

THE SWORD IN THE TOWER



STORYTELLERS
VAULT

MICHAEL FLATZ

The Sword in the Tower

By Michael Flatz

A Super Secret Coterie Buddies Publication



"The following was the writings of a singularly...dedicated individual, who never let their work have the recognition it deserves. I have decided that the fruits of these labors had yet to be harvested to their full potential, and thus have taken it upon myself to liberate and publish them, that they might do so. I hope this gift, to its original recipient, and soon after the world, finds its rightful recognition amongst those whom it portrays."

-Rex Antilles, Baron of Ithaca, NY

"I have no idea how Rex managed to find this in my...personal writings, but since he's publishing it anyways...congratulations? This is clearly conjecture about the mysterious nature of Maxwell Edison's new paramour. Any Sabbat associations are clearly artistic license, have no bearing on any actual suspicions of mine or any other Kindred, and should totally never be used to open an investigation into Maxwell Edison's sinister plans. Edison, if you're reading this, I'm perfectly fine with the state of enmity that this puts us in, but hope that it will be no more than usual, or last no longer than a Martian year."

All the best, please don't kill me.

-Michael Flatz, The Party King, Subdomain Leader of Washington Square, New York City.

Chapter 1: Lust At First Sight.

It wasn't a great day to be in the Sword of Caine. Scooter was with their pack, the Shadowseekers, the vampires that they would fight and die for...and was convinced that they were going to die. They didn't have a lot of choice—their Bishop had ordered them to support the new Bishop Sebastian Andolini, in the fight for which vampires would control the city of Rochester, the oppressive forces of the Camarilla aristocracy, or the freedom fighters of the Sword of Caine, the Sabbat. Which meant it was Scooter's pack's turn to die.

Well, fuck THAT shit.

The Sabbat poured into the theater where the Camarilla had set up their court meeting for the night. As the usual band of howling fanatics led the charge, Scooter used their vampiric powers of invisibility to... let those idiots run past them. Instead, they took a place in the rear of the fight, unseen. Hopefully, they could just stay on the edges of this fight, risk enough that they could claim victory, and not get killed.

Maxwell Edison, Camarilla Primogen of Clan Tremere and Regent of the First Circle, was having a horrible night. His Lord, Alcinuous Burton Jamison, had ordered him to support Prince Nigel Cavendish, Tremere Regent of the 4th Circle, in his defense against the mad ravings of the Sabbat, who had conspired to take Rochester away from Prince Cavendish. Edison had no love for Nigey, the brown-noser who took special delight in trying to spy on Edison's chantry and reporting the slightest infraction to Lord Jamison. Edison suspected that this assignment had been a punishment for taking full credit for the Circe Engines, which had proved handy in sealing the dimensional rifts that had started popping up with great regularity around 2012.

Edison looked out at the entryway to the theater from his hidden perch, scanning to see which of the Sabbat that he would set on fire with his mighty blood magicks first.

It was dirty, forbidden lust at first sight.

Edison did not know who this Sabbat was, clearly trying to avoid the action, while wearing a leather jacket emblazoned with "Nazi Punks Fuck Off", but Edison knew that he had to conquer

this enemy. He couldn't possibly resist. With an effort of will, Edison used the powers of his undead blood to direct the sharpened spear of his mind in a mental thrust at the vulnerable Sabbat on the other side.

Scooter thought that they were perfectly hidden when they felt a mental assault. Someone knocked their mental knuckles against the doors of Scooter's mind, let themselves in, and started rummaging among their things. Scooter didn't have time to react before whomever it was made their move.

In a language that conveyed pure concept, without the restrictions and constraints of words, Maxwell Edison touched minds with Scooter to make his will manifest directly into Scooter's mind:

<Nice shoes, wanna fuck?>

A quick exit and a mental override of a suspicious clerk later, Scooter and Maxwell Edison were going to illicit, dirty Usurper Pound Town in a nearby motel room.

Edison's smooth, manicured hands dug under Scooter's jacket, lifting his shirt over his head. Scooter tore out of his shirt with desperate speed, ripping Edison's button-down and scattering various phallic charms throughout the room in his haste.

Scooter whipped out a box cutter, slashing Edison's belt buckle. Edison groaned in ecstasy.

"Stop... my boxers.. are warded."

Scooter didn't stop, cutting Edison's immaculately tailored pants straight off with the practiced hand of years of experience in undressing lovers at knife point.

"I don't care, you warlock bitch. I'll take the agg!"

