

DESTINY BLAINE



# BEWITCHING BITE



Bewitching Bite [A Blending Bloodlines Tale]  
*by Destiny Blaine*

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By

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## **Chapter One**

"Lick me until I tell you to stop."

Matilda threw her legs over the mortal man's shoulders, laughing as she tossed her long dark hair over her shoulders. The human didn't seem to be bothered by the crude instructions, but why would he? Matilda knew she had cast just the right spell to make the man's meat thicker and tongue longer, and she planned to ride both into a witch's brew of ecstasy.

Just one of the many joys of fucking her own concoctions, she knew what was in store because she'd orchestrated the whole thing, planned it right down to every stroke. It was why she loved being a sexually charged little she-devil with enough of her own natural beauty to lure in any man who had the initial equipment she needed.

The boy-toy's hands grabbed her firm ass bringing her closer. Matilda arched her back in eager anticipation as his tongue entered her center with a slick swipe, penetrating further into her core. It was what she wanted. Precisely as she'd planned, but she'd over-estimated her own stamina. Something she did a lot lately. Grabbing onto his thick curly head, Matilda screamed out.

"Fuck no. Not like that! I'm coming you ... you ... you ... oh shit. Lick baby! Lick..." Her hips closed tighter giving the man between her legs a squeeze he'd probably never forget.

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One ripple took her and then another and then another. Her eyes were closed tightly when she saw *his* image. They bulged open in shock.

"Oh, hell no. It can't be. It's not time yet." She rolled to the side and closed her eyes again.

"Something I did?" The man who had tongue-fucked her with such skill sat Indian style on the bed.

"Just forget about it." Matilda stared into space.

She wanted to dismiss him but couldn't. His hard cock pleaded with one eye keenly focused on her. Craving the strength that it promised to deliver, Matilda cursed out loud.

"What the hell? You're here and I can't think about another slice of beefcake now."

"What are you talking about?"

Matilda ignored the question.

"I said never mind." She rolled her eyes and straddled the man who seemed willing to stick around for more sexual exploration.

Sliding her wet sex over him, she took his cock in one fast move, pulling it into her heat. She sat firmly on her homemade-man and thought about the spell she'd put on him. He eyed her like he didn't know what to do.

Did she have to do everything?

"Fuck, dumbass. Fuck!"

His hips began to move under her and she sat firm. She'd always wondered what kind of orgasm she'd have if she resisted the urge to get into the act. The macho prick below her could satisfy her every need. His rod was delivering everything she'd thought about as she'd mixed up the

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bewitching potion only moments before she'd given him his cocktail.

She'd picked him up in a club. She knew who he was and heard other young women speak of his extraordinary skills. Of course, now that she'd seen the image of the man who'd become her fate, she sat on top of the completely erect boy-toy finding her energy and desire gone with one mental clip of her blending mate.

And the fucker below her was coming. His moans were loud and the bed shook violently. Matilda knew his world was moving. She'd arranged for him to have an earth-shattering experience, but for her, achieving an orgasm was suddenly out of the question. His hips were still rising to meet her when she moved off of him.

"Finish yourself off and get out," she called over her shoulder as she walked out of the room then down into the pit she referred to fondly as her laboratory.

\* \* \* \*

"It's time Armand."

The man who stood in front of his master was solemn. He was dressed in the attire of a hired butler and wore the distinguished look of age as well as heartache. He had been with the family for generations and carried their legacy on his sleeve as proudly as the vampire male in front of him. It was obvious in his mannerisms.

"So it is."

Armand stood and waved a dismissive hand. With a slight bow, the butler exited the room. Armand was glad to see him



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go, and glad to be alone with his thoughts. He'd waited for the elders to come to terms with his fate. He'd asked them for another year but it wasn't granted. It was time to travel to America and find the one whom he was destined to claim as his own for all eternity.

Armand frowned as he took in his surroundings. In a room full of old walnut and mahogany furnishings, the study was his favorite room in the house. Literary works dating back to the eighteen hundreds lined the walls in hardback covers that were both timeless and priceless. Armand knew his bride would never appreciate these great works of art. She'd probably be a mouthy wench, and demanding like most of the witches he'd heard about. He'd heard horror tales from other vampires. He knew the blending partners could be hell on wheels, and finding patience for such a woman wouldn't be easy.

Dragged from his thoughts, an unseen force spun his body around in dizzying circles. With his arms held high, he screamed into the empty air.

But the spinning didn't stop. In fact, he couldn't stop.

His eyes grew heavy and soon the image of a beautiful woman with long dark hair appeared. Her face was the last thing he saw before the world went dark.

\* \* \* \*

When Armand stopped whirling around, he wasn't in Russia anymore. Instead, he stood in a field with cattle and horses. The animals seemed quite interested in his arrival, and not in a good sort of way. They stood around him, staring

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with piercing, suspicious eyes. He stood up and brushed himself off. Acres and acres surrounded him along with a stench that was unmistakable.

Apparently, he had arrived in America.

He stared across the street at a large, lighted billboard. "The only *mad cow* you'll see here is if you trespass in these fields and then, these fellows can be aggressive. No trespassing or hunting on farmland."

Armand read the sign again and again. He couldn't help but laugh. He'd been in countries struck by mad cow disease before, but he'd never heard of a *No Trespassing* sign that referred to it in such a prolific way. As he shook with his laughter, he turned to take in every inch of ground around him. That's when he realized the sign was a fair enough warning.

A bull approached him with such evil curiosity in his eyes that Armand knew he wasn't a welcomed intruder. He began to back away slowly, maintaining a non-threatening demeanor. Armand was a vampire with a low tolerance for animals. In fact, he didn't quite know what to expect from them. The large bull in front of him stomped a hoof into the ground, the beating of mud and cow patties announcing his intent to pursue.

He really didn't have time for this shit, but killing the animal would be so ... messy.

Quickly deciding on a course of action, Armand jumped over the fence and landed on the other side just as the bull bashed heavy horns into the thick fence planks. The wood separating the bull from the vampire wasn't going to hold,

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and Armand quickly made a run for it, never bothering to note if he was running north or heading south. He didn't give a damn. He just ran as far as he could from the stinking, manure-infested field where he'd landed.

When he realized he had no idea of what to do or where to go, he halted and called out to vacant air, "Great. Now what?" He looked up at the skies in search of anything that could be taken as a sign from one of the elders.

"Hello!" Armand shouted once again to an open space with no one around to hear him. "I could use a little help here. Give me an image, or a map, or something!"

Silence.

There were no answers for him. He started walking again in hopes of finding someone who would know where this wench Matilda lived. The name and her image were the only two clues the elders had granted him. Once he arrived, he would stay with her until their bond was complete, and then together they would haul ass back to his homeland of Russia. They would return to the place where life for a vampire was simple and easy.

Armand walked for what seemed like hours until he came upon the town of Roanoke, Virginia. It was a mini-city lit up at night and from the hillside where he stood, the whole town seemed to open up to him.

Then, he saw it. The cottage that he was certain housed his bewitching little wench of a bride. In a city full of houses, this one stood out with a bright beam of light that was scorching to the naked eye. It had to be Matilda's home.

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He sat down to think for a moment and to plan his strategy. The woman couldn't possibly know what he had in store for her. It was the eve before Halloween, and by his own calculations, he had about three hours to decide how he would make his advance. Three hours to think about their joining, and three hours to enjoy life as a single man before a woman he didn't know, and certainly didn't want to meet, destroyed the happy life he led as a bachelor.

*Bachelor? Yes! That's it. I will find a woman to take all my worries away until after midnight!*

Armand stood and made his way down an incline, headed for the first pub he could find; ready to pursue a quick fuck. The last one he'd ever have with strange blood.

