

SPELLBOUND 241

Chapter 241 - Why?

Evie was so shocked she became completely rigid beneath him. All her mind could register was the feel of his warm and strong hands gripping her wrists and pinning them down against the soft bed. Her skin was so sensitive and her whole body so in tuned to the sensations being evoked in her that she could even feel each of his fingers that were wrapped around her wrists.

"Why..." he growled low, his blue eyes almost animalistic in their ferocity as he glared down at her. "Why do you keep on making me furious, huh? Evie? Why do you insist on taunting me? Are you looking to find out what's my tipping point?"

His intensity was almost suffocating her, and not to mention scary as well. Evie could no longer hold back the fear that was lapping at her in waves. For the first time, she was truly afraid of him. And she had to admit it was really an uncomfortable feeling and she did not like it at all. At this moment, she was really missing her Gavriel so much she could feel the intense ache within her. He had never once given her reason to fear him.

She steeled herself and glared stubbornly at him.

"Y-you are the one making me furious!" she retorted, hissing at him despite her fear. "Let me go!" she then shouted, glaring at him with a teary and sharp hateful gaze. She could not help the many emotions that were rising and battling within her right now.

Evie was angry and hurt and she could not help but hate this cruel and unknown being who had taken over her beloved husband's body. If it were not for him, she would have long been holding and kissing her Gavriel by now. If not for him, she would not be in this wretched predicament right now. She wanted to kick, punch, and slash out at him, but she could not as she would then be hurting her very own husband – even if it was only physically. Evie was on the brink of losing her sanity and letting loose a wild and crazy shriek that was bubbling just in her throat. But she clenched her teeth down adamantly and swallowed hard that impulse on letting loose.

However, all those emotions being held back had to be manifested somehow. The abhorrence that flashed so clearly within Evie's eyes made him freeze in surprise and shock. His face darkened and his grip on her wrists tightened even more.

"I said get off me!" Evie trashed beneath him. But he was like a statue.

Then suddenly, he laughed. And it was not that pleasant laugh Evie always loved. His laugh sounded somehow hysterical and utterly pained, that it even caused Evie to stop struggling and just stared questioningly at his face.

But then again, lightning fast, her vision darkened once more. The next moment, she was no longer in her brightly lit room anymore.

He still had her pinned down hard, but it no longer was on a soft and comfy bed but against a cold and hard wall. It was so dark and freezing that the only source of light was the small fire coming from a fireplace in the far corner of the room. She could not see his shadowed face, just those vivid devil-blue eyes.

Her heart thumped hard against her ribcage. Why did he bring her here? Where was this place?

Evie swallowed hard and her eyes moved from one side to the other. It was then that she realized this dark room was familiar, and she seemed to have seen it many times in her dreams.

"Evielyn..." he whispered, and Evie swore that his voice sounded almost miserable. She could feel his hot breath touching her lips. Their noses were almost brushing each other's due to his closeness. Evie caught her breath as he said it, those same words she had heard so many times before. "Tell me. Why did you not keep your promise?" His hands curled tighter around her arms as he asked again. "Why?!"

She thought she was prepared enough to reply to these words now after so many nights she had spent thinking about it. But she was unable to speak immediately. Maybe because of how close he was, that he had caused her to be completely disoriented for a moment. And when she managed to snap back to reality and was about to throw out the question that she had practiced in her mind many times before, she then heard a dry sardonic barking laughter from him that made her draw her lips closed again.

As she looked at him, speechless and wide eyed, she wondered why he had suddenly laughed that way. Why did it seem that she was the one in the wrong here?

He finally let go of her wrist and then his palms slammed on the walls behind her, causing her to jump in shock again. He bent his face down to hers as he pulled his body away, stretching his powerful arms and leaning forward heavily. His eyes burning even fiercer, colder. "Of course, I don't need to ask, do I? It's quite obvious that you have come to hate me and that's why you broke your promise. So, I guess, I must ask you a different question." His fingers flew to her chin and curled around it, lifting her face close to his.

