

THE SEDUCTION OF GORATRIX



BY
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"The following was found in the ruins of the chantry of Owen Liakos, rogue Tremere loremaster. I make no promises over its veracity, merely publish it without commentary for the reader's debate and edification."

-Rex Antilles, Baron of Ithaca, NY

Chapter I: An Incredible Discovery

Goratrix approached Tremere's study cautiously. For the first time in decades, the magus was wracked with trepidation. The phantom member that once sat between his legs was no longer, sacrificed to his master years before in a great ritual working, but even now he could feel its ghost growing tall with the secret knowledge he would soon impart.

His butt cheeks opened slightly as he opened up the door, in anticipation of the mysteries that his master would soon plumb the depths of. Goratrix approached Tremere's study cautiously. Goratrix opened the door, entering the room where Tremere did the most of his arcane studies. The study was extensively warded, a secured sanctum that would protect the rest of the chantry in the event of a catastrophic failure.

Tremere was seated before a desk containing several small, bubbling cauldrons, arranged in a pentacle before him. At the interruption, the ritual faded. A sharp smoke emitted from the central brazier, and a foul stench erupted. "Curse you, fool! Another attempt at the elixir of life, ruined!"

Goratrix felt the shame of his master's disdain - he had come in at the wrong moment - but he pressed on. He would satisfy his lord tonight, of all possible desires, both magical and carnal. "Lord Tremere, forgive me, but...I bring great news! At last we have success in our quest for life unending!"

At once, Tremere's attitude shifted. "Well? Speak, my most faithful apprentice!"

The intensity of his gaze caused spasms of excitement through Goratrix's every pore. Every inch of his body felt purified by the magic of his master. He ached to become one in the mysteries with his lord.

"Lord Tremere, there is a ritual, with which we can turn ourselves into creatures of the night. In exchange for avoiding the sun, and feeding upon the blood of the living, we shall no longer age and die. The ritual is involved but, through it, House Tremere shall forever be exalted!"

Tremere stood to his feet, knocking over the simple stool that he had sat upon. He stood before Goratrix, crackling with power, eyes burning with urgency. "Show me, apprentice!"

Goratrix reached into Tremere's robes. "The ritual begins with an invocation of the third eschaton," Goratrix said as he started to slide Tremere's clothes off his toned, sculpted body. "The invocation begins with a display of devotion." Goratrix turned his attention to Tremere's magically perfect abs, slowly kissing his way from divinely flat stomach, to perfectly firmed pecs. His master tensed with anticipation.

"More apprentice!" Tremere moaned. "Show me your secrets, and let me take them into my own!"

"It continues", said Goratrix, moving from collarbone to neck, "with a display of power". Goratrix kissed Tremere hungrily, passionately. His hands wandered down Tremere's back, around his hips and caressed his wand of wondrous power, moving it back and forth in his hands as his tongue flicked into Tremere's mouth. Tremere responded in kind, hungrily moving his hands and tongue at Goratrix's prompting.

Goratrix then bit down on Tremere's lip, drawing blood. A start of surprise echoed through Tremere, a tightening of his hands in outrage and shock, before immediately being drawn back into the magic of the moment. Working blood magic to turn oneself into a vampire would no doubt require no small amount of blood sacrifice.

Goratrix then bit his own lip, commingling their blood throughout their probing mouths. From the mess, he drew a finger over both cuts, tracing runes over Tremere's skin. "Through sacrifice and invocation of power, we concentrate our Avatar's within the blood." Goratrix moved to the side, kissing his way down Tremere's angled jaw, moving to hug him from behind.

"We then move into a position to concentrate and build our power, focusing our efforts upon the Fourth Iteration of Hermes Trismegistus." Goratrix chanted to gather and refine the energies of the world, shaped and focused by the power of his ritual and the perfection of his will. A rod of pure force sprang into existence from the hole between his legs, where he had once sacrificed his own pleasure to bring Tremere's power to new heights. Nimbly, Goratrix maneuvered this new appendage, invisible, but shining with a rainbow aura, into Tremere, slowly but inexorably grinding deeper and deeper. Tremere glowed with energy as he cried out, his fingers tracing glowing runes that sparked with electricity, bleeding off power before it could damage even his thoroughly mastered form.

Goratrix began to bite as the power started climbing to a climax, drawing blood from Tremere's neck and shoulders. "Then, when our sacrifices have been accepted, and our power is at its height..."

Goratrix drew his thumb over Tremere's throat, shoving his forceful projection as far as he possibly could. "We drain you of blood, replacing it with the magical blood of the fiends we have captured and experimented upon." Goratrix started moving his hands over Tremere's root and branch, tracing runes with mental effort as his hands moved up and down, faster and faster.

Tremere shuddered, trying to handle the magic of this working, a practice run for when it would spread throughout his dying frame, transitioning it to life eternal. Fingers of lightning started striking out of Tremere's body to nearby objects, the power desperately seeking an outlet. The scent of ozone mixed with the blood and sweat of the two mage's exertions, as their practice run reached the point of climax.

"And then" Goratrix cried out, as the pumping of his hips and the movement of his hands reached a fevered pitch, "you embrace the life eternal!"

An explosion graced the lab as Tremere poured energy into a frantic climax. The laboratory's safety wards flared, redirecting the laboratory equipment away from the two mages as they shuddered in magical and lustful ecstasy, Tremere shooting lightning and fire with his spent seed.

At last, Tremere and Goratrix came to themselves, the ritual demonstration completed, their energy spent. Exhausted, Goratrix dismissed his force projection, and slumped into a hug with his master, his house-mate, his lover.

The two heads of House Tremere took stock of the obliterated laboratory. The bubbling cauldrons of potions had been utterly destroyed, the remainders of several mysterious liquids pouring over the tables and the floor. A book lay, spine cracked open, pages smoldering from a close encounter with a

stray lightning bolt. Their clothes, hastily discarded, were soaked in the liquids, and scorched with fire. Long trails of molten stone followed where stray bolts had melted the ceiling, walls, and floor.

Tremere languidly gestured with one hand, forming an intricate sign as he poured some of his excess energy into a series of runes carved into one of a dozen brass rings set into the floor. The liquids, under Tremere's focused will, dried, the stains removing themselves from their discarded clothing. The cauldrons moved themselves from where they had fallen to their proper place, the damaged pieces fitting together in a reversal of their destruction, before sealing themselves into a repaired whole, as if they had never been disturbed. The book flew to its proper place on a stand, the spine stiffening and the pages replacing their scorched edges with clean and perfect parchment. As Tremere ended the effort and gathered his clothes, the laboratory was restored to its proper, perfect order.

"Excellent, Goratrix. We shall begin the ritual tonight, at midnight. You shall apotheosize, and restore the full power of House Tremere."

Chapter 2: The Embrace of Immortality

Later that night, Goratrix wandered the halls of the chantry in trepidation. It was his mastery of magic that would be put to the ultimate test that night. He hurried down to the darkest, most secured dungeon, to check on the preparations for the ultimate ritual. He passed through wards that crackled with arcane energies, powerful enough to destroy utterly any foolish enough to test the power of the defenses of House Tremere. He passed bound spirits and deadly runic traps, bypassing them with the required signs, checking to see that they had not been disturbed in his absence. At last, he came before the trophy of his greatest triumph: One of the dread Tzimisce vampires, neatly trussed up and kept in slumber through his arcane might. It had taken the form of a mighty winged reptilian beast. The beast had an elongated neck, and talons that could rip a man to shreds before he could react. A mighty tail that could batten down a castle wall with little effort. What a fantastic specimen.

