Blood Lust Part Two

By BlackVelvet

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Please Read Blood Lust Part One

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/blood-lust-part-two.aspx

My name is Jackson Shaw. I'm a historian, a philosopher, a night club owner, and oh yes, a vampire. I live in Ohio, and for the most part I have a neat, quiet existence. I wake up every morning at 6, hop out of bed, have a shower, get dressed, and then head over to my favorite coffee shop for my morning tea. This has been my morning ritual ever since I arrived here about a year ago.

Now I know to most, this is not what you were expecting the life of vampire to be. I know that the imagination conjures up portraits of coffins and bats, and any measure of other gothic images. But truth be told, my life is most likely no different from many of you. What most humans know about vampires is mostly Hollywood smoke and mirrors. And the small measure of truth that you gather from myth and legend is so often chalked up to just that, myth and legend. The truth behind my kind is not as entertaining.

So for the sake of understanding I would like to educate you on what is truth, and what is myth. First, as I stated before I sleep in a bed, not a coffin. And yes, you did hear correctly when I stated that I was drinking tea. Before I go any further I feel it is important for you to understand how necessary it is for my kind to blend in. And it would surely be noticed if someone never ate nor drank. We eat only for appearances; human food can not sustain us.

Another myth is that we can fly. Well, that is not totally a myth. Let me just say that I can not fly. There are legends in the vampiric world of members of our kind who could indeed sprout wings and fly. They were said to be very old, very powerful and all were female. I have never met one of these vampires so I can not truly say that they do not exist. But what I do know to be true is that we can not turn into bats or wolves as the cinema would have you to believe. However, what we can do to some degree is influence human minds. And I suspect that one could most likely trace some of these myths back to one of my brethren who had a flare for the theatric

Another untruth is that we can not bare sunlight. Well, it is not a total untruth. Yes we can survive in the sun, but our powers are slightly diminished.

One of my favorite myths is that you need to be bitten three times, or to drink vampiric blood to be turned. Both of those concepts are totally untrue. The only way to be turn is to be envenomed by a vampire. Being bitten by a vampire is akin to being bitten by a venomous viper. The only difference being that we can control when, and to whom the venom is delivered.

That being said, there are some legends that are true. We do have a serious problem with silver, and fire. Truth be told, silver and fire are two of a very short list of things that can harm us.

Oh, how could I forget? My list would not be complete is if did not speak on crosses. In short, the only way a cross could harm me is if it were made of silver and on fire.

Now it was during one of my morning rituals that this story begins. I was sitting at my favorite table by one of the large picture windows that framed the door of my favorite coffee shop. Lisa, the insanely lovely Asian waitress had just set down my tea. And as we engaged in idle chit chat, I admired the way her t-shirt hugged her ample breast, and the way her jeans embraced her abundant hips. We had been speaking for a few minutes when she informed me that she had better get back to work before her boss would start screaming. She took about two steps and looked over her shoulder at me. Easily catching me ogling her ripe, firm backside. She flashed me a knowing smile and turned to walk over to clear a near by table. I listened to her thoughts as she purposely bent over to give me a better look at her assets. " ***So he like what he sees huh?....I will just give him a little show and maybe he will get up the courage to ask me out…for Gods sake I have been flirting with him for three weeks now...but what if he dose not fine me attractive…what if he has a girlfriend..***" I smiled to myself and took a mental note to make sure to ask her out at my next visit.

It was then that my attention was broken by the sound of laughter. As I turned my gaze, it was met by the appearance of three lovely women entering the shop. They all looked to be in their early 20's and were dressed in what one might call Goth attire. I knew the genre of their accoutrements well because it was the preferred apparel of those who would frequent my club. They were all lovely but there was something about one of them that drew my eye to her. She stood about 5'2, with short black hair and soft brown eyes. Her breasts were large and firm and thrust proudly from under her blouse. Her hips were round and womanly, and I remember thinking "she has a body built to sin." I watched her for a while as she chatted with her friends and ordered her coffee. There was something about her that I could just not put my finger on. I took a deep breath, and could smell her skin. She smelled sweet like cinnamon and sugar, and I thought "I bet she will taste even better that she smells." I decided then that she would be on my menu sooner or later.

I took a last sip of my tea and gathered my things. I had to make my way to the ladies before they left the shop. But as fate would have it I was rushing for no reason. Because as they walked to the door

they were confronted by several young men who blocked the ladies departure as they entered the shop.

"Well, well, well, look at what we have here, if it is not the wicked witch of the East and her sisters." Said the rather large young man who was obviously the leader of this pack.

