

The Vampire Lord's Kingdom
Arc De Jaune: The Lord of Shadows
RWBY/Vampire AU
By Azure

Chapter One- The Noble House of Goodwitch and Wallachia

The World of Remnant, set currently during the Medieval era, was a place filled with supernatural monstrosities of all kinds as well as a home to chaos. Between the holy orders of Knights and the Legion of Church Clerics being trained as Guardians to fight for the kingdom's safety, there was one Vampire Lord who ruled over a sovereign region of Remnant itself. He ruled it all on his own, with no known family members or ties to any affiliated political party or ruling monarchy. Simply being there as his region's lord was enough to make the neighboring kingdoms weary and scared of him. It was an uneasy peace between all of humanity and the Vampire King, as he was known. He was JauneTepes Wallachia Arc, the 'Lord of Darkness' and king of Vampires, that supernatural fact wasn't too well known to the rest of the world. He once went by the simple name of 'Jaune Arc' before becoming the Vampiric Ruler of the undead. The domain he governed was treated fairly with little to worry about from the man when he resided inside of his castle, but still, he instilled fear and obedience in the townspeople to make sure a revolt would never be possible. Ironically enough, he had never made an official appearance of any kind to the residents, not even to the closest city by the castle known as Trifas. So much of his appearance was speculative at best, but they all knew he was there and he was something they were very afraid of....for all the wrong reasons.

Although, from time to time, he would come down from his castle and mingle with the human populace after disguising himself to appear as his more 'Human-looking' past self, which was that of a youthful blonde lad approaching adulthood. Jaune Arc was simply a farmhand and a plucky, if not, down-on-his-luck villager before becoming christened with the dark powers of the Vampire King. He wielded great, otherworldly abilities such as shapeshifting, hypnosis, immense strength, and flight. Even though those were considered the 'Basics' of any Vampire's abilities, Jaune had others including the ability to entice a person's very soul into becoming an obedient slave or an eternal lover to bond with him for all eternity. Despite his long-going chastity of being without a wife in his immortal years, he had an instinctive knowledge of a human's body and was able to identify certain weak points as well as highly erogenous areas from within. He was the perfect predator to all women that caught his eye, but he had never abused his powers among the citizens he ruled over unless it was absolutely necessary to keep them in-line. These days, however, he was getting restless in being unable to find a suitable mate to ravish in the vein of romance. He wanted to find a special one-of-a-kind woman with a keen intellect and the willpower to rival any of the subservient human Servants he kept around the castle. Jaune would make sure that whatever woman fit his criteria of requirements would become his Vampiric bride, but he had yet to meet anyone that gave him the impression.

That is....until she came along.

Countess Glynda Varspell Goodwitch, the sole Duchess of Goodwitch nobility, and a woman with whom very few sought out for romantic affection. She was a sage-like beauty with a shape inquisitive nature, uncompromising principles of decency, and a willful attitude that made her very unappealing in the eyes of men.

That wasn't the case of Vampire King Arc, however, he now had his eyes set on her.

The Sun was setting and the carriage continued on towards the grand drawbridge that led into the Castle of the Count of Transylvania. Waiting inside of it was a regal-looking adult noblewoman with platinum-blond hair and green eyes peeking out from behind a set of thin-frame glasses. She was wearing a fine satin dress colored in lavender and dark silk, it consisted of a tight-fitting corset around her torso and a puffed collar up top with long frilly sleeves ending at her elbows. Her hair was done in an elegant hairstyle allowing for her curled bangs to drip down both sides of her face in an alluring and exotic victorian fashion with a bun done up on the back of her head. She was the visual epitome of your every day, wealthy noblewoman alright, she even had a choker around her neck containing the insignia of her House to signify her lineage. This was the woman known to many within the Transylvanian aristocracy as Glynda Varspell Goodwitch of the Noble Goodwitch family Nobility.

Despite her age of being in her mid-to-late twenties, this adult woman was very youthful in terms of appearance. Her skin was a gentle shade of fair pink with healthy, well-maintained upkeep in appearance. Her eyes remained the pristine color of emerald green, she had no wrinkles on her face and was often mistaken for being much younger than she really was. Oddly enough, she quite often had a grumpy expression on her face, it came with an unreadable stoic frown at all times. Glynda had rarely ever smiled, especially during meetings with other nobles, to her they had simply put on airs of decency for convenience and feigned politeness when meeting her family members to discuss tradecraft business opportunities and such.

She knew that most upper-class Nobles were only really in it for themselves, which is why she didn't bother ever taking any of their complaints into consideration when she said she'd discuss going into economic politics for the lower class people. She'd only ever want to bring uprights and fairer wages for the many workers in their factories, as well as their Servants in-house. This made her unpopular in all manner of upper-class social circles, which is why she was sent to meet with the Count Arc of Transylvania to discuss matters concerning his lordship and the handling of economic restructuring to better suit the working class in the towns of his domain. She was still aware they essentially sent her to court Death with what is presumably the most feared being in all the Kingdom, she hoped Count Arc wasn't what they made him out to be.

Feeling the carriage shake and slow to a halt, Glynda looked ahead past the window where the driver was at, noticing that they were arriving at the front of the castle drawbridge where the gates were already open.

"Driver, why are we stopping? We are in front of the Castle, are we not?" Glynda asked, noticing that the man was shaking quite a bit as he was pointing ahead to a handful of shady-looking individuals wearing robes and standing in front of their carriage. It was as if they were guarding the entrance of the Gate.

"T-T-there are all of those hooded fellows over there, ma'am. I-I-I don't believe they are f-friendly." The shaken driver said, trembling, and making Glynda roll her eyes with a scoff before she stepped out of the carriage to greet them.

"Honestly, sometimes you just have to do things yourself." She grumbled, walking her way over to the collection of men wearing cult-like robes with a business-only attitude on her face.

"Excuse me, would you be so kind as to allow us entry? I've been accepted into the Castle as the Count's guest on behalf of our agreed-upon meeting. Also, you can see that my driver there is quite shaken by your appearance and refuses to pull the carriage further until we are sure you mean us no harm." She introduced and saw several of the hooded men exchange whispers and discussed among themselves in, albeit in a creepy and rather unsettling manner in Glynda's opinion.

