



MtF VAMPIRE
BODY SWAP

DARK LORD'S
Mistress
PART 2

WWW.FLEETINGS



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Dark Lord's Mistress

Part 2 of 4

by M. Wills

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Sanda

“You have been busy, Sanda,” a laughing voice spoke up, making Sanda pause in the hallway.

Ilana stepped out of the darkness, the silver filigree of her midnight-black dress glinting in the torch light. Her raven-black hair was pinned back and covered by an elegant coiffe. The ruby choker around her pale neck matched the color of her blood-red lips, which were curled into a knowing smile.

“Ilana,” Sanda responded coldly. “What are you doing here? I thought the castle had been cleared of vermin.”

The two women faced each other. Sanda’s magnificent ruby-red dress spilled like a waterfall down her body, the crinoline at her waist causing it to pool out into a radiant arc around her. Ilana’s dress was grand, but Sanda’s outdid hers by an order of magnitude. Each thread was perfect. Sigils embroidered in black stood out from the rich red silk, seeming to dance with each motion of her body. The dress brought out the deep red highlights of Sanda’s brunette hair, which spilled down her back.

“A little bat told me of your adventures in the village,” Ilana said, flashing white teeth in a grin.

“Is that so?” Sanda said, clasping her hands and staring into Ilana’s black eyes. “And what did this little bat tell you?”

“He told me you feasted on a young man. What would Lord Covaci say if he found you had been stealing his livestock?”

Sanda stared daggers at Ilana. They had both been turned into vampires by Lord Covaci. They both owed him their eternal youth and vigor. Sanda had been a vampire for longer but had been turned later in life, frozen in appearance at the physical age of thirty. Ilana still appeared to be the youth of nineteen that she'd been at her turning. They were both now much older even than that.

A vampire lord had one wife but many mistresses. In Lord Covaci's case he had three, all of them ensconced in his castle and all of them bitter rivals for his favor. Sanda, as his wife, should have been afforded respect but instead found herself constantly defending her position, using cruelty and brutality to keep the others in their places. She'd come to love it, craving the tortured cries of her blood sisters as she strung them up and played out her most cruel and depraved tortures on them. Their misery was even more pleasurable than her lord's admiration.

His was a heavy thing. Choking. Stifling. Always rules. Don't kill those whom Lord Covaci had marked for his own. Don't play with your food, pretending to set it free before chasing it through the hallways and laughing as it begs for mercy. Don't spread entrails through the castle. Sanda was growing to hate it. They were vampires. They had eternity in which to try everything. And yet he still seemed to be hung up on the predilections he'd had as a human. Wasn't the point of being a vampire to leave everything human behind?

Ilana was the worst of Sanda's blood sisters. Had it not been for the strictest prohibition on a vampire killing another vampire enforced by the Council, one of them would have done away with the other centuries ago. As it was, they were constant rivals.

“Do you think our lord will ever love you as much as he loves me?” Sanda purred dangerously.

“Do you think our lord will ever find you as attractive as he finds me?” Ilana responded, reaching up to stroke a ruby red choker that clung to her neck.

“Where did you get that?” Sanda demanded.

“This? It was a gift from Lord Covaci.”

Though Lord Covaci’s admiration was stifling, it did provide Sanda a further degree of power over his mistresses. That her lord was now giving this wench such gifts was unpardonable.

“Give it to me,” Sanda hissed.

“I shall not,” Ilana replied, barring her teeth. “Now if you will excuse me, our lord has requested me.”

Ilana turned but Sanda shot out her hand and grabbed Ilana’s arm, her nails now claws digging into Ilana’s flesh. Sanda had no flash of premonition, nothing that warned her of imminent danger to herself. Such premonitions had made her reckless, coming as they did only when she was at risk of dying or being utterly defeated. Conversely, the lack of such premonitions likely meant victory. These

premonitions had only begun after Lord Covaci had turned her. She had not told anyone of them, understanding that keeping them secret made them more powerful.

“Release me,” Ilana growled, her incisors growing sharp as she prepared to fight.

Sanda’s lips curled as her incisors lengthened and sharpened as well. The rim of her eyes turned yellow and she swiped at Ilana’s face with her claws but the younger woman was quick and danced back, grabbing Sanda’s hand once it had breezed past her face. They grappled with each other in the darkened hallway. Ilana slipped out of Sanda’s clasp and turned to face her, leaping forward suddenly in a move almost too fast to see.

Razor-sharp fingernails sliced through the air. Limbs twirled. Splashes of cold blood dripped from Sanda’s cheek as Ilana slashed her. Ilana was wilder, stronger, moving like a hellcat, all claws and teeth and limbs, her moves blurry with speed so that Sanda was forced to step back and back until she reached the wall and could back away no more. Speed was Ilana’s power and she used it to her advantage, whirling, slicing through the air, cutting Sanda’s cheeks and lips, ripping the bodice of her dress and driving jagged claw marks down her chest in an agony of exquisite pain.

Ilana had never been this vicious before. Backed against the wall with a wild Ilana closing in, Sanda felt a new power welling up inside her, as if something ephemeral had been shaken loose. Without thinking she hurled herself towards Ilana, wrapped her arms around her to stifle those claws even as she took several more slashes and her dress was torn to ribbons. Sanda breathed out deeply, felt the world spin and flip.

Suddenly, Sanda was being held tight by someone. That someone gasped and

stepped back into the light of the flickering torch. The woman cried out in utter despair and looked down at her torn ruby-red dress then back up to Sanda. But the woman was Sanda. Or it was Sanda's body at least.

Sanda looked down at herself, saw the magnificent midnight-black dress of Ilana, saw the valley of Ilana's mountainous chest thrust out on her own torso, saw Ilana's fingers and nails, all now controlled by Sanda, moving beneath her command. Sanda was in Ilana's body.

"What have you done?" Ilana-in-Sanda whispered.

Power flooded Sanda and she pounced on Ilana, using her new body's speed to rip her old body to shreds. Blood splashed against wall and floor. Sanda's teeth clamped around Ilana's neck and she tore her jugular, opening her mouth wide to drink down the cool, sticky, spicy vampire blood. Ilana gurgled and clawed feebly at Sanda and Sanda drank until she was full and Ilana's body was still.

She may have yet healed, but Sanda, invigorated by her newfound power, her new body, dragged her former self through the castle and hid her atop the highest turret. She could have beheaded Ilana and ended her permanently and quickly. Instead, she sliced into Ilana's body, stringing her up by her own intestines and leaving her there in fear, waiting for the sun to find her and turn her to ash.

Then Sanda fled, free from her lord. Free from responsibility. Free and young once more.

Layton

Layton lay in dead silence inside the pitch-black coffin. As the rocks had been piled on top he'd clawed at the inside of the coffin, desperate for release, until his nails grew ragged, his fingers bloodied and blistered and studded with splinters. He'd screamed until his voice broke and his throat was raw, an inhuman wail degrading into choked sobs. His fingers and claws had healed soon after he stopped his futile scrabbling. He was enclosed inside the space, barely room to move, crammed into the small coffin in his full dress and regalia.

He had no idea how long he'd been panicking and clawing. Minutes? Hours? Days? Time meant nothing in the utter black stillness. No heart beat in his chest, no blood pulsed in his veins, no breath escaped his lips. The utter silence was maddening, making him question whether he even still existed. Maybe he'd died and this was eternity. This endless, maddening nothing.

Layton couldn't even shift in the coffin and was stuck on his back with his legs stretched out beneath him, his hands clasped on his strange new chest. How could he survive a thousand years like this?

At some point in his confinement Layton began talking to himself, babbling at first, desperate for any sound to keep him company.

"What has happened? This can't be real. None of this is real. Who am I? I am Layton. They think I am Sanda. Or is it Ilana? Who are they? This is madness. None of this is real."

The babbling kept the fear at bay, the fear that he would lie here for a thousand years as the coffin slowly degraded and the stones crushed him and, as an immortal, he would live in the utter pain until he was freed. Crushed as bugs and vermin fed on him while he constantly regenerated.

Layton slept and he woke and he talked to himself and slept some more. More time passed. Each second ticked by and he retreated into himself, hallucinating from the lack of stimulus. He saw his mother and his sister. Saw himself as they would see him now: a terrible, beautiful monster.

They recoiled as he tried to prove who he was. He killed them. He sat at their table. He hungered for them.

He was facing the Council at the trial, begging for his life. He was in his own body—a young man!—and yet they still sentenced him to burial, or attacked him and bled him dry, or he attacked them and died.