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## Chapter Two

Matilda stood on a platform skimming through several open books in an attempt to explore all of her options. She was a traditional witch in some aspects, yet in many ways, very unconventional. Her shorts were too short, her make-up too contemporary, and her sexual appetite far from accepted by those who knew that she used her powers for twisted pleasures in the bedroom.

She began to read the words out loud to her cats perched on a log over to the side. She patted the one she called Claude on the head as she spewed the words out.

"Blending bloodlines at precisely the right time is crucial. The vampire that comes for his bride may not approach her until at least one minute past midnight on All Hallows Eve. Then, he must complete the blending of bloodlines within the twenty-four hour cycle or the bond is not valid." She smirked as she read it again. "Within the twenty-four hour cycle or the bond is not valid? That's it!"

Patting Claude on the head, she laughed loudly. "We'll be ready for this bride-seeking vamp and he will never know what hit him when he arrives!"

Claude let out a loud "*Meow!*" before screeching out another and hopping off the table where the manuals and books were stacked.

"Ha! Bring it on, Fang-boy. I'll be waiting for you and it'll be twenty-four hours of fun. I'll teach you a lesson that you can take back to the elders once and for all."

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"Ha ... ha ... haahaahaa!" Matilda's voice raised beyond an octave even she recognized.

"Think Matilda. Think sexy and provocative." She ran over to her closet and flung it open. She thumbed through the hangers in her closet. Giggling she found the perfect red dress. She eyed the dress and turned it around on the hanger checking out the back.

"The poor vamp won't know what hit him."

\* \* \* \*

Armand was enjoying the live band. He had checked out every piece of female flesh that had waltzed through the door of the pub but none had caught his eye. That is, no one until he'd stopped to mentally acknowledge his bad fortune.

That's when he saw the curvaceous woman who strode into the bar, her self-confidence apparent in every step. He watched her with focused inquisitiveness.

He glanced at the clock behind the bar. It was ten o'clock. He had two hours and a few minutes before he would have to make his way to the witch's cottage for his first introduction. He still had plenty of time to play around, drink and hopefully get the blonde-haired woman who had his undivided attention to engage in an inspiring fuck or suck. Either would be fine.

She walked toward him with a sultry move that sent a shiver up his spine. When she sashayed by him, the scent of roses and vanilla poured through the air.

Intoxicating.

"Excuse me, miss?" He reached up and grabbed her arm. The woman turned around quickly. "Yes?"

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"Do I know you?" He searched her eyes. Yes, he'd seen her somewhere before.

She answered in Russian, telling him no, they had not met.

He laughed. She was not only beautiful, but smart as well. Her accent implied she wasn't Russian, yet she spoke the language with ease.

She wiggled to free her arm and laughed before she continued past him. His own native tongue was failing him for some reason as he followed her out into the alley behind the pub.

*He did know her.* He looked to the right and then to the left. Nothing was there but darkness and the stench of garbage from the bins beside the door.

He turned to go back inside when the smell of smoke mixed with the unforgettable smell of vanilla and roses stopped him. Armand turned toward the alluring scent.

"You won't find her in there." The voice was feminine but a little gruff and matter-of-fact in tone.

Armand searched for the female behind the voice. Taking a few steps away from the pub's back door, he saw her leaning against the brick building across the one-way street. He approached her with caution.

"And who is it that you think I'm looking for?"

The blonde laughed as she threw her cigarette down at Armand's shoes.

"I know who you're looking for, sweetie."

Armand studied her. She had such a familiarity about her. Could she be the one that was meant for him? *No*. The woman in front of him had blonde hair. His witch was the

dark-headed woman from his images. It was the only visual clue he had to go on, but his instincts told him it was one with substantial validity.

The young woman looked him up and down. "You are ready to meet her, hmm?"

He shook his head no. "Not really. I've been given few choices. No options. I imagine she has similar feelings about our introduction, as well."

He was careful about what he said to the girl in front of him and immediately aware that the wench he had traveled to meet fully anticipated his arrival. Something he hadn't planned on, but decided it worked to his advantage.

"So, what's your name?" She took another cigarette out of her purse as a light rain began to fall. Not a problem for her, apparently, as she continued to smoke a cigarette that wasn't destroyed by the fall of raindrops.

Armand watched in amazement. He had his own share of powers but there wasn't any doubt that the one before him was someone with some supernatural skills of her own. Every drag she took off the lit cigarette proved it. Not one drop of water moistened it or threatened to dim the orange nub at the end.

"What's wrong? Never seen a woman smoke before? Is it against some law in your country?"

"I've seen plenty of women smoke." He looked her up and down. What he'd give to screw her right there in the alley. To rip her snug red dress right off of her body and fuck the smug look off her face. He wanted to sow some wild oats before meeting up with the witch.



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"Do you always look at women as though they are yours for the taking?" She threw the cigarette down and began to walk down the alley toward the street.

Armand watched her every move, he was craving her with something deep within. It was more than just a hard-on, though he had that too. It was something else.

"It depends. Are you mine for the taking?"

She stopped abruptly and turned around. When she did, the falling rain stopped on her apparent silent command.

Armand looked up at the sky. "Impressive."

He wasn't that impressed. He'd heard all about the witches that lived in the states. They amused themselves and others with theatrics. The drama they felt compelled to share was often the stage for luring in a vampire in search of blending blood. Typically, the vampires would become so side-tracked by the shows of the witch's talent that they would forget their larger purpose and time would simply click away before they could take their mate.

The woman transformed into a cat right before his eyes. The precious little kitty shyly walked up to his feet and rubbed in between his ankles, before slowly moving back to the very wall where the woman in red had stood only moments before.

Armand closed his eyes and opened them again to find her standing before him in all her glory.

"Now are you impressed?"

"Your talents are impressive, but no, I'm not impressed." He said the words flatly.

She laughed. "So, tell me Mr. Vampire. What does it take to impress one of your kind?" Her eyes scoured over him.

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"What do you have in mind?" He openly flirted with the danger she was offering.

The blonde moved toward him and rubbed her buxom chest into his solid one.

"Oh darling, I can't wait to show you." She whispered into his ear before planting her hands on his broad shoulders.

Armand's fingers went to her waistline, gently at first, before he brought her closer in one rough move.

"You tease, young woman without any evidence of fear?" It was a question and not a statement. His eyes searched hers and she never blinked. "We're in a dark alley and you offer flirtations that many men would expect you to act out immediately."

The blonde pushed her body into his lower half. "You probably won't be acting on anything, pet." She moved her lips only a sigh away from his. "You are in for a real treat, one that will return you to your precious homeland with lots of stories, but empty-handed nonetheless."

Her eyes locked with his and in that very moment, Armand knew he embraced the one that he'd already captured in his memory.

"Matilda."

She smiled. "In the flesh, love. This is the only way you can take me."

The words left her lips in a sexy hiss before she turned into a black snake and slid quickly out of his arms and down the drain at his feet. In less than a few seconds, no sign of her remained. Not even the smell of vanilla roses.

Armand chuckled. "Yes, darling. Now I am impressed."

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### **Chapter Three**

Matilda was more than a little amused with her own talented display of trickery. She'd seen the look of desire in the vampire she was supposed to take to her bed. Though he tried to hide both his twisted desire and his profound need to find his mate, his eyes gave him away.

She knew all about vampires and hated every one of them. They were nothing more than egotistical asses who thought they were destined to rule the world.

Matilda absently stirred her stew over a gas stove as her thoughts wandered. Her aunt and grandmother never used modern conveniences but it wasn't something she avoided. In fact, being a contemporary witch suited her. She liked to blend in with the locals, and with the exception of her underground lab, she lived like everyone else in Virginia.

