Summary

For a journalism class assignment, Laura takes on a six-week vlog project going without the thing she loves the most: Sex.

Carmilla intends to make this the worst six weeks of Laura’s life.

Notes

Chapter one is exposition, skip it if you're here for the smut and sexual tension

See the end of the work for more notes
Austrian Winters had never been anything shy of bone-chillingly freezing, and the lack of warmth in Carmilla’s stone body certainly didn’t help. The hour wasn’t terribly early, yet through the gap in the curtains a deep blue sky was visible behind frost-glazed windows, the cold seeping into the bedroom despite every orifice being tightly shut.

Yes, temperatures were dipping well into the negatives; yet when your body has been cold for centuries, one learns to avoid caring. One does. The other most certainly does not.

“Ugh, I could have sworn you were like a warm teddy bear when I fell asleep.” Laura said through chattering teeth, her hands lodged between her thighs like they were heat packs.

The corpse behind her finally managed a huff of amusement. “That’s probably because of the sex, cupcake~” Carmilla purred, shamelessly squeezing Laura’s rear end as if stating the obvious wasn’t quite transparent enough.

Well, that would explain Laura’s now regretful omittance of clothes. Only a thin duvet protected her from the icebox her apartment had become, that, and a less-than-lukewarm vampire. “Oh, right.”

Right. It’s now or never.

“Speaking of… that,” Laura began, peeling herself away from her roommate, much to her dismay. On sheer determination alone, Laura threw the duvet off herself and exposed her naked body to the biting air, bristling with regret and frostbite only for a moment before she dashed the dangerous five-foot distance over to her own bed.

Once she’d stripped her bed of it’s blanket and hastily wrapped herself in it, she turned to face a bewildered Carmilla again, staring down at a signature cocked eyebrow and intrigued eyes.

“It’s Lent,” Laura said, catching the question on Carmilla’s lips before she could even ask.

“Actually, it’s Wednesday,” the vampire replied, unconvinced. She propped her upper body up as she spoke, unconcerned with the sub-zero temperatures of her surroundings, allowing the duvet to fall a few inches down as she rose and reveal half a hickey-dotted breast.

Laura swallowed at the mere sight of it, it’s story similar to that of the moussed hair that framed either side of Carmilla’s face. That same hair that Laura still remembered the tickle of on her thighs, the give of it in her fists when she tugged it.

It hadn’t even been ten minutes and Laura could already see what a mistake this was.

Ignoring her girlfriend’s sarcasm, she tried again. “Lent is starting today, and I’ve already decided. I’m giving up… sex,” Laura stated flatly, before she could change her mind.

Carmilla scoffed, scanning Laura’s blanket-burrito wrapped figure up and down. “First of all, religions are just stupid, hardly-varying belief systems with no real-“

“I’m not doing it for Jesus, or whatever prophet Lent is even about,” Laura interrupted, narrowly avoiding another one of Carmilla’s infamous shit-on-what-other-people-love speeches, religious-based ones happening to be a few of her more… opinionated. “I’m doing it for journalism class. We have to vlog each week, how we’re feeling, try to make it a story or whatever.”
This time, Carmilla couldn’t hold back a laugh. “For class? You’re telling me you told Cochrane you’re gonna give up sex, for a project?”

Laura felt the heat rising in her cheeks, a welcome change, considering the cold she was currently standing in. “He said it had to be something really important…”

“And you hadn’t considered literally any other of the multiple luxuries you use daily. Cookies, cocoa, Netflix…”

“Don’t you think this’ll be more interesting..?” Laura asked, a shy smile playing on her features despite her embarrassment.

Truth be told, for all the mortifying horror she was sure to experience knowing her professor would be observing and grading her lack of, well, sex; she knew she was practically guaranteed an A. Giving up the one thing most students at University did at least bi-weekly, while challenging, was both applaudable and vlog-worthy. Laura could’ve fancied herself the subject of a raunchy Buzzfeed article.

“Interesting? No offense cutie, but I find this whole thing ridiculous.” Carmilla groaned, falling back on the pillows again to stare up at Laura with sad, dark eyes. “Forty days is a long-ass time.”

“Uh, that’s kinda the point.”

“But it’s not just you that has to suffer that long.”

Of course. But Laura had prepared for that too. “Not exactly…” she began with a sigh, mentally rolling her eyes at the way Carmilla instantly seemed more interested. Typical. “It’s just me. You can do whatever you want, to both you and… me. Try and change my mind, or, whatever.”

Carmilla’s eyes lit up like a child in a sweet store. Laura could practically see the gears churring in her head as she schemed all the merry ways in which to sabotage Laura’s abstinence. Really, that wasn’t much different from their lives before they’d started dating. “You really want that A don’t you?”

“The more challenging it is, the better the results will be,” Laura explained, a tiny hand poking out from within her blanket wrap to help enunciate her words.

Suddenly convinced, Carmilla smirked and stepped out of the bed, not a single goosebump rising on her flesh despite how much of it was now standing bare in the cold. Laura willed herself not to look down as she moved to stand in front of her, neck craning as she kept her eyes locked only on Carmilla’s cunning face.

“You’re on, cupcake~”

Oh god, what have I done.

“Great!” Laura blurted out before she could change her mind. “Excellent! Uh… I’m gonna go shower now! Bye!”

The tiny gay scampered off like a startled bunny, ignoring Carmilla’s laugh and call out of ‘Try not to think about me~’
Day 7:

The week had flown by surprisingly smoothly.

Given the dual feminine nature of their bodies, both women were well acquainted with going over a week without each other. While it didn’t decrease her libido at all, Laura was pleased to find her suffering was minimal by the time the first of the six weeks was over.

“Okay,” she began, rubbing her frozen hands together as she shivered in front of her laptop screen. “Good morning gentle viewers! And welcome to my first vlog of Lent. I’m sure you all know from the rumours by now what I’m giving up, but frankly, I don’t care. If Rebecca can openly admit she’s giving up sucking dick for Lent, then I’m allowed to do this.”

“My my, so vulgar, buttercup~” a raspy voice from behind Laura suddenly piped up.

She turned to observe the Waking Beauty, surprised to see her stirring when the sun was still on its ascent up the sky. Not that the campus had felt even a lick of it all week. The weather was still arctic, and sleeping in separate beds hadn’t been helping.

Oh well. Better safe than sorry.

Laura returned her attention to the laptop, a leg bouncing restlessly below her, ignoring the comment altogether. She didn’t have to be sunshine and roses all the time, right? Vampirella could stick it.

“Anyway, let’s start with the big question I know you’re all asking; why don’t I just cheat? It’s not like anyone would know, right?” Laura asked the camera, exhaling a visible puff of warm breath over her hands. “Well, for one, that would be giving up. And I never give up!”

A snort resounded from behind her. Laura flashed a quick middle finger behind her without looking back.

“Not only that, but I couldn’t cheat even if I wanted to. Behold!”

Laura pulled the sleeve of the knitted sweater she’d been wearing down to reveal a sleek, modern wristband clasped securely around her arm. “Courtesy of LaFontaine, they call it: the Clam Jammer 3000,” she explained, her proud smile slowly dropping into an exasperated frown by the time she reached the contraptions name.

“If my heart rate increases to, whatever LaFontaine has the limit set to, then it sends them some stupid little message and they can shock me with it. It’s a shock collar.”

“Because you’re a dog.”

“Shut up!” Laura barked in Carmilla’s direction, growling in irritation at the resulting chuckle. When she turned back to the camera, Laura’s leg was bouncing up and down again not from the cold, but in unbridled anger. At least the boiling of her blood was warming her up, as much as she’d rather the cause be something a little more... fun.
The Summers and Zetas didn’t have the same concerns; Laura could already hear the pounding of feet on the gravel outside as the little pockets of them passed for their morning warm-up runs. Laura wasn’t sure whether they were brave or stupid. In temperatures like this, she could almost guarantee they were running on icicles as opposed to legs.

Never one to willingly engage in such bone-headed activities, LaFontaine had skipped the possibility of Laura’s heart rate suddenly climbing to 200 BPM for a reason other than Carmilla’s head between her thighs.

As Laura explained this to her audience, the vampire in question decided now was a better time than ever to get up for the day, despite the roughly three hours of sleep she was running on. Laura didn’t have to look to know she was wearing one of those ill-fitting tank tops that she often slept in, the ones with the too-loose straps that hung off her shoulder, the scoop of the neck showing off more than a tasteful amount of cleavage.

Laura also didn’t need to look to know how close Carmilla was to her all of a sudden; she felt said cleavage pressed against the back of her shoulder, smell her own stolen shampoo as her hair swept across her face.

“Don’t mind me, Creampuff~” the vampire said innocently, biting her lip when Laura’s face scrunched up in rising anger. “I think it’s about time you closed that thing down and got ready, don’t you think?”

It was shock from the cold, not the action itself, that caused Laura’s gasp when she felt Carmilla’s chilly fingers on the even chillier skin of her torso, dragging the hem of her sweater up while warm breath curled against the shell of her ear. “Why don’t we start with this…”

If it wasn’t the only thing keeping Laura from freezing into a meat popsicle, she might’ve let Carmilla lift the thing off her. She would’ve raised her arms like she always does, helping her vampire on her quest for what she wants, always happy to oblige knowing what treat she’d get in return.

But instead, Laura smacked Carmilla’s hands away from her as though they were flies. “Get your hands off me and get the hell in the shower,” Laura snapped, pulling the sweater back down and hugging her footie-pyjama clothed knees.

Carmilla’s eyebrows jumped, raising her hands up in submission as she back away from the tiny but volatile girl. Clearly, she’d overestimated her three-hundred years of seduction experience.

“Alright, you win. But feel free to join me~” Carmilla offered, already undressing as she headed for the bathroom, leaving a trail of discarded clothes in her wake. Laura kicked a lacy bra at her feet as though it were mere rubbish.

“She’s been quiet all week, if she thinks she start playing head games now and it’ll break me, she’s got another thing coming,” Laura said to her laptop, wincing at the final word.

But before she could dwell on the deeper ins and outs of her little dilemma, Laura closed the lid of the device and forced herself to stand up, shuddering as her bare feet pressed onto the stiff, frozen wood floor.

Normally, a crisp morning like this would be spent generating enough combined body heat to keep her warm all day, but alas; the method used to achieve this was strictly off-limits. Nevertheless, the water had only been running for a few minutes when Laura heard the first moan from through the wall, making her roll her eyes as she prepared two cups of hot chocolate.
“Unbelievable,” she tutted, moving to fiddle with the iPod and speaker above Carmilla’s bed in an attempt to block out the steadily increasing volume of her pleasure. She wasn’t a screamer, Laura knew that well enough. What she was, however, was an asshole.

Laura hit shuffle and let the speaker settle on one of Carmilla’s punk, hostile Riot Grrl bands, music she only tolerated the grime of due to its adequately feminist content. It was loud enough to block out the moans of what was now Laura’s name, which was all that really mattered.

By the time the crashing of the water on the shower floor, and the background noises of gasping and groaning had stopped, Laura had laid her outfit for the day on her bed and was waiting patiently next to it for Carmilla to finish. Literally.

When she finally did, Laura instantly regretted her decision not to insist on using the shower first. Carmilla waltzed into the room, her towel wrapped precariously loosely around her waist, the exposed skin above it still dripping with water.

Wet hair clung to the front of Carmilla’s shoulders, leaking more droplets onto her chest. Laura’s gaze settled on one of them in particular as it rolled over the peak of her breast, hanging below the pale mound for a moment, before falling and taking Laura’s jaw with it.

“You okay there, cupcake?” Carmilla asked.

Laura forced her mouth to close, her eyes snapping up to greet Carmilla’s flushed face and flirtatious grin. “Yep! Neverbetter!” she chirped, before plucking her towel from her headboard and racing into the bathroom to avoid even a single additional second of this hell.

Keep it together, Hollis.

The showerhead was still lying on the floor, the hadn’t even bothered to hang it back up after putting it to good use. Asshole.

It’s only the first week, you’ll be fine.

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When she’d returned from her shower, Laura was grateful to find the apartment empty. Carmilla seemed to have had her fill of teasing, gulping down the hot chocolate Laura had left for her before dipping out to whatever it was she had to do that was important enough to have her awake before noon.

To combat the cold, Laura had taken to wearing Carmilla’s denim jacket; a hardy thing with more to offer than her own thin, appearance-over-practicality animal sweaters. That, and they also smelt pleasantly like Carmilla’s perfume, the scent of a church long-since abandoned, metallic, dried blood and spilt wine soaked into the walls.

Not exactly the kind of smell one would associate with preppy little Hollis, but it was for no one’s benefit but her own. She knew it was counter-productive, embracing her like this, but she’d be lying if she said she didn’t miss waking up to the smell of leather and cigarettes every morning, like she’d spent the night with a rebellious stranger straight out of the 50’s.

It was a band-aid solution for now. It kept her warm out in the biting morning air, and sub-consciously eased her mind too. It would do.

While the walk to LaFontaine’s apartment was hardly a few minutes, Laura felt like she’d trekked through the snowy mountains of Tibet with nothing but a bikini on by the time she finally arrived
“Hey frosh,” the bio major greeted, not bothering to look up from the blood test they were currently preparing. They’d bolted into Laura’s apartment unannounced more than a few times, having the gesture returned was hardly surprising.

Laura didn’t answer, but instead let out a rather vulgar sound as she leant back on the now closed door to her friend’s room. “You have... central heating...” the girl moaned, as though the thing had bought her dinner, taken her home for 5 rounds and made her breakfast in the morning.

“Uh, yeah, most of the apartments here do.”

Laura whined again, scrunching her face up as she let her head fall back and hit the door. “We always forget to use ours...”

LaFontaine feigned a pout. “Cry about it to your vlog. Now get your whiny ass up here, I have a class in twenty and I’m pretty sure you do too.”

Dramatic misery suddenly replaced with anger, Laura huffed and stomped towards LaFontaine, reluctantly pulling the jacket from her shoulders as she did so.

“Arm,” the ginger instructed, holding an expectant hand out.

“Ahrum,” Laura mocked, doing as she was told. She winced momentarily as the needle punctured the soft skin of her inner elbow, but it was hardly a prick. Nothing at all compared to a vampire bite. Carmilla’s bite.

Her fangs were sharp to the finest point imaginable, and she knew it. The countess loved to tease, leaving angry red marks wherever she kissed, all open-mouth and subtle nip. They would graze over Laura’s most sensitive spots, her lips, her neck, but never pierce. That was her favourite moment. The moment when her breath caught in her throat, and her legs suddenly-

“How? Earth to vampire-fucker?” LaFontaine tried, snapping their fingers in Laura’s face. The girl blinked once, twice, shaking her head briskly to rid it of Carmilla’s invasive thoughts. “Sorry, I’m here,” Laura said, lowering her arm after realizing the test was already over. Carmilla’s jacket was pressed into her chest, clutched by a tiny, quivering hand, her smell suddenly overwhelming the poor girl.

Stupid vampire.

“So, how’s my blood?” Laura asked quickly, unwilling to offer Carmilla another thought. Unwilling, but she found her way into her head anyway. Laura could practically hear her sarcasm-dripping voice from here, ‘your blood is the sweetest thing I ever tasted, sweetheart~’

LaFontaine’s response was thankfully, a little more PG-13. “Mostly normal. We shouldn’t expect things to change so quickly, it’s only been like, what, a week?”

“Feels like thirty,” Laura sighed, admitting that much to herself. Okay, so after seven days she was finally starting to feel the effects of vampire absence. She couldn’t remember a time, other than their time prior to dating, that she’d gone this long without it.

Naturally, their cycles were synced up, and they usually pounced on each other the very first morning they woke up to a spotless pad. Unfortunately, no such grace could be granted this time.
LaFontaine offered an apologetic smile, before turning back to the tablet currently displaying all the information gathered from the blood sample they’d provided it. “Your oxytocin and dopamine levels are lower than usual, as to be expected.”

“Sorry, I don’t speak nerd.”

“Says the girl who could probably recite The Chamber of Secrets word for word from cover to cover.”

Laura pulled a face. LaFontaine rolled their eyes. “It just means your happy chemicals are down.”

“Well no shit,” Laura snapped, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. Her displeased face quickly melted into one of penitence when she saw that of her friend, however. “Oh, sorry! That came out-“

“Mean, yeah. Just like on your vlog this morning,” said LaFontaine. “It’s probably because your testosterone levels are through the roof.”

Laura drew out a long, exasperated ‘ugh.’ Great. Not only did Carmilla sap her of her happy hormones, but she also turned her into a horny, angry pubescent boy.

Noticing the anger brewing on their friend’s face, LaFontaine quickly tried to smother the sprouting fire. “hey, on the bright side, you should be able to focus really well-“

“Gee thanks. I’m totally not mad at you right now but I do wanna illustrate how pissed I am. This is how pissed I am.” Laura grumbled, tugging the jacket on and storming out of the room, leaving LaFontaine jaw-dropped and reeling from whiplash.

Chapter End Notes

I promise it gets more interesting later~ As always, please leave comments/kudos if you enjoyed? Thanks!
Chapter 3

Day 14:

“Greetings, gentle viewers.”

The opening was nothing short of depressing, even without the drumming of the rain on the window, which revealed an inky murk of clouds outside. In just fourteen days, chirpy Laura and her feel-good vlogs had been replaced with a grumpy husk of a girl, the energy put into this project steadily decreasing as the days ticked on.

It had now been exactly two weeks since she’d taken up this task, officially double the maximum amount of time she was normally willing to abstain. This was university, for crying out loud; you couldn’t walk two feet down an apartment block hallway without encountering a sock on a door and questionable sounds from behind it.

Laura was no exception. For all her innocence and naïve attitude, the tiny gay had more drive than one would expect. Of course, sharing a tiny, stuffy apartment with a certified master of seduction certainly did not help.

Speak of the devil.

Sporting that luxurious red robe that she often reserved as post-coital clothing, Carmilla approached Laura from behind to deliver a steaming Tardis mug of chocolate to her desk, pressing her chest against the back of Laura’s neck as she did so.

The journalist didn’t bother to grace her with a ‘thank you’, despite her obvious expectancy of one. Carmilla was still standing right behind her chair, cold fingers gently tracing circles over the bare skin of Laura’s neck. Even an action as small as that put Laura on edge now, as if any mere movements to close to her would detonate the bomb of her emotions and have her falling to her knees. She twitched, but made no move to pull Carmilla’s hand away.

“Something the matter, Creampuff?” a raspy voice asked. “You’re not blabbering on about how frustrating I am to that death-wish project of yours.”

Laura made a grand gesture with her hand to the camera and back to Carmilla. “They can see for themselves.”

Carmila frowned, looked to the laptop for a moment, before a cheeky smile materialized on her face and she nodded in understanding. “I see,” she purred. Laura felt the absence of her fingers on her neck for a mere, optimistic second, before they instead moved to sweep her hair over her other shoulder and expose even more of her skin.

“Shall I make it easy for you, then?” Carmilla whispered against Laura’s neck, each word dripping with hot lust and tickling the girl’s skin. As if to ease the resultant Goosebumps, Carmilla quickly pressed her lips onto the cold flesh, smiling into Laura when she felt the girl automatically tilt her head to one side to provide better access.

Laura’s breath clouded into icy mist above her with each heavy gasp, eyes fluttering shut to block out the view of the camera currently recording her shame. This was stupid. All it had taken was a
few sultry words in her ear, and Laura was already close to melting into her hands right then and there. It was so easy for her, that stupid...

With a snarl rivalling that of a territorial dog, Laura shoved Carmilla away and rubbed the spot on her neck she’d had been working on as though she’d burned it. Instead, the only current combustion was the one beneath Laura’s cheeks, which had flared into a flustered shade of red.

“Ugh, you see!” Laura exasperated to both her laptop and her girlfriend. “I’m doomed.”

“You might be right about that, cutie~” Carmilla teased, her newly unleashed fangs poking out from beneath fresh lips. Laura noted their premature appearance with wide eyes.

Normally, it took a solid few minutes of tongue-sharing and neck teasing for them to make their grand entrance, usually straight out of their channels in Carmilla’s canines and into Laura’s flesh. Not only were they a fraction early, but, Laura noted with a devilish grin, Carmilla’s eyes were locked on her neck, hands fidgeting restlessly at their sides.

Clearly, Laura wasn’t the only one antsy from drought season. Like a scientist with a new discovery, Laura puffed out her chest proudly but turned back to the laptop, deciding to address it later.

“Anyway, as you can see, Aphrodite’s minion of seduction over here isn’t making this easy. LaF’s been documenting my behaviour, apparently, I’m ‘testy.’”

While Laura rambled on about this and that which was required for her grade, Carmilla attempted to quell her aching need to drive her fangs through her girlfriend’s mortal flesh by proceeding to the one thing she’d been enjoying about this project; making Laura’s life hell.

She hardly had much to complain about. It was Laura’s heart rate that was being monitored, not hers. And frankly, with all the time she’d had to kill over her very long life, Carmilla had perfected her ability to give not only the women falling head over heels for her incredible orgasms, but herself too.

Over the past two weeks, Laura had been an assistant to her only in mind, spirit, and maybe a little in body when she was sitting only three feet away.

As she spritzed her perfume into the collar of the shirt Laura had hung up to wear today, in clear view of the laptop camera but not the owner herself, Carmilla smirked in memory of such a night a few days ago.

It had been over a week now, and Laura was finally beginning to settle down into this new routine. Carmilla had been merciful, satisfying herself mostly when Laura was out of earshot. That was, until it seemed the game was getting easy. Clearly, a spike in difficulty was necessary to avoid the sinful clutches of Sloth.

“You have got to be kidding me,” Laura’s voice rung in her ears through the memory.

Carmilla could still remember her uptight little face as she looked over from her bed, only to find her yellow pillow squeezed between the thighs of Countess Karnstein herself. A faint buzzing could have been heard from it, drowned out mostly by the soft moans of the vampire grinding into it, breathing in the well-marinated scent of cheap shampoo and chocolate. The smell of the girl she so longed for, looking over at her with half-lidded eyes as she tried her very best not to stare at the scene unfolding.

Her Laura.

That had only been a warning of what was to come. Carmilla finished embedding her scent into Laura’s clothes, licking her lips at the girl as she returned to her side of the room and clambered back
into bed.

By now, Laura had wrapped the vlog up and was shivering in a frosty ball on the chair, sipping her hot chocolate from a shaky mug. “You’re the worst, you know that?”

Carmilla only laughed. “Cupcake, you haven’t seen the half of it~”

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There were a few things Laura absolutely despised seeing pop up on her phone screen.

Notable examples included any more than three listed missed calls from her father, a nagging alarm that some irresponsibly named software required a disk-space taxing update, or the dreaded text from her data provider that it was time to renew her very expensive call plan.

The horrible thing she was currently glaring at beneath her desk was none of those things, but it was about as evil as all three of them combined, with a dash of Satan’s blood and all the words ever written by Edgar Allen Poe.

Carm: [2 Attachments]

Any other time, this would be a pleasant surprise. Carmilla’s treats from back home were usually the highlight of Laura’s workday, whether they were as simple as a fresh out of bed selfie, or a raunchy ‘when are you coming home’ thirst-trap.

But this was not a usual day, and Laura knew without a doubt that those two attachments were most certainly not an innocent selfie to brighten up Laura’s class. This was strategized. This was an act of war.

Quite literally. The vampire had been innocently texting Laura about what was for dinner only minutes ago, knowing that the ditzy girl wouldn’t bother to close her messaging app before she locked her phone. If she dared unlock it now, their conversation history would be the first thing she saw, and thus, whatever the frilly hell it was Carmilla had just sent.

She’d known all along, the cunning witch. It would have been applaudable, if Laura hadn’t been daydreaming about her hands all over her not seconds before her phone had buzzed.

“Laura, is everything okay back there?”

Laura perked up, sliding her phone back into her pocket and pretending to be invested in the work on the board. “Of course!” she cheered, oblivious the knowing looks of her classmates.

By now, it was no secret. The entire class had been tuned in to Laura’s vlogs, and while her popularity was certainly working wonders for her score, the vulgar insults thrown left, right, and centre were an annoying side effect.

Even now, she could see the boys two desks across from her pressing the gaps between their index and middle fingers together rather crudely, accompanied by not-so-subtle moans of a certain vampire’s name.

Even her professor was casting her a worried look, but they quickly resumed the lesson, knowing Laura’s circumstances a little too well to probe further questioning.
“Right, well, anyway…”

At this point, Laura couldn’t even pretend to be interested in the very thing she was majoring in. The only thing she wanted to be in right now was, well, Carmilla.

God, what she would give to feel her writhing beneath her right now. After all the teasing, all the silly mind-games, Laura wanted more than anything to put her beast back in her place. For once, it would be her teeth in her neck, hands tangled in that kitten-soft hair of hers, breathing in its seductive aroma of roses and aged leather, the fragrant manifestation of the punk scene Carmilla was born from.

That smell. Laura dully noted it was suddenly all over her, seeping into her pores from the shirt Carmilla had obviously tampered with. Oh, she couldn’t wait to get that girl back…

Bzz.

This time, Laura didn’t hesitate to see whatever nonsense Carmilla had thrown at her. She didn’t care. She was in class, she was at no risk of losing herself. Naturally, Laura took one look at her now lit-up screen before fishing into her backbag for something a whole lot more interesting than the current lesson.

*Carm:* Put headphones in.

Out of spite, not obedience, Laura did as she was told. She heard some suggestive giggling and jeering in her direction as she fumbled to connect them, ensuring the jack was securely inserted, but she didn’t care. Laura didn’t care about anything other than the girl she saw as she opened her phone.

There she was. Her sinful poison, the beautiful bane of her existence. Although it was nearing late afternoon, the moussed state of Carmilla’s hair indicated she’d only just woken up, as did the particularly raspy voice that always made Laura’s stomach backflip.

“I miss you, sweetheart…”

Carmilla was sprawled across her bed, holding the camera above her at such an angle that she was only visible from the lips down, mostly so Laura could see her both bite them, and part them in a moan when her free hand moved to grope her breast.

Laura squeezed her thighs together and seethed when the camera moved lower, only just to that spot above Carmilla’s nether region, a milky hand stroking down a flat abdomen, lower, and even lower…

Not that she could see what was happening. Carmilla was cruel like that. Laura saw the flex of her wrist at the bottom of the screen, heard a particularly guttural sound in response, before the camera flew back to Carmilla’s face, a seductive smirk on her face and a pink blush dusting her cheeks.