He was in a strange castle room. A sweet and terrible vampire lord welled up in front of him. He hated and feared and loved the dark creature that filled his world.

There was another woman. A vampire like him. Layton hated her for her good looks, for stealing his dark lord's favor. They fought and then he was she. In the body of the woman he hated and coveted. He laughed at his vengeance, stringing his rival up in a turret before fleeing. The laugh in his vision became real, echoing through the coffin. A laugh of madness. Of hate and terror and fear and anger and lust.

The visions were so real and he lived them over and over, until they were more real than his present predicament.

At some point a sound intruded into his visions. It gradually became louder and he became aware it was not part of his visions. The darkness of the inside of the coffin once again filled his vision as he returned to reality. The sound was coming from above him. The solid grating of heavy stones shifting. A low grunt. A thick stone being tossed with a thunk. And then more stones grating across the lid of the coffin. Stones being lifted. He could sense the lightness above him.

“Help me!” Layton cried out, no longer startled by the utterly feminine sound of his voice.

“Be quiet,” Muttered a low growl that sent goosebumps up and down Layton’s body. “If I am found we both shall be punished.”

It was the voice of Paine, the giant who had captured Layton.

Layton stilled, wondering what the giant had in store for him. He listened to the sounds of Paine freeing the coffin. Then the world tilted in jerks. Layton felt the coffin being held up. Spun. Tilted over the lip of a deep hole and dragged out. More movement as the box he was ensconced within was hefted up somewhere else. Then the light jingle of a horse and the creak of a wheel signaled the beginning of a journey heading out of hell but possibly into something far worse.

Layton didn’t know how long they travelled. His coffin was lifted and moved

several times. He waited patiently, biding his time. The madness of his isolation had changed him. Shown him visions of things of which he could not possibly have known. He felt not quite human, as if Sanda had left some of herself inside this body and it was changing him. The anger of his visions remained as a low undercurrent thrumming through each thought. The wildness was there, just on the edge of perception, waiting to rush in.

Finally, the coffin he lay in was lifted and came to rest with a solid thunk for a final time. Indistinct voices murmured, and then one voice cut through. It was clear and cold and made Layton stir in ways both sensual and terrifying.

“Break those sigils and remove her from there,” the voice commanded.

Paine began chanting, low and indistinct. There was a series of twangs, like metal growing brittle and popping in heat. The coffin lid was lifted and shoved aside. Layton lay blinking up into low torchlight, staring up at a vaulted ceiling of gray stone.

A man stepped into view. Powerful and frightful with icy good looks, a chiseled jaw, and dark, piercing eyes. He was dressed in a pitch black suit with silver tie and cufflinks. Layton recognized him as one of the vampires at the court where Layton had been sentenced. Lord Covaci.

“Welcome home, Ilana,” Lord Covaci said.

His voice thrilled Layton deep in his core and in a way that was decidedly Sanda. Covaci stretched out his hand to help Layton out of the coffin. Layton took it and their connection was almost electric, shooting a burst of energy and

excitement through Layton. He stood slowly on shaky feet and, though he had the strength to stand on his own, he feigned exhaustion for an excuse to fall towards Covaci and clutch him, one hand landing on Covaci's broad chest. Layton breathed in the rich spicy scent of his protector before standing tall once more.

The room in which they stood was a grand bedroom without windows. An unearthly fire burned in the hearth, the blue white flames throwing flickering light but no heat around the room. A four-poster bed took up much of the room. Two doorways stood on either side of the bed, through which Layton could see rich brocaded suits and all manner of fancy dress. A solid oak door behind him was locked and barred.

“Do not think my saving you means you are forgiven, Ilana,” Covaci said coldly. “Indeed, you may find your time here less comforting than your coffin.”

Layton was under no illusion that Covaci would believe him about swapping bodies with Sanda any more than the vampires of the court had been. His innocence had been dealt a fatal blow from the madness he suffered in his coffin, and he thought it better to say nothing and try to figure out what had happened on his own. So he simply bowed his head.

“Nothing to say to that?” Covaci said. “Perhaps your time in solitude has taught you something.”

There was the lightest of titters from beyond the closed door behind him. A sound almost too soft to be heard but which caused both Covaci and Layton to turn their heads. Covaci shot a look at Paine, who loomed behind Layton.

“I thought I told you to occupy them with distractions,” Covaci said.

“Your pardon, Lord Covaci,” Paine replied with a slight bow. “But your mistresses do not let anything in the castle pass them by.”

“Of course, you are right,” Covaci sighed. “Then go out and guard this door. See to it that Crina and Marishka are kept away while I have...words with Ilana.”

Paine bowed again and then hauled open the wooden door with a creak. He pulled it shut behind him and Covaci slid the bar down into the slot with a heavy clunk. He turned to Layton, who stood still, waiting to see what would happen.

“Why did you kill Sanda?” Covaci asked. “What madness overtook you?”

“I know not, my lord,” Layton demurred, staring down at the floor.

“Nothing unusual happened beforehand? She manifested no unusual powers? There was no premonition of a fight?”

Layton raised his eyes and looked at Covaci, straining to see whether there was any hint that Covaci knew of the visions of the future that Layton had experienced as Sanda. Sanda’s voice inside his mind told him it would be best to keep that secret.

“Nothing, my lord,” Layton replied.

Covaci stepped towards him. Less than a hand’s length separated the two of them. Layton’s body hummed with electric energy from Covaci’s closeness. His eyes were drawn to Covaci’s cruel lips, his striking cheekbones, the sharp cut of his jaw. The power radiating off Covaci called to Layton. God, he wanted this man as he’d wanted no one else.

“You are hiding something from me,” Covaci said.

Layton forced himself to lock eyes with Covaci and stared into the inky depths. They were a void, sucking him in, commanding him to give his all to Covaci. Were he only Layton he would have been unable to resist the vampire’s hypnosis, but the bit of Sanda inside was enough to inoculate him against the dark lord’s mesmerizing gaze. Just. To Sanda’s mind, this was the man who enslaved her and forced his own rules upon her. She would not bow down to him. And yet she craved him. Desperately.

“I would not,” Layton replied, letting his mouth remain open slowly and drawing his tongue seductively along his lips.

Covaci’s hand flashed out and his cold fingers grabbed Layton’s neck in a steel grip and hoisted him in the air until his feet dangled off the floor. Covaci’s touch was almost orgasmic and Layton would have gasped in pleasure if he could talk. Covaci’s grip tightened around Layton’s throat. If Layton still required breath he would have asphyxiated in the vampire’s clutches. They both glared at each other, hate and desire fighting each other in Covaci’s eyes.

“You have killed my wife. I should leave you to rot but I need to know why. What possessed you?” Covaci shook him hard and Layton opened his mouth in a silent laugh as his body tingled with need. “And why do I need you so much?”

Covaci dropped his arm and brought Layton’s lips to his. Covaci tasted rich, like freshly turned earth. His lips were soft, yielding to Layton’s own as he opened his mouth for his lord and wrapped his slender arms around Covaci’s body. Covaci kissed him fiercely, still gripping him by the neck, thumb digging into Layton’s jugular as Covaci’s tongue slid into Layton’s desperate mouth.

Covaci released him and they scrambled for each other, Layton’s fingernails turning to razor-sharp clothes so he could slash away Covaci’s clothes. Covaci, in turn, mumbled something indistinct, which made the silver filigree of Layton’s dress fade to a dull grey. Then he grabbed the fabric and wrenched open both dress and petticoat.

The cold air caressed Layton’s slender body and Covaci pressed him onto the bed, yanking off the remainder of the dress around his slender ankles. Layton fell back, exposed and naked in Sanda’s body for the first time.

Layton leaned on his elbows and looked down himself. Sanda’s body stretched out beneath his vision. Her skin was pale and smooth and flawless. Two incredible breasts hung from her chest, buoyant and firm, the nipples of each already spiked to attention from Covaci’s handling of Layton. Sanda’s belly was trim, her hips flaring out gently, leading down to long, lean legs. The dark triangle of hair between her thighs was wild and unruly, and Layton felt her desire coursing through her body. Felt himself growing wet and ready for his lover as an ache formed within him.

Covaci approached the bed. He, too, was naked, with the body of a Greek statue.

Chiseled and smooth. His manhood was at full mast, jutting out from the coarse dark hair between his legs, bobbing gently as he strode towards Layton, who unconsciously spread his legs, revealing the slightest flash of pink of his strange new sex.

