only call if you’re sincerely confused about meeting my expectations, okay?” I said seriously. “I won’t be very thrilled if it’s for another reason that isn’t as serious.”

She frowned at that, her grin vanishing as she nodded somberly. “I understand,” she whispered. “And I’ll do as you ask. I’ll have passionate sex with my man for you.” She paused. “But if you ever need anything else, please let me know. Anything at all. Here, I’ll send you a message, so you have my number too.”

I frowned at that, feeling my phone vibrate in my pocket as she sent the shortest message possible – literally, a single letter, before I could decline the offer – and then looked back up at me with a hopeful expression.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I replied gently. “And thank you. I’m going to go wait for the doctor now.”

“Okay,” she whispered, seeming a little down again.

“And don’t forget to think about your fiancé,” I added quietly.

She frowned at that, only to nod, leaning back in her chair and turning her focus on her computer, staring blankly at it, as if all she really wanted to do was think about me.

Fuck.

And to make it worse, she hadn’t been acting lovesick like this earlier. It wasn’t until I intentionally tried to charm

her that her behavior went from professional to *'please take me home with you, even though I'm engaged.'*

Sighing, I tried to ignore the realization that I could literally take Tracey to a bathroom, closet, or somewhere else obscure, and fuck her to my heart's content if I wanted, knowing that would be a bad idea for numerous reasons, even if it felt amazing in the moment.

Instead, I made my way over in the direction she'd previously indicated, pushing my perverted thoughts aside when the female doctor came speed walking around a corner in her white coat like she was on a mission. This woman had blonde hair like Michelle, but she definitely looked more her age, appearing like someone in her mid-forties, maybe even approaching fifty.

"Oh hey," I said cheerfully to catch her attention, hoping this worked again, while also sincerely worried about what I was doing to these unfortunate strangers. "Can I ask you a question?" I added, as the distance between us narrowed, both relieved and concerned when her brownish-hazel pupils visibly dilated.

Her entire demeanor changed then, slowing down as if whatever pressing issue she was attending to just didn't matter so much anymore. "Oh, hey," she replied with wide eyes. "You're the young man from earlier, aren't you? I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you yet."

"Yep," I affirmed. "And I wanted to thank you for taking such good care of Mrs. Copeland. She's like a second mom to me."

The woman blushed at my compliment, seeming to struggle to respond. "Oh, w-well, thank you. Just doing my job." She paused. "I care about all my patients."

I took the opportunity to step a little closer, probably too close under normal circumstances, shocked that I enjoyed it when she visibly gulped, not making any motion to take a step back.

If anything, she leaned forward slightly, giving me the urge to wrap my arms around her.

I continued. "And I'm very glad you care so much about them. However, I think Mrs. Copeland is going to be alright, so I was wondering if it would be too much trouble to discharge her appropriately? Otherwise, she might just walk out of here and cause a big scene."

"Umm, well, it's just that..." She seemed to struggle for words again.

"I know you're worried about her," I said gently. "And I'll be sure to bring her right back to the hospital if she starts showing signs of needing medical attention again, but I'm afraid she's really going to walk out, and wouldn't her leaving in that manner do more harm than good?"

The doctor pursed her lips, seeming pensive as she stared up at me from much too close. "Y-Yes," she finally agreed after a moment. "I think you're right. If she's determined to leave, then it's best we do it appropriately." She then sighed, glancing away. "I'm just worried about her, but I suppose it might be best if..." Her voice trailed off.

"Thank you," I said warmly, garnering her attention again, her eyes widening. "How soon can you get her out of here?"

The woman didn't answer right away, just staring up at me as if she was a deer in headlights, before taking a shaky breath. "Umm, I'll make it a priority and have her out of here in the next ten minutes." She paused, grimacing now. "Is that alright?" she wondered hesitantly.

"That's perfect," I whispered, almost wanting to reward her with a kiss. My brow then furrowed, with me being sincerely shocked by my own thoughts, before I refocused on the situation. "Umm, please do as you said, and I'll be forever grateful."

"O-Okay," she whispered in response, not budging at all.

When she didn't move, I took a step back and motioned a little with my hand to encourage her to proceed as we'd

discussed. She immediately gave me an apologetic look and hurried on down the hallway, glancing over her shoulder to see if I was following, seeming relieved when she saw I was.

Fuck.

Deciding it might be best if I just disappeared now before I made the situation any worse for these poor souls, I whispered to Serenity that I'd wait for the two of them on the ground floor by the elevator, prompting a confused look from her, before she nodded in acknowledgement and I did just that.

True to the woman's word, the doctor must have made the discharge a sincere priority, because Serenity and Michelle were stepping off the elevator barely fifteen minutes later, with Michelle wearing light blue hospital scrubs, since apparently the clothes she'd been wearing previously had been cut off...

Including her bra.

Fuck, Michelle's huge nipples were visible through her scrubs, the material tight across her busty chest, even despite the lack of support. Really, it was just that the size shirt she was wearing seemed a bit too small for her huge tits, even if the top was a bit too big for her waist.

But either way, the V-shaped collar definitely went way too low to be worn by itself, showing off way too much of her cleavage.

And then there were the scrub pants, which were too tight on her plump ass and upper thighs, seeming like a really loose fit from her knee down. The only thing she had on from earlier was her black flats she'd been wearing at the bank. That, and one of the EMT's apparently had salvaged her purse, so she had that too - a simple black leather bag, similar in appearance to Serenity's.

But damn, she kind of looked like a porn star dressed as a doctor in order to make a sex video, with her only missing the white coat to complete the outfit. And I was also able to

finally pinpoint one of the things that made her seem much older than Avery, even though she looked so young.

It was her bone structure, with her shoulders and hips both being a tad bit wider and more mature looking, whereas Avery still very much had the thin body of a teenager. That, and Michelle was still slightly taller than her daughter, all of it just giving her more of a motherly appearance.

Yet, at the same time, the line of freckles along her nose and cheeks made it almost seem as if she could be a toddler's hot mom, or someone's sexy older friend like people often assumed - not the mother of an eighteen-year-old.

Trying not to focus too heavily on Michelle's attire, or at the random strangers pausing to gawk like what I'd experienced with Gabriella at the mall, I led the way through the lobby and to the parking garage.

Serenity and Michelle were both quiet the whole way, neither of them speaking up until we were climbing into our blue car.

Serenity handed me the keys to let me drive, and then encouraged Avery's mom to sit up front, not giving her the chance to oppose for long, since she slid into the backseat. Once Michelle joined me in the passenger's seat, and I started backing out, we all sighed heavily in relief.

The hard part was over.

Now, I just needed to get home without staring at Michelle's chest, the seatbelt between her plump tits not helping the cause.

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done.

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(9) CHAPTER 24: BONDING

Finally in Serenity's blue car, and backing out of our parking spot in the hospital parking garage, we all sighed heavily, Avery's mom included.

"Well, I'm glad that turned out okay," I said in relief, as well as a distraction.

To try to get my mind off Avery's mom, and her huge braless tits being framed perfectly by the seatbelt between them, the deep-V of the hospital scrubs showing off way too much cleavage. That and I really liked leather in general, with Michelle having her black leather purse on her lap, something one of the EMT's had salvaged, and one of the only things she'd recovered from earlier that day, aside from her black flats.

Even if Michelle wasn't wearing the leather, seeing her with it was really hot for some reason.

"Me too," Serenity agreed with my comment, pulling out her phone in the backseat to type out a message.

"Letting Gabriella know?" I wondered as I began driving down the parking garage lane.

She nodded. "Yeah, I want to make sure Avery knows her mom is okay now." She paused to glance up at me. "Also, I don't really want to have a detailed conversation about all this over the phone. Maybe I'm just being paranoid, but people can intercept our calls. Unlikely, but possible, so I'm keeping everything vague."

I nodded as she returned to her message.

After she was finished, she leaned forward so that her head was almost next to my seat, seeming pensive. "By the way, why did you disappear after talking with the doctor?" she wondered seriously.

I took a deep breath, deciding to be honest as I made the first turn down to the next level of the parking garage. "Because I sort of charmed both her and the nurse, and it worked better than I was hoping."

"And that's bad?" Serenity wondered.

I grimaced, glancing back at her as I made my way down the ramp-like pavement. "Well, I don't know about the doctor, but the nurse is getting married. And yet, she was about to abandon her fiancé just because I said hi to her."

Her chocolate brown eyes widened in surprise. "Oh," she said simply, pausing for a long few seconds.

"I feel like I've ruined her life," I added quietly. "Especially if making her lovesick for me is a permanent thing."

Serenity frowned. "But, she's not going to leave her fiancé, right? Like, just because she would have left him for you, doesn't mean you've ruined her life or anything. Honestly, she was acting pretty normal after you left," she added.

I looked at her in surprise. "Really?"

She nodded. "Yeah, she seemed normal to me." She glanced at Avery's mom. "What do you think, Michelle?"

"I think she seemed normal," Michelle agreed simply, her blue eyes focused ahead as I pulled onto the road, with her reaching up to tuck some of her blonde hair behind her ear.

I sighed. "Well, then maybe that's a good sign. Maybe my influence really is weaker when I look normal, and maybe that means the effect I have isn't permanent. There might truly be a difference between what I've been calling 'charming' versus 'compelling' someone."

Serenity nodded. "Yeah, we determined it was weaker when you used it on me, so that makes sense. Honestly, I

wouldn't worry too much about it. We got Michelle out of the hospital, and now that she's different, hopefully she won't ever have to go to the hospital again for herself."

"Thank you, by the way," Michelle quickly interjected, glancing over at me. "Both of you. Thank you so much for saving my baby girl, and me too."

"Of course," Serenity responded before I could.

"Although, just know that we can't do this for anyone else. We decided to make an exception for you and your daughter, but Kai can't keep turning people like this."

Michelle nodded. "I understand," she whispered. "And I'm very grateful. I barely even remember the accident, and I definitely don't remember dying. It all just feels surreal that I shouldn't even be alive right now." She paused, growing more somber. "Or that my little girl would be paralyzed," she added quietly, her eyes filling up with tears.

"Hey," Serenity said gently, reaching out to rub her arm. "Everything is okay now. From what I understand, it'll be hard for either of you to get hurt from now on, and while there is the downside of wanting to drink blood if you do get injured, you should heal really fast."

Michelle patted Serenity's hand, while turning her head to give a weak smile. "Thank you, sweetie. And I'm not trying to be overly dramatic," she said with a sniffle, reaching up to wipe her eyes. "It's just kind of...well, scary, to think that both of our lives almost ended. And scary to think of the hell my daughter almost went through. Truly, you have no idea how grateful I am."

I nodded, deciding to focus on what we had to do next, speaking to Serenity. "Now, we just need to go home so I can change you too, Ren," I began, only to focus on Michelle. "And then, I need to take you hunting so you can fully heal after everything you went through." I sighed. "After that, I can take you home, since I imagine you might want to change, and I guess I can leave my car with you too,

until you can get a new one. I assume insurance will cover it."

"W-What?" Michelle said in surprise. "Leave me your car? How are you going to get home?"

"Oh," I said, glancing at her. "I can sort of grow wings and fly, so it's no big deal."

Her blue eyes widened in shock. "Oh, well, umm..." Her voice trailed off.

Assuming she might try to decline, I quickly continued. "Look, it's fine. It really isn't that big of a deal. Use my car as long as you need, and Serenity can just take me to school."

Serenity grinned. "It's been a while since I've done that. You were too embarrassed before."

I smirked, but decided not to reply, with Avery's mom responding to my comment.

"No, it's not that," Michelle said. "We still have my daughter's car if I needed to go someplace, and I actually just recently quit my job, so I don't really need my own transportation right now."

"You did?" I said in surprise.

She grimaced. "Umm, yeah. My boss somehow found out my husband was cheating on me and tried to blackmail me into having sex with him."

"Shit," Serenity hissed, surprising me, since she rarely cursed. "Did you report him? Surely they didn't fire you, right? They should fire *him* !"

"No, I reported him," she affirmed. "But I also quit because I didn't want to deal with being the 'office scandal' when everyone found out about my husband's affair. Besides, I've only been working because I enjoyed my job in finance, and also to have a stable income for the mortgage and such, not because I really needed the money."

We both looked at her in confusion, prompting her to elaborate.

“I sort of come from a wealthy family, though I’ve tried to avoid using money I haven’t earned myself.” She sighed. “I married my husband partially because he was really handsome when he was younger, but also out of a rebellious spite against my parents who wanted me to marry some douchebag from another wealthy family.” She frowned, looking away. “Believe it or not, I was actually a spoiled brat when I was my daughter’s age, and once I grew up a little, I realized I didn’t want her to end up like me.”

“What changed?” Serenity asked, sounding as if she was just trying to be conversational.

Michelle grimaced. “Umm, my parents passed away in a plane crash when I was twenty-five, just after Avery was born. It was a private jet,” she added. She then sighed heavily. “They left me all their wealth, but it was then that I finally realized how harsh reality was. Up until that point, I’d never really experienced any hardships – not *real* hardships, though I certainly felt like life was unfair a lot.” She gave us both a weak smile. “I was one of those girls who drove around in a thirty-thousand dollar car, paid for in full by my dad, but then who complained about having to pay for my own gas.” She sighed again. “But their passing was the moment that changed my life, both for the better and worse.” She paused, giving us sympathetic looks. “Of course, Avery has shared about your situation, so I’d imagine you both understand.”

We both grimaced, Serenity nodding. “Yes, and I’m really sorry to hear about your loss. I’m sure it still hurts, even after all this time.”

Michelle gave her another small smile. “It’s been eighteen years now, and yeah, it doesn’t get much easier. Losing a parent is hard no matter how old you are. My daughter has never known her grandparents on either side of the family, although avoiding my husband’s parents was by choice. They aren’t great company – kind of toxic, to be

honest – and I’ve never felt like it was safe to have my daughter around them.”

“So do you think you’ll find another job?” I wondered, deciding to shift the subject back to what she’d first said.

She frowned. “I’m not sure,” she admitted. “Given this new situation I’ve found myself in, I might not. I certainly would never want to accidentally expose your secret, and I’m honestly wondering if I should pull Avery out of school to finish the year online with a homeschool program, just to be safe. Granted, I think she has enough credits to graduate high school even if I just pulled her out. And at this point in the year, she would probably still pass her classes even if she skipped everything else.”

I frowned as I considered that, knowing it would heavily depend on how well Avery could keep herself under control. Unfortunately, while sadness didn’t prompt me to change, embarrassment sure could, and she seemed to get especially nervous and embarrassed when she was around me. Honestly, if she *did* continue her classes the remaining few weeks of school, we might have to start avoiding each other, just to prevent her from having issues.

Which might mean no more sitting at lunch together.

When I didn’t say anything, Michelle continued. “What do you think, dear?” she wondered, focused on me.

I shrugged. “It just depends on how well she can control it,” I admitted. “We might have to experiment a little to see if it’ll be too risky for her.”

“And how would you suggest we might do that?” Michelle asked.

I sighed. “Well, do you think you can try embarrassing her in front of us?”

She grinned. “It’s what moms do best,” she said playfully.

I smiled as well, feeling a little somber at the reminder of my own mom, but also happy too. Happy to have Avery’s mom close by. “Then, we can start with that. Don’t tell her,

of course, so we can kind of gauge what we're starting with." I sighed. "Worst case and she might just have to skip everything public for a while, including graduation."

"I think she'll be fine with that," Michelle said firmly, only to give me an affectionate look. "Not only would she have given up almost anything to be in your life, but she wouldn't even be going to graduation without you, dear. She'd be stuck in a hospital bed instead."

I nodded, surprised by her intensity.

Michelle then sighed, leaning back more in her seat as she turned her head away to look out the window. Her tone was somber. "Honestly, kind of feels like our old lives are really over, since neither of us would have a life without you saving us." Her voice dropped even more, almost to a whisper. "Like, what you did feels like it *should* be impossible. I should be dead right now. I *was* dead. And now that I'm alive again – with my body feeling so different than before – it feels like nothing in my old life matters anymore. All of it feels pointless."

I glanced back at Serenity, having no idea what to say to that, prompting her to speak up. "Well, it's not pointless," Serenity said reassuringly. "You still matter."

Michelle abruptly looked over at her. "Oh, I'm sorry, sweetie. I didn't mean it like that." She sighed, glancing at me and then averting her gaze. "I just mean, I don't know how I could ever return to the way things were, even if I wanted to. Dying, and now being different, has just put a different perspective on everything."

I frowned, wondering if she was depressed about all this.

Because she sounded really depressed, like life didn't have meaning anymore. Although, now that I thought about it, she was kind of echoing what I'd told her while she was unconscious. Because I had mentioned that her old life was over, and that she'd have to live her new life around my approval.

Was that demand having an unintentional consequence? Was it making her feel hopeless? Like life had no meaning?

Or was it really just because knowing '*she should be dead right now*' was making her somber?

I cleared my throat, feeling a little worried. "Well, there's no rush to do anything in particular," I said reassuringly. "And please talk to us if you're struggling to cope with things," I added, kind of concerned about her becoming suicidal or something.

Hopefully my command for her to live based on my approval would prevent that from happening...

Michelle nodded, giving me a weak smile. "Of course, dear. I will." She sighed. "I suppose for now I'll just try to focus on making sure my daughter is adjusting alright. After that, I can worry about how I'm going to approach this new life you've blessed me with."

I nodded in agreement, again unsure of what to say.

And apparently Serenity didn't know how to respond too, returning her attention to her phone as I continued to navigate the streets on our way home. The rest of the trip was mostly silent, with me especially feeling kind of drained from the lack of sleep, combined with all the stress of everything that had happened, even if I was plenty awake enough to drive.

It was a nice day out though, so I decided to roll down my window to feel the breeze, prompting Michelle to follow suit, with her focusing on all the green vegetation now and pleasant scents that came with it.

However, that ultimately meant that I didn't try striking up another conversation, nor did anyone else, with the sound of the wind and birds chirping the only noises the rest of the way home.

Honestly, it was peaceful, and having Michelle with us was very comforting and nice.

It wasn't until we pulled onto our road, and I began straining to try to listen for Gabriella and Avery at the

house, that I found myself unexpectedly in a bit of a predicament.

When the sound of passionately smacking lips and lustful moaning filled my ears, I was first shocked, only to instantly shift fully, causing a startled gasp from Serenity, who had apparently been watching me.

“Kai?!” she said in alarm, prompting Michelle to glance over at me in concern.

I quickly tried to recover, unable to believe that my fiancé and classmate were straight-up passionately making-out with each other. Like, I didn’t inherently have a problem with that, but just couldn’t believe it was already happening.

Especially since most girls weren’t bisexual, and I’d never seen any indication that Avery swung that way.

Was it because Gabriella accidentally used her succubus powers on her? Was Avery seriously seduced that easily? Even despite her worry about her mom?

Or was it possible that they were ‘practicing’ for me, in anticipation for later?

Either way, looking normal was a lost cause for me right now.

“What’s wrong?” Serenity continued when I didn’t immediately respond.

I cleared my throat, desperately trying to at least make my face look normal, thankful our road didn’t get much traffic. “Umm, sorry. I thought I heard something weird, and wanted to make sure it wasn’t anything dangerous.” I paused, glancing back at her. “There’s no one else on the road to see me. I’d hear them if there was.”

Serenity sighed heavily, resting her hand over her chest. “Jeez, you about gave me a heart attack.”

“Sorry,” I replied sincerely, much more focused on Avery and Gabriella again, since it sounded like they could hear us now. I was surprised when I realized they were in my bedroom, recognizing the familiar nearly-inaudible creaking my bed made when I shifted my own weight in bed.

“Oh,” Gabriella unexpectedly said. “I think they’re back. I hear a car.”

Avery’s breathing was much more heavy, and I could almost imagined her brightly flushed cheeks, though I knew she would have to be transformed right now. What would her light tan cheeks look like when they were flushed with passion, framed by snow-white hair and coupled with icy blue eyes?

“O-Oh,” Avery replied. “T-That’s good.” She paused. “A-Are you s-sure Kai won’t mind that we...” Her voice trailed off.

Gabriella made an amused noise, only for another noisy kiss to follow. “Nah, it was just a little kissing. I won’t do more with you until after he’s taken your virginity.” She laughed. “Kind of hard to believe you still are a virgin, even if I was in the same boat, but I definitely want to make sure he steals all your firsts.”

There was a long pause.

Avery’s voice sounded nervous. “U-Umm, t-that was my first k-kiss,” she admitted.

Another pause.

“Shit,” Gabriella hissed. “It really was?” She paused again. “Oh no. Fuck. I’m sorry, I didn’t...” Her voice trailed off, only for her tone to continue more gently. “Shit, why didn’t you tell me Avery?”

“I, umm, I tried...but...” Her voice trailed off.

Gabriella sighed heavily. “Fuck. I didn’t realize. I just got caught up in the moment and figured it wasn’t a big deal, and...dammit.”

“He won’t be m-mad, will he?”

“I don’t know,” Gabriella answered honestly. “I don’t think so. And he knows I want you too, but he might feel like we’re cheating on him if he’s not okay with it.”

Unexpectedly, Avery sobbed. “Oh no,” she whined. “I’ve already messed things up.”

“Hey,” Gabriella said gently. “I’ll take the blame for it. And honestly, it really was my fault. When I saw that look you gave me, I just couldn’t help myself.”

For half a second, I was surprised that Avery sounded so emotional out of the blue, but then I recalled Gabriella’s emotions being all over the place at first too. Maybe it was normal for people to be hyperemotional after becoming like me?

“Yeah,” Avery sobbed, really sounding like she was falling apart. “But I could have pulled away. I’ve just never felt...so much *lust* before.” She sobbed again. “But now I just feel miserable.”

We were finally pulling into our driveway now and Gabriella could hear it.

“Hey,” she repeated gently. “Calm down. It’s alright. I’ll talk to him, okay? I’ll apologize and we’ll fix this. No one is going to be mad at you.”

“But you can’t promise that,” she sobbed.

Gabriella sighed heavily. “Avery, you’ve sat next to him nearly every day for the last two years. I mean, even if he didn’t talk much to you, I know you know him probably even better than I do.” She sighed. “Do you really think he isn’t going to want you just because you kissed his fiancé? I mean, if we have a threesome, or a foursome with Serenity included, we’ll be doing that anyway.”

“I don’t know,” Avery whimpered.

Gabriella took a deep breath. “Here, why don’t you go into the bathroom and try to collect yourself? I’ll talk to him first thing and make this right, okay? And if it really does bother him that we kissed without him here, then we’ll just never do it again. Okay?”

“Okay,” Avery whimpered, sounding absolutely pitiful and defeated.

I was mostly back to normal now as I parked Serenity’s car, feeling varying levels of surprise by their conversation, and kind of feeling bad that Avery was so distraught over

feeling like she might have cheated on me. Obviously, this was something we needed to discuss in detail, because I could see how jealousy could actually become a thing if we weren't clear on how this was going to work.

I knew I certainly wouldn't be a big fan of it if Gabriella and Avery began having sex with each other to the point that they were both neglecting me. However, at the same time, I wasn't opposed to them having their own relationship, and doing stuff when I wasn't around.

Granted, I would still like to know about it.

Either way, we needed to talk about this subject, and soon – like, *now*.

Sighing, I focused on Michelle as I parked next to my silver car. “Umm, hey, can I ask a favor?” I wondered hesitantly.

Avery's mom looked at me in surprise. “Oh, of course, honey. What do you need?”

“I know you probably are eager to see Avery for yourself and make sure she's okay, but I was wondering if I could talk to her first. Would it be too much to ask you to wait in the car for a few minutes? I'll leave you the keys, of course.”

Michelle's blue eyes widened even more. “Oh, yeah, that's perfectly alright, dear.”

“Kai,” Serenity said in shock. “I don't see any reason why she can't wait in the living room.”

I was about to respond, but Michelle cut me off. “It's alright. I really don't mind, and Avery might feel awkward about knowing I'm in the house if Kai is going to bring up relationship stuff.”

Serenity's brown eyes widened in surprise, before she looked at me apologetically. “Oh, I'm sorry. I should have just kept my mouth shut.”

I shook my head. “No, it's fine. I know you're just worried about being rude. But we do need to talk to her kind of in private. You included, Ren.”

Serenity looked at me in shock, possibly not realizing I'd told Michelle about us, before she glanced at Avery's mom uneasily and then cleared her throat uncomfortably. "Umm, okay. Yeah, I guess let's go then." She began scooting over in her seat to climb out of the back. "And when do you plan on changing me with your blood?" she added as she opened the door.

I left the keys in the ignition as I climbed out as well. "I guess after we talk." I paused to duck down to focus on Michelle. "So we might be a bit longer than I initially thought. But then I'll come get you and you can see Avery before I take you hunting. Okay?"

Michelle nodded. "That's fine, honey. I can just listen to the radio. And I think my phone still has plenty of battery left, so I can always mess with that too," she added, lifting up her black leather purse slightly.

"Okay," I said simply. "Just let me know if you need anything. We'll be back in a bit."

I then closed the door and led Serenity to the house, opening it up for her. Gabriella was already coming down the stairs, seeming both excited to see me and also looking a little worried too. Of course, I knew exactly why and decided to just bring it up right away.

"Welcome back!" Gabriella said cheerfully, the emotion not quite reaching her emerald eyes. "Avery's upstairs in the bathroom. Is her mom not coming in?"

I finished closing the door and then sighed. "No, I asked her to wait, so we could talk." I paused when her eyes widened, looking sincerely nervous now. "I know about the kissing," I quickly added, prompting a shocked look from Serenity. "And it's fine. But we do need to discuss how we're going to handle this relationship stuff between the four of us."

Gabriella looked as guilty as hell now. "K-Kai, I'm so sorry. I wasn't thinking and--"

“Wait,” Serenity said, cutting her off. “You kissed Avery already?”

Gabriella seemed even more embarrassed. “We just were talking about everything, and after you confirmed her mom was going to be alright, she was really relieved, and I was hugging her and things just kind of happened, and-”

“Gabriella,” I said to stop her. “Really, it’s fine. I don’t mind at all, even if it was her first kiss.”

She immediately looked down in shame. “O-Oh...you must have heard our conversation.”

“I did,” I affirmed, prompting her to grimace. “So let me just tell you my position on that kind of thing. Obviously, you still need to talk to your mom about the succubus thing, but as far as I’m concerned, I don’t mind if you and Avery – or you and Serenity, for that matter – do stuff on your own. However, I would like to know about it, if it happens.”

Serenity’s cheeks immediately flushed red and she looked away.

“Is that acceptable?” I added.

Gabriella nodded, still looking down. “Umm, yeah, as long as you’re sure.”

“I’m sure. I want to know about it, but I’m sure.”

Gabriella finally looked up at me. “Then, can I ask for the same? If you sleep with another woman, I want to know about it.”

I looked at her in surprise. “Wait, you’re not talking about...”