“I’m all yours tonight. Come quick, before I do~”

And there, the video ended. Laura’s leg had begun bouncing beneath her desk at an alarming pace, much like the impatient drumming of her fingertips on her desk. Wincing at what she could already tell was a bad decision, laura scrolled up the chat history to see what Carmilla’s other present had been, barely suppressing a whine at what she saw.

Only a still image this time. A slightly lower view, of those creamy, parted thighs she would’ve given anything in that moment to be between, and a slender arm disappearing at the wrist into a pair
of checkered boxers.

*Her* boxers.

Carmilla was fucking herself in Laura’s own undergarments, and, as Laura noted by the floral sheets, in her own bed too.

*That stupid, sexy, smart-ass, seductive, shit-eating, sock-stealing piece of-

At that moment, a jolt suddenly sizzled over Laura’s arm, zapping her out of her silent rage and back to reality. Her phone fell to her desk with a loud clatter and she gasped, causing every head in the class to suddenly turn to look at her with wide, curious eyes, including the professor.

“I see LaFontaine’s… wristband is working, then?” they asked with an embarrassed smile.

Laura glanced at the thing, measuring a dangerously high count of 130 BPM. As if on cue, Laura’s phone buzzed yet again.

“You bet!” she confirmed, offering the class her most plastic smile before digging her phone out yet again.

While the class resumed, and Laura squirmed awkwardly in her swiftly dampening panties, she examined the resultant text from her self-appointed ‘master of clitoference’.

*Laf*: *unfriendly reminder that I can literally track your lady boners. keep it your pants, frosh!*

*Poor LaF. Laura couldn’t bring herself to feel guilty, they’re the one who volunteered to help her out, after all. They both knew that without them, Laura’s legs would have fallen open like an animal in heat after barely a few days of Carmilla’s relentless teasing.*

*But it had been two weeks, and she was still going strong. Laura sat through the rest of her now ruined class, struggling to keep still, until it was finally time to pack up. And she did. In record time.*

*And then she raced out the door, making a beeline for her apartment to put that overgrown kitten in her place.*

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy. (this is nowhere near over, don't you worry ;) )
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your comments everyone! I wasn’t expecting so many, they really do make me smile! <333

Still Day 14:

Laura burst through the door of her apartment expecting the sight of a post-climax Carmilla lounging on her bed, perhaps with those now ruined boxers still caught on one ankle, and definitely with a playful grin on her face and a beckoning finger in her direction.

The sight Laura was instead greeted to was very different, but had the same effect on her already climbing heart rate: a devastating one.

“What the f-frick is going on here?!” Laura stammered, dropping her bag dramatically at her feet as if she hadn’t already caught the girl’s attention with her exaggerated entrance.

*Both* the girls.

On Laura’s bed, next to Carmilla and an untouched Philosophy textbook sat an air-headed looking blonde girl, nestling a little too comfortably for Laura’s liking under Carmilla’s arm. The two of them glanced briefly in Laura’s direction before Carmilla smirked and shook her head, guiding the girl’s attention back to her with a hand on her chin.

Laura resisted the urge to replace that hand with her own and smack the girl upside the head.

“Hey Laura,” Carmilla greeted, exaggerating the use of her real name, not a pet one. It was a title Laura usually enjoyed hearing, most often heard while a certain vampire was pinned beneath her, begging for something this unnamed blonde girl could certainly never give her. “This is Elsie, she’s just here to help me with something.”

Elsie offered Laura a curt wave, which the other girl did not return. “Oh, is that right?” Laura hissed, crossing her arms over her chest. “Is that something perhaps finishing what you started while I was sitting in class?!”

The knowing smile on Elsie’s face had Laura practically frothing at the mouth. Carmilla opened her mouth to speak, promptly shutting it when Laura threw her a sharp glare she’d previously only seen used to silence the advances of unwanted men. “Elsie, if you’d be so kind as to give me a moment alone with my *girlfriend*, please?”

As if she needed her validation over Laura’s, Elsie turned to look at Carmilla, who flicked her head towards the door. By now, the vampire was far more focused on the room’s newest arrival, already undressing her with her eyes as she scanned her up and down.

Elsie muttered something about cockblocking before shuffling out and leaving the two alone. The very second the door was shut, Laura lunged.

She’d calculated it. She had about thirty seconds before her heart rate climbed above the critical beat
count. Thirty seconds to give her poorly-trained pet a taste of her own medicine.

Laura didn’t bother with lips, she hadn’t a moment to spare. Her teeth plunged straight into Carmilla’s neck instead, sucking harshly at the point on her throat which contained a pulse about three centuries ago.

The vampire groaned in long-overdue satisfaction, unconsciously edging her body closer to the still-standing Laura, who was keeping her distance. Firm hands planted on Carmilla’s shoulders kept her at bay as she carved her mark into her flesh; Laura didn’t want to risk being any closer, she was excited enough as it is.

“Laura, please…” a hoarse voice croaked, black-nails clawing desperately at the front of Laura’s shirt, seemingly torn between pulling it closer or simply ripping the thing clean off. Not that Carmilla could do either without consent.

She was smart enough to know from the grip on her shoulders and the brutal chomping on her neck that Laura didn’t want her. Well, no. She did. Carmilla could smell her lust from a mile away. But she didn’t want to want her. That much was obvious. It was overwhelming from this distance, flowing into her veins from the mouth on her neck, pulling quiet moans from the vampire.

This was all she could do. Mark her territory. Just because she wasn’t utilizing her undead succubus, didn’t mean she wasn’t still hers alone. Not only would Elsie know that, but the whole damn campus would, at this rate.

Laura could hear her own heart thundering against her ribcage, warning her of the dangers of being this close. Carmilla’s hair was soft on her face, it’s familiar scent of her coconut shampoo with dashes of smoke wafting into her nose. Her blood, spilling in tiny increments on her tongue, was hot and heavy; a forbidden taste.

But she lapped it up anyway. She snarled and bit and sucked Carmilla’s neck like she was the vampire and it had been weeks since her last feed. Perhaps that wasn’t too far from the truth. After all, Laura was so very, very hungry…

BZZZZZZ

“Oh, f-fudge!” Laura squeaked, leaping back like a startled puppy. “Owww!”

Carmilla sat in a daze, eyes locked on the twitching girl that had just been practically devouring her only a second ago. The mark seared in painful reminder, angry enough to remain visible even through Carmilla’s accelerated healing. “Ugh, what did you do?” she whined, rubbing the darkening bruise.

Laura, still squeezing the life back into her now charged arm, pulled a jaw-dropped face of utter disbelief. “Me? What did I do? You’ve been screwing with me all week and now you try and ask me what I did? I can’t believe this!”

Oh, but she could. Laura knew what Carmilla had been waiting for, hell, she’d made sure Elsie would be present during the grand arrival just to fan the flames of Laura’s already scorching desires. It was too hot, Carmilla had been expecting her to simply melt the moment she walked in. It was no wonder she was so upset with the outcome.

Perhaps upset wasn’t the correct word. For all the pain she seemed to be in, Carmilla continued to stare up at Laura like she was the very thing keeping her connected to this earth. She was trembling in quite an uncharacteristic manner, one which Laura was quick to notice and pause her complaining
“Carm?” she asked, putting aside her frustration for a moment. “Ugh, I’m sorry, I know it was petty. Are you okay?”

Laura placed a gentle hand back on Carmilla’s shoulder, making the girl shudder. “Laura,” she breathed, shaking her head in tiny little jerks. “Just fuck me.”

Carmilla’s fangs jutted out from beneath wet lips as she spoke, her eyes tinting a deep shade of red lust. Laura caught them in her own gaze, sucking in a breath before backing away. “Woah. Okay. This is worse than this morning.”

Upon realizing she was once again not getting what she wanted, Carmilla snarled and rubbed at her neck again, willing her vampiric instincts to kick in and heal her already.

No. There was a reason why it wasn’t working, and it wasn’t just because of Laura’s terrifying amount of determination. For the first time in centuries, Carmilla wasn’t winning. The current object of her desires wasn’t yielding to her command, her panties weren’t dropping at the mere sound of her name falling from those pretty, deadly lips.

It was both the most frustrating and arousing thing she’d ever seen.

“Carm, I know it sucks. But can you imagine how I feel? I can’t even, you know, touch myself, and all you have to do is live with me, just living my normal life! How do you think I feel when you’re walking around here all naked and sexy and…”

Laura trailed off, suddenly all too aware of Carmilla’s proximity to her. The vampire had stood up to her full height, eerily crimson eyes staring down into warm pools of honey. The tension between them was so thick it could be sliced with a knife, each one of Laura’s rapidly quickening breaths freezing into a foggy cloud between them.

With strength that wasn’t of this world, Carmilla gripped either side of Laura’s arms, locking her under her spell. “Laura,” the vampire began, her voice deep and serious. “It doesn’t matter if you’re wearing panties and a bar or those stupid animal sweaters. There hasn’t been a single goddamn moment since Lent started that I haven’t wanted…”

Carmilla choked, her mouth suddenly drier than Laura’s thighs had unfortunately been over the past two weeks. “I can smell your blood. I smell your perfume, your cookies, I can smell you all the time and it’s driving me crazy. I don’t have to live with you. I have to live with the only girl I’ve ever wanted to pin me down and make me hers.”

By now, Laura’s heart had practically stopped breathing altogether. She couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think- all she could do was stare up into the predatory eyes of the starving monster she’d taken to be her lover. She’d been naïve. Yes, Carmilla had the luxury of masturbation at her disposal, but her supernatural needs, her heightened senses; required much more than that.

“Carm-“

“Don’t,” the vampire hissed, blown pupils darting down to fixate yet again on Laura’s neck. “You always talk too much, buttercup.”

Just eat me alive already.

The bang of the apartment door smacking against the wall as it burst open was enough of a shock to cause even Carmilla to recoil in surprise. “And now, you owe me twenty- Aw crap. We’re too
early.”

A disappointed LaFontaine and triumphant Danny stood in the doorway, the screen of LaF’s phone bright with the app they’d designed to monitor Laura. The girl blinked in surprise, still finding her feet after Carmilla had lifted her up into heaven for a moment.

“What the ever-loving hell are you red-headed runts doing here?”

LaFontaine held both hands up innocently, gesturing with their head to the one currently holding their phone. “I got the Cat Signal that Laura was thinking with her dick instead of her head again, we came to, you know…”

“To what?” Carmilla demanded, a trembling hand of Laura’s on her arm the only thing keeping her from shattering LaFontaine’s phone to pieces right then and there.

“I bet twenty bucks that Laura cracked. Clearly, I’ve underestimated our dear baby dyke.”

Thankfully, there was at least one voice of reason in the room to defuse the situation. “Okay, LaF, take FangFace and get out. Clearly, you two need some time apart.” Danny stated flatly.

Carmilla quirked an eyebrow and pulled her neck back in an ‘are-you-kidding-me’ stare, but to her dismay, Laura had come to her sense and was nodding vigorously.

“Danny’s right, this is getting ridiculous.”

“And you’re just gonna stick me with the horny she-devil over here?” LaFontaine protested to both Danny and Laura.

Carmilla crossed her arms and frowned, sceptical. But Laura shook her head and nudged Carmilla forward in the bio-major’s direction. “Go play in your lab, do an experiment on how vampires react to holy water, I don’t care. Just go?”

Danny moved to stand next to Laura, making Carmilla growl but stalk away to take her leave anyway. Neither she nor Laura said a word to each other, offering barely a glance before Carmilla and LaF departed, leaving just her and Danny alone in the room.

Immediately, Laura sank onto her bed and pressed her face into a pillow, muffling the various obscenities Danny stood listening to with a pitiful smirk. “Okay, get it all out, Hollis,” she sighed, lowering herself a great distance to sit on Laura’s bed, running a soothing hand up and down her back.

“Is this normal? I feel like this isn’t normal. I feel like a lightweight teenage boy who can’t go two minutes without blowing one into a sock,” Laura groaned, twisting her neck just enough out of the pillow to speak.

Danny shrugged. “I’m sure all her supernatural hormones being all up in your space have something to do with it.”

Laura grimaced and let her head fall flat again. “God, she’s just so-“

“Alluring, annoying, aggravating-“

“…Yeah, basically.”

Laura flipped to lay on her back, her head resting on the now propped up pillow to meet Danny’s
disappointed looking gaze. “Am I a hormone-controlled idiot?”

“Is Carmilla a sexy, undead seductress?”

“Yes..?”

“Exactly.”

///

“Just so we’re on the same page, if you spill even a drop of holy water on me I will personally escort you straight to the deepest pit of Hell.”

LaFontaine only chuckled nervously at Carmilla’s comment, only half-believing she was serious. “Relax, Cullen. I’m not gonna chain you up and test you like a white mouse. Although I do wonder what the haemoglobin levels are vampire blood are –“

“Twenty grams.”

“Fascinating,” said LaFontaine, shoving the door to their apartment open and locking it behind them once they were both safely inside. “Hey Perr,” they called out.

“Welcome back, LaF!” a shrill voice greeted over rapidly approaching footsteps. From out of one of the side doors popped a head of magnificent ginger locks, framing an expression of poorly hidden terror. “Oh! And, Carmilla! Welcome!”

“Oh, save it, Betty Crocker. I’m not here to kill anyone so you can relax.”

Perry shuffled awkwardly closer to the pair, watching with wide eyes as Carmilla promptly flopped down on the sofa, legs wide-apart and arms sprawled across the backrest. “Nice place.”

“Thanks,” LaFontaine replied, far more interested in the blood-test station set up on their desk in the corner of the room. Residue of Laura’s blood, Carmilla’s nose detected, was still present. Even in such small amounts, the scent was powerful enough to make the vampire wrinkle her nose in irritation for a moment.

“So, Carmilla,” Perry piped up suddenly, neatly taking a seat in one of the chairs nearest to LaFontaine’s guest. “If not to vivisect us, why are you here?”

“We caught her with her teeth in Laura’s neck, like I told you they would be,” LaFontaine explained without looking up from their work.

Perry’s face suddenly drained to a sickly white. Carmilla scoffed. “Like hell. We were just getting a little… personal.”

Finally, LaFontaine turned to look at Perry. “Danny and I ran out on you earlier because I saw Laura’s heart rate going up again. I thought they were getting to it, but it turns out Carmilla is just really good at making Laura… excited.”

The vampire in question took a dramatic bow. “What can I say, I am a three-hundred-year-old vampire who made a living by seducing innocent women, after all.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

IMPORTANT: READ ME

Okay, yes, drugs are bad and Laura Hollis would probably never go near them irl but, hear me out. At the time of writing this I had just seen an Instagram live video of Elise (the actress who plays Laura) goofing around after taking one (1) hit of Cali weed, so naturally, I had to write about it~

If cannabis is a trigger for you then skip this chapter, this is mostly just fluffy filler anyway <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Day 17:

The camera looked particularly ugly tonight. Laura didn’t even offer it a greeting as she flopped down in front of it, wrapped up in one of Carmilla’s oversized jackets. It was a dirty evening, the sky brooding dark as early as seven, rain pelting the windows relentlessly.

“It’s been three days since the, uh, incident,” Laura said quietly, her eyebrows hopping for a moment in reference to the day she’d already documented with Danny once Carmilla left the two alone.

“Things haven’t exactly been awkward, but Carmilla is definitely acting off.”

Angering some god at the mention of her name, a bolt of lightning suddenly ripped through the sky, illuminating the whole room for a brief moment. Laura whipped around to the window, worrying her lip as she awaited Carmilla’s return.

*She’ll be fine. She’s a vampire.*

Laura turned back to the camera, visibly anxious. “She’s probably out killing something right about now. Very gruesomely, I imagine. She hasn’t exactly been gentle since I, you know.”

Not gentle, but the teasing had dialled back a little. Just a little. The vampire was still perfectly inclined to leave her scent all over Laura’s clothes, forget to put on her own, and moan disgustingly vulgar things at night while shamelessly taking care of her needs.

It was getting to bother Laura less and less, as though she was growing accustomed to it. That was unfortunately only half the reason.

“You might be wondering why I’m not bouncing off the walls right now complaining about my god-awful situation, but, well, Carmilla isn’t really the problem right now. Instead, I’m having lady troubles…”

Laura held up an explanatory tampon, a grim expression dulling her features. “My sex drive sure has fallen but, ugh. I’m getting off now. Not, getting off, I meant, the camera- UGH.”
And with that, Laura tapped the vlog off, drawing out an exasperated moan just as a rumble of thunder boomed through the clouds overhead. Yet again, Laura shivered; glancing nervously at Carmilla’s unoccupied yet unmade bed.

Without thinking, Laura groaned and scooped up her laptop, dropping it onto Carmilla’s bed before she slipped under the covers, letting the vampire’s stolen jacket fall to the floor leaving her in simply pyjama pants and a tank-top.

The mysterious aroma of the jacket was instantly doubled upon entering Carmilla’s place of rest, her smell enveloping Laura as though she were in a coffin made of leather and ashes. Laura moaned again as she pulled her laptop over her thighs, both from the brutal agony tearing in her lower abdomen and wishing Carmilla were here to make it better.

As if the previously angered gods were reminding her of Carmilla’s absence, the sky once again roared with thunder, the wind lashing against the window in a stormy rage. Laura shuddered, pulling one of her vampire’s pillows into her lap to cuddle while she browsed Netflix for a distraction.

Just as she had settled on season two of Orange Is The New Black, a wisp of black smoke suddenly swirled into the centre of the room, making Laura’s heart leap when it dissipated to reveal an only slightly damp Carmilla, clutching a tote bag.

“Sorry I’m late, cupcake,” she greeted, pulling her jacket off as she leant down to reunite with her girlfriend. Cold lips pressed into soft, warm ones, Laura’s eyes fluttering shut in relief as she reacquainted herself with Carmilla’s taste.

But before any tongues could be shared, the vampire pulled away and smiled, reaching suggestively into the tote bag she’d managed to transport via smokey wormhole to the apartment.

“I smelt it this morning, I thought you could use some non-creature comforts,” Carmilla admitted, tossing several kinds of chocolate at Laura. The girl smiled, but winced when one of them landed awkwardly on her pelvis, which was currently cramping up worse than an under-used leg.

Carmilla frowned, stepping forward to gently lay a pale hand on Laura’s lower belly, rubbing slow circles. “Hurts, huh?”

“It always does. It hasn’t hit you yet?”

“Yeah, but I’ve had four-thousand of them. It’s doesn’t really bother me anymore. It does bother me that you’re in pain,” Carmilla cooed, smiling with nothing but warmth when Laura moaned quietly from the smooth yet firm motions of her hand.

The thunderous drumming of the rain outside was briefly replaced with the crinkling of plastic as Laura yanked open a Kit-Kat, settling back comfortably into the pillows as Carmilla sat down beside her to massage her better.

“If this is some covert attempt to get in my pants, I can promise you, it’s not gonna work,” Laura said through a mouthful of chocolate and wafer.

Carmilla only gave an amused huff, continuing to press her palms delicately against the inflamed flesh of Laura’s abdomen. “No, creampuff. I think you deserve a break. Besides, I filled up on some B-Positive before I got here, I don’t think I need any more~”
“Bleeeehhhh.” Laura stuck her tongue out in a disgusted expression, only widening Carmilla’s smile. “You’re so gross.”

“Says the one spilling chocolate crumbs all over my bed.”

Laura took another sloppy bite of the snack, deliberately spilling flakes of it all over Carmilla’s sheets. “That’s what you get for jilling off in my bed. Twice. In the past three days! Ow!”

Getting too aggressive had upset Laura’s uterus yet again, a chasm of agony ripping through her body upon raising her voice even a single decibel above a whisper. Carmilla made a hushing sound, moving her hands onto Laura’s hips for a moment, just so she could lean down and plant kisses on the exposed skin between her shirt and the waistband of her pants.

This was what she’d missed. In all the excitement of getting to play Laura’s little game of tease and desist, they hadn’t had much time to simply be at peace with one another. And while the frustration and blatant calls for attention were fun, feeling Carmilla’s lips peck cold kisses onto the hot skin that needed it most, the pair of them giggling together like a couple of girls in young love; Laura was glad to have this moment of tranquillity in the eye of the storm.

As if on cue, the storm outside bared its great horns yet again, a harsh gust of wind crashing torrential rain into the window again, pulling Carmilla back with an annoyed ‘tsk’.

“I would have been out for longer, but that weather is ridiculous,” Carmilla began, rising back up to her feet, much to Laura’s disappointment. “And I can tell when you’re getting cranky.”

Laura watched with a somewhat vexed expression as Carmilla pulled a mushy, black and white sack out of the tote-bag, striding over to the front of the room to toss it in the microwave. “What do you mean, you can tell?”

Carmilla set the thing to heat up for sixty seconds, before turning to lean her back on it. She heaved a heavy sigh through her nose, grateful for their new positions that prevented Laura from meeting her gaze. “I can sense what you’re feeling. That’s how I know when you’re due. Other than the blood.”

“And you’re only just telling me this now?”

“It’s never really been so relevant,” Carmilla answered. “But now, god. You’ve been like an animal in heat and I can literally feel it radiating off you, every second of every day. It’s intoxicating.”

Even now, Carmilla didn’t need to look to see that bewildered expression materialize on Laura’s commonly curious features. “Relax, cupcake. It only works within a certain distance, it gets weaker the farther away we are. It’s not like I can hear your thoughts.”

“Oh god, can you hear my thoughts!?”

Ding.

Carmilla pulled the now hot wheat-bag out of the microwave, placing it ever so gently across Laura’s danger zone upon returning to her. “No.”

Laura smiled in satisfaction, lifting her arms to make grabby-hands at Carmilla. She had chocolate, a heat-compress, and Netflix; all she wanted now was her slightly-less-stupid-than-usual girlfriend.

But said girlfriend had yet another smirk on her face. “Ugh, what now? You’ve already done more than enough.”
Carmilla, in a very non-characteristic fashion that made Laura’s heart skip a little, glowed a light shade of red as she gave Laura a slightly embarrassed smile. “I um… I wasn’t sure if it was your thing, but…”

Laura frowned, face twisted in confusion, breaking into wide-eyed shock when Carmilla pulled the final item out of her bag; a clear, plastic baggie about half-full of tight, green clumps. Even innocent little Laura had been on campus long enough to recognize that colour. That smell…

“Carm-”

“And you can save the whole ‘drugs are bad’ speech. I’m a vampire, did you think I wouldn’t notice the stink of this stuff last week after you had Kirsch and Danny over? Please.”

“That was one time! I was peer-pressured!” Laura blurted, exasperated. It had been Kirsch’s idea, he was determined to calm Laura down after her incredibly stressful week of hormone ignoring and vampire avoiding, and, well, it had done the trick for a while. “Where did you even get that?”

Carmilla pulled a thin packet of wraps out of her pocket, shrugging. “We’re in university, sweetheart. It gets around. If you don’t want any, that’s fine. I just thought since your uterus is literally shedding its insides off right now…”

She didn’t even need Laura’s sigh and hesitant nod. She knew her well enough; while Laura was a good girl, she wouldn’t pass up an opportunity so close, and in such desperate times. Carmilla pressed a reassuring kiss to Laura’s forehead, making the girl’s skin tingle from the chill.

Having encountered the stuff more than a few times in her long life, Carmilla didn’t take long to crush the frosty nugs into fine crumbs; rolling them up in a neat joint and sparking it alight with her fingers before passing it to Laura.

“That’s new,” Laura breathed, not quite sure what to address first. Blunt in hand, she decided now wasn’t the time to question her girlfriend’s proficiency in marijuana, or pyrokinesis. She brought the thing to her lips, her eyes falling shut as she pulled the lovely smoke into her lungs, tolerating the burn at the back of her throat for just long enough; until the inevitable coughing fit began.

“Easy, easy…” Carmilla soothed, rubbing a hand up and down Laura’s thigh in the most non-provocative way possible. She took the blunt from Laura’s outstretched fingers, taking a long hit of her own before exhaling fog of cloudy smoke, not a single rasp.

When Carmilla passed it back, Laura pushed it between now pouting lips, eyes narrowed at her adept partner. Why did Carmilla have to be good at everything?

The vampire seemed to predict the incoming attempt to show off, so she the hand currently clutching the hot blunt with her own, cold appendage, pulling it away from Laura when her eyes started to widen. “You were right, you really have only done this once.”

“Sh-Shut up,” Laura coughed, the THC seeping into her body, blurring her vision. Carmilla chuckled, unable to read Laura’s auras anymore, only observe the effects of the little smoke she’d inhaled on her unaccustomed body.

After taking one final hit herself, Carmilla used only her fingers yet again to put the flame out, placing it on the table above her bed for finishing another time. “I should probably feel bad, but you’re an adorable lightweight~”

Laura ignored the comment, too busy stuffing chocolate into her face to care very much about Carmilla’s opinion. Or anything, for that matter. The smoke had clouded into her brain, a familiar,
fuzzy feeling, combined with the heat at her core and sweetness on her tongue; it was enough to comfort her into forgetting her cramps.

Carmilla admired her work for a moment, her tiny gay cosy and comfortable in her sheets, before she got to work undressing herself. “Hey, Laura,” the vampire jeered, snatching the journalist’s laptop away to sit back on her desk.

When Laura’s eyes were on her, Carmilla grinned and dropped to all fours, morphing into feline form almost instantaneously. In the time it had taken her to reach the ground, Countess Karnstein had replaced her skin with glossy black fur, dark eyes with golden orbs, and had sprouted a long, white-tipped tail.

Laura sat, unblinking, for quite a few moments. “You really shouldn’t do these things to me when I’m high,” she finally managed, letting her head fall back onto the pillows.

The panther growled a low, rumbling noise, before stepping up with very little effort to stand at the end of Laura’s bed. The two regarded one another for a few seconds, the hazy effects of cannabis thankfully silencing Laura’s otherwise precarious ramblings and cautions.

Instead, the girl remained silent even as Carmilla padded closer, laying down in the space between Laura’s body and the wall, and even resting her mighty head atop Laura’s belly.

“Would it totally ruin the mood if I made a pussy joke right now?” Laura asked, a tentative hand settling on Carmilla’s head to scratch the soft fur in the space between her ears.

The cat huffed a great breath out of her nose, eyes falling shut. Despite Laura’s distasteful commentary, she purred softly against Laura’s body, the vibrations working wonders for soothing Laura’s pains.

So, for the night, they remained that way. Not a horny, tightly-wound ball of stress and a frustrated, frighteningly determined seductress; but merely a sleepy, baked journalist, and her very large, sharp girlfriend.