"Fuck off Tom! You and your ass hole buddies have not changed since high school. When are you going to grow the fuck up?" Said the object of my attentions, as she walked up fearlessly to face the one named Tom.

"What is it that you call yourself, oh yeah Drusilla right? What the fuck is that all about. You bitches are not vampires. Why can't you get that? What you need to do is take off all that black make up and clothes and get yourself a man." Tom said rather loudly, precipitating laughter and high fives from his three companions.

"Yeah we need a man just like you…someone who has a tiny cock and is a three hump chump. Oh… you did not tell your friends how you came on to me after homecoming senior year and when I gave you a shot you came even before I could touch it." Drusilla said causing his companions to ooooo and snicker.

"You shut the fuck up bitch….That never happened." Tom said as he rather roughly took hold of Drusilla's arm.

" Tell them that never happened bitch or I'm going to break your arm!" Tom said in almost a whisper as he pulled her to him.

At this point I had seen enough. I have always hated those who use there strength to take advantage and intimidate others. I walked over and tapped Tom on the back.

"Excuse me; I do no think the lady appreciates you holding her arm in that manor. So I suggest that you release her, apologies and be on your way."

"Who the fuck are you." Tom sneered as he looked down on me. He stood about 6 inches taller than me, and out weighed me by easily 60 lbs. And if I had not been who I was, I might have been intimidated. But, being who I was, I knew that he and his friends was not my equal.

"Who I am does not matter. What does matter is that if you do not release her and apologies I'm going to thrash you." I said.

"Guys do you hear this shit? Thrash me? Thrash me? Dude have you lost you mind? I will fucking kill you!" Tom said as he released Drusilla's arm and tuned his attention to me.

"And it will be over my dead body before I give any of these bitchs an apology!"

"Offer accepted. But do I really need to kill you? I mean I could not get an apology that way. How about I just beat the shit out of you?" I said with a slight snicker.

"Dude if you beat the shit out of me I will give these hoes an apology." Tom said and he smiled broadly turning to look at his friends as they laughed.

"Well then, shall we take this outside?" I said

"Yeah, let's get this over with." Tom said as he and his friends tuned and exited the shop.

As I began to follow, Drusilla took my arm "Look Mr., you do not have to do this."

I looked into her deep brown eyes and felt genuine concern for me. I pressed my finger to her soft pump lips and spoke to her mind. "***There is nothing to worry about little one. I will be alright; He and his friends is not my equal***."

She just stared at me; sure that she has heard my comments. But not so sure that she had seen my lips move.

I exited the shop, turning to look back at Drusilla, giving her a quick smile. It was then that heard the sound of Tom's fist as it cut through the air. I thought "Sucker punch." I could have easily evaded his blow but I was in the mood to have a little fun. His fist struck me hard on the chin. And had I been human, I would have surely been knocked to the ground. I turned to him, unfazed by his assault and smiled.

"Now that was not very sporting of you now were it?" I said.

He threw several more punches, which I easily evaded.

"Are we going to fight, or are you going to run like a bitch?" he screamed in anger.

"Well, I thought I would give you one more chance to apologize?" I said

"It's not going to happen!" he snared.

"Well then, I guess I have no other choice." And with that I move in and struck him in his side. I could hear his ribs break beneath my knuckles as my blow hit its mark. He doubled over and fell to the ground moaning in agony. His friend stood frozen wide eyed and open mouthed in shock.

I then reached down took him the collar; leaning in to his face I whispered "Now shall I have my apology or do I really have to kill you?"

He shook his head in acknowledgment and submission; and I released my grip, letting him fall the few inches I had lifted him off the ground. I turned back to the ladies and the small group of people who had gathers to witness the spectacle. I motioned for Drusilla and her friends to come out.

"I believe our friend here has something he would like to say to you" I said extending my hand in a motion to beckon them closer.

"I'm sorry, for what I said" Tom said with some distress.

His friends now awaken from their shock induced stupor; quickly gather their injured friend and promptly ushered him away.

"Thank you Mr." Drusilla said, giving me a sweet sexy smile.

"That asshole and his buddies have been giving us shit for years."

"First of all my name is Jackson, and secondly you are very welcome. I am glad that I could be of assistance."

"My name is Drusilla and these are my friends Stacy and Jennifer. Well anyway, thank you for your help. We have to get going, it was really nice to meet you."

As she turned away I gently took her arm and said

"Wait! Forgive me for taking your arm but before you go I have a question to ask."

