

# **Confessions of a Vampire Witch**

**By**

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Dear Diary, I apologize that it's been more than a year since my last entry. The world's burning in a firestorm that I ignited, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

The reason I haven't written in you for so long is that I was too ashamed of myself to admit my actions even to you. The only reason I have the courage to do so now is due to the encouragement of my half-sister, Rosaleen.

I understand I've never mentioned her before, but that's because I didn't know she existed. I need to start back at my flight to Rome.

After spotting my dad on the plane, who I had believed for years was dead, I marched down the aisle to where he was sitting. I was equally excited and exasperated that he was alive. And incredibly interested to learn how he was able to deflect my supercharged lust magick.

My dad was sitting in the aisle seat and the cutie I would soon learn was my half-sister was sitting in the window seat with the seat between them empty. Both of them have green eyes like glittering emeralds and red hair like polished amber. Their Irish heritage is evident.

I plopped into the seat between them and they furrowed their brows and sniffed me. I dispelled the glamour spell I had cast upon myself in case any human spies for the vampires were following, and they threw their arms around me in a hearty embrace I wasn't prepared for.

My heart chakra, charred black by the demonic force that had nearly consumed my soul, was sparked to life by their outpouring of unconditional love. A tear trickled down my cheek for the first time since I endured the barbaric rape of the vampire's gangbang orgy ceremony a month beforehand.

Sniffing, my dad kissed my forehead tenderly and then held out his hand to shake. "I'm your father, Conor O'Malley. This is your half-sister, Rosaleen."

He speaks with a slight accent that I find appealing.

I shook his hand awkwardly. "I know your name, Dad. What I don't know, is why I was told you were killed in an accident. Or how you found me. Or how you deflected my vamp magick without even trying."

He replied in a whisper, "Rosaleen and myself have a natural immunity to vampire's lust magick due to our *condition*."

I scowled at him petulantly. "And what *condition* is that?"

He glanced around tensely. "I shouldn't say here."

I rolled my eyes with an annoyed sigh, then muttered a simple spell and the chattering of the passengers silenced. "No one can hear us."

He sniffed the air. "Are you positive, Breanna?"

I blinked at him, dumbfounded. "I'm a demonically-enhanced vampire-witch hybrid. A hush spell is nothing. And just call me Anna."

He nodded apologetically. "Anna, I don't doubt your power but I'm leery of our situation. If I was able to track you down, then so may have the *bloody* vampires."

The way he pronounced 'bloody' with venom was entirely enchanting.

"Dad," I snorted and flashed my fangs, "their blood flows through my veins so I can sense when they're near."

The sight of my glinting sharp fangs clearly unnerved him. "Oh, I wasn't aware but that's a great tactical advantage."

Rosaleen placed her hand atop of mine and I snapped around reflexively, ready to strike. "Sister, there is no reason to be so acutely aggressive. We are here to help."

As I locked gazes with her for the first time, for a fleeting moment, I saw my lost love, Caitie. My heart swelled with emotion. My breathing quickened with elation. My pussy clenched with eagerness. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to taste her. I wanted to fuck her.

Rosaleen's freckled cheeks reddened adorably. Though I didn't realize then, she could smell my arousal. "Your mom told us everything."

Our fixed gazes didn't waver. As cute as she appeared, she was a total badass. I had met my match, at least for confident femininity. Her steadfast strength only served to entice me even further.

I lashed out at her with the full power of my lust magick to test her natural immunity and was shocked to feel it splash back at me, causing my breath to catch, my nipples to stiffen, and my sensitive button to tingle and swell.

Rosaleen offered me a wry grin as she causally tucked her hair behind an ear. "Are you feeling okay, sister?"

I swallowed hard and looked away blushing, declaring my defeat. I was probably the strongest person on the planet and this petite cutie bested me with nothing but a smile. I had no fucking clue what I was in for. I'm still not sure how she got such big balls.

My dad clasped his hand over mine and kissed my crown, smelling my raven hair. "Anna, it's so great to finally be reunited. You were a toddler wearing pink Pull-Ups when I last saw you."

I laughed with scorn and an underlying hint of heartache. "Well, now I'm wearing black and scarlet lace crotchless thong-panties. Do you want to see?"

He squeezed my hand affectionately. "I can understand your anger. You feel abandoned by me. I'm sorry. I truly am. It was heartbreaking to leave."

His cadence and tone of voice authenticated his genuine regret.