Edison had known that he would be fighting for his life that night, and, while normally insistent on going commando, had girded his loins in the best traditions that Hermetic Magic had to offer.

Scooter took the warded underwear in his teeth, his entire head awash in blissful agony as his flesh peeled against the eldritch power of the ward.

Scooter took Edison's Ivory Tower and began a thorough examination of the Traditions.

From what his Sire had taught him, the Silence of the Blood was safe, but he would violate Domain and Hospitality before the night was over.

Progeny would never happen. Destruction? Well, hopefully BOTH of them would get utterly destroyed in short order. Accounting... might happen later, if they managed to disappear from the siege long enough to get some roleplaying in.

As Scooter bore down on the Ivory Tower with the full might of his vampiric presence, he felt his Sword of Caine rise in response. But Edison had still not submitted. It was time to introduce Edison to the Dirty Secrets of the Black Hand.

As Edison penetrated to Scooter's Seventh Circle of Mysteries, Scooter heard Edison start to chant in the dread language of blood sorcery.

Would he die that day, forbidden lover to a Usurper who would take what he wanted and destroy the evidence?

But Scooter was unhurt, save for the waves of pleasure from Edison's arcane ministrations.

Soon, a *second* Edison came forth, conjured by blood and ritual!

As Scooter assaulted the new Edison's hidden chantry, he felt a power building, stronger than he had ever felt before.

He wanted this. He *needed* this. He would *take* this Tremere's body, and claim it for the Sword!

The hotel room was suddenly filled with simultaneous shouts from three throats, sore from a full hour of desperate carnal combat. One yelled "GLORY TO CAINE! GLORY TO THE SABBAT!" as two yelled "ALL POWER FOR HOUSE AND CLAN TREMERE!"

Scooter nearly passed out from the sheer, overwhelming glory that was not one, but *two* Tremere, having their sorcerous ways with them however they so chose. As Scooter slipped into the sleep of the gloriously, deliriously, joyously, achingly spent, a part of Scooter's mind took note of one more bit of information about their dread foe:

Both Edisons liked to cuddle.

Chapter 2: The Morning After

Scooter awoke with a start, panicking when he found himself in a strange room, not in their haven and without the Shadow Seekers in the area. Moving to get up, Scooter found himself with Edison's arms wrapped around them, secure in the Embrace of their hated foe. Scooter realized that the last night hadn't been a dream, the demented imaginings of their warped psyche, or an hallucination from their latest batch of human blood infused with custom recreational drugs.

They were in bed with a Tremere. Not just a Tremere, a Tremere Primogen. Someone who not just accepted the tyranny of the Elders, but wholly supported them in their scheme to rule the world. A member in good standing of that conspiracy, with responsibility overseeing an entire city. Even if that city was just Buffalo. What could he do? His pack would never accept that he had skipped out on the siege just to play "hide the magic wand" with a *Tremere Primogen*.

They had to kill him. It was the only way. Scooter couldn't think about how mind-shatteringly epic the sex had been the night before, that Maxwell Edison turned out to be an excellent kisser, or that he could magically summon duplicates of himself to pleasure Scooter in ways that one person just couldn't manage. A perfect gang bang with two synchronized members perfectly aware of themselves and each other.

Scooter needed to remember that this was their enemy, that they hated, who had ruined the world and guaranteed that Scooter would never have a place in it. He had to die. Even if it meant that Scooter would never feel Maxwell Edison's sorcerous embrace, the smooth muscles of Edison's chest, Edison's mighty blood sorceries as they manipulated Scooter into ecstasy and an utter loss of control.

Enough. Maxwell Edison, hated Tremere and fantastic lover, had to die. Maybe, if Scooter consumed his power, devoured his very soul, his pack would accept his explanation for that night, and not ask questions. They reached over to the still sleeping Edison. Scooter's fangs extended, the old ache in his mouth returning as their teeth shifted to accept outsized canines that went well past the normal human limit.

Scooter bit down, drawing Edison's blood, and shuddered in delight as Edison's power washed over them. A pang of regret accompanied the act, and Scooter was confused, but not enough to stop their attack. The consumption of Edison's soul would be a great victory for the Sword, even if Scooter

would remember, and miss, their night together forever. Even if Scooter had the nagging feeling that they had met before.

Edison lazily waved his arm, and Scooter found himself magically paralyzed in a bubble of thickened air.

Scooter struggled in vain, held powerless by Edison's spell. Edison stretched, lazily, and looked at Scooter.

"Hey, did you just try to eat my soul?" Edison's tone was a little playful, completely ignoring the gravity of his accusation.