"Ok, what is it?" Drusilla said as she turned her body to face me.

"By any chance have you ladies heard of the night club "Blood Lust"?"

"Yeah, that’s that vampire club about two blocks away right?" Jennifer said.

"Yes, we have heard of it. Why do you ask?" Drusilla said.

"Well, it is my club. And we are celebrating our 1 year anniversary tonight. And I was wondering if you ladies would be interested in joining in the festivities this evening. I have some VIP passes, and would love to give them to you if you are interested."

"Are you kidding? Interested? We have always wanted to go there, but it was so hard to get in. I mean, the place is always packed, and the line at the door is always so long." Drusilla said jumping up and down with excitement. Making her substantial bosom sway and bounce in a most seductive way.

"Well, tonight there is no line for you. Just walk to the front and hand the doorman these passes." I said as I reached to my coat to retrieve them.

"There is no need to bring any money ladies. You will be my special guest, and the whole night is on me."

The girls looked at each other with large beaming smiles for a moment. They then turned back to me and said in unison "We will be there!"

"Great!" I said "make sure when you arrive to ask for me."

"We will Jackson, and thanks for everything." Drusilla said. And with that they turned and were on their way; pausing only to turn and wave.

"This was a lot easier that I had thought it was going to be" I thought to myself, as I watched the ebb and flow of the three tight asses as they strolled away from me.

It was then that I heard a voice coming from the direction of the coffee shop entrance.

"Well, there is really more to you than meets the eye."

"Yes, there certainly is" I said, recognizing the voice to be that of Lisa my lovely waitress. Without turning around I said "Hey Lisa, what are you doing this weekend?"

"I do not know. What do you have in mind?" she responded.

"Well, I was thinking, drinks, dancing, and a bite." I said as Drusilla and her friends finally turned to

the next street out of my sight."

"Sounds like fun" she said.

"Great!" I said as I turned to face her.

"I have to get going now, but we can talk about it tomorrow over my morning tea."

"Ok with me" she said as a wicked grin began to form on her lips.

"***If you play it right Jackson…You might just get lucky…Who am I fooling, you're going to get Lucky***" She thought to herself.

I just smiled and thought "If she only knew that I could hear her thoughts"

I waved to Lisa and began to walk the few blocks back to my club and home. The streets were filled with people as they hurried about in their morning rush. And with the events of my morning, and the anticipation of the events to come playing in my mind I hardly noticed how quickly I had traversed the distance between the coffee shop and my club.

I unlocked the large heavy wooden gothic doors and entered the darkness of the main lounge. Securing the door behind me, I made my way pass the large deep blood red couches that filled the main lounge area. The sound of my shoes echoed in the darkness as I crossed the main dance floor to the massive wooden main bar. I placed my hand on the smooth aged wood and reached to find the light switch hidden behind the counter. I flicked the switch witch caused the very few lights that speckled the club to glow. Now in reality, there was really no need for me to turn the light on because I could see very clearly in near pitch black. But I wanted to get a look at what my customers would be seeing when they arrived later this evening.

My club was broken down in to four large rooms, one main lounge, the master bar, the main dance floor and a smaller more intimate lounge. The walls were painted a dark deep blood red and covered with an assortment of gothic paintings. The main lounge was filled with ten large couches that all faced the grand fireplace. The smaller lounge had twenty love seats placed against the walls, with each being separated by long flowing blood red velvet curtains. In the center of this room was smaller bar surrounded by black leather barstools. The main dance floor was the largest of the rooms, and had hard wood cherry floors and an assortment of small tables and barstools dotted around its perimeter. The master bar had a massive cherry wood counter surrounded with the same black leather barstools as the smaller bar. It also had twenty cherry wood tables with four black leather chairs each, and a six candle candelabras as the centerpieces.

I stared for a moment and remember when I had purchased the space. It was an old warehouse when I got it. Now I had breathed life into the once dead old building. I thought to myself of the irony of the situation. How an undead creature had given new life to an old forgotten dead structure.

I made my way past the master bar to the door that led up to my living area. I quickly climbed the stairs and opened the door to my loft. I placed my keys down on my massive 10 x 10 oak coffee table, and sank down in to my plush living room couch. I closed my eyes and my mind quickly returned to thoughts of Drusilla. So caught up in my thoughts about her that I almost did not hear the sounds of a heart beat as it slowly approached me from behind.

"Good morning Misha" I said

"Fuck, I thought that I would try to give you a bit of a scare."