She sighed heavily, glancing at Serenity. “Kai, I read the letter from your biological father after we got home. And think about it. My mom is only an eighth succubus, Kai, and yet it might be possible she *has* to sleep with a ton of people to avoid hurting my dad. What do you think that says about you?”

Holy fuck.

I never even considered that aspect. I mean, weren’t incubi and succubi basically the same thing, except different

genders? At least, that was my generic understanding of them based on myths and legends. The real thing might be a ton different.

Still, she kind of had a point.

I was *half* incubus.

What if sleeping with Gabriella, Serenity, *and* Avery wasn't enough? Or worse, what if sleeping with them too frequently could hurt them?

Or what if changing them made it so I didn't get the same benefit from sex? Assuming there was a benefit to be had. What if I had to sleep with *human* women for some reason?

I met Serenity's gaze, realizing she seemed just as shocked by that realization. And potentially hurt by it.

"Umm," I began, responding to my fiancé. "Well, when we did stuff, I didn't hurt you, right?"

"No, I don't think so," Gabriella confirmed. "But we need to consider the possibility. I've thought about it a lot, actually, even before I read the letter. Because I knew you were *something* different, and I also realized I must truly be different too after you brought it up. It's one of the reasons why I've been so eager to include more women. Because I feel like it might be necessary. And it probably really is necessary, considering it sounded like your biological father expected you to have a bunch of concubines."

"*One* of the reasons," I repeated, a hint of playfulness in my tone.

That lightened her mood some, with her rolling her emerald eyes, knowing that I was referring to the fact that she was interested in more women for her own reasons.

"*And*," she continued emphatically, deciding not to respond to my comment. "It's why I talked to Avery about the possibility of you sleeping with her mom."

My eyes nearly bugged out of my head. "Holy fuck," I hissed. "You aren't serious, are you?"

She looked at me in confusion. "Of course I'm serious. I figured you'd be happy that I handled that for you." She then gave me a slightly mischievous look. "Apparently, Avery's got a weird kink when it comes to her mom. The idea of Michelle sleeping with her boyfriend really turns her on, and she's actually fantasized about it before." She smirked. "Fantasized about finally bringing you home, only to have her mom fall for you, and teach you a thing or two about how to pleasure a woman while she makes Avery watch."

I just stared at her in disbelief, before glancing at Serenity's equally shocked expression. I then focused on her again. "H-How did you even find that out? She seriously told you?"

Gabriella nodded. "Umm, yeah. I kind of broke the ice by telling her we needed to skip all the secret stuff, and then proceeded to tell her everything about me, including that I thought she was really hot. And I clarified that I was okay if she wasn't interested." She paused. "And then I made her tell me the one thing she didn't want anyone to know, and that was it."

I frowned at that. "You didn't, like, compel her or anything? Did you?" I asked hesitantly, since it seemed hard for me to believe that Avery would share such a secret with a girl she barely knew. It made me wonder if either my fiancé had gained some of my ability, or if it might be her own succubus power rearing its head.

Gabriella looked at me in surprise. "Oh." She paused again. "Umm, I don't think so, but I'm not really sure honestly. I don't think so," she repeated.

I nodded, focusing on Serenity. "Are you going to say anything?" I asked seriously. "What do you think?"

Serenity sighed, and then looked away. "Umm, I'm not sure. This is just...a lot to deal with, all at once. And the idea of you..." She sighed. "With some random chick..." She sighed again. "I guess it would be fine, but it's just..."

“How about this,” Gabriella interrupted, focusing on Serenity. “Obviously, I think that us girls should just keep stuff between the four of us, and then if Kai is going to do something with another girl, then one of us has to be there too.”

Serenity looked up at her in surprise. “Four of us?” she repeated. “Don’t you mean three girls?”

She shook her head. “Oh, no, I’m including Avery’s mom, of course.”

Her wide chocolate brown eyes focused on me briefly, before responding to her. “I’m not sure if that’s something Michelle wants though,” she said seriously. “And do you really think Avery is going to be okay with that? Having a fantasy is a bit different than it happening in real life.”

Gabriella shrugged. “Honestly, I think we’ll just have to deal with things as they happen. But think about it. Who is Avery’s mom supposed to be with now? Avery said her parents are probably going to end up getting divorced, and then what? Are we just going to make Michelle stay single for the rest of her life? Because that’s not really fair to her.”

Serenity frowned at that, focusing on me. “Kai, what do you want to do?”

I sighed, knowing it was better to be realistic. “I guess it’s something to consider, but I don’t plan on doing anything like that anytime soon. I mean, I finally get to be with you romantically, Ren, and now it’s like I have three extra women in addition to that. Someone’s probably going to end up feeling left out.” I focused on Gabriella and then at Serenity again. “And I don’t want either of you two to be the ones who feel like I’m neglecting you.”

They both nodded in agreement.

“And honestly, Gabriella. I’m really confused as to why you’re so eager about all this. I mean, are you really going to be okay with watching me do stuff with some random woman if that’s needed?”

Her face flushed. "Umm, Kai, we kind of touched on that subject already. Remember when I first told you about my mom? And you were worried that I might be like that? I said I kind of was more interested in being the one to watch."

I just stared at her in shock, knowing she was right. I just hadn't realized how serious she was about that at the time. But apparently, when she said she was more interested in being the one forced to watch, like what her mom did to her dad, she really meant that.

Serenity then sighed. "Well, I guess I'm okay with Gabriella's suggestion, if that's really needed. And I suppose I'll be fine with it even if it's not 'needed' and it still happens for some reason." She sighed. "For me, I definitely don't want to be with anyone else other than you, Kai, but I guess if you're with Gabriella or Avery, and you decide to..." She sighed heavily again.

"Well, I don't plan on doing that," I said reassuringly. "At least, not unless there truly is a good reason for it. If all of you are going to keep it between us five, then I plan on doing the same. And we don't even know if it's necessary. Gabriella needs to talk to her mom first to find out what risks there might be, and even if there is a risk for *her*, we don't know if that applies to me too."

Serenity nodded, seeming a little more reassured, but Gabriella frowned. "You know what? Maybe I should just go see my mom now. I was going to wait, since we thought I might have to stay with Avery in the hospital, but now that everyone's out, I could probably see if she's available."

I hesitated. "Umm, actually, I was hoping you could watch over Serenity for a while. I want to inject her with my blood, but I also need to take Michelle hunting."

Gabriella's emerald eyes widened at that, before she gave Serenity an apologetic look. "Oh, of course. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," I quickly replied, before Serenity could respond. "And maybe if it's not too late, you can see your mom after that." I paused to glance at the clock in the

kitchen, realizing it was already almost 7 PM. The sun was still bright out, since it was in the middle of April, but it was starting to get later in the evening. I continued. "But for now, let's talk with Avery, get everything out in the open, and then let's change Serenity. Avery and her mom can then talk for a few minutes, and then I'll take Michelle hunting."

"Sounds good," Gabriella agreed, turning to start heading back up the stairs. "Let me get her. She was pretty upset when she thought you might be mad about the kiss."

I nodded, already knowing. I then looked at Serenity when Gabriella turned fully to make her way upstairs. "Want to just head up to your room?" I wondered.

Serenity nodded, beginning to dig in her purse for the syringe she had. After pulling it out, she then handed it to me.

I accepted the needle and made my way up the stairs too, with her close on my heels after setting her purse down. I paused at the top when Avery opened the bathroom door, giving her a small smile when she looked at me like she was afraid. She then glanced at Gabriella, who gave her a reassuring nod, and then opened the door more.

"Umm, h-hey Kai," she stammered, her skin a light tan, her azure eyes actively becoming icy blue, the whites of her eyes turning black, even as her blonde hair began to look more platinum.

Shit, this might really be a struggle for her to control her transformation.

And holy shit she was hot!

I glanced at her lips when they actually turned more pale, even as her skin tanned, suddenly recalling that my friend had said they looked frosted, as if she was wearing white cosmetics. Fuck, no wonder Gabriella couldn't resist kissing her! I never would have imagined that such a look could be so hot.

And it wasn't just her lips.

Her eyelids had a hint of white too, and not like someone who had tanned with glasses on, but instead it was as if she was wearing white eyeshadow.

Just as Serenity said, she looked frosted.

That was the perfect word for it.

And it was hot as hell.

“Hey Avery,” I said warmly, trying not to react too strongly to her appearance. “I’m glad you seem to be doing alright.” I paused, glancing at Gabriella before meeting her icy gaze again. “I don’t mind that you two kissed,” I said bluntly. “So don’t worry about it.”

She nodded hesitantly, averting her black and icy gaze.

“I’m going to change Serenity now too,” I continued, garnering her attention again. “If you wouldn’t mind helping Gabriella keep an eye on her while I take your mom hunting.”

“Oh. Of course, Kai,” she agreed, speaking more confidently, like what I was used to hearing at school. “Anything you want.”

“Good,” I replied warmly. “Then let’s go in Serenity’s room,” I added, nodding toward my lifelong friend now standing next to me, who proceeded to lead the way.

Avery squeaked when Gabriella wrapped her arm around her thin waist to pull her more fully into the hallway, kissing her on the cheek before tugging her along. It was obvious Avery was really embarrassed at this point, since she was fully transformed now, but I did my best to ignore it for her sake, feeling like all this was just completely surreal.

Like, I knew Gabriella was interested in my classmate, and I knew they’d spent nearly two hours alone together talking things over, but it was still crazy that my fiancé had already taken the first step and jumped right into being physical with Avery.

But then again, she was part-succubus, so maybe I shouldn’t be so surprised.

Sitting on the edge of the bed as Serenity climbed into it, I held the wrapped syringe in my hands, waiting for Gabriella to close the door, before speaking up.

"So," I began, directing my words at Avery. "I guess the plan is that you can do anything you want with me, Gabriella, or even Serenity, but if it doesn't involve me, then I want to know about it. Sound fair?"

Avery looked uncomfortably at Serenity before nodding. "Umm, o-okay," she stammered.

"And I won't feel like it's cheating," I continued. "So long as it's not with anyone else."

Avery looked at me in complete shock. "Well, of course not," she said firmly. "I would never cheat on you, Kai."

I nodded, only for Gabriella to chime in.

"However, I think we need to prepare for the possibility that Kai might need to sleep with other women. And if that is the case, then just one of us needs to be there with him." She paused, suddenly seeming uncertain. "If that's alright?" she asked me hesitantly.

I nodded. "Yeah, I said it was fine. I don't plan on doing that, but I have no problem with that arrangement." I focused on Serenity. "Is that okay?" I said, echoing Gabriella's words.

"Umm, yeah," she agreed. "That should be fine."

"And we'll cross that bridge if it comes up," Gabriella added reassuringly to Serenity. "I just figured it would be best to try to deal with this kind of thing at the beginning, in case it ends up being an issue where it's something he truly needs." She sighed. "For all I know, my mom might not *need* to sleep with other guys. It might just truly be a part of their domination roleplay thing they do, and have nothing to do with her being part-succubus."

Serenity nodded, looking at me again. "Okay." She sighed. "Just..." Her voice trailed off again.

"Just what?" I prompted gently, wondering if she was actually having second thoughts already.

She took a deep breath, meeting my gaze again. "Just promise me you won't keep secrets anymore. Okay?"

My eyes widened in surprise. "Okay," I whispered sincerely. "And I'm sorry for not telling you sooner," I added. "I was just afraid of losing you."

She nodded. "I understand. And I get why you didn't." She grimaced. "I just still feel horrible that I wasn't there for you."

I scooted more onto the bed and then sat cross-legged in front of her, moving so that our knees were touching. She looked up at me in surprise and then gave me an affectionate look when she saw my own reassuring expression.

"Love you, Ren," I whispered.

"I love you too," she replied sincerely. "More than anything."

"Ready to become like me?" I wondered.

She took a deep breath, and then nodded. "Yeah, I guess we don't have a lot of time to waste, do we? Michelle is probably really thirsty after everything she went through."

I shook my head. "It's not that," I replied. "I just want to hurry and get this part over with, so I don't have to worry about you getting hurt so easily." I lowered my voice. "So you don't end up in the hospital from a car accident, like Avery and her mom did."

Of course, I didn't need to add, *'Or so you don't end up dying in one, like all our parents,'* because she fundamentally understood that glaring aspect of our unified existence. Losing all our parents was the reason why our lives changed five years ago, and the fear of losing each other was something we both shared and dealt with.

Serenity reached out and grabbed my free hand, gently giving it a squeeze. She then let go when I pulled it away, deciding to go ahead and unwrap the syringe.

Jabbing it in my vein in the crook of my arm, I filled it up halfway like I'd done for Avery, not wanting to give Serenity

too much in case it somehow contributed to Michelle dying, and then pulled the needle out, glancing at my favorite girlfriend's thin arms.

It wasn't until she reached up and gently ran her fingers through my hair that I realized she was looking at me affectionately again, her chocolate brown eyes endearing and full of love.

I held her gaze for a moment, and then readjusted the needle in my grasp, holding it out of the way for a second as I reached up to gently cup her cheek. Both of her hands slipped up to my face then, as she leaned forward, closing the gap to rest her lips on mine, giving me a deep passionate kiss.

I heard Avery suck in a sharp breath, her heart suddenly racing, but ignored her as I shared an intimate kiss with the person I loved most in the world.

Serenity then pulled away a little, only to peck me on the lips one last time and then let go of my face.

"Okay, I'm ready," she whispered.

I nodded, trying to focus again, really just wanting to put the syringe aside so I could fuck her first, while Gabriella and Avery watched. Instead, I attempted to clear my mind so that I could prioritize what was important right now, reaching out to gently grab her arm.

This was it.

The time had finally come to change Serenity too.

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(10) CHAPTER 25: FEEDING

Serenity turned her head away just before I stuck the needle into her vein, only to sigh heavily as I gently began pushing the blood in. She then quickly spoke up.

“Oh, I probably should have laid down fir-”

I grabbed her just as her eyes fluttered closed, leaving the needle hanging out of her arm as I gently laid her down on the bed. I then pulled the syringe out, climbed out of bed to set it on her bedside table, and focused on tucking her in.

When I looked up at my other two women, Avery had her icy and black eyes averted, looking embarrassed as hell from my intimate kiss with Serenity, while Gabriella had a warm grin on her face.

“We’ll take care of her,” my fiancé promised when I met her gaze, looking completely normal.

“I know you will,” I agreed, focusing on my classmate, who was still very much transformed, her skin a light tan.

“Umm, Avery, I guess do you want to go say hi to your mom? She’s waiting out in the car. And then afterward, you can help watch over Serenity while I take Michelle hunting.”

Avery nodded, taking a deep breath, her hair beginning to turn blonde again, the frosted aspects of her appearance regaining their normal color.

Wow, was she already learning how to control her transformation after all?

Gabriella answered my stunned look. “We’ve been practicing together,” she explained. “Not a ton yet, but I

told her it helps me to think of something dumb when I need to look normal.”

“Like your ‘fuzzy pickles’ thing?” I said playfully.

She grinned. “Hey, how did you know?” she teased, only to shake her head. “No, I actually have this really embarrassing memory from when I was in middle school when I was eleven. I spilt cranberry juice on my white jeans, and everyone thought I’d started my period. I think of that whenever I want to be serious.”

I gave her a confused look. “Wait, the embarrassment doesn’t make you transform?”

“Oh, no.” She shook her head again. “See, it was embarrassing back then, but now it’s just *painful* to think about. Like, it almost physically hurts to remember that memory. And that sensation actually kind of sobers me up. It’s different than feeling embarrassed.”

I nodded, looking at Avery when she nodded in agreement, only to chime in. “Yeah, and for me what I’ve been thinking of is the day I first introduced myself to you, Kai,” she admitted. “I remember fumbling with my words when I tried to tell you my name, and it pains me whenever I think of it. I felt so stupid.”

“Oh. I actually kind of thought it was adorable,” I admitted.

She looked at me in complete shock. “R-Really?”

“Yeah, kind of,” I reaffirmed. “But hey, if that memory helps you look normal, then by all means,” I added, gesturing vaguely in her direction.

She nodded slowly. “Umm, yeah. But wait, does that mean you *did* like me?” she asked seriously.

I sighed, glancing away. “I honestly didn’t have an opinion. Or at least, I *couldn’t* have an opinion,” I clarified. “I was afraid to let anyone know my secret, and so I just tried to ignore most everyone.”

“Oh,” she said quietly. “I understand.”

“Please don’t take it personal,” I continued, focusing on her again. “You are really pretty and sweet. And now that I’m thinking about it, yeah, I did kind of like you. And deep down I appreciated that you kind of stuck by my side even though I mostly ignored you. I mean, what’s not to like?”

She blushed, her skin becoming a little tan.

“Okay,” Gabriella interjected. “Go talk to your mom, Avery, so they can leave. And then we can talk some more while we keep an eye on Serenity.”

“Just keep the kissing under control,” I said seriously, prompting Avery to fully shift in an instant, her hair bright white, her eyes icy blue and pitch-black. “You really need to talk to your mom, Gabriella, before you do anything too physical with anyone else. Including her.”

My fiancé nodded, seeming surprised. “Of course, Kai. And I was never planning on doing anything else anyway. Like, I wouldn’t have let things go beyond a little kissing. And even the kissing was kind of spur of the moment.”

I nodded, deciding to turn back toward Serenity’s unconscious form so Avery could make an effort to try to look normal again. When I sat back down on the edge of the bed, my classmate cleared her throat.

“Umm, okay,” Avery whispered. “Well, I guess I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“You can bring her in the house,” I added, glancing at her. “I don’t want her to feel unwelcome. I just wanted a chance to talk things over without her overhearing, and based on how fast Gabriella’s senses got stronger, I’d imagine this was our only chance to talk about stuff without her accidentally eavesdropping.”

Avery nodded, some of her confidence returning, her coloring looking mostly normal again. “Of course, Kai. I was really hungry when I woke up, so I might try to get her something to eat too, if that’s okay.”

My eyes widened. “Oh, of course. You’re more than welcome to raid the kitchen and get whatever you need.”

Avery nodded, giving me a warm smile. "Thanks, Kai," she said, turning to head out the door.

I glanced at Serenity's relaxed and peaceful expression as I listened to Avery go down the stairs, only to focus on Gabriella when she walked over to stand in front of me.

"You really aren't mad, or anything, right?" she asked quietly.

"No, of course not," I reassured her. "Just feeling a little anxious now," I admitted. "I know this worked on everyone else, but I can't help feeling worried that something will go wrong with Serenity."

"It'll be fine," Gabriella said gently. "And hey, if you want, I could always take Michelle hunting, so you can stay with her."

I gave her a warm smile at the sentiment, but was sure she hadn't thought that through. "You're going to catch a deer, huh?" I said playfully.

She grimaced. "Oh. Umm, I guess I might not be fast enough yet."

"Although, your hearing seems to have gotten a lot better," I commented. "Even better than this morning."

She nodded. "Yeah, except now I kind of feel stupid for not realizing that if I could hear you guys coming down the road, then that probably meant you could hear us talking."

I shook my head, reaching out to grab her hips and gently pull her into my lap. She twisted her butt sideways and plopped down without hesitation, wrapping her arms around my head and pulling my face against her huge tits. "It's really alright," I repeated, my voice slightly muffled against her shirt. "Honestly, hearing you two kiss was kind of hot."

She made an amused noise. "Hopefully you'll think it's *really* hot when you get to watch then."

"I can't wait."

She giggled. "I bet you can't. And I really am sorry for not making sure you were okay with it beforehand."

I sighed. "Well, let's just touch base in the future, okay?"

She hesitated, only to pull away slightly to look down at me. "But isn't that just what we did? Define the rules for how this was going to work?"

"Oh, I guess you're right," I agreed. "But I'm still going to keep you in the loop, and want you to do the same."

"Of course. Definitely," she replied warmly, giving me a small smile as she held my gaze. "I really love you, Kai," she added affectionately. "I'm so glad we're together, and so happy Serenity and Avery are involved too. I can't wait to just live life with all of you."

"Me too," I agreed warmly, hearing Avery and her mom coming into the house. I was surprised when Michelle declined to eat, saying her stomach felt a little upset, but didn't focus too much on it. Instead, I was much more focused on Gabriella leaning down, squishing her huge tits against my upper chest as her lips gently rested on mine.

However, the moment didn't last long, before we were both pulling away, with me being surprised by what I just heard.

And it was obvious that Gabriella heard what Michelle said too, because she was climbing off my lap to go get the door as Avery began heading back up the stairs.

I stood up just in time for my classmate to appear in the doorway.

"Mom thinks she needs to go hunting sooner than later," she said seriously.

I nodded, moving closer to give Gabriella a quick hug and then slip past Avery. "Yeah, I'm starting to wonder if she's struggling more than she has let on," I agreed, having heard the desperation in her tone when she said she really needed some blood after declining to eat. "Please take care of Serenity," I added.

"We will," Avery and Gabriella said in sync.

I didn't respond as I headed down the stairs, seeing that Michelle was standing right next to the door now, leaning

her back against the wall as if she was being physically pulled outside by a magnetic force. Or as if she wanted to melt into the wall in order to get outside.

And then there was the slightly disturbed look in her blue eyes, almost to the point of panic.

Fuck, it really was worse than she was letting on.

She needed blood *now*.

"Here, let's head out the back door," I said gently.

Unexpectedly, she shook her head, instead opening the front and stepping right outside.

Confused, I followed after her, only to see she was waiting on me now, ready to follow my lead. "Are you alright?" I asked seriously, knowing I shouldn't be wasting time by asking, but still feeling concerned.

She nodded, visibly relaxing a little. "I think it actually helps when you're close to me," she admitted, averting her gaze as she reached up to tuck some of her blonde hair behind her ear. "But I think I really do need blood soon. My body kind of hurts."

"Oh," I replied, my eyes wide. "I'm sorry. Okay, let's go then."

She nodded and quickly followed after me as I began walking around the house toward the woods. However, as we began moving on the side, she actually put some distance between us briefly, walking further away from the house, waiting until we were at the edge of the trees before moving closer again.

Of course, I was confused by her behavior, but knew she'd probably feel a lot better once she had blood, and I didn't want to make her wait simply to have her explain every little bizarre action she did.

Focusing more on our surroundings, I decided to shift fully so I could listen better to the sounds all around us. Michelle gasped behind me, likely at the abrupt change of my appearance, with my white hair being the most

noticeable thing she'd see, but I ignored it, feeling concerned about something else now.

I didn't hear or *smell* any deer in the area, with my capacity for smell being my most potent sense.

Which meant, it was going to take me longer than a handful of minutes to track something down.

Fuck.

I then unexpectedly glanced to my left when I caught a whiff of a coyote's den, realizing I could hear the collective soft breathing of two sleeping adults.

I slowed down my pace and turned to face Michelle. "You don't have a problem with drinking coyote blood, do you?" I wondered seriously, knowing they looked more like dogs up close than most people even seemed to realize.

She held my gaze in surprise. "Oh, umm, yeah that's fine. But won't it try to hurt me?"

I shook my head. "No, I'll catch it and knock it out. The only issue is that you might have a problem with it if you're a big dog lover."

She grimaced. "Umm, well at this point I think I'd drink from just about anything."

I nodded. "Okay, then I'll be back. Can you wait here?"

She looked around, glancing over her shoulder back toward the house, which wasn't visible anymore, before focusing on me and nodding. "Umm, yeah, I'll be fine, honey."

I nodded, deciding to hurry up and get this over with. Turning around, I took off in a sprint in the direction I sensed the coyotes, knowing I'd be running for a few minutes before I reached the den. However, thankfully, running actually helped me feel more alert, since I was really starting to feel sleepy, definitely not wanting to take a nap until after Serenity woke up.

Unexpectedly, as I got closer, I picked up the scent of a deer even further away, now more toward my right. I debated briefly if I should go for the closer coyotes or not,

but realized that more blood was going to be better and doubted a couple of lanky coyotes was even worth it in comparison. Honestly, I wasn't sure, but just went ahead and made the decision to get the deer instead.

By the time I was carrying an unconscious buck, knowing it would be faster to just shoulder it instead of trying to drag it, a good ten minutes had past, and I could sense that Michelle was even more desperate than before. At least, I could assume as much when it seemed she heard me running about a mile away and began jogging to head in my direction.

Granted, she didn't make it very far before I reached her, her huge braless tits bouncing quite a bit, but her physical appearance only confirmed what I suspected about her being desperate.

She was transformed.

Like I'd seen in the hospital, after her heart started beating on its own again, her skin was a supple light gray. However, what I hadn't seen yet was the rest of her coloring. Similar to both her daughter and me, she had nearly-glowing white hair.

However, she also had the same frosted look as her daughter, her lips and eyelids an extremely sexy pale hue that made it look as if she was wearing white cosmetics. But then there were her eyes.

They weren't icy blue like her daughters.

Instead, they were a vibrant sapphire blue, with a unique feature that no one else had.

A glowing white ring around her pupil.

It almost looked like an eclipsed star existed in the middle of her eyes. In fact, that's exactly what it looked like, similar to a perfect eclipse set in a deep blue sky - a pitch-black void with a pure white halo.

It was so bizarre to look at, that I couldn't help but stare at her eyes in shock, feeling almost mesmerized by the sharp contrast of the glowing white ring around her black

pupil, framed by a vibrant blue iris and a pitch-black sclera. It wasn't until she gave me a pleading look that I snapped out of it and set the deer partially down for her, holding it by the antlers so she could go straight for its neck.

She didn't even hesitate as she turned her head and sank her teeth in, biting down aggressively only to take her first big gulp of blood with her eyes closed.

Instantly, her face contorted in grief as she wrapped her arms around its body, using her hand behind its neck to hold it more firmly in place as tears appeared in her eyes. She then unexpectedly sobbed as she readjusted her teeth and bit down even harder, gulping urgently like her life depended on it.

It wasn't until she finally pulled away, after its heart stopped, that I realized she was barely keeping it together.

She unexpectedly fell to her knees, the blood on her face actively being absorbed into her skin as she began crying violently, wrapping her arms around her chest and bending over fully, almost pressing her forehead against the ground.

I let go of the deer, and dropped to her side, resting my hand in the middle of her back as she sobbed.

"It hurt so much," she whimpered, barely sounding coherent. "Oh God, it hurt so much."

"You're in pain?" I asked seriously, really concerned now.

She shook her head, another sob wracking her entire frame. "N-No, I finally have relief," she explained.

Fuck.

"Michelle," I whispered. "If you were hurting so much, why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," she whimpered again. "I was trying to be strong. I didn't want to be a burden. But..." She sobbed again.

I reached for her shoulder and gently tugged her against my stomach, forcing her head and arms into my lap as I held her upper body. She continued to cry, leaning even

more into me when I gently rubbed my hand across her back.

"You're not a burden," I whispered. "And I didn't save your life so you could be in pain. Please don't keep something like that from me next time, okay?"