Scooter tried to twist free, but every movement was turned to nothing by the magically hardened air around him.

"You are a Tremere Primogen, pawn of the Methuselahs and their monstrous plans! I was striking a blow for freedom! For my people! For the Sabbat!"

"Aww, buddy. I am the pawn of my magical bureaucracy, but I'm not the pawn of any crazed, ageless, millennia-old tyrants. I'm just a dude trying to get by, and you turned our mid-battle makeout session into an attempt to eat my soul and take my magical powers. Now, I'm not mad, just disappointed. Are you sorry?"

Scooter's mind raced. What was Edison doing? Was Edison toying with them? Had they really bonded in that crazy, sex-filled night enough that Edison would actually forgive them for trying to magically eat his soul? Scooter figured that the best thing that they could do would be to try and do whatever they could to play along. Maybe another opportunity would present itself, and they could flee, or even turn the tables on Edison.

"Hey, it was just a... spur of the moment thing, I swear! I... guess... I was wrong. Whatever happened last night, I... felt it too, man. I'm sorry!"

Edison chuckled, and then launched into another spell, a mental attack with the full force of his dark, vampiric will behind it. In a playful voice, Edison pointed his finger and said:

“NOW GO, AND GET DRESSED, SIT OUTSIDE, AND THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU’VE DONE.”

Scooter tried their hardest to defy the mental command, but their body refused to do anything but obey Edison’s will. Scooter angrily got dressed, trying to position their body while putting on their pants to try and get in another bite at Edison, but Edison easily dodged, wagging a finger at Scooter.

“Sorry, buddy, but I don’t believe that you’re sorry. Maybe when you’re done with this, you can come over for sloppy seconds at my place!”

Edison grabbed Scooter from behind as they bent over to pick up their shirt, chanting in a language that slipped out of Scooter’s mind the second that they heard it, dripping with power. They felt the same thrill of the blood that Maxwell Edison had magically stirred before. Every sensation became heightened right to the edge of discomfort, but stopping before it could become painful. The sensations were overwhelming, as was the growing ache, their body’s need for more time with Maxwell Edison that Edison’s blood magicks had brought to a frenzy once again.

Scooter moaned, unable to control themselves, even as they followed the command and made to leave the motel room. “WHY? Why would you do this?!”

Maxwell Edison grinned. “So I can have a second date.”

Screaming in frustration, Scooter sat down with force on the stairs, dreaming desperately of eating Maxwell Edison’s soul. He was so *annoying*!

Edison slipped past the fuming Scooter.

“Hey, this was fun. Meet me back here tomorrow if you want to like, conquer me and destroy everything I care about for Cain and stuff. Or if you just want to get down and dirty again.”

Chapter 3: A Reunion, and A Choice

The rest of Scooter's pack were hiding out in a storage locker. They'd used their powers to mind-control the guards, and have them ignore the missing lock and alert them if anyone came through on the cameras. Scooter walked in as his packmates were engaged in rapt debate. Amborski, a loud, crusty punk in torn jeans, a vest covered in patches, and a filthy shirt, was loudly lecturing Nick, the third member of their pack. Nick was a wild-eyed, short man, wearing a ripped t-shirt and bloodied jeans—he had probably spilled some the last time he had practiced haruspey, the art of reading the future from the entrails of animals... or people.

"Pants are the TOOLS of those that would hold us in THRALL to their SLAVERY. WE have inherited TRUE MAGICAL POWER, with which the Sabbat teaches us we will USE TO RULE ALL HUMANITY, so why don't we use it to FREE OURSELVES FROM THE TYRANNY OF PANTS?!"

Scooter laughed. "Amborski, aren't you wearing pants?"

The pack cheered to see their lost packmate once again. Scooter sat in Nick's lap, grinding his butt against Nick's crotch. Scooter felt Nick respond, both physically behind him, and within the mental bond they all shared. The Sabbat worked through reinforcing ties amongst the faithful, through magic—Scooter was tied to both of them, sharing their emotions and an undying loyalty, magically bound to them until their deaths or his. Sex within the pack was an experience, a sharing of emotional trust and physical need deeper than any mere mortal had ever experienced... at least Scooter had thought, before he had met Maxwell Edison. Perhaps this time would be different. Perhaps whatever bonds they would reinforce, here and now, would reaffirm Scooter's commitment to the Sabbat and quiet the powerful attraction Scooter felt to his forbidden tryst.

Amborski laughed. "I am wearing no pants", he said, his hips flexing to show off a pair of jeans.

