

DESTINY BLAINE



BEWITCHING  
PURPOSE

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Bewitching Purpose [Blending Bloodlines Series Book Two]  
*by Destiny Blaine*

## **Bewitching Purpose**

Book Two of the *Blending Bloodlines* Series

by Destiny Blaine

WARNING:

Adult Content. Not recommended for individuals under the  
age of 18.

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**For the women, or the witches, who forever love a  
handsome vampire...**

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## Chapter One

"Woman! What you need is a good stiff one in your cheek, perhaps even one like mine—as you know, I have the perfect size to occupy your naughty little mouth. Maybe with the right form of entertainment, there wouldn't be room for venom to spray so easily from your lips!" Armand trailed behind her, gaining ground one minute and losing it the next with a simple hesitation between strides.

"Leave me alone." She climbed higher through a maze of rocks before calling over her shoulder. Her long black waves of layered curls tumbled around her face while she attempted to push it back out of her eyes.

"I don't know what your problem is." Armand's fury held him hostage. When he reached the top of the hill where Matilda stood, he felt imprisoned by it. He wanted to find the right pitch or expressive voice, but controlled anger locked his words into monotone.

The wind lashed at his back and while he couldn't necessarily feel it, he could smell it. His body held some measure of composure which proved difficult after the climb straight uphill. While breathing provided a challenge, his nostrils still flared with an innate ability to capture scents. Cool, fresh air sprayed through his nose. Mixed with the smell of Matilda's perfume, an intoxicating combination of rain, daisies, and freshly cut grass taunted his foul mood.

It damn near pissed him off.



Matilda wheeled around on her heels. "Have you forgotten our deal?"

Her eyes, while piercing through him with contempt, could still play havoc on Armand's cock. He stood straighter, not because of pride, but because of the increasing throb between his legs beckoning him to gain some posture. He needed to curse her right then and there, and he also wanted to turn the woman over his knee. Armand loved raising a playful hand and hearing it smack against Matilda's bottom. Right now, he'd enjoy beating her ass. Truly.

Breathless from the ridiculous hike she had insisted they take, without words of encouragement but instead those of battle, he questioned her. "What are you talking about? I don't make deals with witches." He chuckled, understanding his words would be perceived as fighting ones. Since day one, he'd known just the right phrases to use when he wanted to lead them into the fiery pits of an undetermined war zone.

Matilda's cheeks turned apple red faster than he anticipated. "Of course you don't, darling. You fuck them, but you don't bargain with them. It would be a lost cause after all." She pushed by him as if she intended to go back down the trail they'd just walked.

He grabbed her arm. "Matilda, we've fought for days. I know you care for me, and yet you continually try to provoke me. When does it all end?" His voice softened with his grip.

She tugged her arm free when he loosened his hold. "It doesn't end. You can keep fucking me while telling yourself I enjoy it, maybe even while convincing yourself I even love you, but I don't. You promised me that one day soon we'll

screw ourselves straight back into the true throes of our history, but eventually never comes—tomorrow does, and I never find the true pleasure in it."

Armand watched her catlike eyes for a sign; a flutter of eyelashes, a sharp movement or flicker of emotion just dancing across her pupils, but she didn't give him what he thought he might see. Her lifelong hatred of vampires made her miserable at times, and often he understood it. Matilda lived trapped inside her own body, destroyed by the somewhat new revelation of a past still waiting to unfold before her—one where an apocalypse waited to test the hands of time.

"I know what this is all about." He studied her carefully before he spoke to her again. "Your soul is scarred. Your pride is wounded, and you are drowning your misery in your own blood, but it doesn't ease the agony of an opened, tortured wound."

Her eyes clouded with the sudden acknowledgement of his remarks and for a minute, he thought she might actually cry, but to let the first tear fall would mean she conceded. Matilda never compromised herself by giving up.

Armand took a deep breath and slowly released it as he spoke. "When I went to America to find you, I felt doomed. I didn't want to blend bloodlines or anything else. A wicked witch with royal vampire blood flowing through dainty little veins didn't exactly turn me on, and I'm sure now you see why. Initially I fought it, but Matilda, do not make the mistake of believing that I will not fight just as hard to keep you after finding you and—having you in my bed."

He liked that part specifically. Really, he did.

"You don't appeal to me." She snapped out her lie. She took him for a blatant fool, but he saw her mind twist with the agony of defeat because her lips told something her eyes refused to confirm. She looked away from his gaze. "This life isn't for me. It isn't what I want. I want to go home." Matilda stormed past him. He didn't turn to watch her.

She actually stunned him with her words when she said the magical—and yes, dreaded phrase. *She wants to go home?* Now, he had a real problem on his hands.

They'd been at this very place before—too frequently in recent days. In that moment, he wanted her to go, but he wanted her to go back to *his* home and *their* bed. He'd deal with her and her attitude when she could at least make a stab at being a bit more affable.

Armand kicked the toe of his shoe in the dirt and shook his fists at thin air. "This is fucking ridiculous. This woman is not my blending mate. She's a dried up wench that deserves to go back to the States. She belongs there with all of her lies and trickery. She needs to be fucking those men with their homespun dicks after drinking her concoctions. She should be living in that pathetic little cottage where I found her! Then I would be permitted to find some measure of pleasure in the comfortable surroundings I used to refer to as a peaceful refuge—*my own home!*" He stomped in a circle for a second or two more before simmering down long enough to come to a complete standstill.

He closed his eyes and tried to imagine Matilda the year before at their somewhat peculiar meeting. The first time he

spotted her, she had blonde hair, wore a snug and definitely sexy red dress. She magically transformed into a cat one minute and a snake the next. He snickered as he remembered how quickly he'd played right into her hand. When he left Russia in search of her, he planned to surprise *her*, but she found *him* without any problem soon after he arrived in the town of Roanoke, Virginia.

Matilda wasn't a dumb witch. She came into her powers with the full knowledge of blending brides and with a good understanding of the joining process. The purpose of it still seemed to confuse her. She didn't need to know too much too soon, or else she would be rather dangerous—at least to him.

Her fate left her victim to a vampire panel and their plans. Armand carried out every detail remarkably well. He smiled. He probably should've patted himself on the back. His arm bent, and he almost did it, but he stopped short of the self-congratulations and silent praise.

"She what?" A voice came from behind him.

Armand quickly turned to find Nellie standing with her mouth open, and his arms flew around her upon the sighting. Armand adored Nellie. If she'd only been available and a few hundred years younger, Armand and Nellie would've been a perfect pair. Instead, she was his advisor. Every vampire on the planet must've turned green with envy when she'd been assigned to him because, despite her age, Nellie's beauty always remained unspoiled by the true number of years marking her.

Armand didn't see Nellie often, but when he did, he embraced her as though he never wanted to let go. She'd

been more of a maternal figure than a friend, and he trusted her completely.

"I didn't see you there." Armand broke the embrace.

"Of course you didn't. I only appeared when I heard you say something about a homespun dick. I could go for a few of those. Where does one find these men with such titillating equipment?" She looked anxious for his response. Her eyes held pure devilment in her stare, and her mouth turned up in a mischievous smirk.

Armand looked at her warily with suspicion showing in his own gaze, though he couldn't be sure if she caught it. Nellie was extremely intelligent in all areas of business but when it came to men, she didn't have a clue. He laughed out loud over her innocence.

"Forget about it. It's Matilda. I just needed to curse her for a few minutes."

"I know who you were cursing, and I might even understand. She's not a very likeable witch when she goes on her tangents, and I've grown to understand whereby witches are often introduced as quite wicked." Nellie smoothed back the white hair that she'd always had, or at least, for as long as Armand had known her. He admired her long locks because the smooth texture gleamed in the sun like soft cotton and never appeared to change to a more precise gray.

"Why her?" Armand quickly resorted to whining. He hated to play the insecurity-card with Nellie, but then, he'd spent nearly a year trying to figure it all out. "Why did the elders pick Matilda? There were others out there that would've been more suited for me. Maybe even someone more agreeable..."

His heart pounded as he searched for something else to describe how he felt, but the fact burned him when it hit him.

"You couldn't love anyone the way you love Matilda." Nellie informed.