She soon saw all of them exchanging nods with each other before stepping aside completely. The one that didn't, walked up to her and handed her a well-decorated ring with a blood-red stone in the middle. Glynda wondered what it was for as she took it into her hands without question.

"That is for you to keep, please wear it in our Master's presence, he has been expecting you and thus, acknowledges your presence as one without hostility. As soon as your carriage enters the gate, you'll be guided by our Maids and our Servants, you'll have your things brought to the room you'll be staying. Please enjoy your stay, Countess Goodwitch." The hooded-man said to her in a raspy, eerie-sounding voice before stepping aside as well. He watched Glynda walk back to the carriage, gesturing her driver to go forth and move the large Castle up ahead.

'Hmmm, eerie, I've never seen men as pale as them before. The more I see this place the more I am....unsettled. I do hope those rumors about Count Arc aren't true, if so, then maybe I really will meet a grim fate.' Glynda pondered as the carriage rode into the castle..

While she waited in her seat, she held out the odd-looking ring between her fingers and wondered why it was so important for her to wear it in the count's presence.

'Hmmm, I wonder why he stressed the importance of wearing this in front of his master. Heh, maybe it's to see if I'm approved as a worthy candidate to be wed and be his wife. A man actually proposing to me, that'll be the day, but better play it safe and oblige them anyway.' She pulled the ring over her right ring finger and watched as the scenery of the Castle came closer, making Glynda wonder if she had gotten in over her head with agreeing to this meeting as the carriage pulled up in front of the courtyard.

After seeing half-a-dozen surprisingly, normal-looking maids come out and fetch her belongings to take to her bedroom, Glynda was escorted by one of them to meet with Count Arc in the Banquet hall before going to bed for the evening. She wondered why she was staying here at all if she initially came just to talk politics and infrastructure, she didn't have any idea she would be staying, let alone have a dinner feast with him in person.

As she roamed the exotic mystique walls of the luxurious castle of Arc, Glynda saw many portraits of past relatives when she went by. She saw many blonde children and ancient ancestors, all of them looking happy until the very last painting in the hall featured a somber-looking young man with slightly scruffy hair and a look of pure rage shown on his face. He wore a royal outfit of rushed red fabric only royals would wear, yet he held a noble sword in hands and posed as though he were swearing vengeance upon the world. Glynda found it odd that such a portrait of him existed when she just saw a younger version of the lad a few portraits back, smiling with his family.

'Hmmm, it seems fairly obvious how he sees people if those portraits are anything to go by. I just hope that he is willing to hear me out instead of turning me away.' She wondered, feeling sympathy for the boy. She arrived at the Banquet hall the next moment where there was a long rectangular dinner table lined with only the finest of foods, and at the head of the table set the Count himself; Jaune Arc.

He was surprisingly youthful-looking despite the fact he had slightly pale skin and elegant medium-length hair of platinum-blond luster like herself. He wore a Lord's robe over his body, which consisted of an open-chested outfit revealing his bare skin and muscles lined with scars from battle. Jaune had iron-like gauntlets over each of his hands and long ornate brown pants with high-quality boots worn over his feet. Aside from the exposed chest, he was the very definition of rugged elegance and Glynda couldn't help but fancy his appearance from afar as she came closer.

"Greetings, Count Arc. I am Countess Noble Woman; Glynda Varspell Goodwitch, here to acknowledge your summons for the meeting. I thank you for inviting me and for showing such hospitality." She greeted with courtesy, making the young Count rise up from his throne-like chair at the dinner table and greet her personally.

"Good evening, Miss Goodwitch, I'm glad you find the lodgings here acceptable." He began and walked up to her, giving the blonde woman an eerie sense of desire and allure when looking into his eyes. "Word of your beauty and refinement do you no justice, Miss Goodwitch. I am thankful you weren't afraid of coming here, most invitations I send to discuss economics and business regarding my Kingdom get burned to ash or simply thrown away. You're a very welcome change of pace." He greeted in a kindly yet intimidating manner.

Jaune's eyes were blood red and his face was hauntingly charming to Glynda's eyes the moment he became closer to her. He had bent down on one knee and took her right hand, kissing it as per his usual gentleman's greeting for women of elegance such as her. Glynda was honestly flustered a bit by the gesture, hand-kissing wasn't all too used these days, but she found her chest beating like a maiden's nonetheless.

'My, he really is quite the looker. Very handsome and very...young for someone who is supposed to be older than the reports say he is. I wonder if all that talk about him being a Vampire was just silly superstition, after all, everyone's always been too fearful of this man's domain to ever really approach it and find out for sure. The maids here seemed normal enough for that to be just exaggeration, but then again, they might also just be from the village.' Glynda thought to herself, pulling back her hand and allowing Jaune to see that she had been wearing the Garnet encrusted ring around her finger.

'Huh, so those Servants of mine really think she's worthy of me, eh? Like I hadn't thought of that myself when seeing her brave the drawbridge on her trip here. She is very beautiful, I'll admit. Maybe Glynda will finally be the woman I've been searching for all this time.' Jaune mulled and stood up again, flashing Glynda a charming smile as he pulled out a chair for her to sit on.

She had to fan her face a little before accepting it, feeling very flustered for the first time in literal years.

"Come, let's have dinner first, I'd like to get to know you better before we start discussing politics. I'd also like to know if you're willing to stay the night here, Miss Goodwitch. I can understand if you want to go back at any time, the scenery here in this castle can be...unnerving at best, but we do have well-behaved spiders lurking about." Jaune offered, making Glynda laugh a little, smiling coyly at him as she took his hand and was brought to the seat closest to his.

"I'd be delighted to do so, Count Arc, besides, I see little harm in staying here if I'm being honest. It's very...mystique and exotic in all manner of Romanian Royal aesthetic. I have no idea why the capital is so afraid of you." Glynda complimented as she sat down, grabbing the glass of wine prepared by her plate into her hand while Jaune took his seat and did the same.

"There is a lot about me that the 'People' are afraid to understand, so they let fear and their paranoia keep them away from me. Also, just call me 'Jaune', I'd prefer that instead of 'Count Arc', if you please. I'm not such a stickler for formality these days" He added, sounding somewhat bitter at the mention of the people in the capital.