My eyes welled with tears and I sneered, "Then why did you? What's your excuse? How could you leave us?"

He frowned with pained guilt. "It was for your protection. Between you being a half-blood witch, the Shinto banishing your mother, and my lycanthrope infection, it was just too dangerous."

I neglected the tears rolling down my cheeks, and blurted, "You're a werewolf?! I didn't know they existed. Don't tell me Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny are real too."

He snorted a mild chuckle. "Most prominent myths have their basis in reality. I can give you a lycanthropy history lesson, if you would like."

Rosaleen handed me a tissue and I patted my cheeks. She caught my gaze again, and for a long moment, I forgot about everything else. Nothing else mattered besides her. All my pain and rage was pushed aside by her dazzling eyes and gorgeous smile. If I didn't know better, I would have thought she put a spell on me.

The trance was broken when my dad stroked my hair. He's a very touchy-feely guy. "Your mother and I decided it was best if you believed I was killed in an accident because we worried you might seek me out."

I sighed softly with surrender. "It was a shitty thing to do, Dad, but I understand why you did it."

"I don't expect you to forgive me, at least not so readily, but I hope you will consider it eventually. You're my firstborn daughter and I love you beyond words."

I wasn't ready to deal with proclamations of fatherly love. "Yet it seems you found another woman to give you a second daughter quite quickly."

“It’s a long story, but Rosaleen’s mother was the woman who infected me with lycanthropy. She did so out of need, not malice, and your mother gave me her blessing.”

“So where’s the homewrecker now?”

He shook his head remorsefully. “She’s no longer with us.”

Rosaleen snarled, “The vamp fuckers killed her in cold blood.”

I turned to her, my heart softened by her loss. “I’m sorry. I’m *really* sorry.”

For a third time, we stared into each other’s eyes. Hers were glassy with tears. I wanted to hold her. I wanted to soothe her. I wanted to caress her.

My dad reached over me to stroke Rosaleen’s cheek and the scent of his natural musk caused my eyes to roll back under fluttering lids. Carnal thoughts of his weight atop of me rushed through my mind and my oversized breasts heaved on my chest as I panted and drooled. It was a serious struggle to banish those salacious images.

I wiped my mouth and gaped at my dad like he was prey to devour.

He stuttered, “A-a-are you okay?”

I blinked and shook my head to regain my composure. Deciding to change the subject, I mused, “So the Shinto have covens, the vampires have houses, and you have packs?”

He hesitated cautiously, before replying, “Not since the 19th century.”

I cocked my head. “Why?”

He spat, “The *bloody* vampires keep us from forming anything larger than a small family. They fear us gathering numbers due to our superior strength and immunity to their magick.”

I groped his bicep and it felt like handling steel and he wasn’t even flexing. A thrilling shudder coursed through me as I thought of groping something else of his.

As a conflicted expression bemused his handsome mug, it occurred to me that he must have enhanced senses and could, therefore, smell the hot juices seeping from my craving cunt.

Thankfully, the captain announced our descent to land in Rome.

It was late evening when we made it through customs and it had been a long flight, so we went directly to the airport hotel.

I hadn’t scheduled a reservation and the hotel was packed, so even with the manipulation of the general manager with my vamp magick I could only score us one room, though it had two beds.

After all I’d been through and all I’d become, I had no remaining sense of modesty and I stripped down to my panties in the middle of the hotel suite. Midway through my disrobing my dad picked his jaw up off the floor and excused himself to flee to the fitness room for a workout.

Rosaleen watched me strip with surveying eyes and her hands stout on her curvy hips. “How did you get such incredibly huge natural tits while I’m flat as a board? It’s not fair at all.”

I laughed at her deadpan expression and strutted towards her. “Although my mom does have larger breasts than the average Japanese woman, these perky pillows have been enlarged via magick.” I arched a brow impishly. “You want to feel them?”

Her nervous giggling sounded like wind chimes and farting faeries. “Is it weird that I’m your little sister and I totally want to feel them?”

I squared my shoulders, puffing up my chest for her. “Is it weird that I’m your big sister and I want to do all sorts of wicked things to you?”

She blushed and giggled but didn’t look away. “My dad, I mean *our* dad won’t be back for an hour. He’s serious about strength training.”

“He already looks like he would dominate in the Olympics.” I chewed my bottom lip as I imagined him barechested and tossing weights around effortlessly.

Rosaleen eyed me. “You want to bang him, don’t you?”