"I don't love that bitch. I *hate her*, but even loathing her can't possibly be worth the energy it takes to do so." He felt a little ashamed. He'd just professed his love the day before to a woman who clearly stated she didn't want it. "I can't stand to be with her." His guilt disappeared as quickly as it arrived. He had to work hard to ensure he didn't smile, revealing his enormous fib. He cleared his throat at the same time.

Nellie's voice maintained a gentle inflection. "Armand, you were chosen for one another. You and Matilda have work to do. She'll come to terms with her arrangement, and you will love and accept her. Though it won't be easy, it will be worth it in the end."

"That cunt wants to kill me." Armand stormed off a few paces to the edge of the cliff where he peered over as if he contemplated a jump. Not that it would do him any good. He tried it several years ago and he always landed on his feet. Always.

Nellie walked over to him and smiled sweetly. She took his left hand between her two palms. Rubbing his skin softly, she whispered in a most matter of fact voice. "Even if she did, Matilda knows she can't and the elders think she'll honor her fate. We think you're the one who needs to learn acceptance."

Armand shrugged. "Maybe." He walked a few feet away from Nellie again and looked down the other side of the slope. He eyed the village below for a few minutes before he turned

back to face her. "She's mean as a striped snake and says things to me that no one else in my position would take. Most vampires would suck the very blood that inspires that morbid heart of hers to pump."

Nellie spoke with enthusiasm. "So when did you admit to yourself that you love her?"

Armand kicked the dirt again. "I don't love her, she's a dried up bitch and I can't stand her."

Nellie waved her hand and he knew it would only be a moment more before she'd disappear. "She's *the bitch*, as you choose to call her today, who will one day mother your children. She is also the one who you will show equal respect as your mate. Let me remind you of her heritage and let me encourage you to remember my dear boy, history can repeat itself. Only when it does, it generally comes back with a vengeance and Matilda won't make the same mistakes twice. She may wear the face of The Blood Countess, but she won't repeat the errors of Erzsebet Bathory's ways."

Before Armand thought to ask what she meant, Nellie disappeared. The only hint left behind to prove she'd been there were the spinning dust particles. They whipped and whirled in the very place she once stood.

"You're taking her side because you were once like her!" He called out to the wind, but the breeze retreated and didn't even have the decency to blow back in his face.

\* \* \* \*

He woke up to a *swoosh swoosh swoosh* sound. Each time Matilda took the bristles of her brush through her mane, they

seemed to catch on a few tangles so she continued the process again and again until she worked out the kinks in her thick black hair.

"Come here." She ordered as if she owned the right to command. She didn't ask. She expected. She received whatever she wanted, and Armand found her most agreeable when he allowed her to have her way.

It only took him a minute to hit the floor and move behind her with his dick parallel to the back of her head. He lightly touched both her shoulders, watching her look back at him through the glass. "You're going to make me a happy woman today, aren't you Armand?"

He woke up horny. She was in a good mood. His dick stood proudly for the occasion. All appeared to be right on schedule for a quick ride into the night. He should've stopped to think for a second, but he didn't. He was already driven and ready to park his heavy cock between the legs that belonged only to him, whether she liked the idea or not. Several stiff strokes and everything would be all right, at least in his world.

Damn life for being so sweet. His lips turned up in a positively purposeful smile. Lust could do strange things to a man, let alone a vampire. It was the only thing better than immortality.

Matilda walked on a fine line with the unpredictable and he often just strode along beside her because he never found it easy to think straight with a hard cock. Most of the time, he had one—no thanks to her.

Before he could slide out of the confinement of his shorts, she jumped up from the bench where she'd been seated.



"What? You looked shocked. You couldn't possibly think I want to fuck you. After all, yesterday defined uneventful, at best, and proved disappointing, to say the least."

The hands that rested on her thin shoulders quickly dropped to his sides when she'd jumped up to face him. He should have lifted them again and put them to good use—yes, to strangle her.

"Matilda, what *is it now*? What do you want from me? What on earth do you feel I owe you?" Armand grabbed a pair of pants from the bedpost. Kicking the legs of the pants out so he could slide into them, he tugged the material over his calves, thighs and hips.

She watched but never looked down to see the evidence of what she wouldn't be feeling anytime soon. "We made a deal."

"So you've said." Armand walked over to the closet to find a comfortable shirt to slip on and quickly grabbed the first one he touched. Sliding it over his head, he pushed an arm through the linen cloth to find his hand stuck at the cuff. He extended his arm in her direction. "Unbutton it please."

She reluctantly helped him, taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly before she did.

He still wanted to ring her neck. It had become a basic need.

"You will have to tell me about the deal we made, the one I have obviously forgotten about, if you want to have your way." He coughed. "I'm assuming these early morning mind games have something to do with you getting your way, so

let's get this over with as quickly as possible. What deal did I make and what do you want from me?"

"I want to know more about *her*." Matilda's voice quivered as she spoke. She turned back to the dressing table and sat down with the brush in her hand once more.

Armand watched her carry through with stroke after stroke running the brush and bristles through her naturally curled locks.

"I don't think you're ready," he admitted.

"*You're* not ready!" she snapped. "You're the one who is too afraid to let me know more about my destiny, my past; my life." Her eyes narrowed before she continued with the truth as she read it. "And *our* future. It's what lies ahead—it terrifies you to death."

"Her past is not *your* past." He said the words but wasn't sure he believed them anymore. Part of their purpose, the reason for their joining, did indeed revolve around Erzsebet Bathory and if he ever doubted it for a second—he looked at Matilda. Most of the time, she looked more like Erzsebet than herself. Sometimes, she only vaguely resembled the woman he met the year before in Roanoke.

Matilda's transformation occurred soon after they slept together. He smiled. They didn't really *sleep* together. He thought back to the day he first met the vampire-witch and revisited it again in his memory.

"You don't know anything about it." She quickly brought him back to current day. "In fact, what do you really know about Erzsebet or her life?"

He walked over to the bed and sat down. He leaned back on his elbows to study her. "I know *you are not* Erzsebet Bathory. You aren't *her* ... not exactly." He shuddered. Watching her then, he realized she was pretty damn close.

"You're afraid of me."

She nailed him with the solid truth. He feared who she would become.

Laughing with the menace of his own heritage, Armand's fangs even dropped for a split second, perhaps to prove he could trump her if fear were an issue, but it wasn't—yet. "I'm anything but afraid of you, but I do fear that you aren't ready to learn what it is you need..." He stopped and changed his mind with new words ready to form. "It's not time for you to find out everything you want to know, Matilda." He spoke with finality.

"Well. Then you are a foolish man." She stood up and dropped her robe and turned her ass to him as she stood naked in front of the mirror. Cupping her hands over her full breasts, she massaged her own body with gentle lifts to show a perfect cleavage and incredible inspiration to lure in a dick ready for intimate dancing.

Armand stood fast and walked over to her. He didn't offer to touch her. He knew she didn't need him for what she had in mind. She was quite capable of pulling out any number of toys, or simply sliding her own fingers into the pool of desire she'd created just looking at her own body.

He bent down and whispered in her ear. "My dear, you can pinch your own nipples, clamp them for all I care, but I am still your mate. You are still mine. I'll own your pussy 'til the

day you die and since death doesn't become Erzsebet Bathory, I imagine eternity will be very kind to me."

Matilda pushed him away. "I'd rather fuck myself or the hired help than you!" She spat the words, clearly agitated. Her moment of manipulated sweetness failed to produce a mouth watering with truthful facts.

"I can wait, but you, love, are dripping with desire, so go ahead and give it your all. Hard and fast or slow and easy. Take your time or wham bam it by pulling out one of your vibrators. I do not care. I have somewhere I need to be." Armand laughed before he picked up a towel that was draped over the back of a large wing-backed chair. He tossed it at her. "Clean yourself up when you're done."

Armand walked out of the room and didn't bother shutting the door. If Matilda wanted privacy, she could close it herself, but he knew her well enough to know she wouldn't find the need. She would sit down at her dressing table and attempt to powder her flushed cheeks while plotting her next move. Anger would prevent her from self-love even if it only stalled her with the temporary diversion.

Three steps down the hall and he had to reach up into thin air to catch the brush whirled in his direction. "That I wasn't counting on." He turned to face her before tossing it back in her direction.