No kissing or lusty sexual undertones. No awkwardness, just good old-fashioned tiny and mighty Hollis, and her giant black cat.

Chapter End Notes

 gayyyyy~

Oh, and thank you again for all your lovely comments!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hello lovelies~ I hope you're enjoying this shitshow, and thank you all so much for your continued support <3 I have something important to say at the end of this chapter, so if you could please give that a read when you're done here, I'd really appreciate it!
Anyway, on with the show...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Day 24:

“Well, my interval of bleeding and agonizing is over, and Carmilla is back to bite me in the butt. Seriously. I have a scar.”

“I can’t help it, sweetheart~” a dry voice mocked, shamelessly undressing in clear view of Laura’s laptop camera. “That ass is delicious.”

Laura raised her eyes to the heavens, finding herself seeking their guidance more and more these days. “I feel like I’ve just advanced to Master Quest mode in a Zelda game.”

“That sounds kinky.”

“Carmilla I swear to the anglerfish god I am going to kill you.”

The vampire only laughed, pulling a clean shirt over herself before walking over to the ‘kitchen’ corner of the apartment, flicking on Ramones on the speaker and helping herself to Laura’s soda. It was late afternoon, prime time for Carmilla to finally haul herself up and get back to the mysterious activities that occupied her nights.

Laura continued her discussion with her camera, twitching as a result of the restless leg syndrome that was only getting worse as the days dragged on. “According to LaF, my testosterone levels are now apparently close to that of a grown man running on beer, steak and whey. I have developed a sudden appreciation for boobs and sports.”

“I don’t know, I think you liked one of those things quite a lot even before now~” Carmilla teased.

Quite true. Regardless, Laura didn’t acknowledge her, explaining more details of her week to her audience before rounding it off with a nice declaration of how she’d made the transition to a Top in the last few days, despite Carmilla’s rather rude bouts of laughter.

Laura then took a hasty shower, emerging fully clothed in her outfit for the evening to avoid Carmilla’s recently developed habit of hug-demanding whenever Laura was even partially naked. A loud clumping could be heard as she walked out, attracting Carmilla’s attention away from the book her nose was buried in just long enough for those dark eyes to widen and that perfectly-crafted jaw to drop.

The noise was due to the glossy high-heels Laura had donned, at the end of smooth legs wrapped in
stockings, covered at the thigh by a grey, winter dress. It was hardly the most promiscuous thing in Laura's wardrobe, but it made Carmilla’s fangs ache in their sockets regardless.

“Is it too fancy?” Laura asked, her face bunching up into signature concern. “I don’t want- oof!”

But the sentence fled Laura’s lips in a fright as Carmilla pounced. The pair fell onto Laura’s bed with a soft creak of the mattress, the smaller girl’s wrists pinned on either side of her head by a supernatural strength.

“It’s late, where the hell do you think you’re going dressed like that, cutie~?”

Laura couldn’t help but bite her lip, relishing her lover’s inability to control their vampiric abilities when it came to possessing her. Despite her prior declaration about her new sexual role preference, she couldn’t deny; having Carmilla on top of her, completely at her mercy, soulless eyes roving hungrily up and down her body, did things to her she couldn’t explain to her vlog without a content warning.

It was, unfortunately, incredibly hot. “I told you, Danny’s taking me to dinner,” Laura said with a smug peak in her voice, blushing when she heard Carmilla growl at the mention of Danny’s name.

“Why in the blue hell would you go out with Larger than Life on a night like this, when you could stay here…” Carmilla paused to lean down, frozen lips ghosting just barely over the girl below hers’, “with me?”

Laura pushed her head up just a fraction, catching Carmilla’s lower lip between her teeth before sucking it into her mouth. Carmilla welcomed the intrusion, her tongue slipping under Laura’s teeth, knee suddenly pressing between Laura’s parted thighs as she lay helpless on the bed.

She gasped, prey-like eyes wide with panic and blind anticipation. Carmilla smirked, pressing her knee up just enough to cause friction between her panties and crotch, the heat generated spreading like wildfire from her core into her skin.

“Screw you, lady-killer…”

“Most gladly.”

Laura smiled, but she’d had quite enough. The skill of actually learning from her mistakes, something that happened purely by chance in her fairly hollow mind, signalled to Laura to cut this off not only quickly, but systematically. She’d make this Carmilla’s problem. Not hers.

Biting her lip again, Laura tilted her head to one side and looked up at Carmilla pleadingly. “How about a snack before I go?” she offered, batting her eyelashes in such a way that Carmilla’s fangs locked into place immediately, confirmed with a satisfying shck.

“You’re gonna regret this when I make you crumble, cupcake…” Carmilla rasped, barely able to form a coherent sentence in her hunger. Perfect.

Seizing her chance, Laura summoned all her strength to break free of Carmilla’s grasp, shoving her down until she was the one up top, straddling her hips with her hands pinned above her head. “You’re right about the regret thing. It’s not gonna be me though.”

Carmilla’s jaw dropped, eyes flicking between each of Laura’s in search of the witchcraft that allowed her to gain the upper hand. “How did you..?”

Laura simply giggled, leaning down to peck a single kiss to Carmilla’s nose. “You let your guard
“And I hate your stupid, pretty face,” Laura answered, her free hand reaching out to grip said-stupid face by the jaw. From its new position, Laura could see her current heart rate displayed on the screen of her wristwatch; a perfectly reasonable 100 BPM. As opposed to the resting one of 80 and the climaxing one of 220, LaF had nothing to be concerned about.

Laura had mastered the art of self-control; she’d taken Carmilla’s attempts to break it and only used to strengthen herself. She smiled proudly, feeling rather like some video-game final boss who only gets stronger with every hit.

*And now for the killing blow…*

The nature of Laura’s dress meant that the only thing between Carmilla’s crotch and hers were a thin pair of panties and stockings, and Carmilla’s leather pants. Or rather, the prominent bulge within them.

A curious hand reached beneath her to grope the mystery, a playful smile quickly surfacing on Laura’s face. “You put it on? You seriously thought you were gonna get some?”

Carmilla averted her gaze, cheeks dusted with red. “Just while you were in the shower. I wanted to be prepared.”

This was hardly a new thing. While they’d both had their fair share of rides on Voorhees, the name fondly given to the toy by LaFontaine after the murderer from *Friday the 13th* because ‘it makes Laura scream’, Carmilla liked its company even outside the bedroom.

She always seemed to know when it would be needed. Whether it be a party, a frisky dinner, or even an after-class detour to a supply closet or bathroom stall; Carmilla knew to keep it stashed in her pants.

Laura licked her lips as she toyed with the thing, before grinding her crotch down directly on top of it, lavishing in the groan it produced from the monster below her. “What’s wrong, Carm?” Laura asked innocently, wiggling her hips. “Don’t like the taste of your own medicine?”

“You’ll pay for this…” Carmilla seethed, gasping in relief when Laura finally stood up and the pressure on her crease stopped.

The smaller girl feigned a pout. “Don’t be mean, you can take your frustration out on your fingers, I can’t. Anyway, see ya!”

Carmilla snarled at the door long after Laura had shut it behind her, the weeks of sexual tension weighing her down still flat on the bed. Well, Laura was right about one thing…

Although, fingers were quite the assumption. Carmilla had gone through the hassle of stuffing Voorhees into her pants, she wasn’t about to let Laura leave without getting her money’s worth.

Without bothering to check of Laura had locked the door behind her, Carmilla propped herself up on one elbow, her free hand reaching down to flick open the button on her chaffingly tight pants. Finally relaxed after keeping Voorhees dormant all this time, the zipper parted immediately on its own accord to reveal the sleek, black surface of her favourite toy.

Carmilla only had to nudge her pants down another fraction before the thing sprung proudly out of
its confines. It was quite the expensive piece, a Valentine’s day present to Laura, yet they both got plenty of use out of it.

Sometimes they fought to wear it. Sometimes they begged for the other to wear it. But usually, Voorhees was donned by whoever felt worthy enough at the time and tamed by whoever wanted to feel it where it mattered most.

Carmilla stroked her fingers briefly over its silicone surface, her other hand pushing her pants further down to her knees until she finally wiggled enough that they fell to the floor altogether in a heap.

What a pity, she thought, unclipping the harness from around her waist as she sat up. If she wasn’t quite so stubborn, Laura’s hands would be on her chest right now, squeezing the soft flesh in confident fingers while her hips rocked back and forth.

Laura liked being on top. It didn’t matter who had claimed Voorhees for themselves at the time, she’d always struggle to put herself above Carmilla anyway. A height complex, the vampire thought, as she pulled the harness off completely and yanked the toy out of the buckle.

Like how she’d managed to disarm Carmilla only a few minutes ago, that tiny body harbouring a strength misleading of her size. She’d always use that to her advantage, mocking the Big Bad Vampire whenever she ended up like this.

Like this, sprawled helplessly on the bed, thighs spread apart and glistening with concentrated desire. Carmilla closed her eyes and could almost feel Laura’s blunt teeth on her neck, her weight somehow both insignificant and crushing on her own, powerful body.

That paradox of a girl was the only thing in three-hundred years to make Carmilla submit, and she loved it. The toy slipped between Carmilla’s slick folds with ease, the mere memory of Laura’s aggression this morning allowing for easy entry.

Still, Carmilla gasped, her head falling back onto the bed with eyes squeezed shut as she adjusted. She held it clumsily between her legs at the base, unable to see the angle in which it was positioned, but it didn’t matter. Laura was never precise anyway.

Laura was considerate, but bold. Carmilla gasped again as she eased the toy an extra inch inside just a tad too early, a familiar heat stoking in her core she felt it split her apart. How pathetic. The regal beauty of the void, face normally devoid of colour now flushed a healthy pink.

Black nails gripped Laura’s sheets as Carmilla plunged deeper, shoving her hand between her legs like Laura would suddenly rut her hips forward.

Much like her schedules, Laura had absolutely no rhythm. But a part of Carmilla couldn’t help but adore her awkwardness. She’d fallen in love with Laura’s nativity, lack of grace and coordination, and the trail of disasters she seemed to leave in her wake.

In the bedroom, it was no different. Carmilla’s shadowy eyes fluttered shut as started to jerk her hand back and forth, breathy moans escaping cold lips each time she felt it delve deeper. Laura wouldn’t be gentle. She didn’t gradually increase her speed, she accelerated like an uncoordinated cheetah. She paid little attention to Carmilla’s other areas; sometimes on purpose, sometimes she just forgot.

That had to be the thing Carmilla hated the most. Her clit was swollen and aching, poking from between soft folds but only meeting chilly air. Her own fingers twitched to touch it, but no. Laura would wait. Laura didn’t play fair.

That girl and her high horse, her tiny size, her stupid, adorable face...
“ugh.”

Carmilla’s fingers were beyond drenched, the toy now sheathed to full hilt and moving in wet, shallow thrusts. The sheets had fallen victim to Carmilla’s nails, shredded up beneath her into fine strips of white, next to gaps exposing the mattress beneath.

Before she could do any more damage, Carmilla finally zoned in on her pearl, barely stifling a scream as she caught it between two slender fingers and pressed them together. Brittle air swept under Carmilla’s back as it arched off the mattress, her toes curling from the position down at the bed frame.

Carmilla’s legs were wide and hanging off the bed, pulled low without Laura to hold them up on her shoulders. Not that it mattered now, of all times. Carmilla couldn’t stay faithful to Laura’s substandard ability to please a woman, finding her own inner spots with ease and hitting them in tandem to the rubbing of her bud.

“Oh fuck, Laura..”

Carmilla gripped the base of Voorhees so hard she felt the silicone start to give under her fingertips. Her wrist was bent all the way forward, pushing the toy so deliciously deep; the vampire could feel her walls clenching around every last inch of her. Of Laura.

The heat she’d been fanning blazed all over Carmilla’s shuddering body, igniting her skin with every little aftershock. It was at this point that Laura, if she’d been paying attention, would size Carmilla’s clit at last and harass an overstimulation out of her; which Carmilla did.

Only when her legs were practically cramping from tensing so much and the complaining of the neighbours had reached audible levels, did Carmilla finally drop her hand back onto the bed. She held Voorhees inside for a few more agonizing moments, waiting patiently for her laboured breathing to settle and her body to stop spasming.

Finally, she pulled the toy out with a tired groan, forcing herself to stand on wobbly legs after a few seconds of considering round two. After all, a diet of 90% sugar gave Laura plenty of energy to last several hours. Combine that with vampiric stamina and you had yourself both a good time, and a long time.

But in the end, Carmilla stumbled into the bathroom anyway, rinsing the evidence off the toy and her own, drenched thighs.

Laura did hate when she didn’t clean up, after all.

Chapter End Notes

So! Hello again. This story is about halfway through to completion, which means it’s time for me to work on my next big Hollstein piece; for the Carmilla Big Bang! For those of you who don’t know, the Carmilla Big Bang happens once a year (as far as I know) where artists and writers band together to fill ao3 with fics and matching fanart, each story with a minimum of 15,000 words. Of course, I signed up, and will need to complete a summary for my piece by the 15th. (for more info, check the official tumblr page, @carmillabigbang)
Don't worry! The stories don't need to be completed until September, so I have plenty of time to finish the story you're currently reading, which I absolutely will before I start working on the Big Bang piece. The reason I'm writing this note is because... I'm stuck for ideas. I really want this story to be something amazing, so, if you have any ideas for an AU or a long fic you'd really like to see, pleeeaaaaase let me know in the comments?

Or, tell me if you like any of my current ideas, of which I have 3: 1. Role reversal AU. Laura's a werewolf, Carm's a human. Season 1 but re-imagined. 2. 90's AU. We have evidence that Carmilla was probably a Riot Grrl (basically a punk feminist) in the past (see her music taste, her twitter, tumblr, etc...) so what if Laura was a journalist in the 90's doing a piece on Riot Grrl culture/radical feminism? Or 3. Vampire!Laura AU. Carmilla turns Laura into a vampire so they can be together forever, kinda like Twilight, blah. But Laura isn't used to her new body and whatnot, much humour, smut, and fluff ensues as Carmilla teachers her about herself.
Thanks for the feedback from the last chapter you guys! I very much appreciate it <3
(please keep them ideas coming if you still have em, though!)

It's looking like it's gonna be Vampire!Laura after all, so get hyped for that in the near future!

Day 24 (again):

While Carmilla was busy securing another noise complaint from their uptight left-side neighbours (and probably entertaining the frat boys on their right), Laura was struggling not to freeze to death as she waited outside the university carpark for Danny.

The two had been spending an awful lot of time together, mostly because Laura was constantly on the prowl for excuses not to hang around Carmilla. LaFontaine’s periodic visits through her skin and the electric shocks occasionally sparking through it weren’t quite enough on their own.

By the time Danny’s humungous jeep finally slowed to a half in front of Laura’s tiny frame, the girl was practically frozen to the ground. “H-hey Danny!” she greeted, struggling into the passenger seat and nearly breaking her icicle legs in the process.

“Hey there L,” Danny responded, quirking an eyebrow as Laura hurriedly rubbed her frosty hands together, puffing cloudy breath over them. The ginger was dressed even less conservatively than Laura, only button-up shirt and dress pants, yet she wasn’t shivering in the slightest.

“God, is the heater even on?!?” Laura demanded, impatiently prodding several buttons she had no idea of the functions of before a hand twice the size of hers stopped.

“It is, calm down. There’s a reason you don’t drive a car.”

“What, other than the fact that I can’t reach the pedals?”

“And your crazy over-protective vampire girlfriend? Yeah. It’s because you’re literally a puppy with a few extra brain cells and thumbs,” Danny teased, slowly setting the vehicle in motion again.

At that, Laura’s smile dropped just a little, pulling her seatbelt on as if the mention of protectiveness had kicked in her self-preservation instincts. “She’s not crazy, she just cares about me. You’re way more protective than she is.”

Danny made a smug face. “Some girlfriend she is then.”

Laura huffed in amusement. “LaF told me she once expressed actual desire in front of them to lock me in a tower guarded by a man-eating dragon. But she doesn’t act on that crazy stuff, because she cares too much.”

“Sounds like she and your dad would get along pretty well.”
“I hope so, they’ll have to meet eventually, god I hope he likes her,” said Laura, shoving her hands between her thighs for warmth. The heater had finally baked the car into a toasty hot-box, and not the kind Carmilla occasionally suggested they make using an ounce of marijuana and Perry’s floor-don office.

“But anyway,” Laura blurted suddenly, shaking Carmilla out of her head. “I’m sure you didn’t invite me to dinner to listen to be all gay and heart-eyes. What’s the occasion?”

Danny shrugged. “Just thought you could use some time off, is all. I know the Mistress of the Snark has been giving you a rough time.”

Laura winced and hit her head back on the seat cushion. “She’s doing the sexy vampire thing again where she gets all Twilight on me and starts marking my stuff and leaving me presents. I think she watches me sleep, too.”

“Well, that’s not creepy at all.”

“That’s the thing,” Laura said, her head slowly shaking. “It’s not. It’s super hot, actually. Normally I’d be grossed out but, she’s being all dominant and possessive of me, I just want her to-“

Danny slammed down on the brakes more dramatically than was necessary as they approached a stop sign. “Lara no offence but I’d rather stick toothpicks in my eyes than listen to you talk about what you want FangFace to do to you.”

“That’s fair.”

///

The rest of the car ride was filled with idle chatter, mostly Laura taking an extreme interest in Danny’s affairs with grading essays in an effort to keep from talking about her.

By the time they arrived at the restaurant, Laura was practically bursting at the seams with complaints too vulgar for the camera. Danny had spent the past ten minutes explaining her ‘casual’ relationship with a certain familiar lackwit, it was only fair, right?

“Anyway, him and the other peabrains are throwing a party tomorrow night at the Zeta house to celebrate some bro-commandment, I don’t know,” Danny explained after handing her menu off to the waiter. “You’re coming, right?”

Laura gagged on her soda, splashing it over the table in a ludicrously undignified manner for this end of establishment. Danny had brought her to some Italian monstrosity in central town, explaining the rather upclass attire they’d both chosen to go for this evening.

“Yeah Danny, I’m gonna go to some stupid party and watch a bunch of stupid bodies grinding on other stupid bodies and eat each other’s stupid faces all night while I’m stuck over here with a stupid padlock on my panties. No thank you.”

Several disapproving glances were tossed in the pair’s direction; Danny ignored them. She reached a long arm out to grip Laura’s wrist with ease, forcing the smaller girl to look up at her. “First of all, I know you’re pissed that you can’t end it by riding Catwoman’s face into the early morning, but it’ll be fun. You deserve some fun.”

Laura bunched up her face, glaring adorable little blunt daggers at Danny. “Second of all, shut the fuck up about your god-awful sex life, we’re in public.”
“My awful sex life? Please. As if Kirsch could be better than Carm, the literal seductress of Medival Austria. You probably have to tell him where your clit is.”

Danny narrowed her eyes, but she couldn’t subdue the smile arising on her lips. “I remember when you were so cute and innocent. She’s made you so crude.”

It was Laura’s turn to smile. “Well, she has rubbed off on me a lot I guess.”

More like rubbing on me.

‘A lot’ was an understatement. While Carmilla had picked up the mildly annoying habits of leaving the door unlocked and craving sugar at irresponsible hours, Laura had developed an unhealthy fondness for misbehaving, the stench of smoke, and haemorrhaging.

These were only the bad things. She also found herself listening to more and more Rock n’ Roll these days, not to mention developing an interest in obscure history. Carmilla may be a terrible influence but she’d be lying if she denied the enrichment she provided just by being in her life.

“She’s gonna be the death of you, you know,” Danny said, shattering Laura’s pretty thoughts.

The smaller girl wiggled a little in her seat, a playful smirk on her lips. “I’m not sure I’d mind that, if she did it right.”

Danny made a face like she’d just been presented a plate of human faeces. “Ugh, enough of this. Just for that, you’re coming to the party.”

“I told you, I don’t wanna go.”

“I don’t care. I need a soldier in case things get crazy. And you know they will.”

“That’s exactly my point, Carmilla will take… advantage of me…”

Danny grimaced again, her eyes narrowing into judgemental slits as she observed Laura’s faint blush and lip-bite. “Oh my god. You’re disgusting.”

Laura puffed out her cheeks defensively. “When you have nothing but your thoughts to keep you entertained you get some wild fantasies, okay?!?”

At that moment, the waiter returned and placed two plates of pasta down on the table, a puzzled expression on his features. “Bitte sehr.”

Not missing a beat, Laura answered immediately, much to Danny’s surprise. “Danke. Noch etwas Wasser, bitte.”

“Ja, freilich.”

The waiter departed, and Laura tucked into her food immediately, eager to get something warm into her empty stomach at last. Danny stared on in bewilderment, finally breaking the silence with a rather aggressive hand smacked on the table. “What the hell?”

Laura’s head lifted, a stray noodle dangling from her sauce-smereared lips. “What?”

“Have you been taking secret German classes or something?”

“I ordered in German too, how did you not notice?”
Laura watched Danny’s face crinkle in confusion for a moment, like she couldn’t answer that question herself, either. She had been in quite the exciting story about her bedroom adventures with Kirsch at the time, after all. “Well, whatever, that still doesn’t explain how and why.”

Laura continued shovelling food into her mouth as though her bilingualism was common knowledge. “Carm’s first language is German, you know that, right?”

“So?”

“So, I had her teach me some, and learnt a little on the side too. I was sick of hearing her sleep-talk and mutter things to herself and not understand.”

Danny nodded, still star struck with how this tiny, ditzy little thing had managed to speak so confidently in a language she’d not once heard leave her mouth.

“Plus, she says dirty things in German when she cums and I got curious.”

“Please shut the fuck up, Hollis.”

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An orgasm, three bottles of beer and half a roach later; Carmilla was still a pining mess. She stumbled up the apartment block stairs, finally returning to her lair after a valiant quest of harassing the Alchemy club freshmen and making friends with a less-than-sanitary group of dirty punks smoking pot behind the gym.

While she wasn’t quite sober, she was conscious enough not make a fuss as she pushed the room’s door open, sneaking inside and closing it behind her with elite precision. The hour was climbing into the temporal purgatory of 3 am, the dorm was fast asleep, but Carmilla already knew that.

Even with a hazy mind, Carmilla had sensed Laura’s mind collapsing into unconsciousness about two hours ago, after Xena had theoretically walked her back to her room, perhaps even given her a kiss goodnight.

That red-headed beanstalk bitch.

Laura reeked of the woman. Carmilla had to stifle a gag as she fell silently onto her own bed, discreetly kicking only her shoes off to be tripped over in the morning. The stench of cheap deodorant and pine was blocking out Laura’s intoxicating aroma of chocolate and grape soda, most displeasing.

Carmilla ground her teeth together a few times, debating whether she was drunk enough to use it as an excuse if she proceeded to smoke into Xena’s house and shave her eyebrows off when a certain familiar sound snapped her brooding thoughts clean in half.

“Hah…”

Xena’s putrid odor was suddenly overthrown by a smell Carmilla knew all too well. The scent that had been driving her wild for 24 days now, seeping into her pores and under her skin whenever she passed her.
Lust.

Carmilla’s head rolled over to watch the stirring lump on the opposite side of the room, her heavy breathing loud and clear in her supernaturally-inclined ears.

“Mm…”

There was no sound of panties shifting, of fingers prodding anywhere, only the occasional dry sound of Laura’s clothes on the sheets as she wriggled. Carmilla couldn’t hear her guilt, her excitement; whatever she’d be feeling if she were consciously doing this.

There was only one explanation. If she couldn’t be seduced by day, Aphrodite had come for her at night instead, dragging the poor girl’s thoughts into sinful places when she wasn’t awake to stop them.

Carmilla scowled for a moment, remembering Laura’s activities prior to now. Was it Xena? Did it really take hanging out with the BFG for Laura to finally cave? Maybe she liked all that height, Laura did like to be on top, after all. Those shoulder-rides would be astronomical for her.

Obviously, Countess Karnstein would hear none of that. Like a panther stalking a doe, Carmilla crept with unnerving silence over to Laura’s bed, peeling the duvet back an inch or so to reveal Laura’s quietly twitching face, turned away from the wall.

Try as she might, Carmilla couldn’t get into Laura’s thoughts while she slept, she had no reference for context, or even if she was the one Laura was thinking so fondly of. Not that it stopped her from leaning her head down to nip gently at Laura’s earlobe, careful to let just the right amount of her hair fall onto her face. She’d replace Xena’s scent with her own, but not tickle her into wakefulness.

Then, Carmilla let her mouth fall open just inches from Laura’s ear, a signature, raspy moan tumbling out. Barely a second after, Laura followed suit with her own, vulgar noise, confirmed what Carmilla hoped to be true.

“Oh… Laura…” she teased, misty breath making Laura shiver in her sleep. The vampire was careful not to exceed a whisper in volume; she had to keep Laura asleep. Perhaps if she brought her just high enough, she could succumb in her sleep, and the ever-studious ginger would never have to know…

Until the morning. Oh, Carmilla could practically see it now; Laura’s bunched up little face, twisted between relief and ear-steaming rage, eventually picking the latter and getting all that frustration out on the closest target…

“Oh god Laura… Right there…” Carmilla moaned again, only partially fake this time. She stared with hungry, crimson-lined eyes as saliva pooled in the corners of Laura’s gaping mouth, pushed out by the shameless sounds of her pleasure.

“C-carm…”

Oh, it wouldn’t be long now. Soon, Laura would be back to waking up naked and in a bed that didn’t belong to her, back to limping to class every day, back to returning home after a long day and just sinking to her-

“Get the fuck away from her you creep!” a sharp but silent voice seethed from behind Carmilla. But before the vampire could retaliate, she hissed in pain, finding herself pulled away from her lover by an enormous hand tangled in her hair.

The offender yanked Carmilla back and threw her back to her own bed, towering over her as a
lumbering, shaking silhouette.

“Xena?” Carmilla whispered, anger only slightly masked by confusion. “Why the hell are you in our room?”

“Laura let me stay over, I fell asleep in the bathtub. We had a bit too to drink. Why are you messing with Laura’s project?”

Carmilla’s eyebrows knitted together, attempting to justify how Danny could possibly fit into the room’s impossibly tiny bathtub. In the end, she abandoned the notion altogether, her rage returning as she bared her fangs at the object of her hostility.

“Well I’m here now, so get the fuck out.”

“Like hell. You’ll probably do something fucked up to her.”