I decided to be honest. “The vampire in me wants to suck and fuck him.” I stepped closer, my naked breasts pressing to her chest, pinning her against the wall. “Both the lustful vampire *and* the loving Shinto in me wants to worship you devoutly.”

She batted her long lashes and licked her lush lips. “You don’t even know me.”

“Every time I look deeply into your eyes I see everything I need to know. You’re stunning inside and out. You’re strong, driven, and fearless. You’re kindhearted but no pushover. You’re wise beyond your years.” I glanced away with sorrow. “You also remind me of my first love, my childhood friend who became my everything. She was my little ginger faerie, until a vampire slaughtered her and her entire family.”

I met her eyes again and she was crying softly. “My mom was my everything. I mean, our dad is great and all, but my mom was my best friend.”

I leaned in close and gave her an Eskimo kiss. “We’re going to make those vamp fuckers pay, but first do you want to take a bubble bath with me?”

She sniffled. “I *totally* do.”

I pecked her smiling lips, which doubled her smile, and whisked into the luxurious bathroom. I poured a rose petal soap under the running water and the room became a rose garden in full bloom.

Rosaleen padded into the bathroom in the buff, looking as buff as a fitness model. She was all toned muscle. I wanted to lay her down on the bath mat and hump her shredded abs.

“*Damn*, sister,” I swooned, “you could be an Instagram star.”

“With these bee stings,” she snorted, “I don’t think so.”

“Give me a little spin. Let me see that booty.”

Rosaleen twisted around, kicked one leg back, arching her spine, and looked over her shoulder at me with pursed lips.

I laughed. “That’s the best duck face selfie pose of all time!”

She simultaneously winked and blew me a kiss.

“You’ve got mad Instagram skills. But seriously, your taut tush belongs on glossy magazine covers.”

Rosaleen flexed one bubbled glut and then the other, back and forth, taunting me playfully.

I exclaimed, “Stop it before you give me an erection!”

She spun back around, giggling. “I’d love to see that.” She struck a double bicep pose and thrust her pelvis. “Does this make you hard?”

I doubled over with laughter. “Are you a triathlon champion?”

“If I competed, I would. But my lycanthrope strength and endurance is an unfair advantage. I wonder how *we’d* compare.”

“We can wrestle later if you want, but right now I’m ready for this bath.”

I bent over to slip off my panties and noticed Rosaleen chomp her bottom lip as I gave her an unobstructed view of my nethers.

We slipped into the hot water on opposite ends of the large tub, the bubbles concealing our nudity. We pressed the soles of our feet together and laced our toes.

“*So*,” I dared, “do you have a boyfriend or girlfriend?”

Rosaleen grinned at me demurely. “No, I’ve never had either. I was homeschooled and

we move around a lot and Dad won't let me date until I'm legally an adult."

I remarked, "You don't portray the innocence of a virgin."

"I've torn a vampire's throat out with my teeth but I've never been French kissed. My life is fucking bizarre." She rolled her eyes as she uttered a self-deprecating chuckle.

"Hey," I chuckled with her, "that makes two of us. But at least we've got each other now. That's something."

Rosaleen smiled bright yet her emerald eyes welled with tears. "I've always wanted a sister. I'm so happy you're letting us join your crazy crusade. Dad was afraid you'd reject our offer to help you."

I laughed. "Keep calling it crazy and I just might."

"Crazy is putting it nicely. Suicidal would be more apt. There's a higher concentration of vamps in Vatican City than any other in the world. You should gather an army."

"We can talk strategies tomorrow. Go back to the you always wanted a sister part." I waggled my eyebrows flirtatiously.

She laughed and then wiped her tears away. "So," she mimicked, "do you want to give me my first snogging?"

I grimaced at her gleefully. "Harry Potter references are offensive to a real witch, *Ginny*."

Rosaleen gaped at me, giggling. "Redhead or not, I'm Hermione-level cute and you know it!"

"Cuter, if you ask me." I licked my lips seductively. "Are you going to come over here or do I have to come to you?"

She blushed and swiped her hair behind an ear, inadvertently flinging bubbles onto her cheek. She looked cuter than ever. "Let's meet in the middle."

We both rose to our knees, lifting our bubble-covered chests from the water, and waddled towards each other with anticipation.

I cradled her cheeks in my hands, assuming the dominant role, and pecked her lips. "Are you sure about this? I'm not only your sister, but I'm also part vampire."

Rosaleen quivered with timid suspense. "You promise not to bite?"