Covaci hovered at the edge of the bed and stared down at Layton, need written across his face as he gazed at Layton's perfect body. Layton dragged a finger down his chest and let his fingers play across a breast, stroking gently. His body felt so tender and wonderfully flush with need. Covaci's desire was intoxicating, making Layton realize just how delightful was the figure that he now possessed. His limbs were light, his face radiant, his body frozen in perfection.

Covaci launched himself on Layton with ferocious need. His hard body fit perfectly against Layton's soft one as Covaci kissed and bit, his fangs lengthening to sink gently into the sensitive flesh of Layton's neck. The pain was brilliant, joining the ache between his legs to make Layton burn with want.

Layton clutched Covaci tight, holding his rock hard body close as Covaci gripped Layton's breasts and thighs and buttocks, greedy for his lover's body, exploring Layton by touch and taste as he nipped at Layton's sensitive skin. Covaci's erection strained against Layton's sensitive thigh, gliding up against his belly, leaving a slight warm trail of Covaci's desire across Layton's body.

Covaci growled in Layton's ear as he squeezed Layton's soft breast, fingers digging into Layton's flesh, making more bright pain sizzle through him. Layton moaned, deep and needy, begging Covaci for more in Sanda's velvety voice.

Layton felt Covaci's girth press against his waiting entrance, felt his own nether lips spread for Covaci's cockhead. And then with one long thrust Covaci sheathed himself inside Layton. Layton threw his head back and clenched his

eyes tight as he was filled for the first time, his lord's warm length gliding in deep until they were fully connected. Layton kissed Covaci's face, gripped his cheeks and pulled their lips back together. His tongue sought out Covaci's mouth and slipped inside as Covaci withdrew his cock and then shoved it back in.

Layton was desperate with need and he clutched at Covaci, grabbing his ass and yanking him forward, needing him deeper, harder. He wrapped his legs around Covaci as Covaci built into a rhythm, thrusting in until he touched the dimpled nub of Layton's inner pleasure. They rocked together, Covaci filling him while Layton strained to yank him down deeper, impale himself on Covaci's length, fill the burning ache in his body.

Covaci scrabbled at Layton as he thrust, gripping, clawing, biting. The beautiful pain burst inside Layton and he howled, begging for more, harder, faster as Covaci matched the needy rhythm of Layton's body. Layton clung to Covaci, his entire body rocking at each thrust, voice rising in pitch, the glorious ache building inside him until it was too large to contain and he howled out into the room as Covaci pumped inside him.

Layton's body burned bright with orgasm, sparks swimming in front of his eyes as the warm firmness inside him exploded in bursts of heat. Covaci's cock throbbed, pumping into Layton, making his body deliriously full as they rocked together in ecstasy. Layton clutched his lover close and took every drop, desperate to fill himself, to satisfy the emptiness inside him while his body burned with orgasmic fever until Covaci slowed and then stilled. They remained entwined on the bed while the last echoes of Layton's pleasure slowly ebbed. Layton's head was swimming with lust, Why did he need Covaci so much and still hate him so?

Covaci

Covaci dressed in another jet-black suit as he watched Ilana lounge on the bed. The wounds he'd given her from their lovemaking had already healed and her rich red blood had dried in streaks across her body. Covaci was helped into his clothes by a young man with blank white eyes, one of Covaci's many enchanted helpers. He didn't trust himself to make unflawed familiars anymore—not after Paine—but his magic was as strong as anyone's.

Ilana was definitely different after he'd retrieved her from the coffin. Less brash. But those mad ravings in the courtroom about being Sanda were worrying. Covaci was determined to find out what had happened if for no other reason than to save himself.

Covaci allowed Ilana to wrap a robe around herself before having Paine escort her to her chambers. She would be locked in there for her own safety while Covaci dealt with the Council. Once fully dressed in his suit, Covaci hurried through the stone passageways of his castle. He was stopped at the front entrance by his mistresses, Marishka and Crina, who swept out of the darkness and clung to him.

“My lord, a moment of your time,” Marishka purred.

Marishka's blonde hair was dazzling, falling in perfect waves around her gentle face. Her body was lithe and powerful beneath her glittering golden dress. The crinoline cage pushed the golden fabric out so that it fell in a waterfall around her legs. Her scent was sweet and dangerous. Everything about her demanded

attention, unlike Ilana who simply drew attention by existing.

“I cannot be late for the Council,” Covaci demurred.

“Why have you brought Ilana back?” Crina asked, her green eyes flashing with anger. “She killed our sister.”

Crina’s hair was a crimson that matched her velvet dress. She was more full bodied, with an ample bouncing bust, grabbable ass and creamy wide thighs that Covaci had buried himself within on many an occasion. Her face was beautifully sharp-angled and intense.

“She has a secret and if I don’t find out what it is it will mean trouble for all of us.”

“Why not just kill her?” Marishka asked. “Easier to keep a secret when she’s dead.”

Covaci gently gripped her delicate chin between thumb and forefinger. His touch was light and sensual but his voice was dangerously low. “Her secret may affect all of us. You are not to harm her, do you understand? She is mine to deal with.”

“Yes, my lord,” the two women bowed.

Another blank-eyed, enchanted footman opened the door for Covaci and he swept out of the castle. He knew his two mistresses would try to seek vengeance despite their evident agreeableness. He only hoped Paine could guard her until he returned.

Covaci shifted into his bat form, legs shortening, limbs lengthening and growing flaps in an instant. He was no normal bat but a monstrous one, with an evil look and a body longer than a man. He soared through the air over the dark and dangerous forest that surrounded his castle. In minutes he'd reached the imposing keep where the Council waited for him.

He resumed his human form and swept down the stairs and along the passageway. The doors to the inner sanctum opened as he approached and he strode into the same chambers where the Council had passed judgement on Ilana weeks ago. The Judge was waiting for him on the center chair, flanked by the other two members of the Council.

“Welcome, Covaci,” the Judge said, his voice echoing through the cavern. “Do you have answers for us?”

“It was a sudden madness,” Covaci said. “From something deep within her before my turning. I have found her human family and madness runs deep there, too.”

Covaci had found Ilana's family but there were no answers there. The lack of answers was what had driven Covaci to dig Ilana up. If the Council discovered he'd rescued her they would end his bloodline for his disobedience. They may yet end it if they suspected, as Covaci was beginning to, that his bloodline was flawed.

“Really?” one of the two members sneered doubtfully. “Perhaps just in case, we should assign the task to a Second.”

“That will not be necessary.”

The last thing Covaci wanted was a second generation vampire snooping around his castle. Vampires operated under a strict hierarchy. The Judge was the First, the two minor members his Seconds. They were the most powerful and the longest lived. They had used their power to create other vampires. Covaci was a Fourth, and the last legacy of a bloodline from which his peers had been culled.

“Perhaps we we did not purge all of the flawed bloodline, Judge,” the other Second whispered loudly enough for Covaci to hear.

One hundred years ago, a Fourth—who had been turned by the same vampire that had turned Covaci and was his only blood brother—had suddenly gone mad, assuming a form that was not quite vampire, not quite human and slaying many of his own kind. The fallout alerted the human populace to their existence and nearly decimated the vampire community. Covaci, in an effort to absolve himself off any hint of taint, had personally destroyed the flawed Fourth and all he had turned until any trace of their bloodline was wiped from the earth. The Third who had sired the flawed Fourth had then disappeared, leaving no trace. Many had feared that the flaw would present itself in Covaci as well, and he’d spent the ensuing years being as meticulously traditional and unthreatening as possible.

“There is no flaw in my bloodline,” Covaci replied icily.

“Except for Paine,” the other member replied.

“I told you. Paine is a creation of my own magic. No vampire blood runs in his veins.” Covaci lied.

“Then why do you not create another?”

“Perhaps your lordship wishes me to guide him in magic craft so that you may create one for yourself?”

It was deeply insulting to suggest that a younger generation vampire knew more than a First, and the Second barred his teeth. The Judge raised his hand to stifle the argument.

“Enough,” The Judge barked. “You are treading on thin ice, Lord Covaci.”

“Apologies, Judge. But I will not be called a liar.”

“Yes, yes,” the Judge waved the argument away. “You and your household will be watched, Lord Covaci. For your own protection, of course. If there is any further sign of madness in your household we will have no choice but to initiate a purge of your bloodline. We cannot risk another flaw.”

“Understood.”

The Judge waved him away and Covaci turned on his heel and left the chambers. Covaci knew that his bloodline was flawed, but in powerful and awesome ways that the Council could not begin to suspect.