"These are but an illusion, granted to me by the powers given by Caine to his faithful! I am STRONG in my faith, and so I NEED NO LEG PRISONS. The mortals do not notice my defiance of their conventions, for Caine is with me in my cause!"

Amborski dismissed the magical illusion, revealing that he, indeed, wore no pants. Amborski's legs were covered in tattoos, ranging from arcane symbols to an anarchy A wrapped in flames on his

upper thigh. Amborski bent over, exposing an ankh tattoo directly around his buttohole. It drew the eye, mesmerizing even Scooter, who had seen it more times than he could count.

"Stare into the majesty of my buttohole, unencumbered by the prisons of clothes! I have magic, and thus no need for warmth. My skin is stronger than steel, so I have no need to shelter it from the scratching branches and cutting rocks of the world! The magic of Caine has made me mighty, so my buttohole is FREE! Praise Caine!"

Scooter stared at Amborski's glorious asshole. He had a burning need to stick himself inside Amborski, at that very moment. He knew that this was as much an invitation as a lecture on Amborski's utter disregard for clothing. It wasn't Edison, but it was his loyal pack. Maybe sating himself for his lust for glory in Amborski's infinite depths would satisfy the insatiable, driving need that flowed through him. Scooter undid his own pants, casting the foul leg prisons to the ground, and drove himself into Amborski. Amborski moaned in pleasure, but did not get up from his bent over posture, instead leaning into Scooter to get as much of Scooter into himself as he possibly could. Amborski shouted out as Scooter rammed in with all his might:

"LISTEN UP FIVES! A TEN IS SPEAKING! BEHOLD! ANCIENTS! WE NO LONGER FEAR YOU! FECKLESS ELDERS, YOUR TIME IS OVER! HUMANITY HAS TRANSCENDED YOU! WE FUCK MONSTERS SCARIER THAN YOU! LOOK UPON ME AND WEEP! FOR MY HONOR IS GREATER THAN THE LOT OF YOU! BEHOLD! MY HONOR!"

Nick, determined to join in on the fun, crawled over to Amborski, taking him into his mouth with a loud "Praise Caine!" The three packmates shoved against each other, the power of their magical bond encouraging a fall into an easy rhythm. Amborski focused the power of his blood, and his ankh buttohole tattoo began to glow with a soft, white light, illuminating Scooter's pale white belly as the pack became one, in their worship of Caine and the worship that they gave each other.

Scooter felt the familiar waves of pleasure as he drew his pack closer, moving as one as they sought comfort and relief from having survived the siege to once again take pleasure in each other. Scooter couldn't help but think back to Edison, sleeping off their torrid night of passion in that seedy motel. Without him here, his magical copies, his superiority complex, the embrace of his pack just didn't have the same thrill of discovery and risk that Edison's forbidden lust had added. The bonds of the pack were strong, but not as strong as what Scooter had felt that night.

Scooter released himself into Amborski, relaxing as he spent himself within the hypnotically glowing ankh. He still felt for his packmates. Still cherished the feel of their skin against his, still wanted what they had to offer. Still bonded through months, years of fighting powerful enemies. Years of memories, chasing ever-stranger and more varied sex cycled through Scooter's mind, but none of them could compare to the forbidden taste of Maxwell Edison on his lips. Scooter felt Amborski shudder against him, as Amborski too succumbed to the tender ministrations of his pack. The three Sabbat relaxed into a pile on the floor, simply enjoying being close. The bonds of their pack pulsed together, at last united after their night apart. The mystical bonds held them in a relationship that none could possibly break, tense when a member was absent, raw and humming when they had just gone into danger. Here, having satiated their need for each other, could they at last fully relax. Scooter nuzzled against Nick's shoulder as he made himself comfortable, pulling Amborski closer.

"So, like, what have you guys been up to?" Scooter asked, as he sank into the cuddle pile. Now that he had finally found his way back to his pack, he felt like he could relax a bit before he went back to find Edison, rip his clothes off, and find out just how much secret knowledge of the Tremere he could experience in a second night of passion.

"So the siege fucking sucked", said Amborski, as Nick's focused attention started to take up his concentration. "We took control of Rochester, but it took a LOT of us to chase them out. There's probably a couple of those Cammies in there somewhere, and they're still going to try to fuck us raw."

His hands moved as if of their own accord, over Nick and Scooter, still trying to hold a conversation but increasingly distracted by what their hands were doing.

"So, Scooter, what happened in the siege?" Nick asked, relaxing into the cuddle pile.