"Darling, I'll always surprise you. *Count* on it." Matilda leaned up against the wall right outside their bedroom, striking a pose.

"Fabulous. I'm so glad to know it, but please dress quickly. You're going to scare off the house staff." Armand left her

with cruel and unusual laughter. Insulting her put him in a most jovial spirit.

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## **Chapter Two**

Matilda cleared her throat from the hallway. Armand held an open book in one hand and sat easily behind his desk. His muscular legs stretched out over the marble top and crossed at the ankles. He didn't look up.

She strolled in the library. He heard the swish, swish of what sounded like a formal dress but he dared to keep his eyes focused on the written passage before him. Matilda paraded in front of the desk, back and forth and back and forth, until she finally gained his attention.

"I didn't put on this horrible dress on with all its wretched trimmings for you to sit there without so much as a glance in my direction." She moved her hands to her hips and small palms rested there.

Armand finally looked up. She obviously took the time to go out of her way to dress up for some sort of occasion. Not only had she gone to a lot of trouble, she had also managed to adorn herself in the type of attire Erzsebet Bathory would have worn during her era.

"What is this, Matilda?" His voice held barely above a whisper, and he just hoped the question fell out to the open space at all. Constrained by her beauty, his own vocal chords became her prisoner and he didn't like it when he felt inner chains—especially when he became her captive.

"This?" She swirled around to show him. And she took her sweet time doing it.

"I don't endorse your charades." Armand lied. He couldn't help but meet her with approving eyes, and he imagined it probably showed.

Matilda wore a corset, and it flaunted her figure. The velvet burgundy dress, which thanks in part to the constricting material, showcased a perfect hourglass shape. The neckline of the dress rose high so cleavage wouldn't be revealed, and a lace collar appeared to stand out in a perfect square around her neck. A row of round marvelous pearls held the material in place.

Armand stood to face her. "All this for me?"

"All this *for me*." She spoke with some level of honesty.

With each passing day Armand realized more and more of the truth. They were moving closer and closer to a time when Matilda's existence would truly coincide with Erzsebet Bathory's past. Armand shuddered. *And her future*. The thought scared him to death.

She brought up the raw facts earlier when she accused him of fearing her. No, Armand didn't fear Matilda, but he grew wary of the woman within her. Erzsebet Bathory damn near taunted him from centuries past and hell yes; he felt some level of uncertainty when she showed her power through the woman living under his roof. The vampire-witch he would spend eternity safeguarding from herself.

He moved toward her and she stood taller. Her facial features were distinct. Smooth ivory skin showcased remarkable perfection and big beautiful eyes glared back at him. He observed but didn't necessarily like her wrap-style hair pulled tightly against her head. Pouty lips could stand out

in a crowded room painted with a rose-colored lining that moved him in for an intimate inspection.

Close enough to swoop in and invade, Armand whispered, "I'm sure you believe what you're saying Matilda, but tonight it will be *all for me*." He licked his lips in a smooth run over the top, corner and bottom of his mouth, tracing his own before he dipped into hers for a delicious taste.

Kissing her shook heaven—and hell. His body reacted to her with an untamed chemistry. It tempted him with things he'd had, tortured him with memory clips of body-to-body fire while holding him at bay because of her games.

Pushing her away, he told her. "You can't have it both ways, Matilda."

A puzzled expression crossed her face. "What on earth do you mean?"

Armand moved the pad of his thumb over her bottom lip, trying desperately to fight their fate. Trying to hold off the deliverance of what Matilda would perceive as only good news, but it also carried promises of death and destruction. He decided *he* wasn't ready. Nellie was right. The problems he faced with Matilda rested on his shoulders.

"Not yet." He whispered the words into her lips but didn't offer to kiss her. He simply moved by her and back to his chair.

She fired a round of harsh words in his direction with a temper loaded full of ammunition. "Do you think you can come to the States, pick me up as if I belong to you, turn my life inside out and expect me to stay here?"

Armand picked up his book.



"Damn you, Armand! You answer me!" Matilda quickly marched over to his bookshelf and began picking them up one by one and throwing them on the floor. By the time she tossed four or five books in his direction, Armand stood in front of her with fury in his eyes.

Grabbing first one wrist and then the other, he pushed her up against the bookcase. Holding her arms high above her head, he couldn't see her breasts rise and fall for the material separating them, but he could feel them move against his chest. He resisted the urge to bleed with her, fought back the desire to fuck her, and controlled his mind long enough to come to his senses.

"You care more about these damn books than you care about me!" She hurled another ridiculous imputation. Her hair lost its position on top of her confident head, falling into a cascade to protect one of evil's own.

Armand's breathing slowed and his hand released her. "Matilda, you don't understand all this yet. I don't..." He paused for a second studying her eyes and the pure menacing soul that lived underneath, "And if . don't, then you couldn't possibly know where we're headed."

Matilda trumped him with persuasion. "You don't know what it's like. I'm here with you in a stranger's land. I can't go anywhere or do anything. Armand..." she paused for effect and long enough to move into him with her lower body, "I can't do anything because I'm a prisoner in my own skin in a world I don't understand." Her eyes batted with the tears he felt sure she had urged forward on purpose.

All of it, he decided, for theatrics.

Armand took her hand and led her to a sofa near the fireplace. "Come, Matilda." She playfully pulled him back for a second, but he didn't give in. He tugged with a little more force leading her to the precise spot he wanted her to occupy.

"Sit." His voice divided the chill in the room with more of the same—ice.

She followed his request. Nellie would have been impressed. Matilda rarely did anything he asked her to do.

"I'm not keeping information from you because I want to do it. I'm protecting you from yourself."

He knew she would be enraged then, and he hit his mark. Hell's true fury consumed her. "What do you mean protect me from myself? You arrogant ass! Are you so high and mighty that you now think because I'm here in your country—*your Russia*—I can't handle myself?"

Armand sat down beside her and looked solemnly into her eyes. "I know you can't. You just have no idea what waits for us on the other side—or who."

Matilda quickly jumped up with her rage apparent. "The other side?" She laughed wickedly. "Oh don't tell me. When I followed your skillful dick, not to mention your persuasive words, to another country, you didn't tell me everything. You didn't, did you?"

Armand shook his head. "You're right. No, I did not." He felt well satisfied when he answered and couldn't help but note her choice of words. "So it's skillful now?"

Her jaw set.

He should've let it slide.

"Why didn't you tell me everything?" she demanded. "You swore."

"I never swore and even if I did, what would a lousy oath mean to a vampire?" His word meant a lot to him, and he tried to be as good as any promises he ever made, but Matilda never held much respect for vampires, so why not use it against her now? *Hell, why not use it more often?* He rubbed his chin as he studied her.

"You better start talking or else you'll swear I'm a mortal woman with a bad case of PMS." The ability to hold her anger in check remarkably challenged her inner rage. Her face held the twisted, yet splendid, beauty of it all.

If ugly as sin on the inside looked so beautiful on the outside, then he would provoke her more often. He might even make a sport of it.

Armand approached the subject with caution. He didn't want to give her everything, but he didn't want to hold it all back either. "Matilda, I'm only just beginning to learn about us."

Matilda's curiosity danced on, and her expressions held onto it as well as her determination and disapproval. She paced in front of the fireplace. "Oh, I see. It slipped your mind to tell me we were going to visit some kind of *other side*? How convenient for you. I thought when we did the blending thing that it ended there. Now there's more. I knew as much. I could feel it in the air. It's suffocating me, you know."

Armand decided he didn't have a way with words. Moreover, he didn't have a way with Matilda. "Once the blending is complete..."

Matilda's eyes widened. "Wait a second. You told me the blending was a done deal once you dipped your magic wand between my intimate curtains. Now you're telling me there's more? What is it? Is there an army of you people somewhere? Do I have to bleed with each of you or what? Drop the ball on me. Just get it over with once and for all. Show me some teeth or balls or something here." She stormed to the door and then came back to stand in front of him again. "What the hell, Armand? Is this all some kind of sick game?"

"Matilda, I wish it were, but you of all people should know it isn't. Hell, look in the mirror and tell me what you see."

"What's that supposed to mean?" She screamed outright at him then. "You know what I see—who glares back at me with trickery and malicious intent. You know I see Erzsebet Bathory in the mirror more than I see myself."

