The Masquerade Set-up

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Inhibitions are forgotten as lust takes over a young woman's heart.

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"You know I would just break your heart," she said with a smile.

"I'll take that chance," he chuckled.

I.

Bethany was the perfect girl. All through school, she never had to work at anything. Good grades came easily, and team sports were a natural for someone with her athletic physique. Add long light-brown hair and blue baby-doll eyes to her fit 5' 5" frame, and a beautiful face with just a sprinkling of freckles across a cute upturned nose, and you had the perfect package. She turned heads wherever she went, both male and female. All the men wanted to fuck her and all the women secretly wished they could be like her - those that didn't want to fuck her themselves, anyway. She breezed through college life, joined the "right" sorority, and dated all the "right" men, never taking any of them too seriously. She had set a goal to be a successful executive pulling down six figures by the time she turned 26, and having a steady boyfriend just tended to distract her away from that goal. After all, she reasoned, there would be plenty of time for romance later on - now was the time for drive and ambition, and ambition was something she had plenty of!

Bethany met Andrew while she was working her way up the corporate ladder at Nagel and Reisszahn, Inc. She had joined the investment firm as a junior-level account executive right out of college two years earlier. Andrew had been with the company for several years, and was two or three rungs up the ladder from Bethany. Still, he wasn't someone that she judged could help her along her own path, and so she paid him little attention. He was a fairly nondescript man, of average height and weight. Nobody would ever call him ugly, some even called his appearance rakishly handsome, but with his brown hair and brown eyes, he was easy to overlook. If it wasn't for his Ivy League upbringing and his exceptional ability to flirt, he would easily be totally forgettable.

Andrew had developed a soft crush on Bethany from the moment he first saw her stepping off the elevator two years ago. He made it a point to learn her name and position, and thereafter found time

to chat with her at least once a week. He did his best to charm her using tactics he had refined on lesser women, but failed to make any headwaywith Bethany. It wasn't that she didn't like him, she did. And it wasn't that she didn't find him attractive, either. It was just that she had decided years ago that she wouldn't let anything deter her from her goal - and that included men, women, and children. She had totally repressed her personal life in favor of her professional life, and never even noticed what she was missing.

When he received the personally-delivered invitation, Andrew decided once more to try and get into Bethany's good graces. He waited until he knew she would be alone in her office and went to see her. "Got a minute?" he asked, in his upper-crust New England accent.

"Sure I do," she replied pleasantly. "What's up?"

Andrew stepped completely into her office and closed the door. "I have a dilemma, and I need help with it."

"Really? What kind of dilemma, and how can I help?"

He reached into the inner pocket of his jacket and pulled out an envelope, stylishly embossed in gold. "I got this invitation from a contact of mine," he explained. "It's for a rather exclusive party - a Halloween party. I really want to attend, because from what I hear, there will be plenty of the city's real movers and shakers there." He paused.

"And what do you need from me?" Bethany asked curiously.

"Well..." and Andrew paused shyly. "As I said, I really would like to attend, but I've no one to go with. I daren't go alone! Can you imagine how that would look? Attending a ball of this caliber with no date? I'd be right embarrassed!"

Bethany's laughter tinkled across the room. "C'mon now, Drew. I've seen you working the ladies around here. Surely you can find someone that would literally jump for joy at the chance to go with you!"

"No doubt, darling, no doubt," Andrew chuckled along with Bethany. "But you know how these affairs are. This is a chance to do some real networking, meet people of real importance. One can't just show up with some simpleton on his arm and hope to make a go of it. Imagine the impression I'll leave! And you never get a second chance to make a great first impression, you know."

"Andrew..." she began coyly. "Are you asking me out on a date?"

"Yes, dear, of course I am. I do realize that you're not one for socializing overmuch, and ordinarily I would respect that, but you do know how much I respect you as an up-and-comer, and I know that attending an affair such as this could do both our reputations no end of good." Andrew looked Bethany straight in the eyes. "Do say yes, darling. Please do say you'll attend as my escort."