Misha was one of my two familiars. Her and her sister Lana had come to be in my service several years ago. I freed them from a Russian mobster human trafficker when I lived in NYC. They had been enticed to the states with promises of work and a new life, only to have their passports taken and to be forced into a life of prostitution. Luckily for them I found them before they were forced to walk the streets.

For those who do not know, a familiar is a human that is in the service of a vampire either out of fear, or out of the desire to be turned someday themselves. They were also believed to watch over the vampire while he or she slept during the day. Misha and Lana however did not fit any of these descriptions. First, they did not fear me. In fact, they had expressed on numerous occasions that they felt safer with me than with anyone in the world. Secondly, they had no desire to be turned, stating that they were very happy being human. The situation worked out well for me because eternity does get lonely sometimes. And it is always been good to have a few friends, be you human or vampire. Besides, it helps that I have a few warm bodies around that I can feed on when ever the need hits.

Misha wrapped her arms around my neck and placed a gentle kiss beneath my ear.

"How was you morning?" She asked her slight accent only making her soft melodious voice sound sexier.

"My morning was uneventful. Where is Lana?" I asked.

"Lana had class this morning. She said that she would be back by noon, and would finish setting up the bar then." she said

Misha walked around the couch and sat on the coffee table before me. Misha stands 5ft 7 at 127 lbs with jet black hair and ice blue eyes. She has large firm 36 D breast, and a tight round heart shaped ass. As she sat down in front of me dressed only in one of white dress shirts she slowly crossed her long sexy legs.

"So have you eaten?" Misha asked, as she slowly undid the one of the four buttons held her breast at bay.

"No, I have not" I said reaching to assist her with the remaining buttons.

"Well then" she said, pushing my hands away as she stood up.

"I guess I better feed you" she said, as her long delicate fingers undid the final buttons of the dress shirt. She placed her hands on my shoulders for support as she lowered herself on to my lap. As she leaned in to kiss me, I felt the pressure of her firm breast as they pressed against my chest. I ran my hand down her long flexible legs until I reached her tight ass. I looked into her ice blue eyes as our lips met. Her touch was electric, sending shocks down my spine to my now awakening hardness. She placed her hands on the sides of my face as she pulled me deeper into our connection. As our tongues met she moaned ever so softly. I ran my hands across her ass and up her back relishing the sensation of her soft hot skin. She drove her lips voraciously, ravenous in to mine as if she was trying to devour me. I moved my hand up her back and took hold of her long jet black locks and pulled gently exposing the soft sweet skin of her neck. She gave a small whimper of disapproval as she did not wish to break our kiss so soon. I began to slowly, lovingly kiss and lick under her ear, down to her collarbone and back up to just under her chin. She let out a small moan as my tongue traced small circles on her tender hot skin. I let may hands fall from her hair, down her shoulders and over her barely covered breast. I opened the shirt and cupping each breast in my large strong hands. As I began to run my fingers over her over her nipples my fingers touched cold metal. I pulled my hands back quickly as I realized she was wearing her nipple rings. Awaken from my oral induced trance and my quick movements she looked down at me.

"Relax Jackson" she said as her red lips curled in a wicked grin.

"They are stainless steel. I threw the silver ones away along time ago."

"Relax you say. It was not you who had a silver burn on his tongue for two weeks." I said.

"Poor baby, is the big bad vampire afraid of a few little nipple rings" she said in a baby mocking tone.

"You’re the one who should be afraid" I said as I began to change into my true vampuric form.

"Now that is what I have been waiting for." she said as she watched in amazement.

Now, she had seen me change maybe a thousand times before, but never seemed to tire of the grand spectacle of it all. Maybe it was the growing K9s, or how me eyes turned black. Or maybe it was because she knew of the other not so obvious changes that accompanied my turning. You see, beyond the eyes and teeth, my body also changes slightly during the turning process. My muscles grow larger and more defined, and my tongue also grows longer. And then there is my manhood. Before I was turned, and in my human form, my manhood is nothing to be ashamed of. At seven inches in length and having considerable girth, I was proud of what I had to offer. But in my vampire state it grew two inches in length and gained about an inch in girth becoming truly a force to be reckoned with.

I looked into her and heard her heart beat quicken, and I knew she could feel the rapidly expanding bulge in my pants. She slid off my lap and down to her knees and quickly began to liberate my hardness from its encasement. My length sprang forth unshackled, throbbing and angry. And she understood that just like the mythical blades of the samurai, once unsheathed, it could not be placed back with out tasting blood.