"Aye," Armand agreed.

"Don't you start that *aye-shit* with me, Armand. You're in Russia, remember?"

He started to ramble in French then quickly followed it with Russian just to piss her off. It worked.

"Stop it now!" She pursed her lips, and her nostrils flared. Her language translation skills were poor at best, but she understood some of what he said to her in French—just enough to become further enraged.

"I want to know about this other side, and I sure as hell want to know what the fuck you're talking about when you

tell me the damn blending isn't complete. What's next?  
Hmm?"

Armand took her hand and pulled her to him. She sat down on his lap and resisted him when he tried to kiss her. She shrugged him off and tried to get up, but he refused her. Instead, his hand rested on her shoulders and began to trail up and down across her back in a soothing fashion. "Matilda..." he whispered her name with his forehead buried into the material covering her skin. "Why make this so difficult?"

She jumped up again and twirled around quickly to face him. "Don't. Don't you dare make this my fault. I want answers, and you have them and—"

Armand rose quickly. He was in her face with an extended finger before he could think about it or stop it. "What you want is *control*. What you want is to call the shots. But darling, I can assure you of one thing, if nothing else, you are way out of your league here. Now sit down and shut the fuck up so I can tell you what you *need* to know." His extended finger now seemed controlled by an arm on autopilot, and he indicated where she should sit as quickly as possible.

Matilda seemed a bit stunned. She moved her legs to the back of the sofa and took her seat staring, no—glaring, straight ahead.

He sat down beside her again.

"Now then, let me talk and if you'll try to muzzle your flapper, maybe we can get somewhere." The room stilled with his words. His controlled wrath was just a little more than obvious.

She appeared ready to listen. She didn't have better options. He didn't offer any.

Armand slowly began. "You are correct about a few things. You did receive the gift, or curse, if you prefer to think of it as one, of the Bathory traits when we joined but things will change considerably for you, Matilda, once I go through a somewhat similar transformation."

She tapped her fingers on the wood frame holding the plain sofa cushions. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he stopped himself for a second before he continued, "there will be significant changes you'll begin to see in me. I'll come back to Erzsebet..." He cleared his throat realizing he had made a crucial error.

He continued, "I'll become the one man Erzsebet Bathory could never control and once this happens, you will be just as out of control as she was and I fear, maybe even more than history has shown. The fact is that you may be far more obsessed with the man you love than Erzsebet had the capacity to be, and dangerously so."

Matilda glared at him with disbelief and then with a smirk. It told him everything he needed to know. She was excited by it all. Every single syllable she heard, she loved.

His ripe intuitive nature proved correct.. He needed to wait. He was smart enough to hold out, and glad he hadn't told her everything. The elders were right.

"When? When do we move forward? You know, with *your* transformation? How *do I* ... I mean, how *do you find it*?" She moved closer to him and stroked his hair softly.

Armand shook his head, but her hand stayed right with him, massaging his scalp with carnal intentions evident in her eyes. "I'm not sure yet. I think it may just happen, or maybe there's something that we can do together. I have to find out, Matilda, because once we cross over together, there will be no turning back."

Matilda tossed her head back and laughed wickedly as she dropped her hand. "As if I would want to go back!" Her chuckle proved downright deplorable—very much inspired by the woman she'd become rather than the one she would soon leave permanently behind. She tried to contain her enthusiasm. "I mean, you know, I accept that we're meant to be together."

Funny how things changed in an instant with Matilda. Somehow, he wasn't surprised. Why would he be? Erzsebet loved power. Matilda craved it.

Armand grabbed her shoulders and forced her to look at him. "Do you know what kind of woman Erzsebet Bathory was at all? *Do you?* She lived as a vile woman with a temper few could stand. A cold-blooded killer and a ruthless whore who couldn't find what she was looking for in a spouse or partner, so she took all she could from those who crossed her path." Armand's voice rose a few octaves. His words fueled a razor sharp tongue.

She cleared her throat. "Okay, Armand. So, what do we do now? You seem to be the one with all the answers. Phone a friend or something. Call on those psycho sicko elders of yours and ask them what we need to do and what *you need to do* to get us on the other side of this blending deal."

"Have you heard anything I've said?" Armand walked over to his desk and tossed a few papers around—shuffled them really, to nowhere in particular. "Matilda, I don't want to take us there. Not yet. You aren't in control of your emotions now. How in the hell can you expect to bridle them? You live as close to Erzsebet Bathory as she was in the flesh—it's almost like the two of you are one in the same."

Matilda's voice dropped but hardly covered the excitement of everything she wanted to know. "Was she really all that bad? Probably not. I mean, look at me. I watched the woman take over my body, for crying out loud. Look at who I've become!" Matilda jumped up and turned around in a circle. "I'm star-quality beautiful!"

Armand agreed. "Yes, you are, but you are also just days away from becoming a cold-blooded killer."

Matilda already had Bathory's mindset. "And your point is?"

"My point is that she ... you ... are living in a different time now. You can't get by with what Erzsebet was allowed to do, and why would you want to become such a woman?" Armand crossed his arms and then continued with sensitivity in his voice. "Matilda, we could have a good life. If you don't allow a power-hungry soul to guide you, we could have some great times together. Eternity allows us a forever that many mortals would kill for in order to take such a promising and never-ending future for themselves."

Matilda walked around in front of him. She reached out to him and stroked his cheek. "Yes, my dear. Eternity allows us a forever that many would love to have, but only the chosen



can live." She pecked him lightly on the lips. "Armand, let's experience it. Let's find out what we need to know and move on. I can feel her inside me. She's dying to get out and if you search your own mind, heart and soul, you'll find you're already enslaved by the one you will become."

Armand pulled her to him close. "Ah, but Matilda, I'm a jealous man and Erzsebet brought down pure hell on the men who loved her and the men she loved."

"Yes darling, she did. In fact, she even killed a few of them." She showed no emotion.

Their eyes locked, but Armand didn't say anything. Matilda did it for him.

"And I'm willing to bet she did it only for the sport of it because history shows she became quite good at it."

He glared at her harder, but didn't see her. His worst fears unfolded. Hate and love. Life and death—such a fine line. Matilda flirted with both. It chilled him to the bone and opened his eyes. He focused on the road they were already on, and the one path he wanted to defy.

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### Chapter Three

Armand woke up to an empty bed and a vacant room. A note taped to her dressing table caught his eye. He could see it when he sat up in bed. He didn't rush right over to retrieve it though he knew she would love to think as much. Instead, he lay back down into the comfort of pillows and fell back into a deep sleep.

His dreams took him back to another time. She was there, too, just as she'd been in the States. He waited to enter her, and she encouraged him to do it. She watched with excitement, looking into the dressing mirror. He moved into her with force and after the first stroke or two; she *became* Erzsebet Bathory. He damn near watched the transformation and it haunted him. It wobbled between the horrific and the exciting. The romantic and totally erotic.

Matilda's innocence, what little she had, seemed stripped away from her and he helped take it. He fucked it out of her and watched the woman she became. Mesmerized by her beauty and unwilling to admit it to himself during their first intimate meeting—who she became was all because of him, as much as for him. Armand loved every second of it. The way it made him feel as a man and as a vampire could never be explained to a mere mortal.

It wasn't enough. Not only did she begin to transform into another woman, she began to wear the face of a killer with a voluptuous body that many men would willingly die for. He

had done this to her. He'd followed orders from the elders and only knew of their half-truths.

Her laughter woke him up. "Are you going to sleep all day with that hard-on or do you think you can put it to work for a greater cause?" Matilda hovered over him. Her palms were on either side of his head, and her body pressed into him as soon as his eyes opened. She evidently stripped off before she joined him in bed.

Armand understood her sudden spurt of sexual energy was driven by another goal. He had told her enough to entice the poor little witch to take matters into her own hands. Now, eagerness would drive her to use sex to bring about his change. Maybe they could bond in a different way. One where there weren't guidelines, and time lines to stand in their way.

Matilda slid down him like a snake inching over a slippery surface. "Can I?" She playfully took his shorts between two lips and yanked them suddenly, moving them down to his knees with a forceful mouth and a hand ready to go to work.