"Why do you hate me now? Huh? Evie? Is it because of what I revealed to you that night about myself? Or..." he trailed off and his other hand wrapped around the small of her back and abruptly pulled her to press her body flush against him. His voice and aura becoming darker and colder again, murderous even. "Or is it because you've fallen for someone else, now?"

Evie swallowed again. Her throat was dry. Her Gavriel would never terrify her like this. Even when he was furious, he would not unleash it in front of her and frighten her so badly.

"I..." a word finally managed to leave her mouth. She knew she had to speak now. Because if she did not, this cruel person might really do something to hurt her this time. "I don't hate you, but I hate what you are doing to me right now! You are scaring me, hurting me..."

Chapter 242 - Last Resort

"I don't hate you, but I hate what you are doing to me right now! You are scaring me, hurting me..." Evie blurted out even as her voice cracked. Her emotions were really bursting out of control now. "... threatening me... and even accusing me of things I don't even understand!"

Her tears fell then. "How do you think I'd react when you behave like this? Do you think I'd run to you with open arms?!" Evie continued as the pitch of her voice rose. "Dream on!!!"

The man became a statue again, the wild fury in his eyes seemed to freeze as he stared at her. While Evie was panting after her outburst on the last statement she had made, unsure to feel afraid or angry.

"Tell me," Evie suddenly felt drained and tired. She was so determined in everything she does no matter how hard the task was. But why was it that when she was before this man, she can feel herself weakening in her dealings with him? Where was her strength and determination as how she was when standing to speak before her men?

"At least tell me, what promise are you talking about?" she asked at last, biting her lower lip hard to stop them from trembling. "And... why do you know me? Why are you saying all these confusing things to me? Who are you?"

Evie braced herself for what was going to happen next. But the man let go of her face, straightened out and then whirled around. She heard him inhaling loudly through his nose.

Then he strode towards the opened window. He put his hands against the windowpane and with his head down, he leaned on it heavily.

Silence enveloped the dark room with him just standing there, the cold wind blowing over his damp hair, causing a few curls to tumble about attractively and catching Evie's eyes. His darkness was oozing so heavily from him that even the moonlight was powerless to lift the gloom of his darkness.

At that moment, watching him in that state made Evie's heart squeezed inside her. And despite telling herself this man was not her husband, the ache did not subside the least. She did not know why but something in her seemed to be urging her to move forward and embrace him. And that was something she thought that was so very wrong. As she could not decide what to do, she just stood there, frozen.

After what seemed to be a very long time, he finally moved.

He turned to face her. He half sat on the window with his one knee bent as he leaned against the windowpane.

Somehow, the raging monster a while ago seemed to have miraculously calmed down. She wished the light was brighter so she could see his face clearer.

Then suddenly, the man laughed. This time it was not the same sardonic one from earlier. It was that dark and pleasant laugh she remembered and loved. Though this time, it was a laugh filled with irony and disbelief. And it was as if the devil was laughing at himself. He even threw his head back and covered his eyes with one hand as his sinful laugh echoed around the dark room.

When his laughter died down, he turned and looked at her.

"So, you're saying you've forgotten everything about me..." he said and then he suddenly materialized before her, cupping her face with his palm. "How cruel... you're a cruel little bunny, do you know that?" his voice came out hoarse and helpless, but he was no longer the terrifying creature from before.

His voice became sinuously wicked in an instant. "Shall I do something to make you remember everything?"

Evie's eyes circled at what he said. "You know a way to make me remember? How?" she asked. Curiosity immediately rose within her. He could make her remember? Evie was now dying of curiosity, not only because of what he said that he would make her remember her lost memories since she still could not believe that what he was saying was true about her forgetting about him and

that she had met this man before. She was much more interested because if he knew a way to bring memories back, then she could use the same method to bring her Gavriel back as well!