Returning her attention to her stew, she tossed in some garlic and a few rare spices from her favorite herb shop. "Well, vamp. Come on out and play. I know you're out there somewhere."

She stopped stirring when she heard the knock at the door. Glancing up at a clock on the wall, she saw that the vamp was right on time. It was just after midnight.

Pasting on her friendliest smile, she opened the door. His six-foot form filled the doorframe, his eyes full of arrogance and something she couldn't quite determine.

"Hello. May I help you?"

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Transformed back into her natural beauty, Matilda had dressed with nothing but sex appeal in mind. She had on tight-fitting blue jeans and a low-cut red tank top. Red was her color. A black lace strap showed on both shoulders, allowing Armand to see that her sexy nature wasn't just skin-deep.

\* \* \* \*

He stood on her threshold, dumbstruck by her natural beauty. She was enticing as a blonde, but with darker hair and soft ivory features, the witch was mesmerizing. He had to remind himself that she would fight the urge to go with him, and be even more opposed to becoming his life partner.

"Pick your chin up off of my porch and come in. I suppose we need to get this negotiation out of the way." She smiled warmly and moved to the side, allowing him the opportunity to slide by her.

He paused for a second, and took a deep breath before he walked inside. "I'm Armand. It's very nice to make your acquaintance."

"Yes, well, I believe we may have met before. Welcome my friend, to Matilda's Den of Deception." Her wicked laugh chased him further inside.

Spinning around, he looked at her with wide eyes. "What's so funny?"

Matilda pushed the door closed behind them and locked it with one hand behind her back. "Nothing and everything. Come in and let's show our cards. Who knows Armand? You

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may just have the better hand." She grinned from ear to ear.  
"But don't count on it."

\* \* \* \*

She led him through her home like she was weaving him through a home of much larger square footage. Armand stayed on guard throughout the tour. He'd been warned of her wicked ways while he enjoyed a few drinks in the bar and listened to the locals describe Matilda's unquenchable passions. He knew, for instance that she had a habit of mixing up drinks and stews for suitors that would render them pliable and willing to let her act out her many diverse sexual fantasies. She'd poisoned many of the eligible bachelors in town with a drink in hand and fucking on her mind. A few of them left her bed with nothing more than blue balls and the faint memory that they'd been in her house.

Following her along a hallway that was obviously spiraling down, he knew she was leading him to a tunnel underground. He smiled as he eyed her hips swaying back and forth, back and forth. Since she had little jiggle in her ass, he knew she was doing it on purpose and it only intrigued him more.

"So, Mr. Vampire," she said. Her sly tone tore at his heart for a strange and unexplained reason he wasn't looking forward to exploring, "What is it that you want from me?" Matilda came to a screeching halt and glared at him.

"Let's not play games Matilda. You know why I'm here." He eyed her damnable beauty and the determination with which she set her jaw. He reached out to touch her face but thought better of it.

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"I do indeed, but *you* don't know why *you're* here." She laughed and pushed open the door leading to her cellar. "My lab is designed specifically for me. You're one of the few that will ever see the inside of it but I had to show you. It holds pure and obvious hell for a vampire, and love, I plan to deliver that hell to your doorstep."

The odor emanating from the witch's brew settled into his senses. The smell seemed to not only clog his nostrils but also absorb into his skin. He could taste it, feel it poisoning his body as he struggled to breathe.

*Run! Get out of here!*

His common sense took hold of him and immediately he slid back through the closing door before he was barricaded inside with the witch.

From behind the door, he could hear her screaming at him. "You may have won this one, Armand, but don't get used to it! I always win! Do you hear me?"

Smiling, Armand continued to back away from the door so that the fumes wouldn't consume him once she emerged. Moments later, she came through the door, her eyes full of fire.

*The bitch has a temper,* he thought.

"Matilda?" He grinned easily and shot the wench his best I'm-up-for-the-challenge look.

"What dammit?"

She appeared to be losing her spunk.

He knew better.

"Could we go upstairs," he pointed with his index finger, "And talk this over rationally before the games begin again?"

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Matilda squinted her eyes. "Whatever you need to say to me, you can say right here or you can leave."

Armand let out a weighted sigh. Thoughts raged through his head as desire flooded his body. The wicked in the witch was trying to work him over and he had to keep some sensibility about him if he was going to survive the night. He was required to take her. He had to mark her as his own with a blending of blood that would only make each of them stronger.

*I could tempt the power-hungry bitch with that and see what happens.*

The notion did seduce him. The elders warned of the young witches coming into their powers. They were generally driven by the greed for their position.

"Are you going to just stand there or what?" She put a hand up on the wall for support.

"Okay Matilda," he began, "I'll leave. It's been a pleasure to meet you." He extended his hand.

She eyed it carefully before taking it in a firm handshake.

In one swift movement, Armand grabbed her around the waist and pulled her to him tightly. Spirited eyes glared up at him.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" She spat the words at him.

"Ahh ... now is that any way for a woman to speak to her future mate?" He toyed with her by adding a loving smile and touching her face with sincere appreciation.

Twisting and turning, Matilda tried in vain to get free.



"What's wrong, *love*?" He swept down on her with a hard kiss. His tongue worked its way into lips firmly closed with determination.

"Open your mouth." He breathed the words heavily into set teeth realizing she wouldn't budge or respond.

Tugging and pushing at him, Matilda broke free. With the back of one hand, she wiped the slobbery kiss off of her lips while the other hand formed a fist and drew back at the intended target. He caught her right jab before it could make contact.

"What the fuck?" Matilda screamed at him. "Let me go! You have no right to do that."

"I have every right!" He yelled back. "You belong to me and I intend to take you back with me. Shall I help you pack?"

Matilda set her jaw. "You have some nerve. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes. I know who you are." He nodded and smirked again. "The thing is Matilda, I don't think you have any idea why I'm here or why I'm interested in you specifically."

Armand felt his heart skip a few beats. *I'm interested in her specifically now? Hmm ... maybe so.* His eyes drifted over her as the realization pushed him forward.

"You were chosen for me," his smile widened. "And I'm beginning to like the idea."

Matilda stormed past him and headed back up the ramp to the main part of her house. By the time Armand reached her, she was standing in the kitchen with a pistol in one hand and an opened book in the other. She was chanting a spell and

stopped short of finishing it. "For the record, I know who you are and why you're here. I may be young, but stupid ... I'm not."

She started the ridiculous chanting again. "You can't carry me away to a place afar. Can't seal the deal with me whoever you are. Take your time in finding another, but for us, there will be someone down the road a piece further..." She turned the page with her thumb looking for the next line.

"That nonsense doesn't work on me." He approached her carefully. "Put the gun down. While some of what you've read about vampires may be true and others not, I can just about promise you that it will take more than a loaded gun to stop me in my tracks. Don't tear up your floor or your ceiling by..." He didn't get a chance to finish when the gun went off and a bullet shot straight through the glass of the front window.

Armand laughed. "See? Look what you did. And here I was ready to talk to you about how once we leave you can sell the house and keep any profit to spend as you wish. Now you'll have to replace the window." He made a point to mention the obvious before turning his back to her.

Another bullet shot past him. This time the slug caught a porcelain platter and it split into a dozen pieces. He was no longer amused.

"Of course I'd keep any money from the sale of this house you stupid blood-sucker," she yelled. "But I'm not selling because I'm not going anywhere!"

He approached her with rapid steps and grabbed the book from her hand as she waved the gun. He quickly snatched the pistol before she could pull the trigger again. "Your little book

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of spells or curses, whichever it may be, isn't going to help change fate." Armand tossed both the gun and the hardback across the room. "So you can stop acting like a spoiled child."