With my length loosed to the morning air she nimbly finished separated me from my lower garments. Placing my pants in bunch at her side she turned her full attention back to what was set before her. A small moan escaped her lips as she wrapped her manicured fingers around my hardness. She slowly stroked my shaft, as she looked up into my eyes. I watched as my head slipped between the crimson softness of her lips.

"***Ahhhhhh, you are far too good at this***" I said speaking directly to her mind.

"***I should be, I have been giving you head almost twice a day for a year***." she said in her thoughts.

We often had conversations this way. She would go down on me and we would mentally chat as she did so. It was kind of our thing.

"***Did you confirm the band for tonight***" I asked

"***Do I ever forget to take care of things….or of you***" she responded.

"***No... I'm sorry for……holy shit!! That feels great***…" I said as I felt her tongue encircle my now

blood filled cap.

"***As much as I love going down on you…and you know I do…I'm really kind of turned on this morning. And I was wondering if you would mind if we just jumped into the main event***." She said as she increased her suction and tongue assault...

"***As you wish***" I said.

No sooner had the words left my mind, was she back up on my lap with my cock head rubbing against her tight saturated entrance. "I have been waiting for this all morning" she said as she allowed her body to slide down on my length. Her insides gripped me tightly as pushed herself down further until she had fully engulfed all that I had to offer. I watched her face as I bottomed out in her torrid recesses. Her eyes were closed, and she bit her lip as I filled her wanting void. "It never fails; every time is like the first time. You always fill me up so completely." she said as she began to rhythmically thrust her hips.

"And like the first time you are always tight as a vice." I said.

I took hold of her breast and began to lick, suck and pull on her ringed nipples. "Ohhh God that feels nice" she said clasping my head in her hands, and drawing me deeper to her breast. I seized her hips, driving deeper into her reaches, cherishing the delicious sensations of her honeyed pink flower. "Come on my lovely monster, stop being so dammed gentle...Give it to me!" she demanded.

"Remember that you asked for this" I said in a low growl.

I grabbed a hold of her ass and stood up. She screamed in pain and rapture as the full weight of her body was now being supported no my hardness. I moved with the blink of the eye quickness of a vampire, sandwiching her body between mine and the wall. She gasped a loud at the sheer surprise and force of the impact with the wall. I forced myself deeper into her body increasing the fury with each thrust.

"God Yes…Yes…Yes. More…more give me more." she chanted, as she tightly wrapped her legs around my back. I pounded her body with out mercy, and with such force, causing nearby paintings to fall smashing to the floor. "Is this what you want Misha? Is this what you crave?" I said

"OH God Yes…Yes….This is what I want….Ooooo I'm soo close" She screamed

I already knew this. I could smell it on her skin. I could taste it every time I licked her flesh. My vampire eyes allowed me to see the heat as her sweet blood rushed to fill her inflamed erogenous

zones.

My nose was filled with the sweet aroma of her sex, as her juices overflowed and ran down shaft.

"Do it …Do it now!!" she screamed, as I felt the first trimmers of her approaching bliss. I thrust into her once more, as her body began to tremble with the first wave of orgasmic bliss

"Ohhhhh God!" she screamed, my K9s piercing the tender skin of her neck. Her essence; all hot, thick and sweet filled my mouth. With every pull of suction from my lips I felt her sex grip my hardness pulling me deeper with each contraction. I listened to her heart beat as it pumped her life giving ambrosia. I loved the taste of blood during an orgasm. I do not know if the endorphins, the adrenaline or both that makes are it so delectable. But what ever it is, no sin in hell or not rapture in heaven is its equal.

"Sooo good" She whispered as she lost consciousness.

I took one more gulp, and slowly removed my teeth from her flesh. I licked the wounds knowing that my saliva would heal them instantaneously. I carried her over to the couch and gently placed her down. "Rest well my little familiar; we have a big night ahead of us." I said sanding over her sleeping body, my cock still hard and throbbing.

"So Lana, are you going to lurk in the hallway all day or are you going to come in?" I said as peered over my shoulder,

"How long have you known I was here?" she asked in a slightly puzzled voice.

"I heard you when you came in down stairs. And I have smelled the excitement between your legs the whole time you were standing outside the door." I said as I turned to face her

"Damned vampire senses" she said as she openly stared and my still erect hardness.

"Yes, damn indeed" I said as I began to walk towards her.

Lana looked lovely in her short black skirt and white blouse. She was as appealing as her sister with her short brown hair and green eyes. She was not as tall as Misha, standing only5ft 4.But she did share her sisters large 36d breast, and round plump ass.