She nodded, sobbing again. "I'm so sorry. I didn't even realize how much it hurt until I finally felt relief."

I sighed, knowing that this was really my fault, since she'd told me that she woke up with a thirst so strong that it was hurting her entire body. It's just that I didn't realize that might mean it *still* hurt, especially since she didn't seem like she was in pain.

Ignorantly, I had assumed that my compulsion allowed her to get control and that it solved the problem for now, but there was really no reason to think that my ability would make her physical pain go away.

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely out loud, beginning to echo my thoughts. "You told me your body hurt when you first woke up. I should have known better than to just think that pain would magically go away."

She shook her head, but didn't respond, continuing to cry in my lap.

"Do you need more?" I wondered after another minute. "I have no problem finding another animal for you."

She nodded, sniffing as she responded. "Y-Yes, but..." Her voice trailed off.

When she pressed even more into me, I assumed what she wanted to say might be that she needed this – needed to be held right now. It probably didn't even matter who held her either. She just needed the comfort of physical touch after suffering for the last hour or so that she'd been awake.

Honestly, I was kind of used to parents being tough, or at least having that facade, but what she said earlier was very true. Mothers and fathers were still *people*, and she'd been through a lot recently. Not only did she lose her own parents

eighteen years ago, like Serenity and I did, but she also just recently was betrayed by the man she'd loved for nearly two decades, only to almost die not long after.

And then physical pain was added on top of that, her body hurting after healing itself from so many injuries, including her head trauma and broken ribs.

Deciding not to make her admit what she needed out loud, I held her more closely with one arm, continuing to rub her back firmly up and down while she slowly began collecting herself. We were still close enough to the house that I could hear Gabriella and Avery talking just fine, kind of surprised that there hadn't been any more kissing. Instead, they were sincerely just chatting, both of them seeming really happy as they socialized and shared stories.

Gabriella was especially very interested in hearing what it was like to sit next to me every day from Avery's perspective, and I had to admit that hearing things from her point of view kind of surprised me.

It also kind of made me feel bad.

Because she knew from that first day that we had that group project together that she wanted me, admitting that she'd had her eye on me even before then, and she felt confident that she was someone who I'd be interested in too. She was initially really sad when I stopped talking to her afterward, but she apparently already knew I didn't socialize much with anyone, assuming that I must just struggle opening myself up to others.

Avery hadn't been around when I was in middle school, so she didn't initially know about my parents passing away. But she found out from one of her friends, and confirmed her suspicions when she learned that a lot of the kids bullied me afterward. She assumed that being kicked when I was already down and devastated had made me close my heart off to everyone.

And she was kind of right.

So once we'd sort of broken the ice, she became determined to sit beside me every day at lunch, wanting to make it clear that she was there for me if I needed her, while also making it clear that she'd be respectful of my wishes. She was hoping that I might open up to her eventually if she showed that she'd never leave or betray me, even if I ignored her.

That I could trust her to be there, no matter what.

Of course, Gabriella explained that my secret was the biggest reason why I wasn't very friendly with girls in particular, which was pretty obvious to Avery at this point. Nevertheless, Gabriella wanted to make it clear that there was nothing wrong with her specifically, and that the only reason why I even opened up to Gabriella was due to circumstance.

"It's kind of hard to believe you've only been dating for a couple of days," Avery was saying. "Or that you're already engaged." She paused. "Do you think he'll ask me to marry him too?"

Gabriella made an amused sound. "Of course. And yeah, we *have* moved really fast. But I mean, there's no other guy I'll ever want, and I think he realized it doesn't get much better than me."

Avery sighed, almost sounding content. "Yeah, I don't know what it is about you, but I've never thought another girl was so hot. Certainly not to the point that I'd ever want to kiss one."

Gabriella giggled. "Well, you aren't the first girl to think so, but I am really glad you do." She paused. "I'm also really happy Kai agreed to save you, and I'm excited to date you. Excited to spend the rest of my life with all of you. Your mom included."

Avery sucked in a sharp breath.

Gabriella laughed. "Wow, did that turn you on? Or are you just embarrassed?"

"I-It's embarrassing," Avery stuttered. "Just the idea of my mom finding out." She groaned. "She's probably going to be pissed. Or think I'm messed up in the head, or something."

Gabriella giggled again. "Don't worry about it too much. I don't plan on telling her anytime soon, and it might take her a while to warm up to Kai anyway. If ever, since she might be reluctant to be with a guy young enough to be her son."

Avery didn't respond, but I stopped listening anyway, since Michelle was sitting up.

"Everything alright?" she asked with a sniffle, looking normal now, her blue eyes hesitant as she tucked some of her blonde hair behind her ear.

I cleared my throat. "Umm, yeah, I'm fine. Why?" I wondered.

Michelle examined my face for a few seconds before responding. "Well, you're transformed again, and you were like as stiff as a board."

For half a second, I thought she was talking about my cock, but I was only a little firm right now, and not at all in a position where she would have felt me. I cleared my throat again, knowing she was referring to feeling my muscles tense. "Umm, it's nothing," I replied, standing up. "Let me go grab you something else to eat."

Michelle nodded, still on her knees, sitting on her heels as she focused on the corpse next to us. She then glanced at my lap, only to grimace. "Oh honey, I'm sorry."

I look down too, briefly panicking, only to realize she was referring to the mess she'd made on my pants, snot and tears evident on my jeans. I met her gaze and shrugged. "It's no big deal," I replied honestly. "I'll be right back, okay?"

She nodded, still looking a little embarrassed as I turned around to snag one of those coyotes from earlier.

Unfortunately, catching one wasn't as clean and easy as I was hoping, since I had to climb into the big hole in the

ground to snag one by the ankle, prompting it to scream like a person in alarm, only to have to knock them both out in order to stop the second one from attacking me.

Honestly, I kind of liked dogs myself, to the point that I was a little hesitant to take one of them for food, but in the end I needed to bring *something* back. And unfortunately for this coyote, there was nothing else big in the area.

No way in hell was I going to ask Michelle to feed on a dozen squirrels or rabbits.

When I got back, Michelle was less aggressive than she'd been with the deer, but there was no hesitation as she held the coyote in her arms and drank from its neck. She then sighed in contentment once its heart stopped beating, seeming sincerely happy as she continued to hold the furry dead body in her arms like a kid holding a stuffed animal.

"Ahh, I feel so much better," she said with another sigh. "Thank you, sweetie. Now I just feel hungry for normal food, like my daughter was talking about when she tried to get me to eat."

"Oh, that's good," I replied, trying to think ahead to figure out how best to accomplish all the things we still needed to do. "Umm, I was still planning on taking you back to your house so you can change. Do you want to stop by a fast food place to get something to eat?" I wondered, only to frown when I considered how physically fit she was. "Or someplace nicer, if you're opposed to fast food," I added.

She looked up at me in surprise, only to smile warmly. "Fast food is fine, dear. And yeah, I wouldn't mind putting on my own clothes. I've heard nurses say that scrubs are really comfortable, but I actually find these really *uncomfortable*."

I tried not to laugh, suspecting that it might be because her ass, thighs, and tits barely fit in them. "Sure," I agreed. "And then, after that, what you want to do is up to you. You're welcome to stay the night, or I can leave you at your place. I'm alright with either."

She frowned at that, looking away as she thought about it. "Well, I don't want to impose, but I'm concerned about the unknown." She met my gaze. "My body feels different than it did before, and I wouldn't mind if you were close by to help me if something strange happened."

I nodded. "That's fine," I agreed. "And I think the weirdest thing that *might* happen is you grow wings, but no one else has shown any signs of that happening yet."

Michelle nodded, not seeming overly shocked by that disclosure. "Thank you, honey," she said sincerely, focusing down on the coyote in her arms and then gently setting the body on the ground. She then pet its fur briefly and sighed, almost like she was silently apologizing and thanking it, before standing up. "Alright, I'm ready whenever you are."

"Sure," I agreed with a smile, beginning to walk back to the house.

Gabriella and Avery were quiet now, not having said anything for a couple of minutes, but I wasn't too worried about it since I could hear them moving around. However, when I finally heard a light kiss, I began struggling to keep my cock from getting hard, thankful I hadn't bothered shifting back into my normal appearance.

And it only got more difficult as their kissing quickly became more passionate, with me realizing that the noises I'd heard earlier were actually them taking turns feeling each other up. They had stopped talking when I heard one of them, probably Gabriella, began rubbing her hand over Avery's jeans, likely feeling her thigh. And the heavy petting obviously became mutual after that, likely progressing to tits as well.

Now it was obvious they were all over each other again. And fuck, I wanted to watch so bad.

But I had to prioritize, knowing we'd have plenty of time to do fun stuff once things were taken care of. I was also still a little anxious about Serenity, even though I had no reason to be worried.

It wasn't until Michelle unexpectedly grabbed my shoulder to stop me that I realized something was wrong with her.

I glanced back to find her fully transformed, her white ring around her pupil mesmerizing, but not distracting enough for me to realize her black and blue eyes were disturbed.

"What's wrong?" I asked seriously, realizing her hand was trembling slightly.

She met my gaze briefly, only to look at me apologetically. "I'm sorry, honey, but..." Her voice trailed off. "I thought it was just because I was so thirsty earlier, but..." She stopped again.

I turned to face her, reaching out to gently rub her upper arm. "Hey, it's okay," I said reassuringly. "Just tell me what's up."

She sighed, her expression pained. "That's the problem. I don't know what's wrong. But something just feels...very bad...about your house."

I looked at her in shock, glancing over my shoulder at the white siding just barely visible through the foliage, only to focus on her again. "Bad how?" I asked seriously.

"I don't know how to explain it," she replied, looking ashamed of herself. "I first noticed it when I came inside, and then I felt it again when we were walking back to the woods."

My eyes widened as I recalled her moving away from me - away from the *house* - as we made our way around. Or more specifically, she was moving away from the kitchen, as well as Serenity's room above that...

And there was only one thing I could think of that might have caused the sensation - only one thing we'd brought into the house that might be very bad.

Fuck! Was I an idiot to just blindly trust what I'd been told?!

“Show me,” I said firmly, prompting her eyes to widen in surprise, but not like she was afraid. No, it was more like she was shocked that I truly believed her. “Show me where the bad thing is.”

She focused uncertainly back in the direction of the house for a second, before straightening up more, nodding firmly as a motherly look appeared in her star-eclipsed eyes. “Okay,” she replied confidently, her posture determined now as she began leading the way. “I’ll find whatever it is.”

What she didn’t know, was I had a sneaking suspicion what she was going to lead me to.

And I didn’t like it one bit.

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(11) CHAPTER 26: INTUITION

I followed Avery's mom as she marched through the trees back to the house, hoping Gabriella and Avery would hear us coming, since they were actively making-out again.

And sure enough, when we began walking past the side of the house, and I cleared my throat loudly, Gabriella put a stop to it.

"Oh, I think they're coming back already," she whispered to Avery.

My blonde classmate responded, but I was more focused on Michelle again, with her stopping at the side of the house and looking up.

Fuck.

Could she hear them? Or was that the location of where she was sensing something bad?

"What's up there?" she wondered, her expression still determined.

I sighed. "Serenity's room," I admitted.

She looked back at me in surprise, almost seeming uncertain now. "Oh, umm..."

"It's fine," I reassured her. "Just find whatever you're sensing, so I can deal with it."

"Do you know what it is?" she asked in surprise.

"I have a suspicion, but I'd rather have you confirm it by not telling you."

She frowned at that, but then nodded. "Okay. I'll try to figure out what it's coming from."

I nodded, following her again as she continued around to the front. Of course, it would have been faster to go through the back door, but this was the first time Michelle had ever been to our house, which meant she didn't know 'what was where.' It wouldn't be much different than me going over to her house, and finding myself in a foreign location, where everything was brand-new to me.

When we went through the front door, I spoke up again when she hesitated at the bottom of the stairs.

"You can go anywhere you need to go, Michelle," I said gently. "My home is your home."

I meant that as a gesture of goodwill, but she actually tensed briefly, before making her way up the stairs. She hesitated only for a second at the top, only to focus to the right at the same time that Gabriella made an appearance in the open door.

"Oh, hey, Mrs. Copeland," Gabriella said warmly, only for her vibrant emerald eyes to widen. "Oh wow, your eyes are beautiful," she whispered, referring to the star-eclipsed pupils, only to pause when she realized Michelle's look was serious. "Is something wrong?"

"She feels something bad," I quickly explained. "And I think I know what she's leading us to."

Gabriella's vibrant emerald eyes widened in surprise, before she abruptly stepped out of the way. "Sorry," she said sincerely.

Michelle shook her head, her expression softening. "No, you're fine, dear. I feel like I'm the one intruding."

"Not at all," I interjected. "Please go ahead," I added.

Michelle nodded, her star-eclipsed eyes hesitant as she slipped into Serenity's room, pausing as she focused on the unconscious brunette in the bed, and then turning toward the closet...

The closet where Serenity had hidden that black wooden chest, and where I assumed Gabriella had returned it after

she read my father's message for herself. However, rather than continue to approach, she was frozen in place now.

Instead, she simply pointed, her light-gray arm visibly trembling. "I-It's in there," she stammered, beginning to look a little unsteady.

"Mom?" Avery said in confusion, seeming worried now as she got up too. "*What's* in there?" she asked seriously.

I sighed heavily, deciding there was no point in urging her on when it was clear what she was sensing, and she obviously didn't want to move closer.

"I don't know, sweetie," Michelle whispered as I slipped past her. I could then feel her eyes on me as she apologized. "I'm sorry, Kai. I can look for it if you want, it's just..."

"No, it's alright," I replied, opening the closet and beginning to search for the black box. I then grabbed it, and turned toward her, watching as Michelle's star-eclipsed sapphire eyes widened in shock, looking like she was going to be sick. "This is it, isn't it?" I assumed.

She nodded, taking a step back. "I...I think it is," she agreed.

I moved closer to the bed, so I could set stuff on the bedside table, knowing now it was just a matter of figuring out if it was the wooden chest itself, or if the issue was an object inside of it. First, I pulled out my father's letter, which was wrinkly from me crumbling it up, but had been refolded by Gabriella after she read it.

When I glanced at Michelle, seeing that her star-eclipsed eyes were still focused on the box, I set the letter down on the table and then reached for the oval midnight rock, grasping a hold of it and beginning to pull it out.

Faster than I'd think possible, Michelle dashed across the room and grabbed my wrist as tight as she could possibly manage, her sapphire star-eclipsed eyes wide in panic.

"*Drop it*," she snapped with all the authority of a mother. "Honey, let go right now," she continued even before I could react.

I let go of it and let it fall noisily back into the wooden chest, only for her to release my wrist and reach up to snap the lid shut, followed by her grabbing the box from me and setting it down on the bedside table. She then grabbed my arm and started tugging me away, all while looking even more like she was going to be sick.

"Sweetie," she said urgently, holding onto my arm tightly now, her tits squished against me. "Promise me you'll never touch that thing again." She then looked up at me before I could respond, her expression even more desperate.

"Promise me," she repeated, her sapphire star-eclipsed eyes intense, the contrast between her frosted eyelids and black sclera making them really pop.

"I promise," I replied simply, shocked by just how intense she was, because I didn't sense anything weird from it at all. Nor did anyone else for that matter. "But what is it?" I asked seriously.

She grimaced then. "I...I don't know..." she whispered, looking really unsteady now. "Although, I felt something *really bad* when you touched it. And..." Her voice trailed off. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"Bathroom is just down the hall," I whispered, uncertain of how literal she meant that.

She meant that literally.

Michelle let go and began stumbling back out the doorway, hurrying down the short hall. I heard her enter the bathroom and barely manage to lift the toilet seat before she heaved and vomited bile into the water - I could tell from the scent what it was, suspecting the only reason she hadn't puked sooner was because she had nothing solid in her stomach.

Certainly the blood she'd drank wasn't in there anymore, since her body seemed to absorb it like a sponge.

"Mom!" Avery exclaimed, rushing for her when she heard as well.

I met Gabriella's wide gaze, realizing she was just as stunned as I was.

"The letter said the stone was from your mother," my fiancé whispered. "That it was a message."

I nodded in agreement. "A message that I could see, or I guess 'activate,' with my blood."

"Could it really be something bad?" she asked seriously. "And if so, then what does it really do?"

"I don't know," I admitted with a sigh, glancing back at the black wooden chest, now resting on top of the folded letter.

Moving closer, I carefully tugged the letter out from underneath it and opened it to read the message from my father again. Of course, it didn't really offer any additional insight. The note was mostly about who he was, who I was, as well as some information regarding my origins, and then the very last couple of paragraphs were regarding the black stone, all of it in his handwriting.

-

'Finally, you should find alongside my epistle a catalyst imbued with a message from the woman who gave birth to you. She is a peculiar female, one who I am unable to charm with my innate influence, and she requested solely this single favor when I took you from her: that I deliver her message.

The catalyst is activated with your blood.

It is unlikely we shall meet, something you may consider a blessing, so I wish you well, and encourage you to live your life without regrets.

Sincerely,

Absalom Melchizedek'

-

He called it a catalyst, and seemed pretty open about the fact that it was a magical item. Like, it wasn't as if he was hiding what it was, and he didn't even suggest I read my biological mother's message. Instead, he simply told me

how to activate it, but there was no line about '*Be sure to read it.*'

On the contrary, he made it clear that the woman who gave birth to me had asked him to deliver her message, and this was him doing so.

It was as if he couldn't care less if I actually read it or not. And honestly, delivering a message in this form must not be too weird to him, if he didn't even question it. Meaning, putting such a message in a catalyst was likely a real thing.

Or was I wrong? Was the reason he didn't think it was weird was because it actually came from him? Did he assume my curiosity would be enough to want to try it out? Did he know I might be suspicious if he insisted on me using it?

I wasn't sure.

Either way, whether it came from him or her, it would imply that this 'bad thing' actually came from one of my biological parents.

But would my mother really give me something bad? And if it was from my father, then why would he try to trick me?

I mean, even if my mother didn't get to raise me, I couldn't imagine her wanting to bring harm to me. And I honestly couldn't imagine why my father would want to hurt me either when he had otherwise provided me with everything I needed to thrive, including a loving family.

Was the black stone truly a bad thing?

Fuck.

I honestly didn't know, and I knew there was no way to find out. Not unless we could find someone who might know more about this type of item.

I glanced at Gabriella when she stepped closer to my side, with her looking over the letter as well.

I sighed. "Do you think your mom would know anything about this?" I wondered hesitantly.

Gabriella focused on me in surprise. "Oh, umm, I really don't know. I suppose I could ask, but that would mean..." Her voice trailed off.

"Yeah, it would mean we have to tell her about me." I took a deep breath. "But honestly, we might need to tell her anyway. Because even if we discover that there's nothing to worry about with you being part-succubus, that doesn't mean there's no reason to worry about me."

She grimaced, but nodded. "Umm, yeah, I was actually thinking about asking her about incubi in general. Not in relation to you," she quickly added. "But I figured it wouldn't seem too weird if I asked if there were men like us. And asked what they were like. What I might expect if I ever met one."

I nodded. "That's smart," I agreed.

"You aren't upset, are you?" she asked seriously.

I shook my head. "No, of course not. We need to know. And while I'm not thrilled to share my secret with yet *another* person, I think she might be the only other supernatural individual we know who might have an idea about any of this stuff."

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah. And she's cool, by the way. Like, I know she and my dad are kind of kinky, but I really do trust her."

"I believe you," I replied warmly. I then sighed when Michelle puked again in the bathroom, realizing that it was probably my fault. She was already looking like she was going to be sick, but when she felt like I was in danger, she abandoned all caution to stop me from touching it. However, it was obvious that being so close to the black stone had been too much for her.

Meaning, she was so sick right now because she'd gotten closer than she could handle, doing so in order to try to protect me.

Dammit.

Sighing, I gave Gabriella a small smile, and then turned to head out of the room. I stopped in the bathroom doorway, finding Avery on her knees next to her mom, holding her snow-white hair back. It was actually kind of adorable seeing Avery take care of her mom like that, likely mimicking what Michelle had done for her daughter as well whenever she'd been sick.

Avery's mom sucked in a deep breath. "Oh honey, I don't want you to see me like this."

"It doesn't bother me," I replied honestly. "And I'm sorry you're sick." I paused. "It is the black stone that made you sick, right?" I wondered seriously.

"Yes," she whispered, trembling slightly. She then took a deep breath, seeming to relax a little.

"I can leave if you want," I added, worried she was just trying to be nice about not wanting me specifically around. However, when I took a step back, to emphasize my willingness to do as I said, she unexpectedly looked up at me in alarm.

"No," she blurted out, sounding desperate. She then grimaced, looking away. "It actually helps. You being closer."

My eyes widened in surprise, as I met Avery's shocked gaze, before focusing back on Michelle's defeated form. "Like, is it actually making a difference?" I clarified, taking a step into the bathroom.

She didn't respond, but visibly relaxed a little more.

Curious by her reaction, I knelt down beside her and gently reached out to touch her on the shoulder.

"Oh God," she exclaimed in relief, abruptly grabbing the toilet bowl as she ducked her head.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Avery said in concern, rubbing her mom's back with her free hand, still holding her mother's hair.

"The nausea just vanished," she whispered, only to speak to me. "Your hand is so warm," she added quietly. She

then sniffled, taking a shaky breath. "I'm sorry you have to see me like this," she repeated.

I glanced up at Gabriella when she appeared in the doorway, before responding to Michelle. "It's really alright. I mean, not to embarrass you, but I kind of saw you when you were dead, so can't get much worse than that."

"D-Dead?!" Avery repeated in alarm. "What do you mean by that?!"

Oh shit, I hadn't realized Serenity didn't mention that part. But then again, I should have known, because she'd been hesitant to give them an update until we were sure Michelle was going to be alright. We didn't want to worry Avery unnecessarily when she was newly transformed, and Serenity mentioned not wanting to say anything over the phone.

Shit.

Michelle sighed heavily, before sitting up to look at her daughter. "Yeah, seems my heart stopped. But Kai kept giving me CPR until his blood had a chance to make me better."

"Oh mom," Avery sobbed, her face scrunched up. "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

"Everything happened really fast," I explained, hoping she didn't feel betrayed by us not mentioning it to her yet. "By the time Serenity came back to the floor after seeing you, your mom already had a heartbeat again, and we were just focused on her waking up and then getting out of there as fast as possible."

When Avery sobbed again, Michelle leaned toward her and wrapped her up in her arms. "I'm alright, sweetie. Kai took really good care of me. He made sure I can stick around to embarrass you for the rest of your life."

Avery just shook her head, crying even harder. "M-Mom, you don't embarrass me. I love you, more than anything. I can't lose you."

"I know, honey," Michelle whispered, giving her a tight squeeze. "And you won't. You didn't. I'm right here. I'm right here, sweetie, and I'm not going anywhere."

Avery nodded with another sniffle, holding her tighter.

I sighed heavily, trying to think ahead now to what we should do about the black chest, and the mysterious stone residing inside it. I mean, I wanted to take Michelle back to her house, so she could change into something more comfortable, but I also felt like talking to Gabriella's mom had become a major priority at this point.

Like, this issue made it shoot right up to the top of my list.

Everything else could wait.

I focused on Gabriella. "Maybe we should just both go see your mom," I suggested.

She looked at me in surprise, before her red eyebrows knitted together. "Actually, that might be a really good idea. We can just get everything out in the open, both our relationship stuff, as well as ask her about that rock."

Michelle pulled away from her daughter to look at me seriously. "Please tell me you aren't going to touch it again," she said firmly.

I was again surprised by her intensity. "Umm, no. But I'll have to touch the box to move it."

She hesitated, before nodding. "That's fine, I suppose, but please don't touch the stone again."

"Would I be able to touch it?" Gabriella wondered.

Michelle looked up at her, before frowning, her frosted bottom lip puckering out slightly almost in a pout. "Umm, I don't know. I guess...maybe you could try? *Carefully*," she quickly clarified. "But I felt something horrible when Kai touched it. I suppose if it doesn't feel the same, then maybe it might be okay. Honestly, I've never experienced anything like this before, so I have no idea what we're dealing with."

Gabriella nodded. "Let's try then," she suggested.

Michelle grimaced again. "Umm, okay. Just let me rinse my mouth out first."

"Actually, here," I commented, walking over to the cabinet where we had a stash of unopened toothbrushes. I pulled a purple one out and handed it to her. "We have plenty," I added when she looked hesitant.

"Thank you, honey," she whispered, accepting it with more appreciation in her expression than I felt like was merited.

"Toothpaste is in the drawer. We'll wait for you in Serenity's room."

"Sure," she agreed. "Thank you."

"No, thank you," I replied sincerely, giving her a meaningful look. "I would have used that rock without even thinking about it. Blindly trusting that it was safe."

She looked at me in shock and confusion. "Used it how?" she asked in disbelief.

I sighed, realizing she hadn't read the letter yet. "Supposedly, it's from my biological mother, and it contains a message, which I'm supposed to be able to see when I activate it with my blood."

Michelle's white eyebrows furrowed. "Honey, I don't know if that's true or not, but I can't imagine that something that specifically requires your blood to activate is a good thing."

I nodded. "Yeah, in hindsight, that does seem kind of obvious. But Gabriella's mom might be able to tell us a little about it."

Michelle looked surprised, focusing on my fiancé. "Your mother knows about it?"

Gabriella shook her head. "Umm, not exactly. See, she's actually part-succubus, and so we figured if someone might know, it might be her, since Kai is actually half-incubus and all."

Michelle just stared at us like we both had three heads coming out of our shoulders. "*Oh*," she finally said

emphatically, seeming bewildered. "I guess...I guess that explains a lot," she added, glancing at me.

"Sorry," I said sincerely, concerned she was going to end up feeling bitter about me having control over her after all. "I really appreciate you telling me about what you felt, and I'm thankful you're going to help us figure out if it's dangerous for Gabriella to touch too."

She shook her head. "Not felt, it's what I *feel*, even now." She then sighed, glancing at my fiancé again. "And even if it doesn't feel as bad when you touch it, I still wouldn't recommend holding it for long. Something isn't right about that object. I've never felt so disturbed in my entire life."

Gabriella nodded. "I understand."

I sighed. "Well, I guess I'll give you some privacy so you can brush your teeth, and then meet us in Serenity's room?"

Michelle glanced at her daughter and then nodded in agreement, so I followed Gabriella back out the doorway and down the short hall. We then stood by the bed while we waited, deciding to talk quietly.

"Let me send my mom a message," Gabriella whispered, seeming to assume that Avery's hearing wasn't strong enough yet to pick up on it. "To see if she can have us over now, and then we'll go from there."

"Is there some reason why she wouldn't be able to have us over?" I wondered seriously.

Gabriella grimaced, sending her message before responding. "Umm, well, you know how my mom didn't answer the phone all day?"

I nodded.