Bethany turned over the prospect in her mind. On one hand, she could use the exposure if she wanted to advance in her career. Plus, Andrew came from a background of old money - it couldn't really hurt to be seen with him. And he was a handsome rogue.

"What kind of party is it?" she asked.

"It's a costume affair," he replied, gaily. "But the invitation strictly says 'informal'. From what I understand, it's not to be one of those stuffy balls where everyone stands around hardly daring to exhale. It should be quite lively and...well, informal."

"All right, I'll go, Drew. I have a couple of conditions, though."

"Anything, dear. Name it, and it's yours," he replied gratefully.

"First: this is not a ‘date’. It’s a business meeting – nothing more. Second… leave me the details, and your measurements. I get to choose our costumes for the night. Agreed?"

He pondered for a split second, then decided to throw all caution completely to the wind. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

II.

Over the next few weeks, Bethany did some investigating of her own. According to her sources, the party should be everything Andrew said it would be, and then some. Especially when it came to the 'informal' part. When you're in this social circle, there are only a few occasions each year when you can get together with your friends and really let your hair down. This party was supposed to be one of them. When the really important people let their hair down, nearly anything is possible. Bethany spent a considerable amount of time on their costumes for the night. She didn't want to be too stilted, yet she didn't want to be too risque, either. She also wanted to let everyone at the affair get the idea that she had brought Andrew, not the other way around. Making her final selections to their wardrobe, she sent Andrew's costume to his home and waited for the appointed night to arrive.

"You can't be serious." Andrew's voice on the other end of the line was full of consternation.

"That's your costume, Drew. Wear it, or we can just both stay home." She giggled lightly. "Trust me, hon. It'll all make sense when you see mine."

"Fine," he said sadly. "I'll have my car at your place at eight." His costume consisted of course brown trousers, torn ragged at the ends. A tan shirt that could have come from the Elizabethan era went with it. And a collar. A well-worn, brown leather collar. The clothing had been expertly tailored to his measurements, so everything fit perfectly. He dressed, and his driver took him to go pick up Bethany.

"Oh, I hope this goes well..." Bethany thought to herself as she saw the car pull up outside her place. She fought down a few tummy butterflies, knowing that she was presenting herself to the world in a way that she had never even thought about a few weeks before. She opened her door, took a deep breath, and stepped out.

Andrew could hardly contain a gasp as she came down from her tidy little Brownstone. She was wearing a tight-fitting evening gown, all in black. Blackstilettosmatched her black gloves, giving her a decidedly come-hither walk. Her hair had been swept up into a fashionable style, but the shocking thing was that she had died her hair a lustrous jet black. Her fair complexion had completely been done over, making her into a sexy, unattainable Mistress of the Dark. She felt the driver's eyes on her as he held her door. The nervous tingling in her stomach faded, to be filled with a confident glow. She had this. She knew it, her driver knew it, and when she laid eyes on Andrew, still sitting in the car, she saw it written all over his own face.

"You look wonderful..." he began. "But... What's all this?"

"Simple, my dear boy." She giggled merrily. "I'm your Mistress. You're my servant. For tonight, anyway." She reached out, and clipped a shiny black leash onto his collar. "And as a final touch..." she inserted something into her mouth. When she smiled again, he saw her fangs, glistening brilliantly against her ruby-red lips. Vampire fangs. No dime-store plastic teeth, but custom-made to fit her, so she could do everything a normal person could do while wearing them. And they looked plenty sharp. "Don't worry, Andrew. We'll have a great time. Or I'll be forced to drink your blood..."

"Well you certainly look fabulous, love," he responded happily. "Seeing you this way is good for my soul. I could even get used to having you around, you know."

"You know I would just break your heart," she said with a smile.

"I'd take that chance," he chuckled.

III.