At that, Carmilla’s face softened a tad, her enhanced eyes allowing her to just barely make out the emotion in Danny’s face. While part of her wanted to be offended that she’d even suggested such a vile thing, she knew what it probably looked like to this big, staggering imbecile. She was just looking out.

Not that she has any reason to.

Carmilla slipped off the bed to her feet, craning her neck to meet Danny’s gaze. “Do you seriously think I’d ever do that?”

The redhead shifted on her feet. “I don’t know. I don’t trust you.”

“I know, and I don’t care. But I do need you to know this,” Carmilla whispered, pointing a finger at the bed behind Danny. “That girl is the only thing in this entire world that I care about. I would sooner kill off every human on earth than I would ever harm her.”

Danny raised a sceptical eyebrow.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. “Non-consensually. My point still stands. Think whatever you want of me, I don’t care, just know that she’s mine. And I’ll never let anything hurt her.”

The scuffling seemed to have changed the course of Laura’s dreams, as the girl was now silently slumbering away, her soft breathing the only sound in the room. Danny looked unconvinced, but after a speech like that, what was there to say?

Eventually, she heaved a sigh, an action that seemed to take a lot of effort. “Laura was right, you are getting all vampy and weird.”

Carmilla didn’t laugh, instead pointing with her head to the door. “I’m too tired and drunk for this shit anyway. Do you want me to take you home? I would greatly appreciate it if you’d vacate my lair, now.”

Danny offered a weak smile. “Nah, I’ll be alright,” she said, starting towards the door. Carmilla sighed and ran a hand through her disgruntled hair, glancing longingly at the sleepy lump in the bed next to her.

Finally alone again, Carmilla flopped back down on her own bed, no more interruptions as she let Laura’s gentle, mortal breathing lull her off into sleep.
Day 25:

“Come on, everyone’s probably already hammered, we’ll have to catch up!”

Laura threw Danny an exasperated look before continuing to buzz around the apartment like an anxious bumblebee. “Just calm down, I’m not ready yet.”

Danny leant back on the wardrobe, arms folded over her crop-top clad chest. Of course, it would be a completely normal shirt on anyone else. “If you’re not done by the time LaF and Perry get here, I’m leaving without you.”

“That’s fine!” Laura chirped, checking her hair in the mirror for the umpteenth time. “I didn’t wanna go anyway!”

“You’re going.”

Laura poked her tongue out at Danny, tucking the comb she’d been using into her handbag for safekeeping. Even though tonight would just be ‘a bunch of sweaty lackwits and computer farts for music’, as Carmilla had put it, Laura was going all out anyway with the hopes of impressing a certain someone.

The party was, fortunately, being held on one of the warmer nights; permitting Laura to wear that off-shoulder shirt Carmilla liked, the one she knew would have her drooling the very moment she laid eyes in all that skin for her to not sink her teeth into.

Pair that with generous makeup, red lips and glossy high-heels and you had yourself a very hungry vampire. All according to plan.

Speaking of which…

“Would you wake her up already?!” Danny demanded, nodding to the corpse still passed out on the bed.

Carmilla had been out freezing for over twelve hours, no movement, not even of her chest for breathing she wasn’t required to do. Alas, even with all the hustle and bustle of the apartment pre-game, she was still sound asleep and woefully underprepared for what the night had in store.

Laura examined herself in the mirror one final time, satisfied that Carmilla would be content, before gently rubbing the vampire’s shoulders until her eyes started to flutter open. “Wake up! You gotta get ready.”

“Ready..?” Carmilla groaned, blinking slowly with squinted eyes as she adjusted to the offensive light. She scratched at the tangled mess on her head for a moment, not yet noticing the sticky odour of booze and cosmetics. “For what? What time is it?”

“11:30,” Danny supplied while Laura adjusted the length of her skirt, suddenly self-conscious in Carmilla’s company. “We’re going over to the Zeta house.”
Carmilla raised an eyebrow, her eyes widening dramatically as she tilted her head to hear the distant, faint noises of yelling and bass-heavy bopping. “You’re going over to the sausage fest?”

“And so are you.”

“Please, as if I’m going to spend my eveni-“

The snarky comment caught in Carmilla’s throat as her gaze landed on the object of her ever-growing affections, her jaw falling half-way to the ground.

Laura blushed, feeling Carmilla’s eyes rolling over every last inch of exposed flesh, from her neck to the silver of visible skin above her skirt, down the legs below it, and back up again. The wrinkle of her nose and brief flash of crimson in her eyes indicated she’d caught a whiff of her perfume, too.

“Well,” Carmilla began, managing to pick her jaw up just long enough to smirk. “Don’t you look like a-“

The nostalgic flirting was cut off by the slam of the door on the wall, revealing a sharply dressed LaFontaine and a side-dish of Perry. Carmilla pursed her lips and looked away, murmuring something in German and tugging a subsequent smile at the corner of Laura’s mouth.

“We ready to go?” LaFontaine asked, briefly acknowledging Carmilla’s existence with a nod.

“Yes! All ready, let’s skedaddle,” Laura cheered, snatching her purse off her bed and making a beeline for the exit, unconcerned with LaFontaine’s critical analysis of her ‘inappropriate use of the word ‘skedaddle’. The two fun-sized gingers followed her out, with the alpha one staying behind to glare menacingly at the vampire on the bed.

“You need to come tonight.”

“You know, I’ve been saying that exact same thing to Laura every night for three weeks and she still hasn’t, so…”

Danny stepped away from the wardrobe, standing before Carmilla in a display of dominance that made the smaller woman’s skin crawl. “This could be your chance to change that.”

Carmilla perked up, glancing up curiously at Danny. The ginger continued, rather guiltily. “We were talking last night and, I can’t really explain it, but you’ve just gotta come. You saw the way she was dressed, she wants you to be there.”

“Maybe I don’t feel like walking into the most blatant trap since the Church.”

Danny’s face cooled. “We’re in agreements. You wanna ruin her project, she and I wanna get on your nerves,” the ginger tilted her head, a mischievous smirk playing on her face. “I’m just suggesting we play a little game.”

Carmilla looked to the doorway, imaging Laura’s twitchy little body as she stumbled out like Bambi on Ice in those prissy little heels. Dark eyes flicked back to Danny, a smile of her own already signalling her answer. “Tell her be patient. I’ll be there in an hour.”

And with that, Danny nodded and turned to leave, finding much of her previously held disdain for the vampire starting to chip away. “Hey, FangFace,” she called out when she was at the doorway, turning back to the vampire in question.

“What.”
“How come you’re so dead set on ruining Laura’s lent thing. As her girlfriend, shouldn’t you be more supportive, aren’t you proud of her?”

Carmilla could barely contain the laugh that spluttered out. “Proud? Please. I’m proud of her diligence, but not when it comes to silly games like this. I disapproved of this from day one.”

She stood up, carding her fingers through frizzy, dark locks. “And as her girlfriend, I’m gonna have her on her knees by the end of the night, just you wait~”

After a brief grimace, Danny shook her head and left, hurrying to join her group of already antsy friends as they headed into the cold. Carmilla, meanwhile, was hatching her seduction play, starting with a lengthy shower…

///

As Laura had expected, the party was already well out of hand, and it wasn’t even midnight yet. As if the decorations of discarded red-cups and pizza boxes leading up to the actual house weren’t enough, the bombardment of smoke and sex in the air upon entry was enough of a reminder.

The bass was deafening in Laura’s ears, almost as awful as the stench of alcohol flooding her nostrils and already making her gag. “Why did I come here again?” she yelled over the music, still resulting in a collective ‘what?’ from her equally disgruntled group.

Well, except Danny, who had spotted a certain favoured Zeta through the crowd and was already pulling Laura along as she rushed to greet him. “Check back later,” Laura called out to her other red-headed friends before Danny yanked her over to the bar where Kirsch was waiting.

“Laura! You came!” Kirsch said with a wide smile, oblivious to his poor word choice.

Shaking away the wince, Laura returned his grin, embracing him briefly in a hug bordering on rib-crushing. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world, champ!” she lied through her teeth.

Kirsch chuckled, pulling Danny into a quick kiss, making Laura immediately turn to the drink selection. “I just wasn’t sure you’d make it, what with Carm being all dirty and stuff.”

Laura could hardly make out the colours of the beverages under the Zeta house’s ridiculous coloured strobe lights, flashing each cup into quirky shades of reds, blues, greens, purples-

No, the purple stayed the same. “yeah well, I’m here to forget all about that,” she lied again, reaching for one of the cups containing the familiar tint much to Danny’s dismay.

“Woah, slow down there, tiny,” she interrupted just as Laura made for her first sip. The giantess was only partially tipsy from a few pre-game beers, hardly enough to make even a dent in her iron liver. “She’s not even here yet-“

Laura let the music drown out Danny’s advice before drowning herself in the sweet mixture, knocking a good part of the cup back with more difficulty than she was willing to let show. “trust me,” she burped, punching her chest. “Little Hollis, all drunk and sweaty and delirious? She’s gonna lose her mind.”

As if to further prove her point, Laura poured herself and her two companions a shot each, a smug smile on her lips as she handed one to each of them. “You dragged me into this hellhole, so, let’s make the most of it.”

“Alright, Laura!” Kirsch yelped before knocking his shot back with ease. Danny and Laura followed
suit, the first of many bad decisions to be made this evening. They slammed the empty glasses back
down, Laura’s head already starting to whirl.

Never one to give up, she took another swig of her purple beverage, murmuring something to Danny
about how she was gonna kill her for this, before stumbling back into the crowd to reunite with the
Bobbsey twins.

///

Carmilla didn’t need to look hard to find Laura. While the noise threatened to break her eardrums,
she could still hear Laura’s happy voice over everything else, out the back smothered in the scent of
beer and codeine.

The vampire slithered through the grinding bodies still in the house easily, arriving at the far more
relaxed back deck of the Zeta house without a single drop of alcohol entering her system. Out here,
the smell of liquor was mostly replaced with that of pot from the zoned-out alchemy kids getting
baked on the grass, but joining them could be an option later. For now, Laura was the priority.

Thankfully, Carmilla didn’t even need her keen senses to locate her; the company she kept was at
least 75% ginger most of the time, so it was hardly a challenge. She waltzed over to the ping-pong
table where the Scooby Squad had managed to gather, standing next to her girlfriend as she observed
the current game, unfortunately lacking in a partner to partake in.

“Aren’t you drunk enough already, cutie~?” she purred, glancing with a dark side-eye at Laura’s
tousled hair and flushed cheeks.

The smaller girl whipped around instantly, sloshing the acidic contents of her cup onto the ground in
her haste. “Carmilla!” she blurted, eyes looking here, there, everywhere. “Hi!”

“Hey,” she replied, licking her black-painted lips. They matched perfectly with her corset and mini-
skirt, exposing creamy thighs above long knee-socks. And of course, her aroma was not of the
human kind.

Just as Laura was about to start drooling, a loud cheer suddenly rang out from one side of the ping-
pong table, the ginger one. LaFontaine and Perry high-fived as Danny and Kirsch sluggishly
downed the last of their cups, the sign of a shameful defeat. “Oh, hey, Carmilla’s here!” Perry
chirped, suspiciously non-suspicious, upon realizing the vampire’s arrival.

Danny and Laura exchanged a quick glance before the Ginger Giant practically tripped over to
Carmilla and braced a meaty hand on her shoulder. “Good, you’re here, you and Laura got next, beat
those motherfuckers.”

With a look of pure contempt, Carmilla flicked Danny’s hand away and shook her head. “As if I
would ever participate in such-“

But Laura had already shoved Carmilla to the end of the table, replacing Kirsch as he scrambled to
replace the beer cups. “You’re the only sober one, we’ve gotta fix that.”

“I’d much rather do some body shots.”

Laura, having shed most of her inhibitions upon her second shot, wrapped her hands around
Carmilla’s waist from behind and playfully nipped at her shoulder, then her neck, and finally up to
her ear before promising a flirtatious ‘later’.

At the other end of the table, the now drunken-gingers were rubbing their hands eagerly, overly
confident in the presence of one as experienced as Carmilla.

A fatal mistake, as they soon found out. After barely a few minutes, it was obvious LaFontaine’s calculated precision-based throws were no match for Carmilla’s decades of experience. The vampire had only downed three cups by the time the opposition only had one left, and that was including Laura’s, which she’d stolen.

“You wanna take the winning shot?” Carmilla asked her girlfriend, pressing the ball into her eagerly outstretched hand. Laura hadn’t landed a single ball this evening, but that wasn’t going to stop her from trying. Perry and LaFontaine each scoffed when she accepted the ball, convinced this was some coy attempt to keep the game from prematurely ending.

Laura shifted her position to better see the remaining cup, her heart leaping into her throat when Carmilla’s hands fell onto her hips to guide her. “you got this, L!” Kirsch cheered with Danny, watched keenly from the sidelines when they weren’t busy sucking on each other.

Laura was seeing not one, but three, swirling cups at the opposite end of the table, her eyes narrowing as she attempted to merge them into one in her liquor-soaked mind. She held the ball in front of Carmilla, who promptly pressed her lips to it for a moment, before blindly tossing the thing at one of the three visible cups.

*Splash.*

The small crowd that had gathered to watch the game erupted into celebration, while LaFontaine and Perry’s faces crumbled in defeat. They squabbled briefly over the last beer until Kirsch darted between them and downed the thing himself, despite his much greater level of intoxication.

“I knew you could do it,” Carmilla praised her pet, arms snakeing around her waist as she pulled her into a kiss. Laura’s breath was hot and heavy with the stink of alcohol, but Carmilla didn’t care. She coaxed her mouth further open anyway, their tongues dancing over one another, while the Zeta’s gathered around them cheered on.

Mongrels. But Carmilla still didn’t care. She didn’t care about anything other than this moment, this girl. The hand on the small of her back crept upwards beneath her shirt, lips falling to press sloppy, open-mouthed kisses over Laura’s jawline, so deliciously close to that exposed neck.

“Why don’t we take this upstairs...?” she rasped after a moment, not quite drunk enough to reveal her vampiric nature to the whole campus just yet.

Laura giggled, the fingers tangled in Carmilla’s hair pulling her upwards to meet her gaze. “You think you can break me that easily? Who do you think I am?”

Carmilla froze, jaw dropping in both shock and awe. That was her Laura, as full of surprises as ever. But before she could reply, her lip quivering as she searched for something to say, Laura lowered her mouth to barely ghost over Carmilla’s, before scampering away and dragging the vampire with her by the hand.

“Come on, the nights barely started,” she yelled over the now once again blaring music as they neared back to the Zeta house. “Let’s dance~”

Chapter End Notes
Well, it's about to go down :)

Will Laura finally succumb to the mistress of leather and insults? Place your bets now!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

*quick disclaimer, chapter contains something bordering on dub-con for a small part, but there is no non-con.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Day 25:

For an evening in winter, this particular night had been even hotter than most summer days. The house was practically a furnace, quite nearly cooking Laura’s flesh as she squeezed past grinding bodies to find a clear spot in the rec room, where one could look one way and see a drunken squabble, look the other way and see two people getting it on right there on the sofa.

The heart of the party. Carmilla didn’t look best pleased to be dragged back into it, but she could hardly complain. Within seconds of Laura letting her hands go, they were on her hips and moving with each sway of them, Laura’s fingers roving blindly all over the front of her corset.

“You are truly killing me, Hollis,” Carmilla growled, reaching back to grope her rear in confident fingers, yanking her closer in the process.

Laura gasped as their chests pressed together, the strong fragrance of graveyards and dying flowers suddenly replacing all the smoke in her lungs. “Oh, you’re telling me,” she slurred, pulling Carmilla’s head down to sloppily connect their lips again, teeth clacking on each other in her haste.

Carmilla entertained her neediness regardless, both hands on the soft flesh of her behind now as she squeezed possessively. Laura was like putty in her monster’s claws, fast losing sight of her six-week goal under the thick atmosphere.

It was hardly romantic, yet Laura could swear it was just the two of them in the room. The building could go up in flames at this moment and she knew she wouldn’t care. She saw nothing, heard nothing, but Carmilla. All she could feel besides the high was Carmilla. And she wanted more.

Laura rose to briefly catch Carmilla’s bottom lip in her teeth, their eyes locking for a fleeting, burning moment, blind to anyone else. When the second passed, Laura suddenly whipped around and backed up against Carmilla, her body perfectly in sync with the blaring music.

It was as though the alcohol had somehow made Laura more coordinated than her sober, accident-prone self. She felt Carmilla’s hands all over her, rubbing her ass and pushing her inwards from the hand on her stomach, fingers dancing enticingly on the hem of her skirt.

Presently, Laura felt Carmilla’s hips moving forward at the same pace she threw herself back, the pair practically dry-humping right there in the middle of the party. Laura heard her groan in dry, desperate intervals, her breath curling against the shell of her ear. She was winning.

“Cupcake, where’d you learn this?” Carmilla asked dryly, bringing her hand down hard on Laura’s rear, sure to leave a mark.

The smaller girl gasped, letting her head fall back onto Carmilla’s shoulder behind her. “Who cares,
just enjoy it,” she said with a smirk, pecking a kiss onto her girlfriend’s cheek. She felt her breasts flush against her back, poorly contained by her corset, grinding against her as enticingly as her hips were.

She was getting desperate. Laura saw Danny stagger into the room through a gap in the sea of bodies, very obviously looking for her. Their eyes met, and Laura nodded vigorously, beckoning her forward with a subtle flick of her hand.

It was just as Laura had said; the night was still young. Despite the fangs she felt scraping against the heated skin of her shoulder, she wasn’t quite ready to shut Carmilla down yet. Not when she knew the rise should get out of her with a little more action.

Danny tumbled past the pair, an arm outstretched, which Laura immediately latched on to. She blew a kiss to the now wide-eyed Carmilla as she allowed herself to be dragged away, dipping through the crowd only to disappear into the chaos.

///

She’d let her guard down again. Just like the way she found herself following Laura’s every command nowadays if she was even slightly aroused, she’d fallen into that girl’s trap like a bumbling idiot. She’d hardly had a sip of beer, yet the room was suddenly caving in, the noise and smoke suddenly suffocating now that Laura wasn’t here to keep her mind occupied.

She scowled at the direction Danny had whisked Laura away to, past the bar and deeper into the room. The Zeta house was humungous, to say the least, with the main area easily the size of Laura and Carmilla’s entire block floor. Naturally, there was plenty of space for Carmilla to chase her prey around.

Which she did. But only after stopping at the bar to chug a bottle of liquid courage, failing to acknowledge the frat pig she’d stolen it from before stalking off to find her target.

This was her night. She was meant to be seducing Laura, not falling into her ass-grinding, lip-biting trap. The fact that Laura hadn’t dragged Carmilla upstairs, giggling like a schoolgirl as she shoved her into the nearest unoccupied room, by now, was appalling. It usually didn’t take this long.

Carmilla was aware of her power. She knew how to use it. She just had to recover from the raging, metaphoric hard-on Laura had caused just in one dance. If Laura and Clifford wanted to play the game, well, she’d show them what comes with practice.

It didn’t take much snooping to locate the pair, caught between several other lackwits, practically fucking with their clothes on as they danced like the silly drunk college girls they were. Carmilla bit back a snarl at the sight of Danny’s hands on her as they danced, on her human.

She bit back a murder charge at the sight of Laura’s hands on her wrists, encouraging it. One flick of honey-coloured hair later and Laura’s eyes were on her, a smile of pure villainy on those red, kiss-smeared lips.

“You crafty little runt.”

Maybe it was the beer swirling in her brain. Maybe it was the weeks of pent-up sexual frustration. Maybe it was just her lustrous nature, her constant need to stalk, seduce, and satisfy her.

Whatever the reason behind it, it didn’t matter. What mattered was that Carmilla played this game to win, and damn right, she would. In two quick strides through the madness, Carmilla was next to Laura again, eyes locked on hers as she carelessly shoved Danny away, barely exerting more
strength than a tap but sending her stumbling back regardless.

“Ow! What the hell, fangs?”

But in Laura’s company again, Carmilla had gone deaf to anything other than her hitched breathing, the click of her high heels as she stepped blindly backwards, jostling through the crowd. Carmilla was stepping forward to close each gap made while Laura retreated, expression serious, but seductive. Dominant. Possessive.

The back of Laura’s legs hit the sofa Carmilla had been guiding her towards, the smaller girl falling back into it with a surprised squeak. Within seconds, Carmilla was on her lap, hands gripping her shoulders, the pair of them completely oblivious to the not-so-subtle hand job proceeding at the other end of the sofa.

“I didn’t put on this skirt you like and stuff my chest into a corset, for you to spend your night with Gingernut over there,” Carmilla mused into Laura’s ear, nibbling gently on an earlobe. She breathed in; Laura’s hair was freshly washed, the smell of lavender still prominent despite the party’s effects. She kissed the spot beneath her ear where it was strongest, smirking against her skin at the resultant gasp. The room had faded away again, the music suddenly muted; only the two of them to exist in this dimension. Carmilla’s hands rubbed Laura’s neck and shoulders, tangled in her hair, allowing her scent and proximity to haul her instincts over.

When she pulled back, Laura sat, jaw-agape, looking up at Carmilla like she was the very thing that made the earth rotate. She bit her lip and braced the back of the sofa behind her, arms resting on either of Laura’s shoulders. Then, in perfect rhythm of the current song, Carmilla danced.

Now usually, Carmilla’s shows were a private affair, for no eyes other than those of her precious maiden. But the other party-goers had fallen away, Carmilla was lost in Laura’s eyes only, it might as well have been back in their bedroom. She smirked, grinding her crotch down on Laura’s thighs, swaying those voluptuous hips just the way she knew Laura liked.

And she did. Carmilla relished in the way the tiny girl couldn’t keep her eyes still, gaze darting from Carmilla’s face, to her tight chest, her creamy thighs. She perked her eyebrows when she first felt a trembling hand on her waist, snatching the offending wrist with ease and pinning it above Laura’s head.

“You gave me up, remember? No touching,” Carmilla purred, wiggling her hips enticingly. Laura had to give it up if she wanted that privilege.

Laura wrinkled her nose. “You ssssuck,” she slurred.

Proving her point, Carmilla lurched her body forward, smothering Laura’s face in her cleavage. “Just say the word, and you can touch me all you like, cupcake~” she offered, her voice smooth like liquid sex dripping all over Laura’s skin.

When she got no reply, Carmilla pulled back to look in her eyes, both hands cupping her cheeks. Laura puffed them out, pouting. God, how she loved to hate that stubborn streak. “Still playing Virgin Mary, I see,” she mused, moving one hand to brush a few stray strands of sticky hair out of her face.

“Been playing a long time, I’m not stopping now,” Laura declared, barely able to form a coherent sentence between the codeine and her very apparent arousal. Carmilla wondered if Laura knew just how cute she was while flustered like this.
But more than that, she wondered if Laura could feel the damp spot on her thighs from where Carmilla had been sitting.

///

It wasn’t fair. Carmilla had been seducing women at parties since the days when they were still a formal affair, and the dirtiest thing one could do was waltz with two beds worth of clothing distance between you.

Nowadays, there were far more provocative ways to utilize one’s skill. And Carmilla abused every last possibility, not only gaining the upper hand but proceeding to use it in the worst ways you could imagine.

They’d played truth-or-dare with the Summer girls huddled upstairs, spilling everything from filthy fantasies that made Laura’s heart leap in anticipation, to articles of clothing when the dares got too raunchy.

They’d gotten high with the alchemy kids, next to a passed out LaFontaine slouched on a beanbag, tragically over their limit. Laura didn’t bother with bowls, she took her hits straight from Carmilla’s mouth, letting her push the smoke in with her tongue, sealed with burnt lips and scorching teeth.

And they’d done those body shots Carmilla had demanded earlier. Laura had lay down on the bar counter like the pretty little virgin sacrifice she was, salt sprinkled on her collarbone, lime stuck between her teeth, clutching a tiny glass of tequila in trembling fingers on her stomach.

She could still remember the heat of Carmilla’s tongue on her trembling skin as she lapped up the salt so tantalizingly slowly, only to knock the shot back in a flash and smash their lips together to retrieve the lime from Laura’s mouth. She remembered the bitter taste still lingering on Carmilla’s tongue, her pupils blown to the size of moons as she stared down at her.

When it was Laura’s turn, admittedly a terrible decision; the girl was practically tripping over her own feet at this point, Carmilla stood up tall, the shot held tight between her breasts at the top of her corset, the salt peppered onto her exposed stomach below it.

Laura had quite literally fallen to her knees to lick it off, rising back up with more difficulty than she cared to admit. She picked the shot glass up with her teeth, clumsy hands braced on Carmilla’s chest for balance, and threw only half of it back; she spilt a fair portion all over herself in her excitement.

And when the taste blazed down into her throat and she cooled it with the lime from Carmilla’s mouth; she didn’t stop. She bit into it, squeezing its acid onto her tongue, and tossed it away to leave Carmilla open to her attack.

Laura was ravenous. She forced her way past Carmilla’s lips, tasting the back of her fangs and quite near cutting herself on one of them. Not that she would have cared. Laura didn’t care.

She did not care anymore.

The tequila was scorching her mouth, burning away her restrictions just as the codeine had drowned her worries. Her hands were all over Carmilla now as she backed her against the bar counter, groping at bumps she could barely identify, pressing their bodies so devastatingly close.

Not close enough. Laura suddenly felt like she was choking in her clothes, like she might well suffocate if she didn’t get them off. She wanted to be closer. She needed to be.
She disconnected her mouth from Carmilla’s, a string of saliva dangling between kiss-bruised lips. “Take me somewhere. Now. Please, Carm. I need you,” she babbled, tugging impatiently at the strings on the front of Carmilla’s corset.

She looked up, meeting Carmilla’s wide, shifting eyes. She searched for something, anything; but in the scarce light and under the influence, darkness had practically swallowed all of her iris. She saw her open her mouth wider, a sentence on the tip of her tongue, before she closed it again and yanked Laura away by the hand.

“This way,” she growled in that delicious, animalistic way that made every hair on Laura’s body stand on end. She could have sworn she heard something else there too, but she hadn’t the brain functions to process it.

All she knew was that she wanted Carmilla. Now.

///

*Finally.*

Finally, she’d done it. Carmilla was jostling her way through the party at inhuman speeds, more carrying Laura than walking with her. She could hardly get to the stairs fast enough, racing up them the very moment her toes hit the bottom.

She knew it was low of her, but it wasn’t the first time they’d done something like this. Hell, most parties they attended ended up this way. The only difference this time was that alcohol was required, not simply an option.