He moaned as soon as she wrapped him with taunting lips ready to please. She drifted up and down him with skill. He couldn't help but wonder what she would be able to do to him with her body once she truly loved the man who would come to possess his. It tortured him as he thought about it. How could he be jealous of the man he would eventually become?

Matilda slithered artistically. Really, she worked creatively at oral sex. Something he never noticed prior to then. She first took her hand in a death-grip around the shaft before she devoured him with a deep throat massage. She sucked his dick in as far as she could stand and latched on—oh, but

did she snap those jaws tight. Forgiving and luscious strokes pampered him with spongy efforts of adoration.

*Delicious intent.* His woman had it, and he knew it. Up and down, her oral exploration was flawless. No one did it better. No one ever would, except the woman she would soon become *with him*. Then, past experiences would guide her to use this kind of attention to torture him. Erzsebet loved to torment those around her. He wouldn't escape her games. Maybe he would even love them. He imagined so, anyway. Just as he loved her now, he would enjoy her completely soon enough.

She played with his balls using light, calculated touches to soothe the skin while sucking him into the outer realms of a shattering orgasm. But, she wouldn't allow him to take it. Not this time. Her lips and chin had the evidence of the pre-excitement he'd only just released, and he moaned when she stopped, noting the look of one-upping him all over her face.

"Damn you, Matilda. Finish me." He held onto her hair with a fistful of it knotting around his fingers.

"Say please." She purred the words into his belly as she crawled back up his body.

He tried to push her head back down to where he felt she best served her bewitching purpose, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"You get what you deserve and nothing more."

She was inches away from sliding up just enough for a latched fit, but he stopped her in her pursuits. Rolling over her body, he looked down on her before wicked emotions surged through his body. *Love her.* Damn, he wanted to—did

he ever. Damn if he didn't need to just devour every inch of her.

"What's wrong?" She questioned, but she didn't deserve an answer.

His left hand went to the curve of her waist, and he immediately flipped her over. There, her white ass invited the strokes and he started with the little things that made her crazy. His forefinger ran down the crack of her ass before his palms settled on each butt cheek. In circular motions, the heels of his hands moved into her bottom working the skin beneath his touch.

"Like this, don't you, baby?" he taunted. "I know you do." He slapped once.

"Damn. Why do you have to spank me? I'm not crazy about it..."

Two more slaps came down on her bare ass. "I am."

She giggled. "Yes, I guess you would be. You're not being spanked."

She let out a long sigh, but it wasn't from boredom. It was from the relief of knowing that she would be able to earn what she longed to receive. He knew he'd have his share of thrashings once Matilda pushed back further from herself and Erzsebet took over. He imagined he'd have fewer opportunities to tan her little hide.

Two more slaps. The skin barely looked touched. No palm imprint could be found. None. It gave with the slap. Something he'd noticed her taut skin do the first time he paddled her behind. Slap. Slap. Slap. He delivered the smacks harder.

"Fuck you, Armand. Sometimes I hate what you do to me." She moaned more from pleasure than from pain.

That's what she hated. She despised it *because* she liked it and Armand could relate. He often hated how he felt when he was with her. Vulnerable—mere putty in her bed.

"You hate it, do you?" He rubbed his cock over the very cheeks he'd just spanked. "Move up." He instructed her.

"No." She called out over her back while eyes dared him to take her anyway.

His hands moved around her and he brought her up to all fours. "Don't make me ask twice," he growled into her ear and felt her body writhe under his touch.

The chill bumps rose in wonderful spots. He realized she liked him most when she couldn't control him, and he was out of control when she allowed him to go this far. Two more slaps came down on her ass, and then he massaged her again with his left hand while his right palm cupped her pussy. Sliding his middle finger inside, he moved into her with a finger fuck that she wouldn't soon forget.

"Tell me you love it. Tell me you need it."

"Mmm..." She didn't have the ability to form words. Not that he'd listen. He'd heard too much from her in the past few days. He'd fuck her just to keep her quiet.

His strokes were quicker, and soon she felt like thin vanilla pudding under his touch. The slick crème just oozing out proved she was ready for him to drive her to another place. That's when he fell into stride, with his dick replacing his fingers in the same tempo he'd already started.

One palm came down on her bottom for each stroke he gave her pussy. "Sweet mercy hell, Matilda. Just fuck me."

He moved into her slow and then fast. Hot strokes urged her to take as much as he could give her. She bucked back into each of them and whined, cried even, with every smack on her ass. "Damn you Armand. Don't spank me. Fuck. Just fuck."

He smacked once more. "No, you don't get to tell me what to do."

Shit. His eagerness allowed her to win.

"Harder baby. Come for me." She purred out her mischievous request.

He did.

When it was all over, they lay together wrapped in each other's arms. She looked up at him with dancing devilishness encouraging words. "I'll always tell you what to do, Armand, and if you're smart, you'll listen." She giggled, amused by the way she'd used his own statement against him.

He needed to bleed her. Take some of the mean spirit she kept to herself and see whether he could relieve her, but he didn't have the energy. He just wanted to sleep, but Matilda had other things in mind.

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## Chapter Four

After hours of fucking, they finally fell on the bed exhausted. "Holy hell, woman. Where did that come from?" He smiled down on her before rolling off her once more. They'd had a sex marathon, and he knew why. The devious little she-devil wanted to draw him out. Take them to the other side. She thought it had something to do with sex and while it did, it also didn't.

He smiled to himself. He was content. He finally figured out everything He understood when and how he would become the man of Matilda's dreams—or Erzsebet's for that matter.

That's when it hit her. He saw it in her expression. Just when he had the satisfaction of knowing he'd been able to escape that wicked bite he craved to give her, she figured it all out. Maybe even read his mind.

"You have to be hungry for me, sweetie?" It definitely came out as a statement more than a question, but she wanted an answer. She definitely knew.

Her neck rolled out an invitation. First, she moved it to the right and then a bit to the left before the sigh slipped from her lips along with the seedy little grin.

Armand closed his eyes tighter determined to shut her out.

"I've gotten so used to that part that I miss it when you don't." She murmured a suggestion most of the vampires in their prime would love to hear from their mates. Most would consider it jazz music to their senses.



He opened one eye and watched her. She moved over him and straddled him, taking her seat on top of him crossing over his middle.

"Matilda, no. I'm tired." He tried to move her to the side.

"You're tired because you *need to feed from me*." She tilted her head hard to the left and began flicking herself in the neck as though she wanted to really showcase a prime vein. One meant just for him.

He held her wrists. "No. I need to sleep."

"No." She fired back. "You need to eat." She blew out hot air all over his chest in an exasperated attempt to turn him on when she was too tired herself to do anything more about it. "Come on. I'm right here. Don't you want to take a bite out of my sexy neck?" Her lame attempt at turning him on for her blood didn't work—in fact, she failed altogether.

Armand moved to the side of the bed. "Knock it off, Matilda." He moved his legs over and draped them over the side. He released a sigh—and holy hell, it was tortured.

She watched him carefully before going to him and rubbing her breasts over his back. Whispering in his ear, she called out to him. "I know you need my blood."

His labored breathing likely inspired her because her own wind quickened for a few precious moments in time. She kissed his back with soft lips, tracing his spine with her tongue while massaging every inch of skin she could find on his back or arms. Lightening fast fingers moved wherever she wanted them to go. Over his back and shoulders, up to the base of his neck and right below the ear.

"You know you want it." Sultry words rang out but with it came the surprise.

The dreaded bite delivered first and then the fear. *She figured it out.* Every detail. Every single thing she needed to do. She knew. It drove her and the new will it inspired would be unstoppable now.

She bit, and she sucked.

"Holy fucking shit, Matilda." He moaned. Growled. Grunted. Cried. Then, he tried to move from her but couldn't. She held him clenched between tight teeth, and every pointed edge was so full of need as she clamped down to prove just how much.

She sucked him for all he was worth, and she wanted his weight in blood. Her renewed strength and knowledge appeared obvious. She had a death grip on him, and the slurping sounds she made rang throughout the room.

The Blood Countess came to call.

"Let go..." he told her softly, but her mouth latched. She felt warm and inviting—even orgasmic.