After an uneventful drive, they arrived at the house where the party was being held. It was a large house, on a secluded estate, but Bethany had no idea whose estate it was, or even exactly where it was. It was beautiful, though, she had to admit to herself. They entered through the grand foyer, and were directed into a ballroom off to the side. The space had been arranged into several small sitting areas with couches and chaise lounges, all situated around a main gathering area. Dim lighting enhanced the medieval motif, as did the strategic placement of numerous items of furniture a 14th century torturer would instantly recognize. There were racks of torture instruments, tables with winches and pulleys, iron maidens, and various less-identifiable pieces. Low music played and one entire wall was given over to buffets and bars. They caught the edges of various conversations going on amongst the mummies, were-beings, and others of the hundred or so party guests in attendance.

"Oh, look," one crone said to another as Bethany led Andrew by on his leash. "Andrew seems to have got himself into a spot of bother." Both crones tittered merrily.

"Aunt Agatha, allow me to present my guest: Miss Bethany Swift." Andrew conducted the introductions. "Beth, this is my most favorite old auntie, Aunt Agatha."

"How do you do?" Bethany asked.

"Make sure you make this rascal behave," Agatha responded. "Don't be afraid to punish him if he acts up. Tee hee hee hee heeeee!" Both of the elderly women laughed raucously.

"What was that about?" Bethany asked. "All that about punishment and you acting up?"

"Oh, you know," Drew answered lightly. "I was known as a bit of a rascal in my youth. I used to keep the Aunties busy spanking me. I swear sometimes they positively enjoyed it!"

They circled the room, chatting. They met several people that were considered important in the outside world, and made what they hoped would be good, lasting impressions on them. Every trip past the bar found them with new drinks in their hands. Bethany felt her normally reserved personality slipping away, but for once she wasn't afraid to have fun. As long as she didn't go too far, she reasoned, why shouldn't she have a little fun for once? Just before 11:00, a loud gong rang one time, and waiters began circulating around the room, bearing trays full of aperitif glasses.

"What's this?" Bethany asked one waiter.

"It's a special drink," he answeredquietly, "of historic nature. Part of the history of the party is that

precisely at 11:00, Mister Remington proposes a toast, and everyone has one drink. Distilled according to his ancestors own recipe."

A regal looking man stood up on a raised dais at the end of the room. "My dear guests," he began in a voice deep as thunder. "My old friends, and my new. The time has come to reaffirm ancient alliances, and honor the past. It's time to forgive any who have wronged you in this year past. It's time to forge new bonds between new allies." As he said this, his eyes landed squarely on Bethany and Andrew. "But above all else, my friends, the time has come to revel in this life we've been given! May we live as long as we have joy, and have joy as long as we live!" He raised his glass and drained it in one gulp. Everyone in the room followed suit. Bethany swallowed her drink, noting that it wasn't as fiery as it had seemed it would be, but it still warmed her insides pleasantly.

Music played, and people began to dance. Bethany and Andrew mingled in a more casual fashion, laughing merrily. They didn’t know what was in that little drink they had all shared, but they certainly felt its intoxicating effects. The party seemed brighter, the music merrier. They joined a small group of people gathered around one of the torture tables, and listened as one man discussed its usage. "That sounds absolutely dreadful - if you're the man on the rack!" Bethany quipped, giggling.

"Oh, this isn't the worst," the man said. "The worst one is over here." He led the small group to a simple-looking machine. It had two uprights with a crossbeam at ground level, and another suspended around eight feet off the ground. Each crossbeam had a couple leather straps on it, but other than that, it didn't seem menacing at all.

"This doesn't look too bad," Bethany stated. Andrew nodded in agreement.

"Maybe you should try it out before you say that," the man hinted, slyly.

"Oh, I couldn't..." she protested. "but..." she took Andrew's leash firmly in hand. "I'm sure my slave will be happy to." Laughing, albeit nervously, Andrew played his part and allowed himself to be led up to the wooden frame. Leather straps secured his ankles so they were just over shoulder-width apart. A small crowd gathered around as the upper beam was lowered by a system of pulleys and his wrists were fastened to it. It was then raised; in moments, Andrew was secured, in an "X" shape, completely unable to move.

"Now what?" Bethany asked. "What would they do next?"