"I'm not willing to let you order me around and you know nothing about my spells or curses. I can put a curse on you that will last a lifetime. I promise you I can!" She screamed venom as her knee delivered a dose of it directly into his more personal firing power.

"Oh sh—" he doubled over as she ran toward the door. He grabbed at her and missed.

"Get out of my house! I want you out of here." She picked up a chair brandishing it at him.

Armand was still doubled over. "I can't go anywhere at the moment you wicked, twisted little bitch."

"I swear if you don't leave I'll ... I'll curse you to a hell like no other!"

"Darling, it appears that curse has already been placed. I'm doomed to blend with a witch who has royal vampire blood running through her veins. Now, stop this foolishness and listen to me." He moaned as he tried to stand erect.

Blazing eyes shot jagged glances in his direction.

"What?" She started to give the chair a fling. "*What* did you just say to me?" She put down the chair, and then picked it up again with a sudden urgency, holding it in a firm place high above her head.

Armand made his way to her sofa in the adjoining sitting area. She was right behind him with the wooden chair over her head. Armand sunk down into the soft cushions of the couch.

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Sitting down in the chair across from him, she asked,  
"What did you just say to me?"

"Play nice and I'll tell you everything." Armand dared her,  
while glancing at the wall.

It was already one-thirty in the morning and he'd  
obviously made little progress.

*Just great.* He thought to himself. *Yes, he'd been cursed  
and Matilda couldn't have done a better job if she had put it  
on him all by herself.*

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## Chapter Four

Matilda evaluated the current situation, and decided that it wouldn't hurt to hear what the vamp had to say. "What do you want to drink? Don't worry, I won't be poisoning you ... yet," she joked. "I'll save that for later. You have something I want so I'll play nice. How's that?"

He believed her. "Do you have any bottled water?" Believed her but didn't trust her. "You can leave the cap on if you don't mind."

She nodded and walked to the kitchen to retrieve it. From there, she tossed it to him like a football and he raised his arm to catch it without ever turning around. "Impressed?" He teased.

"Impressive," She noted using his earlier words, "But no, I'm not impressed."

She faced off with him again. "First, let me tell you that you have obviously been misinformed."

"I have?" He played the game her way for a moment. "How so?"

"You say that I have the tainted blood of a vampire, but do you not know that vampires have no blood? You thugs apparently don't have any brains left in your squishy little heads either."

He laughed at her innocence and her sarcasm. "You're cute when you think you're being smart."

"I am highly intelligent, mister. Look around you. I turned twenty-five this past month and immediately came into my

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powers because I played by the rules growing up. I'm educated by the finest schools—the schools of the mortals and those prepared by witches who've gone before me. I'm proud to say I'm a quick study. That's why some of the quacks pulling your chains want me for your wife or whatever. They need me. You need me—"

"I want you." The seductive words effectively stopped her babbling and he saw the surprise light and a spark of interest dance across her face.

"I beg your pardon?" She hissed as Claude, her cat, made his grand entry. By the quick blush spreading across her skin, Armand knew he'd hit a nerve.

He rolled his eyes at the cat and could've sworn the ugly thing returned the gesture as it slid its furry body around Matilda and went on its miserable way.

"I said I want you." He stood, walked over to her, and pulled her up from her wooden armchair.

He heard her breath hitch when he touched her hands. When he pulled her to him, he saw lust fill her eyes, threatening to spill into the flooded desire he knew she was fighting to avoid.

Armand had always had his pick of women, and he knew without any question that the one standing in front of him would be worth the trouble. She'd play hard to get but when he finally had her, she'd be the one that could satisfy him. Each time he touched her, he fell into a flooded river of wanting. His heartbeat threatened to pound out of his chest and his body craved her with more pains than hunger could

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bring, and more desire than his mind or heart had ever experienced.

"I think you've got the wrong witch. I don't have vampire blood flowing through my veins. I can assure you that the hatred I have for your ... kind," she paused before continuing, "runs very deep. Deeper than you could ever know."

Dropping her hands Armand strolled leisurely around the room.

"Okay," he said. "I'll buy that. In fact, I'm sure it does. But that, my dear, is because you don't know of your true heritage. I can promise you that your legacy isn't what you think it is and it isn't something you will be proud to learn. But it's yours nonetheless. I'm here to enlighten you and perhaps you may, in time, learn to appreciate that legacy."

She moved toward him quickly with her arm extended. "Today is my day. It's *my* holiday and you are not going to ruin it by coming in here spewing lies! Do you hear me?" The anger consumed her. The room shook with it as dishes rattled in the kitchen. A shrine of some sort fell dark as the candles around the shrine's picture snuffed out in unison.

The room went pitch black; Matilda was truly coming into her powers. He could feel it. He knew from his conversations with the elders that while the young woman thought that she had already achieved the hierarchy of her bewitching abilities, throughout the next few hours, things would change. *She* would change.

She would become stronger with each passing hour until he wouldn't be able to constrain her if the need arose. She would be lost to them forever and the powers that they

needed from her would be off-limits for eternity. Worse yet, she could turn on them. Her bloodline made it very possible for her to destroy generations of vampires.

Armand shuddered at the thought as furniture began to move.

*Why me?*

He looked up at the ceiling and cursed the elders who had pushed him into his current situation. "Why me dammit?"

"Here's an idea," Matilda said, giving him a forceful shove toward the door. "You can go talk to yourself on the porch and I'll brew you up some tea."

The bottle of water in his hand had never been opened and he decided it was probably just as well. He couldn't drink or eat anything the witch offered if he wanted to stay in control.

Her hand settled in the middle of his shoulder blades and he could feel her heat surge through his shirt. She had an excitable touch and he couldn't wait to be under it fully exposed. Just her hand on his back sent chills up and down his skin and immediately, he felt the bulge begin to rise a little further south and definitely below the belt.

Allowing her to think she was getting her way, he let her push him toward the front door but when he got there, he had something more creative in mind rather than just leaving.

"I have an idea that you're going to love." He turned on her with a challenge.

"I doubt it. See, I don't *love* anything." She looked down at Claude and then shrugged. "I can even take him or leave him."

Taking a hint, Claude hunched down and scooted away.



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"So you expect me to believe that with all of the talents you've come into that you don't love having sex with mortal men?" He watched her cheeks blush and knew what he'd heard was true. The three men who had bedded her since she found her powers knew her intimately, and for that, they would have to die.

He would enjoy delivering them to death's basement. The jealousy tore at him with hot anger inspiring him to move forward with his offer.

"You know nothing about the men I've slept with, sweetie." She raised her hand to pet his face and he caught her around the wrist.

"Allow me to take you to bed. If you like what I offer, you'll hear me out. If not, then I'll leave and determine you the winner of this little challenge." He smirked knowing it wasn't something she would give so much as a second thought. She was far too smart for him.

A wicked chuckle slipped from her cute mouth as she informed him of his worst fears.

"Oh Armand. You've mistakenly assumed I'm a fool. I am sorry for that. I thought you would be much more creative than all the others who have tried to manipulate me for my powers. But no, not even a vampire can outsmart the talents or the mind that I've been given with my coming of age."

He watched her with approval he knew she could see. "Matilda, I need to talk to you before I leave and tell you things you need to know," he stopped when he realized how close she was and felt the erection begin to distract him

again. He couldn't even speak he was so friggin floored by her sexuality and outer beauty.

Her eyes danced with obvious misbehavior in mind. She moved in front of him pressing her center into the cock she knew was already waiting.

"Darling boy. You're like all the others who come to play with the witch. You *want* but you can't have. You *need* but you don't know how to stop the desire from getting the best of you. You have what I can use but I will throw you away as soon as I do. Besides, what on earth could you possibly need to tell me that I don't already know for myself?"