Layton

Layton, dressed only in a robe, was escorted through the drafty castle by the hulking Paine. The cold wind whipped at Layton's skin but felt wonderful, as though his body mingled pain and pleasure. Paine nearly filled the hallway and had to duck through several lower arches. At a bend in the hallway they came across a place where the wall had collapsed. From the gap, Layton could see down into a valley and across a dark forest, lit only by the moonlight.

In a sudden fit of desperation he dashed from the giant. His body moved with superhuman speed, everything slowing down around him as he made a blurred dash for the wall and for freedom. At the gap he hit something solid. The surprise knocked the breath from his body and something inside him crunched as he rebounded off the invisible barrier and into Paine's huge arms.

"Lord Covaci has requested I use my magic to prevent you from leaving. You may not go outside the confines of this castle and you are to stick closely by me." Paine rumbled, gently guiding Layton to his feet.

His arm was bent at an obscene angle, broken from his smash into the magic boundary, but it began to heal itself even as he watched. The pain was beautiful.

Layton followed Paine through another hallway until they came to a door. Paine swung it open to reveal a grand bath. Tiled in gold and silver, it was a bathroom fit for royalty. The air was warm and humid and smelled of exotic spices. A man in drab brown dumped a steaming bucket of water into a clawfoot tub that was nearly overflowing with suds. When the man turned, Layton let out a slight gasp,

which drew Paine's attention. The man filling the tub had no irises. His pupils were white and he looked blankly at Paine and Layton in the doorway.

"Your lordship wishes you to clean the remnants of magic off your body. I trust this will be to your liking," Paine rumbled.

The man in brown took up a space by the wall and stood to attention, not moving a muscle. Paine had his hand on the doorknob and was about to withdraw.

"Must he stay, too?" Layton asked, nodding to the man standing against the wall.

"He is here to serve," Paine said, as if it was entirely natural for a man to watch Layton take a bath.

"I do not wish to be observed," Layton said.

"Observed? By him?" Paine asked, perplexed. "He sees nothing but what Lord Covaci wishes him to see. Hears nothing but what Lord Covaci wishes him to hear."

"Still. I want him gone."

"As you wish." Paine looked to the man in brown. "Leave her."

Paine and the man in brown slipped out the door and it shut with a heavy clunk. Layton let his robe slide from his shoulders as his naked new body was revealed for the second time that day. He was powerful and elegant. His curves perfect, from the firm heaviness of his breasts to the round swell of his peach of an ass. He took down the pins holding up his hair and let his hair fall about his shoulders.

He stepped into the tub and luxuriated in the scalding water, the pain so searing it became pleasure. Layton lowered himself until only his head was above water. The sweet spices seemed to sink into his skin, rejuvenating him. He closed his eyes and sighed, lying back in the water.

After a moment he heard a light hiss, like steam escaping a kettle. Cracking his eyes open, Layton saw greasy gray smoke pouring through a small crack in the wall. The world flashed, the bathroom disappearing briefly. Suddenly he was naked and tied up to something, helpless, pain and fear his only companion. The vision ended abruptly before he could see anymore, as if some force had cut it short.

Layton pushed himself up in the soapy water. In another second the smoke congealed in the middle of the room, first forming the shape of a woman and then filling her in completely. The woman who stood looking down disdainfully at him had silky blonde hair and formal dress to match. Sigils in diamond and emerald glinted from the fabric. Her soft, tender face was the picture of innocent beauty, but was set in a sneer. Her blue eyes were icy cold.

“Lord Covaci may have forgiven you but we have not,” she said, advancing on Layton as he tried to scrabble up out of the tub.

“Who are you?” Layton said, wide-eyed.

She grabbed him by his hair and yanked him up. He could gain no purchase on the slippery porcelain and hung painfully by his hair as the water dripped off him.

“Has so short a time in the coffin destroyed your feeble mind already?” The blonde hissed. “I am Marishka.”

She tossed him out of the tub with a flick of her dainty wrist. Layton went sliding across the floor and smashed face-first into the wall. The world went red with pain and pleasure, and Layton felt blood gush from his nose.

“Where is your fight, you treacherous bitch?” The blonde growled.

Layton struggled to sit up but Marishka was on him impossibly fast. One second she was across the room and then the next second, in a trail of smoke, she was kneeling in front of him. Her blue eyes were now rimmed with gold, like an animal.

She grabbed him by his neck and he fought her, scratching at her arm. She hauled back and Layton had half a second to realize that her nails had grown to razor-sharp claws before she slashed at his face. He just managed to turn his head to avoid his eyes being gouged out but she slashed a deep, angry tear across his face. This time no pleasure accompanied the sheer agony as blood splashed onto the soapy tiled floor with each slash.

She was impossibly fast. Wherever he put his arms to guard his body she struck below or above, tearing great bloody strips into his flesh. His healing was slower now and the pain whited out his mind. He felt his ribs shatter as she pummeled him. Something in his face crunched wetly as she slammed his face into the stone wall. Layton tried to roll into a ball and she leaned over him. He knew his body had power but the pain was so overbearing he couldn't begin to draw on it.

“Why won't you fight me?” She hissed. “You are weak. Pathetic. You do not deserve to be Lord Covaci's mistress.”

The door swung open. From Layton's prone position on the floor with blood running into his eyes he could see a woman with amber hair and a matching dress enter.

“Marishka, dear, you started without me,” she said.

“Is the giant gone?”

“He is well distracted.”

“Excellent. I've left some for you, dear Crina.”

Crina's fangs lengthened, as did her claws, and the two women set upon Layton in earnest, slashing, biting, ripping through his sensitive flesh with their jaws and claws. They ripped his throat out so he could do nothing but gargle his pain and terror. Each slash from Marishka was excruciating. Each slash from Crina was

accompanied by a deep sense of satisfaction, as though he deserved this. He could sense her pain made him delighted, as if she'd linked her feelings to his, pulling him into the delight at the way his body was torn asunder.

He had no idea how long it lasted. He only knew that at some unknown time he was being dragged somewhere. Up steps. Out of a door where the cool outside air caressed his body and offered some tiny comfort from the screaming pain as his regenerative powers desperately tried to sew his body back together. But even that relief was short lived.

“A taste of your own medicine will do you good,” Crina laughed.

Crina slid her hand into the gash on Layton's already-rent stomach and yanked out a cord of his intestines. Again the pain was accompanied by Crina's own delight and sense of revenge. The two strung him up around the turret, tying him to the top so that he was forced to stand on his tiptoes through the haze of pain. They left him there, cackling as they disappeared. As Crina retreated, her satisfaction slipped from Layton's mind, leaving only the pain and the helplessness.

Layton was vaguely aware of the air beginning to warm, of the first rays of the dawn beginning to creep above the carpet of forest spread out below him. Death would be a blessing from this agony.

Then the castle door slammed open. He heard Covaci's voice and Paine's low rumble. Giant hands took him, freed him, and pulled him back into the darkness of the castle before he finally, mercifully slipped into unconsciousness.

In his dreams he was someone else again. A memory of dressing in the mirror for his wedding day, attended by a number of the white-eyed servants came to him with crystal clarity. The restless energy of his immortality filled him, even as he was disappointed that it did not entirely erase the lines of his age. There was a slight round plumpness to this body. The woman in the mirror was not Ilana but a slightly older woman.

“Sanda, you look lovely,” Covaci said, and Layton turned to find his lover in the doorway. When Covaci touched him it was like every nerve of his body lit in pleasure. When Covaci entered him it was heavenly.

In his pain-visions he was a woman who had lost everything but was gaining it back by inches as a duplicitous member on the royal court. She’d attracted a young lord—Lord Covaci—who had turned him, giving him power he had only imagined. He dreamed he was Sanda, pledging his life to Covaci. Already half-wild, becoming a vampire, being able to see the future, made him reckless. He came to resent Covaci for trying to stamp out the wildness that had so attracted him in the first place.

In Layton’s dreams he wandered the hallways of this castle as if he owned the place. His blood sisters, Marishka and Crina respected him. Feared him. Worshipped him. He led them in the most depraved of orgies. Bodies writhing together. Covaci sometimes in the mix but often it was the three of them. No. Four. There was another blood sister there. Ilana. The real Ilana. A jealous youth who appeared to be barely nineteen.

Layton lived Sanda’s life in his stupor. His mind and hers merging with each fresh memory until Layton’s eyes snapped open. Red anger flashed within him. He would have his life back. But first, he would have his revenge.

He sat up in bed and let the covers fall off him, revealing a body perfect in its youth, not a scratch upon it. Paine was seated on the wooden floor and he rose up as Layton stirred.

“Ilana. Lie still, you are still healing.”