She sighed. "Well, it's because they were up almost all night, which is something they do most Friday nights anyway, but last night was more special."

"Umm, okay?" I said hesitantly.

She sighed. "My dad has to travel for business, and he's going to be gone for like a week. Maybe a couple of weeks."

So they sort of had two guys over, instead of one.” She cleared her throat uncomfortably. “A sort of threesome for my dad to watch,” she added quietly, before speaking up again, seeming ready to change subjects. “She is actually supposed to be dropping him off at the airport about now, and when I spoke to her earlier, she said she would be free anytime after that. I told her it would have to be tomorrow sometime, simply because I thought I was going to have to stay at the hospital with Avery and Michelle all night.”

I nodded in understanding. “Okay, but I still don’t understand though. You’re saying she’s free, or about to be free right now, so why wouldn’t she be able to have us over?”

Gabriella sighed. “Well, because I told her tomorrow, so she might have already made other plans.”

My eyes widened in surprise. “Oh. You mean, she might be having another guy over?”

She shrugged. “My mom pretty much gets to do what she wants, so long as she lets my dad know what she’s doing. So yeah, it’s possible.” She paused when her phone unexpectedly rang. “Oh, that’s her. Let me take this really fast.”

I nodded as she answered it.

“Hey mom,” Gabriella said simply.

“Hey pup,” Mrs. Watson responded affectionately, prompting my eyes to widen in shock, but not because of the weird pet-name.

Holy fuck, didn’t Gabriella say her mom was in her early fifties? Because this woman sounded like she was the same age as Serenity! Granted, now that I thought about it, Gabriella did say that her mom looked younger than she was, but I was pretty sure she said she looked like she was forty, maybe in her mid-thirties, not twenty-five!

Mrs. Watson continued, responding to Gabriella’s written message. “Yeah, I don’t mind if you bring this guy over, but I’m a little confused. I thought you only said you were

interested in someone. Sounds a bit more serious than that if you want to introduce him to me.”

“Umm, so about that,” Gabriella replied uncomfortably. She then sighed, giving me an apologetic look. “Yeah, it’s more serious. The reason why I wanted to talk about all this in the first place is because we’ve already had sex.”

I stared at her in shock, surprised she was being so blunt with her mom, and then kind of embarrassed when I heard Michelle and Avery coming down the hall, knowing that at least Avery heard that last part, since she stopped dead in her tracks.

Glancing over my shoulder, I could see that she was fully transformed – tan skin, icy blue and black eyes, white hair, all with frosted lips and eyelids.

And she looked embarrassed as hell.

“*Oh*,” Mrs. Watson said in sincere shock. “Oh honey, is he alright? Is that why you’re asking about the succubus thing? Oh sweetie, you should have come to me sooner about this.”

“No, he’s okay, mom. He was sort of *really sore* after the first time, but he felt better after he ate.”

“The first time?!” Mrs. Watson repeated in alarm. “Pup, how many times have you had sex with this guy?”

Gabriella’s emerald eyes widened, seeming nervous now. “Umm, like three times normal sex. A handful of times other stuff.”

“Since when?” Mrs. Watson demanded, almost sounding harsh now. “When was the first time and when was the last?”

“Shit mom, is it really that serious? We did it the first time yesterday.”

“Yes, it’s that serious,” she retorted. “I told you to let me know right away when you finally lost your virginity. I didn’t mean after you’d fucked the guy three-plus times! You’re lucky he’s not in the hospital right now!”

Gabriella looked up at me in alarm. "Mom, if it's that dangerous, then why didn't you tell me?"

"I *did* tell you!" she exclaimed. "Sweetie, I've told you several times now! And I told you that you needed to practice! *Before* you decided on someone long-term!"

"I don't want to *practice*," Gabriella snapped, seeming really annoyed now. "Mom, I don't want to have a relationship like you and dad. I don't want to make my man watch, while I fuck *everyone except him* ! If anything, I'd rather be the one to—" Her voice abruptly cut off, her entire body shifting instantly in embarrassment.

Mrs. Watson hesitated before responding. "Pup, you want to be the one to watch?" she said in surprise.

"Umm, yeah," Gabriella admitted, her voice strained. "I don't know if it's because I'm only a sixteenth succubus, or if it even has to do with that, but..." Her voice trailed off.

Mrs. Watson sighed heavily. "No, I've heard of something like this before, I just didn't think it applied to you."

Gabriella's eyes widened. "What's that?" she asked seriously.

"We'll have to talk about it when you come over, pup. I don't feel comfortable discussing this stuff over the phone. It's important this kind of thing stays a secret, and..." Her voice trailed off, only for her to sigh heavily. "Please tell me you haven't already shared this stuff with your boy-toy."

"He's not a boy-toy, mom," Gabriella said firmly. "And..." She paused to look at me, seeming hesitant as she continued slowly. "And he's not exactly a normal guy either," she admitted.

The other end of the line was dead silent for several long seconds.

"Honey," Mrs. Watson whispered. "What do you mean he's not normal?"

Gabriella sighed. "I'll explain when we get there. But mom, please be supportive of us. I really love this guy and I

want it to work out with him. Like, I know you're probably going to think I'm crazy, but we're already engaged."

Mrs. Watson let out a long exasperated sigh. "Pup, you're moving too quickly with all of this," she finally said. "I'm sorry, but you're not a normal girl. There are things to consider before you get this serious, and he needs to understand the risks involved before choosing to be with you, and..." She sighed heavily again.

Gabriella looked annoyed now, her tone flat, with a hint of sarcasm. "*Okay mom*, well I need you to think differently about this. We want to be together forever, so I need you to help us figure out how to work around the risks. Okay? Can you please do that for me? Stop thinking about it in terms of how *you* cope with it, and start thinking about how *we* can cope with it."

Mrs. Watson's voice was quiet. "Okay," she said simply. "When do you think you'll be over?" she wondered.

Gabriella glanced at me, seeming surprised that her mom switched gears so quickly. "Umm, we'll leave maybe in the next five or ten minutes?" she said hesitantly.

"Okay, pup," she replied. "We'll talk, and try to figure stuff out, but I think you need to be prepared to take some pretty extreme measures if you want to do this without practicing with other men first."

Gabriella gulped. "Umm, okay...what kind of stuff are we talking about?" she asked hesitantly.

"Not over the phone," Mrs. Watson replied. "Come over, introduce me to your fiancé...fuck, I can't believe you're really already engaged. And then we'll talk and go from there, okay?"

"Okay mom. Thank you."

Mrs. Watson sighed heavily. "Well, don't thank me yet. You're making this a lot more complicated than it has to be."

Gabriella scoffed. "Mom, having sex with a bunch of random guys seems pretty complicated."

Her mom laughed. "Not nearly as complicated as you're thinking," she replied, sounding amused now. "But it's fine. If you're really set on not approaching things how I do, then we'll try to work with it. However, keep in mind that this is the expectation you're setting for your guy. If you decide to change your mind later, then he's probably not going to like it. You have to make sure expectations are clear *before* you get this serious."

"I won't change my mind," Gabriella said firmly, looking up at me again, as if she was making that promise to me too.

Mrs. Watson sighed. "What's his name anyway?" she wondered.

"Oh, umm, it's Kai." She paused. "Kai Ashworth."

"Kai," she repeated. "That's a cute name." She then took another deep breath. "Well, I guess I look forward to meeting him. I need to take a shower, but I should be done by the time you get here."

"Sure, and thanks again mom."

"You're welcome, sweetie," Mrs. Watson replied. "See you soon. Love you, pup."

"Love you too, mom. Bye."

After Gabriella hung up, she sighed heavily, focusing on me. "Was that alright?" she wondered.

I nodded, assuming she was talking about all the personal stuff she disclosed. "Yeah, that was fine. I mean, we're probably going to have to tell her everything anyway, if we want her to help."

She nodded. "I know, it's just I was so in the mindset of not sharing your secret with anyone that I still felt like I'd betrayed you by mentioning you were different."

I shook my head, giving her a small smile. "No, it's fine. Although, I might actually need to rinse off in the shower myself, before we go," I added, holding up my arms to gesture at how dirty I was from climbing in that coyote den earlier.

“Oh, umm, yeah definitely,” Gabriella agreed, looking playfully disgusted, only to grow more serious. “And actually, maybe would you want to dress up a little too?” she continued. “I want her to take you seriously. I want her to take *us* seriously. And I think leaving a good first impression will help.”

“Yeah, sure,” I agreed, having no problem with that at all. Honestly, I was probably going to do that anyway. “Oh, and why does she call you pup?” I wondered.

Gabriella’s face flushed. “Umm, because when I was really little, like four or five, I was really big on pretending like I was a puppy, so my mom started calling me ‘pup’ and it’s just sort of stuck since then.”

I laughed at that. “Wow, okay. That’s actually adorable.”

Gabriella smiled, but didn’t respond, still looking embarrassed.

I then glanced over my shoulder, seeing that Avery and Michelle were still in the doorway, seeming hesitant to come in, though I could tell from Michelle’s expression that her reason was due to the stone in the chest.

I focused on Gabriella again. “I guess do you and Michelle want to figure out if it’s okay for you to touch the stone while I rinse off?”

“Sure,” she agreed, leaning forward to give me a quick kiss.

I smirked at her, before turning to head out of the room, giving both Avery and Michelle polite smiles as they moved out of the way for me. I then listened to Michelle clear her throat, telling Gabriella to be careful again when it sounded as if she went to open the chest.

However, when I got into the bathroom with a change of clothes, Michelle had already made a decision.

“I still think you should avoid touching it, but I don’t get the same feeling when you’re holding it.”

“But you look like you’re going to be sick again,” Gabriella replied.

“It makes me feel that way in general, sweetie,” Michelle explained. “But it was a lot worse when Kai touched it.”

Gabriella sighed, setting the rock back in the chest. “Okay, well I’m going to put this in Kai’s car, so we can show my mom and see what she thinks.”

“Just please be careful with it,” Michelle repeated.

“I will,” Gabriella promised, picking the black wooden chest up, with it sounding like Michelle went back down the hall toward my room, ensuring she put some space between herself and the disturbing object, while my fiancé carried it down the stairs to put it in my car.

In the meantime, I tried to focus on taking my quick shower, wanting to get all the dirt off as fast as possible. Unfortunately, I was out of the strong scented ‘guy’ bodywash that Serenity usually bought for me, only having the two options of using her coconut scented shampoo or the strawberry one.

I opted for the coconut.

However, even despite my rush, I was also relieved that the hot water was helping me feel more alert now. After all, the only sleep I’d gotten in the last two days was for like an hour this morning, considering I’d been up all night. And while I could be determined to stay awake for a while if I wanted, it was still beginning to affect me.

I realized I might need to let Gabriella drive and take a nap on the way to her parent’s house, or else I might end up getting sleepy again at a time when I really needed to be alert. Honestly, it was kind of crazy that so much had happened in so little time, but once we finally had this conversation with Gabriella’s mom, I was hoping things would calm down some.

Of course, there was a lot to deal with in regards to Avery and her mom, never mind the fact that I still needed to begin to redefine my relationship with Serenity as my girlfriend and lover.

But after tonight, I imagined that Avery and Michelle would both go back to their own house, and things would become sort of normal for a while.

I wasn't really sure how I would proceed with my new potential relationship with Avery, but I did know that her learning to control her transformation was going to be the biggest priority for the time being. Granted, I wondered if getting intimate with her would help her stay under control at school, sort of like how having sex with Gabriella helped me a lot.

The only problem was, if it truly was potentially dangerous for me to have sex with Gabriella, since she was part-succubus, didn't that imply that it might also be dangerous for women to have sex with *me* as an incubus?

Or was there a difference between incubi and succubi?

I didn't know, but I was eager to hopefully find out.

Eager to finally understand how things worked. And honestly, I was kind of optimistic that the same risks might not apply to me as they did to Gabriella, simply because I felt like my biological father would have mentioned it in his letter...

Assuming he was trustworthy to begin with...

Although, I also had to consider that he implied that my adoptive dad was supposed to share all this stuff with me. Really, my incubus father just wanted to cover some of the basics in the event my dad was unwilling, possibly assuming that I would ask for more details on my own.

Which meant, my incubus father hadn't anticipated my dad dying in a car accident.

Dammit.

Taking a deep breath, definitely clean now, I turned off the hot water and went ahead and dried off. I then slipped on a fresh pair of boxers, and then put on a pair of nice black dress pants and a navy-blue Polo shirt.

Quickly brushing my hair and my teeth, I then checked myself over briefly in the mirror, and opened the bathroom

door. I knew everyone was back in Serenity's room, so I went straight there, kind of amused by the looks Gabriella and Avery both gave me, like I was a male model gracing them with my presence.

Both of them were standing up, while Avery's mom was actually sitting on the edge of the bed now, everyone having their normal appearance.

Unfortunately, when I glanced at Michelle, seeing a complicated expression on her face, I realized I was sort of breaking the promise I'd made with her to take her home so she could change.

I cleared my throat. "Umm, hey, are you alright with watching over Serenity while we're gone?" I wondered, not feeling worried about leaving Serenity alone since she shouldn't be waking up for another three or four hours at least. Maybe longer.

Not to mention, I felt confident the original threat on our lives was finally over too.

Michelle looked surprised. "Oh, of course, honey. I don't mind at all."

I nodded, frowning as I considered her dilemma. "You know, actually, Serenity has some pajamas you could probably wear, if you want to change into something more comfortable for now."

Michelle grimaced, seeming uncertain. "Oh, I don't want to impose, honey," she replied softly.

I shook my head. "She won't mind," I said, walking over to her dresser and opening the drawer where she kept her pajamas, most of them the soft fluffy kind. And a lot of them were stretchy too, which meant they would be more comfortable, even if they were tight, unlike the unyielding material scrubs were made out of.

Gabriella giggled. "Wow, Kai. No hesitation there. You knew exactly where Serenity kept her lingerie."

I tried not to react, though the gray was definitely creeping up my neck. "Umm, yeah, I help out with the

laundry too, you know,” I retorted, though I wasn’t sure if she believed me, and it probably didn’t help that I refused to look back at her. “And she doesn’t really have anything I’d consider *lingerie*,” I added, saying the word like it was fancy.

She giggled again, but didn’t reply.

I then pulled out a really soft and stretchy set of pajamas, the pants and top both a solid shade of light pink. When I turned around to show them to Avery’s mom, her blue eyes widened in surprise.

“Oh, those look really comfortable,” she replied sincerely, reaching up to tuck some of her blonde hair behind her ear – a gesture I was noticing she did quite frequently.

“Should be,” I agreed as I handed them to her. “And I’m not sure how you and Avery feel about sleeping in the same bed, but you can treat my room like your own while you’re here. I’ll probably sleep on the couch,” I added, wanting to make sure they felt comfortable.

“Oh, umm, that should be just fine,” Michelle said, glancing up at her daughter.

Avery nodded. “Yeah, I don’t mind.”

“Okay,” I replied, focusing on Gabriella. “Then, I guess are you ready?”

“Yep,” she agreed, turning to give Avery and then Michelle both hugs.

“Avery has my number,” my fiancé commented. “So call me if anything is up.”

Ah shit, and my phone was practically dead at this point. I was still going to take it with me though, since I could just turn it off and use it in an emergency. Plus, we should only be out for a few hours.

Michelle agreed that they’d call if they needed anything, and then Gabriella followed me back down the stairs, where she grabbed her black leather purse – damn, we had three

black leather purses in the house now. Good thing they all looked a little different.

When we got outside, I handed her the keys, letting her know my plans since I hadn't slept basically in two days. It was actually just after 8:00 PM now, and starting to get dark. I knew it would probably be pitch-black when we got to Mrs. Watson's house.

"Oh, of course," Gabriella agreed in response to me saying I needed a nap, accepting the keys and then climbing into the driver's seat. She then continued speaking as she adjusted the seat and mirror. "Although, we need to talk really fast before you do."

"Sure," I replied, leaning the passenger's seat back.

Gabriella waited until we were pulling out of the long driveway and onto the road to respond. "So, it's about what my mom said, regarding extreme measures."

I looked over at her in surprise, suddenly anxious now. "Okay? You have an idea of what she meant by that?" I assumed.

She nodded, taking a deep breath, her huge tits looking even bigger due to the seatbelt between them. "Yeah, and I think we're going to have to agree to it, because the alternative is me practicing with a bunch of random guys."

Fuck.

"Umm, yeah, that's not really an alternative, in my opinion," I said seriously.

"I know," she agreed, glancing at me. "And I'm not going to do that. But that means we need to accept whatever other options she gives us. Because I do need to practice."

I sighed. "Okay, and what do you think she's going to suggest?"

Gabriella grimaced. "Honestly? She's probably going to insist she watch us, so that she can actually coach me instead of just letting me figure stuff out on my own."

"*Oh*," I said in complete shock, uncertain of how I felt about that.

“Probably not tonight,” she quickly clarified. “Especially when she seemed so upset that we’ve already done it several times. She’s probably going to think it’s too dangerous. But that also means we might have to wait a week or longer until we do stuff again, and then she’ll have to watch when we do, so she can coach me.” She grimaced again. “And we might have to repeat that for a while, at least until I can get a handle on it.”

I took a deep breath, unable to believe that we were seriously talking about doing that kind of thing in front of her mother. But, at least I was glad I’d sort of already discussed this subject with Serenity, so I didn’t have to worry about her being jealous about it, and it wasn’t like I was screwing another woman, even though Serenity agreed that was alright...

Just having one watch...

Damn, that was going to be so awkward if that was really Mrs. Watson’s plan.

“Well,” I began hesitantly, realizing that might truly be our only option. “Up until a couple of days ago, I’d gone my entire life without sex, so I should be able to handle going a week without it...” I frowned. “Although, it is going to be hard,” I admitted. “But it’s better than the alternative.”

“Oh. No,” Gabriella interjected. “That doesn’t necessarily mean you can’t still have sex with Serenity.” She paused. “Assuming you don’t have the same problem, then we can find ways to make this work, like with me watching you and Serenity, for example. But really, I might be the only one who has to hold off until I learn to control myself better.”

I looked at her in surprise again, realizing she was making that assumption. “You don’t think I have the same problem, do you?” I said more as a statement

Her expression pained. “Well, I was thinking about it after we discussed the subject a little bit ago, and it kind of makes sense. Every time we’ve had sex, I’ve only felt more energized and satisfied, whereas you’ve gotten sore to the

point that it hurt to move, at least once. And yet you're *half-incubus*. I'm the one who has affected you, even though I'm only a sixteenth succubus. So yeah, the myths about incubi and succubi being basically the same thing must be false. Because it should be the other way around if you had my problem. I should have been the one who could barely move after our first time."

I nodded, realizing she was right. That made a lot of sense. And while it was obvious I certainly had more control over women than she did men, it didn't seem as if I was harming anyone when I got physical with them. But then, that just made me wonder '*why?*'

Why was there a difference?

Was it because incubi and succubi were fundamentally different creatures, even though they were both supposedly 'sex demons?'

Or maybe a succubus wasn't a demon at all, especially considering that Gabriella still looked mostly normal even when she was transformed. I mean, even the whites of her eyes were still *white*, while it seemed like everyone else thus far had black sclera, making us all look much more demonic while Gabriella just looked like a normal human stripper, who had starkly dyed hair and tan skin.

Maybe a succubus was like a unique type of human, or possibly even a unique type of witch, or something.

Granted, I realized that probably wasn't true either, since it sounded as if being a succubus was biological. As if she couldn't help but suck energy out of another person when she had sex. So then, it was probably more accurate to assume that a succubus *was* a sex demon, but one that blended in more with society, found a different way to exert control over their victims, and also had a different purpose for needing sex.

Really, at this point, my mind was just wandering as I went back and forth with ideas, not even realizing I'd closed my eyes.

Damn, I really was exhausted.

The last thing I remembered was feeling Gabriella reach over, gently brushing some hair off my forehead, before sighing in contentment.

After that, I was completely out.

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(12) CHAPTER 27: MILF

I woke up abruptly to Gabriella's soft full lips pressed against mine, feeling confused briefly as I registered that I was in my car, in the passenger's seat, with her leaning in through my open door to kiss me. It was pitch-black outside, not counting the light next to a fancy white door, a few moths flying around the luminescence.

She then pulled away, giving me a warm smile when she saw I was awake.

"Hey, sleepy-head. Ready to meet my mom?"

"Oh fuck," I hissed, still feeling groggy as I registered that we were parked in front of a surprisingly expensive house, with stone steps leading up to the front porch like a mini-mansion, the driveway paved in concrete.

Wow, this was actually a really nice place.

"How long was I asleep?" I asked as I unbuckled my seatbelt and leaned forward, resting my face in my hands.

"I think a little over an hour," she admitted, rubbing my upper back. "Maybe an hour and a half."

I glanced at her in shock.

She quickly continued. "I tried waking you up when we got here, but you were just completely out of it, so I let you sleep." She frowned. "Kind of glad I did too, because my mom sort of freaked out when I told her your biological dad is an incubus."

I was even more shocked. "Is that bad?" I asked seriously.

She shook her head. "It's not that it's bad. It's more like, incubi scare her. She'd always been told by her mom, my grandma, that she should stay away from them."

“Oh fuck,” I repeated. “So what does that mean? Is she against us being together or something?”

She shook her head, her expression reassuring. “No, I told her everything, including about me being kidnapped and all.” She sighed. “Believe it or not, my mom didn’t know. She hasn’t seen the news or anything, and she was horrified when she looked it up online and saw the news report about it.” She paused with a frown. “She actually scolded me pretty hard for not telling her, so I’m glad you missed that.” She sighed. “She was just upset though, because she had no idea I was in danger and mad at me for not telling her afterward. But I told her how you saved me, and told her how I felt about you beforehand, as well as how things went afterward.” She paused. “I also told her about the two other serial killers, and how you’ve been nonstop protecting me. And of course, I told her more about the intimate stuff we’ve done. I hope you don’t mind, since she kind of needs to know this stuff, but now she doesn’t seem nearly as worried and wants to meet you.”

I nodded hesitantly, still feeling like my mind was in a fog. “Okay,” I said with a sigh, covering my face with my hands again. “Let me just have a second to wake up.”

“Oh.” She hesitated. “You want me to go back inside?” she asked in confusion.

“What? No,” I replied, still covering my eyes as I visualized a full moon, beginning to feel a familiar thrill starting to creep into my bones. “I have a trick I use when I need to be awake. I picture the moon, and usually it has a similar effect as what coffee has on normal people, except that it doesn’t necessarily make me transform, unlike caffeine.”

“Oh,” she replied in surprise. “That’s useful. I might have to try that sometime.”

I nodded as I felt the fine hairs stand up on the back of my neck, a chill of excitement and alertness creeping into my mind. “Yeah, it doesn’t work indefinitely. I still have to

sleep, obviously, but this isn't the first time I've gotten so little sleep." I then looked up to meet her gaze, surprised when her vibrant green eyes visibly dilated a bit, since I was confident I looked normal.

She didn't seem to notice though, smiling warmly. "Better?" she wondered.

"Yep," I agreed, closing the gap to kiss her gently on the lips, my mind wide awake now. I then pulled away, prompting her to stand straight so I could climb out of my seat. "So what else did you two discuss?" I wondered as I stood up as well. "Just want to make sure I know what's been covered."

Gabriella frowned as she wrapped her arms around mine while I closed the car door. "Umm, I mean, I did mention the stone too. And the letter. She wants to read it, but I figured I'd let you decide that, since it's yours and all."

I nodded. "Did she say anything about how we can make this work?" I wondered hesitantly.

Gabriella frowned. "Actually, no. She hasn't told me what she has in mind. Honestly, I think her anxiousness about meeting you is making her hesitant to bring it up."

"Because I'm half-incubus," I clarified.

Gabriella squeezed my arm more, squishing her heavy tits against me, only nodding in response, an obvious concern visible in her emerald eyes.

Fuck, I hoped her mom liked me.

Because Mrs. Watson could easily refuse to help us if she was opposed to the whole thing simply because of my origins. Granted, I knew there might be a very valid reason for why succubi should stay away from incubi, but I desperately hoped that didn't apply in our situation.

Shit, what if it did?

Shit.

Gabriella didn't knock on the fancy white door when we reached it, instead just opening it and pulling me inside. Made sense, I supposed, since she used to live here, not to

mention she'd already spent at least forty-five minutes to an hour talking to her mom.

The large house seemed to be setup quite a bit different than my own home, having a spacious dining room with an overhanging chandelier directly to our left, along with a doorway that seemed to lead into an even larger kitchen beyond that. And then directly in front of us was simply a decorated wall, full of picture frames, with the only other visible space being the very large living room on the right.

I assumed the stairs must be accessible around the corner, since the place was obviously two-stories.

But dang, they had an amazing setup in the living room, with a whopping two L-shaped leather sectional sofas that faced each other with a couple of large coffee tables in between. Like, honestly, it kind of looked like a room designed to host table games involving a dozen or more people, combined with a mini-theater feel, since there was a humongous widescreen TV above the decorative fireplace.

And the room was so big that there was plenty of space to walk around the couches, or even between them, since there was a makeshift pathway between the two closest ends. The floor was actually a beautiful white marble, which I wouldn't think would be as comfy looking as carpet, but somehow it worked, looking both inviting and luxurious.

I didn't focus on it for long though, stunned when I saw Gabriella's mom for the first time, standing almost on the other side of the living room close to where I imagined the stairs would be around the corner on my left.

Holy fuck.

No way in hell was this young *thirty-something* year old woman in her fifties. She very much looked like she was supposed to be Gabriella's older sister, not her mom, having the same emerald eyes and red hair that was as vibrant as Gabriella's hair was *when she was transformed*. Except, Mrs. Watson's hair was naturally curly, still looking slightly damp as it hung in thick heavy curls on her shoulders.

But she was definitely anxious, wearing a fluffy black robe wrapped around what appeared to be a green silk nightgown with black lacey trim, her arms crossed in front of her huge chest as if she was ensuring her robe stayed close, even though it was tied shut, with her overall posture defensive.

But then there was her *scent* .

It was certainly tainted with sincere anxiety and maybe even a little bit of fear, but holy fuck she smelled even better than Gabriella. And the combined maple syrup aroma coming from the two of them was almost too much.

I almost wanted to turn right around and run back out of the door before I shifted, habitually wanting to run away to hide my secret.

But she already knew...

Still, I couldn't transform in front of her. At least, not unless she asked me to.

Not unless she was *ready* to see the demon her daughter was dating.

Fuck.

This woman was so hot, it physically hurt.

And yet, I felt like I had everything going against me. She was obviously afraid of what her daughter had just brought into the house.

"Umm, hello Mrs. Watson," I said politely as Gabriella led me just into the living room, stopping at the entrance. "It's nice to meet you. Sorry to intrude so late at night."

Gabriella's mom stared at me in surprise, a bewildered expression on her face.

"Are you really part-incubus?" she finally blurted out after a second.