The hellish realization burned away from him, and then he didn't want her to let go. He wanted her to go ahead and finish what she'd started. She'd figured it all out. She would take him to the brink of death feeding on the blood he had stored in his body, and then he would take it back. All of it and then some.

His hand went to her hair. He twisted and pulled. Yanked and matted it. "Please don't. Not yet." His words were softly spoken but though they said one thing, he already had his

palm to the back of her head and firmly held her in place. Now, if she wanted to move, he wouldn't allow it.

Armand's cock stood tall, erect. Hard and painfully so, he couldn't imagine ever wanting anyone as much as he wanted Matilda right then. "Baby, you're so beautiful." He mumbled the words, and she continued to drink him in with heavenly sounds. Slurping, sipping one minute and biting the hell out of him the next.

\* \* \* \*

She took it all. Every bite she could gain from him. She wanted to be sure that the old Armand was completely ready for the new blood he would gain from her. She'd figured it out when he had refused to bleed with her. She realized there was something more to his reservations. He loved to sink his teeth into her when his cock slipped into place, and she knew if he withheld, a reason lingered behind a motive she wanted to learn more about.

When she finished him off, she rose over him with love rushing into her heart by the second. She didn't want to feel any emotions, especially the one threatening to consume her. She wasn't prepared for it. She didn't know how to handle it.

Armand lay lifeless—barely breathing. She shook him hard when she saw the ashen look washing over his skin. "Armand? Armand! What the hell is going on here?" She shook him again. "Armand? Answer me, damn you!"

No reaction. No movements detected.

"Armand! Damn you, Armand!" She shook him then with complete fervor as her heartbeat slammed into her chest.

She put her ear to his mouth. Nothing. She couldn't hear anything and she didn't feel his breath on her skin. "Dammit! I'm sorry! I didn't know! I didn't know!"

Matilda's lungs crushed inward collapsing when she tried to breathe. The pounding beat in her chest sounded off in her head more than her heart. *Think! Matilda! Think! Damn you!* She cursed herself for being so preoccupied with becoming who she was supposed to be that she put the man she loved at risk.

"Fuck you, Armand!" She slapped him on his stomach.

There was nothing—not a movement or a twitch anywhere.

She quickly opened his mouth and held it wide with two fingers. She moved his head down and his chin up to clamp around her neck and screamed out in pain when she successfully closed him around her vein.

First, he didn't move. It didn't seem to work immediately until suddenly it just did. Without any sign, his lips began to moisten from his own saliva as much as her sweet red nectar.

Matilda cried and begged. "Please, Armand! Don't leave me. Oh shit. Please! Please! Wake up!" She screamed, ranted, cried some more. Then, she felt him. His body seemed to come alive under her. His tongue swiped as he fed from her neck. He always bled her with care, and it wasn't different, but it seemed so compassionate now. He nibbled and then sucked hard. Teeth and tongue seemed to take turns stroking at her skin just inches down from her earlobe.

Blood oozed from them both and he moaned with pleasure when she moved her hand to cup his cock. "Sweet, sweet baby." He called out to her as she moved her palm around

him. He rode into her hand with pleasure while she performed a hand job he probably didn't want. He wanted more. She saw it in his eyes, consumed it from his kiss.

He took all he needed, and then he rolled on top of her. He didn't waste time. He poured into her walls. "Matilda. Love me. Love me." He whispered into her neck.

She wrapped her arms around his neck with a grip that he probably would live to regret because he enticed it. She kissed him hard with soft lips searching for something more than what they'd experienced in the past. Locked legs held on tight for the fast if not defiant strokes he delivered. She rose up slightly, allowing full access to perky little nubs ready for affection.

His teeth nibbled at hard, ripe nipples before his tongue ran over them for more intense plays for passion. Stroke after stroke, his mouth didn't quit and his dick never slowed not even when she begged him to stop. They were there. They were so there.

"Don't move from me." She begged for one thing but wanted another. Multiple sprays of emotion rippled through her, riding her to the glorious end of something while leading the way to a pleasurable beginning of more than he ever gave in the past.

"Matilda! My sweet, sweet Matilda." He groaned, and his weighted cock exploded into her walls.

Breathing stopped altogether, and then she gasped for air when reality struck. "Oh shit. Oh fucking shit!" She sat up and scooted away from him with her mouth covered by her palm.

"Yes, you've succeeded, dear. You've taken me there—brought me back to you. Now, darling, you and you alone get to deal with me." His laughter filled the room, and even his voice wasn't recognizable by either of them.

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## Chapter Five

Armand didn't feel any different. Sure, he looked about the same most of the time, but in the heat of passion or just as he felt the heat begin to rise, he experienced a noticeable change. One that would most definitely drive Matilda into hell and back if she got out of line-and she would. He counted on it.

He snickered when he thought about the devil in the woman he would enjoy loving for the rest of his life. She had fiery eyes and a body meant to fit snugly up against a man eager for the kind of woman who *delivered*. Matilda knew how, and not only did she know, she also understood what it took to push him, specifically, over the edge. He would die a natural mortal death to protect her and the recognition of it alone put them both in danger.

"You can't keep your thoughts away from her?" Nellie's voice tumbled through the air. He turned to see her right behind him.

Her arms were crossed, and she had a look of concern on her face. Her hair pulled neatly into a tie-back, she looked younger than usual but lines of worry marked her face. Her perfect snow-white hair even appeared dulled by the concern.

Typically, he would be glad to see her. Today, he wasn't.

"I figured out who you are, Nellie." Armand slowly spoke with a new element of caution. "You've played me like a sport."

She nodded in agreement. "I have, and I'm sure that bothers you."

"She's yours?" His shoulders tensed with the recognition of words that had passed between the two of them about Matilda.

"Yes. Matilda is my daughter."

He nodded. "I thought so."

"Little hellion, isn't she?" The smirk told him she was proud.

"Well, I guess I could call her a lot of things, but they likely wouldn't sit too well with you now that all the facts are out in the open. Hellion? No. The woman is more like hell altogether. Maybe even the flames that inspire the pits of it."

"Nice." Nellie smirked. "And she's bringing some of it down on you, I take it?"

"Yes. You're right," he agreed. "She is and will continue to do it all the days of her life. I'm sure of it."

Matilda walked in during the midst of their conversation and probably sensing that something would be said about their connection, Nellie disappeared. *Predictable*. Armand cursed her in his mind and hoped she remained somewhere close so she could read it, assuming she possessed the ability to do so.

"Were you talking to someone?" Matilda looked more beautiful than ever. Her facial expression showed contentment and maybe even a touch of happiness. Something Armand never witnessed in her before, not even when he first met her in her homeland.



He couldn't help but go to her. Wrapping his arms around her, he touched her face lightly with fingertips. "Just you."

Matilda looked around. "Yes, now you are, but I wasn't in here a moment ago. Is someone here?" She worked her way out of his embrace, and her eyes searched.

"No one," he lied. Of course, technically it didn't qualify as one because Nellie didn't exist in the modern world, but conventional wisdom told him, based on what he'd been taught by her, that she did in fact, exist.

Matilda looked up at him with soft eyes. "You look like *him* now."

Armand could've guessed as much. He became the one vampire Erzsebet Bathory couldn't resist no matter how hard she tried and for some reason, when Armand captured like similarities to Vlad, Matilda wouldn't be able to turn him away. Not that he had any complaints in the area, but a part of him wished she'd felt this way for him before the transformation too.

"Vlad." She said the name with passion in her voice as she moved closer to him again. Her breathing became heavy, very labored by the love weighting her down in an instant.

"My sweet, sweet love."

"I'll show you Vlad." Armand whispered into her skin before his lower half responded to her without mental preparation or permission. He wished for more time with her as Matilda. He knew it was too late to turn back now. Time passed quickly now. The night he took her back in the States left her forever changed, and now Erzsebet existed in Matilda's body, mind and soul as much as Matilda herself did.

He wasn't sure where or how they would progress now, but he had a feeling Matilda possessed her own ideas of what they would experience together, and what paths they would follow alone. The solo gigs, as she often called her alone time, scared the hell out of him.

The vile nature of the woman Matilda would become wasn't something he looked forward to learning more about. Taming her, reeling her back in, *did* excite him. Mercy hell, it did more than inspire him. It quickly became his reason for living.