“Nonsense,” Layton scoffed, imperiously throwing the covers off himself and standing.

Layton’s body was naked and nearly healed, criss-crossing scars still running across his belly and chest. Paine seemed almost bashful about Layton’s nakedness and averted his eyes. Layton glanced at a white-eyed servant in the corner.

“Dress me,” he commanded.

The servant obeyed, leaving the room and returning moments later with several other servants and an armful of silk and brocade. They proceeded to dress Layton. The lace and the petticoats and the crinoline were slid on and tied and buttoned up around him. This dress was a purple so dark it was almost black. Only the shimmer in the torchlight reflected the purple sheen. Another servant did up his hair, carefully combing it and pinning it back into an intricate bun. All the while Layton directed his ire at Paine.

“You know, of course, who did this.”

“I urge restraint, Ilana,” Paine pleaded. “Lord Covaci wishes peace.”

Layton laughed, haughtily. “They have done me a favor. They have freed me. I entered this castle knowing not who I was but now I know everything.”

“My lady. Lord Covaci insists that this feud between you cease. You are blood sisters. It is not right. Lord Covaci has punished them already.”

“My dear, Paine. I do not wish to punish them. I wish to reward them.”

Sanda’s dark thoughts rippled through Layton’s mind. Thoughts of desire and need. He reached up and stroked Paine’s cheek. It was cold and rough. Paine closed his eyes, savoring her touch.

“Surely you, my blood brother, would not deny me.”

“Lord Covaci ordered me to keep watch over you and protect you.”

“I need no protecting. Not anymore. It is everyone who stands against me that will need protection. Where is Lord Covaci?” Layton dropped his hand and Paine’s icy blue eyes snapped open.

“Lord Covaci has gone hunting.”

“Good.”

Layton whisked around and walked out into the hallway. His dress swished around his legs and his bustle bounced at each step. He heard Paine take up step behind him, the giant’s plodding steps causing small vibrations through the stonework.

Layton hustled through the castle, winding his way through the passageways, knowing instinctively where to find the room that held Crina and Marishka. He felt wonderfully alive and confident, as he had back when he was an apprentice and knew just where to strike the metal to make it bend under his command. Now Paine was the iron and Sanda’s will was the hammer. Paine would let him do whatever he wished. Layton could take what he wanted. He deserved to have whatever he wanted.

Back in his own brawny body he was desired by the opposite sex. But in this sensual new body, he was desired by everyone. With Sanda’s remnants poisoning his mind he welcomed that desire rather than shying away. Especially when the rewards were to be so delicious.

Layton paused outside the ornate silver-gilded door that held the mistress’s shared beds and turned to Paine. “Do not disturb us,” he commanded.

“But Lord Covaci—” Paine began.

“You will hear some cries but do not come in unless blood flows beneath the

door.”

Layton turned and walked in without waiting for an answer, letting the door slam shut behind him. Crina was alone in the room and she looked up, startled, as he entered.

“Why, Ilana, you live!” She laughed, tucking a strand of her auburn hair behind a pretty ear. “Perhaps next time—”

She got no further because Layton had crossed the distance between them in a blur and pinned her to the wall by her throat with one hand. With his other he’d grabbed both her hands and twisted them up above her head before also pinning them to the wall. Layton’s body was a blur of motion, almost too fast to see, and Crina had no time to react. The laughter in her green eyes died, replaced with cold cruelty and fear. That damned power of hers made her fear echo through Layton’s head as she shared her emotions with him. Whether it was conscious or not Layton didn’t know, but he stopped it by pressing his lips to hers.

Her mouth was soft and warm, and his tongue shot out to trace sensually across her sharp teeth. He felt her fear soften, beginning to turn to lust. She’d worshipped the real Sanda and, perhaps she felt that little bit of Sanda she’d left inside. She stopped struggling and opened her mouth for him, melting into him. Her shared fear softened and began turning to hard lust that coursed through them both.

Layton heard a soft whisper of rushing air behind him. Like a bat, he could see the shape of Marishka’s body in his mind’s eye from the way the sound in the room changed and shifted around her form as she corporealized from her grey smoke. A brief blackness overtook him, as if another one of his visions tried and failed to warn him of impending danger. Marishka seemed to have the power to

stifle his premonitions. No matter. He did not need Sanda's visions. Just as back in the forge he listened to the metal clang so he could tell how brittle it was, how sharp, how ready, so too could he sense Marishka's strike, her razor sharp claws headed towards the back of his head.

In a blur of motion, Layton half turned and batted Marishka's claws aside so that they struck the stone wall beside Crina's head with a sharp crack. He turned and faced her and the two struck at each other. It was as though Layton could see every move she would make before she made it. She ripped for his stomach but his hand was already there turning her away. She slashed at his face and he ducked backwards so her claws slashed the empty air just above his nose. He spun her around and pushing her away with a laugh. This was easy. Like honing a blade to perfection, or crafting an intricate wrought iron gate with his tools as a blacksmith he hammered Marishka's blows back at her, his dress whirling in loops as he did so.

Crina collected herself behind him, using the wall to steady herself. She'd still linked her emotions to his and he felt her lust dissipating. He once more pushed Marishka back across the room and she howled in rage. Layton turned and was on Crina in a blur, ducking a hand under her dress to land on her sex before pressing his lips against hers once more. He knew where to strike Crina to make the most of her power, like a fine weapon. She melted into him as his fingers teased her, tracing sharp patterns across her womanhood.

Her lust filled him, made him hungry for her. Behind him Marishka moaned, caught in motion on her way back towards him when Crina's emotional resonance echoed through her, too. Marishka staggered and Layton half-turned, catching Marishka's soft face gently between thumb and forefinger and guiding their lips together.

His other hand still worked its way up and down Crina's entrance as he savored Marishka's sweet, dangerous taste. He flicked his tongue across her sensitive

sharpened incisors and she quivered, sighing softly into his mouth. Her sighs echoed on all their lips. Crina had tapped their emotions all in together. Layton could feel everything Crina and Marishka felt, could feel Marishka's mouth as it welcomed his own tongue, could feel Crina's warm sex being stroked as his own.

He pulled away from Marishka and bent back to Crina. She drew her fangs and offered up her neck to him. Layton felt his incisors growing sharp and he buried them in Crina's crisply beautiful neck, sipping her sensually but not sucking her dry. The spicy taste of her cold blood filled his head and made his body warm. He reached up and sliced through Crina's bodice before taking one warm breast in his hand. He squeezed it gently, feeling his ardor warming as she sighed into his mouth.

Layton, Crina and Marishka felt as a single person now and they moved like dancers, graceful and knowing exactly what the other intended. They disrobed each other, untying their dresses and slipping out of the cages, tossing them aside before falling onto the bed in a naked pile of tangled limbs. Layton rolled between the warm, naked bodies. He stroked Crina's pendulous breasts, latched his lips around Marishka's nipple as they feasted on him.

Layton was on his back now, Ilana's perfect body stretched out beneath him as Marishka crawled up him, her soft blonde curls tickling his belly, his breasts, his neck, until she lay atop him and kissed him. Their hands explored each other by touch. She was soft and her curves fit beautifully against him.

She kissed down his cheeks, his neck, to his breasts, where she nipped at his sensitive nipples, making them rise to sharp peaks. Crina latched her lips around his other breast and they pleased him, sharp bites on his nipples, warm tongues gliding across his tits, the pain and the pleasure shared within them all. His sighs echoed on their lips. His body roiled, a deep ache growing within him as his sex grew wet and wild.

Marishka kissed her way down his belly, over his mound, and planted her lips firmly against his womanhood. Crina pulled away and slid beneath her sister on the huge bed, so that Marishka straddled Crina's face while she buried her tongue inside Layton's velvety folds. Her tongue was heaven. Layton cried out in a quivering voice as she found his budding cherry and licked sharp sigils across it.

Layton shook, his hands coming up to caress his own breasts and Marishka closed her eyes between his legs, savoring his taste, savoring the touch of his hands on his breasts, which she could feel through Crina's linkage. Crina moaned from between Marishka's legs. Marishka brought her fingers up and slid inside Layton's warm wet canal.

Layton's voice rose in pitch, his mouth open, his head thrown back as Marishka plunged into him, driving up to the dimpled nub of his innermost pleasure while her tongue continued lapping at his clit. She slid in and out as she lapped at him, following the rhythm of his body, feeling it in her own. The lewd sounds of his sopping wet sex came to him.