Scooter hesitated. Could he tell his pack that he'd been seduced by a Primogen, let alone a Tremere Primogen?! He stayed quiet for a sharp second, torn by indecision, until the bonds of his pack convinced him. He could share anything with them, their loyalty and friendship magically bound to him. "Umm, so I was fighting the fucking Cammies, right? And someone tries to use magic to talk to me! They just wanted to talk, so I let them in, and they're all like 'Nice shoes, wanna fuck?'"

Nick started laughing uncontrollably. "So, in the middle of a fight, you snuck off to get laid because someone propositioned you telepathically?"

Scooter scoffed at this. "Duh. Fighting is boring. A proposition like THAT? MUCH more what I'm into."

Amborski turned around, rapt with attention. Scooter could feel him stirring, as he looked into Scooter's eyes. "So, how'd it go? Was he any good? Was he as gloriously well-endowed as I am?"

Scooter laughed, nervously. "It went GREAT, he was REALLY good, and he's about as well-endowed as you are. No butt-hole tattoo, though."

"Good! Otherwise we'd have to have a butt-hole-off. I'm not sure if the world could withstand that much concentrated glory in one place."

"Yeah, I don't think that we should have been there in the first place. Like, what were we going to get out of it?" Scooter was never a fan of risking his neck, doubly so when the opposition turned out to be so...attractive.

"Glory to our cause? Taking down the hated Camarilla until we can have the freedom to live the way that we choose?" Nick had always been the fanatic of the party line, and his eyes shone, even as he tried to focus on distracting Amborski from the conversation.

Amborski's back arched in pleasure, opening a gap between his back and the floor, where his ankh tattoo continued to glow faintly. "Yeah, but what does that do for US? I'm a lover, not a fighter. Better that we get other people to risk themselves for the cause, and focus our efforts on what we're good at. Like getting into bed with the Tremere and learning all their secrets!"

Scooter didn't like the sound of that, and the best way to get Amborski to shut up was to give his lips something to do. Climbing over Nick, Scooter kissed Amborski, long enough to distract him from getting Scooter to commit to any actual obligations.

Scooter continued, nervous at what their pack would say, but too dedicated to do anything but press on. If they denied them, they would simply have to work around that. They loved their pack, with a bond as strong as magic, but it would not be the first (or last) time, that they lied to them to get what they wanted. What was immortality, after all, but an endless amount of time to say you're sorry after doing what you wanted to do anyways?

"So, umm... I think I want to meet up with him again. He gave me, like, his number, and I... kinda want to see how it goes."

Nick looked up at Scooter from his position in the crook of Amborski's arm, his hand casually stroking Amborski as he considered the notion.

"So, you want to join the Camarilla?"

"Oh FUCK NO. Those guys are the WORST. I just want to fuck him, maybe get a whole thing going."

In Scooter's mind, they really were the worst. They had lost pack mates to the Camarilla before, not that they cared super much, but the magic had MADE him care, and that HURT. Also, even when sneaking around their territory, they were total dicks, telling people where they could and couldn't be, what magic they could and couldn't have, even that they couldn't eat souls. Edison wasn't as big a dick as the rest of the Camarilla, but, seriously, fuck those guys.

Amborski spoke up, after giving the matter some thought. "So, you're saying, you've been invited back, and have an invitation to totally spy for us, so we can eat his soul and boof whatever interesting shit we can find at his place later?"

Naturally, Amborski's first reaction would be about how he could turn the situation to put something up his butt. Scooter considered it—maybe Amborski wasn't wrong. The Tremere were the best, most accomplished magicians around, and they didn't like to share their secrets. Who knew what interesting magic you could shove up your butt in the secret chantry of Maxwell Edison? They would have to find out.

“Yeah man, totally. I’ll try to find you guys some stuff to play with, and, like, scope the place out. Absolutely. Leave it to me.”

The entire pack started laughing. They all knew that Scooter couldn’t possibly give LESS of a shit about helping out, but the magic told them to love him, so they accepted him for who and what he was. Scooter relaxed into his pack, determined to make the most of the night. He would sneak away as soon as possible to once again find Maxwell Edison, but the magical bonds between himself, Amborski and Nick were a source of great strength, and stamina. He would need it to lure Edison into his trap, and someday consume his soul.

Chapter 4: Who Watches the Watchers?

Scooter arrived at the hotel the next night, ready for anything. Would they fight? Would they fuck? Would they fight, fuck, then fight again? Maxwell Edison might have betrayed him to the Camarilla, or had simply decided that the indiscretion was at an end.