He observed her determination and knew he would have to just spit it out without further delay. The clock on the wall read that nearly three hours had passed and he wasn't any closer to winning her nod of approval. He wasn't getting anywhere and she wasn't going to let him. Held captive to the freedom that she thought only her young age and spunk could bring, she had no idea of what his words would grant her. No idea at all.

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## Chapter Five

Matilda observed his internal battle.

*Good. He deserves it. If he made a trip from Russia with thoughts of bedding a witch, one who would be waiting for his delicious bite, he had been misled by the foolish elders who thought they knew more than anyone else possibly could.*

She pushed her body into him.

"Tell me Armand. Are you always so charming with the ladies? I mean, do you feel like you can charm them into doing things you want just by promising to fill them in with details of their life?"

He glared at her and snatched her closer. "I seize what I want Matilda. I've already told you I want you. I'm here to take you, one way or the other. I hope you'll decide to be mine on your own but if not, I will have you." He bent down and breathed the words right into her mouth as slowly as possible. "I don't care if I have to make you mine by force. I might even enjoy it, but make no mistake about it," he paused and leaned back so she could see his fangs peeking from the edges of his lips before hiding them from her once more, "I will take you with a forceful lust and I will feed on you for as long as I see fit." He moved into her with his lower body, making sure she could feel *all* of him.

Matilda gasped when she saw the longer set of teeth sharpen upon his will for them to appear.

"Uh..." She couldn't find the correct words, so she started thinking about the spells she'd read earlier in the day. "Shake

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it loose, for the noose is drawing near, and it threatens to pull at you, until you love him dear."

But the spell seemed to have the opposite effect. Now she was kissing the bastard hard with everything she had in her. She liked it more than anything she could describe.

*Oh no! Oh help me great aunts and women from my past! I've cast the wrong spell! I'm falling for this man fast!*

Her mind screamed out but her body was molding to him with a fierce need to just fuck him, right then and right there, and never stop. She'd never wanted cock so badly before. She'd never wanted the man behind one so desperately and Matilda knew she had to fight him off with everything she had in her.

Pulling away, she could see his look of hunger. Raw, divine starvation lurked behind his eyes.

"Matilda—" He raised his hand to move a strand of fallen hair from her forehead and she slapped him away.

"Who are you? What do you *really* need from me?" She whispered the question so softly that he didn't think he'd understood her.

"I need you. I want you. I *will* have you, Matilda."

"You've said it enough already. Now, tell me the why. I'll listen, then I want you to go." She bit out the words and led the way back to the area where they'd have their talk.

\* \* \* \*

Armand understood her frustration better than anyone, but after the heated kiss he wouldn't be leaving her alone in the cottage. He wasn't going to leave America without the woman

he was destined to love. Their kiss had stirred something within him in a way that bedding wenches in Europe never had.

Matilda had a firm hold on his heartstrings and if she so much as pulled them in the right direction, he'd most likely be under her control. Still, he had to be careful of the power he was willing to give her. He had to use the head on his shoulders to think and not the one between his legs eager to take the lead.

They sat quietly on the sofa, each afraid to make the first move. He was uncomfortable. What man wouldn't be after their activities at the door? She wasn't speaking, probably furious that he hadn't left.

Her lips moved back and forth, pursed hard against the other one in a tight line. She huffed and puffed and looked around the room. Standing quickly, she looked down on him.

"Okay, if you're going to stay, I should at least offer you a cookie or something."

He smiled. "That won't be necessary Matilda. I'm still fully aware of the tricks you can play, so let's keep our mouths moving in conversation and other useful ways."

"Cute."

"I thought so."

"Yeah, I'm sure you did." Her dark eyes were coal black just like her hair. She was beautiful beyond description, and even the hateful words she spoke came out with a twinge of class and eloquence.

"Well, then. I will begin."

"Yes, I guess you'd better. You're running out of time." She rolled her head back toward the clock and he saw that he had about twenty hours left. It dawned on him that if the witch had been expecting him, she could've played with the clock and he could be out of time much sooner than later. He made a mental note to turn on the tube and figure out the exact time once they'd had their chat.

"Have you ever heard of Erzsebet Bathory?"

Matilda nodded. "Yes, and if you knew anything about me, you'd know I'm a history buff so you wouldn't ask me such a ridiculous question." She shifted in her seat. The name alone seemed to bother her.

Armand studied her growing discomfort. "Erzsebet Bathory had an interest in black magic. Did you know that?"

"Yes, I know a little about her," Matilda sighed. "What does this have to do with me?"

"Erzsebet had three daughters and a son. She was known to practice black magic and many considered her more of a witch than a vampire because of the way she practiced witchcraft. She was known and labeled as *The Blood Countess*, and was very beautiful, which is one of the reasons she found four husbands with ease. Two of her husbands met ... unfortunate fates by her hand."

Matilda's eyes remained focused on his mouth.

He noted it. He wanted to stop his story and just press his mouth and his body into her with a force she had all but invited. The longer he was with her the more he was feeling inspired to completely ravage her.

Instead, he pressed on. "You are a descendant of *The Blood Countess*, and one that has the royal bloodlines of blended vampire blood. You are already a vampire, my love, and you are about to come into those powers as well, but you need me to help you manage them correctly."

Matilda's face reddened as the words left his lips and with heated rage, she let her words slice through the air.

"I'm *not* a damn vampire! Who do you think you are coming into my home with such accusations? Do you know what my family will do to you?" She drew her hand back as if she wanted to cast some kind of spell but her arm fell as soon as she raised it.

Armand smiled. "Matilda, most of your spells will never work on your own kind and that includes me. We are cut from the same—"

"Oh! Wonderful, so now you're going to tell me how you're somehow a Bathory bastard too?"

"Not at all." Armand thought better of it before continuing with his harrowing tale, but decided he might as well ice the cake and seal their fate. Once she knew the truth, there would be no further doubt in the young woman's mind. Perhaps she could come to terms with it if she knew up front that Armand couldn't return to Russia without her.

The witch pulled her hair back and tied it with a stretchy band. Her striking facial features were prominent when her hair was back off her face. She was too pretty for words. Too beautiful for the council's plans, yet he was the chosen one to deliver them and then he would be required to follow them

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through with her. Looking at her in that moment, he knew he would enjoy the ride.

"Matilda, my heritage is one you may not be ready to learn about." He wanted to tell her more and felt he should explain.

"You're dying to tell me, so do tell. I warn you, though, I'm not going to be inclined to leave my home for you and your native Russia regardless of the lies that fall from your lips."

Armand stood and went over to the window. Looking out, he knew the wheels of pre-determined destiny were already in motion. He could see it outside as the leaves on the ground began to spin out of control, swirling away from the house into the woods set only a hundred yards in the distance. He knew he wouldn't be taking her without force. She'd left him no other choice.

\* \* \* \*

His eyes had darkened when he turned back to face her. She noticed his pale white skin and the grey circles under his silver eyes. If she wasn't a witch, she might even fear him but for the life of her, she couldn't help but want him. Her own breathing was labored as she struggled for control.

Trying to fight the feelings from within, she cursed her own womanly existence.

*He's a man Matilda. You're a woman. Big deal. It's not the first time an attractive man has walked into your house and it sure as hell won't be the last. I bet he tastes like—*

Armand walked back toward her and cut off her perverse thoughts, but the desire still ran through her like a stream



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flowing out of control. Looking at him made her panties damp, but wanting him like she did made her heart flutter.

His grin lit up the room.

*Damn was he hot.* She moved her hand across the scoop of her low-cut shirt. He only smiled bigger. He had to know she wanted him. She knew it was written across her face.

Armand began to speak again of the heritage he believed belonged to Matilda.

"With all due respect, Matilda, Erzsebet Bathory was promiscuous and her children were born to a woman who was believed to be a vampire. In reality, Erzsebet was nothing more than a powerful witch."