I glanced at Gabriella hesitantly, wondering if she was talking about my appearance.

I gave Mrs. Watson my attention again. "Umm, yeah. I can kind of transform, if that's what you're referring to."

She shook her head, hesitantly taking a step forward as if she was considering moving to a more appropriate distance to have a conversation, her tense posture relaxing some. “N-No, Gabby told me about that.” She paused, looking me up and down again. “It’s just, I’ve actually met a man who was a sixteenth-incubus, like my daughter. And another man who was a step further than that, though I never asked exactly how far back his origins went. They looked like normal people, but the moment I came across them, I was instantly repulsed by their lifeforce.” She unfolded one of her arms in order to reach up to grab the edge of her fluffy black robe tightly with her thin hand, inadvertently hiding more of her visible skin. “But yours isn’t repulsive at all. Quite the opposite.”

“Mom?” Gabriella said in surprise. “You’ve never mentioned anything about someone’s lifeforce. And how did you even find out a guy was a sixteenth-incubus if he repulsed you?”

Mrs. Watson stood up a little straighter as she focused on her daughter, keeping one arm still crossed underneath her large chest while the other continued to hold tightly onto her black robe just below her collar bone.

“I actually tried to avoid him, sweetie,” she replied. “But he was curious and cornered me at a bar. It was honestly probably the scariest five minutes of my life, but all he wanted to know was information, since he’d never met anyone like me before.” She then sighed, relaxing a little more as she focused on me. “As far as lifeforce goes, that’s why it can be dangerous if you don’t know what you’re doing. Succubi absorb sexual energy, especially lust, but if you make a guy have an orgasm prematurely, or if *you* have an orgasm prematurely, you can accidentally absorb lifeforce instead. Or physical energy too, but that’s less harmful.”

Gabriella urgently looked up at me, before responding. “Are you saying that I could *kill him* ? Like, that I could

permanently drain his life away? Fuck mom, please tell me that's not what you're saying!"

She shook her head. "Calm down, pup. Clearly, he's alright. And no, absorbing lifeforce doesn't shorten anyone's life or anything like that." She sighed heavily, glancing toward the large TV. "People generate lifeforce regularly, and things like viruses, bacteria, and other diseases often hinder that production, which is why people feel lethargic when they're sick. If you suck out a little bit of someone's lifeforce, they will likely feel unwell for a time, but they'll recover and continue to live until a normal age."

Mrs. Watson paused as she focused on her daughter again. "It's not like people have a certain amount that never returns if it's taken. And actually, the reason why aging happens is simply because the ability to generate lifeforce lessens with time, rather than a person running out of it. However, that still doesn't mean it's not dangerous. You could really put someone in the hospital if you aren't careful. And yeah, it's possible for a full-blooded succubus to kill someone if she sleeps with a particular person too frequently."

Gabriella's tone was flat. "So then, why do you have to sleep with other men?"

Mrs. Watson sighed, as she crossed her arms fully again, an obvious patience in her expression, her posture much less tense. "Because sweetie, succubi need lust, and it's difficult to generate enough lust once two people have fucked a handful of times. Like, I'm sorry pup, but you're going to find it difficult to get the sexual energy you need if you keep your relationship exclusive between just the two of you."

Gabriella and I exchanged another glance, before she cleared her throat. "Then how come I've been fine so far?" she wondered seriously. "Like, I'm twenty and haven't had sex until recently. And I've been fine."

“Because you’re mostly human,” she explained. “Every generation is a little less dependent, but that doesn’t mean you don’t need it at all. If you went much longer, no doubt you’d start getting sick yourself. It’s actually a unique disease to succubi, because we are dependent on sexual energy from others.” She paused. “And while you might think that means you don’t need to include more people in your relationship, you’re wrong. See, if you don’t generate enough lust when either of you have an orgasm, you *will* end up sucking out lifeforce too. Because your body needs the energy.”

Gabriella shook her head in disbelief. “So you’re saying that, even if I learn to control what I’m doing, there’s always going to be a risk I’ll suck out his lifeforce?”

“Unfortunately, yes,” she admitted. “And that’s why your father and I invite other men to sleep with me. I get plenty of lust from the stranger, and I also get a ton from your father as well. I’m never in any danger of sucking out lifeforce, because I’ve got plenty of lust to feed on.” She sighed. “Maybe you should think about it like eating. If you’re starving to death, then you’re going to end up losing control when someone places a big yummy chocolate cake in front of your face.”

Gabriella grimaced, looking up at me again, before focusing on her mom. “Okay, so what if we do have other people in the relationship, but they aren’t men?” she asked hesitantly.

Mrs. Watson’s emerald eyes widened in surprise, causing her to glance at me and then back at her daughter. “Pup, are you attracted to other women?” she wondered seriously. “Like, you’re interested in having sex with a woman by herself?” she clarified.

“Umm, kind of,” my fiancé admitted.

Surprisingly, Mrs. Watson simply nodded. “Well, that could work then.”

Gabriella and I exchanged a glance again, before she spoke up. "Wait, that's kind of a bomb I just dropped on your head, and you aren't shocked? Or upset?"

"Why would I be upset, pup?" she asked seriously. "I told you over the phone that there was a type of situation like this – one I didn't think applied to you, just because it's not very common."

"What's that?" Gabriella asked in surprise.

Mrs. Watson sighed. "Well, it's kind of a misnomer, because it's not accurate, but when a succubus has a preference for one man, and enjoys watching just as much as she likes to participate, it's called a lesbian succubus."

"O-Oh," Gabriella said in surprise, her brow furrowing. "But I wouldn't exactly consider myself lesbian."

She nodded in understanding. "I know, pup, and that's why I said it's a misnomer. Obviously, it would be more accurate to say 'bisexual,' but the problem is, most succubi are bisexual. So when a succubus spends most of her sexual time with a bunch of women, and has a strong attachment to one man in particular, they call it lesbian even if it's not really lesbian."

Fuck, this conversation was making it difficult to look normal. My chest was definitely gray.

Gabriella cleared her throat. "Okay. So then, the truth is, we sort of have three other women we might be sleeping with. Would that work?" she asked seriously.

Mrs. Watson looked shocked all over again. "Wait, you just got together a couple of days ago and you already have other sexual partners?" she said in disbelief.

We exchanged a glance, with me assuming my fiancé must not have said much about Avery or Michelle. Or Serenity, for that matter.

Gabriella was hesitant as she replied. "Umm, yeah, sort of. It's been a crazy couple of days. Today especially."

"I can see that," Mrs. Watson replied, still seeming stunned. Her brow then furrowed as she focused on me.

“And I wonder if you have something to do with that,” she considered out loud.

“Umm...” I began uncertainly, truly at a loss for words.

Gabriella chimed in. “It’s more like, I’ve just been recruiting the girls who already had a thing for him,” she admitted. “Like one of his classmates that’s been obsessing over him for a couple of years.”

“Classmates?” Mrs. Watson said in surprise, focusing on me. “Are you still in high school?”

“Umm, yeah. But I’m eighteen. About to graduate in a little over a month.”

She nodded, seeming pensive now, her arms still crossed, but her posture fully relaxed now. “Alright, well I think I’ve heard enough.” She then paused, focusing on me more intently. “Although, I would like to see you transformed, if you wouldn’t mind. Gabby told me about it, but I didn’t even know incubi could change forms at all. Of course, I’ve never met a half-incubus before, so you’ll have to forgive my ignorance.”

“Oh. No, it’s fine, Mrs. Watson. But are you sure? I do look a little...well, devilish, for lack of a better term.”

Mrs. Watson scoffed. “Oh please, call me Rebecca, not this ‘Mrs. Watson’ nonsense. You’re making me feel my age.”

“Oh, umm...”

“And not Becca,” she clarified. “Nothing pisses me off more than people shortening my name.”

I cleared my throat. “Umm, okay, Mrs. Rebecca.” Fuck, it felt so awkward saying her first name without the Mrs. part. Thankfully, she didn’t seem to mind. “I guess, are you ready then?”

She nodded, her posture tensing slightly a second time, as if she was bracing herself.

I let it happen slowly, watching her emerald gaze focus on the graying skin on my neck, only to follow it as it went

up my chin and then covered my face, my hair turning white, my eyes being the last thing to turn black and gold.

She abruptly gripped at her robe again like before, one arm still crossed underneath her huge chest, but not in anxiety.

No, her expression was one of awe.

"Oh my God," she whispered, looking stunned. "Oh my God, your eyes are so beautiful. Oh my..." Her voice trailed off. "How is this possible?" she whispered in disbelief. "I've met others like you, but you're nothing like them. My mother has *spoken* of others like you, and yet you're nothing like the stories she's told."

"Mom," Gabriella said hesitantly, garnering her attention finally. "What are you trying to say?"

Mrs. Watson shook her head, speaking to me even though her daughter asked the question. "I'm not suggesting you aren't part-incubus, but you are altogether a different creature than I've been warned about. Either that, or you are the embodiment of what succubi fear – a man who could kill us just as easily as we could kill a normal human."

"I...I would never do t-that," I stammered.

"I believe you," Mrs. Rebecca replied sincerely. "But I hope you understand I'm not just worried about my daughter hurting anyone. I'm also concerned about you hurting my daughter, even if unintentionally."

My eyes widened in shock, before I glanced at Gabriella and then back at her mom. "So then, are you saying I'm the same way after all? That I need sexual energy and could accidentally steal lifeforce?"

She shook her head. "Honestly, I don't know. From what I *do* know, incubi usually have large harems of women, but sleep with them without constraint. And there seems to be no harmful effects from doing so. An incubus could sleep with the same woman repeatedly and they'd never get sick. However, that doesn't mean it's completely safe. It might

just mean they have better control, or that they feed off an energy that's easier to generate than the lust we need."

Shit, the moment she said 'better control,' even though I knew she was talking about control of absorbing energy, I immediately thought of literal control, recalling how eager Serenity was to please me when I used my compulsion ability on her.

Shit, what if that was the difference?

But then, did that imply succubi didn't have a means of control? Because I definitely felt like Gabriella was messing with my head in the woods earlier that morning, after she first transformed and drank blood for the first time.

So maybe it was just a different type of control?

A type of control that was dependent on lust to work, possibly influenced by pheromones or something, rather than the supernatural eye-contact control that I wielded.

However, I didn't want to bring that up, concerned that Mrs. Watson learning about what my eyes were capable of doing might sincerely scare her.

"Either way," Mrs. Rebecca continued. "There still might be risks involved."

"So then, what does that mean?" Gabriella wondered. "You said I need to practice. Is it possible that I can practice with girls too? And what about Kai? How do we deal with the possibility of him hurting me?"

Mrs. Watson gave her a sympathetic look. "I wouldn't recommend practicing by yourself with anyone you love, sweetie. You'll never forgive yourself if you mess up and hurt them."

"Mom," Gabriella said in shock. "I told you that's not an option."

"I know, pup," she replied. "That's why I said, '*by yourself*.'"

Gabriella frowned. "So then, you're thinking what I'm thinking, aren't you?"

Mrs. Watson looked surprised. "And what's that, sweetie?"

"Mom," she complained. "Are you really going to make me say it?"

Mrs. Watson smirked, her tone playfully mocking. "Oh, you poor thing. Still so young and easily embarrassed." She sighed. "If you want to learn without practicing with other men, then I'll have to teach you both, naturally."

Surprisingly, I was able to maintain my composure, since I was expecting this, thanks to my fiancé bringing it up earlier. Still, this was going to be so awkward, and not just because Mrs. Rebecca was Gabriella's mom.

No, it was also because she was possibly the hottest fucking woman in the world.

And her scent was even more intoxicating than Gabriella's aroma, something I didn't think possible.

"Okay," Gabriella replied with a heavy sigh. "So how do we go about it then? And when?"

"Wow," Mrs. Watson replied. "You were really expecting this, weren't you? Neither of you even so much as flinched when I said that."

My fiancé shrugged. "I mean, it's awkward, but not the worst. And I know sex coaches are a thing, so it's kind of like that, in a way."

Her mom's brow furrowed, but she didn't respond. Instead, Mrs. Watson focused on me. "Well, I should probably get changed then, so we can try a little tonight to see how it goes. Are you fine with starting in the living room?" she wondered, speaking specifically to me.

Gabriella looked shocked. "Wait, tonight? Are you sure that's safe? And why do you need to get changed?" she asked seriously. "Does it even matter what you're wearing?"

Mrs. Watson looked at her in surprise, only for her expression to become even more shocked as something dawned on her. "Oh, pup, I think you're misunderstanding

the situation. Do you think I'm going to coach you while you have sex with your man?"

Gabriella was instantly flustered and confused. "Of course, isn't that exactly what we just discussed?"

Mrs. Watson gave her a sympathetic look again. "Sweetie, I need to *show* you, not *coach* you. The only way you'll learn, without experimenting, is for you to see how it's done right."

Holy fuck!

Was this woman being serious right now?!

Gabriella's mom met my gaze, seeming amused by my own expression, still speaking to her daughter. "Besides, I'm not going to risk your life if it turns out your fiancé lacks control...fuck, I really can't believe you two are already engaged." She sighed. "But that's why I need to have sex with him tonight by myself, to ensure its not dangerous. And that's how it has to be if you really are set on *not* figuring it out on your own with random people. Because it's too dangerous to practice on people you love."

Gabriella grimaced, focusing on me. "A-Are you okay with this?" she asked hesitantly.

I was shocked by her question, but felt like I couldn't respond, my heart feeling as if it was throbbing in my throat. Because a part of me was nervous as hell, and another part of me was screaming in excitement – this whole situation felt so wrong, and yet it felt so right.

I wanted to fuck her mom.

I wanted to fuck her mom so bad, and the situation kind of necessitated it.

And yet, I was still concerned about the backlash this might cause.

Concerned that Gabriella would end up getting jealous and resentful.

I mean, it was one thing to fuck another woman that she decided on, but this was her *mom*. And then, there was also the fact that I hadn't even fucked Serenity yet!

Granted, if it was possible I could hurt the person I loved most, then that was actually a good thing. In fact, the more I thought about it, the more I realized it might be a blessing that Gabriella's mom was offering to show us this kind of thing, before we *did* accidentally hurt someone we cared about.

Still, this was a huge deal, especially since Mrs. Rebecca wanted it to just be me and her, so that she could ensure it wasn't dangerous.

I tried to clear my throat. "What are you okay with?" I asked my fiancé seriously.

She seemed surprised, glancing at her mom and then me again. "Wait, you want to do this, don't you?" she said in shock.

"I...I don't know," I admitted honestly.

Mrs. Watson sighed heavily. "You both think about sex the wrong way," she said seriously, causing us to focus on her. "Sex can be intimate, but it can also be casual, like the difference between a handshake with a stranger, versus holding hands with a lover. It can be a special passionate thing, but it can also be pure carnal pleasure, like a friendly conversation to be shared with a random person you'll never see again."

"*Mom*," Gabriella whined. "That's not how I view it, and that's not how I want to view it."

Mrs. Rebecca gave her daughter a stern look. "So you're saying you wouldn't enjoy watching your fiancé fuck some random hot chick?"

Gabriella's eyes widened, before she glanced away, looking embarrassed.

"You'd enjoy watching, right?" Mrs. Watson continued, seeming to already know the answer. "I mean, you've admitted as much already. And you might even want to join in, right? You'd think it was hot, and it'd turn you on, and you wouldn't have a problem with never seeing her again." She scoffed. "You understand what I'm saying, it's just that

you have a preference to do it with women instead of men.” Her tone abruptly softened. “Which is fine, pup. There’s nothing wrong with that. And in fact, I’m sure your fiancé will love it that you’re that way.”

Gabriella nodded incrementally in acknowledgment, her face red.

Mrs. Watson sighed then, focusing on me, even as she continued to speak to Gabriella. “But I’m just trying to help you understand that what I do with the random men I sleep with, and what I’m going to do with your fiancé, isn’t the same as the time I spend with your father. I’m shaking their hands – a quick carnal exchange – not intertwining our fingers as we walk down a moonlit beach. It’s like a pleasant casual conversation, not us sharing our hopes, dreams, and souls with each other.” She sighed. “Yes, it’s a *physical* conversation, but not all that different from a verbal one. We’re just speaking primarily with our bodies instead of our words.”

I cleared my throat, feeling like I had to respond since she was looking at me. “A-And what about Mr. Watson?” I asked hesitantly, realizing he was a part of this equation.

Mrs. Rebecca shrugged. “What about him? I’m never going to invite him to watch, if that’s what you’re asking. This is primarily a situation that involves Gabby, which means I will absolutely keep it separate from what I do with him. This is altogether a different beast than what I normally do, almost like a brand-new chapter to my relationship with her.” She paused, seeming thoughtful. “Will I tell him? Yes, of course. But he always knew that, once Gabby found a man, this might be a possibility.”

“Wait,” Gabriella said in shock. “Are you serious?”

“Of course I’m serious, pup. My mother, your grandmother, had sex with him in order to teach me how to control my ability.”

“What?” she said in disbelief. “But why? You were like twenty-six when you got married.”

She grimaced. "It's because all I did was sleep around for almost a decade, and in all that time I never really learned how to control what I was doing. Because I didn't care to learn, since I was never with anyone for long. However, when I met your father, and decided I really liked him and wanted to keep him, I found myself in a similar situation as you. I had no control, and it was either wait to have sex for several years, while I fucked everyone else and actually tried to experiment and learn..." She sighed. "Instead of wasting time..." She sighed again. "Or, my other option was to just have my mom show me how it's done. And having her show me by using him, instead of her showing me using some random guy, was a way to let him know how serious I was about him. Because it's actually kind of a rite of passage for most descendants of succubi. A much more meaningful way of picking out a man to keep."

"And how many times did she have to show you?" Gabriella asked hesitantly.

Mrs. Watson shrugged. "Just a couple of times, with me being the one to decide it was enough, probably long before my mother would have decided. But your father is also a normal man, and I was willing to continue to experiment with strangers." She glanced at me. "Whereas your fiancé is very much not normal. I won't know what we're dealing with until we at least try a little. This could actually be even more complicated than I'm anticipating. Especially since it will be problematic if he needs to absorb the same kind of energy, because then there won't be enough to go around."

Gabriella gulped, nodding.

I was surprised she didn't seem more reluctant, but she did seem hesitant. Thus, I decided to put my foot down, realizing I needed to do what was right, instead of what felt good in the moment.

Correction, instead of what felt *fucking amazing* in the moment.

"I think we need to look for an alternative solution," I replied evenly. "Because I'm not going to do this if you're not okay with it."

Both women looked at me in shock, with Gabriella quickly shaking her head. "No, it's not that, Kai," she replied, only to sigh heavily. "To be completely honest, Avery isn't the only one with a weird fetish regarding this kind of situation."

"Wait," I said in complete shock. "You mean?"

She nodded, looking embarrassed again. "Yeah, I kind of neglected to tell you that when Avery told me about her darkest secret, I made her feel better by admitting I had the same kinky fantasy."

Fuck. Now I was confused as hell.

"But you kind of seem like you're against this," I pointed out. "Which is understandable," I added.

She sighed. "It's not that. I just feel incompetent that I can't figure this out on my own, without either someone showing me or me experimenting and possibly failing a ton."

"Sweetie," Mrs. Watson said gently. "When you were first born, and I was trying to nurse you, it was difficult for you to suck at first. I had to guide you with my fingers, and even get you sucking on my finger first, before you learned you could find food from my nipples. And even then, we had to practice several times before you started doing it on your own consistently."

"*Mom*," Gabriella whined her cheeks flushing red, her skin turning more tan.

Mrs. Rebecca continued. "But the nurses and doctors told me that was normal. Not for all babies, but a lot of newborns need to be taught to do something as simple as eating from a tit. And when you were four and I was teaching you the alphabet, and when you were five and I was teaching you how to write, and when you turned fifteen and I started helping you learn how to drive. In all of those situations, I

had to do more than just verbally tell you what to do as you tried to do it. I had to *show* you. I then often had to either guide you directly, such as by guiding your hand when you were learning to write. Or I had to explain as you watched, before you tried on your own." She paused. "Unfortunately, this isn't like riding a bike. It's more like monkey see, monkey do, even if you aren't watching directly. You'll struggle to understand the concepts behind what's happening unless you *feel* it in action. And it's important you feel it done right, so you understand when you're doing it wrong and stop before you hurt someone."

Gabriella sighed heavily. "Okay," she said quietly, only to raise her voice. "I mean, obviously this has to happen, since we aren't okay with the alternatives, so let's just get on with it."

"Are you sure?" I asked seriously.

Gabriella nodded. "Yeah, and Serenity will understand," she added.

"What makes you think that?" I wondered.

She sighed. "Because Serenity doesn't have a problem with you being with other women, which is why she was fine with adding Avery. Rather, the thing that makes her afraid is you deciding you don't want her anymore. It's like she said previously when we first discussed it. She always knew you might end up with someone else, and I think the idea honestly turns her on a little, but she's worried about not being one of your main women because you're too focused on other women."

I stared at her in shock. "You seriously think all this would turn her on? What in the world makes you think that?"

Gabriella frowned. "Well, because everything points toward her being afraid of getting replaced. She was fine with me dating you, fine that we had sex once she found out she could have you too, and even fine with adding more women to the relationship. What she's not fine with is you deciding you don't want her anymore. And as far as this

kind of thing turning her on...I guess, call it a hunch?" she said uncertainly with a shrug.

"It's not a hunch," Mrs. Rebecca chimed in, prompting us both to look at her. "It's a natural gift you have. You should be able to look at any person at all, and know how to turn them on, know what kind of kinky stuff they're into, and overall know how to maximize their arousal and lust. Anyone who is within ten generations of a succubus can do it."

"Oh," Gabriella replied, glancing at me. "I guess that make sense. I certainly know what kind of stuff Kai likes, even though we haven't known each other for long."

Mrs. Rebecca nodded. "And we can put that skill to the test right now," she commented.

"How?" Gabriella wondered seriously.

Mrs. Watson gave an adorable smirk. "I already know exactly what outfit I'm going to put on," she replied, her smirk growing. "I want you to give your fiancé a good look, try to figure out what he might like most, and then come upstairs with me to my closet to pick my outfit out. I have no doubt you'll select what I have in mind."

Gabriella's eyes were wide, before she focused up at me, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Would you like that, Kai? Do you want me to pick out the outfit she is going to wear while she plays with you?"

Holy fuck!

What in the hell was happening right now? It was like they both silently agreed to go from discussing this to just making it a reality.

Fuck!

All I could do was nod, gulping audibly, feeling nervous as hell.

Gabriella giggled, only to sigh. "Okay, I think I could have some fun with this," she admitted.

Mrs. Rebecca smirked again. "I'm sure you will, pup. I know I certainly did myself, when I did this with your father.

It's the only time I've enjoyed knowing he was sleeping with another woman."

Gabriella groaned. "Okay mom, don't ruin the mood. I don't even want to think about him with grandma. That's just gross."

She laughed, before holding out her hand. "Come on, let's go upstairs so I can get changed."

My fiancé grinned and then walked over to accept her hand, the two of them continuing to hold hands as Mrs. Watson led the younger part-succubus around the corner and up the stairs.

Holy shit.

This was really going to happen, wasn't it?

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck* .

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(13) CHAPTER 28: EDUCATION

Feeling a little dizzy by this surreal situation, I decided to sit down on one of the extremely comfy L-shaped leather sectional sofas, enjoying how nice it was when I sank right into the cushion. And damn, the cushions were so wide it was almost like a small bed. I could easily sleep with Gabriella in my arms on this couch, not even needing to be overly squished together, even if that was part of the fun.

In the meantime, I listened to Gabriella giggling upstairs with Mrs. Watson, realizing she was sincerely getting into this, now that she'd decided it was what we were going to do.

Because my part-succubus girlfriend, technically fiancé, only had one of two options.

Either she needed to experiment a ton with other guys in order to learn how to control the type of energy she was absorbing when she had sex.

Or my fiancé had to be around an experienced succubus fucking me, so the younger part-succubus could see how it was done correctly. And even then, Gabriella would still have to practice, but the learning curve would be significantly less when she *felt* it done right, and she should be able to practice with me and my other women, including Avery and Serenity.

But fuck, was this really going to happen?

Was I really about to fuck this MILF?

From the noises I was hearing upstairs, as I listened to Mrs. Watson – who insisted I call her Rebecca – slip off her

green silk nightie and begin putting on something crinkly, I knew it really was about to happen.

Fuck, what was she putting on?

Latex?

Maybe vinyl?

I didn't know, but holy shit she wasn't kidding when she said she knew exactly the kind of thing I would like.

Granted, I would have been perfectly fine with what she was wearing, suspecting that underneath her fluffy black robe, seeing her in her green silk nightie would have been *heavenly*. Especially since she had huge tits with no bra, combined with being just as thin as Gabriella.

Really, I'd already seen Gabriella in a similar electric blue nightie the previous evening when we officially got engaged, and so I could vividly imagine how amazing it was considering they almost had the same proportions.

But unlike Gabriella, Mrs. Watson had a ton of experience, and while I was thankful my fiancé didn't really have any experience, I also found the older woman's experience as hot as hell. Maybe it was because I was alright with this being casual?

Either way, just remembering that she'd allegedly fucked two guys the previous night, and was about to fuck me too, was giving me a raging hard-on like I'd never had before.

And then there was her vibrant red hair that naturally fell into heavy curls.

Fuck it was so hot.

Fuck, why did I want this so bad? Did I have a MILF complex or something?

Was I *that* into MILF's?

I mean, I loved that Serenity was five years older than me, and I loved that Gabriella was two years older than me.

But holy fuck, now that I thought about it, did I love that Michelle was a *mom*, and fuck did I absolutely love that Mrs. Rebecca was about to play with me.

I felt like I was going to have a panic attack when I finally heard someone coming down, a little surprised when Mrs. Watson appeared in a fluffy black robe that was long-enough to hide whatever she was wearing, especially due to the angle of the other couch from where I sat, since I couldn't see her legs at all.

She looked a little surprised to see my transformed body again, but her look was quickly replaced with passion when she saw that I was nearly trembling, I was so nervous.

In the meantime, my fiancé appeared to be remaining upstairs, which made sense considering that Mrs. Rebecca was concerned about my lack of control being dangerous, and didn't want to risk Gabriella's safety since she had zero idea what we were dealing with, in regards to me.

Never mind the fact that the older woman had implied that sensing lust didn't necessarily require her being in the same room.

But I was more than fine with that.

Getting to fuck this mature experienced woman already felt surreal.

Mrs. Rebecca finally smirked slightly, speaking loudly so Gabriella would hear her. "You feel that, pup? You can sense his lust, right?"

"Yes," I heard her squeak, my powerful hearing allowing me to pick up on it.