"Very well, 'Jaune', perhaps you'd also be comfortable in referring to me as 'Glynda' perhaps? I hate honorifics and titles as well, I feel as if they diminish a person's worth simply because of their surname or prestige." Glynda offered, seeing him nod his head with a smile, together they raised her wine glasses into the air, about to make a toast with him.

'Glynda...what a lovely name, she is also very forthcoming and isn't afraid to speak her mind. It seems like she's not a fan of the aristocracy either, that puts her very far above my list of people to respect. Maybe she is the one.' Jaune thought as he raised his glass as well.

With a clang of wine glasses touching, a toast was made, Glynda and Jaune both tapped their glasses to each other before tilting them back and drinking down the contents of red wine like so. Although, it was red wine in Glynda's glass only.

Gulp...gulp!

"Ahh, nothing like having it fresh-squeezed. How are you enjoying yours, Glynda?" Jaune asked, watching the lovely blonde maiden tilt back her head, exposing her swan-like neck to him and furthering his primal hunger for her blood, among other things.

Glynda had a unique beauty about herself, one that spoke of refinement and genuine nobility. Not at all like the frauds that Jaune has met over the years. He understood that humans will be humans, flawed as they may be, but Glynda felt like the prime example of ladylike dignity and noble charm. After she finished drinking her wine, she sought to put the glass down gently, but accidentally managed to be too rough in doing so, leading to some of it being spilled onto her cheek.

Jaune immediately grabbed a napkin and reached over to gently clean off her cheek out of courtesy, incidentally making the woman blush heavily when doing so.

"Oh my, thank you. Quite a courteous act to consider, my Lordship Jaune. I had no idea you were such a gentleman. Women all over must fawn over you when you meet them, eh?" Glynda commented, accidentally making her remark more flirtatious than she intended. Receiving a shake of his head as he pulled the napkin away from her face, Jaune spoke up.

"Heh, not exactly. Most girls I meet tend to be villagers too afraid to even come near me thanks to the fearful propaganda made by the Capital and its councilmen. All of Vale and Romania have done a good job in dragging the Arc name, or more specifically mine, through the mud by spreading lies." Jaune bitterly recounted with a soft smile. Glynda felt saddened by his statement, yet felt her heart skip a beat anyway when she saw him wink at her right away. "Although, you have been the only woman so far that I'd want to fawn over me, Glynda. I hope there isn't a husband waiting for you back home."

At this, Glynda scoffed derisively and took another drink of her wine glass.

"If only that were the case, my lordship. I'm seen as attractive only in terms of appearance, not in anything I say or do for the people I am responsible for as a Noblewoman entrenched in economic politics for the common class. I've also had my name, my personal one and not the family surname, dragged through the mud as well because I am too willing to speak my mind and be upfront on doing things on my own. That's made me 'Unappealing' to most thanks to gossip and bitter opinions formed around me, thus, no man has looked my way with any romantic interest at all." She explained, frowning bitterly at the mention of her single status.

"Well, that's just a shame, to avoid giving a beautiful woman like you the time of day. I certainly would." Jaune flirted back, suavely making Glynda blush as she felt her chest being stammering in a rapturous heartbeat.

'Oh my! Is he...coming onto me? I gotta admit, this is a first for me in years, but it certainly is....' She trailed off until making eye contact, seeing a faint hypnotic glow in Jaune's eyes that subtly compelled her to stay here in the Castle. '...welcome.~'

Jaune winked at her again and pulled back to focus on his dinner plate just as Glynda snapped out of her trance. He started dining into his raw meat dinner, using forks and a knife so that he did so in a refined manner. Glynda started doing the same and eventually felt her head clear despite having lingering thoughts about those charming red eyes of his making her insides stir with want. When she spoke up again, they let their conversation drift back into politics and economic reform regarding some of the developing cities surrounding his castle. Ideas came up for innovation, solutions to dilemmas like poverty as well, foreseeable problems that could occur later down the line, all of it was talk of making progress, but the entire time they discussed these possibilities, Glynda couldn't take her eyes off of Jaune at all.

Eventually, dinner was finished and it was nearly midnight, making it time for them to retire for the evening. Jaune ordered the Maids to come and guide Glynda to her bedroom inside one of the larger, more ornate parts of the castle with an open view balcony so that she could stare up at the moon. But before they parted ways, he came up to her and took both of the woman's hands into his own, making her stare longingly into his glowing eyes once more.

"Enjoy your night here, Glynda. I'll personally make sure you're given only the best of luxuries and comfort, but most importantly of all...." He leaned in close to the side of her face and whispered to her in a seductive tone. "...pleasure.~"

A chill ran down Glynda's spine as he pulled his face back, once again kissing her ringed hand and allowing her to be taken away by the maids. Glynda looked back at Jaune, feeling the lingering need to stay with him tonight as he watched her go. Glynda had a flustered look on her lovely face before disappearing into the hallway outside the kitchen entirely.

As soon as she was gone, Jaune disappeared into a cloud of mist, vanishing from the kitchen and leaving his Servants to clean up after him. They were allowed to take whatever food that was untouched on unfinished from the banquet table and bring it back home to their families as a generous 'Bonus' for their employment. Meanwhile, he waited in the master bedroom inside one of the highest points in the tallest towers of the Castle, just behind the throne room itself. Jaune went over to one of the large mirrors hanging on the wall, seeing no reflection of himself whatsoever. He started using some of his Vampiric magic to gaze into the room where Glynda will be staying, finding himself utterly intrigued by this rarity of a woman, to the point he'll be willing to spy on her and perhaps seduce her tonight.

He watched the lovely blonde undo the straps of her cumbersome victorian-style dress, letting slide down from off of smooth shoulders and showing him her sleek backside with flawless skin. Glynda was left wearing only a lovely set of dark lace lingerie, worn tightly over her surprisingly voluptuous body. She turned around and gazed into the mirror, showing the man from the other side her well-defined female body at its peak, seeing no signs of aging nor flaws whatsoever.

"Amazing, she really is the ideal beauty I've been searching for all this time, not only is she majestic in mind and spirit, but also in physical beauty too. Nothing a touch of Vampirism couldn't fix that anyway, being that it turns you into your ideal, eternally youthful self. If she was changed into a Nightstalker like me, she'd show no real alteration in her proportions given how she's already flawless in terms of physique....and vitality." Jaune said to himself, astounded and in awe as he watched her reach up behind the back of her head to undo the bun in her hair, but instead, she paused and examined herself in the mirror first with a thought running through her mind.