*You’re disgusting.*

The sober part of Carmilla’s brain knew that, but the part currently sloshing in beer and other poison insisted otherwise. Laura had been desperate back there, she’d been desperate for weeks; the liquor had just lured out the worst in her. That was all.

And boy, had it. The very moment Carmilla located an unoccupied room, Laura shoved her inside and fell back on the closed door behind them, yanking Carmilla’s head into her and smashing their lips together again.

Carmilla tried not to wince at Laura’s force, the way she was even more sloppy than usual. She was always clumsy, right? And the taste of beer, smoke, and maybe a little vomit was nothing Carmilla wasn’t used to. She could stomach it.

“Carm,” Laura groaned between kissed, “Fuck me. Come on. I need you” *Then stop making it so hard.*

Carmilla could feel Laura’s hands on her thighs, snaking up past her skirt, but they weren’t as playful as they usually were. She wrinkled her nose, pushing them off, much to Laura’s confusion. She tried to focus on something else, focus on touching Laura instead, her hands slipping under her shirt to trace along her bra’s underwire.

Laura giggled, a burp escaping midday through. Carmilla looked at her again, the flush on her face
much more apparent now that they were in the reasonable light of some poor Zeta’s bedroom. “Wus wrong?” she hiccupped suddenly, frowning at Carmilla’s analytical stare.

*This is wrong. I can’t do this.*

Of course, she couldn’t. She’d known it from the very moment Laura had finally cracked, but she’d brought her up here anyway; why? Carmilla snarled and backed away from Laura, running a hand through her own, dishevelled hair.

Maybe she thought the liquor in her system just needed a little while longer to melt the righteous part of her brain away and let her do what she’d been wanting to do for almost an entire month. Idiot, vampires sobered up faster than even the tankiest human. She was lying to herself and she knew it.

So, with a heavy heart, Carmilla turned to look at Laura again, staring at her with an impatient scowl.

“I can’t.”

Chapter End Notes

Bet y’all got scared for a moment there, didn'tcha? Come on now. Carmilla would never, in a million years, stoop that low.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Go easy on me, I wrote this at 1am, drunk, and utterly exhausted. I'm glad this thing is nearly over, my next piece, a vampire!laura, post-movie extension, will be much longer, with a much better focus on character. Get hyped for it, I promise it's gonna be much better than this old thing~

Carmilla could operate ample modern innovation such as a phone, a car, the internet. But try as she might, for all three hundred odd years she’d been walking this bitch of an earth, she could not for the unlife of her figure out how to start a vlog.

“Cupcake, how do you use this thing?”

When she received nothing but a muffled slur from the resting girl behind her, Carmilla spat out a promise to snap the laptop in half if she didn’t get an answer, swiftly resulting in a messy “press the webcam thing” before Laura’s head flopped back down into her pillow.

Carmilla huffed, scanning the desktop until she located the small icon of a camera, clicking it open. She flopped down into Laura’s chair, smiling affectionately at the cookie crumbs she was just now noticing were scattered all across her desk, before looking into the camera and hitting record.

“Uhhhhh. Hi.”

A loud groan resounded from the bed behind Carmilla, the very epitome of ‘you’re doing it wrong.’ The vampire shook her head, already gaining an appreciation of Laura’s annoyance when she was interrupted while doing this. She made a mental note to do it even more in the future.

“For those of you who are unfamiliar, if you’ve somehow been absent for the many significant appearances I’ve made on here, I’m Carmilla. I’m the horrible beast your usual girl keeps complaining about,” she explained with a dramatic clawing of her fingers and twitch of her eye.

“And I’m talking to you because Laura is spectacularly hungover and needs a recovery day. So, I’ll be your host. The she-devil herself.”

It was quite the unfortunate day to be nursing a hangover; Carmilla’s idea of taking a walk to air out Laura’s lungs was quickly squelched by the morning shower, still drizzling over the campus like a punishment for the wild events of last night.

Oh well. It wasn’t like being cooped up inside didn’t have its charms. The way Carmilla saw it, the sky could be crying tears of bitter resentment for them, or simply clapping in approval of their decision to stay in bed all day. An activity Carmilla had every intention to return to once this stupid vlog was over.

“Unless you’re literally lacking a functioning brain, you either attended or heard about the party last night. If you did attend, then you also probably know that the last thing anyone saw of Laura was me dragging her upstairs.”
In hindsight, Carmilla really should have left the party through the front door instead of leaping from the upstairs window like some kind of daughter-stealing hoodlum. She’d woken up to an angry series of missed calls from Xena, seasoned with a generous helping of vulgar texts, damming her name to hell if she even dared touch Laura.

She heard from LaFontaine and Perry’s visit earlier that the campus was back to placing bets on Laura’s abstinence, with the tides swirling dramatically to the side of breaking her streak after half the student body saw the way the pair of them were grinding on each other last night.

Theo and his cronies were going to make quite the buck when word got out that Laura was still going strong. Well, yes, she’d failed. But if she didn’t proceed with the action, then surely it didn’t count.

Carmilla held a hand up in front of her. “If you think even for a second that I fucked her last night, not only are you dead wrong, but you need to reevaluate your perception of me.”

It was then that Carmilla felt a rush of heat to her cheeks, realizing what a contradiction what she was about to say was. But she had to get it out. “I know I haven’t been going easy on her.” She sighed. “I know you all this I’m some hormonal monster determined to ruin this silly project of hers. And you’re right. But if you think my method for achieving that would be to get her so drunk that she couldn’t say no even if she wanted to, that’s where you’re wrong.”

Carmilla was starting to understand why Laura rambled so much. Speaking to the camera was so easy; with no eyes to force yourself to look into, no emotion to stop you from being honest, words flowed so easily. “I might be all those things I said before. But I’m not a rapist,” Carmilla spat, and the word was spicy on her tongue.

Last night, while much of it had been forgotten, was still a mistake. She was processing that in painful, regretful ways, but it would be foolish to hide the truth. It had been fun, playful; but the very moment they were behind closed doors, Carmilla knew the reality had shifted from flirty to dangerous.

She was properly blushing now, but Carmilla forced herself to keep looking at the camera and complete her explanation. “I want all of Laura’s viewers, and the rest of Silas, to know that I’m in love with Laura Hollis. And yes, I might tease and torture her, but I love her far too much to ever take advantage of her like that.”

Behind her, she heard the sleepy sounds of stirring, the girl responsible probably disturbed by her voice’s increasing volume. Carmilla swallowed a lump in her throat. “Anyway. I brought her home last night, and she fell asleep. End of story. So, if I hear even a single rumour or snarky comment about her from any one of you lackwits, I will personally see to it that you never speak again. Good day.”

And with that, Carmilla slammed the laptop shut, leaning back in the desk chair for just a single moment of hungover bliss before the unmistakable sound of retching behind her had her on her feet again.

Carmilla dashed to Laura’s side in a blur of red and grey; she’d changed into a t-shirt and a pair of Laura’s pyjama pants at some point between last night and the current time of 10:30. She sat next to Laura on the bed, pulling her tangled hair back while the poor girl vomited into the bucket Carmilla had set on the floor for her.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart,” she soothed, gathering Laura’s hair in one hand to rub the other up and
down her almost bare back. Carmilla had stripped her down to her underwear after they’d returned last night, leaving a hot wheat bag and extra blanket in her bed so she didn’t freeze to death in the night.

It had been a messy affair, made difficult by Laura’s determined insistence that Carmilla needed to do several things involving Voorhees, her tongue, and the bottle of Smirnoff in the fridge. She’d manage to undress her in the least sexy way possible, muttering cold comments while cold fingers scratched painfully at her sides as she pulled her top off.

Thankfully, Laura had given up and fallen asleep the very moment her head hit the pillow, turned on her side by Carmilla to make sure she didn’t choke on any potential vomit. While she thankfully didn’t, it was all coming up now in the form of a foul-smelling assortment of pizza, Jell-O and purple syrup.

When she’d finished coughing up her regrets, Laura wiped her mouth on her wrist and grimaced, falling back onto the pillows with a huff. “God, I’m so sorry,” she muttered.

Carmilla smiled, planting a kiss to her forehead despite her putrid odour. She quickly dipped out to the bathroom to dispose of the remains of Laura’s evening, rinsing the bucket with water before returning to plop it back down next to the bed.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Carmilla whispered, knowing anything louder would probably only end up hurting Laura’s still-pounding head. “I think we both just got carried away.”

Laura looked horrifically embarrassed, turning her head away to avoid Carmilla’s gaze. “I’m exhausted,” she mumbled, pulling the covers back up over her shivering body.

Carmilla smiled and nodded, standing up the return to her own bed after planting a kiss to Laura’s cheek. “Get some rest, cupcake.”

The sky was bloated with inky, grey clouds, promising nothing but an increase in rain over the course of this Sunday. Laura had every reason to sleep the rest of the weekend away. Carmilla flopped back into her own bed, heavy eyelids drooping shut for a mere moment of peace, when that sleepy voice piped up again.

“Carm?”

Carmilla made an ‘mm’ sound, not opening her eyes to look over at Laura.

“Thank you. For looking after me last night, I mean.”

“I’d be quite a shitty girlfriend if I didn’t.”

“Still, thanks. I love you.”

Carmilla’s eyes finally opened to observe her pet, the thing she’d happily die for, safe and sound. Her lips rose in a small but genuine smile, before she leaned over to face the wall, exhaustion hitting her like a ton of bricks. “I love you too, Laura.”

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When Laura woke up, the feeling of her brain being squeezed by an anxious gorilla had largely subsided, replaced with a groggy sensation of needing to throw up, but somehow always managing to keep it down.

The rain had kicked up to a steady downpour, falling from dark, evening skies behind the window. It was a comforting noise, persuading Laura to remain within the safe haven of her blankets; until she started to realize in her wakefulness that she was practically lying in a snow-bed.

She shivered, throwing the crisp covers off to expose her near-naked body to the elements, immediately tensing up as the cold air nipped at gooseflesh. From here she could see Carmilla dozing away at the opposite bed, the cause of her death this time, alcohol poisoning.

That stupid vampire. She’d been out of it too, yet she still managed to deliver Laura and her ginger hype beasts home to a warm bed at the end of her alcoholic crusade.

Laura knew from the texts she’d briefly examined when she first woke up that Carmilla had gone back for LaFontaine and Perry, retrieving the both of them from where they’d passed out on the deck and unceremoniously tossing them each onto the nearest soft surface upon reaching their apartment.

As she looked over at her now, scowling even in her most relaxed state, Laura questioned for the umpteenth time since they’d gotten together just how she’d managed to get so lucky. To tame a monster was no easy feat, getting one interested enough to pursue you was even harder.

And she hadn’t even tried. Laura scurried over to Carmilla, pressing a brief kiss to frozen lips, just because she could. She yanked the nearest towel off the floor, barrelling into the bathroom to throw herself under the hot water as soon as possible. Even if her skin burnt off in the process.

‘why me?’ was a question Laura had been pondering ever since that fateful day that Carmilla had swaggered into her life and proceeded to permanently alter it, all with that snarky grin on that pretty face. Laura’s skin felt like it was searing under the stream of water she now stood in, her cold skin rapidly adjusting to the drastic change in temperature.

In a way, it wasn’t unlike her relationship. Her stressing of ‘why me?’ had been cold at first, resentful, angry at the world for forcing such a vile monster into her life against her will. She hadn’t asked to wake up to a disaster site every day, she hadn’t asked for Betty’s replacement at all.

Yet she’d stayed. And ‘burning’ didn’t even begin to describe the feeling Carmilla had unleashed upon her, igniting that cold skin into an infatuation so raw, so hot; it still brought colour to Laura’s cheeks, even after all these months. Even after all these weeks of torture.

Now, she asked why it had to be her not out of spite, but inconceivable gratitude.
Day 30:

A month.

It had officially been an entire month since Laura had last had an orgasm. It didn’t sound like much, but when you’ve been living with almost daily, mind-blowing, supernatural vampire sex for much of your college life, a month might as well be an eternity.

Laura’s mental health was certainly facing the consequences. After they’d both recovered from the Zeta party, Carmilla had returned to her usual routine of wandering around half naked and sending lewd photographs while Laura was otherwise occupied, but at this point, even she was getting a little tired of it all.

Laura could tell. And while part of her was grateful, part of her wanted Carmilla to go back to doing everything and anything to get what she wanted. It certainly made the vlogs more entertaining. Now, all Laura had to rely on for her grade were recounts of her own, unprovoked lust; comments on how Carmilla made even reading books sexy.

It was embarrassing, to say the least, but she was only human. An anxious, sex-deprived, scrappy little human. And an extremely valuable test subject, apparently.

“So, how often have you needed to shave in the last seven days again?” LaFontaine asked, not bothering to look up from the notes they were busy scribbling down on a notepad.

Laura groaned, falling back further into the sofa, gently rubbing the sore spot on her finger LaFontaine had taken her blood sample from. “Depends which body part we’re talking about.”

“The parts you usually keep smooth. Obviously.” Said Danny from her spot at the other end of the sofa, too preoccupied with something on her phone to actively engage in the assessment of Laura’s health.

Similarly, Perry also had some mysteriously convenient thing to do to avoid being present for LaFontaine’s bodily interrogation.

“I’ve been shaving my legs every day, it keeps growing back. I even had to shave my face yesterday. Oh god, did Carmilla turn me into a werewolf?!”

LaFontaine finally looked up to meet Laura’s wide-eyed gaze. “Can she do that? Holy shit, someone get me some silver-“

“Would you stupid midgets give it a rest? Laura’s not a goddamn werewolf, she’d just hormonal as fuck,” Danny snapped.

LaFontaine looked to their screen data, nodding rather disappointedly in agreement. “She’s right. You’re producing way more testosterone than a normal girl of your… build.”

Laura groaned again, dragging it out in misery. “Why?”
“Beats me. Sex-drive isn’t linked to testosterone production, from what I can remember. It’s possible that Carmilla really did curse you, or something like that.”

Not a werewolf curse, but not much better. She hadn’t even been trying in recent days, but of course, Laura was past the point of no return; she wanted Carmilla every minute of every day. Even when she did those gross things involving fire and disfigured-looking bones.

“This. Sucks."

“I bet you wish Carmilla did too,” Danny teased. But before Laura could throw the cushion she had poised ready for launch into Danny’s face, the ginger held up her hands in submission, eyebrows raised, and lips parted with the beginnings of a sentence.

“Listen L, I told Kirsch about that Italian place we went to and now he won’t shut up about trying their rigatoni. How about you bring Her Ladyship along and we’ll go for a double date tonight?”

Laura was focusing on the wrong thing, as per usual. “So, you’re taking him out to dinner, now? Sounds real ‘casual.’” She mocked.

“Laura, you literally fell in love with an undead minion of evil. Bella fucking Swan has more of a right to judge my relationship than you.”

Before Laura could defend herself against what was essentially a quieter, straighter, taller version of herself; Danny continued. “Enough about that, you and Fangs can mock us later, if you’re coming?”

“You should go, Frosh,” LaFontaine suggested, their nose once again buried in the stack of papers dedicated to PROJECT: HOLLIS. “You’re anxious and discombobulated. Clear your head tonight. It’ll help.”

Laura scoffed. “I don’t need a date to calm down, Carmilla can just give me… oh. Ugh.”

“See,” LaFontaine said smugly. “You can’t even think straight. Pun intended.”

“Yeah, I got it. Thanks.”

Danny tried again, throwing Laura an expectant look. The tiny girl finally sighed, pulling her phone from her jacket pocket. Well, Carmilla’s jacket pocket, anyway. “If she’s not already made plans to disembowel someone, then we’ll go,” Laura stated, pressing the call button next to Carmilla’s contact and bringing the object to her ear.

It rang for what was probably one ring less than the maximum amount of time, before the dialling was replaced with a moment of static silence, fumbling, and finally; a voice.

“H-Hey, cutie~"

Laura could practically feel her lustrous smirk through the phone. “hey Carm, are you busy tonight? I know you probably have pre-booked plans to…. Wait a minute.”

Laura trailed off, leaning forward on the sofa to sit up straight. “What’s that noise? What are you doing?” she demanded, shooting questionable looks to the equally confused faces of Danny and LaFontaine.

“Oh, fuck. What do you think, cupcak- oh Scheiße!”

Past the point of surprise at this point, the gingers only laughed at Laura’s now horrified expression,
shushing each other quickly to keep listening to their poor friend’s exchange with her girlfriend. “Why did you even answer the phone?”

“Ah… Because I saw it was you. Now what do you… hah… want? Make it quick.”

Laura crinkled her nose in disgust, but obeyed. “Danny invited us to a double date tonight. Are you in?”

“Fuck yes! Ah! God, Laura- Yes!”

“Okay, awesome! Bye!” Laura babbled, punching the hang-up button before she’d even finished her sentence and burying her oncoming scream into the nearest cushion. Danny and LaFontaine had finally burst out into laughing fits, wiping away tears by the time Laura resurfaced from her impromptu anger management.

LaFontaine stepped forward to slap a reassuring hand on their friend’s shoulder. “I am so sorry you have to deal with that, but that was hilarious. You should have seen your face!”

Only proving their point, Laura stuck her lip out in a pout, her face bunching up into a sour scowl. Danny made a suggestive motion with her hips and hands, throwing her head back dramatically. “Oh, Lauraaaaaa, I miss you sooooo much~”

This time, Laura didn’t hold back to hurl every last cushion on the sofa in Danny’s direction.

///

Laura wasn’t sure what she’d been expecting. Perhaps a dress straight out of the 1800’s. It wouldn’t exactly be inappropriate, she’d seen the restaurant’s décor, it would hardly be outlandish to dress to impress a crowd.

She herself had chosen something a little classier than what she’d worn with Danny; not only did a date call for a step up in attire, but Carmilla had standards honed over centuries of what was appropriate. She could only hope the sleek, brown dress she’d picked was enough to appease her fickle mistress.

She’d even gone out of her way to splash on some perfume and makeup, even wearing some of the ludicrously expensive pieces of jewellery Carmilla had presented to her over the months. It was all part of the game, she knew that, but it didn’t stop her from making herself look as irresistible as possible anyway.

And as she saw her walking out of the bathroom, Laura knew Carmilla felt the exact same way. The vampire had dressed for the fanciest murder Silas had ever seen; winged eyeliner sharp enough to slit a man’s throat after stepping all over it in those all-business high-heels.

Her suit was precise and tailored for perfection; the jacket just tight enough to enunciate her distinctly feminine curves, without seeming like a choking hazard. The buttons on her white undershirt bulged outwards over her chest just the right amount, fastened with a black bow-tie fit for a handsome Victorian-era stud.

Clearly, the only murder she’d be attempting tonight was that of Laura’s inhibitions.
No, this wasn’t what she’d been expecting at all. If she were to dull her relationship down to the horrible heteronormative stereotype, she’d personally considered Carmilla to be the more feminine member of their partnership; certainly not the type to pull an outfit as dapper as this seemingly out of nowhere.

Not that she could complain. “Wow,” she breathed, nearly choking on Carmilla’s intense cologne the moment she opened her mouth. “You look incredible.”

“As do you, cupcake~” Carmilla purred, her eyes scanning Laura up and down as she sat anxiously waiting on her bed. Laura couldn’t help but squirm under her focused gaze, their sharp contrasts in clothing and body position somehow dragging her mind into a submissive state by default.

God, she hated stereotypes. But in a suit that fine and smell that erotic, how could she not want to be taken down right then and there?

Or maybe that was just the hormones talking again. Yeah. That was it. It definitely wasn’t the fact that Carmilla had ordered her to stand instead of simply walking and expecting her to follow. It wasn’t the way she’d insisted on holding Laura’s waist as they made their way outside to meet Danny.

And it definitely wasn’t because Carmilla’s hand had miraculously fallen to hold her rear end by the time they were outside in the carpark and waiting for Danny. Nope. Definitely just the hormones.

“You’re being awfully quiet, princess,” said Carmilla suddenly, and Laura felt her stare from beside her without even looking.

She shrugged, trying and failing to hide the blush already forming under her cheeks. “Was there something you wanted to talk about?”

God, what’s wrong with me?

Still keeping her focus forward, Laura felt Carmilla brush a loose strand of hair behind her ear, before leaning down to whisper hot words against it; “I think we should talk about the fact that you’ve been wanting me to fuck you senseless ever since I walked out of that bathroom.”

Laura shuddered. From the cold, not Carmilla, of course. The evening air was crisp, her breath clouding in front of her, much colder than that which heated her skin like dripping lava whenever she spoke.

It wasn’t fair, Carmilla didn’t even need to breathe; how did she manage to light every word on fire?

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Laura blurted suddenly, giving Carmilla her best Lauronica Mars confidence grin since back in their Dean-slaying days.

She instantly regretted her decision to meet Carmilla’s stare, her face falling the moment she laid eyes on Carmilla’s black, lip-tinted smirk, the pin-point tips of her fangs gleaming in the moonlight, eyes half-lidded with a kind of desire she’d come to associate with dominance.

Laura looked away, swallowing a lump in her throat. In a different circumstance, in a safer location, this would be the moment that Carmilla strapped herself into that harness, ordered Laura into a position, and untangled the rope she intended to use for whatever dark purpose she felt like tonight.

She realized, with an anxious pout, that the current circumstances were entirely in Carmilla’s
favour. This was her bread and butter. She lived for flirtatious nights like this.

Indeed, it was one of those nights.

Presently, Danny's jeep pulled up to the curb, an excitable Kirsch waving happily from the front seat. Carmilla stepped forward to open the back door closest to them, gesturing for Laura to enter. She did, sitting obediently while Carmilla closed the door on her and entered the car through the opposite side.

“Fancy,” Danny commented with a sly grin directed behind her from the driver's seat.

“And they say chivalry is dead. Please,” said Carmilla, buckling both herself and Laura into their seatbelts. Despite herself, Laura let it happen.

She hated how easy it was for Carmilla to put her in this state. If she wanted to have it her way for a night, to have Carmilla following her commands and begging, it took at least a day of teasing and subtle hints that she was in charge.

All Carmilla had to do was spray on some cologne, slap on a bowtie, and whisper a few sweet nothings in that stupid, sexy, sultry voice of hers…

Maybe she was the more masculine one of them after all.

///

The car ride to the restaurant was uneventful. Verbally, at least. While Danny and Kirsch rambled on about the Premier League or whatever it was those boneheads deemed worthy enough to talk about, Carmilla made good use of the backseat's privacy, and Laura’s inability to say anything about it without exposing herself.

Thankfully, Carmilla’s playing was cut short upon their arrival. Laura watched her hand retreat tantalizingly slowly from its spot on her thigh before Carmilla released the buckle on both of their belts and let herself out, moving to open Laura’s door barely a second after exiting out of hers.

“Okay, now you’re just showing off,” Kirsch said with a jealous pout, leaving Danny to exit her vehicle herself.

Carmilla smiled proudly, bending her arm for Laura to hold as they started to walk towards the restaurant. “Keep running track for a few hundred years and I’m sure you’ll be as fast as me one day.”

Kirsch had very obviously been forced into a suit by Danny; his tie-less button-up was wrinkled, as were his dress-pants. Danny had opted for a long, red gown with a flattering v-dip down the front.

They looked nice, but Laura couldn’t help but feel smug walking with Carmilla next to them. Those two were barely even holding hands, only dressed to the bare minimum, while she and Carmilla were perfectly in sync.

It was trivial, but a superiority complex was inevitable when your girlfriend just happened to be better at everything than anyone else. And she was all hers. Laura got to be her vampire’s pretty little pet, no one else.
By the time the group were seated at their booth, Laura was nestled into Carmilla’s side so much she might as well have been on her lap. While Danny and her boy-toy discussed menu options, Carmilla pulled Laura closer by the firm hand clasped on her hip, safely below the table and out of sight.

“So needy, even in public,” Carmilla whispered against the skin below Laura’s ear, making the poor girl tremble like a leaf in a breeze. “Do you know what we did to girls like you back in my time?”

Laura’s lip quivered, parting to provide an answer, when the sound of Kirsch’s loud voice punched her out of her daze and back to reality. “Hey, L, we’re ordering, what’re you gonna get?”

“Oh, right,” Laura stammered, scooping up and pretending to read the menu while the waiter looked at her expectantly. But she barely even got a chance to open the thing before Carmilla plucked it out of her hands and lay it back down on the table, turning to the waiter and answering herself.

In German, naturally. Laura understood her to have ordered a risotto for herself, a carbonara for Laura, and two glasses of pinot noir. The occupants of the other side of the table, however, did not.

“Woah, fangs, you can speak French?!” Kirsch asked excitedly, and Danny squeezed the bridge of her nose. “But maybe you shouldn't while we’re here. Because, you know, I’m pretty sure most of us speak English.”

Laura could only cringe as Carmilla tried not to raise her voice while she explained the multitude of issues wrong with what was just said, biting back a smile when she got so angry while explaining that they were living in Austria that her German accent slipped out for a mere, careless moment.

Even her rage was attractive. Laura shamelessly shuffled closer to Carmilla when she’d finished biting off Kirsch’s head, pecking a celebratory kiss on her cheek. Yes, this was looking to be one of those nights. But Laura was all in.

She was here to relieve stress anyway, right?

Chapter End Notes

Hollstein is weird because I can never decide which one I prefer to see be dominant. I think tonight I was feeling a bit of dom!Carmilla, but believe me, I like to see Laura on top as much as the next dyke. More on that in future chapters ;)
Day 30:

“So, how many languages can you speak again?”

“Five. I also read Sumerian and know Morse Code. So, if we’re counting those, seven.” Carmilla answered flatly, speaking to Kirsch slowly as if he couldn’t quite keep up with her normal speaking speed.

Danny and Laura watched in bewilderment as the two held an actual, non-disrespectful conversation. Laura was quite certain this was the most she’d ever seen them interact. Civilly, at least.

“She hasn’t been sarcastic for over ten seconds,” Danny whispered across the table to Laura. “Is she feeling okay?”

Laura smiled proudly, watching her vampire explain in childish detail the process of learning multiple languages. “She’s just showing off.”

Never one to miss something her love said, Carmilla whipped around to face Laura, both arms around her waist to pull her in for a surprise kiss. “I am not,” she said with a smirk, their lips parting barely a few inches to speak.

“Okay, miss hept-lingual.”

Carmilla huffed in amusement and leant forward for another kiss, when the sound of Danny dry-retching across from them paused her in her tracks. Laura bit her lip when Carmilla quirked an eyebrow in irritation, one of her hands remaining on her hip as she turned to face the offender.