"You don't know darlink?" a raspy female voice asked. "They would do whatever they wanted to do to the poor man." The raspy voice belonged to a slim woman in her fifties or sixties. "They would play their games, they would ask their questions, they would torture... The man is totally helpless before

them."

"Can I get out now please?" Andrew asked.

"Silence slave!" the older woman hissed. She lifted her hand and slashed downward with it. Nobody had seen it before, but she had been holding a black riding crop, and she struck him diagonally with it across his chest. Andrew and Bethany both gasped; his was from pain, hers was from being startled. "There, you see?" the raspy-voiced woman cooed. "Your slave has learned somethink." She reached toward Andrew, caressing the area that had been struck. She handed the riding crop to a partially stunned Bethany and unbuttoned Andrew's shirt. Baring his chest to the crowd, she ran her cool, pale hands across the rising welt. Bethany felt an odd tingle in her chest as she saw Andrew's tight, well-defined abs being bared.

"You want lesson, I can tell. Listen to Katrina. Katrina will teach you," the older womanmurmured. She took Bethany's hand in her own, and raised the small whip. She brought their joined hands down across Andrew's chest slowly, trying to demonstrate how to strike lightly yet firmly. Andrew's open shirt was getting in the way. The woman shouted out, "Max!" Out of nowhere, a burly-looking man appeared at Katrina’s side. Katrina flicked the bothersome shirt, and in an irritated fashion said, “Max - see to this.” Max reached up to the cuff of one sleeve, and effortlessly tore it down its length. The process was repeated, and in moments, Andrew was stripped to the waist.

“You see, darlink?” Katrina asked gently. “Properly trained slave is wondrous thing! Now; strike! Teach your slave!” The rest of the crowd murmured their approval.

Bethany’s heart had begun to beat faster. She didn’t know what to do. This game had proceeded past the point where it could still be called a game, and she was lost in an unfamiliar world. She knew if she made a scene, then all the business contacts they had made tonight would turn against them both. She took the riding crop in her shaky hand, and turned it over once, examining it closely. A soft whisper gained her attention. “Do it.” It came from Andrew.

Biting her lip, she leaned in close, her mouth next to his ear. “But I don’t want to hurt you, Drew.”

“We can’t afford to show any weakness before these people,” he whispered back. “You have to do it. Don’t worry about me. I’m tough. Just do it…”

Stepping back, Beth raised the leather whip, and quickly slashed downward, before she lost her nerve. Drew gasped.

“Ahhhh…” Katrina sighed. “Again!”

Another parallel line of pain was drawn down Drew's bare chest. He gritted his teeth stoically. "You're doing well, dahlink, but you must vary things. Move to his back now. Use a new toy. If you train your slave properly, there will be pleasure for both to enjoy." She urged Beth around to the rear of the tied man, and handed her a new kind of whip. Also of leather, it wasn't as stiff as the riding crop. Its whip end was slim and supple. "Now – do it this way," she said, and demonstrated a cross-cross motion. Beth felt the power of the leather, and swung it around experimentally. "Good, good…" Katrina purred.

Without a second thought, Beth struck Drew across his back, using the same criss-cross motion Katrina had been demonstrating. Drew grunted with each strike, and quickly a set of parallel lines sprouted across his broad back, making a multi-layered tic-tac-toe shape, but slanted at a 45 degree angle. Beth felt tears coming to her eyes at the thought of the pain she was causing to her work partner. When the pattern of stripes reached Drew's belt line, she stopped, panting. "Good… good, my dear." Katrina had come up close behind, and whispered into Beth's ear. "Can you feel it, dahlink? Yes, my love. Feel it. Feel the power…"

And she did. She began to feel the heady exhilaration that came from having another human being under your control. She had never experienced anything like it before. Her few past sexual experiences had been limited to brief dalliances with boys just as inexperienced as herself. She knew that she should be disgusted with herself for enjoying the torment she was putting Drew through, but she couldn't help herself. Her mind was on fire, her breasts were heaving. She felt her nipples harden into two tight little knots of both pain and pleasure. She felt a sexual attraction for this helpless man that went beyond anything she had ever known before. She knew she had to carry this game out to the end, no matter what the consequences.