"Hmmm, I wonder if the count has a taste for older women like myself? I can't believe I'm even suggesting the thought of dating someone I was supposed to be talking business with, but....he seems rather wholesome, sweet, and charming. I'd say he's very sweet on the inside and not at all like those imbeciles in the Capital said. I don't care what those absurd rumors say about him, this young man deserves happiness. Lord knows that most of the nobles I've met don't care for how they treat downtrodden people who live in villages these days, not like he does." Glynda said to herself, admiring her reflection in the mirror and making Jaune see that her large breasts measured out to be a plump

E-size set. Her waist was narrow and her hips were wide and round, perfect for baby-bearing in his opinion. The longer Jaune looked into Glynda's eyes through the mirror, the stronger he felt for the feeling of desire for her woman.

'After hearing everything that she said...there's no mistaking it, she might really be the one for me after all. I guess those men were right in giving her the ring when they did, she really is a worthy candidate. Can't say the same for the blood-obsessed fiance I've had; Bloodless. That crazed woman would only slaughter as many people as she could get her hands on if I hadn't turned her back into a human. No, with Glynda Varspell Goodwitch, it's different. Maybe I should invite her to a dance at the ballroom and reveal my secret.' Jaune considered, his eyes darkened into a blood-red color with his face looking nearly completely feral. 'That'll be the true test for her to pass.'

His prominent Vampire genealogy was taking over now that he had decided on a mate, or rather a chosen lover for eternity.

The next day...

After waking up and exploring the gardens of the luxurious Castle De Arc of Wallachia, Glynda was given a tour by one of the handmaids after being told she was being invited to a private ballroom dance between the lordship and herself. At first, she had found it strange he wasn't awake nor active during the daytime, but the maids assured her it was nothing to be worried about. According to them, it was just their master's unusual sleeping habit due to being more active in the night rather than the day.

She toured the grandiose place with her maids being her guides, feeling as if she'd get lost due to how big and spacious the castle is. As time went on, Glynda saw the many, many paintings of Jaune's family were hung all around the place from the main hall to the ballroom where she will be attending later this evening. Thoughts on how saddened the young lord looked when remarking on his name being sullied by the Councilmen in the Capital dwelled on Glynda's mind, it made her feel even more embittered with these snobby men, enough to wanna inspire a revolution among the masses. Their crimes and corruption couldn't go unanswered for too much longer, at least that's what Glynda liked to think. These thoughts in mind, she was brought back to how angry a young Jaune looked in one of the paintings, wondering what horrible wrong had been done to his family.

Glynda wanted to know him, to know and understand the young and maybe...offer him some warmth in the form of her affection. She had found out earlier that she couldn't stop thinking about him ever since the dinner they had last night, from admiring his youthful and rather handsome appearance to wanting to get lost in those eyes. She understood his pain and loneliness, wanting to get even closer to who he really is underneath it all.

That is why Glynda was subtly excited for the private dance with Jaune tonight at the ball, wondering if he'll perhaps ask for her hand in a romantic affair between the two of them. She was feeling fairly giddy with excitement, feeling like a young school girl all over again.

It was sunset now, and Glynda was brought to her bedroom by the maids, who keep an oddly-quiet tongue on all personal matters regarding their master. Deciding no to question their allegiance or their tight-lipped demeanor, Glynda decided to get ready for the ball tonight and found a luxurious formal dress waiting for her in the bedroom.

"Oh my....what a lovely gown. It's so beautiful, is.... this for me?" She asked one of the maids, who promptly nodded with a courteous bow.

"Indeed it is, ma'am. Lord Arc has spared no expense in setting up tonight's evening event for you.~" The Maid beamed, letting Glynda look back upon the sight of a large velvet-colored gown that was cut-off at the cusp of her tits with dark fuzz majestically lined around the top, it was designed with exotic taste in mind.

With it came long white ladies' gloves for her arms, a tight-fitting corset that'd allow for a generous view of her cleavage if she desired it as an option. Lastly, it came with long dark leggings with white high-heel shoes matching the perfect size for her feet. It was easily one of the most fashionable and exotic dresses Glynda had ever seen in her life. Despite being somewhat odd in terms of design, the woman was led to believe it belonged to a 'Queen' of sorts.

Pulling up a divider and getting started undressing, with the help of the two maids, Glynda was only wearing her lavender-colored lingerie of lace around her highly voluptuous when she put on the dress-in-question. She felt an odd chill come over her when feeling the sleek, velvet-colored fabric wrap slide over her skin. It made her hug her arms as she felt a thrilling sensation come over her, it was as if she were being prepared for a night of wild adulterous passion between herself and Jaune Arc. Such a thought was not unwelcome inside of the noblewoman's mind.

Letting down her hair and styling it in a fashionable and exotically-appealing hairstyle, Glynda got to work combing her locks and letting them drip down the sides of her face with a curled bang combed across her forehead. She removed her glasses, not really needing them unless it was for reading, and put on a light shade of make-up like blush and lipstick to better enhance her appearance for his sake, and his alone. When she was done, she walked out of her room with the maids, eventually making her way down to the ballroom where she saw only Jaune there, waiting in the center of it for her.

He was dressed in a lavish yet modestly form-fitting gentleman's tuxedo you'd only see Royalty wear on occasions. His unruly blonde hair was combed in a slicked-back fashion, his appearance was less scruffy and more in-line with that of a royal Gentleman dressed up for a royal ball. Oddly enough, it wasn't too far from the truth in Glynda's eyes. Excusing the maids and letting them be away, Glynda was left to

walk towards Jaune in an elegant manner, eying him with a blush on her cheeks and feeling rather nervous for this was her first time ever being courted by a man of his caliber.

She was honestly very lovesick and couldn't stop looking at him in the face.

'Oh I can't believe how nervous I am feeling right now, he's just so...so...alluring. Is it me? Is it because I've been lonely for some time or is it maybe because he's the first real Gentleman I've seen in all my years of dealing with snobs? Either way, I wouldn't pass up a marriage proposal from him if he asks. He is rather charming and sweet-natured after all.' Glynda thought when she arrived in front of Jaune, admiring his physique up close and feeling her heart begin to throb once again as he took one of her hands into his own.