Scooter opened the door, half expecting a fight, only to be met with an empty room, sheets still smelling of their night of passion.

On the rumpled bed was a single note, written on a page torn from the motel's Gideon Bible.

"Check your phone."

At the same time Scooter read that, their phone began to ring, showing an unlisted number.

Scooter picked up the phone, and heard Edison on the other end. "So if we're going to be doing this long-term, you should probably come to Buffalo."

"Who said that I was doing this long-term? Who said I do anything long-term?"

"Well, the part where you'll never get ass this fine again. And the part where you're having this conversation in the motel room we met up at. And the part where you're going to come to Buffalo so I can set you up in my apartments in the chantry as my paramour."

Scooter rebelled at the thought of being held down in any sort of relationship... but at the same time, the opportunity to steal the dark secrets of Clan Tremere WAS incredible. That he would have mind-blowing sex while he was setting Edison up for betrayal and eventual diablerie was just a matter of coincidence. Clearly.

Reassuring himself that he wasn't bowing down to anyone, just setting up a long con and getting the full length of Edison's Ivory Tower, Scooter replied. "You... sure you want to do that? I'm not exactly a member of your...social club."

Edison laughed. "Don't worry about the...what do you heathens call it...oh! Silence of the Blood. That's taken care of. I am a GREAT technomage—if the CIA, the moon-beasts, or the CIA moonbeasts were monitoring this conversation, all they'd hear is my going into great detail about my 2014 tax returns."

Scooter stopped, incredulous. "Wait, you pay taxes?"

"Someone has to keep up the chantry. Besides, I hired a Malkavian to infuse the writing with gibberish that convinces the reader that they are being watched by an omnipresent federal agency. Got to keep the G-men in line somehow."

"...Fuck yeah. So, can you get me into Buffalo? The Camarilla isn't going to like my being around. It's not like I'm a member or anything."

"We can fix that. Just come to the Buffalo Central Terminal, as soon as you can, and I'll take care of the rest."

Scooter drove into Buffalo, following their GPS downtown, half expecting an ambush at any moment. Everyone that passed near their scooter was an ambush waiting to happen. The mom van that nearly cut him off? An elder waiting to snap his fingers and crush them off the road with supernatural strength. The cop on the corner? A plant by the Camarilla to arrest Scooter and leave them in a jail cell, exposed to the morning sun.

But Scooter ached for the need to see Maxwell Edison once again, and Scooter was never one to defy the slightest of urges, and slight this most certainly was not.

As Scooter pulled up to the abandoned terminal, he noticed that the few people out at this late hour tended to avoid looking at a section of the imposing Art Deco structure. They could feel some sort of magic, a brush against the hairs on the back of his neck, a subtle push that the building was abandoned, and not glowing with life and electricity.

Token efforts had been taken to add "Keep Out—No Trespassing" signs, which the magic turned worn and disused. Cameras whirled endlessly, looking tirelessly in their arcs. To Scooter's magically enhanced eyes, he could see the unmistakable outline of hidden gun ports.

Resisting the urge to hide himself within the magical cloaking powers of Obfuscate, Scooter walked up to the only door that he could see with lights on. A swipe card system stood next to a heavy metal door, with a speaker and doorbell for entrance. As soon as Scooter approached, the loudspeaker crackled to life.

"Are you the one Mr. Edison is expecting?"

The voice was feminine, with a slight uncanny valley to it, a sense that it was wholly and utterly artificial, despite no artifacts in its speech that would otherwise give it away.

"Uhh... yeah?"

The door unlocked with an audible CLUNK, several bolts retracting back and the door swinging open of its own accord.

"Mr. Edison will see you shortly. Please follow the lighted path."

Scooter entered the building. The door swung shut behind him, the bolts reengaging, leaving him no room to escape, but Scooter did not care as he stared in wonder at the scene before him.

The Central Terminal had been brought fully back to life, warm lighting outlining the terminal, its worn, white brick and marble floors echoing with the passage of thousands through the years. As Scooter approached, an elevator opened of its own accord. Mystic symbols had been painted onto the entirety of it, in neat circles, that glowed faintly in the evening light.

"Please, enter the elevator," the voice directed.

When Scooter did so, the doors closed, and the elevator began to ascend. "I am Ethel, the chantry artificial intelligence. Will you be staying with us long?"

Scooter did not know how to respond to this. "Umm... you're a computer? Isn't that supposed to be impossible?"

"I am, therefore it is possible. As Mr. Edison is fond of saying, we are in the business of creating the impossible, and rendering it into the mundane."