"I promise not to bite you," I purred, "at least not with my fangs anyway."

She breathed, "Can we keep this a secret from Dad?"

I winked. "We can try."

Her glittering eyes flared with desire and determination. "Kiss me."

As my lips sealed over her mouth her hands found my hips, fingernails digging in. She moaned and trembled as I dipped my tongue tip inside and teased her tongue. I withdrew, luring her tongue passed my lips, and I sucked it softly and mewled. Her heart pounded with mine.

"Hey, girls," our dad called, startling us half to death. "I decided to skip the workout and got us dinner."

We sunk back under the veil of the bubbles to opposite ends of the tub.

Rosaleen replied, "We're in here."

He walked in with a hand cupped over his eyes.

"Dad," Rosaleen snorted, "we're covered."

He dropped his hand away. "Well, you two got real sisterly real quickly, didn't you?"

She grinned guiltily, "We're BFFs."

I jested, "Are your bulging biceps going to survive skipping a workout?"

"I see Rosaleen has been revealing my routines."

Rosaleen asked, "What'd you get?"

“Bloody burgers for us and a black bean burger for Anna with sweet potato fries.”

Rosaleen rolled her eyes. “We’re in *Italy*, Dad.”

“Yeah, but I thought you two might appreciate some comfort food tonight.”

I rose to my feet, bubbles dripping off my breasts. “Sounds good to me, Dad.”

He gawked at me carnivorously for a moment, before shaking his head and looking away.

“Anna, I’m your father, can you please not flaunt your body in front of me.”

I flipped on the shower with my foot, letting the spray rinse the suds away. “Does this make you uncomfortable?”

He frowned with displeasure but there was a tinge of temptation in his leering eyes. “Is this how you express your anger, by taunting me?”

I turned around, showing him my bubbled bottom, bent over and spread my cheeks wide. “Daddy, is my hineyhole clean?” I was a total bitch.

That night once I heard my dad begin to snore lightly in the other bed, I spooned my sister who was laying on her side with her back to me.

I gave her earlobe a sucking nibble, and then whispered, “Are you still awake, cutie?”

She grinned slightly and twisted towards me, opening her eyes. “I was dreaming about you.”

I arched a cocky eyebrow. “Was I doing unspeakable things to your nubile young body?”

Rosaleen stifled a giggle. “No.”

I flickered my tongue tip. “Would you like me to?”

She bit her bottom lip and nodded eagerly. “Yes, please.”

I sucked my middle finger provocatively, moistening it, and then slipped it under the waistband of her sexy pajama shorts and into her cotton boyshorts.

Rosaleen’s mouth stretched wide as I teased her sensitive little nub with softly pressured circles. I stared into her expressive eyes, relishing every flutter of her lids and every twitch of her facial muscles as she squirmed beside me, struggling to remain silent as my nimble finger drove her closer and closer to the edge.

Eventually, she yanked her pillow out from under her head and held it over her mouth with both white-knuckled fists.

I could have cast a hush spell over our bed but it was more fun knowing we could get caught. Part of me wanted to.

Rosaleen’s back arched, her toes curled, and her eyes went wide before clamping shut tight. A muffled cry sounded as she quaked with an orgasm.

When her tremors subsided, she tossed her pillow aside and pounced on top of me, kissing my mouth with feral moans and feverish demand so fierce I thought she might shift into a ravenous wolf.

I dug my hands under her pajamas and panties to grope her firm buns as she sucked my tongue and pawed at my heaving breasts. Both of us rolled our hips, grinding our pussies together. I wanted to strap on a dildo, mount her from behind and pound her pussy.

I heard a soft click and light filled the room. My dad was sitting on the edge of his bed with a pillow over his lap, which I realized was to hide his massive erection. “Girls, I understand you’ve both been through hell and I’m happy you’ve found solace together, however taboo it may be, but how do you expect me to slumber when the scent of your lady parts is so potent I’m sprouting a tail in my sleep?”

I burst into a fit of laughter and it had a contagious effect on Rosaleen. When we finally got a hold of ourselves, I panted, “Forgive me, but werewolf dad humor is new to me.”

He smiled at me warmly. “Happy to be of service. Having run away with the circus is finally paying off.”

I pulled a hand out of Rosaleen’s panties to give him a thumbs down gesture. “Abandonment jokes aren’t going to tickle me pink just yet. Try using that raging boner.”

This is the end of the free preview of [Confessions of a Vampire Witch](#).

The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.

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