He opened his eyes briefly to watch her luxuriating between his legs and the sight of her face, delirious with lust, sent him over the edge. He came hard, legs tensing, hips bucking up. His cries of ecstasy were echoed through Marishka and Crina. The pleasure sent sparkles to his vision and lit every nerve in his body.

He'd no sooner come down than Marishka came beneath the tender tongue of her sister and Layton shared in her orgasm. The three women cried out, voices rising, a chorus of lust and pleasure. His hands continued stroking his breasts as warm pleasure made him convulse happily. When it was done, Marishka lowered her head and dipped her tongue back into him.

The three women remained together, tasting, licking, touching, kissing each other. Their shared emotions tripled their pleasure, as every touch was felt by all. They rolled on the bed with inhuman stamina, feasting on each other as orgasm after orgasm roiled them, making them shiver with delight. They traded places and it was Layton's turn to taste his warm blood sisters, to stroke and tease until they howled with inhuman pleasure.

Layton had no idea how long they pleased each other. Maybe hours. Maybe days. Time had no meaning as every second was experienced in pure ecstasy. At last they slowed and stopped, lying together in a puddle on the bed, worn out and sated.

Covaci

“Ilana,” Covaci growled, as Paine ducked beneath the doorway and ushered Ilana into the chamber. “What took you so long?”

Covaci’s hands were clasped behind his back as he turned to face her. They were deep within the bowels of the castle dungeon, a place protected with magic from the prying eyes of the Council. It was dank and dark, the sound muted by the layers of heavy stone.

“I was indisposed, my lord. And it is a big castle,” Ilana said, laughter gleaming in her eyes.

She was dressed in her regal, purple gown and looked every inch the queen of the castle. She’d always been jealous of Sanda and now apparently saw this as an opportunity to take her place. Covaci was not amused.

“Wait outside,” Covaci ordered Paine, who retreated with a bow. “This is not a game, Ilana. I have saved you so that you may save all of us. The Council fears my bloodline is flawed. That you and your blood sisters are flawed. If we are found to be flawed they will kill us to stop our madness.”

“Your pardon, my lord. But we are flawed. All of us. Thanks to you.”

Covaci gripped Ilana's head in steely claws and pressed her back against the cold stone walls. "You should not speak like that. I should kill you now and save us all." He growled.

Covaci's visage had turned monstrous. His chiseled jaw grown deep and craggy, his eyes dark and hollow as rage transformed him. He had an urge to crush his sweet Ilana, to watch her blood drip from her face and hear her bones crunch beneath his hands, but her next words held him in check.

"We are flawed in magnificent ways. More powerful than the Council."

Covaci paused, staring into Ilana's dark, enchanting eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"You do not know, but your blood family is special. We have secrets that are not madness but power. Can you not sense it, my lord? Marishka can move through the smallest passage as smoke. Crina can link her mind to yours and make you feel as she feels. Paine has a giant's strength and impenetrable skin."

"And you, dear Ilana. What can you do?" Covaci said, releasing his grip slightly.

"I can swap bodies. I am Sanda," Ilana said. "And my poor, beloved Ilana is dead," he pouted with mock sadness.

Covaci peered into Ilana's eyes, his mind creeping into hers, sensing the linkages that had bound them together from her turning. Only now that he knew what he was looking for could he see it. There was, indeed, the wild traces of Sanda inside Ilana's head.

"Sanda?" He slowly dropped his hands and gazed up and down her body.
"Sanda?" He repeated. "What happened with Ilana?"

"She could not take the switch, my lord," Ilana said. "My power manifested accidentally. I had not even known I could do it until it happened. When we found ourselves in each other's bodies Ilana did go mad. We fought."

"You killed her," Covaci growled.

"I did not mean to. I hardly knew what I was doing. There was a madness that came with the switching. It is a power I do not yet know how to control."

"Ilana dead," Covaci muttered, stepping back from Sanda-in-Ilana. "And Sanda alive. This is..." He trailed off. "The Council must never know."

"We could become the Council," Sanda-in-Ilana pressed him, taking his cold hands and placing it on her bodice.

Desire pulsed in his veins. Sanda had always had that power over him, and it seemed to be tripled by Ilana's youthful appearance. And...there was something else in there. Something not Ilana. Not Sanda.

“You talk of treason.”

“I talk of redemption. Why should we bow down to them simply because they came first? Free me from the castle and we can fight them together.”

Covaci wavered for an instant. Sanda was always so seductive, so charming. But...there was something off, as though her full power was not within her.

“You are my wild wife,” Covaci said, kissing her forehead. “But what you speak of is impossible. Do not ever speak of this again or I shall be forced to end you myself. Go, while I decide what to do with you.”

Sanda opened her mouth to reply but stopped and bowed. She turned on her heel and walked gracefully out of the room. Paine fell into step behind her, her constant guardian against trouble.

This was a troubling but intriguing development. He had not known of his mistress’s powers. Could they really overthrow the Council? He was a Fourth and they were mere Fifths going against a First and two Seconds and anyone else who may be called to defend the Council. But such hidden power they had. And, surely, there were others who had been wronged by the Council.

This called for a reasoned decision. Impulsiveness would destroy them all.

Layton

Layton impulsively struck out to the farthest corner of the castle, where the wind whipped through the gap through which he'd tried to escape on his first night here. Layton had felt the weakness in Covaci just as he sensed the imperfections in an iron tool. If he struck just right he could have crafted the perfect weapon and freed himself, but his blow had gone wrong.

He would be trapped here in Ilana's body while Sanda went wild in his own form. He would be forced to be a blood-sucking demon while she enjoyed all the pleasures of humanity, causing chaos wherever she went, swapping into bodies for all eternity while he was trapped in this damnable castle. Unless...

At the gap in the wall, Layton turned suddenly to face Paine, his dress whipping against the giant's legs. Covaci was closed to him now but Paine was red hot and ready to be forged to Layton's will.

"Paine," he said, taking one of the giant's massive hands in both of his own. "You must help me escape from here."

"Ilana. No. Do not ask me."

"It is not a request, but a trade. I have something you dearly want."

Layton reached up above his head and grasped the giant's shirt. Paine allowed his head to be lowered until their lips came together. He was surprisingly gentle. Layton took one of Paine's hands and guided it to his breast. The giant squeezed softly and sighed in pent-up longing, his hot breath rushing through Layton's mouth and stoking a fire deep in his core. Layton's body was made to be touched, and the same power that made him so attractive to others also made his body responsive to their attraction.

Paine's hands slowly explored Layton by touch, while Layton did the same. He could sense the giant's power held in check, could sense his eagerness in the vibration of his hands as they whispered across Layton's back. The layers of crinoline and velvet and lace didn't stop Paine, he seemed only too happy to be near Ilana, to kiss her sweet lips. Layton's soft body melted into Paine's solid one.

Layton traced the giant's lips with his tongue and found he tasted of cinnamon and spice that burned across Layton's lips. Paine's hand slid up and down Layton's back before tenderly stroking his cheek. Layton's breath came faster as Paine embraced him, his body leaping to the man's touch. They kept their lips locked together as the vibrations within Layton's core grew quicker. Soon he was pawing at the giant, his hands sharp claws that only dented Paine's skin as he grappled to press himself closer.

Layton scrambled for Paine's pants, finding the buttons and yanking them open then shoving his pants down to his ankles. Paine's massive erection leaped out. Still kissing, Layton grasped it in both hands, his fingers unable to fully wrap around Paine's girth. The giant's erection was warm and firm and Layton stroked it slowly down and up like a piston with Ilana's dainty hands. Paine's pent-up lust for Ilana spilled out in a groan that made Layton's entire body vibrate.

The giant stood, his eyes closed while Layton continued working his shaft. Looking down, Layton was greeted with the enormity of Paine's cock. His hands

continued their long stroke from base to tip, each veiny inch resonating within Layton. The giant's cock was as long as Layton's slender arm and almost twice as thick. As Layton stroked the length a bead of precum nearly as large as Layton's palm appeared at the tip while the giant moaned. Layton slid his fingers up over the warm bead and spread it back down the giant's length, working the shaft expertly with his fingers. He moved faster, listening to the low grunts from Paine as Layton pleased him, feeling so powerful to be able to control this giant with just his nimble fingers.

Layton's body warmed in response to the hard, warm girth he held. The inner tension was accompanied by an outer loosening. He grew wet. Became wilder, until at last he couldn't stand it. He dropped the giant's cock so that he could lift the layers of his dress, yanking up the crinoline cage to reveal his undergarments. He turned and leaned against the wall with the gap, arching his back and beckoning for Paine.

"I do not wish to hurt you," the giant rumbled, holding back his immense lust.