Katrina stepped forward, lust apparent in her blazing eyes and cruel smile. She eased Andrew's belt open, and unbuttoned the old-fashioned fly. Clutching him around his waist, she pulled him in close to her frail body. Hungrily, she slipped her hands inside the open waistline of Drew's pants. Low animal noises emerged from her throat as she he caressed his butt. Unable to resist, she slid her hands around to his front. Everyone watching could tell how pleased she was with what she found there.

Andrew shivered as Katrina's cool fingers made contact with the hot flesh of his plump cock. As she stroked him, he rapidly found himself becoming aroused. The pain he felt form the welts on his back activated some older, more primitive part of his mind, and he no longer worried about embarrassment or shyness. He growled as his eyes met Katrina's. Katrina freed one hand long enough to snap her fingers. On cue, Max stepped forward again. He took Andrew's waistband in his meaty grip and tore it. The legs of Andrew's pants were no match for Max's fierce strength, and they tore lengthwise. Caressing Andrew's hard cock with both hands, Katrina sighed approvingly.

Bethany felt like someone else had taken control of her body and she was only watching from afar as she looked up to see Drew's nude form, covered in sweat. The first thing she saw was the damage she had done to his back. Following the stripes down, her gaze lingered on his round, muscular butt, and proceeded down his strong legs to his bare feet. She felt a low flame begin to burn in the center of her being, in her womanhood. As Katrina stepped backward, Bethany raised her flogger, wet with Andrew's sweat. She struck at his bare ass until it was striped like his back. With each swing, she felt her pussy throb. She smiled a feral grin, baring her vampire fangs.

She dropped her whip and approached him from behind, touching the flats of her palms to his back. She ran her hands down his back to his ass, feeling each ridge and welt that had been brought from at her command. A wild urge came over her and she gripped him tightly to her, her hands exploring his chest. She kissed the side of his neck and he moaned loudly. She felt the strength that had lain hidden beneath his work-day attire. She moved her hands down his chest to his abs, and beyond. Her questing fingers encountered his pubic hair. As she suckled his neck, her hands found their goal. She reached his cock, and when she did she growled deep in her throat to find it hard as steel and waiting to be put to good use.

"Oh, yes…" Drew moaned. "Use me. Hit me… whip me," he pleaded. "Bite me, drink my blood," he moaned loudly.

"You are my slave," Bethany growled. "And I will use you for whatever pleasure I want…" She moved around to stand closely in front of Andrew. She was beyond reason. A fierce passion burned within her and she had to have her need satisfied. She reached up under her long dress and took hold of her panties. Unaware of her own strength, she ripped them off, and took Drew's hot cock in her hand. Raising up on to her toes, she lifted her dress and placed his hardness at her soaking wet entrance. She grimaced, baring her fangs. She clutched him by his shoulders, lifting herself up and wrapping her legs around his hips. Slowly, she let herself sink down upon his length. As they joined, she knew that she had never been this full before. Her mind was blank. Her sole focus was using this man-toy for her own pleasure. As she fucked him, she licked his neck, tasting the maleness of his sweat.

"Yes, Mistress…" Andrew moaned. "Make me yours. Please make me yours…" Her hips began to thrust wildly. She came closer and closer to orgasm. Effortlessly, Andrew tore one arm free from the leather restraints. He took her behind her neck. "Make me yours," he hissed. "Bite me, Mistress. Drink of me. Take me!" Lust overcame her and she opened her mouth wide. Her vampire fangs bit deep into his flesh, piercing the skin easily. She screamed in pleasure as his blood flowed into her mouth and her pussy convulsed around his cock. She swallowed. Lost in her desire, she granted his wish and drank his blood. Fire raced through her veins, and roared in her ears. As the wild contractions running through her body faded, her eyes dimmed and she grew weak. Everything grew dark, and

Andrew caught her as she fainted.

IV.