"Welcome, my dear lady Goodwitch. Shall we dance? I wanted to create a majestic, magical atmosphere for tonight on this little date with you...if you'll have me.~" Jaune said in a suave, honest manner, making Glynda nod immediately without hesitation.

"I'd love to, Lord Arc. Hehehe.~ Are we still going by first names, by the way?" She asked, receiving a chuckle from him as he took one set of gloved fingers into his hand and wrapped his right arm around Glynda's waist, bringing her close to his chest and making her blush even harder as a result.

"Only if you like, I would like for us to be a little more personal with each other after all, there is much...I want to tell you, but first; Let's dance.~" Jaune said, tugging on Glynda's arm gently and bringing her body to flow with him as he maneuvered the dance floor expertly with his dancing grace.

Music in the background started playing, much to Glynda's confusion since she didn't see anybody there playing instruments, but it was a majestic sonata befitting of such a romantic evening. Violins flowed, a gentle acoustic strum of instruments played in the background majestically as she spun around in a graceful swirl of swiftness and grace. Jaune impressed Glynda with his dancing talent, making her feel more inclined to accept a marriage proposal the longer this went on.

"Hehheh, you are quite the dancer, Mister Arc. Is there anything you can't do?~" Glynda asked rhetorically with a seductive purr in her voice.

"Is that a challenge? If so, I'll be happy to take you up on it.~" He said back, making her laugh playfully with him as they continued to swerve across the ground of the dance floor, merrily moving in-sync within each other's arms.

For what felt like half an hour, this went on, and Glynda felt the need to rest her face into his chest as though she were romantically inclined to do so already. Things were going great between them, Jaune never left Glynda's eyes as they continued to dance around in a majestic spiral all over the floor, not knowing that he was actually levitating the two of them with his Vampiric powers.

That is, until she noticed.

'Is it just me....or are we getting higher off the ground?' Glynda wondered and quickly broke off from the trance she was having and looked down to see that her feet were dancing around in nothing but air.

This sparked a stroke of surprise and excitement inside of her chest, and not the good kind. She looked back up to Jaune and saw that he wasn't surprised nor alarmed in the slightest, but then she looked across from his shoulder into the large wall-sized mirror the Dance hall came with.

Her jaw dropped, for she saw no reflection of Jaune in it, only herself dancing with nobody in thin air like some kind of possessed witch. This made Glynda very alert now as she squeezed her fingers into his hand, looking him straight in the eye.

"Lord Arc.....what...is the meaning of this? A-are you really.....what they say you are? A Vampire?" She asked, clearly astounded and in disbelief, she had always believed those superstitions were only that and nothing more.

"I am not a monster, nor a Demon of any kind, Miss Goodwitch." Jaune began, lowering them onto the ground and keeping her held in his embrace once his eyes began to glow a gentle red. "I am, in fact, a Vampire. The King of Vampires to be precise, I wasn't born this way and I certainly didn't want to be one....but life doesn't always turn out the way you expect."

The music stopped and Glynda was left speechless as she continued to look back and forth between Jaune and the wall-sized mirror, wondering what to do.

"Are you...afraid of me now?" He asked, somewhat fearfully, hoping he wouldn't have to turn her in order to make her obey him now that she found out.

To his surprise, Jaune saw her shake her head gently with a soft smile on her face.

"N-no, I'm not. I must admit, I was taken back when seeing it with my own eyes, but in the short time I've known you, you've proven to be of great character and not at all like the so-called 'Human Beings' living in wealth back at the capital. I don't believe anything they say and I certainly hope that you're not a monster that goes around attacking people, are you?" She asked, expectantly and looking into his eyes with that famous glare of hers.

Jaune shook his head.

"No, for blood I only feed on sheep or other wild animals from time to time, I make it a fact to never feed off humans or kill them unless they are murderous fiends that escaped the law too many times. I've had to make some village girls into loyal mistresses, not that I've laid with them yet, just so they wouldn't drown in despair due to losing their families to murderers and the plague. At any point, I can turn them back into human beings and leave them on their own." He explained, causing Glynda a great sigh of relief until Jaune started looking into her eyes with those glowing red orbs of his.

"Now as for you, Glynda...would you accept me...as your lover? I've become fond of you more so than ever now that you've said you wouldn't care what I was. I know there is something between us.~" He said suavely, subtly hypnotizing her through eye contact and making her feeling increasingly uninhibited, without rules or morals of any kind compromising her desires.

Glynda felt her heart racing like a racehorse, she made a sweet smile at Jaune and brought her hands up to his face to caress his cheeks in an affectionate manner.

"Y-yes! Please...! I've...I've been needing someone for so long now! And I'll be happy if it's you.~" She let out, tilting her head to the side and offering her neck to be bitten as a pledge of loyalty.

Jaune was delighted to see this and dipped Glynda into his arms, bending his neck down so that he could manifest his fangs once he arrived at her neck. Clutching his hair with her hands and letting her mouth fall open as she submitted completely to her desires as well as low-key hypnosis from Jaune, Glynda felt the beginning of her new life happened right there.

Schuk!

"Uuaagghhhhhh!~" She let out, closing her eyes and feeling his fangs sink into her neck gently, draining her of some blood as well as injecting some of his blood so that she'll become a Vampire of his own unique kind. Glynda clutched his hair tightly and hiked up one of her legs to caress the sides of his waist, embracing him as he continued drinking from her for about several more seconds until he stopped.

Pulling back from her neck, Jaune looked down into Glynda's eyes, seeing the gentle green turn Ruby Red as a smile appeared on her lips. He fell even more in love with her right there and brought her back up.

"Congratulations and welcome to your new life, Glynda. I choose you to be my bride, from here on to eternity just so long as you will it.~" Jaune said, bringing his hand up her face again and pulling her onto his lips for a deep, tongue-sucking kiss between man and woman!

"Mmmmm!~" Glynda let out a passionate hum of energy into his mouth, tasting him with blood being swapped between their tongues. Granted it was her own blood, but she loved having someone finally make out with her after years of loneliness due to her principles and empathy for the common man.

Jaune held onto her waist and kissed her back just as fiercely, shoving his long vampiric tongue down her throat and making her mew pleasantly as they swapped spit in their embrace for about several more minutes until they broke off.