"You will not," Layton replied, somehow knowing that his body would accommodate. "I need you."

The hunger in Layton's voice was so overwhelming that Paine couldn't resist. He slid his warm cockhead gently up against Layton's pussy. It felt enormous, though Layton's nether lips already spread, preparing to take him. Layton had to raise his leg and rest it on the crumbling wall to accommodate Paine's huge girth. The monstrous cock pressed harder against Layton's entrance, straining to enter him. The pressure grew almost painfully as the tip of the giant's manhood slid inside, ushering a moan from Layton's lips.

Paine moved slowly waiting for Layton to recover before sliding in another inch.

It ached so beautifully as Paine filled him to bursting. The agony met the pleasure and Layton steadied himself against the wall as he slowly took the entirety of the cock, felt it travel up through his warm insides, pressing him apart. And then the giant's groin was on his and they were connected fully and completely. Layton could hardly breathe for the wonderful tight warmth inside him. He felt he might burst at the slightest movement and remained still, taking shallow breaths as his head swam with delight and the tension within him grew.

Paine gripped Layton's hips beneath his dress and withdrew slightly, the pressure easing only briefly until the giant slid back in, easing himself in and out of Layton's slick opening. Layton's body accommodated the beast, wrapping around his girth, growing anxious as it withdrew, only for the pleasure to burst forth anew when Paine slid back in.

They rocked slowly, Paine's hot breath against the back of Layton's neck. Layton had his eyes closed, concentrating on relaxing, on taking all of the giant in. Layton's gentle body swelled and stretched around the cock. His moans became cries as the giant plunged in deep and withdrew, again and again, moving in a slow rhythm that steadily grew the pressure in Layton's core. He felt the tipping point coming, felt his body rising to the precipice of pleasure as they rocked together in the hallway. The solid hands on his hips, the complete fullness of his body, the lusty grunts of the giant behind him all combined to make his passion spill out.

Layton came suddenly, driving himself back as he quivered and shook. The vibrations of his lusty body set off Paine. The hands around Layton's hips clutched hard as the giant lost his tenderness to lust, the fingers digging into his hips, so painful Layton feared he'd broken something, and yet the pain trebled the pleasure burning through Layton. Paine throbbed inside him, grunting as he unleashed his lust in hot spurts. All Layton could do was hold on as they came together, rocking in ecstasy as the giant filled him. Layton's mouth was thrown open in lust, eyes closed as his voice sang out in a fluttery cry of orgasmic delight.

The giant finished with a groan and lay his head on Layton's hair while he slowly grew soft inside Layton. Paine pulled out, leaving Layton desperately empty. His body shifted and healed itself even as the fire of his passion burned to embers within him.

Layton turned to Paine as Paine got dressed. "I have given what you want. Now give me what I want. Free me."

Paine leaned close and stroked Layton's cheek tenderly as he gazed into Layton's eyes. The giant's brow furrowed slightly and he peered closer, as if divining his soul, cupping Layton's face in his hands while he stared into the depths of Layton's black eyes.

"You are not Ilana."

"No."

"But neither are you Sanda."

Layton could not reply to that simple statement. His only defense was the truth. "I am not. She stole my body from me with a power she kept secret from everyone. I must get my life back."

They stared at each other, Layton so vulnerable with his head in Paine's hands.

Paine might crush him in an instant, but Layton sensed his love of Sanda would not let him. After a moment Paine drew back.

“I could sense that something was wrong, but my eyes showed me Ilana was here and I ignored it. Now I see I was wrong.” He paused. “You will need help getting through Lord Covaci’s forest. I will come with you.”

“You do not need to.”

“But I do. You are in the body of the woman that I love and I intend to protect it. Besides, you will need my help if you are to find Sanda. I can sense her.”

Layton grabbed Paine’s hand and kissed it. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me yet. If Lord Covaci or the Council discovers us before we can find Sanda you may well spend an eternity in that body. And alone in a coffin.”

Paine waved his hands at the gap and mumbled some words. Then he gripped the edge of the stone wall and tore more stones out of it to make a hole big enough for them to fit through.

“Come,” he rumbled. “Let us find the real Sanda.”

To be continued...

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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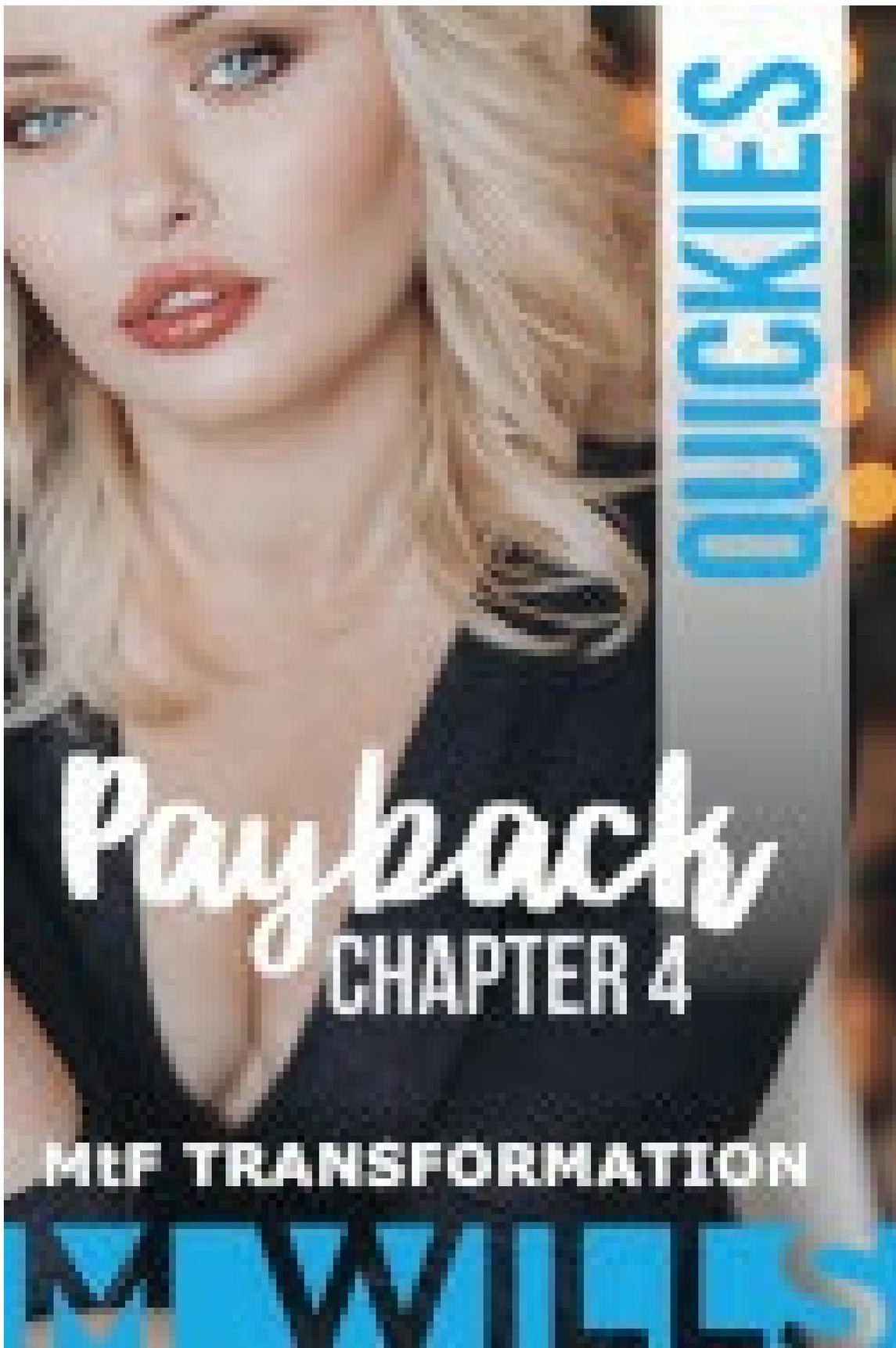
MIF VAMPIRE BODY SWAP

DARK LORD'S
Mistress
PART 1

WWW

Dark Lord's Mistress

A chaotic vampire mistress flees her lord by swapping bodies with a blacksmith's apprentice, leaving him in her sexy undead body.