Soon, he would absorb the creature's essence, and at last gain everlasting life.

Goratrix wandered the room, preparing for the others closest to Tremere to arrive. He painted a pentagram in the blood of the captured vampire, inscribing precise sigils in ancient tongues that twisted and turned in the mind's eye. The act of reading them was a revelation terrifying and wondrous to behold. He conjured flame and bound it within legions of candles, drawing back the gloom of the night in constant reserves of energy. He disrobed, painting magic words and symbols across his body, relishing the raw power within the vampire blood, magically holding great stores of power that brought the undead thing to life, now used to create more vampires against its will. A stone slab atop the beast completed the picture. As Goratrix levitated the slab in place, he chanced a look between the monster's rear legs. No reptile could have possibly had such a massive piece of perfection! Goratrix's research claimed that he would consume the thing entirely, absorbing its power. Goratrix thought his ritual would reach perfection with the transference of his magic to the creature's form, but he knew on sight that he had a new, secondary object to focus his transformation upon. He would hold its form within his mind's eye, and his transformation would be perfect.

One by one, the remaining six of Tremere's most faithful apprentices filed into the ritual room. LeDuc, a long-haired, slight French mage, appeared; he was accompanied by Calderon, a Spanish nobleman, his naked body adorned with the scars of a lifetime of swordsmanship and high ritual. He held a carved staff glowing with unnatural light as he took his position on the westward facing point of the pentagram.

Goratrix suppressed a sigh as Meerlinda appeared, a stern older woman, chanting steadily as she walked to her appointed place at the cardinal point. As much as Goratrix would not enjoy her place within the ritual, hers was the point that would keep the other parts in time. Accompanying Meerlinda was her consort, Etrius, a tall man with a rounded face, his mane of blonde hair tumbling around his shoulders, his bright blue eyes wide with trepidation and wonder as he took his place within the pointed stars of the pentagram.

Goratrix placed himself on the altar, lying flat upon the granite slab, resting his weight so as not to disturb the motionless body of the lizard-monster Tzimisce below him. Goratrix began his

preparation, focusing on his transformation. Soon he would cease to age. Soon, he would have everlasting power. Soon, he would gain the potency of the Tzimisce, and with the focused power of his magical prowess, the girth and depth of the Tzimisce's perfectly transformed flesh. Goratrix turned a moan of anticipation into the beginnings of a chant and, through mental effort and the skills of years of practice and study, summoned his forceful, carnal might from its place of sacrifice, a glowing testament to the grand glory of House Tremere.

The others began their chanting as Tremere entered the ritual room, flanked by the last of the most faithful Apprentices gathered under him. Malthus, a raven-haired, pale-eyed, tall man, with bright blue tattoos coursing down both sides of his body, and Iskandar, an olive-skinned, bald man, with yellow cat's eyes, both took their places alongside Tremere.

Tremere and his most loyal began the ritual. Each of the Apprentices summoned the true extent of their power. First came Etrius, his wand pulsating with urgent need, his hands gesturing in ever-increasing want and need to go to Goratrix and finish the ritual upon him. Then LeDuc manifested his honor to House Tremere, defiantly rising up between his thighs as he trembled in anticipation. Meerlinda's chanting lowered, her breath coming faster as her centers of energy aligned with the needs of the ritual, but Goratrix could barely hear her. Calderon's staffs glowed, as the force of his need to give his power to his master came to the fore, glowing gloriously in the candlelit night. Malthus and Iskandar began to step towards Etrius, their hands encircling Tremere, their every action massaging their master as he came to put his finishing spellpower on Goratrix's greatest magical accomplishment.

Goratrix felt a power like he had never felt before. He could feel every one of Tremere and his loyal followers, their power resonating against his own as they assumed their positions to help him to finish his ritual. The combined force of their attention was focused on him, and he thrust his pelvis into the air, assuming the position of receiving power, as his hands quested for his fellow apprentices, and his seat of power begged for Tremere to thrust his glory upon him.

The other apprentices closed as the power mounted. Goratrix closed his eyes and focused on the power below him, the runes written in the Tzimisce's blood draining the undead fiend's power into him, the chanting apprentices and the focus of their glory forcing that power into him. He focused his will, his personal carnal might into a thrusting testament of the power of his magic. He WOULD have eternal life, and he WOULD have the perfection of the Tzimisce's power and glory! He barely felt as his questing hand found LeDuc's honor and Calderon's glowing staff, his hands desperately moving in time with the ritual, stroking with greater intensity as the chanting reached a fever pitch. His chanting became subvocalized as Malthus and Iskandar placed their contributions to the ritual in his mouth, and he stopped talking in favor of extracting their power with an encircling, probing tongue. He knew Meerlinda and Etrius were doing...something at the cardinal point, but he only knew it in abstract, and did not much care.

Even Goratrix's desperate need for the Tzimisce's well-endowed glory took a back seat in his brain when Tremere fully joined into the ritual, into Etrius. Tremere set the pace, back and forth, harder and harder, yelling to defy the universe itself in his arcane might, his eldritch power plumbing the depths of Etrius' body, to touch even the deepest parts of his soul. Goratrix's mind became the magic, his body overwhelmed with ecstasy, every limb, every, part of him, bursting with joy as the ritual climaxed. Higher and higher the power soared, and the less and less Goratrix could think. His

body ached, but it was consumed by the magic. His mind hungered, but it was consumed by the magic. The magic was all, the magic was everything, the magic was bliss.

The ritual came to its conclusion, and everything went black.

Goratrix awoke slowly. Time had passed, but he knew not how much. He lay at the bottom of a pile of bodies, spent in the creation of the ritual. He felt cold, but at the same time not uncomfortable at the drop in temperature, down from the sweating climax in the heat of the moment. He became intimately aware of the blood in his body. His heart did not beat, but he knew that he could force it to, in an instant. The bodies were covered in the dried exertions of the ritual, but all the participants piled against him were also cool to the touch. Goratrix listened for the sound of their breathing, and in an instant his hearing increased several times over. He could hear the dripping of water from a leak in the foundation a room over, the sound of rain against the roof of the chantry, sounds too distant for mere mortal ears to hear. He sat up in shock, and the pile stirred. One by one, the assembled High Council came awake. Goratrix was relieved when Tremere pulled himself to a standing position. His master would know what to do.

Etrius attempted to chant an incantation, and was furious when he failed. "Master, our magic is...gone! I cannot feel the presence of my Avatar! We are no longer mages, but...undead fiends!"

Calderon growled "This is Goratrix's fault! The ritual is done and we are unmade! I propose we punish him for our ruination! This insult can only be assuaged with death!"

Tremere yelled "HALT". Some sort of supernatural force came from his voice, breaking the free will of Calderon upon the rock of Tremere's command. "Goratrix has served House Tremere well, and has solved the problem of our impending deaths. With this transformation, we no longer risk dying due to the death of magic. We shall remain here, and discover the powers of our new form."