"Aaahh...! Lord Jaune....please take me!~" She implored once she pulled back from his head. seeing him smile happily at her and nod his head, Jaune scooped his new bride into his arms and dispersed into a cloud of smoke, teleporting with Glynda into the confines of his bedroom.

He was ready to begin the 'Honeymoon' phase with his new wife before the actual marriage, impatiently wanting to make love to her all-night-long.

Arriving inside of his large, exotically Romanian-themed bedroom, Jaune appeared with Glynda in his arms and smiling as if it were the happiest day of his life. The room was spacious, with a large King-sized bed and four overly tall postings with crimson curtains hanging around it as any exotic bed chamber would be. Even the ceiling was higher up than normal, with a see-through view into the night sky that showcased many of the stars as well as a Blood Moon hanging above.

Glynda felt her insides stirring with barely-restrained lust as she was gently tossed onto the bed by Jaune, only to find out she can naturally float through the air like him.

"Amazing...simply amazing! I...can do all these things you can now?" She questioned, seeing him beginning to take off his clothing in a rush, tearing off the luxury tuxedo from his body and revealing to her his chiseled, muscular form. "Mhmm!~"

Glynda squealed internally as a result, feeling herself get drawn into the sight of Jaune becoming naked before her eyes. She bit down on her bottom lip and watched as he removed the rest of his pants next, letting any shred of fabric slip off of his body and reveal to her his naked glory....with a dick hanging out like an elephant's trunk and measuring at about fifteen inches.

"Oh...my...goodness!~" She gasped, huffing constantly and letting her breasts bounce and sway from within her dress as he approached her from the foot of the bed. Glynda scurried back into her backside, allowing Jaune to climb on top of her, putting himself above her face with a hand gently stroking her cheek in love and affection.

"I think I was really right to choose you, my new Vampire Queen.~" Jaune whispered to her in a husky, dark, seductive tone before reaching down her dress and grabbing the top of it with his hand.

Riiiiip!

"Aahh!~ Jaune!~" Glynda let out a startled gasp when she saw that beautiful, ornate clothing get torn off of her semi-naked body with one grab of his fingers.

There, she lay underneath him in all her nearly-naked glory with lavender-colored lingerie being worn all over. Her brasserie, which held back her bountiful E-cup sized breasts, was tugged down with a tug of Jaune's finger, revealing her perfectly pink nipples for his eyes to look at.

"Exquisite, you are such a ravishing woman, Glynda. Any man that turned you down was a complete and utter fool for not noticing such a beauty like you, both in mind and body." He added and grabbed onto her left tit, squeezing that doughy mound between his fingers and making Glynda mew loudly on contact.

She tossed her head back and began moaning loudly in hot breaths, feeling sensation after sensation of pleasure caress her skin through the touch of his magical fingers grabbing her breast. Jaune fondled Glynda's tit gleefully, prodding every sensitive erogenous area he could find by sensing them with his powers. The woman had started to writhe about underneath him, sliding her legs along the sides of his calves and feeling his mammoth-sized length prodding her flat belly as he continued to fondle his new wife.

"Ahhh!~ Gggghhhh! Jaaaaaunee!~ Ohhhh...god!~" She cried out, huffing and gently thrashing about with tits jiggling in front of his face like so.

Feeling 'Hungry' Jaune brought his head up to be placed over her other breasts, extending his fangs and sinking them into her right side areola.

Chuk!

"Gggghh!~" Glynda tensed up, shot out a leg into the air in response to feeling his fangs sinking into her breasts, stabbing gently into a sweet erogenous region of her own and making her shudder blissfully with carnal excitement. "Mmngghhhh! Ahhh....! That feels...that feels.....amazing.~"

She started panting rapturously now, making her body undulate underneath his face as he continued to feed upon and fondle her breasts in tandem. Jaune drank some of Glynda's blood through her breast, making her shudder exquisitely as he fondled and squeezed the other one before pulling his fangs off of her can. He brought his lips down again and swallowed her nipple into his mouth, sucking on it hungrily and causing even further waves of elation to run through Glynda's body like so.

Schlupp..schlupp..schupppp..schuppp!

"Mmhm, delicious. Are you enjoying this, Glynda?" Jaune asked, receiving only a whimpering moan of ecstasy from her. "Good answer. Now, for both at the same time.~"

Jaune moved his mouth back from her right breast and grabbed onto it with his hand, squeezing both of them in unison and bringing both nipples into each other so that he could swallow/suck both at the same time. Jaunes lips came down upon them, swallowing her nipples in loud saliva-popping sounds of his lips, giving Glynda untold amounts of pleasure already as she howled out.

"Ahh! Ahh! Yess! Yesss! My Lord.....! My darling....ohhh!~" She screamed out, giving Jaune a misty-eyed smile of pure unadulterated happiness from down below.

Glynda kept a hand tightly held around his neck, letting him feed off of her breasts, both literally and sexually, for another two minutes. Eventually, he decided to get his rocks off by having her serve him faithfully, leaving her tits with one last pop of saliva and bringing himself back up from off her body. His mammoth-sized cock stood out, fully erect with balls the size of orbs as it hung just before Glynda's face.

"now then, serve me...just as I served you, darling. I want to feel very pumped up to take her in many known positions tonight.....and seed you fully with the idea of getting you pregnant." He declared, making the insides of Glynda's loins sizzle with excitement already as she hastily rolled onto her kneecaps the very next second.

She placed her face just before his cock, tilting back her head a bit and letting her mouth fall open with tongue rolling out.

"Yes, Jaune. Hehehe.~" She giggled playfully and allowed him to sink the head of his bulbous cock down into her mouth, letting the ring of her lips swallow it up slowly until he felt her tongue sliding underneath his length.

Schlup!

"Mmhm. Mmhm...hmm..hmm..mhmm....mhmm..mhmm!~" Glynda started sucking gingerly on his dick, throwing her head back and forth on his waist and picking up speed the longer she went at it.

Jaune felt the stirring sensation of having a woman's warm, wet mouth slobber all over his cock eloquently. She was taking him into her throat little by little, allowing for her jaw to stretch as she tried taking more than half of his total length. He was well-hung even by a

horse's standards after all. Jaune started feeling Glynda hungrily throat his cock with even more fanatical passion now, she grabbed onto the hilt with her soft fingers and began stroking him feverishly while blowing him off.