"You say that as if a vampire's blood trumps a witch's pedigree. Back up, sweetie, and think again." Her words were delivered in a flirty tone.

*Who the hell did he think he was?*

"Sweetie." His masculine chuckle filled the room. "The vital fluids of a vampire do in fact trump any amount of juice running through your wicked little veins but that's beside the point."

Matilda squinted at him as her brows joined together. She let out an exasperated sigh.

He began to pace across the room as he told the tale he was certain Matilda didn't know and didn't want to hear.

"Erzsebet was born into one of the wealthiest families in Transylvania which of course, is one of the reasons that many automatically assumed she was a vampire in practice. In fact, she practiced the methods of witchcraft far more than that of a vampire. She was quite the evil woman, Matilda. So much

so that after her death, no one in Hungary was permitted to speak her name for over a century for fear of the wrath of her ghost. Erzsebet was later dubbed as the Hungarian whore, and with documented facts to support that belief, the descendants of Erzsebet Bathory, are in fact, considered blended blood already suited for marriage to a true vampire. You are, Matilda, vampire royalty, and the reason you are to be mine is because I am a descendent of the one vampire Erzsebet could never have."

Matilda's face was hot. She could feel the sting with every word. She thought back to her history lessons in the community college and how her aunt had thrown a fit when she discovered the name "Erzsebet Bathory" on a class syllabus. Everything made sense to her now. It was because her aunt didn't want Matilda to know that she was, in fact, a vampire and a witch.

*No! No! It can't be true.* The pain that accompanied sudden truths and delayed honesty was more than she could stand to hear.

"Get out." She spoke the two words with painful deliverance, in a hurtful tone that proved their time together, at least for the moment, was over.

Tears stung her eyes and the lids blinking over them couldn't stop them from flowing. Her heart fluttered in a disappointed beat because she knew without a doubt that Armand spoke nothing but the truth.

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## **Chapter Six**

Armand didn't know why he'd left Matilda when she'd demanded it. Maybe he saw the pain rip through her and thought she needed the time alone. Perhaps he even felt sorry for her. Since Matilda held obvious contempt for vampires, he was sure the truth had dealt her a shocking blow. For years, the woman had believed she was something she, in fact, wasn't.

Armand had thought quickly on his feet when he spotted the witch's books on the countertop where she had several brews stewing on the stove, swiping a handbook from Matilda's countertop on his way out. With his excellent night vision, he settled up against a tree in the upper part of the woods to wait, watch, and read about the witch he would soon care for in a way he'd never felt compelled to care for any woman before.

Smiles couldn't be contained as he sat there alone in the forest. He closed his eyes and savored her sweet look of innocence. The one she had before she told him to get out. The one he saw as she tried to come to grips with the fact that she already had the blended blood of a vampire and a witch.

By now, she had also realized that the reason he needed her was because their children would need the blood she had in her veins. He wondered if she had also put together the facts of his own heritage. He turned the page of the book in front of him and began to read.

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"The day will come when you will meet the man you are destined to be with for eternity. He will likely appear in a dream or could appear when you are in the throes of passion with another..." Armand laughed.

Since his first encounter with Matilda had been such a pre-meditated one, he imagined she had first had visions of him when she was in fact, in those very throes of passion with another.

*Poor bastard.*

He laughed as he thought of the way Matilda probably reacted when she realized that he was on his way for her. When she saw Armand's *image* appear.

He glanced down the hill and saw Matilda pass by nearly every window of her house; she walked through the house like she was in a hurry. Pacing back and forth before stopping and starting again. His heart skipped a beat or two faster.

Reading to himself, he continued.

"Once the Russians have a chosen one to send for you, he will appear sometime after midnight on Halloween morn. You can either wait for him to find you or lead him to you so you can remain in control of the situation, but he will find his blending partner. The witch cannot run or hide from him. The vampires have magical means of obtaining our cooperation, which we can neither dismiss nor fight. The only thing the witch can fight is the bonding, as the vampire will not want to take her by force. Still, some will if they must, but remember the blending of bloodlines must take place before midnight on Halloween. The bonding must be complete within twenty-four hours of the meeting."

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Armand put the book down and closed his eyes. So Matilda had known more about him than he had initially thought. He should have figured as much when she appeared in the alley.

*Ahh Matilda, he thought. So, you know we are running out of time here.*

\* \* \* \*

Matilda scurried around the house. Where was her damn book? What the fuck had she done with it? The damn thing had been right there on the counter. She looked again.

"Calm down damnit!" She yelled out to herself, and then it hit her.

*He has it. He must have taken it.*

She went to the window and looked out. "I know you're out there. I can feel you."

The words came out slowly before she turned around and began the search again. If he'd taken her book, she'd have to get it back and time was running out. She went down the ramp to search once more for her book. Maybe it was in her lab. She came up empty handed and stomped back upstairs.

"He's planning to beat me at my own game, Claude." She looked at the cat. "That's why he took the damn book in the first place. Now he knows my secrets."

Matilda returned to the window

"How do I draw you out?" The pacing began again, and after a few turns around the room, an idea struck her.

"Oh yes, Armand, I know how. My *sweetie*, you've just lost. I know exactly how to call you out."

Her wicked laugh filled the room.

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\* \* \* \*

Armand thought he had closed his eyes only for a moment, but was startled awake by a taunting laugh that filled the air and seemed to be so powerful that the trees and wind delivered the snickers all around him.

"Matilda?" He rubbed his eyes and stood up, leaving the book on the ground beside his feet. The pages rumbled in the wind with such force that they ripped from the hardbound cover one by one. He watched them fly away.

He blinked a couple of times to be sure what *he saw* was indeed what he thought.

"Oh my, Matilda." He sighed as her beauty drew him in like a man on a ball and chain. A perfect, naked, body stood in a front window. She pranced around the room like she didn't have a care in the world. The movement of flesh beckoned him. He knew it and even knew it was perhaps a trap but he couldn't stop his feet from moving back down the hill.

When a small measure of common sense finally managed to penetrate his lust-fogged brain, he stopped right outside the bedroom window and just glared in. His feet firmly planted, he stopped himself from going straight inside without the invitation. She was sitting in front of a dressing table, running a brush through her thick, dark hair. The curls cascaded down her back showcasing the evidence of her shapely figure.

His dick danced. Literally, danced. He ran his hand across his pants hoping that it would be enough just to readjust it to a position that didn't protrude, but then her eyes met his

through the looking glass and his excitement only stirred more.

She motioned to the door and then bent her forefinger back and forth in the sexiest movement he'd ever seen. She walked toward him in her raw beauty with her breasts lightly bouncing with each move toward the window.

Armand stood there like a schoolboy in heat. He moved his hand over the front of his slacks once more and she smiled as her hand went down to touch her center.

*Oh holy hell! She's not going to...*

Her fingers traced the outside of her pussy with eagerness gleaming in her eyes.

One slender hand rubbed over her own feminine mound as another hand pulled the shades. The wicked laughter he had heard earlier rang out and seeped into his core snapping him back to reality.

*She's toying with me.*

The idea of it reminded him it wasn't the first time she'd done it since their initial meeting.

Before he could analyze why he allowed things to get so out of hand, the front door flew open and he heard her.

"Come in."

He was once again pulled in the very direction he didn't need to go until he came to his senses, but his hard dick refused to let the man behind it be in charge.

*Full speed ahead.* He ridiculed himself and cursed her. *I haven't even fucked the damn witch and here I am chasing her like a pussy-whipped teenager.*

Armand stepped inside and the door slammed behind him.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Without a word, Matilda took his hand.