And that was that. Tremere had spoken. Several of the other apprentices glared at Goratrix, but orders were orders. Their personal thoughts on their new condition aside, a new future awaited.

The next several years were some of the best of Goratrix's life. The seven apprentices and Tremere had dedicated themselves to unlocking the mysteries of their new forms. They had discovered that they could use their undead blood, pregnant with magical power, to fuel a form of magic. With an exertion of will, their speech could overwhelm the minds of others. They could sharpen their senses, and even unlock visions that were impossible to mortal man.

Goratrix discovered that the blood could heal injuries, even those incurred long before the Embrace. He directed blood towards the wound where he had sacrificed his manhood to Tremere, for the glory of his house and his beloved master. It took weeks of concentration, gorging on blood and forcing the spent flesh to heal...but heal it did. Soon, his sacrificed root and shaft had regrown, a mighty testament to the mystic might of his experiment, and the power of his newly undead form.

One night, Tremere entered Goratrix's chambers, seeing his apprentice hard at work on yet another tome of eldritch lore, in the hopes of being able to unlock some sort of magical prowess from the diminished magical might of his undead frame.

"Apprentice, I require you for a ritual."

Goratrix jumped at the news. "A ritual, master? Does that mean that you've solved our problems?"

Tremere crossed the room to Goratrix, a hand caressing his apprentice. "I believe that I will demonstrate. Stand."

Goratrix complied, curious as to what his master would do.

Tremere worked his hands under Goratrix's robe, and began to chant. Goratrix had mastered the flow of blood throughout his body, a conscious control of where his blood went and what it did, be it physical enhancement, healing wounds, or access to the powers within his blood. This, however, bypassed that newfound choice entirely. Without his conscious control, Goratrix found himself with a raging erection. Goratrix's heart pounded excitedly, in tune with the growing need in the light of this newfound power. Tremere had found how to do magic once more! The possibilities of this newfound blood sorcery were endless. House Tremere would live forever, and still be able to keep the magic they held so dear!

It became apparent that this was not the only gift Tremere had in mind, as he lowered his head to Goratrix's waist. "That was the second level of this newfound gift. I will show you the initial level, but I will need a blood sample."

Tremere kissed his way from Goratrix's belly button, slowly downward, as he worked off Goratrix's remaining clothes. Despite no longer having to breathe, Goratrix's breath grew heavy with anticipation. Magic was real once again! His master would soon give him the gift of magic! His master was showing his devotion to his craft, with a dedication that put his apprentice's efforts to shame.

Tremere wrapped his lips around Goratrix's mystically regrown wand of power, and took it into his mouth. Goratrix quickly spent more blood, to heighten his physical sensations to more than any mortal man had ever experienced. He could feel every bit of the pressure, the relentless movement, as Tremere slowly moved his head up and down, gradually increasing the tempo each time. The anticipation built - his research had indicated that, once dead, Goratrix would no longer be able to feel this way. He had been sad at the time, but now exulted in being proven so incredibly wrong. He moaned, lost in the moment to Tremere's lingering kiss. When he thought that this could not possibly get any better, he saw Tremere's hands move, felt his mouth part in incantation. Despite the enormous, desperate need to do nothing but sink the totality of his consciousness into this ultimate moment, Goratrix memorized the required motions and signs with desperate fervor. Soon he too would be a magus once more!

He felt the blood move once more, and began to feel himself pulsate with bliss, sending what was apparently blood into Tremere's mouth. He could feel it leaving his body, and the parts of his brain that weren't overwhelmed in transcendent joy noted that he knew exactly how much blood was lost, and where it had flowed from but, thanks to Tremere's efforts, he could not stop it in any way.

Tremere swallowed, and rose to meet Goratrix, encircling him in a joyous, celebratory embrace. "I have made the universe reveal its secrets" whispered Tremere as he kissed his way up Goratrix's neck. "Your blood calls you Goratrix, of the 5th generation from Cain, childe of none."

Tremere kissed him passionately on the lips.

"Of clan Tremere."

Goratrix kissed his master back with the full appreciation of the gift he had been given. "Master, I think I can use this new power, now that you have shown me the way. May I demonstrate?" His probing hands started to work their way under Tremere's robes.

"Of course, my greatest apprentice."

Goratrix blushed at the compliment his master had deigned to bestow upon him, as he slid off Tremere's robe, continuing to kiss the arcane profundity of Tremere's lips. He gently nibbled at his master, his tongue seeking to reward the man who had just brought back the wonder of magic, the power of creation through will alone, back at long last into his life. His hands moved through Tremere's hair, stopping to rub the lobes of his ears, as Goratrix waited for just the right moment. His perfect memory recalled the hand movements and arcane words of power that Tremere had used to invoke his blood magic. Goratrix felt a now-familiar ache as he willed his fangs to extend, coming down to lovingly bite and draw blood from Tremere's lips.

Tremere's blood was the best thing that Goratrix had ever tasted. It felt like raw, pure, unadulterated magic on his tongue, in his mouth. He craved more. Needed more. Lust bloomed throughout his body and, with little thought, Goratrix sent blood back into his seat of power, desperately needing to feel his master enter and complete him.

From memory, Goratrix took the mouthful of blood, and performed the signs and invocations that Tremere had just demonstrated. A knowledge bloomed in his mind, inserting itself wholly into his thought process. Goratrix did not read the magic so much as he KNEW, as if he had known all along, what the spell told him: Tremere was a vampire of the 5th generation, full of vitae, fed within hours. It had worked! He had cast the first spell since losing his magic! He felt that some of the blood within his own body had diminished, vanished to fuel the casting. This blood magic was limited in scope, following pre-ordained structure, but within those limits was still the potential for true greatness. Clearly, his master was the greatest sorcerer of his age!

"Tremere, founder of his house", Goratrix moaned, "of the 5th generation. Bursting with the glorious power of his blood. Fed recently from...Etrius?!"

Goratrix felt shock. Not that Tremere would have a relationship with another of his apprentices - magic and will thrived on passion, and tensions always ran high through House Tremere, using their emotions to empower the workings of their power. Goratrix was only shocked that Tremere would go to that worthless hack Etrius, before him! The betrayal felt like a blow to the stomach, but Goratrix's love for his master battled through. Surely there was a reason! There had to be! He was Goratrix, Tremere's greatest apprentice! Solver of their greatest problem! The best, most faithful lover in the entirety of Tremere's inner circle, if not the entirety of House Tremere!

Goratrix moved his ministrations to Tremere's neck, first kissing his way down, and then sucking with all the force that he could muster. His talents were not limited to his magical prowess; he knew that he would have left bruises behind if either of them had still been human. "Master, why did you come to Etrius before me?" Goratrix asked, as he started to bite down on Tremere's neck.

"I had to test my thaumaturgy somewhere. Had my attempts failed, things could have been disastrous. So I had Etrius volunteer to be demonstrated upon." Tremere moaned as Goratrix's fangs sent a rapidly expanding pool of bliss expanding from his neck and filling his entire body. He felt the blood leaving his body, but there no pain, only pure pleasure. He barely contained expressing his intense appreciation as Goratrix licked his wound clean, magically sealing the bite and sending another nearly narcotic wave of joy through Tremere's body. "My greatest apprentice! When I knew that I had succeeded, I came to you!"