"Armand," her voice remained quiet and seductive. "Take me right now." She whispered the words into his ear.

He bit down hard on his lower lip. "You want me again, Matilda?" He teased, stroking her head as someone might pet their cat. "My sweet Matilda, a tiger lives in your soul now."

She tilted her head from side to side and ran her tongue outside her own lips to trace them before moving closer to him to do the same. "Make love to me as Vlad."

Armand pulled away from her and stared at her in bewilderment. "Okay, that's where we have to stop this little act now." He held her arms out by her forearms and took a deep breath. Why the hell couldn't he just let it slide? He saw the passion in her eyes and knew he had seriously fucked up. She was ready to show him more than a really good time and he just blew it all to hell in a quick moment of what ... jealousy?

Matilda yanked her arms from his grasp. "What the hell? *You are him!*"

Armand ran his hand through his hair. He realized she made a valid point. He could feel it as his hand ran over his

scalp, instantly making him aware of the thicker mane now covering him, not to mention longer waves of natural curls running down his back. He touched his face with both palms realizing that the structure of his face also seemed quite different. His cheekbones felt higher, and his cheeks seemed to sink into the skin just barely sheathing the bones that hid beneath the layer.

The woman he loved stood in front of him. "Matilda."

"Yes, you are him, love. You are him." She moved closer and touched his face with the back of her hand, and he caught her by the wrist.

"You'll call me Armand regardless of whom you prefer to see. Never mind who I look like in a sick twist of transformation. Forget all of it." He held her wrist so tight that when she tried to move her elbow just enough to give way to the grip he held over her, it didn't work. She couldn't budge.

Her lips turned up into a curve. "Now what, *Vlad*?" She taunted him all the more, allowing him to recognize simple facts. She would continue to call out to him and refer to him in whichever way she pleased.

Armand raised his hand to slap her and caught himself. Instead, he grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her to him hard. Their bodies melded tightly together. He wasted little time undressing her with one hand while he kissed her, working from mouth to neck and ear before trailing back up to tango with dueling tongues through clenched teeth.

"You'll hate me when all this is over." She breathed nothing but heavy promises into his skin as he worked down her chest and belly.

"I'll love you for allowing me to despise you, then." His forearm wrapped behind her knees and in a quick movement; he snapped them with a sudden force. The impact caused her to lose her balance and sit abruptly on the floor.

His tongue worked over her like a whip darting in and out at strategic points before her hips rose to meet him halfway. She peered down at him as he looked over her with hungry eyes tormenting her of things to come; of the orgasm he planned to drive her to once he fed from her most intimate space.

Matilda moved her legs over his shoulders. "Let me make this a little easier for you." She giggled.

Armand kissed her ankle, slowly moving up her leg to the moist entrance of desire's tunnel. Dominating lust drove him closer and before he could try to resist, not that he would, her hips rose up and one lower leg wrapped behind his neck moving him still closer.

His mouth covered her, and his tongue didn't take opportunity for granted. Feeding the hunger that only grew between them; he lapped at her like a starved animal feeding for the first time.

Matilda's hands worked through his hair. "Oh, Vlad. Don't stop."

Punishing her for calling him Vlad, Armand bit down slightly on her clit, only to hear her scream out more. "Vlad!

Vlad!" She coaxed him as her hips moved closer, pushed higher.

Mumbling into her flesh, he licked her into another world while the back of her knee rested against his neck pushing him closer, urging him forward. He fucked her with a tongue designed to please but a mouth just as eager for a bite. Taking her to her orgasm after she'd called him Vlad would not happen. He moved away from her, leaving her unspent and weeping with the desire she still needed satisfied.

When he backed away, he grabbed both of her wrists and pulled her up on top of him. By the time his back met the floor, he didn't have clothing on his lower half and she quickly found her seat over him. Riding him with a body full of intention and a pussy drenched with expectation, she fell into a sinful little grind.

Her smirk tempted him with a deliciously wild dare, and it drove him forward with only the most feral goals in mind. She moved with savage impulses driving her. He reached for her and brought her in for a long kiss. She pulled away, perhaps expecting the bite she didn't want yet. Sitting back, more erect, his hips continued to accommodate her pleasure while her palm settled on the hard surface under them.

Just when she had the climax within their reach, his hand moved to his hip, grasping the arm that allowed her balance. Her body positioned flat against him, and he pulled her higher turning them both over so he was on top.

The bite came. The orgasm followed. And together they rode into a pool of aftermath sharing the love and lust they would own for a lifetime.

Bewitching Purpose [Blending Bloodlines Series Book Two]  
*by Destiny Blaine*

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## **Chapter Six**

Armand moved first, realizing they had played the day away. He felt well satisfied that his days and nights would be spent with Matilda. She had come into her age of maturity before him and didn't even realize it. He stared down on her as he dressed, noting beauty's perfection.

"What you'll discover about yourself should never ruin this moment." He felt his face tingle with true worry. "I love you, Matilda." He kneeled down and moved the mess of hair from her face. She looked innocent sleeping but when she opened her eyes wide, the wildness still lingered.

"Darling boy." She smirked.

He stood up. "Don't start with it now, Matilda." He shook his head and walked away.

Stretching, she looked around for her clothes. She must've decided she liked the fact that they were strewn about the room because when she finally decided to dress, she walked around, slowly picking up each garment making certain Armand watched every movement with needy eyes.

He cleared his throat. "Go ahead and ask. You want to know. You've asked before in so many words. Now, you need to know everything."

Matilda held her hand to her neck. "Damn." She took a deep breath and then turned to him. "Thank you for leaving me a drop or two."

He laughed. "Don't mention it. I'll take whatever is left next time."

After she dressed, she took a deep breath and let the air slowly seep from her cheeks. "Okay, so now what? You're right. I want to know and for the sake of theatrics, I *need* to understand." She walked over to his desk and planted her ass in front of him, propping her bare soles up on his knees.

Armand looked like a giant next to her and his legs were the perfect footrest for Matilda's tiny little feet. He wanted her again as soon as he gazed into her haunting eyes.

"You're beautiful, Matilda."

"You know it." Her cool confidence didn't surprise him.

"Mercy hell, woman. You'll destroy me." He rolled the executive chair closer to her.

"I'll try for the rest of your infinite life."

"That's what I'm afraid of." He sighed and scooted the chair away from her, laughing.

"Don't fear it. Count on it."

"All right love. Let's chat." He rubbed his temple with the heel of one hand.

"What you want to do *is fuck*." She bit her lower lip as her eyes narrowed.

"Damn you! Can you please give it a rest?" He stood up and walked over to the bookshelf certain she could see the bulge of his cock proving her correct. "We can't fuck all the time."

"Why not? Sounds good to me." She moved her body around and sat with her legs bent under her. She left her palms on the desk.

"Damn you for being irresistible." His words slid over to her about as smoothly as he did, and he didn't waste time



getting there. Before he could stop himself, his hand revisited familiar territory, just outside her pussy.

A finger slid into place just long enough to tempt her.

Matilda's eyes closed, and her head rolled back, working in a slow tempo against the manual stimulation offering just the right sort of inspiration. He definitely loved her like this—willing and ready.

Armand removed his fingers and grabbed her hair a little too rough to be considered playful. "You will not use sex to always get your way with me." He eased his grip when she laughed out loud.

A grunt preceded her words and seemed wickedly seductive. "I already have."

She was right.

He tried to control the point and time of maturation for himself, but she didn't allow it. She used sex to fully manage everything from the very beginning. The only thing out of her pussy's control was the fact that she was chosen, but even then she had some element of control because she was Nellie's daughter. Fate. History. Destiny. Damn if they weren't a trilogy to be reckoned with.

Armand pressed his palms down on either side of her. "You will not be like her, Matilda." He almost said the words into her open mouth, beginning with a whisper before sealing it with a kiss.

"You don't know for sure." She wanted to be like her.

"I do." Armand sat down next to her and took her hand bringing it to his lips. "I'm not going to *let* you become her."

His voice drifted off into a sincerity she'd probably never heard before coming from him.

"What if I want to be more like her?" Matilda dared him.

"What if I truly want to become Erzsebet Bathory?"

"Then we'll have a problem." His lips traced over her knuckles biting playfully over each bone.