He lifted a brow as he did not expect her to be so interested. He then bent over her, his fingers tucking the loose strands of her hair behind her ear. Evie was helpless as she somehow felt a response within her and was affected by his touch, but she fought not to step back. She was afraid that her actions would make him flare up again and he would end up not answering her. She needed to know the answer.

"If I were you, I wouldn't show such interest, because I might really go ahead and do it."

"Huh?" Evie was a little lost at what he was referring to.

"Because the process is like going through one of the worst kinds of torture, Evie. That would be the cruellest thing I could do to you. It would only be my last resort." He said solemnly.

Shocked, Evie blinked at him, then her shock slowly turned into disbelief and doubt.

"I am still angry that you've forgotten about me, but..." his eyes flared with passion this time and before Evie realized it, the back of her knees hit something before she found herself falling backwards. Her buttocks plopped onto something soft, and she realized she was now sitting on the bed.

She looked back at him, and he was leaning over. "But... I can forgive you, Evie. Even if you never ever remember, I will accept it because you're going to be mine anyway. We will create new memories together and I will make sure you'll never forget anything and everything that happens between us ever again." He said as his breathing quickened.

Chapter 243 - Gate

Evie could feel the extremely heavy tension that was hanging between them right now due to the seriousness of his statement. She could also see what seemed like animal ferocity glittering in his eyes. There was also a mix of passion and lust swirling together in them and at that moment, Evie's fear spiked up to an intense level. The worse thing was that the way he looked at her, his warm quick breath against her skin, his hard and perfectly toned muscles pressing against her body were all making her body react to him. She was confused as why this was happening. Though he was not her Gavriel, her body's reaction was somehow responding to this man as though he was truly Gavriel. It was as if her body could not help it at all and though the fear within her at this moment was mounting, it still was not enough to distract her fully.

But when he lowered his face to hers, Evie felt her heart jump within her chest. She recognised that action! She knew without a doubt that he was going to kiss her – if she did nothing to stop him from doing so. No! her mind screamed. And it took so much of her willpower to struggle and knock herself out from the trance. She managed to avoid his kiss by turning her face sideways – just barely.

"You... said you're not going to force me." Evie's whole body was rigid under him even as she hissed, angry.

He withdrew a little, a slight frown on his face. "Force you? You clearly wanted it too, Evie –"

"You're wrong!" she cut him off loudly, now glaring at him.

"Really?" his voice sounded erotic as he smiled sensuously wicked at her, one of his elegant brows lifted in question even as his enigmatic eyes stared at her. His thumb lightly brushed against her lips, parting them as his gaze was fixed on them, as though entranced. "I don't believe you. Your body clearly wants me too now, right, Evie?"

Wide-eyed, Evie trashed beneath him again, trying to get herself away from being pinned down by him. This was driving her insane because she knew he was right. Her body was reacting to him just the same way it did with her Gavriel. She must not be seduced so easily like this! She cannot! She must keep in mind the cruel being inside her husband right now might not be what they think it is. There was no guarantee that this person was the same person as her Gavriel. Not yet at least. What if they were wrong all along?

The thought terrified Evie and terror filled her eyes the moment she felt him parting her legs with his knee. Her eyes widened in fear as her heart quaked as she started panicking on the inside. What can she do to get out of this alarming situation?

Upon seeing the frantic and almost maddened look on her face, he stilled his movements. All the passion and lust in his eyes dimmed and immediately died out and then anger swooped in to furiously replace them.

He pulled back almost immediately. And suddenly Evie was left lying alone on the bed, still dazed from the rapid changes in things. When she could make sense of the situation and draw in a deep breath, she afterwards exhaled in relief. Then the next thing Evie registered was hearing a very loud bang due to the door being slammed shut.

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The man disappeared as soon as he was out of the room. He then materialized far away, in a dungeon under the ruined city he had heard was called Dacia. Standing at the same spot where he had woken up days ago, he looked around him, face filled with fury and gave a great roar in a bid to release his anger.