"That's the kind of lust you get from an inexperienced young man, about to do something he never thought he'd ever get to do. It's also the lust from someone about to partake in one of their deepest fantasies." She paused, her tone shifting, becoming a tad somber. "Unfortunately, this kind of lust isn't easy to replicate in the same person over and over. However, there are certainly other ways to come close. For now, the most important thing to note is that this kind of lust is more than enough to feast on, and that there's absolutely no danger of us hurting him."

Oh fuck.

What did *that* mean?

Mrs. Rebecca giggled softly as she undoubtedly felt my lust surge even more. "Okay, pup. Now I want you to pay attention to his lust as it oscillates, since it will undoubtedly rise and fall incrementally. You need to learn to fine-tune it yourself, but for now I want you to just pay attention as I work it. Okay? And this is only the first time, and I'm more interested in learning more about how he might affect *me*, so it's alright if you struggle."

Gabriella tone was tense. "O-Okay, I'm paying attention," she whispered.

"Good," she replied, sounding amused. She then stepped out of sight of the stairwell, and slowly untied her robe, letting it fall to the floor, all at once, revealing her outfit.

My jaw dropped.

Aesthetically, her outfit was simple, a crotchless latex bodysuit with an opening for her huge pornstar tits.

However, seeing her fully covered one minute, and suddenly having her heavy plump tits just completely exposed to me like this, never mind the fact that she wasn't wearing anything to cover up her shaved pussy, it was all just too much.

Because it was a very powerful statement, a very raw gesture that screamed, '*You and I are going to fuck, just to fuck.*'

Unlike the fluffy robe she'd been wearing, the shiny black latex hugged her thighs, her hips, her waist, all like a second skin, and she was physically phenomenal – the epitome of sexuality.

Truly, I could see how it was a gift to fuck this woman, even if just once.

And even though I knew she was married, and even though I knew she was doing this to make sure it was safe to have sex with me, as well as to eventually teach my fiancé how to control the type of energy she absorbed, at the same time I felt overwhelmed to know that, in this

moment, in the most carnal way possible, she was mine and I was hers to enjoy.

There was nothing long-term here. No commitment.

Just raw passionate sex.

The only goal to feel the most pleasure possible.

I was literally her boy-toy right now, as she'd called me on the phone earlier.

And I felt more lust raging through my body than I'd ever felt before.

As she began approaching me, her pace as casual as this sexual encounter, she came right up to me and then stopped, staring down at me with nearly as much passion and lust as I was feeling. From this angle, I felt like all I could see was her massive dark areola surrounding her hard nipples, everything framed in shiny black, topped with her curly red hair.

"I'm going to enjoy this, cutie," she whispered, slowly lifting up one knee to the couch as she inched closer. "I'm going to enjoy fucking such a hot young man."

Gulping, I focused down at her exposed pussy, likewise framed by shiny latex, my heart racing to have the most intimate part of her body right there to see. I felt mesmerized by her toned lower belly, her skin perfectly smooth all the way down to her swollen lips, the juicy folds begging to swallow up my throbbing cock.

I was afraid she was going to be a tease, but when I uncontrollably reached up to put my hand on her thigh, I was relieved when she let me, with her reaching out to affectionately cup my cheek as I ran my fingers across the wrinkles created from her posture, overwhelmed by how warm it was from her body heat.

When I didn't look back up, she reached for my chin, gently tilting my face toward her, making it so I could just barely see her full lips past her huge tits at this angle.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" she wondered, her tone thick with lust.

I couldn't speak. All I could do was nod.

"Me too," she whispered, her emerald eyes passionate. "Let me teach Gabby how to properly fuck a man." She smirked. "Or maybe I should emphasize 'young man.' My cute little cub. You certainly are young enough to be my cub."

I gulped, reaching down to unbutton my pants as I kicked off my shoes, desperately hoping she didn't chastise me for pulling my cock out. But I wanted to fuck her so bad. I didn't even care about foreplay. I just wanted to be buried deep in her pussy.

Shockingly, she didn't complain, even as I got my pants and boxers past my knees and began kicking them off too, my bare ass now against the leather cushion.

"Oh baby, you're already brimming with lust," Mrs. Rebecca said warmly, gently easing her hot snatch lower. "No need to wait. I'll fuck you right now. You're already well past ready."

All I could do was nod, focusing on those swollen pussy lips inching closer to my throbbing head.

Instantly, I sucked in a sharp breath as she made contact, trying desperately to keep my hips still as I watched her juicy lips begin to consume me, to swallow me up whole. Fuck, she was so wet, her pussy so open, ready to accept my cock with no resistance at all.

Mrs. Rebecca then leaned forward slightly, getting her exposed tits in my face as she carefully grabbed a hold of the back of the couch, easing her other knee up.

I sucked in another ragged breath as she straightened herself again, with me focusing down again as my entire shaft continued to disappear inside of this highly experienced woman, the warm pressure the most phenomenal thing I'd ever felt in my life.

Mrs. Rebecca then reached up to cup my cheek again as she sat down fully, with my hands desperately rubbing up

and down her latex-clad thighs now as I literally swam in lust and raw passion.

“Good boy,” she whispered, giving me an affectionate look. “You are behaving so well. Want me to reward you by letting you nurse on my tits while I fuck you?”

“Y-Yes please,” I whimpered, completely overwhelmed.

She gave me a warm smile. “But first, how about a little kiss?”

I nodded, tilting my chin up more as she bent down to slip her tongue in my mouth, her overwhelming maple syrup aroma filling my nostrils and mouth as she planted a passionate kiss on my lips. I then moaned uncontrollably as she began slowly easing up on my cock, starting to gently rock in little motions as she continued to thrust her tongue in my mouth, her heavy tits against my upper chest while her pussy massaged and squeezed my cock.

After a few seconds, she then broke the kiss, and placed her hand on the back of my head, urging me forward to her heavy tits, one of her nipples suddenly against my lips.

“Nurse on me,” she whispered passionately. “Suck on my tit, baby boy.”

I moaned as I sucked Mrs. Rebecca’s huge nipple into my mouth, shivering as her hands gripped my shoulders firmly, her own moan mirroring mine, with tremors beginning to run down my spine from the sensations bombarding my body.

I then gripped Mrs. Watson’s latex-clad thighs firmly, squeezing her juicy legs before wrapping my arms firmly around her shiny waist while thrusting my cock gently upward.

“Ah, you’re such a good boy,” Mrs. Watson purred, affectionately brushing my white hair with her fingers while I sucked on her tit, continuing to slowly rock on my cock, her pussy hugging my shaft tightly. “And such a good sucker,” she added. “I can’t wait to have you suck on my clit sometime.”

I only nodded in agreement, unable to believe how warm and wet her pussy was, desperately hoping to be able to suck on her swollen folds soon.

"Okay, baby," she then whispered, continuing to stroke my hair. "I don't think you're going to last much longer, so hopefully she's paying close attention. You've got so much juicy lust that I can't wait to taste it." She smiled warmly. "I've already explained to her how lifeforce is more like an orange, full of fiber and thick, whereas your lust is more raw and immediately sweet like orange juice, missing the thickness and fiber to hold back the taste."

All I could do was nod, knowing she was trying to reassure me that I was safe and she was paying close attention to what she was doing, my cock feeling like it was going to explode at this point, beginning to almost hurt it was so swollen and hard.

"There's more substance to lifeforce, so I think she'll be able to sense it without a problem. It helps to only be an observer, so there's less distractions."

I could only nod again, my breathing heavy now.

Her tone was more seductive. "Now, cum for me, baby boy. Cum in my pussy. Fill me up, so she can learn how to fuck properly."

"Oh fuck," I gasped, turning my mouth away from her tit, feeling her heavy warmth pressed against my cheek.

"It's okay, baby boy," Mrs. Watson whispered affectionately. "You can cum in me. This pussy is all yours right now, and you can fill me right up." She then pressed forward, pushing me more into the couch as she grabbed my face to tilt my head back more, bending forward to press her full lips against mine, shoving her warm tongue in my mouth.

"*Mmmm !*" I moaned as she shoved her pussy down one last time, my cock exploding into her tight snatch, my own hips jutting upward uncontrollably.

Unexpectedly, Mrs. Watson moaned into my mouth too, only to gasp as she pulled away. "Oh my God. Oh my God, you're cum is so warm. Oh shit, you're..." She bit her bottom lip, her eyes fluttering closed as she urgently pressed her lips down on mine, beginning to bounce roughly on my wet shaft as if she was suddenly having her own surge of arousal. "Oh fuck. Oh fuck, you're going to make *me* cum. Oh shit, your cock feels so good! Baby, you feel so good! Oh my God. Oh fuck. Oh *fuck*!"

She screamed, arching her head backward as she shoved her tits in my face, only to groan even louder when I sucked one of her nipples into my mouth, holding on tightly around her waist as she continued to bounce on my cock, her heavy red curls bouncing with her.

"Holy fuck, please don't stop," she moaned. "Please never stop. Oh God. Oh my God!"

I grabbed her juicy latex-clad ass when she began twitching, forcing her down on my cock again when she thrust her arm out to support herself on the back of the couch while wrapping her other around my head.

"Oh fuck, baby, what are you doing to me?!" she exclaimed, only to make the most guttural orgasm noise I'd ever heard in my life. "*FUHHH! FUCK!*"

Instantly, her knees clamped shut on my hips and she thrust all her weight downward, fully burying my cock again so I couldn't easily move her anymore, her entire body trembling like she was spasming.

"Oh my God," she gasped, abruptly bending down in search of my lips. "*Mmmm*," she continued to moan as she stuck her tongue in my mouth, beginning to passionately make-out with me.

Fuck.

Fuck, I was so overwhelmed.

Wanting to sit more upright again, I leaned forward a little, taking my sexy MILF with me as she continued to desperately kiss me, reaching up with one of my hands to

grab her huge exposed tit, feeling her hard nipple against my palm, all while I kept my other wrapped around her thin waist, running my fingers and thumb across the slick shiny latex, listening to it crinkle slightly against my touch.

Rather than feeling satisfied, I felt like Mrs. Rebecca and I were even more desperate now, passionately kissing like I'd never kissed anyone before. And when my cock began throbbing again, I reached down to grab Mrs. Watson's juicy latex-clad ass a second time, lifting her just incrementally off my cock.

"Oh fuck," the hot woman hissed against my lips, only for her tone to become more desperate. "Are you going to fuck me again, baby? Are you going to fill me with your cum again? Please be a good boy and give me that pleasure one more time. Just one more time, baby. This pussy is all yours."

I moaned into her mouth as I began feeling her juicy latex-clad ass more intently, since she was starting to bounce on her own again, rubbing my fingertips down her thighs and then moving to her bony hips, followed by her latex-clad waist.

Oh fuck, she had the perfect waist, the perfect hips, the perfect everything.

And her pussy was so juicy, so wet, so plump and eager to swallow my cock.

I continued to rock my head desperately with hers as she rode my shaft, our lips and tongues passionately interlocking, with us beginning to get into a perfect rhythm together as I started thrusting my hips in sync.

"Oh God, baby," she whimpered, pulling away to affectionately look at me as she ran her fingers through my hair. "Oh my God, I want you so bad. I want to fuck you so bad. Please fuck me, baby. Please cum in me."

She met my lips again before I could even think about responding, moaning louder as she bounced on my cock, growing more and more aggressive every second.

My head began to swim again as my cock throbbed, feeling like I was having a mini-orgasm, my shaft spasming before it unexpectedly began building up in full force. I'd never gotten there twice in a row so close together, having no idea if my ability to regenerate quickly made it possible to do so, but all that mattered right now was I was about to cum again.

"*Mmmm !*" I moaned into her lips as I shot my load a second time, whimpering from the overwhelming pleasure I got from filling her again.

"Oh yes. Please baby," she gasped. "Oh baby boy, fuck yes. Fuck yes! Oh my God! I'm going to cum *again* ! Oh my God. Baby! *UHHHH* !" She screamed even louder, a shrill of pure pleasure as her entire body began twitching all over again.

Wanting to remain upright, I tried to keep my posture more rigid, even as the hot MILF trembled in my arms, her heavy tits pressed against my face now as she wrapped her arms tightly around my head.

"Oh fuck," she gasped quietly. "That was so hot," she whimpered. "Oh baby boy, you and I are so hot together. Oh baby, you made me cum so hard," she moaned. She then took a ragged breath, seeming more focused now, as she pulled away.

We were both quiet for a few long seconds, before she took a deep breath.

"Be right back, baby boy," she said reassuringly, beginning to stand up, my cum beginning to drip out of her pussy in thick white globs all over the leather couch between my legs and even on the marble flooring.

She didn't seem to mind though, walking around the other couch and donning her robe again, before heading for the stairs.

I felt like I was in a surreal trance as I listened to her climb to the second floor, speaking in a normal tone as she directed her words to Gabriella.

“Were you able to pay attention to the different flavors and textures, pup? Did you see the distinction?”

“I felt it,” she said, sounding a little emotional and relieved.

Like, rapidly, it sounded as if she was about to cry.

“And I didn’t touch his lifeforce last time,” she continued. “Oh, thank God I didn’t touch his lifeforce.”

“It’s okay, sweetie,” I heard Mrs. Watson say reassuringly. “He probably would have been fine even if you did. Might have gotten a little sick, but he would have recovered.”

Gabriella only whimpered, seeming to really begin falling apart at the realization that she hadn’t hurt me at all. And maybe my soreness the first time was truly caused by her, possibly from her sucking out my physical energy, but she hadn’t touched the one thing that could permanently harm me if she sucked too much of it.

She hadn’t touched my lifeforce.

But fuck, I didn’t know what to do now, especially now that I was alone in the room, only hearing things because I had heightened senses.

And after that second orgasm, now it seemed as if reality was settling in again, and my cock being buried in Mrs. Watson’s pussy moments ago felt much more like it had been a handshake, instead of an intimate intertwining of fingers, similar to how she said.

And it wasn’t because anything physical had really changed, but simply because of how the more experienced woman spoke to Gabriella upstairs.

She was instructing her, teaching her, accomplishing the purpose for why we were doing this in the first place.

And I desperately wanted it to be more difficult than she was making it sound.

Because I wanted to do this again.

And again.

I wanted to experience this carnal pleasure as much as possible.

"We have to do this again," Gabriella unexpectedly sobbed, as if she was having a similar train of thought. "I need more of this. Tasting his lust like this is so wonderful."

"We will, pup. Trust me, we will. Honestly, you won't be able to learn as much when there's so much lust. I didn't even have to do much, unlike with more experienced men. And either way, I definitely haven't had my fill yet."

Oh hell yes!

Hell yes !

Mrs. Watson then sighed heavily. "I've never...Oh fuck, I've never..." She sucked in a deep breath. "I don't know what's different about him, but that was unbelievably breathtaking. *He* is unbelievably breathtaking. And I learned something very interesting just now." She paused. "I supposed I should go tell him."

Gabriella didn't respond, but when Mrs. Rebecca began heading back downstairs, I assumed she must have at least nodded. The sexy woman then approached me again, sensually taking off her robe as she did so, until she was finally dropping it next to me on the couch, even while she slid right back into my lap, and right back on my cock.

"W-What did you find out?" I asked hesitantly, ignoring her surprised look that I had overheard, my hands slipping down to feel the heated latex on her thighs.

She then smirked. "Well, baby, if you are truly part-incubus, then you are feeding on something similar to lust, but it's not lust. It's more like passion, which I normally wouldn't suggest is any different, but baby you made me so *passionate* when you cummed in me. And I felt you absorbing that passion much like I absorb lust."

"So then, I guess that means we aren't competing for the same energy?" I considered hesitantly.

She nodded, her heavy red curls bouncing slightly, her emerald eyes affectionate. "That's exactly right, baby boy.

Or at least, you *specifically* aren't competing for the same energy. I honestly have no sexual experience with anyone else supposedly part-incubus, and you're the first one I've met who wasn't immediately repulsive." She smiled warmly, gently stroking her thumb across my cheek. "No, your lifeforce is beautiful, and you are beautiful."

I cleared my throat, deciding to change subjects to what she just said previously. "Umm, I didn't even feel like I was absorbing anything."

"Which is why we're going to do this again," she replied with a nod. "Although, if you are somehow forcing women to feel passionate when you have your own orgasm, then it's unlikely there is ever any danger of you accidentally tapping into their lifeforce, but being *unaware* of what you're doing is the very thing that can make it dangerous." She paused. "Especially since normal human women can fatigue. Their limited capacity to produce the passion you need can diminish with repeated sex, even with the aphrodisiac nature of your cum."

I nodded in agreement, more than happy to experience this again. "Please teach me," I whispered.

"I will, baby boy," she promised, cupping my cheek affectionately again. "Or, I'll at least do my best. I'll have to put some thought into trying to figure out how to help you even begin to sense it, if you can't already."

I nodded, excited to know she was going to try to come up with a lesson plan for this.

A fucking sex lesson plan.

Yes, please!

She could be my teacher any day!

"S-So now what?" I wondered hesitantly, feeling like the mood was completely drained now, especially after she left and came back, even though I was still rock hard inside her.

She smirked. "You want some more of this, don't you?" she said playfully.

I nodded urgently, causing her to giggle.

“Alright,” she said, amusement in her tone. “Let me think. So many fun things we could do...” She paused, thinking for a few seconds before continuing. “Maybe I’ll suck on your cock,” she then commented in amusement. “Gabby said it was amazing, and that has me curious. Because I’m not sure I would call cum amazing. Only very good.”

I could only nod.

She began easing herself up then, but feeling her departing prompted me to desperately grab her hips, wanting to hold her down even though she wasn’t leaving like before.

She looked at me in surprise, and then gave me a half-affectionate, half-chastising look. “Now baby, I can’t exactly suck on your cock if it’s buried in my pussy. You’ve behaved very well up until this point. Keep behaving and I’ll be sure you won’t regret it.”

I nodded, letting go and deciding I wanted my shirt off, so I was fully naked, beginning to tug it off over my head while Mrs. Rebecca slipped fully off my cock.

A thread of my cum was clinging to her pussy as she separated from me, with thick white globs still all over the leather couch between my legs and even on the marble flooring.

However, Mrs. Watson didn’t seem to pay it any mind as she knelt down on her knees, showing off all of her shiny latex-clad back as she leaned forward to slurp my cum right off the leather cushion.

Her emerald eyes widened in sincere surprise. “Oh my God,” she exclaimed. She focused on me in shock. “Baby, what in the hell do you eat? Your cum is so sweet and thick, it’s like that candy Gabby loves so much.” She moaned again, only to begin sounding like she was speaking more to herself, her voice lower. “And I’m sure she wants a taste too, but she’ll have to wait,” she whispered, grabbing my cock at

the base as she leaned forward. "She gets this forever, so she'll have plenty of time to taste this."

She then ran her tongue along my shaft, tasting both of our juices, her fluffy curly red hair all over my thighs as she began sucking on my head, her heavy tits brushing up against my knees.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, leaning back more into the deep leather cushions as I reached out to run my fingers through the woman's vibrant red hair. "Oh fuck, Mrs. Rebecca, that feels so good."

She made an amused sound in her throat, probably at my insistent at continuing to use 'Mrs.,' but didn't say anything as she slowly pushed downward to engulf my cock all the way down to the base.

Oh fuck, my head was at the back of her throat! It felt so amazing!

I tried to focus down on her thin back, my eyes roaming over the shiny black latex, mesmerized by her thin shoulder blades, my lust resurging as I saw how her hips widened, noticing how sexy her ass was, feeling even more excited by the small portion of her crack I could see from the opening in the bodysuit.

Oh fuck, she was so hot.

Her scent, her body, her experience, her *age*.

I loved everything about her.

I wanted this hot MILF to play with me forever. I didn't want it to stop.

"I'm getting close again," I whispered, unable to believe I was really about to cum for the third time. Unable to believe it was building again so quickly. "*Fuck*," I hissed as I began reaching my peak. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*!"

I exploded in her mouth, with her initially looking up at me with an obvious grin touching her emerald eyes, only for Mrs. Watson's eyes to fluttered closed as my cum filled her. She then gulped loudly several times, her brow furrowed as she began sucking in sharp breaths from her nose.

Finally, she pulled away, her emerald eyes looking drugged as she started breathing even more heavily.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, her face visibly flushing. “Holy fuck, you’re going to make me cum *again*. Oh God, what is this surge of passion?” She looked up at me, her gaze suddenly desperate and pleading, her cheeks growing even more rosy. “Baby boy, what are you? How are you making me feel so good? How is this–”

Her words cut off as she abruptly ducked her head, gasping for air.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed between my knees, her entire body tensing. “It won’t stop building. Oh fuck! I need you to fuck me again! I need you to hold me, baby!” She abruptly sat up then, her arms trembling as she pushed herself up to her feet, her legs shaking as she twisted around and aimed to sit on me, her juicy ass suddenly all I could see. “*Please*,” she begged as she reached down for my cock to hold it still while she rested her swollen folds on it again. “Please hold me baby,” she repeated desperately.

I groaned as she began sinking down, watching my cock disappear between her crack, quickly wrapping my arms around her waist, one of my hands grabbing a huge heavy tit as her pussy swallowed my cock.

“Oh fuck!” she exclaimed, leaning back more heavily into me, her back now against my chest. “Oh fuck, baby! Please kiss my neck!”

Unwrapping one arm around her, I reached up to brush her vibrant curly red hair over her latex-clad shoulder, with her reaching up to help pull it out of the way as I pressed my lips to the back of her neck, feeling the smooth latex against my chin, beginning to plant gentle kisses on her silky skin.

She gasped, reaching for my hand now and pulling it down between her legs, placing my fingers over her clit. I began rubbing obediently, knowing it was what she wanted,

causing her to reach up to ensure my other hand was firmly gripping her tit, squeezing together with me.

“Oh baby, you even know what you’re doing. Oh fuck, I love this so much!” she gasped, incrementally sliding on my shaft as I teased her clit. “Oh shit, baby, I love *you* so much! You’re so beautiful, you’re so perfect, and you *feel so good*. Oh my God, this *passion*! I’ve never felt so passionate in my entire life. It feels so good it almost hurts.” She sniffled then, sucking in a ragged breath, as she leaned even more heavily into me. “Oh God, baby. This build up is so perfect it’s making me cry. Oh fuck, I’m really going to cum again. Oh shit, and this one is even better than the last two. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh *FUCK!*”

She screamed as she pressed heavily into me.

And my head was swimming with euphoria.

Mrs. Watson was trembling in my arms, still sounding a little emotional as she took in deep ragged breaths.

But I wasn’t done yet, my fingers continuing to rub her clit, even despite her tensing muscles.

“Oh sweetie, I’m not sure that I...” She began, grabbing my wrist, only to suck in a sharp breath as I teased her clit more, only to gasp. “Oh my God, no way. No fucking way.” She moaned. “Oh baby, these orgasms are too strong. I’m already going to be so sore tomorrow, and...” She sucked in another sharp breath. “Oh fuck, I think I need to take you to my bedroom, so I can at least lay down.” She gasped. “Oh my God, you feel so fucking good. How do you feel so fucking good?”

I was feeling desperate again, not wanting to stop. “Just one more time,” I asked hopefully, trying not to sound like I was begging.

Mrs. Watson could only whimper as I continued to tease her clit, my cock buried in her swollen folds, with me feeling elated to realize my own climax was sincerely starting to build again. And with it, there was a shift in my mindset,

suddenly feeling desperate to assert myself over this hot sexy woman.

Without even thinking it through, I stopped teasing her clit long enough to wrap both arms around her waist, scooting her sideways with me as I tilted her over, making sure my cock stayed buried in her while we changed positions.

She wanted to lay down, so I was laying her down.

However, since she was sitting backwards on me, it resulted in her getting on her hands and knees.

“Oh God, baby,” Mrs. Watson exclaimed, seeming to think this was what I was aiming for. She quickly shifted herself into more comfortable position on her hands and knees, spreading her legs far apart to keep her ass at the perfect level, all while I knelt on the leather cushions, one of my feet resting on the floor.

Now that we were here, I was planning on fucking her from behind, but no sooner had I gotten in position that she was changing her mind.

“I need to flip around,” she whispered.

I automatically pulled out a little, to indicate that was fine, prompting her to glance back at me briefly, almost as if she was searching for approval, her face flushed, her eyes partially unfocused, before she quickly pulled off my cock entirely and then flopped around onto her back, spreading her latex-clad knees, the light shimmering off the shiny material.

Oh fuck, her toned stomach was so hot, the black latex taut and wrinkly at the same time as she tensed and curled slightly to readjust herself. And there was something so raw and sexual about her huge exposed tits.

Her gaze focused on me then as she held out her arms like she was offering a hug. “Come to me, baby boy. Make me cum again.”

I quickly leaned forward and positioned my hands next to her sides as I shifted my weight, even as she wrapped her

arms around my neck and pulled me down into a passionate kiss. My cock met her swollen folds in the same motion, and instantly I was buried deep inside her again, her wet warmth swallowing me up.

She moaned into my mouth, and my head was swimming all over again.

This felt so fucking amazing!

"Oh God, fuck me," Mrs. Watson exclaimed as I began thrusting my hips, her knees pressing against my body just enough that I could feel my skin glide across the shiny material, her tits bouncing against my chest. "Oh my God, I thought foreplay was always the best part of sex, but this is something else entirely. Normal people can't fuck like this. I've never fucked like this. Every time I think I'm done, it's like your cum reenergizes my passion." She gasped, her eyes fluttering closed as she moaned again. "Oh fuck, I don't know if I can handle this. Oh fuck, it's too good."

"I'm close," I gasped, feeling overwhelmed all over again, as if this was actually the first time that I was about to cum in this MILF. It was that intense. "Oh fuck, I'm so close. Fuck!"

The moment I cummed, she unexpectedly screamed at the same time, her sexy body tensing and twitching, the sound rapidly shifting to a guttural groan as she began half-moaning, half-sobbing beneath me.

"Oh my God, it's so good. Oh shit, it's so fucking good!" Mrs. Watson whimpered. "Ugh, the passion is hitting me all over again. Oh fuck baby, I love you so much! I want you so much! Oh my God, my chest is so warm, my heart feels so full right now."

I could only kiss her on the cheek in response, finding myself a little out of breath myself, just from straining so hard to get that last orgasm out. But all it took was meeting Mrs. Watson's gaze again and suddenly her lips were on mine, both of us passionately making-out as we sucked in sharp breaths through our noses.

Oh shit, her firm tits felt so great against my bare chest, her pussy felt so amazing as it throbbed around my cock. I wanted to keep thrusting in her, but could tell she was really done now. So instead, we shared the most intimate moment of my life as I made-out with this sexy woman, kissing passionately like I'd never kissed anyone before.

All the while, my cock throbbed within her perfect swollen folds, tensing repeatedly in response to the warmth and pressure holding me tightly.

Finally, after what felt like forever, I pulled away, feeling like I was swimming in her maple syrup aroma and passion. "Mrs. Rebecca," I whispered. "Is it okay if I say I love you?"