"You can't make decisions for me." Matilda jumped up and walked around the room in a sassy little prance.

Eyes locked and challenged the other possessing each pair.

"You can believe what you want to believe." Armand nodded.

"In fact, I'm pretty sure you do, but I want you to know our purpose so you don't pursue your own agenda."

"Okay." Her cheeks filled with hot air before she let it out.

"I give up. Tell me what we're doing here, Armand. You've been dying to tell me, and since death doesn't become you, let's get this over with right now. Let me in on *the rest of it*. You've kept me in suspense for far too long."

He patted the desk. "Sit."

She seemed reluctant. "You know, anything you say now doesn't matter to me. You've shown me how to love you and maybe that's all I need to know from you. Maybe the rest of it doesn't matter."

"But it does and for the record, I didn't have to show you *how to love me*. You love me because you can't get enough of me." He smirked catching an elbow in his ribs.

He leaned back allowing his weight to rest on strong manly arms. "Matilda, Nellie is your mother. I don't know why that's important, but it is. I'm going to guess that there is a love-hate with you both that will extend far past the surface, since

you don't have much of a recollection of her in your childhood."

Matilda stared straight ahead. "Nellie is my mother?" She swallowed hard, the shock of it taking its form in her facial expression.

Armand nodded. "I just put it together today, or I would've told you sooner."

"I believe you." She nodded and then tried to look closer at him. "I think I believe you." She narrowed her eyes.

"You can. I didn't have to tell you now."

"Right. So what does all this mean?"

Armand slowly began to explain everything he could to her. "I think, and I'm not sure about this, but I believe in some twist of fate that she was caught in conflict between Vlad and Erzsebet all those years ago. I believe that's why this blending of bloodlines between us has been so important to her."

"You think, but you don't know?" Matilda's face reddened. "You really don't know?" Her voice raised an octave. "You mean to tell me that you didn't know everything the elders and Nellie had in store for us when you brought me here?" Her mouth set firm with tight lips that seemed a perfect match for a determined jaw. "I guess I always thought you held all the answers but just didn't share them with me."

"Matilda, I never lied to you. I had only half-truths here when I was chosen to find a blending mate. The blending mates typically have a duty to fulfill and until they do, they can't live their lives independently as they would choose."

She carefully chose her words. "You know what they want from us now, don't you?"

"I believe we were chosen for two tasks."

"I thought it was so you could mess up my perfect figure with babies or little witchy vamps. Whatever you people call them." Matilda moaned.

"That's true. I'm certain that's part of it but there's something else too."

"I'm beside myself with anticipation. Can't you tell?" She crossed her arms and waited.

Armand ignored her and continued to speak with thoughtfulness. "Matilda, they want us to go back in history to discover the truth about Erzsebet. I suspect it has something to do with rewriting it to an extent."

"What the hell are you talking about? History can't be changed. It can't be rewritten. Historical documents are never changed. Modified maybe, but not altered."

"That's where you're wrong." Nellie spoke up from a corner and walked slowly toward them.

"Oh, well if it's not my dear mother." Matilda stood up and walked closer to her. Anger proved to exist in her eyes and animosity cut through the air dividing it with nonexistent barriers, forcing the women to keep their distance.

Nellie pushed by her, ignoring her altogether, without so much as an acknowledgement or a nod hello. "Armand, you are on the right track, but you both need to know where it will lead. Otherwise, Matilda will repeat history and perhaps be unable to fulfill what the elders have in store for her."

Matilda reached out to turn her around, possibly hoping to face off with her, but Nellie resisted. The women never touched. "You won't look at me." Matilda's voice was barely above a whisper. "Why?"

Nellie continued to ignore her. "You were on the right track, but somehow you made this more about Matilda and her association with you than with her ability to find out the hidden truths about Erzsebet." She smiled at him and in an instant, disappeared. Just as he'd expected.

Matilda turned around and looked at every corner in the room. "Where'd she go?"

"That's Nellie for you." Armand felt a twinge of pity for Matilda.

She screamed out to the air. "You bitch! I'm not good enough for you to speak with me?" She whirled around again and glared at Armand. "What's her problem? What kind of mother won't acknowledge her own daughter?"

"That, I can't answer, but I imagine you'll be able to find your answers once we begin this journey. After all, she can't wait for us to get started."

Matilda took a deep breath, but it hitched, caught in her chest. "Oh shit, Armand. I know what it is. I know what she wants us to do."

He nodded. "I'm sure you do."

"It's about Dracula and *all the beliefs* surrounding both Vlad and Erzsebet."

"You're on the right track." He smiled and reached for her.

"That's it. I know it is. What else could it be?"

"There are many unanswered questions about the past and the witches and vampires that should've lived on forever but somehow didn't. That's what I believe our blending has been about. To find out more about the demise of those who were supposed to live on forever."

Matilda shook her head. "No. That's not it. It's not important enough, and somehow this is so important to Nellie that she doesn't want to connect with me until it is over. There's a very good reason why Nellie wants to keep me at a distance, and it has something to do with Bathory and Vlad. They had a past that included her somewhere in it."

"I'm not sure, Matilda." Armand rubbed his chin and then chuckled. "You know, Nellie always had this suspicion that Dracula was a woman."

"What?" Matilda turned to look at him with questioning eyes.

"If Vlad wasn't Dracula, the real Dracula; then Erzsebet definitely earned the title and that's what we're going to find out. That's what is so important to your mother, but why, I don't know. Nellie never really explains things. She allows me to figure everything out for myself."

Matilda closed her eyes and then moved closer to him. "Darling. You're not here to think. You're here to please." She dropped down on her knees in front of him. "I have a feeling that I'll enjoy you regardless." Her fingers quickly found his zipper and pulled it down with a quick yank. His pants weren't far behind.

Before he could get too excited by all of it, Matilda pressed her mouth over his hipbone and drew blood, sucking as much

as she could in an instant. "I believe Dracula was a woman. I'm just going to have to prove to you that a woman was the only one manipulative enough to savagely wear the wolfish title so misunderstood."

Armand's hand went to the top of her head and firmly left it there. His hips began to move into a warm mouth eagerly ready to take all of him. She wrapped her lips snugly in place and held on for dear life. He wasted no time in making sure he filled her with his manhood, pushing one stroke after the next into a hot, willing mouth. One that knew how to handle the kind of man who offered immortality with his cock as much as the blood she already craved.

"That's it, Matilda. That's it, baby." He called out to her, watching her as the lust poured from him, seeping into the one woman who held the keys to a very torrid time in history. It was a past that would be better left abandoned, but at the moment, between the moans, groans and thrusts, he didn't care. Hell no—why should he? He had everything he wanted and what he didn't have, he was seconds away from achieving.

Armand knew when they revisited the past together, she would take him to a place like no other, and sweet mercy, he hoped he had the will to control her once they arrived back in time. But, there were no guarantees in life, not even for vampires and certainly not for witches—especially one who felt she deserved to not only wear the face of The Blood Countess but also the title of Dracula. The new revelation brought on a shattering climax. During it, he saw her greed but recognized a new-found trait he completely owned.

He was insatiable.

His life changed in an instant, and he couldn't wait to move forward. Maybe Matilda and Erzsebet weren't all that different. Perhaps he even held strong similarities to Vlad. As a smiled turned up the corners of his mouth, he felt the surge through his body and his strokes came quicker; easier even—just as much as the acceptance of the days unfolding before them.

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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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But when one of her young charges pickpockets a wallet from her high school nemesis, Aliya Baban, Moreen decides to put the illicit skills she learned as a teenager to good use ... by breaking into Aliya's apartment to return the stolen wallet, thus keeping the kid who stole it out of trouble and out of jail.

However, once she's in the opulent Manhattan flat, Moreen can't resist the urge to take one small token from the woman she still blames for her own downfall-an old, neglected oil lamp that she's sure Aliya will never miss.

Moreen accidentally summons a gorgeous demon-turned-pleasure djinni named Paran ... and he's not too thrilled with the theft of his property. Moreen has rubbed his lamp, the contract is sealed. For the next thirty days, she belongs to him. And Paran intends to use this time to help his little felon learn some important lessons, including the true meaning of the words honor and obey.

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