Embrace the Dark, My Beloved: Part Two

By BrindleChase

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Jennifer persists with her desires to become a vampire, but she most prove her worth to Matthew.

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Embrace the Dark, My Beloved: Part Two

I leveled my gaze on Jennifer, purposely narrowing my eyes, and scrutinized her. Her shimmering emeralds met the cold black death in mine. She was very brave, or very confident that her decision to intrude into my domain was not a fatal one.

“And just what do you think you will gain?” I asked her with a nonchalance that I sensed she found annoying. She was set in her mind and my unwillingness to just hand over eternal life and damnation pricked her ire.

“I want to live forever.”

“Do you?”

“Yes.”

“Immortality has its allure. But I assure you, it is not without vexes. Do you understand what it means to die and rise as the undead?”

She fidgeted but had no answer. I let my gaze trace over her. Her figure was slender, curved with virginal hips, firm breasts and smooth unblemished skin. I confess I found her delicious, but there was far more to consider before taking a new bride.

“Death is only the beginning. You would never see the sun again in this life. You never see anyone you know.”

“I don’t care.”

“Do you not? For if you came across one of your friends, you would have to kill them. Can you kill?”

Her lower lip trembled and she nodded in defiance. It lacked conviction and her fear arced, tainting her aroused musk. I took it in deeply, savoring it. I lunged at her suddenly and so quickly she didn’t even notice I had moved from the davenport to her side until I was already behind her.

I tenderly massaged her shoulders and she jumped, startled by what had appeared as only a blur of movement. I dipped my head low over her shoulder, letting my lips brush feather soft against her earlobe.

“Can you kill?”

“I…I –“

“Can you take life? To protect the nature of my kind? That no human shall learn that vampires are not myth. Can you, sweet Jennifer? Can you suck the life out of an innocent loved one, to protect our secret?”

Her heart pounded rapidly beneath the ample swells of her tight young body. I peered down her cleavage, delighting in their vision as she clamored through her jumbled thoughts. Fear, excitement, confusion all surfaced through her thoughts.

“I can. I would,” she said with determination. Her back straightened and she turned her head to the side and fixed me with an adamant glare. Yes, I could see it plainly. She would. She wanted this that terribly.

“Then prove your worth to your master.”

I stepped around her and stopped directly in front of her. I folded my arms across my chest and glowered at her most sourly.

Her eyes drifted down, seemingly against her will and settled on the fly of my slacks. She smiled, a rosy hue colored her cheeks and she knelt. Arousal flushed through her, pooling between her legs and her hands trembled as she took my zipper in hand.

It was with a sullen disdain that I pushed her hands aside. She looked up at me, surprised by my rejection. I shook my head and her cheeks grew redder from embarrassment.

“Nicole has ever been faithful to me. She is three hundred and thirty-six years old. She is nearly an elder herself, but she chooses to stay in my care. Her efforts this night have assured our kind is not discovered by humanity and she deserves to be rewarded.”

Jennifer looked to Nicole and back to me. She didn’t understand. I smiled down on her and stepped back from her. Turning on a heel I moved to the couch and sat in one corner.

“I want you to reward Nicole for her diligence. I want you to pleasure her. She deserves no less.”

“I…I –“

“What?” I asked, annoyed at the delay.

Nicole needed no instruction and sat in the middle of the couch, next to me.

“Thank you, my dearest,” I said to her. “You’ve done excellent this night. I want you to enjoy yourself.”

Her plump lips curled in thanks and we both looked to Jennifer.

“I…I –“

“I have little patience, human. Do as I say.”

“But I…”

“What is the issue?” I groaned.

“I’m not really into girls.”

“You say this as if I should care. I do not. Your sexual preference is not a concern. I want Nicole to feel pleasure. I want you to administer that pleasure. It is that simple. Abandon your inhibitions, I care not for them.”

Jennifer hesitated and her cheeks grew brighter still. Fear permeated her arousal. The thin cotton polyester blend of her sleeveless shirt was useless in disguising that fact. Her hardened nipples poked out to betray her spoken conviction. She was excited by the notion of pleasuring Nicole and more so that I was there to watch her do it.

Jennifer took slow measured steps to the front of the couch and before she could kneel, I held up a hand. She looked to me expectantly. I let a smile creep across my lips and it drew one from her in response.

“Take off your clothes.”

Jennifer’s ever present blush flared, but she hastily shed her jacket and let it drop to the floor. With a flick of each ankle, she kicked off her sneakers, and then sensuously bending a knee to bring up a foot, she yanked the sock free. She repeated the maneuver for her remaining foot to my delight.

Nicole pulled up her dress, revealing her porcelain hairless folds and draped a leg over my knee as she spread herself for the human. We exchanged smiles. Nicole enjoyed my excitement at watching her with another woman as much as the pleasure she received from it.

The girl wiggled out of her tight jeans, revealing her sleek long legs. She sported one of those flimsy miniscule panties. A thong, I believe they are called. I nodded in appreciation and let my hungered gaze linger on her. Her hands pulled up the strapped shirt, over her head and untangled it from her long honey blonde hair. It fell to the floor as she hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties and shoved them down without any further day.

She was spectacular. Truly she had been blessed and now, so was I for being graced by the vision. Her smile was enough to tell me she appreciated my lingering gaze and Nicole’s arousal blended with Jennifer’s, setting a flame to my own blood.