“But can’t you guys go thirty seconds without devouring each other? Damn.” Said Danny, taking an exasperated swig from her glass of water.

Laura watched with an excited grin as Carmilla quirked an eyebrow, her eyes shifting between Danny and Kirsch, the gears churning in her head for a witty response already. “What’s the matter, Clifford? Jealous?”

Danny choked on her drink, making all three other members of the table laugh when it spilt all down the exposed part of her chest. She slammed the glass down with more force than was necessary, ignoring the questionable glances thrown in their direction. “What the hell are you talking about?”

Carmilla shrugged, bringing her arm up to rest on Laura’s shoulders now, in Danny’s line of sight. “Well, it’s not like you were ever any good at hiding that little crush you have on my pet, here,” Carmilla purred, using her free hand to wrap a loose strand of Laura’s hair around her fingers.

Kirsch smiled on innocently. Danny’s face was now even redder than her hair. “It’s not like that anymore,” she stammered, her hand reaching to grip Kirsch’s on the table.

Carmilla scoffed. “Please. Don’t lie to yourself. We all know you prefer the fairer sex,” she mused, oblivious to the warning glare Danny was shooting at her. “Can’t say I blame you.”
“My sexual preferences are none of your business, FangFace,” Danny snapped. “And you can take Laura. I have Kirsch.”

Kirsch grinned proudly, painfully oblivious to the fact that he was the second choice. Carmilla laughed again. “I see. Well, when you’re done denying yourself, I’m sure you’ll meet some other tiny, naïve girl to prey upon.”

Danny narrowed her eyes. “Isn’t that more your type?”

But Carmilla paid her no mind, her attentions were back on Laura, the hand that had been stroking her hair now caressing her cheek. “My type is women. That’s all.”

“Right on, me too!” Kirsch yelped, holding his hand out to Carmilla for a high-five. The glare he received in response held enough power to telekinetically bend his arm all the way back down. Eager to change the subject, he turned to Laura. “How about you L, what’s your type?”

Laura felt the fingers on her cheek trail down to her jawline, ghosting over to leave gooseflesh in their wake. “Um, I don’t know, I guess I don’t have one either!”

“Oh, like hell,” Danny scoffed, grateful to no longer be the group’s laughing stock. “Laura’s a cougar hunter.”

More like panther hunter.

“I am not!” Laura denied, a healthy blush creeping down her neck, much like Carmilla’s fingers now were.

Danny pressed on. “No? Then shall we say… necrophiliac? No, you like BBC.”

All three of the other jaws besides Danny’s dropped halfway to the ground. The redhead only smiled. “What?” she asked, gesturing to Carmilla. “She likes Big Black Cats, duh.”

Carmilla pinched the bridge of her nose in irritation. “Xena, I’ve started to like you recently. Don’t make me go back to fantasising about your death.”

The group laughed, Laura’s gaze never leaving that of her vampire’s stunning face. She didn’t mind in the slightest that her attention wasn’t on her, both of her hands were, and that was enough. One of them, in fact, was lurking dangerously close to her thigh.

Laura’s dress was parted along the side in a long slit, revealing the skin of her leg all the way up to just below her underwear. From the position she sat in now, Carmilla’s fingers danced enticingly on the edges of the dress’s parting, like a reminder of Laura’s poor choice of evening-wear.

“I swear, you’re making this easy on purpose,” Carmilla whispered while Danny and Kirsch’s attention was diverted, her breath hot on Laura’s ear, melting her insides with each word. “Do you even want to finish this project, cupcake?”

“Obviously,” Laura squeaked, her voice hitching dramatically when she felt Carmilla’s fingers snake under the fabric of her dress to caress the bare skin of her thigh.

Danny turned to them, eyes narrowed in scepticism. “Everything okay, Hollis?”

“She’s fine,” Carmilla answered calmly, despite the not so subtle movements of her arm below the table. “Just anxious. You heard what the bio major said.”
“You weren’t there,” Danny answered automatically. “How do you know?”

“I’m a vampire, Gingerbread. I know these things.” Carmilla answered smugly. Danny didn’t need to know that Laura had simply told her about the visit when she’d gotten home, after she’d finished reprimanding her about answering the phone while she was busy.

Laura couldn’t have interjected even if she wanted to. Her hands gripped desperately at the table, thighs squeezing together in an attempt to stop the dampness leaking from between them, and the progression of Carmilla’s fingers. They were freezing, goosebumps erupting along every inch of sensitive skin she traced across.

“Hey Carmilla,” Kirsch barked suddenly, evoking an audible ‘tsk’ of irritation from the vampire in question. “Since you know everything, is it true that if you get excommunicated by the Church on a Sunday in France, you become a werewolf?”

Laura could have whined from the sudden pausing of Carmilla’s fingers between her legs, if she didn’t proceed to smirk at the vampire’s resultant expression of pure fear. “Lackwit, blink twice if you’ve been cursed.”

“What?” Kirsch said blankly, goofy smile still plastered on his adorably oblivious face.

Danny punched him playfully in the arm. “Vampirella’s kidding. Werewolves aren’t real, right?”

“We’ve fought gods, proceeded with sacrifices and are literally sitting right next to an actual vampire, and you wanna say werewolves aren’t real?” Laura demanded, mostly to draw attention away from the fact that Carmilla was teasing her again, and she was struggling to keep from melting into a puddle.

Unfortunately, she spoke rather aggressively and only made the other guests stare at her suspiciously. Nevertheless, Carmilla swooped in to save her, the warrior goddess on point as always. “They’re real,” she confirmed bitterly, like she was speaking through clenched teeth. “Scrappy mutts, all of them.”

“No way, they’re rad!” Kirsch argued, eliciting another look of bewilderment from Carmilla.

“They smell, can’t control themselves, and sniff butts. They’re useless mongrels.”

Kirsch giggled. “You said butt.”

In her anger at the comment, Carmilla’s grip on Laura’s thigh suddenly locked inhumanly tight, making Laura bite her tongue to keep from crying out. Carmilla heard her small mewl of pain, turning to her with a calm, collected glare, like she had every intention to practically break Laura’s bones. “Something the matter, cutie?”

“I’m fine,” Laura lied, a hand of her own reaching out to clutch Carmilla’s wrist, holding both of them steady.

The vampire checked to make sure Danny and Kirsch had returned to some sub-par conversation of their own, before leaning in to whisper against the soft hair that had fallen to cover Laura’s ear again. “Don’t lie to me. I can smell lust all over you.”

Laura wondered with an embarrassed blush if she could also smell the arousal nearly dripping from her panties. The bold finger than suddenly inched forward to rub along the wet patch between her legs confirmed her answer.
“You’re desperate, cutie,” Carmilla spoke again, her voice low and sultry, making Laura’s body weak. “If I had known all it took to get you like this was a suit and bowtie, this game of yours would have been over weeks ago~”

“Trust me, Carm,” Laura said, trying and failing to keep her voice steady. “You don’t have to do much to get me like… this.”

And as much as she hated to say it; it was true. Laura was a mess. She woke up with damp, quivering thighs, but no feeling of relief; as some moral part of her held her back from climax even while she slept. She spent her days in class fantasizing, developing spontaneous oral fixations to the point where she’d had to replace five pens in the past week solely from her relentless chewing of them.

Now, after barely half an hour of teasing and talking, and Laura was leaking like a broken faucet. She bit back a moan when Carmilla stroked her through her panties yet again, sneaking in a nip to the earlobe while the boneheads were distracted. “We shouldn’t be doing this here,” Laura managed to rasp, between holding back groans and squeezing Carmilla’s wrist so tight her circulation would have been cut off; if she had one.

Carmilla pulled Laura’s panties to one side with one quick swipe of her index finger, thumb intruding past Laura’s folds with no warning. From anyone else’s standpoint, they looked perfectly innocent. Laura’s dress was long and only split on one side. But the vulgar sound that left Laura’s lips was anything but.

“Okay, seriously, what the hell is going on?” Danny demanded suddenly.

Laura looked frantically to Carmilla, who quirked an eyebrow in challenge. Her thumb remained right where she’d put it, drenched by now, resting agonizingly close to Laura’s most sensitive spot, but not quite there. She couldn’t move, and had nothing to say; her open mouth only choked out half explanations.

Just when Danny was about to demand more of her, the waiter returned to save Laura the embarrassment of explaining her predicament. He brought a soda for Kirsch, a G&T for Danny, and the two glasses of wine for Laura and her villainous lover.

As he set them down, Carmilla promptly removed her hand from between Laura’s legs to divert suspicion, but not before looking Laura direct in the eye as she licked her thumb clean. “Danke,” she said to the waiter, but her gaze was still locked on Laura’s flushed, disappointed face.

Thankfully, Danny was distracted enough not to press. Not Laura, anyway. “Kirsch, I can’t believe you ordered a soda. Do you have any idea where we are?”

“Austria. Duh.”

While the young couple bickered, Laura watched Carmilla take a long sip of the wine she’d so thoughtfully ordered without Laura’s input, gesturing for her to do the same.

And, having nearly been publicly fingered in a restaurant where no food item on the menu was less than €30, Laura swallowed her pride and obeyed.

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A hefty meal, three glasses of pinot noir and a little too much flirting later, Laura was practically stumbling behind Carmilla as the vampire pushed the door to their apartment open.

She’s paid for the group, naturally. Laura had found the whole thing oddly attractive; the way she’d practically smacked Danny’s purse out of her hands and shoved her aside to pay the entire bill herself.

But that wasn’t really saying much. On Carmilla, Laura found nearly everything oddly attractive. Including, but not limited to; what was currently happening.

“You’re too much of a sap to have sex with me while I’m drunk,” Laura exclaimed proudly, flopping down to sit on her bed while Carmilla undressed in front of her. “So what the frilly hell are you doing right now?”

The room was dimly lit with several candles that had ignited by themselves as soon as Carmilla walked in, obedient little flames. It was enough for Laura to watch how calculated Carmilla was in the removal of her clothes; the slow pull back of her jacket, even slower unbuttoning of her shirt underneath.

“I’m not going to have sex with you, Laura,” Carmilla stated, and the mere words themselves made Laura pout, despite them being the very confirmation of her former proclamation. “I’m just undressing. It’s late. We should sleep.”

“You’re a bad liar,” Laura giggled, biting her lip when Carmilla finally pulled apart the last button, revealing the pale skin and lacy bra beneath, aglow with the light of the surrounding candles.

Carmilla smirked back, unbuckling her belt slowly, dramatically. Laura watched with wide-eyes as she pulled it off, gaze dragging up every inch of that perfect body, up to her stern face and pulled-back shoulders.

Laura couldn’t tell if it was her confidence or her dominance that made her feel this way. Like she was made for serving her. Like she’d do anything she asked of her. At that moment, she would have.

When Carmilla stalked forward to shove Laura back on the pillows, towering over her, fangs in place and the candle’s fire blazing in those dark caves she had for eyes, Laura would have done anything she asked without a second thought.

But she didn’t ask anything. Carmilla simply lowered down, planted a single kiss on Laura’s cheek, and pushed herself back up to collapse into her own bed. “goodnight, cupcake~”

Laura squeezed her eyes shut, clenching her hands into tight, anxious knots. “Is sleeping still half-clothed really worth that dramatic exit?” she groaned.

“Yes.”

Stupid vampire.

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone, thank you so much for your continued support of this thing, honestly, I wasn't expecting it. But alas, we're nearing the end, there are only ten days left of Laura's project and I'll be writing that in about 2 more chapters. (Including the day after
Lent finishes and the project ends ;) )

So get excited! I know the quality of this chapter was a bit lax, but it's just because I was in a bit of a slump. Tune in next time for Stupid, Sexy, Vampire ft. Aphrodisiacs, Massages, and a very helpless little Laura ;)
Day 39:

“Well, I think it’s safe to say that this year’s Lent was a huge success!”

At that moment, Carmilla waltzed out of the bathroom stark naked, despite the apartment’s sub-arctic morning temperature, drawing Laura’s eyes away from her laptop like a moth to an incredibly dangerous flame. She didn’t even care that half the campus by now had seen the better part of her girlfriend’s body. Views were views.

The never-ending comments about how lucky she was or how she should be more open to threesomes from the Zeta boys were merely a side effect she was willing to deal with.

“Hey,” Carmilla said, snapping her fingers in front of her rear end, something Laura apparently found interesting enough to stare wordlessly at.

Laura blinked and looked up. “Hm?”

“The vlog, dummy.”

“Oh!” Laura hastily whipped back around. “Right! Ugh, okay. Maybe not my greatest achievement ever, but I’ve come this far. I’m proud of myself.”

She meant that. She’d put up with Carmilla’s games for over an entire month, at a time in her life where she’d been growing quite accustomed to waking up naked and in the arms of her partner. The absence of orgasms was impressive enough. Living alongside a succubus only added to her overly-inflated ego.

“Of course, it hardly makes up for the spontaneous development of restless leg syndrome, oral fixation, separation anxiety, um, some other buzz-word that LaFontaine used to describe my… temper.”

“I believe the term you’re searching for is ‘Bitch.’” Carmilla offered, pulling her leather pants up with an ear-grating chafing sound as it rubbed the bare skin of her legs.

Laura winced. “Duly noted. Anyway, I have more viewers than anyone else in the class and my audience engagement is ah-may-zing. I mean, people are placing bets on this thing. I’m so getting an A.”

It didn’t matter that Cochrane was watching right now, taking notes of Laura’s foolish confidence. The grade was based on the student’s ability to engage an audience only using the Lent project and its effects, measured alongside post frequency, delivery, and whether the project was actually carried to fruition.

Needless to say, Laura checked every box and then some. Not to mention she’d given up one of the most difficult things possible, yet was still part of the remaining 50% of her class to have not gone back to whatever they’d sacrificed.

“Watch it, cutie, there’s still another sixteen hours until Lent is over,” said Carmilla, having finished
dressing in her usual black and brooding outfit for the night. Or rather, day?

“There’s still sixteen more hours for me to—“

“Why are you dressed?” Laura interrupted, suddenly realizing the implications. “Where are you going? It’s not even noon and you don’t have class, what’s going on?”

“Shopping. The places I need to go aren’t open late.”

Laura narrowed her eyes suspiciously but closed them in satisfaction when Carmilla stepped forward to plant a kiss on her forehead. “Don’t freak out. I’ll be back later.”

Without another word, Carmilla swung her bag over her shoulder and took off, leaving a confused Laura behind. “Well, whatever,” she said to the camera. “You’ve seen the past few days, she’s given up. She’s probably on some weird vampire medication to keep from eating me.”

Laura smirked. “It’s fine! Sixteen hours, easy peasy. She’s been flooding my phone with selfies and… other, pictures, jilling off in my bed, and making me jealous for thirty-nine days now. I’m pretty sure I can handle whatever the frilly hell she pulls next.”

///

It had been a while since Carmilla had been here. About two centuries, to be exact. Yet it hadn’t changed a bit.

Dust covered every square inch of the shop, no Medieval artefact or mysterious potion bottle was without it. Cobwebs dirtied the corners, the spider residents crawling merrily over the tables, the floorboards, the counter.

One of them wandered dangerous close to Carmilla’s fingers as she drummed them anxiously on the counter, before scurrying away when she banged a warning fist a few inches from it. The action seemed to have killed two birds with one stone; a clerk soon appeared from a door out the back.

She was dressed head to toe in black, with a sprinkling of silver here and there. Her face was ghostly white, frightening to a ghoulisch look of horror at the sight of the customer at the counter.

“Mircalla?” she stuttered, clutching her robe of shadows tighter to her chest.

Apparently, she hadn’t changed in all these years either. “Bertha,” Carmilla sighed, extending a hand. “It’s been a while.”

The store was located outside of the populous, liberally English-speaking city Silas as located in, but Carmilla’s mother-language was still ever natural on her tongue. Her accent was weathered, tailored to a time long before modern applications of German, but the woman understood her perfectly.

She herself, was of a similar era. She took a few tentative steps towards the counter, cautiously extending her own hand out to take Carmilla’s, only to falter backwards when her fingers dissipated into smoke upon contact. “I pray you, what brings you here?” she murmured, watching her hand reappear from thin air in awe.

“I just stopped by to pick up a few things,” Carmilla explained, pulling a list out of her back pocket. She suddenly felt out of place, wearing pants in front of this woman who likely hadn’t seen another
person since the time of corsets and heavy dresses.

As she expected, Bertha looked horrified. "Dear Mircalla, how long did I sleep? You look ever so different…"

Carmilla had much better things to do than catch a drowsy ghost up on the last two-hundred years of history. "A long time, my love. But don’t worry, I just need these things then I’ll be out of here and you can go back to being dead."

Bertha frowned at the list, now pressed flat on the counter. Despite her obvious disorientation, she seemed to remember what she’d been doing at her time of death; hence why she’d reanimated. The shop was cursed, and as she was part of it, she too was doomed to become its eternal slave.

Not that it mattered much. The store was just some dusty, old box in a quiet corner of Voitsberg; no one had stepped inside its tattered walls for centuries. "And this will be all, well?"

"Yes," Carmilla answered quickly, finding herself growing anxious in the presence of all this silver. The vials of holy water for sale on the stand next to her didn’t help, either. "I have no Guldens for you and not enough time to explain that you’re just some ghost who can never leave this place and money is worthless to you, so, I’ll ask that you charge me nothing."

Bertha looked down at the list, then back up to Carmilla. Her eyes were deathly grey orbs, no iris or pupils, only the absence of a soul ripped away from her by the very vampire she stood before. "Nay, you ask too much of me. Three-thousand guldens."

This is exactly why I killed you.

After three-hundred years, Carmilla knew better than to come unprepared. She reached into her inner coat pocket and produced a handful of coloured stones, stolen from Lola Perry’s office. ‘Healing stones’ as the box was labelled, filed away in a cabinet Carmilla could only assume contained her regrets.

She dumped them all on the counter, smirking at the sight of Bertha’s instant curiosity. "A trade, then," she offered. "I took these from a witch’s lair. They’ll be useful for protection charms. Protection from vampires, perhaps?"

Bertha smiled and shook her head at Carmilla. "Dear Mircalla, no spell or charm could have protected me from you."

Carmilla half-smiled back, averting her gaze away from her victim. She’d intended to make this quick for a reason. "Do we have a deal?"

Bertha peeked at the list once again, before rummaging around underneath the counter, disappearing into the back room for a moment, and returning with a packed brown sack, fastened with a string.

She placed it down quickly, like holding the cursed object was causing her great pain. She was physically incapable of touching Carmilla, after all, the horrific contents of the bag weren’t much better.

"Thank you," Carmilla said with a nod, snatching the thing up before turning quickly on her heel to leave. The phantom bats hanging on the roof were calling to her. She wasn’t sure how much longer she could ignore them.

"Mircalla," the ghost woman called out when Carmilla had just reached the door, hand poised above the dust-covered handle. "Why have you come here today? To what do I owe the misfortune
There wasn’t time for this. The products she’d so cunningly bartered for had sensitively low expiration dates. “None of your concern. I apologize. You’ll never see me again.”

Carmilla left without another word. There was only one target she had time for right now. But her plan to end her, for once, didn’t involve draining the life from her neck or handing her off to a hungry fish god.

///

Six hours. Sixty-pages of notes. Laura could have told you the exact publication times down the minute of every issue of The Wall Street Journal in 1973, October, if you asked her. It was possible she’d been overanalysing certain tasks.

The evening air was biting at her flushed cheeks, her wrist was beyond cramping, and she still wasn’t clear on the definition of the word ‘puffery’. Cochrane’s nagging voice was still echoing in her head by the time she reached her floor; shivering and stumbling with fatigue.

Normally, on tight work days like this, she could expect to come home to the newest episodes of Scandal paused at the beginning and ready to be watched over a bowl of popcorn and cuddles with Carmilla. Or, just Carmilla. On her knees. Most likely missing some key items of clothing.

But today, as wonderful as the latter option sounded, the best Laura knew she could hope for was some snarky comment and maybe at least the better flavour of two-minute ramen from the cupboard. Instead, she opened the door to the apartment only to be punched in the chest by Aphrodite herself. Carmilla was nowhere to be seen. She was only present in the smooth music playing from their speaker, one of her more sensual jazz playlists, Laura noted. She was also in the welcoming heat of the various candles posted about the room, and the flickering shadows on the wall that danced for them.

“What the hell..?” Laura breathed, her bag dropping to the floor on impulse the very moment she walked in. The scent; rich vanilla, with a mysterious hint of something Laura couldn’t quite identify, flooded her nose and suddenly it was like she could collapse right then and there.

Her whole body felt out of place. She could feel the scorching heat of the candles, the suffocating weight of her clothes trapping it against her. Each article of fabric felt like a sack of bricks weighing her down. So heavy she could have collapsed-

And she did. Back into Carmilla’s waiting arms, catching her before she’d barely fallen a few inches with ease. “Carm? What the hell is going on? How did you get here?”

“Just a little smoke trick~” Carmilla purred, and the raw heat it ignited at Laura’s core made the candles look like mere sparks. Laura was a helpless ragdoll in Carmilla’s grasp, all her weight pressed against her chest, which she noted, felt particularly soft tonight.

As did Carmilla’s hands, one clutching her shoulder, the other once supporting her torso, now tapping each finger at random points across her stomach. Each poke was a different shockwave, sending destructive ripples of arousal along the skin beneath.
This was beyond weird.

“What…” was all Laura could manage, allowing herself to be carried to Carmilla’s bed, which smelt heavenly. Her legs had ceased to work a long time ago. Perhaps a few hours. Perhaps an eternity. Laura couldn’t tell what time even was anymore.

Carmilla stood before her, wrapped clumsily in that dangerous red robe, just loose enough to expose the better part of her shoulders and collarbone. Laura wasn’t sure where to look, what to do. Her hands fidgeted on her lap, breathing laboured. The room’s aroma was stifling, but not wholly unpleasant.

“I’m sure you’re confused, but please,” Carmilla paused, letting her robe fall silently to the floor with a seductive curl of her lip. Laura gasped at the sight that waited; a black, lacy two-piece, leaving very little to the imagination. Carmilla reached forward to push Laura’s jaw back up with one finger, leaning down until they were only a few inches apart.

Carmilla remained standing, looking slightly down at her poor, quivering pet. “You don’t need to worry about anything right now.”

Laura’s forehead creased in uncertainty, which Carmilla picked up in an instant, pressing their lips together before she had a chance to complain. Laura’s worries were momentarily quelled by Carmilla’s lips, fresh and so soft between hers, mesmerising enough that she didn’t notice Carmilla’s swift fingers unbuttoning her shirt in a matter of seconds.

When Laura pulled away, she was surprised to find not only her shirt, but her bra too, had magically disappeared. There was so much of her body exposed, so much to feel; the heat, Carmilla’s fingers, ghosting along the lengths of her arms.

Laura moaned. She couldn’t control it; to have her love touch her just felt so right, after all these weeks. She wanted more. She wanted to feel Carmilla’s hands all over her. But her own remained clenched in tight little knots on her lap.

“What did you do to me?” Laura gasped when Carmilla’s lips closed on her neck. They felt like ice on the scorching heat of her skin, yet she was the one who melted under them. She felt everything. She felt the damp underside of Carmilla’s bottom lip as she dragged it up the length of Laura’s neck, until she reached her ear.

And that smell. Now that she was closer, Laura could smell Carmilla’s scent over the candles now. She stunk. It was driving her wild.

Carmilla spoke in that sultry voice that made Laura’s insides converge. “What do you want me to do to you?” she asked, whispering against Laura’s ear. Even an action as simple as that made her tingle. She hoped Carmilla couldn’t feel her shaking; her hands were still stroking along her forearms.

_God, what is happening?_
nipples tight between her index and middle fingers.

Laura could contain her groan after that. “Does that feel good, Laura?”

Her name sounded sinister. It made every hair on Laura’s neck stand up on end, alert to Carmilla’s cunning tricks. “Too good,” Laura choked, finally willing herself to reach up and grip Carmilla’s wrists warningly.

The vampire frowned, but made no effort to move her hands. “Everything feels good because I wanted you to relax tonight. I’m just burning a few aphrodisiacs,” Carmilla explained innocently, before flipping the positions of both their hands so they were interlocked, palms pressed together.

“Every part of your body will feel sexual pleasure, as of now,” Carmilla said, demonstrating by tipping her hands forward so Laura’s fingers bent back. Laura vaguely recalled a similar feeling when Perry had forced her to get a manicure with her, and the woman who gelled her nails also massaged her hand in a similar way.

Only this time, the feeling pushed outwards from her hand and rocked her entire body. She clenched her teeth, biting back a moan at how ridiculously satisfying such a mere action felt. Carmilla’s hands were the softest they’d ever been, her fingers locking Laura’s tight between them, a slight contrast in milk-white and caramel tan, exaggerated by the warm glow of the candles.

The stupid candles. “What kind of aphrodisiacs,” Laura demanded, stifling another sound when Carmilla pulled her fingers back and pressed them forward again. Laura flicked her head towards the offending candles on the headboard, face scrunched in both accusation anger, and horrible, horrible frustration.

Carmilla made a face like she was only just noticing them for the first time. She licked her lips, turning back to Laura with a devilish flare of red in her eyes that made the poor girl’s heart stop. “It’s nothing much. They’re just infused with succubus blood, the most powerful aphrodisiac in existence.”

“You gotta be kidding me…” Laura breathed, instantly regretting her defeated inhale; Carmilla’s overwhelming odour once again flooded her scent glands.

Carmilla grinned proudly. “And that is werewolf musk. Of a she-wolf, in full heat. It has interesting effects human hormones.”

As if to prove her point, Laura suddenly tore a hand through the little space between them to clutch Carmilla’s neck, only proceeding to widen the vampire’s smug smile. “You don’t need that, and you know it.”

She knew it. Carmilla knew everything. Stupid vampire. Laura knew from more than the mischievous smile that Carmilla knew all about how badly Laura wanted to rip that fancy two-piece off her and put an end to this forty-day nonsense.

“Clearly,” Carmilla rasped, pretending to sound like her words were forced under the pressure on her windpipe. Laura liked that. Breathplay was always fun when your partner didn’t actually ever need to pause to catch their breath. “You’re too tightly-wound, sweetheart. Let me make it better?”

“I came this far, you are not ruining this for me,” Laura insisted, tightening her grip on Carmilla’s neck to the point that if she were mortal, she would surely be dead by now.

“First of all, you haven’t cum at all, that’s the whole point,” Carmilla mused, quickly continuing before Laura could bark some rebuttal at her. “Cupcake, I don’t want to ruin anything for you. I just
want to help you wind down, that’s all. I’ll give you a massage. Full-body.”