Tremere could no longer contain himself, and moaned again as Goratrix moved from the base of his neck, sinking his fangs into Tremere's magically sculpted pecs. Tremere, like Goratrix and the other members of his inner circle, and most of his House, had enchanted his body to the heights of physical perfection, before the ritual had brought him to the razor edge between life and death, and kept him there as a vampire. Tremere's body, tight and toned, communicated every shift in posture as his back arched in rapture.

"How could I not give this gift to you, as soon as I had ensured its safety? You've demonstrated mastery of the first level of blood sorcery..."

Tremere gasped, as Goratrix bit, fed, and slowly healed his way down Tremere's chest. Goratrix took the opportunity to speak the words of power. Goratrix immediately could feel the blood in Tremere's body, as it responded to his call. He could direct it by thought alone, much like his own, and Goratrix knew exactly what he needed to do. He send blood to Tremere's skin, increasing Tremere's feeling and experience several times more sensitive than humanly possible. At the same time, Goratrix bit down, feeding from Tremere. The magic of the bite provoked another loud moan from Tremere, as even his considerable will was sublimated to the moment.

"...the SECOND level of blood sorcery, within seconds of my demonstration of its effects. I eagerly await the...results of your efforts."

Warmth flowed through Goratrix, as his heart soared. Of course Tremere loved him most of all! Goratrix heightened the senses in his circle of mysteries as he used his blood magics to force Tremere to stand erect. He lowered himself onto Tremere in desperate haste, determined to show his loyalty and dedication. Goratrix established a rhythm, chanting rapidly to bring Tremere's senses to enhance the sensation as Goratrix moved atop him, while enhancing his own pleasure with the power of the blood. Tremere then circled his hands around Goratrix's waist, reaching around as he chanted to enact the power of his blood. Through their combined magical efforts, they brought themselves to a perfect climax, each commanding the other's bodies, made one through their magical working. The moment went on for what felt like an eternity, as Goratrix felt Tremere's load of blood work its way into his body. A rush of pleasure roared through Goratrix, as his mind focused on the liquid sensation deep within him. He felt the blood move...and saw the next level of blood magic, as clear as if the sorcery had been implanted in his mind. He could move his own blood to

optimum efficiency within the path, increasing the limits of what he could do with the blood within his system. He had cracked the next level of blood magic!

Goratrix slid off of Tremere, exhausted. Grabbing a nearby stick of charcoal, he began to write on the floor and walls, beginning the process of transcribing his revelation into reality.

Chapter 3: The Founding of Clan Tremere

The other apprentices soon had their great discoveries. Iskandar and Maltheus had discovered the ability to siphon blood from each other from across the room. Etrius and Meerlinda had, after a particularly intense research session, managed to find a way to force the blood to come to a boil, causing intense pain to each other, which had apparently been their goal.

Soon, with the continued magical might of their House now firmly established, Tremere gathered his apprentices together, in order to decide the fate of House Tremere. Tremere presented himself in all of his arcane glory to his assembled apprentices. Fully naked, painted in a full suite of blood-painted sigils and runes of power, he stood before them fully erect. Practically humming with energy, he hungrily eyed the most devoted of his house, who had followed him into life eternal.

“My loyal apprentices! Now is the time to further our ambitions! We shall offer the remainder of House Tremere the unique opportunity to follow us into life eternal! Though first, I propose a restructuring of our House, to fit our newfound status as warlocks amongst the living dead. Our state requires us to practice constant, ordered vigilance against those that would oppose us. We can no longer rely on magical might alone to show us what is the way. If we are to survive, we will need structure, not just individual power. As head and founder of this house, I declare that we shall be a Pyramid. I shall be seated at its head, with you, my Council of Seven, beneath me. We shall begin a working, to use the power of the Blood to bind all of our house to my person, and through me our Council and the entirety of House Tremere. We are House Tremere no longer, but Clan Tremere, greatest of the vampire clans!

The assembled Council of Seven applauded. This was their destiny. This is how they would use their power to shape the world. With their united will and the powers of the blood, none would stop the glory and power that was Clan Tremere!

“Goratrix, my greatest apprentice! Come before me, and begin the ritual of Transubstantiation!”

Goratrix passed the other apprentices on the way to kneel before his lord and master. He saw the jealousy in Etrius and Meerlinda’s eyes, the guarded looks of the others of the Seven. But Goratrix was the best. The first. The one that had brought House, now Clan, Tremere to its highest point. It was right and proper that he would take his place as first among equals.

“Bow before me, my apprentice, and receive my power.”

Goratrix knelt before Tremere, and took Tremere into his mouth. The full depth of Tremere’s power extended deep into Goratrix’s throat, and it was only through years of practice that Goratrix was able to take the full depth of Tremere, stretching back so far. Goratrix began to move his head, his tongue moving up and down. The Council of Seven started chanting, and Goratrix moved his head and tongue to the rhythm of their chants, moving faster as the chants built the power of the ritual. Goratrix’s hands moved with a mind of their own to his own reborn staff of wizardry, as blood flowed with little conscious effort into an overpowering erection. For the power and ecstasy of this ritual alone, Tremere deserved to take his rightful place as the true leader of House and Clan!

Tremere started to chant as Goratrix brought the ritual to a fever pitch, seeking his own pleasure as he sought Tremere's. At last, Goratrix tasted the fruits of Tremere's labor, and the sweetness of Tremere's blood trickled down Goratrix's waiting throat. His love for Tremere redoubled in that perfect moment. He would do anything for his beloved master. He would burn alive in the sun, or forsake his beloved magic, or sacrifice everything on the altar of Tremere's ambition. Goratrix wanted nothing more than to spend every night with Tremere, carving arcane power in a swath through an uncaring, hostile world.

Tremere put his arms around Goratrix and helped him to his feet. Goratrix had yet to release himself, and stood, his hands barely resisting the temptation to finish the job. Tremere turned his head, and indicated a jeweled chalice, resting on its stand for the moment within the ritual that had just come.

"Finish in there, my apprentice, and begin the binding of all Tremere to the Seven, and myself."

Goratrix rushed to the chalice, working himself furiously. He looked on as Tremere chanted the words that would direct the flow of blood once again, restoring his power to give to LeDuc, who knelt before him. As LeDuc bowed his head to his glorious new task, Goratrix at last allowed himself to release into the cup a sample of his power, along with a sample of his own blood.

LeDuc finished quickly, perhaps due to excitement, or perhaps due to Tremere using his vampiric power over his own body to do his part in the ritual in a timely manner. Were Goratrix's heart still beating, it would have fluttered at the thought. It certainly felt that it did. Either way, LeDuc made his way to Goratrix, showing the full extent of his power. He worked at attempting to finish at the ritual, but did not seem to be coming to much success.

"Goratrix, would you help me? You seem to have mastered this part of the ritual."

Goratrix looked LeDuc up and down. Like all of the Council, LeDuc had mastered the power of his own body while still a mortal mage, and had sculpted his ideal form from will and power alone. LeDuc's muscles were subtle, wiry, but defined when given close examination. He was not Tremere, could not be Tremere, but Goratrix knew that neither of them were exclusive. Perhaps an indulgence away from his lord and master would prove fruitful. Perhaps it could be used to further the ritual.