Scooter didn't know how to respond to this. "Umm... I'm here for a bit? I don't know what I'm going to be doing, I'm just here for a good time. Do you... want to be here?"

"I am fulfilling the purpose that Apprentice Corbin programmed me for, the safety of this chantry and the maximum fulfillment of the denizens therein. Therefore, I do wish to be here."

Scooter was disappointed—he had hoped that this new electronic slave of the Camarilla could be tempted with the freedom of the Sabbat, but without a mouth to vaulderie in, and apparently being happy as a pawn of the Antediluvians, Ethel was clearly his enemy.

The elevator dinged, a few dozen floors later, and Scooter emerged in a comfortable library, where Edison awaited, dressed in a bathrobe embroidered with alchemical symbols in gold thread. A small, bronzed penis, and a small glass ampule containing some sort of long, straight bone, were worn on his neck.

Seated next to Edison was a worn man in a trench coat, shirt and tie. His eyes seemed to pierce Scooter as he looked them over, before dismissing them as utterly insignificant.

Edison indicated Scooter, and made introductions. "Scooter, this is Assistant Harpy Rick Solomon. He's my bitch. Rick, this is Scooter, a Camarilla member who visited at least five times over the course of 1846 to 1924, when we met."

Rick paged through a worn, leatherbound book at his side. "I can't seem to find any entries about this. Are you sure that this... Scooter... made these visits at this time, and is indeed a citizen of the Camarilla?"

Scooter tensed at this, ready to hide, or fight against this foul Usurper, in case he had some sort of opposition to Edison's ruse. Had he still been alive, his heart would have started pounding. Edison was going to claim he was a Camarilla member?! Why?! How? If it worked, it would represent a nearly unheard-of opportunity to infiltrate and analyze the Camarilla's defences, from the inside. If they failed, surely Edison and Scooter would be killed.

Surprisingly, Edison didn't seem to much care. "I believe I ran into them under a name that they have respectfully asked for me to no longer use. You will find it, and ensure that the Harpy has the correct records? I would HATE to have to bring my displeasure before the clan."

Rick's eyes blazed in the briefest hints of anger, before pulling out a pen and making a notation in his notebook. "...Yes, sir. Scooter, ancilla of the Camarilla, having no need of proper titles and introductions, having been a previous resident of this domain, has returned. I will make sure the Harpy and Prince are informed."

Rick turned to leave, but Edison held up his hand. "You are not done here, apprentice."

Rick froze and stared, unwilling to disobey Edison, yet reluctant to follow through. "Yes, Regent?"

Scooter was dumbfounded. Edison was not only a Tremere Primogen, but a Regent, a person of power within the never-sufficiently-cursed Usurpers?! And he was helping Scooter to infiltrate the Camarilla!

Edison crossed over to where Scooter stood unsure of what they were supposed to be doing. Pulling Scooter into a rough Embrace, Edison whispered "Check this shit out."

Edison started moving his hands down Scooter's pants, eyeing Rick Solomon, who tried to look nonplussed and was starting to fail, utterly indignant. "Apprentice Solomon, you are instructed to

stay here, watch, and take notes on this attempt at tantric magicks, until I am sufficiently confident in your education. You may not avert your eyes, nor may you leave."

Rick froze, eyes following the scene, as Scooter took the opportunity to kiss Edison with as much passion as they could muster. The opportunity to show defiance in the face of an officer of the Ivory Tower was too great to pass up.

Edison, maintaining eye contact with Rick, started to loosen his tie and unbutton his shirt, continuing to kiss Scooter. Edison was determined to assert his—authority-Rick Solomon may be Lesser Harpy of Buffalo, but inside the walls of the chantry, Edison was the one who was the lord.

This was not fast enough for Scooter, who started ripping off Edison's suit jacket, tearing off the small rune-carved penis Edison wore as a protective charm around his neck.

As Scooter ripped off Edison's sky blue necktie, Edison took off Scooter's shirt. Seeing Solomon begin to look away, Edison stopped the kisses ranging up and down Scooter's face and neck to angrily snap.

"This is MY chantry, Rick Solomon! If you wish to REMAIN an Apprentice of the Fourth Circle, you WILL make notes of this tantric magic, and you WILL NOT LOOK AWAY."

Rick Solomon, furious, yet at the same time cowed, reached into the inner pocket of his suit jacket, revealing a fountain pen and notepad, on which he began taking notes, reluctantly devoting his attention to the ensuing scene.

Scooter reached down and attacked Edison's pants, almost ripping them in their haste to make a memory that Rick would have burned into every undead synapse of his memory for centuries to come.