She looked up at me affectionately, her emerald gaze passionate. "Oh honey, I'd be devastated if you didn't. I love you so much, baby boy. You've given me the most amazing experience of my entire life. Now kiss me some more, baby. I'm far from done with you this evening."

I obeyed without hesitation, passionately meeting her lips as I began slowly thrusting my cock again, feeling her moan into my mouth as her own hips tensed to readjust the angle. I didn't even care if I had another orgasm at this point, because right now all that mattered was this intimate act of lovemaking, the amazing overwhelming climax no longer the goal.

The intimacy was everything, and in this moment fucking Mrs. Rebecca was my sole focus, everything else an afterthought at this point, including even the reason why we were doing this.

It was perfect, and I sincerely didn't want it to end anytime soon.

Unfortunately, all things had to come to an end, even if for a short time.

And thankfully, I was confident it would only be for a short time.

(14) CHAPTER 29: POSTCOITAL

When Mrs. Rebecca finally suggested we should take a break from fucking, I was both satisfied and unsatisfied at the same time. I'd never felt so content and *relieved* before, and yet I didn't want it to ever end.

However, she was right.

I wasn't sure how long we spent actually fucking until orgasm, but we spent way more time just making-out, kissing and moaning while my cock slowly slid in and out of her wet snatch.

It was perfect.

The perfect orgasms.

The perfect intimacy.

The perfect sex .

When Mrs. Rebecca finally requested I grab her black fluffy robe, so she could cover up a little, so that at least most of her tits were concealed, we both then just relaxed on the couch for a few minutes, with her seeming especially worn out physically, just from so much sexual tension for so long.

However, it was hard to feel like it was truly over when I had such a great view of her spread legs, her head turned to the side as she laid on her back, breathing softly with her eyes closed, her thick curly red hair strewn all over the leather cushion.

The sight was amazing.

Her body was wrapped in that gorgeous latex bodysuit, her tits and swollen pussy the only things exposed, my cum

all over the place between her thighs. Fuck, she had my cum dripping down her crack, her juicy folds just as shiny as her outfit from being soaked in my thick white fluid.

Oh fuck, I really didn't want to stop.

However, when I grabbed my pants to check the time on my nearly-dead phone, I realized we *did* have to stop. Earlier, Gabriella and I had left the house at around 8:00 PM, and then I'd slept for almost an hour and a half, considering that my fiancé spoke with her mom for almost an hour.

That put us at roughly 9:30 PM when I finally met Mrs. Rebecca.

We were fucking by 10:00 PM.

It was now almost midnight.

Two hours .

Two hours vanished in the blink of an eye as Mrs. Watson and I shared in the most carnal of pleasures, spending the majority of that time just kissing after cumming multiple times in a row.

Fuck, it was so amazing.

And yet, I knew that we had to leave soon, since Serenity was currently undergoing her own transformation to become like me, thanks to my blood, and would be waking up any time in the next hour, if she wasn't already about to wake up.

Dammit, I wanted to be there for her when she roused, but I'd been completely lost in the rawest of lust and passion for the last two hours. Granted, I didn't regret it. No way in hell could I even begin to regret what we shared, or even consider stopping sooner.

That's just how amazing it'd been.

However, if we *were* going to leave now, then I supposed I needed to be the one to clean things up. After all, I'd be a really poor houseguest if I left Mrs. Rebecca with the job of wiping up all my cum.

Figuring I'd go ahead and get to work, I found some cleaning supplies in one of the upstairs bathrooms,

discovering that Gabriella had fallen asleep on a couch upstairs, and started wiping up the leather cushions and floor.

Mrs. Rebecca didn't even comment on what I was doing, almost seeming as if she was about to fall asleep too, before I grabbed some toilet paper to gently start wiping up my cum between her thighs.

"Oh baby," she whispered, her eyes fluttering open as she focused on me. "Sweetie, you are too perfect."

I grinned, sincerely thrilled to do anything to please her. Literally hoping I was scoring points to get the opportunity to do this again the moment she was ready. Fuck, I was whipped as hell and I didn't even care. I wanted her body so bad, and I knew she had every right to deny me if she so chose.

Once I'd cleaned her up thoroughly, I bent down to kiss her gently on the clit, causing her to gasp and flinch, the light playing off her latex-clad thighs as they moved. I then covered her fully with the robe, so she wasn't exposed at all, before I left her again and made my way back upstairs to wake Gabriella up.

Giving her a full kiss on the lips, her emerald eyes popped open, looking groggy as she focused on me. "Oh, hey baby." She sighed heavily. "I love you so much. You were so yummy."

"I love you too," I agreed, sincerely appreciating her patience while I fucked Mrs. Rebecca, even though it was obvious she'd absorbed my lust as well. "But we do need to leave soon."

She nodded. "I might take a nap on the way home," she said, groaning as she began easing herself up.

"Sure," I replied simply.

She yawned loudly as she stood and stretched a little, only to follow me downstairs and back into the living room, seeming a bit more awake when she spoke to the sexy

woman lying on the couch, who was essentially using the fluffy black robe like a blanket.

“Hey mom, do you need anything before we leave?”

Mrs. Rebecca sighed heavily, her eyes popping open again as she focused on us. “Umm, no I think I’m alright. You two can see yourselves out. Just lock the door behind you.”

“You aren’t going to stay here on the couch, are you?” I wondered seriously.

She focused on me more intently, and then gave me a sleepy grin. “Why, young man? Are you offering to carry me to my bed?”

I could tell she was kidding, because she looked shocked when I nodded, walking over and scooping her right up into my arms.

“Oh my,” she groaned. “You act like I weigh nothing, baby.”

“Gabriella told you I was stronger than a normal person, didn’t she?” I wondered as I began walking between the two large leather couches and around the corner to the stairs.

“Umm, I suppose she implied it,” Mrs. Rebecca admitted, yawning herself as she leaned her head against my shoulder. She then sighed, her voice low. “Oh, how I wish I was thirty years younger,” she mumbled, turning her face inward to inhale my scent before snuggling contently.

“Mmm, you smell wonderful. What kind of body spray do you use?”

“Oh,” I said in surprise. “Umm, I didn’t put anything on actually,” I realized, as I gracefully made it to the top of the stairs with her in my arms. Fuck, I didn’t even put on deodorant earlier after my shower, but I supposed I also wasn’t expecting to be fucking the sexiest goddess on the planet.

On the second floor, the stairs opened up into a spacious living area that had a pool table and bar, as well as another leather couch where Gabriella had fallen asleep. It was

actually a really nice space, feeling sort of like what I'd seen in people's basements sometimes, just on the second floor instead.

Honestly, the sight kind of made me interested in playing pool with Gabriella's dad, but I wasn't sure how in the hell I was going to deal with him knowing I'd fucked his wife. Because Mrs. Rebecca had been clear that she'd be letting him know.

Fuck, would he really be okay with this?

Would I be able to shake his hand, look him in the eye, and socialize with him like a father-in-law when he knew that, not only was I fucking his daughter, but I'd also fucked his wife?

But I supposed if he was used to sharing her, then maybe it wouldn't be a big deal to him?

Maybe he would even like me more because I made her feel so good?

But no way in hell was I ever going to be okay with him watching me do it. And honestly, I was thankful that Mrs. Rebecca made a point to explain that in the beginning – this was something unique between her and her daughter, which meant I got to fuck Gabriella's mom without her dad being involved.

Still, meeting him was going to be awkward as fuck.

Upstairs, there were also a couple of rooms I hadn't ventured into yet, along with a well-furnished bathroom.

And then there was Mr. and Mrs. Watson's bedroom, which was extremely elaborate, including a massive bed, with a crimson canopy that hung from the ceiling and went to four poles on the corners of the bed, making it look like it was designed for royalty. The sheets were then black silk, with the thick blanket a slightly darker shade of crimson compared to the canopy.

It was fancy, ornate, and definitely a sexually charged space.

“Huh, that’s weird,” Mrs. Rebecca commented after inhaling my scent again, responding to me not wearing any body spray. “I’m assuming you used coconut shampoo, because I can smell that, and there’s the faint scent of your laundry detergent as well, but then there’s this wonderful...” She paused, her eyes closed as she inhaled yet again. “I don’t even know what to call it. But it’s kind of sweet, sort of like your cum, except it smells nothing like cum of course. Almost more like honey or something.”

“Huh,” I replied. “Could be my natural scent, but I’m not sure. I will say that both you and Gabriella have the most amazing aroma I’ve ever smelled, and the closest thing I can think to compare it to is maple syrup.”

Her emerald eyes popped open then as I neared the bed, a smirk tugging at her full lips. “Gabby did mention that’s the reason why you couldn’t resist her.”

I nodded, suddenly much more intense than I was planning as I leaned down to press my lips firmly against hers. “It’s also why I can’t resist you,” I whispered.

“Oh baby,” she moaned, sticking her tongue in my mouth as she ran her fingers through my hair. She then pulled away much too soon. “My phone is on the bedside table there,” she whispered, continuing when I looked. “Go ahead and put your phone number in it for me, okay sweetie?”

“Okay,” I replied cheerfully, a shit-eating grin plastered on my face. I then gave her a quick peck on the lips before setting her down in her bed. “Do you want me to help you get out of your outfit?” I wondered hesitantly.

She shook her head, sighing deeply. “No, I love sleeping like this sometimes.” Her eyes popped open then, giving me an affectionate look. “I’ll wake up and immediately remember what we shared together.” She smirked. “You might be receiving a message from me in the morning, just to say hi. I hope you don’t mind talking occasionally to your girl’s mother.”

“Not at all,” I replied with a grin, grabbing the blanket when she motioned like she was going to reach for it, only to grab her phone and turn the screen on. It was unlocked, so I opened up her contacts, only to be sincerely shocked by the sheer number of them.

Holy fuck, she had hundreds upon hundreds of phone numbers saved.

Unexpectedly feeling mischievous, I decided to play a little game with her, creating a new contact and then saving it as ‘Best Fuck You’ve Ever Had.’

Placing her phone back down, I leaned over to tuck her in. “I saved my number,” I said softly. “Although, you’ll have to find it, to send me a message.” I grinned when her emerald eyes popped open in confusion. “I’ll give you a hint though. I saved it under B. Only have like fifty contacts to look through.”

She laughed at that. “All right, baby boy. I’ll play your game. Drive home safely, okay?”

“I will,” I agreed, closing the gap to give her one last long kiss. “Love you Mrs. Rebecca,” I added as I pulled away.

“Love you too, baby boy,” she whispered, sighing in contentment as she turned her head on the pillow again, looking like she was falling back asleep.

Heading out of the room and downstairs, I found Gabriella on the couch close to where I’d left her, with phone in hand, typing out a message, but still looking tired.

“Ready to go?” I asked.

She nodded, standing up and sticking her phone in her pocket. “Yeah, Avery said Serenity is still asleep, but seems fine. Breathing and everything is normal.”

I nodded, wrapping my arm around her shoulders as we headed for the door. Locking it behind us, I then escorted Gabriella to the passenger’s side, opening the door for her and letting her climb in. Then, once I’d closed her door and gotten in too, I focused on her as I started the car and

began backing up to get on the road, only to realize I didn't actually know where we were.

"Hey, can I borrow your phone to use the GPS?" I wondered.

She nodded, pulling it back out and then loading the app herself, typing in my address. She then handed it to me and tucked her hands between her thighs, looking like she was trying to get more comfortable.

"That was really amazing, by the way," she whispered after a second. "I never imagined that your lust could taste so good, but you fucking someone else just made it so much better."

"Oh, yeah, it really was amazing," I agreed, surprised she sincerely enjoyed it so much, smirking when I saw that her eyes were closed already. "I love you," I added.

She sighed heavily. "I love you so much. You've honestly made me the happiest girl alive. I can hardly wait to do this kind of thing again."

"Me too," I agreed softly, knowing from her tone that she was drifting now, with me looking forward to her actually participating when we eventually had sex with Serenity or Avery.

And sure enough, she didn't respond, her lips slightly parting after another minute. The drive home was mostly quiet after that, aside from her phone occasionally spouting out directions, but I pretty much knew the way after only glancing at the map once.

It helped that I had a very powerful spatial memory.

But it also helped I had a very powerful *incentive* to memorize where Gabriella's mom lived.

And without a doubt, whether via a car or by flying, I could find Mrs. Watson again without any trouble.

When I was finally pulling back into my driveway, I was confident Serenity was still unconscious, and thankful that both Michelle and Avery were still awake, sounding as if they were in the kitchen together.

Avery noticed my headlights shining through the front windows, prompting her to perk up. Apparently, she'd been sitting at the kitchen table while her mom messed with something, kind of sounding as if she was getting ready to make a pot of coffee.

Ah shit, I should probably warn her caffeine might affect her ability to look normal.

But oh well, it wasn't like it was the end of the world right now. And maybe if Michelle was used to drinking it, then it wouldn't affect her as much. Either way, I'd have to warn her to be careful.

When I parked next to Serenity's blue vehicle, I then turned off the car and began rubbing Gabriella's shoulder gently to stir her awake. She finally opened her eyes after about half a minute, with Avery peeking out the kitchen window now as if to confirm it was us.

"Oh, are we home already?" she wondered groggily.

I smirked, loving it that she called my house 'home' like she already lived with me and Serenity. "Yep," I agreed cheerfully. "And you can head to bed," I added. "You don't need to stay up."

She nodded. "Yeah, I don't think I could anyway. I feel so...*full* and content." She smiled, reminding me that she'd absorbed some of my lust earlier. "Wow, that really was amazing. I'm glad it wasn't a dream." She then sighed heavily. "But I'm so relaxed and sleepy now, like how I might feel if I ate too much for dinner."

I laughed. "Maybe you did eat too much," I agreed. "Just not food."

She smirked again, focusing on me with her sleepy emerald eyes. "Yeah, but it was worth it. Thank you, baby."

"You're welcome," I replied, popping open my door to climb out. I then walked around to wrap my arm around her once she got out too, walking up to our mini-porch, surprised when Avery rushed over to open the door for us.

"Welcome back!" she said cheerfully. "How'd it go?"

Gabriella spoke up before I could. "It went really well, actually," she replied as we stepped through the doorway. "Although, I'm really tired now." She glanced up at me as I closed the door behind us, before focusing on my classmate again. "Want to sleep together in Kai's bed?" she wondered.

Avery's face flushed, her skin becoming more tan. "Umm," she began, only to look over her shoulder, focusing on her mom in the kitchen.

Michelle was watching us, still wearing the pink pajamas from earlier, speaking up when she met her daughter's gaze. "That's fine, honey. I can figure something else out."

Oh damn, I suspected Gabriella and I had both forgotten I'd offered to let Avery and her mom sleep in my bed, while I slept on the couch.

"You can take the couch," I quickly said to Michelle. "It's actually more comfortable than my bed anyway."

Michelle looked surprised. "What about you, dear?" she wondered.

I shrugged. "I'll probably stay in Serenity's room until she wakes up, and then I guess I can always just share the bed with her."

Avery's mom nodded, not at all seeming bothered by that suggestion.

"O-kay," Gabriella said emphatically, focusing on Avery. "Then since that's decided, let's go raid Serenity's dresser for a pair of pajamas for you, and then get to bed." She paused to yawn. "I really am exhausted."

"W-What about you?" Avery wondered.

Gabriella focused on her in surprise. "Oh, I actually already have a set I was wearing in Kai's room. I'll just change into those."

"O-Okay," Avery agreed, turning around to head up the stairs. She then yelped when Gabriella unexpectedly smacked her ass, *hard*, a huge grin on her face when Avery abruptly shifted, her skin tan, her lips frosted, her hair snow-

white. Avery glanced at me, clearly embarrassed, before gulping and continuing up the stairs.

Michelle just shook her head, turning back around to focus on the pot of coffee that was actively brewing now. “Oh, to be young again,” she mumbled to herself, not seeming as if she was intending to be heard.

Thus, I decided not to respond to what she said, moving into the kitchen to sit down since I could hear Serenity breathing just fine upstairs.

I then cleared my throat after a second. “Thanks for watching over her while we were gone,” I said sincerely, trying not to stare at Michelle’s tight ass, juicy thighs, and thin waist all wrapped up in yummy pink fluffiness.

Michelle glanced at me over her shoulder. “Of course, honey. Happy to do so.”

I nodded, averting my gaze, kind of feeling like reality was hitting me hard again.

Because after what I just experienced with Mrs. Rebecca, it was almost hard to remember that Michelle wasn’t one of my women at this point, with Mrs. Watson’s openness to fucking me causing me almost to forget that most people weren’t like that.

And while Gabriella’s mom had an open relationship with her husband, Michelle had been committed to one man for the last two decades. A man who recently broke her heart, which might have made her hesitant to open up to another guy anytime soon.

Especially not a guy my age, and *especially* not a guy dating her daughter.

Of course, the hesitation to jump into a new relationship was kind of good for me, especially if she wasn’t going to end up deciding to be with me too, but it also kind of sucked simply because I really wanted her.

When I didn’t respond verbally, Michelle continued after a few seconds. “So, did Gabriella’s mom know anything about that black stone?” she wondered.

Oh shit, we'd completely forgotten about that.

"Umm, she didn't have much to say about it," I lied, although it wasn't technically a lie. "But I think she's going to see if she can find out more," I added, just in case we did show her tomorrow, or whenever we saw her next, and she did actually know about it.

Michelle simply nodded, grabbing a mug to pour herself a cup of coffee.

"You can go to sleep if you want," I offered, before she had a chance to drink it.

She hesitated, focusing on me. "Oh, I was going to stay up to keep you company, at least until Serenity woke up. What would you prefer, dear?"

I glanced away as I considered that. "Umm, it's up to you, I guess. I wouldn't mind the company," I admitted.

She nodded, moving closer to sit down at the table. However, on her way, I saw her grimace, her shoulders visibly stiffening slightly.

"Oh, can you sense the stone in my car?" I wondered in surprise.

She nodded. "I'm afraid so, dear."

"Then, let me run outside and back my car up further down the driveway. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

Surprisingly, she didn't complain, simply nodding as she took a sip of her mug.

Backing up the car was easy enough, so I was out and then back inside within a minute, having a seat at the table across from Michelle.

"Thank you, honey," she whispered, seeming much more relaxed.

"Thank *you* ," I replied sincerely. "Although, I'm curious if you have any idea why you can feel something bad from it. Like, any idea why it's only you?"

She shook her head. "No, and I've been thinking about that myself. My daughter also didn't sense anything at all, so I've got no clue why it's just me." She sighed. "However,

I know I'm not imagining it. Whatever I'm feeling is very real."

"Yeah, definitely," I agreed. "Obviously it must be real if it's enough to make you sick."

She grimaced. "I'm really sorry you had to see me like that. I'm sure it was revolting."

"Not at all," I replied gently. "Honestly, I would have offered to hold your hair back myself if I'd thought of it."

She gave me a small smile. "Thank you, honey. That's really sweet."

I nodded. "So now what?" I wondered, just trying to get an idea of where her thoughts were on the future.

She sighed. "Well, after talking with my daughter, and after seeing that little display just now, I'm thinking she might not be able to handle going back to school on Monday."

I nodded, assuming she was referring to Gabriella smacking Avery's ass and making her shift instantly. Granted, that was unlikely to happen at school, but if a random guy did end up doing that to her, and it made her pissed, no doubt she'd end up having a similar reaction.

And then the cat would be out of the bag.

I didn't know if I could compel men at this point, so if there was even just one guy involved, then there was definitely almost no way to keep this a secret. And I didn't exactly want to resort to murder to ensure silence, even if us being exposed could mean our own lives were at risk.

No doubt there would be people who wanted to kill us off simply because of the nature of our existence. It kind of made me wonder how other supernatural people got by, since there were undoubtedly others like me and Gabriella both. But then again, most people assumed the supernatural didn't exist, and just kind of shrugged off unexplainable things.

Like the fact that Michelle miraculously recovered in the hospital.

Certainly, they didn't get a chance to run more tests, which meant they weren't aware she didn't even have broken bones anymore, but even still, all the medical staff were just like, '*Huh, that's weird*,' and then shrugged it off as if it wasn't the first time they'd seen or heard about something unusual like that happen.

Or they at least thought that her 'miraculous recovery' was temporary, which was why the doctor was so reluctant to discharge her. But either way, Michelle wasn't their patient anymore, and if she was going to end up back in the hospital, she might get admitted to a *different* hospital. Which meant, not seeing her again didn't necessarily mean much to them.

It wasn't like it confirmed a miracle.

And the medical staff would go on their merry way, forgetting all about her as they focused on all their other sick patients. So I supposed it wasn't too difficult to keep it a secret, so long as true exposure was handled appropriately.

"Makes sense," I agreed, when Michelle didn't continue, regarding Avery not going back to school.

She sighed heavily, taking another sip of her coffee.

"You doing alright?" I wondered sincerely.

She looked at me in surprise. "Oh. Yeah, I'm fine, honey. Honestly, I feel great physically, only a little gross after being around that stone again. And I guess I'm a little stressed about divorcing my husband, but that's nothing new. I've been stressed about the situation for a while now."

I nodded, cautious as I probed for more information. "What about the divorce is stressful?" I asked hesitantly, hoping I didn't sound callous or inconsiderate. "Are you worried about having to sell the house or something?"

She shook her head. "No, when we got married, my parents made me sign a prenup that ensured that any money that they gave me would be solely mine. In hindsight, I can see the wisdom in it, even though I was pissed about it at the time." She sighed. "But my husband

and I couldn't afford the kind of wedding I wanted, and they wouldn't agree to pay for it unless I signed the papers."

I nodded slowly. "And a prenup is what exactly?" I asked hesitantly.

She looked at me in surprise again. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear. Of course you probably wouldn't know. I know I certainly didn't when I was your age. It's a prenuptial agreement, which is a legal contract signed before marriage outlining certain legal rights during the marriage, as well as what happens if there is ever a divorce. It can cover a lot of things actually, and can be a smart thing to do if two people aren't financially equal, because it ensures both parties are entering the marriage for the right reasons, and aren't just going to divorce for money in a year."

I nodded in acknowledgment. "Not sure I'd want to sign something like that," I admitted.

"Which is perfectly fine," Michelle said reassuringly. "I'd venture to say that your situation is much different than most. My daughter would certainly never want to leave you, your fiancé certainly wouldn't either, and of course there's Serenity. I'm afraid I don't think you can marry all of them legally, but I wouldn't be concerned with any of them divorcing you."

I glanced away, still feeling myself kind of embarrassed to have her know about my relationship situation. Because, well, she really did feel like a mom – even if she looked young enough for her oldest kid to be a toddler, not my age – and I could easily imagine her scolding me like a mom.

Really, she kind of *did* scold me earlier, but that was out of concern for my safety.

Nevertheless, she'd been very demanding about making me let go of that black stone.

"So anyway," she continued. "Technically, filing the divorce paperwork and going through that headache will actually be very simple. I'll keep the house, I'll keep my investments, and he'll just be left with his job, personal

savings, and his new little slut.” She frowned. “However, it still makes me feel stressed. We were together for basically twenty years, and now it’s just over like that.”

“Sorry,” I whispered, seeing it really was hard for her.

She shook her head. “There’s no reason you should feel sorry, honey. I wouldn’t even have the luxury of feeling stressed if not for you. And I’m sure I’ll find happiness again once this is all behind me.”

I frowned, wondering if she was referring to moving on in the romance department.

Shit.

I wanted her, but I wasn’t going to turn into my worst nightmare. I wasn’t going to become someone who literally made a woman be with me. No, she’d be free to choose, and if she chose to be with a different guy, then I was just going to stomach it and focus on what I did have – which was three amazing hot women, all eager to please me.

And a hot MILF that I couldn’t wait to fuck again.

So really, there shouldn’t be any reason to complain that I couldn’t have a second MILF.

I cleared my throat. “Well, if you ever need anything, or just want to talk, I’m more than happy to help in any way I can.”

“Thank you,” she replied, giving me an affectionate look. She then focused down at her mug, before looking up at me again. “Just wondering, but do you think you’d be alright with taking me home tomorrow morning? I’d like to change clothes, and I also want to grab my daughter’s car, so you don’t have to drive me around everywhere.”

I looked at her in surprise, at first a little dejected, but then shocked that it sounded as if she was going to come back over. “Umm, yeah, I can do that,” I agreed. “But does that mean you’re going to stay home, or return here?”

She frowned. “I suppose that’s up to you,” she said quietly.

"You can come back here," I affirmed, probably sounding a bit too eager. "Like I said, my home is your home. And you can stay the night again too, if you want."

She nodded, focusing on her mug again, her blue eyes a little tight now. "Thank you, honey. I just might take you up on the offer." She grimaced. "I've never felt overly lonely when I was by myself, but recently everything has just been getting me down, and I'm not thrilled about being home by myself anytime soon."

"Oh," I said simply, surprised she was sort of admitting to being sincerely depressed. But should I really be so surprised? This divorce probably went a lot deeper than just ending a relationship she'd been in for two decades. It was also likely a powerful reminder that her parents were gone forever.

Because she was facing a situation they foresaw happening, and she had her deceased mother and father to thank for making it easier for her.

However, at the same time, that probably just made it all the more painful, being a glaring reminder that she'd never see them again. Never be able to thank them.

Of course, I was sure she was probably distressed about the divorce itself, but it was likely that a lot of things were hitting her all at once, combining into a shitstorm of sorrow that was threatening to drown her in depression and loneliness.

"You can stay here as long as you want, as often as you want," I blurted out.

She looked at me in surprise, and then gave me a small smile. "Thank you, honey. But I don't want to impose."

"No," I said firmly, speaking with more confidence. "You are not imposing, and you're not an inconvenience. You can stay over as much as you want."

Her sapphire eyes widened slightly, before they began growing a little misty, prompting her to turn her head away to blink a few times, seeming to try to stop herself from

actually crying. "Thank you, sweetie," she whispered simply, clearing her throat and then slowly taking another sip of coffee.

"Of course," I replied. "You're welcome. And please, feel at home here. I know we don't exactly have enough space for everyone to have their own room, but you being here is more important to me than where I sleep. Like, I'd gladly sleep on the floor if it meant you stayed here as long as you needed."

She nodded, her expression seeming uncertain. "Thanks. I'll keep that in mind, and I think I *will* stay over for a few days at least, assuming Serenity doesn't mind."

"She won't mind. And that sounds good," I replied, definitely sounding a bit more happy about that than I should. Figuring it might be good to tone my intensity down, I was about to try to lighten the mood, only to freeze solid when I heard a very distinct kissing noise coming from my room.

I then relaxed when it stopped at one kiss, with Gabriella whispering goodnight to Avery, knowing that me shifting from arousal in front of Avery's mom probably wasn't a great thing to do right now. If ever.

Thankfully, Michelle didn't seem to notice, instead looking over at the time. "My daughter only took four hours, right? It's getting close to five now, I think."