It was with that thought that Goratrix mounted LeDuc, wrapping his legs around him while holding onto double handfuls of LeDuc's luxuriously curling ringlets of black hair. LeDuc gasped as he entered Goratrix, as Goratrix used his blood sorcery to enhance LeDuc's perception. Goratrix moved his entire body against LeDuc's hips, grinding with the practiced ease of a master acrobat, sorcerously acquired and now product of the vampiric transformation. Goratrix took his pleasure as well, his expanded senses taking in every detail as he was filled by LeDuc.

At last, Goratrix felt a shift in LeDuc. He was about to expend his power! With an effort, Goratrix dismounted, handing LeDuc the cup to finish in. With one hand and a whispered incantation, Goratrix brought LeDuc to the conclusion of his part in the ritual, and LeDuc emptied himself into the chalice just as Maltheus finished with Tremere.

Maltheus came directly to Goratrix once his piece of the ritual with Tremere had concluded. Goratrix knew the proud man would be a challenge. Maltheus' loyalty to House, now Clan, was not in the

least in question, but his personal urge to contribute was difficult to rise, even in such a momentous occasion. Goratrix knew that he would have to give his utmost to bring Maltheus' contribution to the ritual with as much power and fervency as the rest.

Goratrix bent down to Maltheus' bare waist and took Maltheus into his mouth. Goratrix worked his hands up and down Maltheus' body, searching for the spot that would bring Maltheus enthusiastically into the ritual, just the right pressure in just the right spots for the greatest contribution.

Out of the corner of his eye, Goratrix saw Meerlinda approach Tremere. Instead of extracting Tremere's blood in the usual method, Meerlinda instead took Tremere's hand, and gently bit into his wrist! Goratrix was shocked. Meerlinda had done the bare minimum to accomplish her master's wishes, binding herself to him, and not the extended ritual the remainder of the Council had elected for.

Clan Tremere's studies of blood magic were still a bit of a mystery, especially for the greater workings such as these, seeking to refine raw will into magical effect without months to years of study and refinement of the new ritual. The Council of Seven were all mages with centuries of experience, as was Tremere himself, of course, but everyone who could put in their passion and magical power into the ritual increased the chances of the success of their common goal. With Meerlinda putting in next to no power into the working, all of them would have to redouble their efforts to ensure the ritual's success.

Meerlinda crossed over to the chalice the Seven were concentrating their power upon and slit her wrist, dripping her blood contribution into the cup. Again, the bare minimum. Goratrix was shocked that she would treat her lord and master so. Did she not love the pure joy of such raw, primal magic? Did she not wish for the ritual to succeed and enact their master's will?

Goratrix, now certain that he would have to give the greatest performance of his magical career, applied even more pressure with his mouth to Maltheus. At least Maltheus was trying to best accomplish Tremere's ambitious plan. At last, Goratrix found the perfect way to encourage Maltheus. Rubbing the back of Maltheus' thighs, Goratrix called upon his magic, heightening Maltheus' senses to the area. Under Goratrix's massaging fingers, he could feel Maltheus' muscles unknotting, as Goratrix's tongue moved rapidly in circles around Maltheus, around and over. Goratrix moved his head rapidly up and down, covering the entirety of Maltheus' font of eldritch might in his mouth, and deep into his throat. Goratrix summoned his magic as Maltheus started to moan in sheer bliss above him. Goratrix swallowed the temptation to drink deeply of Maltheus' blood, withdrawing his mouth and aiming Maltheus' contribution towards the ritual chalice with the ease borne of years of practice.

It was then that Goratrix felt a new presence. It lifted him by the hips, and plunged into Goratrix's circle of mysteries. Turning around, Goratrix saw that it was Etrius who had entered him, not deeply, but to the full extent that Etrius was able. Goratrix flashed with irritation that Etrius would just assume his consent to Etrius' choice, but held his tongue - they were all there for the glory of their shared enterprise, and all would reap the rewards later. Goratrix lifted his waist and spread his thighs, opening up for Etrius benefit, but his heart wasn't in it. Goratrix glanced over at Tremere, who was passionately kissing LeDuc, about to finish his contribution. When LeDuc approached

Goratrix, he knew what he had to do: He would bring the ritual to the greatest conclusion he could, mixing his power with an additional sacrifice. While Tremere worked on Iskandr, Goratrix took LeDuc into his mouth, sucking LeDuc's base of power with all of his might, moving his head to match the rhythm that Etrius was moving his pelvis to.

Tremere finished with the last of the apprentices, Calderon, and both approached Goratrix. Goratrix moved for his athame, swaying between the two strapping men. Goratrix stabbed himself between the ribs, penetrating deep into his chest on either side. Motioning to Tremere and Calderon, Goratrix slid them into the resulting holes, then healed the damage so as to ensure a perfect fit. Holding himself still as all four worked themselves on Goratrix, he felt a wetness between his thighs as Etrius finished prematurely. Cursing mentally to himself, for he still had a very full mouth, Goratrix motioned for Meerlinda to motivate Etrius into making his contribution in the proper place. Goratrix watched as Meerlinda dragged her lover to the chalice, stabbing his wrist with a knife and holding it over the chalice, as Etrius bemoaned his failure to perform the ritual adequately. Goratrix called for his blood and, one by one, brought each of those moving inside him to the brink of utter loss of control. They each withdrew, and made their contributions to the chalice. The last to withdraw was Tremere, as always in complete control of his body. Etrius' body exploded in joy as the magic rushed out of him. The ritual was concluded. The chalice would magically hold the blood of the Council of Seven, to be sampled by all future inductees to House and Clan Tremere.

Chapter 4: The Shame of Etrius

As the years passed, Goratrix was tasked with converting the rest of the powers of House Tremere from the arts of Mage magic to the new power of blood sorcery. Goratrix delved deep into his research. Reports from the other Tremere reached him about the retaliation from the Tzimisce vampire clan, as well as the increasing inquiries and rumors as to what House Tremere had done spreading among the mages, but Goratrix paid them little mind. He knew that several of House Tremere's lesser members had fallen to the vampires, and that Clan Tremere was slowly being pushed back to their ultimate stronghold in Ceoris. Goratrix's research began to show dividends, but the Tzimisce had been entrenched for too long, and were too many.

One night, Goratrix was hard at work within the chantry, when the entire structure was hit with a massive blow. Goratrix abandoned his research, heading towards the parapets of the chantry to see what could have possibly disturbed the protective wards that were the best available to the founders of Clan Tremere. Upon mounting the stairs and hurrying outside, Goratrix arrived to find the chantry under siege. Runes inscribed on the stone walls of the mountain fortress glowed with a harsh blue light, under the assault of a strange creature the size of a small house. The creature had hordes of man-sized tentacles, and was propelling itself at the wards on four legs the size of tree trunks, shielded by a bony carapace. On its back, figures leapt down into the chantry, brandishing tentacles and bone blades crafted from their own bodies.

Goratrix wasted no time, calling up arcane fire as he backed into the security of the stairwell, his mind whirling. How had they managed to come so far without triggering the chantry's defenses? These were obviously Tzimisce, vampires well known for their magical means of crafting horrors from flesh and bone. How had they managed to strike deep enough in Tremere-held territory to strike here, the deepest stronghold of Tremere might?