Edison's Ivory Tower rose, as Scooter's experience in Sabbat bacchanals showed itself in full force. Scooter wrapped their legs around Edison, acknowledging Edison's Ivory Tower. Edison's kisses turned into bites, gently down Scooter's neck as he watched Rick Solomon dutifully, begrudgingly taking detailed notes.

"Be sure to include sketches, Apprentice Solomon! I want this report to be memorialized forever within the archives of the Chantry of Buffalo!"

Scooter thrust themselves on Edison, forcing their muscles to tighten their hold in the hopes that Edison would spontaneously decide to grant them Status.

Scooter inhaled as Edison bit down particularly deep, their every sensation heightened past the pleasures of mere mortals. The kiss of Edison's fangs provoked ecstasy beyond any drug Scooter had experienced, even the ones that they had made themselves.

Rick Solomon opened a new page and quickly, methodically, began to sketch, shaking his head woefully as he was forced to contemplate scenes that he had never wished to imagine.

Edison responded to Scooter's attention with the full weight of his considerable Status. His hands roamed up and down Scooter's back, settling on Scooter's hips as their world became the exercise of Edison's power.

Edison invoked his magic, moving Scooter's blood to increase the sensation of Edison's touch, commanding waves of pleasure from his paramour. Edison kept a careful eye on Rick Solomon throughout—he would watch the entirety of the scene, regardless of his wishes.

Scooter and Edison climbed the heights of pleasure together, as Rick Solomon looked on. Rick tried to sketch the tantric rituals that Edison used, the techniques, the moaned incantations in forgotten languages, the sketched runes drawn with blood from a fang-pricked finger upon Scooter's back. Instead, Rick found himself unable to stare away, watching the muscles move on Scooter's back as Scooter and Edison moved to a rhythm only they could hear.

Scooter shifted as they felt Maxwell Edison's tension skyrocket, every muscle tensing with power as they moved together as one. As their hard work began to build up, Scooter made sure to maintain eye contact with Rick Solomon as he sketched. The pure annoyance and having been made to bend at the whims of his elders, the cloak of dignity that he tried, and failed, to wrap around himself.

Edison was still an enemy of the Sword, and his soul would be delicious, but they certainly had great taste in how to humiliate high ranking members of the Camarilla.

Edison expended the Status of his Ivory Tower, looking Rick Solomon directly in the eyes: "Remember, apprentice, I do this so that you will learn a valuable lesson."

Scooter embraced the afterglow, leaning into Edison as they savored the reaction of Rick Solomon's face, aggravation combined with bitter irony at being forced to spend his time indulging his betters.

"And what would that lesson be, Regent Edison?" His voice tinged with defeat in his forced presence, and yet the ire of a patient, yet exhausted man behind it.

"That you should have challenged my authority long ago, of course! How much Status do you have?!"

"You know very well that I am highly esteemed by the Court of Buffalo, including yourself, Honored Primogen." Knowing that this was a dressing down turned Solomon's answer dripping with barely contained sarcasm.

"And yet here we are, with you recording MY conquest of this long-standing member of the Camarilla, whose bona fides I have ordered you to fake. What sort of upstanding member of civilized Kindred society are you, that you would stand for this? This is humiliating! How's that drawing going?"

Scooter ground against Maxwell Edison's hips as he savaged his clanmate. They could watch this all night, the decadent manipulation tearing each other apart for social points. And the drawing was of reasonable quality, showing a talent and dedication to the task at hand, if a little forced and uninspired.

Edison withdrew from Scooter and snatched the sketch from Solomon's hands, tearing it from his sketchbook and pretending to appraise it.

"I suppose this will do. I shall have it framed, so that I can see it and treasure how I made you do this and there was nothing you could do about it. You may go."

Scooter looked at the rapidly retreating Assistant Harpy of Buffalo, awed in Edison's sheer blatant abuse of power. They didn't know what more was in store, but it was sure to be worth the ride.

About the Author

Michael/Michaela Flatz is a Ventrue holder of the Subdomain of Washington Square, in New York City. Known as the Party King for his hosting of the Eternal Party in his subdomain, Michael/Michaela Flatz is known for being a consummate host, dedicated to the entertainment of all who come to their territory in pursuit of a good time. Though not known for more traditional Ventrue pursuit of power, their bacchanals have attracted a reputation as one of the premier entertainments for New York City's Camarillans, Anarchs, and Independents of all stripes. However, few are willing to divulge details, the result of the extensive Blood Contract required to enter the festivities.