Schlupp...shlupp..shclupp..schlupp..schlupp..schlupp..schlupp!

"Mmhmp...mmpp...mmpp...hmmpp..mhmmppp...mmmm! *Jaaaauune!*" She howled from inside of her throat, feeling it bulge thanks to his prick sliding down into the gooey, slick surface of her esophagus.

Loud slurping noises soon filled up the air, leading Glynda to hear Jaune moaning like a wildebeest as she continued throating him for several more minutes, eventually feeling his cock swell and explode from the inside of her slimy mouth!

"Gggkkk! I'm cumming.....! drink it all down, my dear!~" Jaune yelled out, sparking an idea inside of Glynda's naughty mind as soon as she saw his testicles expanding like a pair of organs.

He held the back of her head into his crotch, sheathing as much of his cock as possible down her throat without choking her. Thankfully, Glynda took it all in stride and wound up feeling the bloat of sperm come rushing out into her cheeks and filling her mouth!

"Mmmm.~" She mewed happily as she felt the molten warmth of sperm that is Jaune's cum flooding down her esophagus, filling it up and spilling into her stomach wholesale.

Gulp..gulp...gulp..gulp.

Glynda mewed loudly again, happily chugging down every last drop of sperm that came her way. While she was deliberately running her tongue all over the underside of his length, Jaune held onto her head and grind his cock inside of her mouth, savoring the feeling of having a beautiful woman finally suck him off.

in both definitions of the meaning.

Chuk!

"Gghhnnh! Y-you...naughty little minx." Jaune let out, feeling Glynda's newly-made fangs sink into his mammoth-sized dick from the center of his shaft. He felt a blood trail leak out and drain down into her lips along with the semen she had just swallowed, which was about nearly a gallon-sized load to begin with.

Glynda drank even as she continued swallowing his cum for about a minute or so until she was done. He was finished cumming and yet still maintained rigidity that was hard as a rock, with a plop of her lips and the detachment of her fangs, Glynda pulled back onto her kneecaps with her mouth held wide-open, revealing a thick pool of sperm mixed in with blood.

"Aaahh....*Gulp!*" Ah, delicious.~" She had swallowed down everything and cleaned up her fangs with her tongue, sparking a whole new wave of excitement from within Jaune as he pulled her up to her feet and held her within his strong, broad arms.

"That....was a good trick, Glynda, I think it even made me even more aroused than I was to begin with. Are you ready to take the final step into becoming my wife? I can promise you that with your new Vampirism, the fertility in your body has reached its apex. You'll never be unable to conceive children and I want to do a lot of conceiving with you, all....night ...long.~"

Glynda positively shuddered with excitement after hearing that, everything she was looking for in an honest man was there in front of her, being held in her arms. She could never go back to her normal life, not that there was much love there anyway, but here...she'd be his Queen, his wife, and mother to his children.

"Yes. Now....take me.~" She replied, leaning in and wrapping her lips around his own for yet another impassioned lip-lock, one that had Jaune grabbing one of her legs and lifting it up while embracing her wholeheartedly.

"Mmmhmm.~" He hummed into her mouth, tasting her blood and semen-stained tongue while dominating it like the Alpha male he was. Jaune made out hungrily with Glynda right there atop his bed, grabbing onto her buttocks and squeezing her cheeks as they continued swapping saliva for about several minutes before they broke apart.

Glynda dropped down on all fours in front of him, spreading her legs out from behind and wriggling her delightfully-plump rear enticingly before Jaune's eyes. He grabbed onto her lace thong panties and pulled them down her thighs carefully, seeing her moistened folds aching for his touch by oozing moisture. Glynda had a light tuft of golden, flaxen hair underneath her mouth, giving her a sense of maturity as he lined up his cock and grabbed onto her hips from behind, ready to fuck her like an anima.

"Mate with me. Please, Jaune! I love you so much....I wanna be yours forever!~" She cried out, feeling more alive as a Vampire and the bride of one than she ever did as an unloved Noblewoman.

Jaune rubbed the bulbous head of his cock along the juicy cusp of her folds anxiously before firmly gripping her hips and pushing on in.

"Yes, darling. I love you too. You are mine for eternity.~" He let out and thrust his waist forward, feeling the squishy vice-like opening of her flesh wrap tightly around him as he sunk in!

Squelch!

Glynda threw her head back and yelled out into the air, screaming in a euphoric frenzy as she felt Jaune's monstrous cock cleave through her insides on their way to her cervix!

"S-so big! Ahhhhh! Jaaauune! Unhhhh!" She cried out, feeling as though a horse had just shoved his overly large cock into her womanhood, filling her out and pushing his way easily into her cervix on its way to her baby-maker.

Glynda didn't have a 'hymen' to speak of after years of horseback riding, she had longed to feel a man's touch, but had never the luck or opportunity to do so due to her reputation being tarnished by other nobles. Now, she felt the apex of men everywhere shoving his length into her womb, sheathing himself inside of her body, and beginning to pound into her ass from behind in a series of gentle thrusting.

"Uuaahh...aahhh..aahh...aahh....aahh...aah..aahh!~ Uuaaahhh!~" She cried out, closing her eyes tight and craning her head backward, seeing Jaune bend down a bit so that he could spoon her naked backside and grab onto her tit with his hands.

Glynda wound up howling even more with euphoric delight, shuddering blissfully as she felt his fingers digging into her sensitive regions around her mammarys again. The thrusting resumed and Jaune began fucking her harder with his pelvis slamming into her buttocks like so, creating a series of loud squelching sounds coming directly from the woman's pussy.

Harder and faster, he shoved himself into her, making Glynda reach behind to grab onto the back of his neck while feeling her body sway forward constantly. The bed loudly creaked, shaking to their lovemaking with Glynda feeling her insides stretch out to accommodate his massive dick. Over and over she felt him drive right into her womb, filling her insides out in the most pleasurable way possible and causing her to scream endlessly. Her breasts would be wiggling had they not been held by Jaune's hands, Glynda would honestly be succumbing to her very first orgasm very soon, feeling her insides curdle and churn around his length the more he bucked into her body from behind.

"Uhh...uhh.....uh..uhh..uh..uh..uh..uh..uhh! Aaahhhhh.....! I'm...I'm going to be cumming, Jaune!~" She announced, receiving a hard squeeze of his hands from her tits, making her insides throb even harder as a result.