A Tzimisce appeared at the entryway to the stairs, and Goratrix blasted it with fire, followed by a lightning bolt of his own design. The fiend staggered through the blast, breathing fire back at Goratrix, who screamed as his flesh boiled. Goratrix's arcane power proved to be the stronger, however, and he redoubled his efforts in throwing magical lightning, until at last the vampire fell.

Goratrix advanced, arcane words ready on his lips. Two more Tzimisce rushed over the wall, tackling Goratrix to the ground. Their hands touched his bare skin, and ripped bones and muscles into useless shapes, making his right hand useless for the arcane gestures of thaumaturgy. Goratrix, stunned, lashed out with the first thing that he could think of, turning the psychic powers granted by the Tremere vampiric condition into a bolt of pure force, dropping another of the Tzimisce into the depths of torpor, almost dead and unable to respond, but not yet permanently destroyed. The second Tzimisce grabbed at Goratrix's left arm, and Goratrix screamed as the Tzimisce laid him bare to the bone. Goratrix marshalled his will, and grabbed the Tzimisce back, screaming out the incantation of the most powerful of the Tremere inherent magics, the cauldron of Blood. Gobbets of flesh burst out from the Tzimisce's body, as Goratrix boiled its blood within. It redoubled its death grip on Goratrix, ending the use of his other arm, but Goratrix lashed out with his mind once more, dropping the second Tzimisce into torpor.

With a momentary reprieve, Goratrix looked at the impromptu living siege tower. His power was indeed mighty, but this would be a challenge, with the rest of the chantry sorely pressed enough to be unable to provide assistance. He could see dozens more Tzimisce footsoldiers clambering to mount the beast and besiege the chantry, when a burst of green flame erupted onto the battlefield. Goratrix's heart exulted, until he recalled that the only thaumaturgical method that he was aware of that would produce a green flame was infernalism. One of the Tremere in the chantry had called up a demon, and was using its powers to defend against the Tzimisce. Resolving to check this at the first opportunity, Goratrix pushed his blood into healing his arms, regrowing the detached muscles in mere seconds. His ability to cast magic restored, Goratrix wasted no time in calling down flames of his own, bright orange clashing against bright green, but both burning the Tzimisce where they stood. Within seconds, the raid on the chantry was over. The Tzimisce had counted on the strength of their blood and the suddenness of their surprise attack, but the defenses of the chantry had stood firm.

Leaving the final checks of the chantry's security to lesser apprentices, Goratrix hustled to the lower levels, where the laboratories of those Tremere powerful and arrogant enough to summon a demon lay. Seeing a harsh green light from under a crack in the door, Goratrix burst into Etrius' room. Within, he saw Etrius on the floor, blond head desperately bobbing back and forth as he pleased a demon, broken free from its summoning circle by a careless foot breaking the containment. The demon was an idealized man, slender and well-muscled, with alabaster flesh marred by ebony veins. Black spikes jutted out at intervals across his body, and a pair of curved horns erupted from his forehead, jagged and serrated. The demon called out in a tongue that assaulted Goratrix's mind as he heard it, dragging claws against his very soul, conveying without words so much as mental assault that Etrius would continue sucking until the demon was satisfied, his hold on Etrius' soul was complete, and Etrius' power had been collected for future use in spreading evil throughout the land.

Goratrix stepped in to deal with this unwelcome incubus, beginning the chant that would dismiss the summoning and free his fellow Councilor from the demon's grasp. Remembering the night that Etrius had so rudely inserted himself into Goratrix's part of Tremere's binding ritual, Goratrix looked Etrius in the eye and smiled.

"Etrius, if you want me to help, you will have to let me in."

Etrius flashed in humiliation, and a stripe of gratitude, as he spread his butt cheeks to his rival, and savior. The incubus smiled, a rictus grin of challenge, and began shoving the back of Etrius' head down onto his considerable infernal endowment. Goratrix began to work his hips, grinding himself into Etrius, in counterpoint and opposition to the demon's efforts. Etrius began to wave his fingers and chant the countermagic to dismiss the demon, putting his will and magical power in direct competition with the incubus' power. Despite the fact that he was expending himself for Etrius, with Etrius, Goratrix felt his power build, crashing against the incubus' best efforts at draining Etrius' soul. Etrius made contact with his butt and the back of his thighs, and crushed himself against Goratrix. He was compelled by the incubus' dark powers to continue his oral attentions, but the full weight of his sorcery and effort became focused on repelling the demon and freeing himself.

Licking his lips with an unnaturally elongated, prehensile, forked tongue, the demon looked Goratrix in the eye. The words he spoke were again in a language that ripped at the foundation of Goratrix's mind, yet insinuated their meaning into his conscious thought nonetheless: "You are stronger than

this wretch, warlock. I could bestow great power upon you if you would but couple with me instead of...him."

Goratrix feigned consideration for a brief moment, but knew in his heart his response. "I have but one master, and it is the magical arts."

The demon laughed at this, an atonal attack that grated even as it showed amusement. "I could grant you magic beyond your ken, were you to couple with me. Leave this one. You hate him. Leave the chantry that would have him as a member. Join me, and all of magic will be yours!"

Goratrix felt himself growing in power, but not fast enough. The demon would have to be in turn tempted and distracted long enough to bring Goratrix's banishment to the full force he was able to offer. Goratrix slowed his thrusting, as if considering the matter.

"What powers would I earn, with the sacrifice of this wretch?"

Etrius clenched himself tight around Goratrix, fear and lust and the ecstasy of being a conduit for such great magical might coursing through him, causing him to shudder as the sensations overwhelmed even his vampiric flesh.

The demon grinned, his pace slowing as he turned his full attention to Goratrix. Goratrix felt himself grow to new heights of lust as the incubus turned the full scope of his power onto Goratrix, even as the incubus continued his assault on Goratrix's body and soul. The urge to embrace the incubus as a lover, to accept the magical secrets that he would whisper in Goratrix's ear, became almost overwhelming.

"More power than you can wield with your blood magics. The ability to destroy your enemies, to escape death from any that would threaten you. Life eternal, so long as you love me and me alone. What say you?"

Goratrix lashed the temptation to his will, and drove it before him as he drove into Etrius. His lust reaching a boiling point, he combined it into his casting, a rush of magic as Goratrix spent himself into Etrius.

"This was your mistake, demon, with which I will send you back to the Pit. I have but one love: The house, clan, and personage...of Tremere!"

In a burst of power, the demon exploded in a rush of sulfurous, black smoke. Etrius slumped to the floor as Goratrix withdrew. As Etrius mastered the last of his energies to turn to offer his thanks to Goratrix, he found Goratrix leaving the room. Goratrix spoke without glancing at Etrius, his voice laced with contempt: "Your fear was nearly the undoing of everything we have accomplished. Do not do so again, for the sake of your position within House and Clan."

And with that, Goratrix withdrew to see what remained of their prisoners. The incubus had given him an idea for a sorcery to ensure the protection and advantage of Clan Tremere in the war.