She weaved them through the kitchen, swayed her curvaceous but inviting hips. Walking them toward her bedroom, she held his left wrist, pulling him forward. In between two chairs, she squeezed by without so much as touching either but holding his hand nonetheless.

Armand had already decided that it was now or never. As the sun began to rise, his mind was set; she was his for the taking. Matilda had asked for it and invited him in so there wasn't anything to stand in his way.

Matilda playfully shoved him down on the bed with a laugh following him.

"Ahh Armand. You look at me as if you've never seen a naked woman." She licked her lips as she straddled him, her obviously moist center burning him through his trousers.

His hips defied him and moved toward her with an intentional agenda. He noticed everything about her. The lovely pink around her nipples showcased full breasts that needed no cosmetic enhancement. Her flat belly was exactly what he expected to find; one that had never been stretched by carrying a child. Her shoulders were slim and sexy. He was falling so deeply.

Leaning forward, Matilda trailed up his stomach in a slow movement that was meant to send shivers throughout his body.

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"I know you like this, baby." Hot breath tickled his skin as she traced his sparse hairs up to a masculine chest. When she arrived at his neck, she traced the veins with her eager tongue and gnawed at the skin beneath his jaw. She looked up at him with mischief and if he hadn't been so caught up in her tangled web of deceit, he would have seen the whole act for what it was, but he was too far twisted up in what he perceived as passion.

A heavy tongue covered the veins in his neck over and over again. "Is this what you do when you take blood? Do you tempt yourself with the stroking and licking? Or do you vampires simply bite down and take what you want?" Her tone changed dramatically and she bit down with teeth that pulled a scream from Armand's lungs.

"Matilda! What have you done?"

Just when he felt the pain, a cuff clicked closed around his right wrist. Armand was under her with a handcuff holding one wrist high above his head and blood squirting from his neck.

Matilda jumped up and ran to the bathroom, grabbing her clothes from a nearby chair. She wiped frantically at her mouth in apparent disgust and disappeared behind closed doors.

When she reappeared, she wore shorts and a sweatshirt, while he stood in front of her, also fully clothed.

"What the fuck?" She looked past him.

"Fuck? Now there's a splendid idea. One I thought you'd had earlier."

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He pressed down on his neck for a moment more before releasing his palm to show her there wasn't any sign of bleeding. His jaw set against the anger spurring him on.

Matilda pushed by him, noting the handcuffs still attached to the bedpost. She wheeled around to spit venomous words at him, but before she could, he'd taken her in his arms.

"You've made a terrible mistake, *Darling*. I was willing to play nice, but now I'm not interested in doing anything but gaining what I came here to claim."

A strong punch caught him in the face.

"You're going to leave here without your prize! Do you not understand that? You couldn't possibly have anything I want! I'm twenty-five years old and my life is just beginning! How old are you? Vamps live forever so what are you, a thousand years? I don't want to marry an old man!" She screamed out sarcasm but she was losing control and she had to know it.

Armand was angry. He picked up Matilda and threw her over his shoulder before sitting down on the side of the bed. She kicked and screamed the whole time.

"Put me down you stupid Russian blood sucker! Put me down now!" Her hair tangled around her frame as her legs moved wildly. Bare feet moved quickly into his legs while she kned him repeatedly in the gut.

"I'll tell you what, *Darling*. Since you want to act like a child, I'll scold you with one lick for every year I've walked on this earth." He laughed as he watched the muscles in her bottom clench, already anticipating and preparing for a lashing when he flipped her over on his lap.

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"You touch me and I'll put a curse of death on you and you'll never be able to finish your happy little stomp here on earth. I'll ruin you for another woman and ruin your ability to pleasure one for eternity. Do you hear me?" She paused for a second or two to catch her breath before continuing. "I said let me go!" Her legs kicked out to the side touching nothing at all as Armand's hand massaged her ass through the tight shorts she sported.

"Hmm baby, you have one lovely, plump ass." He grinned because he knew his words would send her over the edge.

Yelping still, her palms allowed her to push up from the floor to stare at him. "Plump? Are you serious? I have the best fucking ass on this planet you fucking prick!" She kicked again as her arms and waist wiggled and squirmed.

"Then if that's so, I will enjoy this even more than I'd planned." He slowly pulled her shorts down before pinching her fanny between two fingers.

"Ouch! Stop that! Get off of me! Let me go, now! I am putting a curse on you as we speak!" She slowed her movements and for a second Armand guessed that the little witch was probably trying to come up with something to smite him from the Earth, so he taunted her more.

He slid his hand over her panties and then with a quick pull they were gone. Her bottom was staring up at him, inviting his touch.

"Now, now my pet. Haven't you ever been spanked before?" He smoothed her skin under a ready hand prompted by his own desire to repay her for the trouble she'd caused him.

"No! And you aren't going to be the first!"

His hand came down in rapid beats and he chose to count them out loud. "One, two," he paused and raised his hand higher. After the abuse she'd dealt him, he wanted it to hurt. "Two again ... three, four, five." He laughed. "Hmm ... I'm enjoying this Matilda." He resisted a bellowing laugh by adding, "I like the fact that I can be the first and only man to ever spank you."

"Ow shit! Hey! That hurts! Stop!" Matilda screamed through a flood of tears.

"I never break my word Matilda. I came to take you home with me and you will go." He reared back to slap her ass again. "Five again!"

"Ouch! Stop it! I will curse you to a slow death that will only make you wish for an uninterrupted eternity." Matilda continued to scream and her threats never ceased. "I will ruin you if I have to cut off your dick and hand it over to your elders." Her sobbing broke the tortuous screams.

"Then five again! Six, seven, eight, nine, ten!" The slaps came down one right after the other.

When he finally stopped the spanking, well after twenty-something, he rubbed the skin of her ass gently as she sobbed.

"Now, now. I know it wasn't as bad as all that."

He imagined she cried for her loss of pride and control rather than from the pain but he still hoped her gorgeous ass stung enough for a welcomed sensual massage and she wasn't moving as he stroked his palm over her smooth skin.

When her crying had stopped and the sniffs subsided, he continued.

"Matilda, I am going to go back to Russia tonight. I want you with me."

"You sick fucks think you can take what you want when you want it and everyone else can just go to hell," she ranted.

He pulled her up to him by her shoulders and their eyes locked in a sea of desire. He'd heard stories about the spankings used for a sexual foreplay and by the look he saw in Matilda's eyes, he believed it.

Before he could argue with her, his lips ravaged hers.

"I've got to have you Matilda." He kissed the words into her mouth, speaking them onto her sweet-tasting tongue.

"I don't want to..."

"You do want to, and I'll promise you something you've never had before."

Her face was full of questions. "What could that possibly be?" A heavy chest rose and fell.

He laughed. "You shouldn't have to ask Matilda. No man has ever surprised you in bed. They drink your little concoctions and you plan everything you want them to do to you so no mortal man will ever please you the way I will ... or ever surprise you." He licked his lips as he thought of the many ways he intended to pleasure her.

A mortal man would never satisfy her again but Armand knew, there had never been one to ever fill the witch's tall orders in the first place.

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## Chapter Eight

Matilda hated to admit it but she was tempted. He had spoken nothing but the truth. No mortal man had ever shocked or surprised her because she already knew exactly what she was going to have them do for her. Their sexual ideas were never their own. They drank them from strong witches blends and potions. She was never fulfilled, or truly satisfied in bed because of it.

Her powers had ruined her for the kind of sex her aunt used to talk about, but it was the only way she'd been able to lure the men to her house. She didn't have time to meet up with men and take the time to date and get to know them. She didn't want to.

Now, she knew why. Armand had always been there, waiting for the day that his number was called. Perhaps, she'd been waiting too. Why else hadn't she tried to find a meaningful relationship?

