

Revelations of a Vampire Witch

By

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Dear Diary, forgive me, it's been over a year since my last entry and so much has happened.

Between Caitie's death and my becoming the first vampire-witch hybrid, I decided I needed to get away for a while. I'm sure you can understand. I left everything behind, even you, my grimoire/secret diary. I traveled all around the world. I toured Japan to see my heritage on my mom's side. Ireland to see my dad's heritage. Even visited my 'brothel sisters' in Brazil. Haha! And I explored a dozen other countries along the way. It was a fantastic vacation.

When I returned home, I told my mom I wanted to go to college. That I didn't want to grow old working in her metaphysical bookstore. Even though I stayed in hostels, I spent all my savings on my journey around the world. I didn't have a lot to begin with. Anyway, I applied for every grant I could find. Wrote countless papers. And though I'm not Christian, I won a full scholarship to one of the most prestigious Catholic universities in the UK. I didn't even remember soliciting them, but I wasn't going to turn down a free education.

I arrived last night, stayed in a cheap hotel but only slept a few hours because I was so excited and nervous. I took a taxi to the campus this morning. It's massive and daunting. The moment I stepped onto the school grounds I felt different. Like I'd walked through a portal into another world.

My dormmate arrived just after I finished unpacking, so I helped her to do the same before going to breakfast together. She's Japanese. I imagine we were placed together since, thanks to my mom, I'm fluent in the language. Then again, her English is excellent so maybe it was coincidental.

Yuri's the naiveté and shy nerdy type, but she's also adorable. Her clothing's bright and modest. Basically the opposite of my punky gothic style. She's five-foot-tall to my five-foot-six, a hundred pounds to my hundred-and-twenty, and wears a C-cup like I used to before I used my hybrid-amped magick to gradually enlarge my breasts to a D-cup. They look *huge* on my petite frame. Her brunet hair is long and sleek, while my raven hair is pixie-cut with violet highlights. Her ears are unpierced, while my amethyst navel piercing matches the one in my nose. The only similarity in our appearance is her mocha eyes and my emerald-green are almond-shaped.

Yuri attached herself to me right away. I'm sure she's too timid to make friends easily. I'm not complaining. Her friendship is appreciated. But I also haven't been with a woman since Caitie, nor a man since Dante, so I've got the itch pretty bad. Yuri hasn't given me any sign that she swings both ways like myself, but a girl can hope, can't she?

Well, I'm off to the chancellor's office. I received a personal summons. I don't know why. Later, Diary.

Tuesday, September 16, 2014

Diary, if not for you, I wouldn't be sure what happened last night wasn't a dark fantasy. When I awoke I was sure it had been a dream, but then I read my last entry and knew that wasn't true. If the summons was real then the meeting was too.

I wore my purple corset dress, knee-high black combat boots with purple laces, and purple eyeliner and shadow.

The administrative building, at the center of the university, is a renovated gothic cathedral, like something out of Transylvania. Under the moonlight, it appeared utterly diabolical. When I crossed the threshold, the otherworldly feeling I felt upon entering the school grounds hit me again but magnified greatly. As I walked the spiral stairwell of the highest tower,

the sensation grew more and more potent. By the time I reached the chancellor's office at the top, my fingers and toes were tingling and my mind was heavy with an encroaching force.

I thought I was hallucinating when I stepped into the opulent office and discovered three identical vampires. I would have blown all three of them out the tower windows, but each of them had a spellbound slave in close proximity, which, no doubt, would have been used as a shield.

I had been expecting a balding old man in long robes, but instead, I found Italian triplets in expensive business suits. Tall and muscular with thick dark hair and piercing blue eyes like polished lapis marble. The different shades of their silk neckties were the only way to distinguish between them. Their transfixed assistants could pass for sisters. Each had long blonde hair and bodacious breasts and booties squeezed taut by their slutty secretary outfits.

Archbishop Abandonato rose from his black leather chair and sashayed around a monolithic piece of intricately carved wooden furniture that makes the Resolute desk in the Oval Office look meager and informal by comparison. Bishop Cappello and Bishop Gallo abandoned their escritorios on opposite sides of the vast room to stand on either side of the chancellor like royal guardsmen. The blondes followed, never more than an arm's reach away.

Abandonato held out his hand, palm down, and flashed me a predatory grin. "Breanna Miko, what a pleasure to finally lay my eyes upon you."

Swallowing my pride for the sake of their slaves, I played along, bowing and kissing the golden ring on his finger. "Thank you, Your Excellency."

He caressed my cheek gently. "Mia bella bambina, you will address me as Maestri. Capisce?"

His calling me his beautiful little girl sent a warm shiver down below, causing my puss to heat and ooze. I don't know how it was possible, but I was becoming magickally enthralled. As a hybrid, I didn't think I was susceptible to lust magick anymore. Abandonato is either the equivalent of Dracula, if such a vampire exists, or he's substantially magnifying his magick somehow.

"Yes, Maestri." I giggled after addressing him as master. I actually *giggled*, like a blushing schoolgirl fawning over her teacher. "How may I serve you?"