"Y-yeah! M-me too, Glynda. Get ready to receive the first load of the night. I love you so much, my darling Bride." Jaune let out, pumping her into sex salaciously as Glynda brought her head back to engage his lips from the side of her shoulder.

They moaned into each other's mouths, rutting senselessly like animals until Jaune felt the hard constriction of the woman's vaginal walls start clutching his length in climax. With the shuddering of her body and the feeling of orgasmic bliss flooding through her core, Glynda came around his length, feeling her body writhe helplessly underneath until he came as well.

"Nghh! Ggaaaghhh!~" He grunted out, slamming into her a few more times before finally sheathing his entire length inside of her quim, feeling it spew loads of highly potent sperm directly into the woman's fertile sex.

Glynda's legs shot up, curling and witching with toes wiggling about in climax as she felt the thickness of his warm seed splash into her uterus the next second.

Spltt..spltt..spltt..splllt..spltt..spltt..splllt..splllt!

"Aaaahhhh! Hhhhhhh! Oh Jaune!~" She cried out, smiling nervously as she felt every thick spurt of sperm come rushing into her womb, filling it up and likely getting her pregnant as a result.

Jaune ground into her some more, letting himself empty out inside of her a few more times before finally wrapping up for the moment. As soon as he was done, Glynda was left panting tiredly as a result, which was ironic given that Vampires had limitless stamina. Jaune was just that good in fucking her.

"*Huff...huff...huff...huff!* Jaune...that was amazing!~" She let out in a ragged breath, feeling him pull out of her from behind and then promptly flipping her onto her back so that he could see her face.

To Glynda's further surprise, he was still fully erect with his cock standing up like a spire even while oozing cum from the tip.

"And that...was just the beginning, Glynda. We'll be doing this for as long as we live, we may for eternity if humans don't come knocking at our door trying to kill us." He explained, pushing his thighs between her legs and keeping them spread wide as he was prepared to take her again.

"We'll change things, Jaune. We can take over the nobility from within and change things for the better, for the villagers, for the common-class, all of them....as husband and wife.~" Glynda breathed out, making Jaune smile warmly at her as he descended upon her naked body once again.

He pushed his legs into the back of her thighs, forcing them high into the air as he guided his cock back into her juicy,cum-filled folds once more.

Squelch!

"Uuuggghhh! Oh.....my!~" She let out, arching her back and making her breasts jiggle in front of his face just before he embraced her. Jaune scooped his arms around her waist and held her close to his chest, feeling the slimy confines of her pussy wrap around him once more as he took her.

"Yeah...that sounds like a fine idea to me, course we'll have to go about it carefully in the nighttime and never in the day. Vampires get pretty burnt under the light of the sun, but I'm sure we can find a way around it together.~" He breathed out, letting his fangs come out again for he was ready to bite her.

Glynda flung her hands around his neck and looked happily into his eyes while breathing loudly in euphoria.

"I love you, Jaune! I'll do anything for you, just please...let me stay by your side forever, feeling this every night of our lives whenever possible." Glynda let out and received a Vampire's kiss in the form of Jaune biting down on her neck once more.

The most masochistic part of the Goodwitch Noblewoman screamed out in pure ecstasy when she felt pain once again, her legs wrapped tightly around Jaune's back, embracing him fully as he began bottoming out of her for the second time that night. He held onto her hips, slamming voraciously into her from above, making her insides gush and squelch around his thickened penis as repeatedly cleaved into her like there was no tomorrow. Glynda held onto his neck the entire time, occasionally scratching his neck until the wound healed up instantly as part of their regenerative powers.

Her naked, light-skinned body, rowed heavily into his frame from below, slamming her buttocks into his waist with legs clamping tightly behind his lower back. She was in love, happy to serve as his wife and mother to all of his impending children while they sought to change society for the better.

Glynda would happily be married and called Glynda Varspell Arc; Countess of the Vampire Lord and loving wife for all time.

"Uuaahh..aahh..ahh..ahh...ahh..aahh..ahh.aahh!~ OOohhhh...yes! Yessss! Ravage me, darling! Put a baby into my body! I'll have as many as you desire...muuuuaahh!~" She cried out, tossing back her head and allowing him to drink more of her blood in the process, letting some of it spill out into her tits where he started licking it all up with his tongue.

It was carnal, primal ecstasy between two nocturnal creatures of the night, breeding like animals right there on his bed for what seemed like forever. Glynda cried out in ecstasy, clawed at his back, and clutched her ankles tight behind his waist as they continued for some time. Eventually, Jaune felt his next orgasm coming the more he felt her walls clamp down around his meat, squeezing the life out of his body as though she were trying to milk him for baby-making seed.

He would gladly give it to her, plowing her mindlessly some more until they eventually came to climax at the same time, wrapped in each other's arms like destined lovers.

"Uuagh...aaghhh...ahhhhh! Glynda...! I'm coming!" He let out, feeling his nalls swell and his shaft spew loads more of sperm directly into her sex, filling up her uterus in no time at all while she milked him constantly after succumbing to climax herself.

The two Vampiric lovers, howled into the night in ecstasy, bathing each other in blood and filling one of them up with semen to ensure pregnancy in the future. Glynda made sure of that, never letting go of her legs and feeling pumping her constantly into the late night of their so-called honeymoon.

Once they were finished after hours more of nonstop sex, she laid in bed next to him underneath the blankets, bating in the afterglow of blood and sex with Jaune at her side. Glynda was happily sleeping with her head resting next to his neck with a smile on her face, her pussy was oozing globs of sperm after being thoroughly pounded by her newfound lover. Jaune reached around her body and held her closely, cupping her ass and feeling happy that he had finally found a bride to live out eternity with.

Glynda was one remarkable woman, one he was glad his 'Suitors' selected for him after giving her that ring. It was a ring destined to make the Vampire Lord choose a bride, only given to one that is considered worthy in the first place, and Glynda certainly did that.

She became the Vampire Countess of Arc de Wallachia, his loving wife for as long as she shall live, with the expectation of perhaps sharing him with the other Vampire Mistresses he has lying around the castle.

End of Chapter

To be continued...?

This has been For D. B. Thanks for reading. *