However, that did not seem to have done anything for him. His face was still filled with nothing but rage as he recalled the face of the woman he loved so much, looking at him in terror. And then he lost it. His devil eyes blazed with blue flames, and he went berserk like a beast in a stampede. He fully unleashed his fury, destroying the walls and pillars of the dungeon. He punched and kicked, allowing his anger to flow out of his being. He did not want to go back and face Evie still burning up in anger and disappointment. Otherwise, he would not know what he would end up doing to her. His heart was already in pain even thinking back on how frightened her face looked when she stared at him. How was he to stand having her treat him that way again? That thought brought on the raging flames in his heart again.

The anger he felt was suffocating. He was unable to accept that his Evie, the woman whom he was living for was horrified of him. Was he such a dreadful monster to her? Was that why she had forgotten all about him?

The thought fuelled his anger even more and he continued destroying anything he could lay his hands and feet on.

He only stopped when the entire place collapsed into rubble under his feet. His fists were bleeding as he stood there, his blood dripping to the ground even as the lacerations on his hands slowly

healed. As the fiery blue flame in his eyes calmed a little, he walked further into the pitch dark tunnel until he stopped at the very dead end.

The dead end looked quite normal. It was as if the one who created the tunnels countless of years ago had simply got tired of building anymore and had just left it as it was. But only he knew this was not any ordinary dead end. It was only known to him that this was actually a sealed gate he could never cross again. There was a whole different world that lies beyond – but the knowledge of it was limited to his eyes and mind alone.

Quietly, he stretched out his hand and touched the wall made of ancient stone. Though ancient, it still was as firm and steady as the very day they were being put in place. Time did not seem to be able to touch it and cause any wears and tears. Then as he closed his eyes, he began to see himself, when he was younger, leaving through this gate.

Chapter 244 - Gavrael (Part I)*

Unbeknownst to the creatures who were contentedly living on the surface, there was actually a hidden sixth empire of the great Land of Lirea. This hidden empire lies exactly beneath the Middle Land, the land of the faeries. And it was called the Under Land, the land of the real dark Faes.

The Under Land was a paradise in the dark and the dark faes were all living there together in peace as one united people. The dark faes were the real creatures of the dark. They were born of the dark, they embraced the dark and they thrive in the dark. They cannot live long on the surface because the light has some elements that limited them, not only in their growth, but even more so, in their magic.

Apart from the fact that the dark faes could not live under the sun, the dark faes were also forbidden to go up to the surface even during the night time because of the treaty that was agreed upon between the Light and Dark Faeries. According to legends, countless millennia ago, the light and dark faes were once mortal enemies until the king of the dark faeries and the queen of the light faeries agreed to end the long and drawn-out war. And the solution to their problem was for the two races to never set foot on each other's land ever again.

Because of the treaty, the portal between the two empires was sealed. Only the most powerful of the dark faes can leave the Under Land. But there was a price that had to be paid – they will lose their power and all of their memories about the Under Land. This was the spell that was cast on the sealed portal and the payment of those who were powerful enough to cross it.

Only the King of the dark fae was strong enough to leave Under Land but even the King must return within a given duration of time. If not, he will lose his memories and powers as well. They must not see the light. That meant, they could only stay out of Under Land during the night time.

Within the glorious and massive palace in the midst of a massive city, a beautiful and fair skinned woman clad in a dark gown and blue jewelled crown nestled securely on her head was rushing with much haste along the corridors.

"Gavrael!" She threw open the doors as she barged inside the large room of the dark fae's second prince. She was the queen of the dark faes and she was clearly not a dark fae but... a vampire!

A young man, stately in bearing and of exquisite appearance, gracefully lifted his head and turned to look up at his distressed mother who had just charged her way into his private chambers. The two of them were the only ones with pale white skin. All the dark faes in the entire empire had dark skin,

an indication that they were dark faes – only they were the exception. Gavrael and his mother were fair skinned, and of course, he knew of the reason why. His mother was a purebred vampire royal and being a half-blooded vampire, he thus inherited his mother's features – one of which was his skin tone.