Sounds came first. Voices.

“Are you sure she’s the one?”

“Can I be sure?”

She felt a cyclone whip through her brain, stirring up emotions, then race away leaving her slightly dizzy. But strong. Aside from being a little incoherent, she felt great. Her eyes fluttered open. “Wha…” she tried to speak. She saw Andrew leaning over her, a look of concern on his face.

“You had a bit of a spell, love. You fainted. You’re all right now, though.” He leaned in close, and kissed her softly on her lips. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the play of his lips on hers. She gently pulled his head closer. Their mouths opened, and their tongues touched each other cautiously. She moaned with pleasure.

“I’m not sure what happened, Drew,” she began. “But I think I want it to happen again.” They both laughed. He began to kiss her slowly and passionately. His lips felt hot as they traced a path down her neck. He pulled her up just long enough to unzip her gown and lower it to the floor. She saw that he was still nude, his erect cock still standing proudly. She realized only at that moment how badly he wanted her. He kissed her neck, and moved lower. He licked her breasts, his tongue teasing her nipples. He sucked on them, one at a time, inflaming her passion. His mouth on her tits made her feel like an electric shock was drawing power straight into her pussy. She drew him back up to kiss him and took hold of his cock, drawing it to her opening. With a sigh, she felt him enter her.

“Don’t wait. Don’t be coy. Just fuck me!” she commanded. He was happy to obey. His firm length seemed to fit perfectly into her sheath, as if they were meant to be together. Her hips rolled, urging him on to ever greater effort. Their sweat combined and their mouths danced with each other. Her breath came in gasps, and she felt herself convulsing once again. Her eyes screwed shut. He felt her orgasm and fucked her harder, making it last as long as he could. When he felt it fade, he slowed.

“Mmmmm. That was so good!” she moaned. She opened her eyes and looked at him. She caught a glimpse of his neck and saw two small scars. Like puncture wounds. Running her fingers across them, she felt the scars. Yes, they were there.

“That… that was real?” she asked.

He paused in his slow thrusting. “Yes, love. All real.”

“I thought I dreamed it…” she whispered.

Andrew resumed his slow fucking of her sublime pussy. “I want to give you a gift, but I can’t just ‘give it’. You have to accept it freely.”

“I don’t understand… How can they already be healed…?” The pressure was building in her pussy again. Every nerve felt alive.

Andrew smiled down at her. Looking up at him, she saw fangs. “I can give you this gift, love,” he whispered. He paused, backing away from her. He guided her to turn over, and slowly entered her again, from behind. His cock felt like magic as he slowly fucked her. He bent over and ran his tongue across her neck. Lost in the feeling, she moaned.

“Do you accept my gift?”

“Oh, yes, anything!” she groaned. “Take me! Fuck me! Make me cum!” Their bodies writhed against each other. “Make me yours!” she pleaded.

He paused again, lifting her up to sit in his lap. His strength was evident as he held her poised over his cock, and slowly lowered her down. She felt him fill her, and the feeling was nearly too intense. Tears ran from her eyes as she cried from her overpowering need. He kissed her neck. His mouth opened. She had no way of seeing the fangs approach her delicate skin, but she knew they were coming. Her hips pumped wildly as she sought only her own pleasure again. She felt the pressure on her neck, then the pain. She felt the heat of her own blood escaping her body. Andrew moaned loudly, thrusting his cock into her pussy fiercely. He roared, a primal sound, as he came inside her. The hot blood pumping into his mouth was countered by his hot seed pumping into her cunt and she lost all control. She came with him, and roared wildly herself. She felt a second set of lips on her neck, sucking and drinking from her fountain. She felt hands grasping at her breasts, pulling and twisting on her nipples. Her cunt exploded with pleasure. She was trapped between two bodies, unable to think, only able to feel the pleasure driving through her. As her senses faded, the last thing she felt was a tongue on her neck licking her wounds.

V.

