

Encounter: Club C

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Club C

Club C smelled of sex.

The musky air assaulted my nostrils and stirred my loins. This shouldn't have surprised me because on five raised stages couples were fornicating to the beat of African drums and the rhythm of strobe lighting.

Chloe pulled on my leash and led me from the door where she'd shown her pass to the penguin suited maître de. Entry to Club C was strictly by invitation only and my mistress was, if nothing else, well connected.

She led me to a corner booth and slid her svelte form behind the table. She tugged the leash and I jumped up onto the seat beside her. She rubbed my ears. A naked waiter with a studded collar appeared from the shadows. Chloe ordered a Bloody Mary. The waiter snapped his fingers and a naked waitress appeared beside him holding a tray of glasses. The waiter tapped the ornate cannula which protruded from her collar and filled a highball glass with her blood.

Had she ordered a Bloody Michael the waiter, I assume, would have tapped his own cannula. The waitress, her donation made, returned to the shadows.

Chloe took a sip and the sweet scent of copper wafted over me. She dipped her finger into the glass and offered it to me. I lapped at the blood, letting the human

energy fizz on my wolfen tongue. I nuzzled her palm and she rewarded me with another drop.

As this was our first trip to LA it was also our first time in Club C. Chloe had been invited by the local vamp elder who wanted to get into her pants. When he told her one of the joint's attractions she had assented to coming, as a treat to me.

I hoped it was a sign she was trying to make up for the fact that she let the said elder actually get into her pants and I was forced to watch. I am her bodyguard, after all. Being an elder she has to play the political games vampires play, and that involves occasionally bedding other vamps.

Chloe, I should say, is a stunningly beautiful elder vampire. She is tall, slim, athletic and stacked. She has gossamer fine blonde hair that flowed like milk to her waist and translucent eyes which glow crimson when she is aroused. She had, long ago saved me from certain death, so I was naturally devoted to her. But I had fallen in love with her long before that, and she knows it. For some unfathomable sense of vamp ethics she keeps me, a wolfen and traditional servant of vamps, at arms length. I think she feels guilty about that. I know that may be a form of wishful thinking, but I live in hope.

She avoided my wolfen gaze while she placed the order with the waiter and less than a minute later five naked women appeared and stood at attention in front of our booth. These were wolfen or vampire wannabes, volunteers subjecting themselves to our pleasures in the expectation of being turned and given the gift of immortality. Without such people as these satisfying our enormous lusts, I doubt humankind would survive a month.

Chloe undid my leash. I looked at her with what I hoped was polite disdain. "I believe you are to select a partner and take her on the stage."

I shook my head. I really didn't want to do it. I've had men and women since Chloe took me into her service. I'm a healthy male, after all. But I didn't want to do it front of her. I desired Chloe, with every cell in my body. I wanted her to be mine. Fucking some random woman in front of her, even if it was her idea, would not make

that desire a reality. It would only increase the distance between us. Something she seemed hell bent on achieving.

“Make a choice or I’ll be very angry.”

It would mean loss of face for her if it became known that her servant refused her order. Reluctantly I turned into human form. She let her gaze slide down to my crotch. There she saw the inevitable effect the miasma of sex which permeated the air had wrought on my body. “That’s better.”

I went to the waiter and whispered in his ear. He checked with Chloe who, after raising an immaculately sculpted eyebrow, gave him a slight nod of assent. A moment later three naked and well hung males appeared and stood beside the women. I considered the males like a general inspected his troops. I chose a tall well built guy with solid thighs and a tight butt.

“Do you desire one of these women?” I whispered to him. “Go to her and take her hand.” His face registered both surprise and excitement before he hesitantly followed my instructions. He stood beside a very attractive blonde, who gave him a loving glance and took his hand in hers.

I met Chloe’s gaze. She was clearly intrigued.

The waiter clicked his fingers and the other humans marched away. The two remaining led me through the dancing audience to the nearest of the elevated stages. The couple who had been fornicating, a wolfen and a human wannabe, had recently vacated the stage and the air was thick with their body heat and lust.

The scent of come and pussy was almost overwhelming. My cock hardened and pulsed in anticipation. The couple stood beside me and I pushed them both to their knees, one either side of my erect cock. Looking through the strobing lights I set my eyes on Chloe as I pushed the couple’s faces and mouths onto my hard on.

“Kiss each other over my cock,” I directed them.

They did so without hesitation. Their lips and tongues caressed my cock and despite the public nature of our fucking I was as hard as a rock. The guy ran his hands

over my buttocks and fingered my asshole as he sucked. With his other hand he fondled the girl's breasts.

It was a perfect little threesome. After a few moments I arranged them into a sixty-nine position, the guy on top. They took to this scenario with youthful enthusiasm. With my eyes fixed on Chloe I positioned myself behind his upturned ass and fed my dick into his tight asshole.

He buried his groan at the intrusion. Grasping him by the hips I pushed myself all the way home. My balls hung above the girl's face and on the in stroke she licked me as my thrusting took up the rhythm of the music and the chanting of the audience.

Chloe gazed at me, her beautiful face fixed in an expressionless mask. I wondered what she thought of my little show. The guy kept eating his girlfriend's pussy as I fucked him, making her writhe in ecstasy and lick my balls with unfettered energy. She found my asshole with a finger and slid it deep inside. She began stroking that sensitive spot within, expertly increasing the rhythm. I heard her groan as his tongue took her to orgasm and in short order my cock swelled inside the guy's asshole and I howled in climax, pumping come into his tensing body. He came then as well, filling his girlfriend's mouth with his come.

I disengaged myself and as a reward for them transformed back into wolfen form, baring my teeth and licking the sweat from their flesh. The audience cheered and screamed its appreciation at the symbolic turning.

I stood over them for a few moments, resisting the urge to actually take their flesh before loping back to Chloe. I jumped onto the seat beside her. She considered me with those deep pellucid eyes, and as usual her face was an expressionless mask.

She reattached my leash and we left immediately, the set of her shoulders told me more eloquently than words ever could that she wasn't happy. "I think this is one venue to which we will never return," she said.

That was as close to an admission of jealousy as I was likely to get, but what the hell, I'll take it.

As I walked beside her I let my muzzle brush her leg and I breathed in her scent letting it wash away the stink of the club. She reached down and patted my head. I was immortal, and so was she. I'd decided long ago to take the long view to seducing my mistress. This was the first chink in her defenses and for the first time in years I felt my patience was being rewarded.

"You surprised me," she said as we settled into the back of her limousine. "When we get home I'll find you a little male playmate, shall I?"

Uh-oh. It may take me longer than I thought.

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