Laura narrowed her eyes into golden slits, looking Carmilla’s voluptuously dressed body up and down. This was different from being drunk or high. Or both. But that didn’t matter; Laura had been weak all along. “And you’ll stop if I say to?”

“Always,” Carmilla assured. “But I also won’t stop unless you ask me to~”

That was a bet Laura was more than willing to take. Her body tingled with every touch, she was already antsy just thinking about Carmilla’s hands tending to her tense flesh. All above her waist, of course.

“Alright, she-devil. Let's go.”

Chapter End Notes

laura, you reckless, messy bitch~
Chapter 14

Day 39:

Somewhere between agreeing to let Carmilla enjoy the last few hours of lent in whatever twisted way she had in mind and now, Laura had ended up stripped to only her underwear, lying flat on her stomach on the bed, chin resting on folded arms in front of her.

The weight pressing into her lower back was none other than Carmilla herself, gyrating her hips to some sensual R&B jam, currently bumping through the speaker. She couldn’t see from here, but the fumbling noises Laura heard above her set off all kinds of alarms.

“Are you gonna tell me what the hell you’re doing?” she demanded suddenly.

She felt, rather than heard, Carmilla laugh under her breath. “I’m just putting the oil on my hands. It’ll feel good, trust me.”

‘Trust me.’ Funny how Laura had unflinching faith in Carmilla when it came to matters involving her morality, but right now, she’d sooner trust Kirsch to solve a Rubik’s Cube in under a minute than trust her. But before she had time to protest, two slick hands suddenly pressed down on her back, below her shoulders.

Laura winced like she’d been branded. Carmilla’s touch was both freezing and scorching at the same time, her sensitive skin erupting into gooseflesh even beneath her fingertips. And when Carmilla tensed those fingers, palms pushing at Laura’s shoulder blades, she couldn’t keep from whining in pleasurable torture.

“What the creeping hell is on your hands,” Laura moaned, relishing in the feeling of it soaking into her taut skin, washing away her sins like holy water.

“Nymph tears,” Carmilla answered nonchalantly, rubbing the fluid into Laura’s back in slow, firm circles.

If it hadn’t felt so good, Laura’s physical reaction might’ve matched her unexpressed surprise. But when one was surrounded by the scent of a rutting werewolf and the flames borne of succubus blood, being massaged with nymph tears was hardly far-fetched.

“God, what’s next, Carm?” Laura asked with a sigh, her eyes finally falling shut. “Are you planning on boning me with a unicorn horn?”

“Don’t be an idiot, unicorns aren’t real,” Carmilla said like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “I was just planning on sprinkling some fairy dust on Voorhees later.”

“I knew it, you creep! And holy crap, fairies are real?!”

Laura’s rambling was immediately cut off by a shameless moan when Carmilla place one of her hands over the other and kneaded the stiff flesh in the centre of Laura’s back. “I’m kidding, you nerd.”

“Well, I’m just now realizing that demons and werewolves are real, so it’s totally plausible!” Laura
insisted. She smiled at how relaxed their banter was even in a scenario like this. It was safe; it kept her from begging Carmilla to massage the places that really needed attention.

Laura felt Carmilla switch styles again to one involving the sides of her stiff, flat-extended hands, striking her pressure points in a painful but relieving manner. Almost like a punishment.

“You know, sometimes I wonder if you’re only dating me to fulfil some wet dream about the Harry Potter universe you love so much,” Carmilla mused. “I’m not a wizard but vampires are still pretty damn fantastical, as earth creatures go.”

“Crap, you figured it out.”

Laura yelped when a swift backhand smacked down on her rump, the resultant sting promising a prominent red mark to be present tomorrow. “I was kidding!”

“I know, Cupcake,” Carmilla laughed, rubbing the sore spot apologetically before returning to knead Laura’s flesh. “You’re dating me for reasons very different to that, aren’t you~?”

By the time she’d finished that drawn-out sentence, Carmilla had lowered her body down to whisper in Laura’s ear, fingers slowly working the stress out of her shoulders in steady motions. Laura shuddered when a chilled tongue suddenly flicked out to touch her ear and whined when a pair of even chillier lips closed around the top of it.

Carmilla nipped, then pressed her lips to the wound apologetically. To Laura’s hypersensitive body, it was like being stabbed with two tiny, frozen icicles, and then healed with the divine kiss of a goddess.

“This isn’t one of them, if that’s what you’re asking,” Laura seethed, exhaling a relieved sigh when she felt Carmilla push against her back to straighten her body up. Her absence was agonizing, like having a layer of her skin scraped off, but it was certainly preferable to having her continue snacking on her ears.

“No?” Carmilla purred, reaching behind her for the tiny vial of oil. In one quick motion, she lifted her body off of Laura just enough to flip the girl over onto her back, before lowering back down to straddle her hips.

She silenced the bewildered rambling already loaded and ready to fire on Laura’s lips with a deep kiss, tongue darting into her mouth before Laura could do anything about it.

Laura squeaked. Carmilla passed a moan into her mouth, grinding her hips downward into Laura’s core. Her hands were unapologetically rough, kneading Laura's breasts in confident fingers, dragging the girl fall further under her spell with every squeeze. “Is this the reason?” Carmilla asked dryly when she pulled back, before baring her fangs only inches away from Laura’s face.

“Uhhh…”

Laura didn’t answer fast enough. She heard a snarl, and before she knew it those dreaded spikes of ruin and rapture were dragging against her neck, leaving impatient dots of crimson peppered along their path.

Carmilla was losing it. Laura wondered if that wolf musk was affecting her girlfriend more than it was herself, an unfortunate twist of irony. But she couldn’t complain. Carmilla had fallen from vampiric seductress to starving fiend in seconds, and Laura was loving it.

A little too much. With minds of their own, her hands had somehow landed to squeeze the soft flesh
of Carmilla’s rear as she continued to grind downwards, her own hips bucking upwards to thrust an imaginary phallus into this devastating temptation of a woman.

The friction was otherworldly. Even with two layers of fabric between them, Laura felt like she could have kept rubbing like that and finished only minutes later. She could have, really. If not for the sudden jolt of electricity that crashed through her veins.

She cried out as the band on her wrist started buzzing; but not completely in pain. She couldn’t explain it. The agony was unimaginable, but so was the thrill. The shame, the rush; the raw energy was coursing through her body like a current in a circuit, with veins for wires.

Laura made another vulgar sound, obscene enough for even Carmilla to rear back and raise a suspicious eyebrow. “Cupcake?” she asked, holding her hands in front of her; something told her Laura might just lose it if she was touched right now. “Did you just..?”

“No, I didn’t, I don’t think. It just felt really good,” Laura gasped, pulling the wrist device up in front of her face to see the reading. 170 BPM, with a glaring exclamation point in a red triangle flashing next to it. “Ah, shit.”

“That’s a naughty word, princess~” Carmilla teased, relishing in Laura’s resultant glare and display of her teeth, a bad habit she’d picked up. It didn’t quite have the same effect when the teeth in question were blunt and useless, as opposed to sharp enough to rip one’s throat out in an instant.

“LaF knows, we should-“

Laura was cut off just as her breathing was when a firm hand suddenly latched onto her neck, eyes widening in the most powerful aphrodisiac of them all; fear. She barely saw Carmilla’s free hand dip beneath the waistband of her own panties, a quiet groan escaping her throat before she was back to business. Laura looked up at her, mocking adjourned; face conveying only control. No emotion.

“You like the shocks, don’t you?” Carmilla whispered, leaning her body back down again until she could feel Laura’s quick, shaking breath on her face. “Why stop now? Maybe they’ll do it again.” Her voice was dry, speaking was clearly a challenge when holding back moans.

Because Lent isn’t over yet.

That was the explanation that materialized in Laura’s head, but the one that tumbled through her lips wasn’t anything like it. “You’re right.”

Carmilla’s eyebrows leapt in surprise. “I am?”

She’d failed. The scent was too strong, the feeling too euphoric. Every inch of Laura’s body ached to be touched, to be ravished by this waiting monster on top of her. “Yes,” Laura breathed, her fingers picking impatiently at the lace of Carmilla’s panties; which were also soaked and still stuffed with Carmilla’s swiftly working fingers.

“Screw it, you win. Again,” Laura admitted, tugging rather aggressively now. She stared up at Carmilla, her pupils were bottomless pits and she was forever falling into them. The hand around her throat tightened, as though she was struggling to hold herself back. Laura wanted her to stop withholding anyway. “I’m conscious this time, Carm. I want you.”

Carmilla drew even closer and Laura swallowed at the sight of her fangs proudly poking out from between parted lips. Her throat flexed with the action, Carmilla only squeezed harder. A desperate exhale clouded into mist between them. Laura’s mouth was hanging open, sucking in as much vital oxygen as the beast would allow her.
“Beg,” Carmilla commanded, her voice barely above a whisper and dripping hot lust all over Laura’s trembling skin. She was like a siren, singing sweet nothings into her prey’s ear, keeping them on the brink of paradise with her voice alone.

And Laura had been teetering on that edge for too long now. All she wanted was to take the final leap, fall however many miles into her love’s waiting arms. So, she didn’t hesitate to start readying herself for the plunge. “Please,” she gasped, and she could tell from the primal look of desire in her vampire’s eyes that it was all she wanted to hear. “Defile me, Carmilla. Please—”

But Laura was interrupted by a guttural moan from above her, reverberating into her chest as Carmilla buried her face in it. Laura spoke her 17th-century dirty language a little too well.

Laura watched in a cross between rage and wonder as Carmilla crumbled above her, hips grinding down onto probably still-thrusting fingers, her knuckles digging into Laura’s abdomen where Carmilla was pressing down.

As much as she wanted to assist, move her own hips as well, keep begging; she knew right away Carmilla was already past the point of no return. As the Dean would put it, ‘no action is required on your part.’ So, Laura watched with bated breath; Carmilla’s beautiful collapse in an ecstasy she couldn’t partake in.

In time, Carmilla’s grip on her neck relaxed, and Laura gulped desperate mouthfuls of air. “I can’t believe you!” she gasped after a few moments, rubbing the sore spots she knew would be bruised by morning. “You just used me like a goddamn Fleshlight!”

Carmilla flicked her head up from between Laura’s breasts, face rosy from the afterglow. When she spoke, her voice was hoarse with effort, only exciting Laura more. “Darling, I’m not sure you know what that is…”

She knew what it was. She also knew that she hadn’t used the term correctly in her previous sentence, but Laura didn’t care. “Ugh, fine, whatever. Just get me off now?”

But before Laura had even finished the statement, Carmilla was up, standing on her own feet, and already peeling her ruined panties off. “Oh, no way. I was just sick of getting off alone, I wanted to be with you. That’s all~”


Laura would have stood if she could have moved her legs. Her whole body was still optimized for pleasure, dopamine still washing over her with every beat of her heart, every instinct told her to lay still and wait for Carmilla to do what she thought she came here to do. "You lit all these candles and did all this supernatural crap for yourself?"

"You're just so cute when you get all flustered. They worked~"

Carmilla, now stark naked, turned back to Laura; an evil grin on her face stolen from every Disney villain ever. “And Lent is over yet, sweetheart. And no maiden of mine is a filthy cheater.”

“A cheater? Me, I’m the cheater? These candles must have made you high or something because you’re talking a whole lot of bullshit, you were the one who even wanted to~”

Laura droned on, and Carmilla decided to be merciful, snapping her fingers after a while to extinguish every last one of the candles, before punching the ‘off’ button on the speaker to kill the music too.
With the atmosphere dead, Laura felt her senses fall to a normal, human level after barely a few more seconds of angry, nonsense babble. What remained, however, was a white-hot, hormone-fuelled rage. Even in the now pitch-black darkness, one could probably see Laura’s eyes on fire if they looked hard enough.

“I am going to kill you tomorrow,” Laura stated through gritted teeth, listening to the fumbling noises of Carmilla flopping down into the opposite bed, completely content with herself.

“I’ll be sure to act scared~”

No. There would be no need for acting. After a stunt like this, a grand farewell gesture to this stupid, stupid project; Carmilla had earned herself a contempt, unlike anything Laura had ever felt before.

And she had better be scared. Tomorrow marked the end of Lent. Tomorrow marked the end of Carmilla’s tyrannical reign and a dark day for whoever happened to cross Laura’s path until she could enact her revenge.

Chapter End Notes

In case y'all are wondering why my Carmilla is such an asshole, it's because I've been watching mostly season 1 for inspiration while writing this, and season 1 Carmilla was an asshole :P

Anyway, we're finally at the end; one more chapter to go ;) Thank you so much for your continued support everyone!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Day 40:

Laura could see where Carmilla got her kicks, now.

There was something ethereal about watching the one you preyed after in their most vulnerable state. Something exciting about seeing them at rest, at total susceptibility. The knowledge that she could have done whatever she wanted right there, at that moment, dragged her into a power trip more mind-numbing than the high of even the purest drug.

Class started in five minutes. The walk to the building was double that. Oh well. Cochrane wouldn’t ask any questions, that was for sure. The sky outside was grey with the promise of rain later, making Carmilla’s skin appear all the more deceased. Laura loomed over her like a vengeful deer stalking a sleeping panther, the hunted finally turned hunter.

With confident fingers, she reached out to clutch Carmilla’s jaw, resulting in no reaction whatsoever. Not a single twitch or stir. Her skin was cold to the touch and had an artificial feeling to it. Rubbery, almost. Laura wondered if Carmilla wasn’t actually sleeping but had just returned to being truly dead for a little while. She wondered that quite a lot, especially the time she’d slept for an entire two days and only woken up when she was literally decomposing.

That kind of thing wouldn’t fly today. “Get up,” she practically spat, shaking Carmilla’s face in the hand still clutching her jaw. She saw Carmilla’s eyebrows furrow, but no further reaction. Not good enough.

Laura braced one hand on Carmilla’s head to hold it still, and eased her other one down, pulling the vampire’s mouth open. As she expected, Carmilla’s fangs were unsheathed. She’d gotten a little excited in her sleep, waking Laura up in her volume. She hadn’t quite come down from the high yet.

Without a single moment of hesitation, Laura sliced the side of her index finger open on the tip of one of the fangs, drawing a long line of fresh crimson spilling down onto Carmilla’s tongue. Laura watched her eyes snap open like a blood-activated machine, quickly rearing back for her own safety.

“Good morning,” Laura said smugly, hurrying over to the ‘kitchen’ behind Carmilla’s bed to retrieve a tissue for her wound. The sting as she wrapped it around was sickeningly satisfying, almost as much as seeing the white slowly deepen to brilliant red when the blood seeped through.

“What the fuck, Laura,” Carmilla groaned, sitting up in bed to rub her temples. “Are you out of your mind?”

“It sucks, doesn’t it? Not getting what you want,” Laura bit back. Carmilla opened her eyes to glare. At her face, at her bleeding finger, then back up. By the time they were looking at each other again, Carmilla’s expression had softened into one of unhinged desire.

“Point made,” she said, leaning back on her hands. She was still draped in that lavish outfit from yesterday, one strap hanging off her shoulder after being disturbed in her sleep. “But you can get what you want now~”

“No,” Laura said before she could stop herself. Every cell in her body was screaming at her to stop,
to just get to it now, stop wasting time. But she knew damn well if she fell into that bed now, she
wouldn’t be getting out for a week. There were articles to study and essays to plan.

So, she tossed the bloodied tissue at Carmilla, watching in horrified awe like Frankenstein and his
monster as Carmilla pushed the thing up to her nose and inhaled what Laura could only assume to be
the essence of a vampiric narcotic. “I’m going to class now. If you pull any stupid, sexy vampire
bullshit when I get back, there’s gonna be issues. Got it?”

Carmilla pulled the rag away from her face, taking a moment to let her eyes roll forwards in their
sockets again so she could actually meet Laura’s gaze. Her lip curled in what Laura perceived as a
mocking smile, but soon registered as a genuine one of lust when she realized Laura wasn’t playing
around. “As you wish, my lady.”

God, she loved when she finally got Carmilla to do as she said. But now wasn’t the time. Not yet.
Laura steeled herself, yanking her bag over her shoulder and storming out of the room before her
resolve snapped.

Carmilla watched her leave, facing an equally difficult struggle not to zip out of bed to block her path
and give her reason to keep her here all day. Instead, she flopped back down on the bed, looking at
the ceiling, blindly smacking her hand on the headboard behind her until it landed on the smooth
surface of her phone.

She pulled the object up above her face, squinting momentarily at its unnecessary brightness in the
dark of the winter morning. She flicked away the top few boring notifications on her home screen;
Twitter, Tumblr, Temple Run, but she double tapped the one informing her of a new text message.

Xena: Just don’t break her. That’s all I ask.

Carmilla smirked at the lackwit’s naivety. She was supposed to be the more logical one of the group,
wasn’t she? Clearly there was more air in that giant head of hers than she thought. She lazily tapped
out a reply and hauled herself out of bed, tossing the phone blindly onto the bed behind her.

Me: I’m not the one you should be saying that to.

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Class was, to put it quite simply, a train wreck. Even after receiving her pre-moderated grade of an
A+, Laura still had a face like someone had pissed in her cereal that morning. Not that she’d eaten.
She was working up an appetite for tonight’s feast.

“For closure, you’ll also need to record a final episode after you’ve been reunited with your luxury, it
won’t count for your grade, but you won’t get one if it’s not done,” Professor Cochrane explained to
the class. “Erm, Laura you should be fine to skip this part.”

“No way, have her live-stream the whole thing, the reunion included,” some frat boy up the front
suddenly yelled, evoking a chorus of hushed giggles from the class.

The pen Laura had been clicking and unclicking repeatedly for the past ten minutes fell to her desk
with a clatter, the students turned to her awaiting some flustered babble for a response. Not today.
The naïve, provincial Laura was gone. “You wouldn’t wanna see that,” she began, glaring at the boy
who started the ruckus. “You’ll feel bad about your little micropenis and bad dick game if you see
me and Carmilla. Your girlfriend will probably ask if she can come and fuck me instead.”

There was no secrecy this time. The class erupted into a series of ‘oooh’s’ directed at the now blushing boy at the front, desperately trying to defend himself. Cochrane’s futile attempts to calm the class were met only with louder declarations of a new Laura, inflating the tiny girl’s ego to dangerous sizes.

She leant back proudly in her chair, hands locked together behind her head, shit-eating grin plastered on a smug little face. When the class was finally dismissed, and Laura made her beeline for the doorway, she was met with more high-fives and stupid smirks than she could count.

Not that they weren’t completely warranted. Laura could feel her stomach tightening just thinking about it; Carmilla was going to pay. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and the hellhole Silas was about to see a blind rage no one would have expected.

Even Laura herself. As she marched across the campus, acknowledging the idling student’s jeers of ‘go get it girl’ and the variations with brief nods, Laura tried not to let them bloat her ego any more than it had already swelled to. Her head might as well have been laying lopsided on her shoulder at this point, it was blown so big.

Naïve, provincial girl; gone bad.

Laura practically splintered the wood around the doorknob when she arrived home in her haste to shove it open. She barrelled into the room, slamming and locking the door behind her and dumping her back bag to the ground right there in the foyer.

Carmilla, much to Laura’s enraged state of fury, didn’t react in the slightest to all the commotion. Emotionless tyke. Laura watched her with a searing gaze as she remained slouched on her bed, holding an open copy of some Victorian-era novel above her uninterested face.

The only saving grace to this disgusting behaviour was her attire; a ‘borrowed’ open flannel shirt and black panties. That was all. Laura ripped her jacket off and tossed it to god knows where before yanking the book out of Carmilla’s clutches and replacing it with herself.

Laura straddled Carmilla’s hips, not letting a single, snarky statement leave those pretty lips before her own were crashing into them, unceremoniously sloppy. Laura felt their teeth banging together, building painful friction between them, but she knew damn well it would hardly be the worst agony of this evening.

This whole Lent, Laura had kept their kissing Pg-13 for the most part. Not today. Her tongue swiped at the backs of Carmilla’s fangs, dancing over hers, making good use of her high leverage to force herself inside. Still warm with the residue of a feed, Carmilla’s mouth tasted ominously metallic; like something not meant for humanity’s feeble taste buds. Laura didn’t care. She embraced the bloodlust and moaned into Carmilla’s mouth anyway, a rush of heat surging to her core when she passed it back.

Carmilla’s breasts were hot under her clumsy hands, her fingers tight in her hair. She winced when she tugged a little too tight, pulling back an inch or so to give a disciplinary stare into those obsidian eyes. The sight that awaited her, only an inch of air and a string of saliva away, was worth all the weeks of supernatural nonsense.

Carmilla was shaking. Her lips, wet and kiss-bruised, were parted for what Laura knew with full confidence, was herself. She looked back up to Carmilla’s eyes, wide with primal desperation. She hadn’t said a damn word, but this was what she’d ended up with?
Laura wasn’t sure if the dampness gathering in her panties was due to the rare sight of a submissive Carmilla, or her own ability to make her that way. She certainly had the ego for it. Here was a monster capable of ending her life and all of Silas without breaking a sweat; completely at her mercy. At the beck and call of tiny, innocent little Laura.

More than that, even. Laura returned from her power trip to hear a fumbling, scratching sound below her, on top of her own laboured breathing and Carmilla’s whimpers. “Son of a bitch,” Carmilla cursed, forehead creasing in frustration.

Laura looked down to see Carmilla’s fingers struggling uselessly with the buckle on her belt, exceptional vampiric eyesight apparently hindered by arousal. Regardless, she fought desperately at them, already licking her chops like a dog with a treat on its snout.

Laura couldn’t agree more. “Take my shirt off,” she instructed, her own, stable fingers replacing Carmilla’s on her belt while her shirt and bra was instantaneously torn straight down the middle by a hand of inhuman claws, her now exposed breasts immediately grasped by the impatient vampire.

Carmilla groaned, squeezing with much more force than was comfortable. Despite the way it made her heart race, Laura winced and finally loosed her belt, dropping it to the ground and returning to pull her zipper open. Carmilla was practically panting now. She stared at Laura’s hands like they held the very fate of the universe, her lips parting more with each fibre of Laura’s plaid boxers that were revealed beneath.

“Hurry up,” Laura heard her hiss, pausing her actions when the zip finally reached the bottom to shrug off her now ruined shirt from her body, as well as Carmilla’s hands. Now free from upper body clothing, Laura snatched Carmilla’s wrists and pinned them on either side of her head, inciting a less than friendly display of fangs.

“Oh, I’ll give you something to sink those in to.

“Stay still,” she growled, removing her hands to work the rest of her jeans off, shimmying them down her body until they were just another shed distraction in the growing pile of clothes at the foot of the bed. A chill swept between her thighs, pulling goosebumps out and reminding her of the soaking, scorching heat between them.

She could tell by the starved expression on her lover’s face that she could sense it. And by the savage way she ripped her boxers off her, leaving a bleeding scratch mark on her hip in the process, that she wanted it. Craved it. A rational part of Laura wanted to keep teasing, see how much more Carmilla could take; but the desperate, touch-starved part of her had better things to do.

Laura wiggled her way up the length of Carmilla’s body until her knees pressed the mattress on either side of Carmilla’s head, the girl beneath her growling louder with each passing second. Having spent so long apart, Laura felt her cheeks tinting a hot colour at how exposed she was, how she could feel herself dripping down onto Carmilla’s chin like a desperate little virgin.

Well, if she was desperate, then Carmilla was a hopeless nymphomaniac. Laura seethed at the searing pain on her wounded hip, Carmilla’s fingers now pressed securely onto them to yank her down. But then, oh, all the pain and suffering in the world melted away when a pair of wet lips closed around her bud.

“Holy shit,” she gasped, her head falling forward on her shoulders to look down. Carmilla’s eyes were already closed, too focused to watch Laura’s reactions like she normally did. And she most certainly was focusing.
Laura breathed in as she felt Carmilla’s tongue split her apart, her walls clenching tight to trap her inside like a hostage for her orgasm. She looked down with half-lidded eyes and shuddered when Carmilla finally looked back up, irises a deep, dangerous crimson. Laura really should have seen it coming.

The tongue inside her withdrew quickly, and Carmilla’s lips latched onto her pearl once more, sucking harshly like it was the last time she’d ever get a taste.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck-“ Laura cursed uncharacteristically, shaky hands grabbing desperately at the headboard in front of her. Carmilla was ravenous. She left artwork on her thighs in the miscoloured blotches beneath her fingers, and wrote love notes in blood between them when her fangs raked across her most vulnerable parts.

The pleasure of being ravished by a God-slayer was more than enough to mask the pain. Laura felt like her next conquest; the way she zoned in right where she needed to be, when she needed it. Oh god, how it felt to be back inside that pretty, sarcastic mouth…

It was at that point that Laura remembered with a flash of white-hot rage, all the snarky bullshit of the past six weeks. Like having her lips working so curely between her legs reminded her of the insults that were otherwise flying out of them. “Don’t move,” she growled through gritted teeth, parting her knees a fraction more so she could sit lower. Good thing Carmilla didn’t need to breathe.

The beast was trapped between Laura’s thighs, yet willingly captive. Both women failed to contain their vulgar cries when Laura pushed her bud against a fnow lat tongue, a harsh rhythm kicking off as she used her girlfriend’s mouth for her own pleasure.

I’m fucking Countess Karnstein’s face.

The ego-trip, the delectable tongue she was forcing herself against, the six-weeks of pent-up frustration, agony, blind fury-

It all came crashing down in a series of convulsions and noises, every limb in Laura’s body suddenly weighing both a million tons and nothing at all. Her knuckles drained white as she gripped the headboard for dear life, hopeless calls of Carmilla’s name and other dammed curses tumbling past her lips as her aching clit was lapped and sucked at. She was a goddamn fiend for it.

Once again, it was a truly great thing Carmilla didn’t need to breathe, as Laura damn near drowned her in the slick aftermath of her orgasm. She kept rocking her hips lazily, letting Carmilla bring her down from the high in a series of gentle kisses against her raw crease.

“You are so fucking tight,” a muffled voice spoke from beneath her, sounding very distant for some reason. With a grunt of effort, Laura nudged herself backwards until she was sitting on Carmilla’s stomach, neither of them caring in the slightest about the fluid she was leaking onto her.

“And you, are so fucking good at that…” Laura stabbed back, trying to sound mean but ultimately failing when it fell out more like a moan. She regarded Carmilla for a moment; eyes still red and wide, mouth drenched yet still open. She didn’t look nearly as ruined as Laura would have liked.