QUICKIES

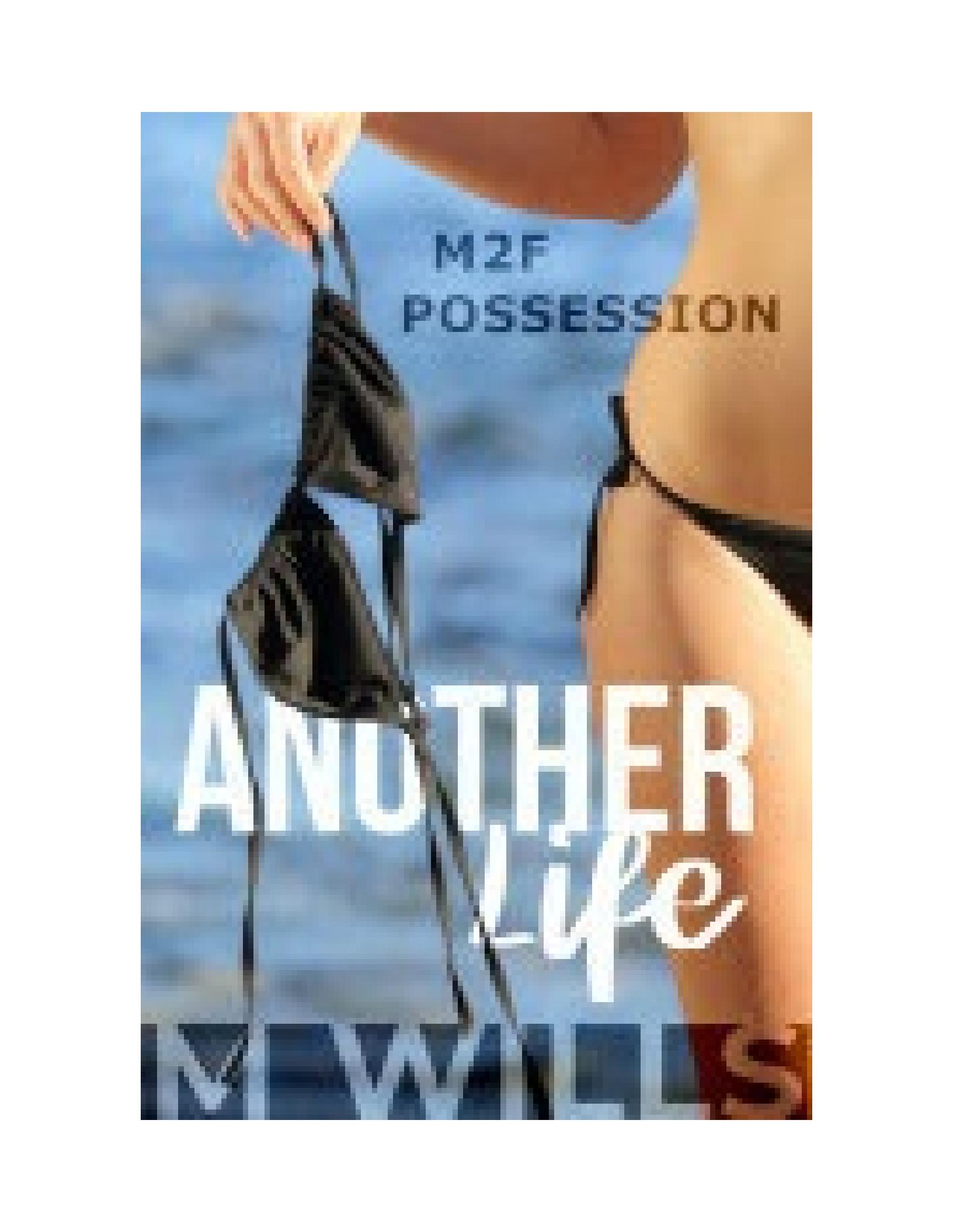
Payback
CHAPTER 4

MIF TRANSFORMATION

MIF

Payback (Chapter 4)

In Chapter 4 of this multi-part serial about a man forcibly transformer into a stunning woman, Peyton learns how much work he'll have to put in to keep his new body looking good, which he'll need to do to have any hope of breaking the spell.

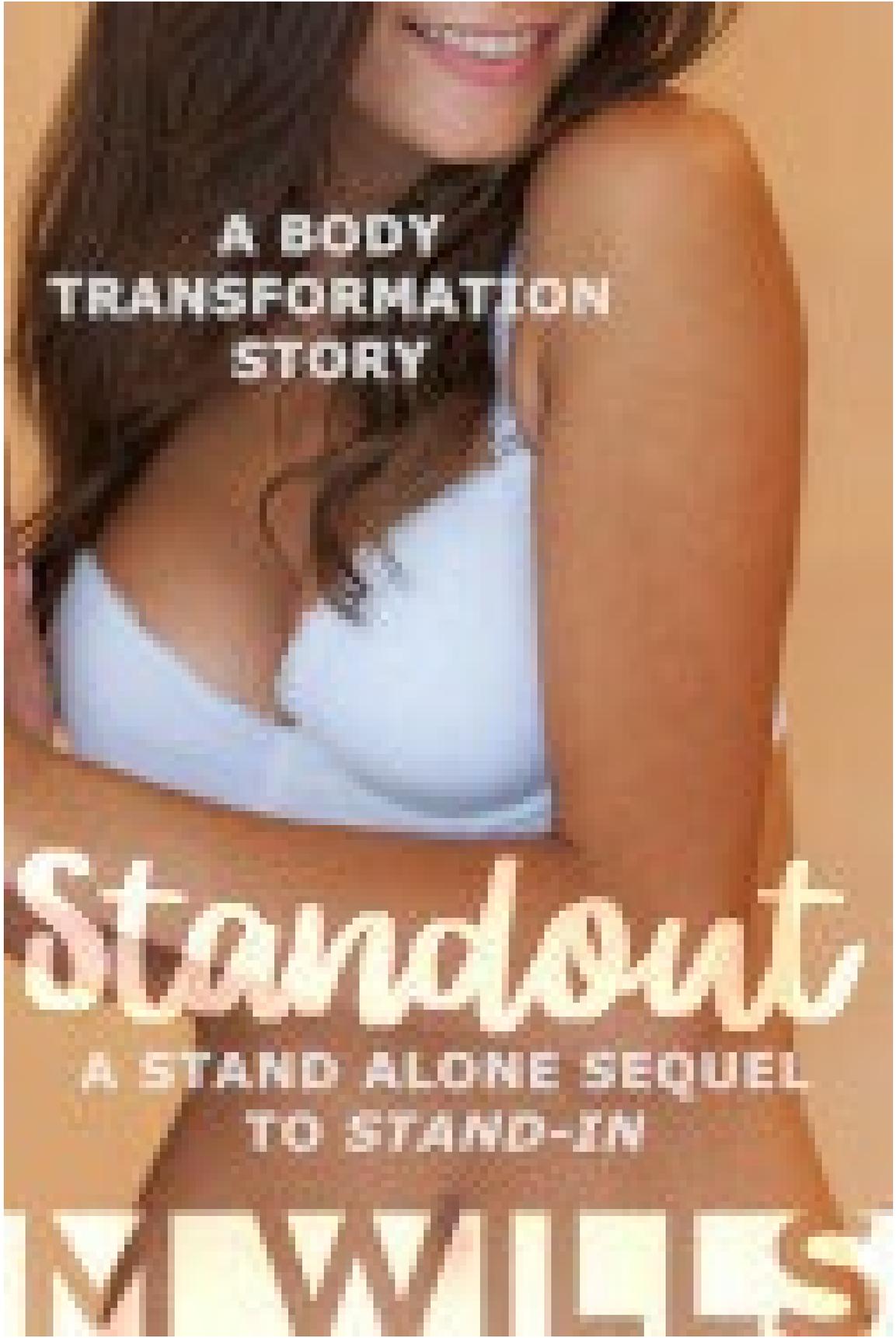
A woman is shown from the chest down, wearing a black bikini. She is holding a black bikini top in her right hand, which is raised towards her face. The background is a bright blue, possibly a sky or a wall. The text 'M2F POSSESSION' is overlaid in the upper right, and 'ANOTHER LIFE' is overlaid in the center in a large, white, stylized font.

M2F
POSSESSION

ANOTHER
LIFE

Another Life

I'm meeting up with my longtime crush for the first time in years, and I'm going to use my bodyhopping powers to enjoy her amazing body to the fullest.



A BODY
TRANSFORMATION
STORY

Standout

A STAND ALONE SEQUEL
TO STAND-IN

MILLES

Standout

In this standalone sequel to Stand-In, Adam brings a friend in on the secret of the bodysuit, and they have some fun as they live the wild lives of the two sexiest women on campus for a semester.

And many more!