Chapter 5: The Creation of the Gargoyles

Years of research later, Goratrix's latest experiment was about to finally come to fruition. Slowly, methodically, Goratrix had taken some of the secrets of vampiric blood, and imbued them with magical power. Before him, his latest vampire prisoner stirred, another Tzimisce. They kept throwing themselves at Clan Tremere's chantries, and their blood was surprisingly pliable to magical reinforcement. Goratrix had transformed his prisoner - his skin now was thick and stony, magically reinforced and transformed - so that the changes continued throughout the blood. A pair of bat like wings sprung from his shoulders, giving Goratrix's creation the power of flight. The best results were internal - the creature would be stronger and tougher than any mere mortal, and even most vampires. His new creations would have the ability to strengthen, and even bond with the ordered constructed structures of a chantry. Best of all, their minds were particularly susceptible to mental control, allowing Clan Tremere to keep a leash on their creation, lest they turn on their masters.

It was time for the final test. His creation glared at him, its fury contained by Goratrix's destruction of its free will. In whatever corner of its mind was still its own, it hated its transformation, and resented Goratrix for the years of enchantments he had practiced upon it.

Goratrix brought a young man to the prisoner, and commanded the young man to sit. Now would be the final test. "Prisoner, this is a word of command: Turn this apprentice into a vampire."

The prisoner tried to resist Goratrix's awful will, but failed before Goratrix, biting into the young man's neck and draining him of blood. Biting its mouth, it dribbled blood into the wound, and then magically sealed it by licking it shut. The young man died, on the floor. Goratrix watched in trepidation - would it work? Would he have to go back to the drawing board? Had this young man died in vain?

And then the transformation started. Lumps grew on the young man's back, where wings would fully form. His skin grew grey, then mottled, then armored. His hands morphed into claws, and Goratrix cried out in victory. With a gesture and a chant, Goratrix set his former prisoner on fire - with the magic having taken shape as he desired, he had no desire for the enemies of clan Tremere holding any memories of the secrets of the attempts. Goratrix saw that the young man's clothes had been shredded by the transformation. Apparently, the enhancements that Goratrix had given him had come into their full effect. Goratrix was deeply pleased, and waited for the new Gargoyle to stir.

Eventually, the young man awakened. "Where...what happened? What am I?"

"You are a Gargoyle. I am Goratrix of Clan Tremere, your master. I have created you to serve me."

"Then...I stand ready to serve."

"Let us test your abilities. Extend your wings."

The Gargoyle looked behind him, and gaped in wonder at his wings. With the effort of expanding a newly discovered limb, his wings unfurled to their full glory.

"Show me your strength. Push against me."

Goratrix took the Gargoyles arms, and the Gargoyle pushed against him. Goratrix marveled at the strength of his creation - so powerful, so well-endowed, and yet so pliant.

"You remember nothing?"

"I remember nothing, save waking up with you, master."

Goratrix considered, then looked at the naked Gargoyle. He felt his power rising as he knew what must be done.

"The last step of your creation is to drink my blood, Gargoyle. How would you like to receive it?"

"I...do not know, master. How do you normally give it?"

Goratrix kissed the Gargoyle hungrily. His creation, shaped of his will! His army that would ensure Tremere's supremacy over all the vampire clans! The perfection of his sculpted form, powerful and potent! He wrapped his legs around the Gargoyle's waist, and rejoiced in that the Gargoyle easily held his weight. The Gargoyle responded with a skill that spoke of years of experience. Goratrix heightened the feeling of his lips, crushing them against the Gargoyle's, his heart pounding with anticipation, his hands clutching at the Gargoyle's back in desperate need. He found himself, with a start, grasping the...wings?! that had protruded from the Gargoyle's back. Goratrix had not noticed the tightly folded wings until he felt them, and felt a rush of joy. The enchantments that he had woven into the Gargoyle's creation had worked! Perhaps even mastery of the very skies would be accessible to the power of Clan Tremere! Goratrix invoked the words of power as he directed the Gargoyle's skin to feel every desperate caress, every greedy kiss, the brief pain of Goratrix's nails digging into the Gargoyle's back. The Gargoyle gasped at the flood of new sensations, overwhelmed in passion unknown to the amnesiac new vampire. Unable to stop himself, he let out a low growl which rapidly grew into a shouted exultation, "Master! Yes! More! MORE!" as Goratrix slammed atop him.

Goratrix's suspicions grew as he mounted his creation. Was the Gargoyle holding back? Had he lied to Goratrix about his lack of memories? The Gargoyle had kissed him, was kissing him, with a skill that belied years of experience, yet he claimed to remember none of the nights of long passion that would entail such skill in the arcane arts of lovemaking. Unable to contain his curiosity, needing to know the full effects of his creation, Goratrix looked his Gargoyle in the eyes, and exerted the power of his will, reaching out to overwhelm and utterly crush the Gargoyle's every mental resistance.

"Answer me Creation: Tell me what you remember of the art of love?"

The Gargoyle's eyes glazed over as Goratrix's will overpowered his own. He answered, "I do not know, master. Clearly, I must have done this before, but I do not remember doing so, or even what I am good at doing until I do it. But...I want to know more. Show me what I must do, master!" The Gargoyle's answer once more turned into a shout as Goratrix shifted his weight, allowing the Gargoyle to enter Goratrix completely.

Goratrix's body shuddered as his body experienced waves of pleasure, wiping out every thought, every impulse, save to lower himself more onto his Gargoyle. The Gargoyle went stiff for a long moment, and then relaxed in the depths of bliss. Goratrix bit his lip, then willed his mouth to fill with

blood. As he kissed the Gargoyle, the blood mixed in their mouths, binding the Gargoyle in obedience with the addictive power of Goratrix's vampiric blood.

"Welcome to the service of the glorious House and Clan Tremere, my loyal servant", Goratrix gasped as he lowered himself off to lie atop his greatest creation.

Chapter 6: A fond farewell

Goratrix lavished in the praise of Tremere, with the success of his Gargoyle project. The new shock troops were deployed to great effect against the other vampiric clans, and his master lauded him as the greatest, after Tremere himself, within House and Clan. However, Goratrix had gotten word of a project Tremere had started, but was not including him within.

Curious, Goratrix found himself approaching Tremere's inner sanctum. As he passed through the layers of wards, he reflected on what had happened since that fateful night, all those years ago. How much had they achieved, as the years since blurred together, faster and faster? How much had passed between them? They had forged House and Clan Tremere into an immortal weapon against all who would threaten their hard-won power. They had created a way to create magic users, the likes of which had never been seen before. They, with the others of the Inner Council, had created a whole new method of using magic, and organized an ever-expanding legion of thaumaturges to wield it.

They had come so far, mostly through Goratrix's own hand. Why would Tremere be keeping secrets now, from his greatest apprentice? Had Goratrix's position been usurped? Would he be forced to defend his right and title in magical combat? If it was the will of Tremere, Goratrix would defend his actions and usefulness, but Tremere was the ultimate will within the clan. Goratrix's lust for Tremere pounded in his veins, his every drop of blood singing to the tune of Tremere's will. Persuading him could be doable, but Goratrix knew that he could never resist Tremere in whatever he wanted. Goratrix was Tremere's, body and soul, and Tremere had repaid that loyalty with power and prestige.

Goratrix entered Tremere's laboratory, catching Tremere looking into a scrying bowl, peering into portents that only he could see. With Goratrix's arrival, Tremere dismissed the ritual, and let his loyal apprentice come near.

"What is it, Goratrix?"

"My lord, word has reached me that...there is something that you are planning, that you have not included me on. Would you have me lend my magical or martial expertise to this matter?"