I glanced at the clock too, seeing it was about 1:00 AM in the morning now. And she was right. It was about four hours for Avery, and with double the dose, it was about half the amount of time for Michelle. However, I supposed I did give Serenity a little less than half of the tube, so maybe that was the reason why?

It could also be that she was done transforming, but only still asleep. After all, there was no reason to assume that someone who was changing would wake up when they were done. And for all we knew, Gabriella might have been done

with her transformation after only eight hours, but didn't wake up until her hunger roused her a couple of hours later.

Deciding I should go ahead and actually lay eyes on her, I stood up. "I think I'll check and see if I can wake her up," I replied.

Michelle nodded. "Sure, that's fine, dear. And I'll sleep on the couch, so don't worry about coming back down if she does wake up."

"Oh." I paused. "Okay, well let me at least grab some blankets for you. But I'll probably be back down, unless you're going to bed?"

She shook her head. "I'll be up if you do come back down, but it's okay to make Serenity a priority if she wakes up."

I nodded, giving her a warm smile. "Okay, thanks."

She smiled as well. "You're welcome, honey. And thank *you*."

Grabbing some blankets for her, I set them on the couch and then headed upstairs, trying to stay quiet so that I didn't startle Gabriella or Avery awake. I wasn't sure if Avery was asleep yet, her heartrate a little high, but my fiancé's breathing was calm and even already, as was her pulse.

However, I really needed to grab my charger to plug my phone in, so I tried to be sneaky about slipping into my bedroom to snag it.

I wasn't sure if I was successful or not, knowing that Avery at least didn't open her eyes, but before long I was slipping into Serenity's bedroom, surprised to actually find her on her side, which meant she must have rolled over before Gabriella and I came home.

Well, shit, she might really be done transforming already. Of course, I was sure Avery and her mom might have noticed, but not realized that her changing positions meant anything.

Deciding to close the door behind me, I went ahead and plugged my phone in, resting it on her bedside table in the

process. I then slipped over to the other side of her bed and climbed in, carefully lying down next to her and reaching out to rest my hand on her shoulder.

Serenity groaned softly in response to my touch, only for her eyes to fly open wide.

Her glowing black and *crimson* eyes.

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(15) CHAPTER 30: CONSUMMATION

Instantly, upon opening her eyes, Serenity's dark brown hair turned pitch-black, her pale skin became a medium-gray – almost as dark as mine – and her sclera shifted to coal-black, while her chocolate brown eyes instantly became vivid red.

I was shocked by the colors, not having expected crimson eyes, and then even more surprised when her lips darkened a little more, turning a purplish hue, even as the skin above her eyes did the same.

Fuck, if Avery and her mom looked frosted with white makeup, Serenity looked like she was wearing purple lipstick and eyeshadow.

And holy fuck, it was hot.

For half a second, her red eyes stared right through me, but then they focused on me intently.

"Oh wow," she gasped quietly.

"What's wrong?" I whispered back urgently.

She blinked a few times. "Nothing's wrong," she replied. "I feel really good. Amazing, in fact." She turned her head a little as she held up her hand, examining her medium-gray skin, turning her hand to look at her black fingernails. "Wow, this is crazy. I'm really like you now, aren't I?"

"Yep," I agreed cheerfully, leaning forward without thinking and planting a big kiss on her lips.

Her crimson eyes widened in surprise, before her expression softened as she kissed me back. "I love you so

much," she then whispered as she pulled away, affectionately examining my face.

"I love you too, Ren," I replied warmly.

"So where is everyone?" she wondered. "And how did everything go while I was asleep?"

I grimaced, knowing she didn't have a clue Gabriella and I actually left the house, although I supposed I did at least indicate I might take Michelle home, even if it didn't happen, so she probably wouldn't be surprised that not everyone was here the whole time.

"Oh, umm, Gabriella and Avery are asleep in my bed, and then Michelle is downstairs right now. She actually made herself coffee, but will probably go to sleep on the couch soon."

She blinked a few times. "Oh. Okay. How late is it?"

"About one in the morning."

She nodded slowly, seeming pensive. "So about five hours for me, then?" she considered.

"Probably less," I replied, elaborating when she seemed confused. "When I came in to check on you, it was obvious you had rolled over in your sleep. You might have actually finished transforming an hour ago, but just didn't wake up because you're not hungry."

"Huh," she commented. "Actually, I do feel a little dry right now, like I could use a drink, but yeah. It's not bad at all, and it's not exactly a craving for blood."

"Oh, okay. I mean, do you want me to take you hunting right now, or do you think you're okay?"

She pursed her purple lips, becoming pensive. "I'm not sure, actually. I think I'm okay right now."

I nodded.

Her brow furrowed more. "So if Gabriella and Avery are in your bed, and Michelle's going to sleep on the couch, then where are you sleeping?"

My cheeks grew warm. "Oh, umm, I figured in here."

Her black and crimson eyes widened slightly, before she gave me another affectionate look. "Okay," she whispered, almost sounding timid. "I like that plan." Her gaze then fell to my blue Polo shirt, only for her eyes to widen again. "Oh wow, you're dressed up nice. Why the fancy clothes?"

I grimaced again, knowing she would theoretically be okay with what I'd done, but concerned she wasn't ready for what we discussed earlier to actually be a reality.

Because she'd agreed that she would be okay with me fucking another woman, but I wasn't sure if she was mentally prepared to find out I already had. And while she was unconscious no less.

Shit.

"Kai, what's wrong?" she asked gently, reaching out to rub my arm as she readjusted her head on the pillow. "Did something happen while I was out?"

"Umm, yeah, sort of," I admitted, deciding to start at the beginning. "So, turns out the black rock from my biological mother might actually be a bad thing." I paused when Serenity looked alarmed, continuing after a second.

"Apparently, Michelle can somehow sense something bad about it, and it even made her sick when I touched it. Like, she actually puked in the toilet."

"Oh no," she whispered, still alarmed. "So then, what happened? Did you do something with it?"

I shook my head. "Not exactly. It's in the car right now. See, Gabriella decided we should go see her mom sooner, rather than later. And between the stone and the whole succubus issue, we decided I should probably go too, since we had a lot to share with her, and kind of needed her to know everything if she was going to be able to help us figure all this stuff out." I paused. "That's why I'm dressed up, since I was meeting her mom for the first time."

Serenity nodded. "Makes sense. But then, what did she say about the stone? And what about the succubus thing?"

I sighed heavily, deciding to sit up, feeling dread at having to drop this bombshell on her. Serenity hesitated, and then slowly sat up too, only to notice that her hair was black. She pulled some of it away from her face to examine, and then brushed it over her shoulder as she focused on me.

"Sorry," she said sincerely. "Just not used to my new body yet."

"You're fine," I replied, only to sigh heavily again.

"Kai, what's wrong?" she whispered, reaching out to rub my arm.

"You just might be upset about what I have to tell you," I admitted.

She paused what she was doing, before resuming rubbing my arm. She then laughed. "Well, we already talked about you sleeping with random chicks, and it can't be worse than that, so just spit it out." She then paused when I grimaced, only for her tone to become softer. "Or is that it? You found out that's really something you need? And does that mean it's something Gabriella needs too?"

I shook my head, kind of surprised that she sincerely *did* seem okay with that being my reality. "No, not exactly. I mean, yes, technically it does turn out that Gabriella and I both need to absorb sexual energy. But we should be able to get that sexual energy from each other, as well as from you and Avery," I added quietly.

Serenity nodded, not seeming surprised at all. "Okay, so then, what's the problem?"

I sighed. "Well, the problem is that we both need to practice. Or rather, more specifically, we both need to be *taught* how to sense and control the type of energy we're absorbing."

Serenity just stared at me, seeming to slowly grasp what was likely the only possible reason why what I had to say might make her upset. "G-Gabriella's mom..." she began

hesitantly. "Has to *teach* you both," she repeated, only to pause again. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

I cleared my throat. "If you're thinking sex with her mom, while Gabriella mostly just senses my lust in another room, then yeah," I said bluntly.

Her crimson eyes widened in sincere shock. "Well crap, that's going to be awkward. But I guess if that's what you two have to do, then it can't be helped."

Ah fuck.

I was glad to hear that she was okay with it, but realized she still didn't grasp what I was trying to tell her.

I cleared my throat. "Actually, it wasn't as awkward as you might think," I admitted quietly.

Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head. "Kai," she hissed. "You fucked Gabriella's mom?"

"Ren!" I exclaimed, not used to hearing her cuss. Certainly not like that.

"What?" she said in surprise. "Did you, or didn't you? And does her dad know? Crap, what is he going to think?"

"Yeah, I did," I blurted out, only to quickly avert my gaze. "And I'll probably have to do it again, because she sincerely has to teach me how to sense the energy I'm absorbing. As far as her dad, I guess he'll find out, but I don't think he knows yet." I glanced at her when she shook her head, seemingly in disbelief. "But Gabriella's mom seems confident he won't care."

"Well, I suppose not," she replied with a heavy sigh. "Not if they do that kind of thing anyway."

I nodded hesitantly. "So then, you're not mad?" I wondered cautiously.

She grimaced. "Kai, what about us? I understand that I'm going to be sharing you, but it just feels like you're doing everything without me."

"Ren, it's not like that," I whispered. "I could actually hurt you if I don't learn what I'm doing. Like, Mrs. Rebecca said that I seem to be causing women to generate the kind of

energy I absorb, but the fact that I can't even sense myself absorbing it is what makes it dangerous. Because I might absorb the wrong kind and make you sick. Or absorb it when your body is too fatigued from frequent sex to produce enough."

She sighed heavily, only to nod.

"Ren, I'll be honest with you. Having sex with Gabriella's mom was amazing. But you'll always be the most important person in my life. That's never going to change. I literally can't live without you."

She gave me a small smile. "I get it," she replied. "And thank you. I just really want to have my own relationship with you, and it seems like you're skyrocketing ahead in your relationship with Gabriella, while I'm left behind."

"I'm still going to get you a ring," I promised. "And I'm actually glad we're waiting to do too much physical stuff, because I'd never be able to forgive myself if I made you sick."

She nodded, taking a deep breath. "How long do you think it'll be?" she wondered.

"Maybe not too long," I hedged. "At least, not if Gabriella can help me."

"What do you mean?" she asked in confusion.

"Well, it kind of seemed like Gabriella picked up on sensing my lust pretty easily, and if Mrs. Rebecca can sense the energy that I'm absorbing, then that means Gabriella can learn too, probably a lot faster than I can. And, obviously, I still need to learn to sense it myself, but while I'm trying to learn how, Gabriella could probably kind of watch over us to make sure I'm not hurting you."

Serenity's crimson eyes were wide again. "Oh. Umm, okay. Yeah, I'm fine with that."

"Really?" I said hopefully.

She gave me another small smile. "Yeah, I mean, after we decided to get in this relationship with each other, I kind of assumed that meant we'd end up in a threesome

eventually. And if that's what is needed for us to do stuff, then sounds like it'll have to be sooner than later."

Holy fuck.

This was great. She'd really thought things through and already come to terms with stuff. And if my idea worked, and Gabriella did start sensing the energy I was absorbing, then it would mean I could finally fuck Serenity while also having 'sex lessons' with Mrs. Rebecca.

Shit, that would be perfect.

"That make you happy?" Serenity wondered, sounding amused now.

"I mean, yeah. Of course I want to do stuff with you. I've been fantasizing about it for a long time now."

She smirked. "Well, I'm glad. I want you to be happy."

"I'm very happy, Ren. You and Gabriella both are making my life feel perfect. I'm not sure it could get any better."

She grinned. "Well, hopefully you'll think it's a lot better when we can finally have sex. I know I certainly will be much happier."

I returned the smile. "Well, I'm not sure how long Avery and her mom will be crashing at our place, but if they do for a while, then that gives me a really good excuse to sleep in the same bed as you."

"Oh, you're sleeping with me," she agreed, a playful glint in her crimson eyes. "Whether they stay over a few more nights or not, I want you in my bed. If I can have nothing else right now, I expect you to at least give me that."

"Okay," I replied cheerfully.

"So," she continued. "What did Mrs. Watson...or I guess Mrs. Rebecca?" She paused, seeming uncertain.

"She wanted me to call her Rebecca," I explained. "Kind of like how Michelle wanted me to do the same, but the 'Mrs.' part just kind of stuck in my head."

She nodded. "So, what did Rebecca say about the stone?"

I grimaced. "Oh, umm, we sort of forgot about that."

“Seriously?” she said in disbelief. “You had all the time in the world to ask about it, and it completely slipped your mind? Surely you would have at least thought of it when you left?”

I cleared my throat uncomfortably. “Umm, we were all kind of distracted while we were at her house, so no. It really didn’t cross my mind at all.”

Her crimson eyes widened in surprise. “Oh, well I guess that makes sense. Still, sex can’t be *that* distracting. I mean, were you two only there for like half an hour or something? Because if you were there for at least an hour, then I’d imagine you’d remember it eventually.”

I shifted my weight, glancing away. “Umm, we were there for about three hours, I slept probably forty-five minutes of that time, and then Mrs. Rebecca and I had sex for at least two hours.”

Holy fuck, the look on her face.

“Y-You fucked Gabriella’s mom for *two hours*? Tell me your exaggerating! Or was it just a ton of foreplay?”

I shook my head, unable to respond.

Serenity’s expression became more firm, almost determined. “Okay Kai, I need you to tell me right now. How exactly do you absorb energy from another person? Like, when does it happen?”

I looked at her in shock. “Oh, umm, for Gabriella it seems to be whenever someone has an orgasm, and then for me, I think my orgasm actually generates the sexual energy I need in the other person, and then I’m not sure if I absorb it right after that, or if I need the woman to get there first.”

“Her mom didn’t know?” Serenity said in surprise.

“More like, I didn’t get a chance to clarify.” I averted my gaze again. “She was pretty worn out when we stopped. I can ask her tomorrow though.”

Serenity shifted her weight slightly, seeming hesitant. “Okay, so orgasms are the key then, right?”

“Umm, yeah,” I agreed, unable to look at her.

“Fine, then we’re solving this problem right now.”

I looked at her in shock. “Solving what problem?” I said in alarm.

“My virginity problem,” she replied firmly. “I want you in me, baby, and I want you in me *now*. No more waiting. We just need to avoid the orgasm part, but we can still have sex.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing, unexpectedly realizing I’d be completely fine with doing as she suggested, simply because having my cock in her pussy was by itself almost better than an orgasm. I just wanted to be connected to her, to feel her sexy body against mine, to experience an intimate bonding of our souls...

And I suspected that what she was suggesting might be even more passionate than normal sex if the orgasm wasn’t the goal. Fuck, even trying to avoid having an orgasm, with us instead being focused on everything else that came before it, I could see how it could be possibly more satisfying than regular sex.

Well, frustrating in terms of pleasure, but also satisfying in an intimate way.

I spoke before I even had a chance to really think it through.

“Okay,” I agreed way too quickly. “Let’s do it. Let’s do it right now.”

Serenity slipped off the bed without hesitation, reaching down to her waist to yank her shirt up over her head.

Barely half a second later, I was following suit, losing my clothes in nearly the blink of an eye.

Because it was finally going to happen.

We were finally going to do it.

Serenity and I were going to fuck.

However, once our clothes were off, we both just stood there in awe for a few long seconds as we finally saw each other fully exposed for the first time. Certainly, I’d seen her in a towel before after a shower, and she’d definitely seen

me shirtless, as well as even touched my cock earlier that day, but this was completely different.

There was something just raw about being fully naked.

Serenity had the body of a model, her full C-cup tits the perfect size to show off clothing in a magazine, her hips shapely, her waist narrow, her arms thin while her thighs were plump. She was exactly what I imagined she would be, except that her coloring was different than I'd always visualized.

Yet her medium-gray color was actually exotic, her skin almost looking glossy as her bedroom light seemed to be reflected slightly on her plump tits, thin shoulders, and even a little on her thighs.

Fuck, I knew her skin was dry right now, and yet it almost looked like she had a light sheen of baby oil on her, or something similar.

Never mind the enticing amethyst hue on her lips and the same coloring above her crimson eyes that made it look as if she was wearing dark exotic makeup, with her lips especially having the same light shine as her skin, as if she was wearing purple lip-gloss.

And if that wasn't enticing enough, her areola and nipples were purple as well, suddenly making me wonder if Avery and her mom's pale lips meant they similarly had pale nipples, sharply contrasted against tan and light-gray skin.

Either way, Serenity's purple mounds were as hot as fuck.

And then there was her now pitch-black hair, her trimmed pubic hair impossibly dark, hiding her pussy from my sight.

Would that be purple too? Or possibly a darker shade of gray? I really wanted to know. And yet, despite how hot a shaved pussy was, I found hers just as erotic, feeling like the fine hair was representing the tease that Serenity had always been for me.

A tease that would end here and now.

Knowing that sex with her had to be different, since we were going to try to avoid orgasms, I decided to slowly climb back on the bed, my cock already hard as a rock as I sat in the middle.

She seemed to anticipate what I had in mind as I sat with my legs crossed, similarly moving closer and taking her time to crawl onto the bed.

I watched in awe as she held my gaze while inching closer on all fours, sucking in a sharp breath when she continued even further than I was expecting, carefully placing a hand next to my hip as she brought her face right up to my neck.

And then she just remained like that for a few seconds, both of us breathing heavier as she slowly pressed her shiny purple lips against my dark gray skin, my entire body tense from feeling her naked form so close to mine, yet barely touching.

Serenity then slowly pulled away, her cheeks a slightly darker hue of gray as she scooted one knee closer, followed by the other, until she was carefully straddling me. I knew she'd previously been concerned about doing this, mentioning that sticking even a tampon inside of her was uncomfortable, but she seemed to have forgotten her concern as she slowly lowered herself.

I gasped as I felt the head of my cock make contact, my hands moving to her silky smooth hips as she slowly gyrated on the tip, a distinct wet clicking occurring from the movement.

Fuck, she was already practically soaked.

Without thinking, I gently tensed my hips, causing the head of my cock to unexpectedly sink in smoothly with no resistance. Immediately, she gasped, her crimson eyes wide in surprise, only for her expression to become passionate as she started lowering her hips on her own.

My cock slowly sank deeper and deeper, until she was all the way down, moaning even louder as she wrapped her

arms around my neck, her purple nipples touching my upper chest while she carefully readjusted her legs the moment she was seated, wrapping them around my hips.

And just like that, she was fully mounted, sitting in my lap, her legs around me while my cock throbbed deep inside her.

We then just stared at each other for a few seconds, both of us breathing heavily as we examined each other's expressions, with me finally focusing down at her perfect tits, mesmerized by the sight of her mauve areola surrounding her hard mounds.

She glanced down at my chest as well, her breathing picking up more as she gently caressed my muscles with her fingers, rubbing a fingertip over my hard nipple, before moving over to the other side. Similarly, I gently grasped her breast, loving how it filled my hand perfectly like a squishy softball, feeling like an oversized stress-ball perfect for squeezing.

I then grabbed her other breast too, gripping them both firmly as my cock pulsed inside her snatch, only to slowly caress my palms over her tits, moving up to her glossy skin on her shoulders and finally sliding up both sides of her neck.

I then focused on her full purple lips, watching as they parted in anticipation, our faces inching closer like two magnets being drawn to each other.

I felt her breath softly caress my mouth, breathing in her comforting scent, only to exhale and have her breathe in mine.

She then moaned when our lips met, her legs squeezing tighter around my hips, her pelvis tilting slightly as she seemingly strained to keep herself still. Her tongue slipped in my mouth as I began rocking my head with hers, my hands roaming across her smooth skin, feeling her sides, only for my right hand to slip down to her tight ass while my left went up to feel her upper back.

It was almost too much, and I knew my cock was actively leaking precum inside her, but I didn't care.

She gasped then as my fingers slid into her crack, my middle finger quickly finding her puckered asshole and pressing on it gently like a button, desperate to somehow get inside of her even more than I already was.

"Did you like that?" I whispered in between our kissing, her breathing coming in gasps now.

"Very much," she agreed with a nod, her black and crimson eyes looking drugged as she met my lips again.

Continuing to gently prod at her asshole, I slowly pushed more and more until I had my fingertip inside, her sphincter gently pulsing rhythmically around me, feeling like it was urging me out even as I slowly worked my way further in.

I then focused on making-out with her again once I had over half my middle finger in her ass, enjoying the sensation of having two appendages buried in her at once. Her pussy and asshole both continued to pulse as we passionately kissed, my own cock throbbing and leaking the whole time.

Fuck, I wanted to cum in her so bad, but I knew I shouldn't, and was doing my best to be good.

After a bit, I began using my left hand to explore her body again, enjoying the sensation when I realized that playing with her hard purple nipples made her asshole tense even more, contracting on my finger tightly with every squeeze.

After another few minutes of passionate kissing, I finally pulled away, knowing we were approaching a point of no return.

"I love you, Ren," I whispered, pecking her on the lips again.

"I love you so much, baby," she replied just as quietly, her tone thick with lust. "Thank you so much for putting your cock in me."

"Thank *you* for letting me bury my cock in your pussy," I replied. I then groaned. "You feel so good, Ren."

"You feel so good," she replied, pecking me on the jaw, only to look up at me affectionately. "I can't wait until we can truly fuck each other for real."

I nodded in agreement. "It shouldn't take too long for Gabriella to learn, and it might even give her more incentive if I tell her that she can help us have sex the sooner she grasps the difference between the types of energy we both absorb. Thankfully, she can at least already sense what she absorbs just fine."

Serenity nodded as well. "Okay, then maybe if she struggles with sensing what you absorb, do you think you'd enjoy watching her seduce me?"

I looked at her in surprise, only to kiss her deeply again, my tongue searching her mouth.

She smirked as I pulled away, a tiny thread of spit connecting our lips briefly. "I'll take that as a yes," she giggled.

"Of course," I whispered, feeling overwhelmed with lust. "Oh fuck, Ren, I really want to watch her fuck you so bad. Would you really do that for me?"

Her crimson gaze was passionate as she nodded. "I'll do anything for you, baby. Whatever you want. Just ask, and I'll do it." Her gaze filled with even more lust. "I'll even eat Gabriella out if you want," she whispered, looking drugged. "I'll kiss and suck on her pussy for you. Would you like to watch that?" she wondered.

I replied with another deep kiss, thrusting my tongue in her mouth as my cock throbbed even harder within her.

She pulled away a second later. "And maybe Gabriella and I can both jump Avery," she added, her tone even thicker with passion. "She's really cute when she's flustered, and I bet you'd love to see her overwhelmed to have two girls fucking her at the same time." She moaned then, unexpectedly tugging on my neck as she lifted her hips incrementally on my cock. "Oh baby, fucking Avery together

with Gabriella would be so hot." She moaned again. "*Uhh* , I want to go fuck with them both right now."

"Ren," I whispered as she pulled herself up a little higher, thrusting down on my cock. "I want to cum in you so badly, but I think this is where we have to stop."

She nodded in agreement, tugging on my neck as she pressed her lips into mine, beginning to rock her head against me passionately, even as her thighs squeezed tightly against my hips. Having freed my finger from her ass, I grabbed both her tits firmly in my grasp as we made-out, both relieved and distraught when she pulled away too soon.

"Thank you for fucking me, baby," she whispered.
"Thank you for taking my virginity."

"Thank you for giving it to me," I replied softly. "You've made my longest desired fantasy come true."

She smirked, pecking me on the lips, only to abruptly throw her arms around me more fully and give me a big tight hug. "Oh Kai, I love you so much."

"I love you too, Ren," I replied, returning the embrace.

She then sighed heavily as she pulled away, only to begin readjusting her legs so that she was now on her knees, starting to ease off my throbbing cock.

Unsurprisingly, a thick clear fluid trailed between us, keeping us connected until she fully stood up on shaky legs, carefully balancing as she moved to step off the bed. I stared at her tight shapely ass as she skipped her dresser entirely, only to begin digging through her closet instead.

Confused, since I knew she kept all her pajamas in her drawers, I waited patiently as she pulled something out of a plastic bag, surprised when she slipped something silver over her head.

Turning toward me, she then stood with her hands on her hips, a big grin on her face as I focused on the silver silk hanging seductively over her busty figure, her nipples poking through the shiny material.

“You like?” she asked expectantly when I just gawked at her.

“Ren,” I whispered. “Where did this come from?”

She smirked. “I told you that I bought those purple silk pajamas when I bought your birthday present,” she began, her expression becoming more affectionate. “What I didn’t tell you was, I got something else a lot more sexy.

Something I knew I’d probably only end up wearing for you in my wildest fantasies, although that thought didn’t stop me from adding it to my online cart.”

I just stared at her in disbelief. “Do you think you ever would have worn it eventually?” I wondered.

She bit her lower lip gently. “I might have worked up the courage one day. Probably after you graduated. Might have accidentally slipped to the bathroom when I knew you were coming up the stairs,” she added with a wink.

“Oh fuck, that would have been so hot.” I paused. “Although, I would have probably transformed,” I admitted. “So it likely wouldn’t have actually been sexy for either of us. We both likely would have been scared for different reasons.”

She nodded with a small pout, her dark purple lip adorable. “I would still want you,” she whispered. “And after crossing that line, by choosing to wear something like this in front of you, I probably wouldn’t have been able to easily go back.”

I nodded in agreement, knowing that all it would take was a combination of her acceptance of my secret, coupled with the statement this kind of lingerie made, in order to push us both over the edge into fucking like wild animals.

“So then, us being together was probably inevitable,” I realized.

She nodded with a small smile again. “Things would have been a lot different without Gabriella’s encouragement.” She sighed. “But yeah, if she never found out your secret, then I think we would have gotten to this point eventually.

Because I really love you, Kai. And this nightie is proof of how I really felt, even though I wanted to deny it.”

I smirked. “Best birthday present ever.”

“It’s a little late, but yes, I think you’re right. Out of all the things I’ve ever gotten you, this is certainly my favorite too.” She smiled warmly. “Now, the only question is, are you going to be able to handle me not wearing any underwear to bed?”

My grin widened. “It’s going to be a struggle, but I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Good,” she replied, her tone affectionate now. “Then scoot over please, because I want you to sleep naked.”

Oh fuck.

As I complied by scooting more toward the other side of the bed and climbing underneath the covers, smearing my precum and her pussy juice as I went, I knew it was going to be nearly impossible to sleep, and probably even hard to not slip my cock in her again.

However, at the same time, I just didn’t care at all.

My heart was racing as she climbed into bed and laid down in front of me, scooting her ass against my hard cock. And my breathing was heavy as I grabbed her tit with my hand, feeling the ridiculously smooth silver silk over her hard nipple.

Yet even despite the overwhelming urge rushing through me, I felt happy and content, finally holding the person I loved most in my arms like true lovers after all this time.

I didn’t fall asleep for hours, but I also didn’t care.

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