She straightened her back, reaching behind her to cruelly grope the flesh between Carmilla’s legs and the soiled panties on top of them, earning a hiss in the process. “What the hell?”

“You didn’t cum.”

Carmilla squinted like she couldn’t believe her eyes. “No shit, buttercup, I was busy trying to make you cum. Was that not obvious?”
The sarcasm only further stoked the inferno of Laura’s rage, just another reminder of all Carmilla’s bullshit over the past few weeks. Although not yet recovered from the post-orgasm aftershocks, Laura peeled herself off Carmilla and touched her feet to the ground below, rising to stand on gelatinous legs.

“What are you doing, cupcake..?” Carmilla rasped, reaching out half-heartedly to Laura as she stalked over to her side of the room to rummage under her pillow. “I’m not finished with you yet, come back.”

“Shut up, Carmilla.” Laura snarled, yanking a large black harness and phallus out and quickly strapping it over her hips. Ah, Voorhees. She’d missed it almost as much as she’d missed Carmilla. She tossed a vengeful glare back over to her vampire, whose eyes were wide in anticipation, already stirring to undress herself.

Laura marched back over to the other bed once the toy was secured over her crotch, smacking Carmilla’s hands away from herself. “No, don’t,” she growled. “Don’t do anything.”

///

Of all the things she’d witnessed in her long, horrible life; Carmilla could have never predicted the thing she’d find most terrifying was Laura Hollis. Naïve, sweet, adorable little Laura Hollis. Currently yanking her legs over the edge of the bed and shoving her panties down with them.

Carmilla stared up in excited fear at the enraged girl above her, biting her lip when she glared back in pure unfiltered resentment. She felt those tiny hands claw down the length of her legs until the ruined panties were gone, and the beast was free to eye her prize.

And she did. Carmilla could have blushed at how crudely Laura examined her, if she weren’t too impatient for such a thing. “Hurry up and fuck me, you idiot,” Carmilla groaned, jabbing a foot Laura’s abdomen as she stood there, statue-like, admiring Carmilla’s exposed form.

The action seemed to have triggered just the right switch of anger in Laura, as she caught Carmilla’s leg while it was up ready to kick her, and instead hoisted it up onto her shoulder, making Carmilla wince with the strain. But the stretch of limbs was nothing compared to that of her walls when Laura plunged inside, closing the gaps between their bodies in one quick thrust.

There’s my girl.

There she is, unceremonious and uncoordinated as ever. “Goddammit.” Carmilla seethed under her breath, her body not yet adjusted to Laura’s girth. It seemed so much bigger when attached to her, when the person at the helm was someone other than herself.

Carmilla could predict her own movements when she fucked herself, but not Laura’s. She couldn’t foresee Laura forcing herself all the way inside, moaning louder with every inch that slipped past her slick folds, until she felt the wide tip hit right at her innermost spot.

A barely audible gasp escaped Carmilla’s lips at that point, but not quiet enough. Laura was watching Carmilla’s every move like a hawk, her face lighting up in a twisted smirk when she saw the crack in Carmilla’s resolve. Right there.

She reared back and shoved the toy’s tip hard inside again, earning another quiet mewl from Carmilla. “Slow the fuck down,” she growled, already feeling that familiar excitement of imminent climax. Carmilla could have finished minutes ago, while Laura was still riding her face, but refrained, for her partner’s sake. Just barely.
Now, she was hanging by a thread and every tiny jerk of Laura’s hips was ripping it further. “Oh, I’m sorry, is that too sore for you?” Laura mocked, feigning an overly-concerned face.

Carmilla glared back with unimpressed eyes. “You know, I like it when you get in my guts, but it’s barely been five seconds.”

Laura pushed Carmilla’s leg down and lurched her own body forward until they were near chest-to-chest, close enough that Carmilla could see the sweat beading on her lover’s brow. “Maybe you should have thought about that before you decided to tease me for six weeks.”

And before Carmilla could retort, Laura’s mouth was on her neck and her hips rocking back and forth in fast, shallow thrusts. “God, I fucking love you,” Carmilla groaned, her head falling back on the bed; half to give Laura more room to bite, half out of pure ecstasy as Laura so brutally reclaimed what was rightfully hers.

Carmilla’s legs swiftly rose to lock around Laura’s waist, her nails dragging angry red lines down her back. Laura left marks of her own; neck now blossoming a garden of purple blotches, Laura moved down to plant new ones over Carmilla’s breasts.

Because apparently, messing up Carmilla’s insides isn’t quite an obvious enough act of ownership. Carmilla had missed this. Laura was the only human whose selfishness she could not only tolerate, but relished in.

She’d been craving to be taken like this again, to feel Laura’s hands gripping her hips to pull her closer, to feel the rest of her body flush against hers. She heard Laura’s fatigued grunts verberating into her chest from where her mouth was, teeth lodged in her flesh, tongue swiping over the bloodied skin between them.

And finally, finally, she was inside again. Carmilla felt every single inch as it pounded into her, the continued harassment of her most sensitive spot sending waves of pleasure crashing through her body with every thrust.

Carmilla didn’t need anything else. She had her human. She her hair and it’s sweet scent right under her nose, she had her mouth leaving sloppy kisses all over her body, and most importantly; she had her cock deep inside her walls.

That was all she needed. Only minutes after the show began, Carmilla’s back arched up off the mattress, Laura’s name falling loudly from her lips as she clenched tight around her. The next few seconds feel like they occur in a separate dimension, one where only the pair of them exist, and the only feeling is that of intimate euphoria.

Skin on skin. Laboured breath in her ear, air heavy with the organic aroma of sweat and sex. And then the room comes swirling back and Carmilla is empty again, Laura still standing proudly in front of her.

“Who taught you that?’ Carmilla huffed, pushing a nest of dishevelled hair out of her face. She watched Laura smiled back and tug herself free of the toy and harness, before tossing it straight onto Carmilla’s stomach.

“Why don’t you put that on and find out?”

Carmilla quirked an eyebrow, the beginnings of a smile musing on her lips. Laura only grinned back, the kind of determination one could only ever find in this very apartment, and Carmilla knows right then that she’s in for a very long night.
“You didn’t seriously think we were done, did you~?”

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter y’all, thank you so much for bearing with my weird posting schedule and stuff, and for all your kind comments!
Chapter 16

Day 40:

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Laura practically splintered the wood around the doorknob when she arrived home in her haste to shove it open. She barrelled into the room, slamming and locking the door behind her and dumping her backbag to the ground right there in the foyer.

Carmilla, much to Laura’s enraged state of fury, didn’t react in the slightest to all the commotion. Emotionless tyke. Laura watched her with a searing gaze as she remained slouched on her bed, holding an open copy of The Sandman above her uninterested face.

The only saving grace to this disgusting behaviour was her attire; a ‘borrowed’ open flannel shirt and black panties. That was all. Laura ripped her jacket off and tossed it to god knows where before yanking the book out of Carmilla’s clutches and replacing it with herself.

Laura straddled Carmilla’s hips, not letting a single, snarky statement leave those pretty lips before her own were crashing into them, unceremoniously sloppy. Laura felt their teeth banging together, building painful friction between them, but she knew damn well it would hardly be the worst agony of this evening.

This whole Lent, Laura had kept their kissing Pg-13 for the most part. Not today. Her tongue swiped at the backs of Carmilla’s fangs, dancing over hers, making good use of her high leverage to force herself inside. Still warm with the residue of a feed, Carmilla’s mouth tasted ominously metallic; like something not meant for humanity’s feeble taste buds. Laura didn’t care. She embraced the bloodlust and moaned into Carmilla’s mouth anyway, a rush of heat surging to her core when she passed it back.

Carmilla’s breasts were hot under her clumsy hands, her fingers tight in her hair. She winced when she tugged a little too tight, pulling back an inch or so to give a disciplinary stare into those obsidian eyes. The sight that awaited her, only an inch of air and a string of saliva away, was worth all the weeks of supernatural nonsense.

Carmilla was shaking. Her lips, wet and kiss-bruised, were parted for what Laura knew with full confidence, was herself. She looked back up to Carmilla’s eyes, wide with primal desperation. She hadn’t said a damn word, but this was what she’d ended up with?
Laura wasn’t sure if the dampness gathering in her panties was due to the rare sight of a submissive Carmilla, or her own ability to make her that way. She certainly had the ego for it. Here was a monster capable of ending her life and all of Silas without breaking a sweat; completely at her mercy. At the beck and call of tiny, innocent little Laura.

More than that, even. Laura returned from her power trip to hear a fumbling, scratching sound below her, on top of her own laboured breathing and Carmilla’s whimpers. “Son of a bitch,” Carmilla cursed, forehead creasing in frustration.

Laura looked down to see Carmilla’s fingers struggling uselessly with the buckle on her belt, exceptional vampiric eyesight apparently hindered by arousal. Regardless, she fought desperately at them, already licking her chops like a dog with a treat on its snout.

Laura couldn’t agree more. “Take my shirt off,” she instructed, her own, stable fingers replacing Carmilla’s on her belt while her shirt and bra was instantaneously torn straight down the middle by a hand of inhuman claws, her now exposed breasts immediately grasped by the impatient vampire.

Carmilla groaned, squeezing with much more force than was comfortable. Despite the way it made her heart race, Laura winced and finally loosed her belt, dropping it to the ground and returning to pull her zipper open. Carmilla was practically panting now. She stared at Laura’s hands like they held the very fate of the universe, her lips parting more with each fibre of Laura’s plaid boxers that were revealed beneath.

“Hurry up,” Laura heard her hiss, pausing her actions when the zip finally reached the bottom to shrug off her now ruined shirt from her body, as well as Carmilla’s hands. Now free from upper body clothing, Laura snatched Carmilla’s wrists and pinned them on either side of her head, inciting a less than friendly display of fangs.

“Oh, I’ll give you something to sink those in to.

“Stay still,” she growled, removing her hands to work the rest of her jeans off, shimmying them down her body until they were just another shed distraction in the growing pile of clothes at the foot of the bed. A chill swept between her thighs, pulling goosebumps out and reminding her of the soaking, scorching heat between them.

She could tell by the starved expression on her lover’s face that she could sense it. And by the savage way she ripped her boxers off her, leaving a bleeding scratch mark on her hip in the process, that she wanted it. Craved it. A rational part of Laura wanted to keep teasing, see how much more Carmilla could take; but the desperate, touch-starved part of her had better things to do.

Laura wiggled her way up the length of Carmilla’s body until her knees pressed the mattress on either side of Carmilla’s head, the girl beneath her growling louder with each passing second. Having spent so long apart, Laura felt her cheeks tinting a hot colour at how exposed she was, how she could feel herself dripping down onto Carmilla’s chin like a desperate little virgin.

Well, if she was desperate, then Carmilla was a hopeless nymphomaniac. Laura seethed at the searing pain on her wounded hip, Carmilla’s fingers now pressed securely onto them to yank her down. But then, oh, all the pain and suffering in the world melted away when a pair of wet lips closed around her bud.

“Holy shit,” she gasped, her head falling forward on her shoulders to look down. Carmilla’s eyes were already closed, too focused to watch Laura’s reactions like she normally did. And she most certainly was focusing.
Laura breathed in as she felt Carmilla’s tongue split her apart, feeling her walls clench tight and trap her inside like a hostage for her orgasm. She looked down with half-lidded eyes and shuddered when Carmilla finally looked back up, irises a deep, dangerous crimson. Laura really should have seen it coming.

The tongue inside her withdrew quickly, and Carmilla’s lips latched onto her pearl once more, sucking harshly like it was the last time she’d ever get a taste.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck-” Laura cursed, shaky hands grabbing desperately at the headboard in front of her. Carmilla was ravenous. She left artwork on her thighs in the miscoloured blotches beneath her fingers, and wrote love notes in blood between them when her fangs raked across her most vulnerable parts.

The pleasure of being ravished by a God-slayer was more than enough to mask the pain. Laura felt like her next conquest; the way she zoned in right where she needed to be, when she needed it. Oh god, how it felt to be back inside that pretty, sarcastic mouth…

It was at that point that Laura remembered with a flash of white-hot rage, all the snarky bullshit. “Don’t move,” she growled through gritted teeth, parting her knees a fraction more so she could sit lower. Good thing Carmilla didn’t need to breathe.

The beast was trapped between Laura’s thighs, yet willingly captive. Both women failed to contain their vulgar cries when Laura pushed her bud against a flat tongue, a harsh rhythm kicking off as she used her girlfriend’s mouth for her own pleasure.

I’m fucking Countess Karnstein’s face.

The ego-trip, the delectable tongue she was forcing herself against, the six-weeks of pent-up frustration, agony, blind fury-

It all came crashing down in a series of convulsions and noises, every limb in Laura’s body suddenly weighing both a million tons and nothing at all. Her knuckles drained white as she gripped the headboard for dear life, hopeless calls of Carmilla’s name and other dammed curses tumbling past her lips as her aching clit was lapped and sucked at. She was a goddamn fiend for it.

Once again, it was a truly great thing Carmilla didn’t need to breathe, as Laura damn near drowned her in the slick aftermath of her orgasm. She kept rocking her hips lazily, letting Carmilla bring her down from the high in a series of gentle kisses against her raw crease.

“You are so fucking tight,” a muffled voice sounded from beneath her, sounding very distant for some reason. With a grunt of effort, Laura nudged herself backwards until she was sitting on Carmilla’s stomach, neither of them caring in the slightest of the fluid she was leaking onto her.

“And you, are so fucking good at that…” Laura stabbed back, trying to sound mean but ultimately failing when it came out more like a moan. She regarded Carmilla for a moment; eyes still red and wide, mouth drenched yet still open. She didn’t look nearly as ruined as Laura would have liked.

She straightened her back, reaching behind her to crudely grope the flesh between Carmilla’s legs and the soiled panties on top of them, earning a hiss in the process. “What the hell?”

“You didn’t cum.”

Carmilla squinted like she couldn’t believe her eyes. “No shit, buttercup, I was busy trying to make you cum. Was that not obvious?”
The sarcasm only further stoked the inferno of Laura’s rage, just another reminder of all Carmilla’s bullshit over the past few weeks. Although not yet recovered from the post-orgasm aftershocks, Laura peeled herself off Carmilla and touched her feet to the ground below, rising to stand on gelatinous legs.

“What are you doing..?” Carmilla whined, reaching out half-heartedly to Laura as she stalked over to her side of the room to rummage under her pillow. “I’m not done with you yet, come back.”

“Shut up, Carmilla,” Laura snarled, yanking a large black harness and phallus out and quickly strapping it over her hips. She tossed a vengeful glare back over to her vampire, whose eyes were wide in anticipation, already stirring to undress herself.

Laura marched back over to the other bed once the toy was secured over her crotch, smacking Carmilla’s hands away from herself. “No, don’t,” she growled. “Don’t do anything.”

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Of all the things she’d witnessed in her long, horrible life; Carmilla could have never predicted the thing she’d find most terrifying was Laura Hollis. Naïve, sweet, adorable little Laura Hollis. Currently yanking her legs over the edge of the bed and shoving her panties down with them.

Carmilla stared up in excited fear at the enraged girl above her, biting her lip when she glared back in pure unfiltered resentment. She felt those tiny hands claw down the length of her legs until the ruined panties were gone, and the beast was free to eye her prize.

And she did. Carmilla could have blushed at how crudely Laura examined her, if she weren’t too impatient for such a thing. “Hurry up and fuck me, you idiot,” Carmilla groaned, jabbing a foot Laura’s abdomen as she stood there, statue-like, admiring Carmilla’s exposed form.

The action seemed to have triggered just the right switch of anger in Laura, as she caught Carmilla’s leg while it was up ready to kick her, and instead hoisted it up onto her shoulder, making Carmilla wince with the strain. But the stretch of limbs was nothing compared to that of her walls when Laura plunged inside, closing the gaps between their bodies in one quick thrust.

There’s my girl.

There she is, unceremonious and uncoordinated as ever. “Goddammit,” Carmilla seethed under her breath, her body not yet adjusted to Laura’s girth. It seemed so much bigger when attached to her, when the person at the helm was someone other than herself.

Carmilla could predict her own movements when she fucked herself, but not Laura’s. She couldn’t foresee Laura forcing herself all the way inside, moaning louder with every inch that slipped past her slick folds, until she felt the wide tip if it right at her innermost spot.

A barely audible gasp escaped Carmilla’s lips at that point, but not quiet enough. Laura was watching Carmilla’s every move like a hawk, her face lighting up in a twisted smirk when she saw the crack in Carmilla’s resolve. Right there.

She reared back and shoved the toy’s tip hard inside again, earning another quiet mewl from Carmilla. “Slow the fuck down,” she growled, already feeling that familiar excitement of imminent climax. Carmilla could have finished minutes ago, while Laura was still riding her face, but refrained, for her partner’s sake. Just barely.

Now, she was hanging by a thread and every tiny jerk of Laura’s hips was ripping it further. “Oh, I’m sorry, is that too sore for you?” Laura mocked, pulling an overly-concerned face.
Carmilla glared back with unimpressed eyes. “You know, I like it when you get in my guts, but it’s been five goddamn seconds.”

Laura pushed Carmilla’s leg down and pushed her body forward until they were near chest-to-chest, close enough that Carmilla could see the sweat beading on her lower’s brow. “Maybe you should have thought about that before you decided to tease me for six weeks.”

And before Carmilla could retort, Laura’s mouth was on her neck and her hips rocking back and forth in fast, shallow thrusts. “God I fucking hate you,” Carmilla groaned, her head falling back on the bed; half to give Laura more room to bite, half out of pure ecstasy as Laura so brutally reclaimed what was rightfully hers.

Carmilla’s legs swiftly rose to lock around Laura’s waist, her nails dragging angry red lines down her back. Laura left marks of her own; neck now blossoming a garden of purple blotches, Laura moved down to plant new ones over Carmilla’s breasts, on the soft top part above her bra.

Because apparently, messing up Carmilla’s insides isn’t quite an obvious enough act of ownership. God, Carmilla had missed this. Laura was the only human whose selfishness she could not only tolerate, but relished in.

She’d been craving to be taken like this again, to feel Laura’s hands gripping her hips to pull her closer, to feel the rest of her body flush against hers. She heard Laura’s fatigued grunts verberating into her chest from where her mouth was, teeth lodged in her flesh, tongue swiping over the bloodied skin between them.

And finally, finally, she was inside again. Carmilla felt every single inch as it pounded into her, the continued harassment of her most sensitive spot sending waves of pleasure crashing through her body with every thrust.

Carmilla didn’t need anything else. She had her human. She her hair and it’s sweet scent right under her nose, she had her mouth leaving sloppy kisses all over her body, and most importantly; she had her cock deep inside her walls.

That was all she needed. Only minutes after the show began, Carmilla’s back arched up off the mattress, Laura’s name falling loudly from her lips as she clenched tight around her. The next few seconds feel like they occur in a separate dimension, one where only the pair of them exist, and the only feeling is that of intimate euphoria.

Skin on skin. Laboured breath in her ear, air heavy with the organic aroma of sweat and sex. And then the room comes swirling back and Carmilla is empty again, Laura still standing proudly in front of her.

“Who taught you that?” Carmilla huffed, pushing a nest of dishevelled hair out of her face. She watched Laura smiled back and tug herself free of the toy and harness, before tossing it straight onto Carmilla’s stomach.

“Why don’t you put that on and find out?”

Carmilla quirked an eyebrow, the beginnings of a smile musing on her lips. Laura only grinned back, the kind of determination one could only ever find in this very apartment, and Carmilla knows right then that she’s in for a very long night.

“You didn’t seriously think we were done, did you?”
One more chapter y'all, thank you so much for bearing with my weird posting schedule and stuff, and for all your kind comments!
Day 41

While Carmilla didn’t believe her power was on a divine level, Laura was certain she possessed a godly ability. If slaying the demon of the light hadn’t convinced her already, the event of today most certainly had.

Somewhere around 4am, the pair had fallen asleep tangled up in one another; even with all that rage backed up, Laura was still only human, there was only so much her mortal body could take. It was now getting close to 7pm, and the campus was covered in fresh snow under a dark sky.

“I’m just saying, it’s funny how this whole winter has been nothing but rain and wind this whole time, but then not even twelve hours after Carmilla and I, you know, reconnect, it finally snows,” Laura explains calmly to her computer, combating the chilling effects of the weather in question by sitting wrapped up in a thick blanket. “It can’t be a coincidence, right?”

Feeling a sudden draft, Laura reached forward to scoop up her Tardis mug, taking a long sip of the sweet, warm chocolate contained inside. “Well, vampire-orgasm induced or not, this is still some pretty rad weather,” Laura spoke again, smiling to her audience. “Hot cocoa and blankets and classes cancelled? Sounds pretty good to me.”

As if the mention of class suddenly reminded her of the very purpose of the whole project, Laura placed her cup awkwardly back down, trying to keep as much of her body contained within the blanket as possible, and perked up to explain herself. “Anyway! This will be the last instalment of my little series, I thought I’d better record it for posterity or whatever,” she began.

“So, um, according to our neighbours, who had a lot to say to us in the morning, Carmilla came seven times and I came-“ Laura winced, “nine times. Yes, I know, it’s excessive but we took breaks! It’s all good! I am really sore though, and obviously a little messed up in the head since I’m telling you all this but whatever.”

Laura smiled what was quite possibly the only genuine smile to ever be seen by the camera during this Lent season. “Basically, it doesn’t matter that I limped out of bed this morning or that we need to pay €200 to fix the bed over there-“ Laura nodded her head in the direction of Carmilla’s headboard, half of which had been shattered to pieces, “because I’m, like, really happy right now.”

As if to prove her point, or perhaps reject it, the warm glow of the apartment was suddenly frozen by the incoming draft of the now open door, revealing an irritated looking, folder-clutching ginger as the culprit. Locking the door was apparently useless unless you did it every single time the door was used. Who could have thought?

“LaF?” Laura asked, managing to move just enough to see them enter and shut the door behind
them, more interested in their phone than anything else.

“It was ten times, by the way,” they said in greeting, briefly showing Laura the contents of their screen; the very live-stream she was currently filming. “I’m here to explain that and a few other… findings.”

Laura gulped, feeling a long overdue rush of heat to her cheeks as she turned back to the camera. “Uh, so yeah anyway thanks for watching and thanks Professor Cochrane for the A and I’ll see you all in class bye!”

She slammed the laptop shut, watching the light at the bottom of it fade to deathly black before she finally sighed in relief. “God, ten times...?”

“Yes, it’s gross, man,” LaFontaine mocked, but Laura could see the smile creeping to their lips. “Anyway, where’s Carmilla, I wanna show you guys some data I compiled. Turns out PROJECT: HOLLIS is actually really good study material.”

“You don’t say,” Laura sighed, remembering with a flash of embarrassment the woeful night she’d spent surrounded by Carmilla’s supernatural aphrodisiacs. Speaking of which...

“Hey, get up, LaF’s here,” Laura said quietly, opening her blanket a fraction to speak down to her lap. When she received only a painful nip at the thigh in response, Laura shoved her head away and promptly closed her legs, resulting in a disappointed groan from the vampire on her knees at her feet.

Behind her, LaFontaine recoiled in horror. “Wait, is she-”

“Yes, I’m here, Carrot Top,” Carmilla whined, crawling out from under Laura’s desk to stretch up to her full height, her bones cracking audibly in the process. “So this whole time, you were just, oh my god,” LaFontaine stammered, feigning a dry-retch. “You guys make me sick.”

Laura giggled. “Calm down Laf, it wasn’t serious. Carmilla’s just a big baby, she cries if I don’t give her something to suck on,” she mocked, turning to the vampire in question to speak with a mocking tone.

“Hm, funny how you say that now, when you weren’t complaining last night when-“

LaFontaine clapped their hands, pulling both women’s attention to themselves at once. “You guys can get back to whatever kinds of kinky shit you do in a minute, just let me explain some things real quick?”

Carmilla flopped down on her bed and leant back on her hands, looking up at the bio-major expectantly. Laura wrapped the blanket tight around herself to cover her exposed lower-half, then spun it around to face them as well.

“Okay, great. Basically, Laura, you’re still wearing my wristband.”

*Oh, fudge.*

Laura pushed one of her hands just enough out of her blanket cocoon to confirm this, wincing at the room’s collective expression. “So… you saw-“

“Everything, yep,” LaFontaine stated, moving to pull the thing off Laura’s wrist. Honestly, at one
point I thought she might’ve killed you. Your heart kept jumping between ‘person encased in ice’ and ‘person who just snorted a metric fuckton of cocaine.’

Carmilla grimaced. “God, is that what people mean when they tell me my sex is like a drug?”

“No, it means it’s addictive and I want it all the time,” Laura corrected, entirely too calm.

“Both of you, shut up before I call Perry and have this place bleached,” LaFontaine barked. They handed the folder under their arm to Laura. “In there are your blood test results, and some comments I made about your state of mind at each stage and whatnot. It’s really interesting stuff, you should give it a read.”

Laura smiled up at her friend. “I will. Thanks, LaF.”

“Yes, thank you, invasive pest, now would be so kind as to… leave, right now, and lock the door?” Carmilla asked politely, batting her make-up heavy eyelids.

LaFontaine frowned. “Seriously? I know you guys are catching up and stuff, but it’s snowing! We should go-“

“In about ten seconds I am going to shove my tongue so far up Laura’s cunt she’ll think she’s pregnant, and I’m gonna do that whether you’re here or not. So, I would reconsider whatever you’re about to say,” Carmilla explained, much to the flustered blushing of both other parties.

LaFontaine quickly nodded, turning and scurrying out of the room like they’d seen a ghost. And maybe it was just their overly-invested imagination after these six weeks, but they could have sworn they heard a thump and a groan against the door only nanoseconds after they closed it shut behind them.

Chapter End Notes

And that’s all folks! I hope you enjoyed reading this smol, mostly crack!fic as much as I enjoyed writing it for you! Than you to everyone who left comments and kudos, it really means a lot!

And now, more importantly, my next thing. If you liked this then you’re gonna wanna stay tuned for the fic I’m currently working on, which I actually have a beta for, so I can promise the quality will definitely improve. No title yet, but it features lots of kinky sex, lots of domestic fluff, lots of character and relationship development, and most importantly: Vampire!Laura.

If you thought Panther!Carmilla was good, wait till you see Fox!Laura~

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I know this fandom is *not* dead (as you all were fast to remind me in the comments :')))) so if you read and liked this and want to see more please leave a
comment, I love hearing back from you guys!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!