Jennifer stepped out of the stringy cotton panties piled at her feet and knelt before Nicole’s pale, sleek legs. Jennifer’s hands were shaking still as she put them on Nicole’s knees. She looked to me, a wary gleam in her eye.

“I’ve never done this before,” she offered in apology.

I nodded. “Then you are in for a treat, my pet.”

Her cheeks glowed pink again and she turned to Nicole. Their eyes locked, conveying some silent and hidden message between them that I couldn’t make out. Jennifer smoothed her fingers along the inside of Nicole’s thighs as she moved closer. Nicole purred and I felt the embers within my loins ignite into a flame.

Jennifer bent forward, cautiously plying her lips to Nicole’s already glistening folds. The girl’s eyes blinked and she pulled back, a wild look of bewilderment flashed in those sparkling greens, while

Nicole mewled her gratitude.

She licked her lips as if evaluating Nicole’s taste. Her lips curved into a smile and she dipped her head forward again. I watched as she pressed her lips fully to Nicole’s pussy. Her mouth moved up and down and I caught glimpses of her little pink tongue darting in and out.

Nicole took a thick length of the girl’s hair and curled it around her fist. Her hips gyrated in a circular see saw fashion, grinding herself against the human’s mouth.

I let my fingers enjoy the succulent tender inside of Nicole’s thigh lying across my knee, watching the human girl do her best.

I could sense Nicole’s frustration. The girl continued mashing her lips and pushing her tongue in and out, but with little creativity, without an understanding of how to thrill Nicole. I felt her anguish. Watching a moment longer, I prayed for my bride’s sake, the girl would catch on.

After several minutes, I had to intervene. Tenderly, I slid my hand down Nicole’s arm, to where her fingers held the girl’s hair in a tight grip. She looked to me and I tapped her knuckles. She nodded and released the girl.

Jennifer continued her monotonous methodical lapping, eyes closed and without the realization she was boring poor Nicole to death. I replaced my bride’s grip with my own and gave the girl’s hair a good yank.

Her head snapped up, her eyes shot open wide with astonishment. I met her confused stare with a baleful glare to show my disappointment.

“I asked you to pleasure her.”

“I… I am –“

“No. You are licking her, but little else,” I snapped, watching Jennifer lick Nicole’s sweet nectar from her lips. She was enthused, but an amateur whence it came to performing.

“I… I’ve never done this before.”

“And it’s quite obvious.”

“Please… I…”

I pulled her hair, dragging her to one side. “Watch. Learn.”

Nicole met my gaze with a brilliant grin as I knelt in Jennifer’s place. I sparingly performed cunnilingus on my brides. It is not that I did not enjoy it. Nay, but I dearly love pleasuring them in this way. But I reserved it for special rewards. However that might be, the occasion called for it. I couldn’t sit there and watch the girl tease Nicole with empty promises of sexual delight.

I grazed my nails along the inside of her thighs, chasing one trail with soft suctioned kisses. I breathed in her sweetened musk of her arousal. Kiss, followed by a tender nibble, I circled her engorged vulva inch by inch.

Nicole whimpered through ragged exhalations, which for a vampire says much. We do not need to breath. But emotional or physical excitement can trigger the instructive need. It’s an involuntary reaction.

Using my thumbs, I pushed them firm and slowly up her labia, spreading her pink folds for me. I kissed her delicious open pussy deeply. Delving my tongue into her, I flickered. She contracted, squeezing me back out, her legs trembling against my elbows. She was ready.

I loved her taste. It had been too long. I kissed her again and pulled back. Looking to Jennifer, I saw her eyes glazed with lust as she watched me. Excellent. She might not have been into women, but I suspect it was a simple matter of never having tried it before.

I curled one hand around Nicole’s thigh and captured her hood between forefinger and thumb. Surging forward I attacked her pussy furiously. I slid one finger into her anus, my tongue into her sweetness and my hand pushed hood down, squishing her clit against it as I flickered it wildly within her.

Nicole’s hips bucked, rotating fiercely to match my licks and thrusting fingers. I slipped upward, sucking her throbbing clit into my mouth, thrashing it with my tongue, while I stabbed two fingers into her slippery tightness. With one finger in her ass, two in her pussy and my mouth suckling her clit, I fucked my bride gloriously.

“Matthew!” Nicole screamed my name. Her sinuous fingers raked into my hair, grasping bunches of it tight. Her hips spasmed violently, and her body thrashed beneath the onslaught of my relentless consumption of her delicious pussy.

In and out I pumped my fingers, faster and deeper as she came. I lapped her sweet nectar up as it

flowed. She constricted in flexing twitches against my fingers, gasping and moaning incoherent profanities as her orgasm splintered into multiples.

Her legs wrapped over my shoulders, locking behind me by the ankles and I eased her down slowly, with soft tender kisses all across her soaked and trembling folds. Seeing the ecstasy grafted to her beautiful visage brought me a pleasure all my own. Slowly the orgasmic waves ebbed and she slouched languidly, gazing at me with utter adoration.

“Oh my God,” Jennifer exclaimed in a breathy whisper.

I lifted myself upward, cupping Nicole’s beautiful face, bringing it to mine and kissed her deeply, but with caring tenderness.

“Thank you, master.”

“No, thank you, Nicole. You are ever faithful. You have my love.”

I stood and turned to Jennifer. I shot her a glare with my black eyes and a rush of shame coursed into the lust steaming through her blood.

“Whatever I am going to do with you?”

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