When Bethany awoke, she was still nude, but tucked warmly into bed. Morning had come, but the hangover she expected was conspicuously absent. In fact, she felt wonderful. She tried to replay the

events of the past night in her mind, but there was just too much. Too much emotion, too much lust. There were some spots of confusion as well. She opened her eyes. She was in a large bedroom, classically furnished. An open doorway led out onto a balcony. Sitting up, she saw a white robe hanging from one corner of the four poster bed. Above all else, was the scent of Andrew. She left the bed, wrapping the robe around her tidy frame. Following her nose, she went out onto the balcony and found him there, sitting at a table with a slim young brunette. She seemed to be in her early twenties, just like Bethany. The table was loaded with breakfast items.

“Well good morning!” Andrew said heartily. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“I feel great,” she answered. “And you?” She looked at his neck but couldn’t see any scars. The image of them, though, was burned into her memory. Running her hand across her own neck she felt a slightly tender spot, but that was all.

“I’m fantastic, love,” he replied. “I bet you have scads of questions, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she said unsteadily. “I really do. I’m not even sure where to start, though.”

At this, the young brunette reached across the table and took Beth’s hands in her own. “Let me start then. Let me be the first to say, ‘Welcome to the Family, dahlink’.”

“Katrina?!” Beth exclaimed. “But how… I mean…”

“Simple, dahlink,” she said dryly. “It was a… how you say? A set up.”

“Here, love,” Drew said, handing Beth a tall glass of ice cold orange juice. “You have some breakfast while I explain. After, I’ll answer any questions you still have. First and foremost, yes, welcome to the Family. You have chosen to join us. This is a good thing, please trust me on that.” He paused for a sip of juice.

“There are many advantages to being a Sister in our Family. First, you’ll never ever have another cold. Or flu. Or any other sickness. You’re done with all that. Second, you’ll never grow old, unless you want to. ‘Immortality’ is a trite word these days, and it’s not exactly true, but it’s pretty close. Third… you’re bloody rich now. Or you will be soon, which amounts to the same thing. You know how compound interest works, right? Well imagine opening an investment account that pays you decent interest… over the next three hundred years. It’s not quite that simple, but you get the idea.”

Bethany’s head was spinning. “Are you really saying that you’re… that we’re… “

He smiled. “Vampires, yes.” Both Andrew and Katrina laughed joyfully. “But listen – being a vampire isn’t like in the movies. We don’t drink blood or burn up in the sun. Sitting here right now, you’re living proof of that. We haven’t made any pacts with the devil and there are no angry mobs with pitchforks anymore. We just happen to bear a mutated gene that protects us from age, and causes us to heal quickly. We can still die. We can be killed. Any really severe trauma to the head or heart will do it. Know how most vampires die these days? Sporting accidents. It’s true. Racing cars, or falling off cliffs, or having a parachute that doesn’t open. You can choose to die if you want, but very few vampires do. Do you understand now?”

“Sort of,” she replied. “But if it’s a mutated gene… how did I inherit the mutation?”

“It’s really complicated, and to be honest I don’t understand it myself. It has to do with blood transfer. It’s a two-stage process, it seems. Last night, you started stage one at the party. If you had never completed stage two, it would have ended right there. Later on, though, you completed the process, here in this room.”

“That doesn’t explain how Katrina can go from being sixty to being twenty overnight…”

Katrina spoke up. “As Andrew said, you can literally choose your age. I was tired of being ‘respected matriarch’. I wanted to be young again. For this, I needed to… how you say? To re-fresh my life.” Katrina rose, and knelt down next to Bethany. “For this gift, I thank you, my love.” Katrina leaned in close to Beth. Their lips touched. For the first time in her life, Beth felt something other than the purely physical sensation of a kiss. She felt a warmth that she had never known before. She rose, pulling Kat in tight. They held each other for several long minutes, and then their mouths met again. Their tongues danced a dance that was invented long before spoken language. The sultry European broke the kiss first and stepped away, pulling Bethany back into the bedroom.