"You guys were really going at it." she said as she took a few steps into the living room.

"Yes, we were. And I seemed to have worn your sister out." I said taking another step towards her.

"I can see that…..Well at least she passed out with a mile on her face." she said taking a step back, to my step forward.

"But as you can see, the beast has not been appeased" I said glancing down at my rock hard manhood.

"So what are you going to do?" she said in a meek childish voice.

"I think you know what I am going to do." I said as I ran my long vampuric tongue across my K9s.

With that she began to run out of the living room down the hall to her bed room.

"So is this the game" I said to myself and moved to catch her. Moving as fast as vampires do, I had no problem overtaking her. In fact she did not even see me as I passed her, reaching her room just as she entered and before she closed the door. She leaned against the door a giggled, totally unaware that I was standing behind her. She placed her ear to the door listening for the sound of my approaching footstep.

"Giving up so quickly are you…I thought you said the beast had not been appeased." She said in a mocking tone, thinking that she had escaped me or that I had not given chase.

"***Did you think you would get away so easily***" I said to her mind

I then wrapped my arms around her, causing a scream of surprise.

"Ass hole! You scared the shit out of me!" she said trying her best to look angry.

"Damned vampire speed…..you take all the fun out of the chase." she said as she pressed her ample bottom against my length.

"I'm sorry, next time I will let you get away." I said as I placed my hands on her hips and turned her to face me.

"No…Don't ever let me go" she said with a wicked grin, as she pushed my hands away and crawled up on her bed.

She got on all four and looked over shoulder at me.

"Well, you have caught and claim you prize.

I walked over slowly, taking in the wonder that was laid out before me. I placed my hands on her hips and gently massaged the porcelain white masterpiece that was her ass. With one masterful pull, I ripped the black lace panties from her body. She shrieked in surprise, and then moaned in acceptance.

I fell to my knees, as I prepared to worship at the temple of her

Pink flower. I inhaled deeply, taking in the sweet musk of her sex. I ran my tongue slowly over the petals of her pink flower, exploring every inch, and every fold. I tasted her sweet nectar and my lust was set a blaze. I drove deep into her, my lips slick, hot and covered with her honeyed juices. I grabbed her hips and pulled her back as so to accommodate my ravenous oral attentions. "Ooooo ...I love that …ummmmm that is soo good" she whispered.

I stood up unable to hold back my lust any longer. I took hold of my cock and slowly slid into her burning passage. I pushed deeper and deeper and deeper until I was sure that I was touching her very soul. I pulled my full length out of her only to ram it back.

"Oh …Oh…. Oh….God yes!!" she screamed with each of my powerful thrust. Her walls gripped me, beckoning me, calling me, demanding me to push further and harder. I watched her small hands as they tore at the bed sheet with every thrust. "Jackson!!!...Oh God Jackson….It's so big!! ..Give it to me….Harder…fuck me harder!!" she screamed

I increased my pace, and the force of my assault pushing her from her knees to flat on her belly. The change of position did nothing to assuage my onslaught. In fact, it only served to fuel the inferno that was my lust. I lean up on my arms with the sole purpose being to change the angle of my attack. I wanted; I needed to go deeper, to push her limits. "I'm coming……I'm coming…O Goooood! She screamed as her body froze, then violently shook, over and over again. Her movements and screams pushed me over the edge as I felt the surge of pleasure rush from the base of my ball and explode down my shaft. "Ugggg" I moaned as rope after rope of my essence blast from me with each heavy contraction.

We lay still for a moment, as we floated in our post orgasmic bliss.

"That….was fucking hot!!" Lana said our bodies still connected, and I still feeling the small contractions of her sugary walls, "Are you two going to lie there all day?" I turned to see Misha Standing in the door smiling.

"Oh, so you are awake?" I asked as I slowly pulled myself from her sister's body.

"Yes, you two were so loud you could have waked the dead….so to speak. So if you two are done, Lana and I have some thing to do before the party tonight. Come on Lana, we can play some more tonight." Misha said

"You are no fun" Lana said as she hopped from the bed.

"And you my little monster had better get some rest, we have a long night ahead of us" Misha said shaking her finger at me.

"Yes dear…But be sure wake me as soon as the sunsets." I said

"Yes, yes we know the drill…rest well." Misha said as her and Lana walked out of the room.

"We have a long night ahead of us" I thought to myself.

"Just long enough for me to get to know the lovely Drusilla."

And with that I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.