*Why indeed?*

"All right then. Show me." Matilda's words were hushed but spoken loud enough for him to hear. She was far too turned on to stop him and far too tired to fight him anymore. She took his hand and led his fingers on a trail of skin to a lacy bra he quickly removed as she shed her sweatshirt.

When he'd left, she'd found a book that she'd never seen before. She imagined someone from the other side had sent it for her and she'd read the very words Armand had already told her. She was a Bathory descendent and she did belong to

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Armand. One way or another he would be able to have her even though she had felt her powers strengthen throughout the morning. Fate had paid her a visit that many of her own ancestors had waited generations to see carried out. She would become Armand's blending bride. It was her destiny. While she wanted to fight him, her self-control seemed lost when her body fought against the security her mind and heart found in his arms.

In a matter of seconds, she stood before him without anything to cover her, and nodded her consent as Armand slid back on the bed with his back against the headboard. She straddled him as she had earlier but this time, with eager intent. Anxious to see what he could provide her, Matilda had a full understanding of the pleasure that awaited her.

Matilda worked to unhook his belt as he tugged his shirt over his head. His beautiful, piercing eyes traveled over her body in a slow, seductive perusal. Trembling fingers unhooked and unzipped. Nervous hands slid the material over his muscular legs before tugging his boxers right behind the pants and shoes she quickly removed.

There, together, they were as one before they even bonded in the more carnal sense. There, together, they saw the lust turn into something much more powerful before they could even think to stop it. Joined hands brought Matilda up closer to him. His neck arched on pillows against a body that didn't struggle as her palms pushed down on his, adjusting to the feel of his oral exploration.

Armand was a creative master with a long tongue that gently lapped her into a heavenly pool of wet desire. His



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licking was skillful and his mouth supreme as his tongue darted into her core and out again. Her cries of pleasure must've fallen on deaf ears as she begged him to stop and yet her body urged him on with one orgasm and then another.

His hands were strong as they gripped her ass, holding her still while forcing her to experience every last stroke. He lapped harder as she squirmed from the pleasure.

"Oh Armand! I'm ... I'm..." She couldn't finish. He knew anyway. She'd come again and again into a mouth ready for her slick pleasure to flow through lips—eager, hungry, yearning.

After she grew weak in the knees, Matilda slid down over his belly. He'd probably love to find her lips around his cock but the truth was, Matilda wanted him inside of her. She'd almost crossed over and as she felt the heat rise between them, she also felt something more than lust or desire, it was an empowerment of a spiritual force so strong that she knew whatever it was, joining with Armand was the only way to possess it. Matilda wanted what he offered. She needed what his body was giving her and now she'd take it if it meant *raping him* for it.

"I can't stop..." She kissed him quickly with laughter in her voice and slid over him driving him into her body with the movement she never tried to slow.

"Oh Matilda," he called to her, "you can't rape the willing love."

He'd read her thoughts.

He pumped into her as she moved her hips forward and then back again. The four-letter word even had a ring to it

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and drove her forward. Every inch of him ... every stroke of his body into hers, personified cravings fulfilled.

With her knees tucked under her, she grabbed the headboard as Armand scooted back. She rose and fell with bouncing breasts that he watched with evident admiration but didn't take for his own. He was after the quick climax and she wanted him to find it. She looked down at where they joined, watched his long, hard rod enter her and exit. Enter and exit. In and out. The visual stimulation drove her crazy.

Before Matilda knew what struck her, he grabbed her tight around the neck and his eyes quickly turned a silvery lavender shade before his fangs appeared. Two long pointed teeth came for her as quickly as his body did the same. She could feel an amazing spurt of moisture drip into her core as he pulled her neck to him and bit down in one swift, bewitching moment that would leave her ruined forever. No man, mortal or immortal, could bring her what she experienced in that precise moment. She belonged to Armand.

\* \* \* \*

Armand caressed the area where his teeth had punctured her neck, the gentle explorations of his tongue soothing the sensitive flesh. She moaned and cried some more but never once stopped touching him.

The whole time, he moved his left hand over her back stroking her with gentleness.

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"It's all right now Matilda." He moved over her with such careful touches. Their bodies harmoniously touched in places they never knew existed.

"This is it?"

"Gee. Thanks." Armand chuckled and kissed her forehead. "I thought the blending went rather well."

"No, I mean, shouldn't I feel differently about you now?" She asked an honest question.

"You will." He stroked her hair.

She turned to look at him placing her hands on his chest and resting her chin on them. "I know I've never had multiple orgasms before. I'm willing to bet you have a lot of those left to give." Her smile turned up the corners of a mouth he wanted more and more.

"I suppose we'll both have a lot of those left to give one another. At least, I sure hope so." One eye opened and he smiled even bigger. "I know one thing, your body is pure sin. You have a body that could ruin the average mortal man." He smacked her ass playfully.

Matilda reached down between his legs and stroked his spent cock before taking it in a firm grip. "And what about the immortal vamp? What does my body do for him?"

He pulled her up to him and looked deep into her eyes, "Hmm ... I'm going to spend eternity showing you. If you ever have any doubts, I will drink one or two of your brews so you can control me for a night or two. How does that sound?"

Her face lit up the room. "It sounds like something that I'll look forward to trying. I'll read up on the best potion..."

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Armand's burst of laughter put an immediate damper on her thoughts.

"What's so funny?" Her eyes narrowed. She couldn't stand to be laughed at unless she was in on the joke.

"Matilda, when we blended our bloodlines, you became empowered with more than you'll ever learn from one of your spell books. You now possess the skills to use whatever powers become you most, but you have them all. You have the black magic and the vampirism of Erzsebet Bathory, and all of the heritage that the name and the associated bloodlines bring." He smiled but could find no evidence of peace in her blank expression.

In that moment, Armand watched her transformation and thanked his lucky stars that he was a vampire that she would one day truly love. It was scripted and written and Armand knew it was so. They would love one another throughout eternity.

Unfortunately, the woman in his bed had been *the chosen one*. He saw it as it happened right before his eyes even though he had fully suspected it.

The woman in his arms with extraordinary beauty was immediately, blindingly beautiful with catlike eyes that were unmistakably related to those of Erzsebet's. Matilda touched her skin with light fingers.

"What's happening to me?"

"I'm afraid you have found your place again, my dear, and this time, I hope life will be kinder." He reached out for her but she slapped his hand away as she slid out of bed and went to stand in front of the mirror.

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Throughout history, Erzsebet Bathory was noted as a vain woman with a cruel hand, and as Matilda watched her own body reshape in the form of a much prettier and more voluptuous woman, she knew she'd received the curse only one witch would own. She was going to wear the face of the vampire witch.

"Erzsebet Bathory." She whispered the name as she touched her cheeks with her palms. "It can't be. I can't be."

Before the implications could overwhelm her, Armand came in behind her with a rod ready for acceptance. With her palms settled against the top of the dressing table, she watched with enthusiasm as he entered her from behind.

"Oh Armand, now you've given me everything!" She cried out with intoxicating appreciation as she leaned over to watch herself fuck and just as the famed Erzsebet's vanity had been noted throughout history, Matilda suddenly understood why.

Her beauty was the kind that would ruin any mortal man, and spoil the immortal ... *beginning* with Armand. The man who held the bloodlines of the one vampire she could never truly possess, and was now inside of her, punishing her with pleasure like she'd never known—a dick of deliverance. He cursed her into the future with memories of the past, dividing her in two with the separation of the life she left behind, and the life she would soon find again.

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### **Note from the author**

This is a work of paranormal fiction. The author acknowledges that the stories and historical research of Erzsebet Bathory were used in the storyline. However, Bewitching Bite is a fictional work that is intended for reading enjoyment as a work with fictional characters only.

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