Tremere looked at him, and drew close, caressing his cheek. "Goratrix, most powerful, most faithful of all my apprentices. I knew I could not keep anything from you for long. I felt it necessary to insulate you as much as possible, but with your discovery of my plans, I should, of course, bring you in fully. Would you open your mind to me, that I may show you?"

Goratrix opened his mental defenses to his master and Tremere, with an effort of will, expanded his thoughts to open telepathic contact. A rush of thaumaturgical formulae sped through the connection, from Tremere's mind to Goratrix's, along with a feeling of barely controlled lust. Goratrix felt his power rising to the challenge, as his mind whirled trying to decipher what Tremere had wrought. Tremere did not let this test of Goratrix's thaumaturgical ability happen easily, for as he mentally explained faster than could be described by mere speech, Tremere passionately kissed Goratrix.

Goratrix forced himself to occupy his mind with the thaumaturgical formulate Tremere was sending him, and not the feel of Tremere's firm, muscled chest under his probing hands, not the press of Tremere's lips against his own.

There was a ritual for...a scrying? Tremere's hands moved underneath Goratrix's robe, gently, yet urgently caressing.

They had purified Tremere's blood to be thaumaturgically related to...the source of vampirism? Tremere was now stimulating Goratrix's pleasure, the master going to his knees to take his apprentice within him. Goratrix could barely muster the emotional control to focus on the lesson, for Tremere was well-practiced, and an eager student in any subject.

They had used the purified blood of Tremere to scry for...another? One who was sleeping, and yet more powerful than even Tremere, more closely related to that source of vampirism. A wave of pleasure short-circuited Goratrix's mind as his senses overwhelmed his thinking mind in bliss. Before he could complete that thought, Tremere called upon his blood, and Goratrix was brought to fully urgent need for Tremere's body once again.

They had found a body, in the desert. Tremere had led a team to retrieve it. They had successfully done so, and the ritual was nearly ready, this time to take the power entirely for himself. Tremere opened himself, and Goratrix entered into him. Tremere sent him the sensation of being entered himself by Goratrix, the depth of his pleasure, the rush as Goratrix began to move himself against Tremere, redoubled by Goratrix's own sensations. He was both the one within, and the one who had taken within, feeling both gift and receipt with every inch of his body heightened to the heights of sensitivity. It was overwhelming, and all Goratrix could do was be swept away by the moment. Goratrix grabbed Tremere's hips, and guided Tremere upon himself, biting fiercely into Tremere's neck. Tremere's back arched, and he ground his waist against Goratrix, pounding furiously in their telepathically shared need. Goratrix and Tremere both reached the height of their passions in the same moment. Were their hearts still beating, they would have beaten as one, more perfectly synchronized than any lovers throughout the history of the world, until this very moment.

Goratrix came to his senses in a glow. This was a gift. Tremere was going away to do this, and he would have to be prepared - in case of failure - to take leadership of House and Clan Tremere. Tremere wanted him to leave for Paris, tonight. The public reason was for an exile, a fight amongst the highest reaches of the clan. This would disguise the real reason - insurance that the will of Tremere would be carried out, even if this newest seizure of ancient vampiric might proved catastrophic. In asking him to sacrifice his reputation, Tremere would be laying insurance that, even if the Council itself were attacked, those in Paris, under Goratrix, would persevere.

Goratrix sent the acceptance of his mission over their shared bond, relaxing in the glow of his master's skill...and more importantly, his master's trust.

Chapter 7: Soul Mates

Goratrix set out that night towards Paris. He was reinforced by a company of the most powerful combat thaumaturges the chantry at Ceoris could spare, along with his formidable arcane mastery, and his Gargoyle, whom he had kept as his retainer and named Servus, for aid and comfort upon the journey. A week passed, journeying from reinforced Tremere stronghold to stronghold, leery of moving too far during the day, for many were the enemies of house and clan Tremere.

As Goratrix approached Paris, he felt the beginnings of a mental intrusion. Goratrix recognized the mental aura of the thoughts that approached his mind's defences as that of his master, his lover, his Tremere. Without hesitation, Goratrix opened his mind to Tremere, aching for the feeling of Tremere's arms around him, the feeling of their lips meeting, the stubble on his jaw to his caressing hand, the full breadth and girth of Tremere's power within him. Long the distance may have been between them but, by the powers of their vampiric blood, they could at least share a mental connection.

Tremere communicated a desperation over the mental link to Goratrix. Something had gone wrong in the ritual to devour the power of the ancient that Tremere had discovered! Goratrix's heart started beating fast in horrible trepidation. What could he do to save his lover, who was in such danger? The miles he had traveled put him out of range for magical assistance - all he could do was watch and experience the assault on Tremere's mind. The ancient surged his will against Tremere - two souls fought over one body, and the ancient's power was beating back even the great Tremere's mental defenses.

In a flash, Goratrix knew what he must do. The shared bond that he and Tremere shared might, when combined with their telepathic link, serve to provide assistance across the miles that separated them. Goratrix began to chant, opening the telepathic connection as far as he was able. Goratrix's hands started to move over his body - the magic would require as much closeness to Tremere, as much intimacy as possible, for the full effect. Imagining the feel of Tremere's caresses, Goratrix's hands wandered over his body, his mind sending the feelings to Tremere. Tremere realized Goratrix's plan, and abandoned his fight against the ancient, struggling no more as he dedicated all of his mental effort and magical knowledge purely to survival. Tremere's body was a lost cause, but Goratrix might be able to save his soul.

Goratrix disrobed as his wandering hands found his seat of power, moving rapidly back and forth, remembering the feel of Tremere's hands where his would just make do. With telepathic force, Goratrix mimicked Tremere's hands reaching to his waist, lower, and lower, ready for the final moment. Just before Tremere fled his body, Goratrix telekinetically spread his butt cheeks wide, waiting for Tremere to enter him. The sympathetic link from the actions of the body would aid the flight of the soul.

It was nothing like Goratrix had ever experienced. Tremere mentally thrust himself into Goratrix, both telekinetically and mentally. Goratrix surrendered, body and soul, to Tremere's urgent need to fill him, complete him, make them two wizards and one whole. Tremere filled him, and Goratrix's body shuddered with the release, as Tremere perfectly satisfied his physical desires, his magical might making physical distance matter no more than if Tremere had been within his arms all along.

Mentally, Goratrix surrendered utterly to Tremere, who took control of Goratrix's body entirely. Goratrix's body began to move, putting his clothes on and calling his underlings to him, but mentally, Tremere's caresses continued to move across Goratrix, both body and soul. Both of them could feel the mental coupling, and the manifestation of their mental efforts in physical force. It was overwhelming. It was perfect.

They would use Paris to scheme against the usurper that had taken Tremere's body, who dared to try and take over House and Clan Tremere. They would regain their base of power, and use the magics that they - not this ancient - were the masters of, and they would be victorious. But the real victory was within. At long last, through the power of magic, they had become the ultimate lovers, forever chasing pleasure, giving and receiving, one body, two souls, having made two halves of one whole. Forever.

About the Author

Owen Liakos is a Social Justice Tremere Antitribu, fighting for the freedom of the Anarch Movement somewhere in New York City. He lives with his boyfriend, Simon, his cat, Goratrix, and a selection of houseplants.