He offered me a conceited chuckle. "So many ways, so many *wondrous* ways. I am to thank for your scholarship, after all. You must be grateful. I'm sure you're *eager* to show me your appreciation."

I nodded. "*More* than eager." Though a shrinking part of me wanted to strangle him with his necktie until his eyes burst from his skull.

"I could take it away as easily as I gifted it, but I'm sure that won't be necessary." A devilish grimace dominated his face, and he commanded, "Remove your dress."

With a whispered spell, my corset dress unlaced itself and my little lacy outfit fell to the floor, releasing my big buoyant breasts, which bounced and jiggled, and left me naked but for my knee-high combat boots and purple bikini-panties.

Abandonato peaked a brow in reverence as his gaze glided along my bold curves. "Give me a spin."

I turned for him, like a model on display, somehow feeling exalted and humiliated simultaneously.

"You are an *exquisite* specimen." His tongue tip skimmed across his lips and he motioned to the hardwood floor with a downward glance of his eyes. "Get on your knees."

I plummeted to the floor as if drawn down by an electromagnet. Abandonato's blonde bimbo unzipped his pants without a verbal command, reached a slender hand inside and hauled out his semi-engorged member. He lives up to the legend of the Italian Stallion. My jaw dropped, dribbling drool, my pussy clenched, gushing juices, and my heart pounded in my ears.

His elephant trunk jounced up as if to wave, and he demanded, "*Stuff* all of my cock down your gullet."

I lapped my tongue along the full length and width of his shaft, lubricating it, before stretching my lips wide around his girthy godhood, the fat head filling my mouth. Gazing up into his gorgeous blue eyes, I relaxed my throat and crammed him deep into my esophagus. It had been so long, I'd forgotten how amazing it felt to choke on a meaty prick. The satisfying sensation of being filled coupled with the sweet surrender of submission is divine.

Abandonato stood with his arms crossed as I gagged and coughed, and he launched into a monologue. "Another war between the Vampire houses and the Shinto covens has been brewing for hundreds of years. Both sides have sustained an equal measure of power, which has kept hostilities from breaking out." He arched a brow. "But then a rare gem was discovered. A half-blood Witch. Unlike a full-blooded Shinto, a half-blood can be turned, giving birth to an immensely powerful hybrid. Yet, rather than choose a side, you fled your home. You retreated from your responsibility to select a faction to stand with. We gave you ample time to make your choice. Now we are making it for you. You will join your brethren. You will fight with the Vampire houses. You will give us the advantage we have been waiting for. We will win this war. Together, we will slaughter every Shinto across the globe."

Demonstrating his puppetry skill, his slave fisted my violet-highlighted raven hair and pulled my head back, extracting his swelling monster from my undulating throat. The thrall had become so supreme, I agreed with a coy smile to assist him in committing genocide as I panted for air. "Of course, Maestri."

"You say that now, Bambina, but when you are drenched in the blood of your sisters you may change your mind. Therefore we must be sure your allegiance is adamant. Steps must be taken to galvanize and solidify your loyalty."

Roused by his lustful insinuation, I purred, "Maestri, your every caprice is my desire. What do you ask of me?"

The triplets shed their suits in a blur of motion and formed a tight semicircle before me. They towered over me, their erections throbbing in rhythm. "*Feast on our cocks.*"

With a salacious exuberance, I began to pump Cappello and Gallo's members, twisting my wrists as I stroked my palms up and down their shafts, while I sucked and choked on Abandonato's equally massive godhood.

After a few minutes, Abandonato groaned, "You must divide your impressive efforts evenly between us."

And so I bobbed and gagged on each of their colossal cocks, back and forth between the three of them, jerking the two I wasn't currently sucking, eyes rolled in the back of my skull, tears streaking my purple eyeliner down my cheeks, bubbling slobber swaying off my chin, feminine nectar trickling over my thighs, gorging myself with insatiable urgency, moaning like a famished whore, suckling frantically for several hours, sweating profusely, until I was on the verge of collapse.

Gripping me under the arms, Abandonato hoisted me into the air like I was a rag doll, spun around and flipped me onto my back across his desk, my head hanging limp over the edge. Clutching my breasts, he lunged his hips, thrusting his horse cock into my throat, his heavy balls slapping my forehead.

Cappello and Gallo's secretaries bent over the desk on either side of me, pulled up their short pencil-skirts, peeled down their black thong-panties, and splayed their cheeks. They grunted through gnashing teeth as their backsides were brutalized. The triplets worked in a clockwise circuit, from ass to ass and ass to my mouth and throat.

With the little strength I could muster, I slid my hands into my purple panties to twiddle my tiny nub and prob my slick slit.

This savage abuse went on for at least an hour until I was swept from the desk onto my knees. In unison, the triplets fisted seemingly endless jets of spunk from their prodigious pricks, overfilling my feverishly gulping mouth, coating my face and tits, and splashing my tummy and

thighs. I wallowed in their cum, scooping handfuls to my lips as I fingered myself to a body-quaking, mind-numbing, soul-igniting climax.

Yuri's waking up. Later, Diary.

This is the end of the free preview.

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