She stripped Beth of her robe, then pushed her back so she sat on the bed. Beth watched as Katrina slowly disrobed. Her shirt came off, and she was standing there braless, her pert young tits topped with hard ruby nipples. Beth leaned forward, kissing a nipple lightly then sucking it into her mouth. Katrina felt the tingles start and quickly pulled away, kicking off her sandals, her pants and finally her sheer panties. When she stepped forward again, Beth wrapped her arms around Kat’s waist, drawing her in. Her senses seemed to be so much more sensitive since her change. She was filled with the scent of Kat’s womanhood. She pulled backward, lying down and drawing Kat on top of her. Kat knew just what she wanted. She crawled up Beth’s body, positioning her wet slit right over Beth’s mouth. Beth wasted no time in tasting this treasure, licking up and down the opening. She gently sucked Kat’s hard clit into her mouth, eliciting a series of moans from Kat’s ecstatic mouth.

For her part, Kat was feeling an equal desire to give as much pleasure as she was receiving. She

turned around, lying down on top of Beth in a sixty-nine position. Beth's tasty pussy opened readily to Kat's tongue. The two women licked and sucked on each other as only women can, driving each other closer and closer to orgasm. Kat glanced up as a shadow passed over the bed. She saw Andrew standing by the bed, completely nude. He was watching them happily, and slowly stroking his rock-hard cock. She subtly rolled over, pulling Beth on top of her. She was now eating out Beth's pussy from underneath, eagerly drinking the juice that flowed into her mouth.

Beth could feel herself getting close. The sensations Kat was causing in her pussy were driving her wild. She had Kat's clit in her mouth and was sucking on it like it was a penis when she felt another tongue join Kat's. She quickly looked around to see a very nude and very aroused Andrew behind her. She bent back to Kat's pussy, as Andrew's tongue licked around her puckered ass. She was lost in the sensations when she felt Andrew straighten up and slowly slide his hard cock into her hot pussy. "Oh…" she moaned. As Andrew slowly fucked her, Kat licked at her clit. Beth gave up all pretense of trying to eat Kat out. She just couldn't concentrate on anything except the wonderful things her two sexy lovers were doing to her.

She gasped when she felt someone's finger slowly enter her ass. Her brain was going to explode soon, she thought. She barely noticed when another finger joined the first. The thrusting of cock in pussy, and fingers in butt had her going crazy. God, she was so close to cumming… her steady moans filled the room. Kat redoubled her efforts, sucking and licking her clit as Andrew slowly pulled his hard cock out of her pussy and poised the head against her ass. Her hole had been loosened up by his fingers, and his cock was well lubricated with her juice. The head of his cock slid into her ass easily. Beth groaned loudly. This was a totally new feeling for her. He pushed in, just a little, then pulled back out. Each time he thrust in, his cock went in a little further. Beth was going crazy with desire, trying to thrust backward without losing contact with Kat's glorious mouth.

"Oh God. Oh shit. Yes, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my ass!" Beth moaned as Andrew's cock plunged into her tight hole. Andrew was very close to cumming himself. Beth's ass felt so damn good, and every time he buried his cock in her, Kat managed to lick his balls, and sometimes even licked his cock as it passed in and out. Bethany screamed out in pleasure as she came. Her ass, already tight around Andrew's cock squeezed him tighter and this feeling sent him over the edge. His muscles shook as his cock pulsed, shooting spurt after spurt into her waiting ass. He pounded into her, launching his seed as deep in her as he could, and this extra friction caused Beth's orgasm to double in intensity. Katrina's mouth was flooded with a combination of Beth's juices and Andrew's cum as her two lovers both climaxed together.

Andrew soon fell off to the side, exhausted. Beth rolled off Katrina also, her breath coming in gasps. Kat rose up on one elbow and looked at her two beautiful lovers. Bethany giggled merrily.

“I know I should be royally pissed off at you,” she said, smiling. “But somehow, all I can think of is how glad I am you decided to set me up…”

“As am I, love,” Drew responded. “And I can’t tell you how glad I am you decided to accept this gift. You’re about to enter into a lovely, wondrous journey love, and I hope to be able to share it with you… forever.”