"I heard you tried to leave the portal again." The woman said worriedly as she looked over her son, checking if he had sustained any injuries.

"Mother." Gavrael was unrepentant, his tone lazy and without tension. "I have already told you. Many times, as I recall... I want to leave the Under Land empire. I am not a pure dark fae and you know how I ... how I looked so out of place here!"

"You are not. You're a dark fae too, son. The dark fae's royal prince." His mother's voice was worried even as she tried to insist and coax him into accepting what she held to be a fact and one without dispute.

"You're the only one who thinks that way, mother. I always feel like I don't belong here..." Gavrael said in a pained voice. "Ever since you told me of those stories on how the surface looked like. About how the creatures who lived up on the surface looked just like us, I have always wanted to leave this place and live there instead. And that has been my goal ever since. I know you are more than aware of how I feel for years since I have found that out, mother." Gavrael explained to his mother patiently as he levelled a knowing look at her troubled face.

"Gavrael..." the queen's face became utterly melancholy as her eyes roved over her beloved son's attractive face. "The surface is a very dangerous place right now." She could not help but sigh after revealing that to him, her fingers clenching in uneasiness. Gavrael silently looked at his mother's agitated state and drew in a deep breath.

"I already know about that, mother. But I still want to go. I am powerful enough to open the gate even without the king's help." His voice held more than a tinge of pride as he mentioned his ability to shoulder his own burdens and actions.

"Are you willing to leave us all? After the allotted time duration, you know that you're going to forget about us." She began to weep, heartbroken at how adamant her son was in his decision. "And what will happen to you if you lose your powers too?"

Gavrael stood and embraced his mother gently. "Whoever said that I'm going to forget about you and this place? It will be alright as long as I return here before I lose my memories and powers, right? Don't worry, I know what I am doing. Perhaps, once I see the surface by myself, I might find it boring. If that happens, I guess I'll just accept my fate and return to fight my brother to the death and be the next king of the Under Land."

Chapter 245 - Gavrael (Part II)

"If that happens, I guess I'll just accept my fate and return to fight my brother to the death and be the next king of the Under Land." The young man smiled wickedly, teasing his mother and the queen's eyes widened.

"Gavrael!" the queen scolded as she lightly smacked him on his arm, not liking his last line at all. Gavrael laughed as he pulled away from his mother.

"See? You don't like me to stay back here and fight for the throne, right? Because my poor brother will be beaten into a pulp if I ever get serious." He smirked confidently, his blue eyes flaming with wicked mischief. "Not to mention that I don't want to fight him too. Since I don't want to disrupt the peace in this empire, so I won't be doing that. I know the dark faes will revolt if they end up being ruled by someone who look nothing like them and that's why I am holding back. However, if I don't find something that can keep me occupied soon... I might change my mind. So don't you think I think I would be better off diverting my attention to what's out there on the surface rather than focus in here?"

"Fine, fine, you win!" the queen finally gave in, exasperated at her son's intelligence and quick wit. She already knew how dangerous this son of hers was. Coupled with his extreme sharp intellect, there was hardly anyone who can be his equal. Given more years and experience, he would only grow to be more powerful and secure in his own right. Only kings and the most powerful dark fae warriors were supposed to be strong enough to open the gate but this son of hers could already open it at his young age – for a mix blood vampire-fae that is. To top it off, he was as wicked and powerful as his father. "But please, son. If you manage to leave, make sure to remember and keep track of the time for you to return. I cannot take it if you can never return to us again."

"Worry not, mother. I will keep that in mind. I'll only be there during what the surface creatures called nights." Her mischievous son smiled and then after bowing at his mother, he picked up his sword. "I know you're going to go and tell this to father. But could you please wait a little while longer before telling him, mother? He... Father might come to stop me from leaving."

The young man disappeared before the echoes of his words could even fade off. The queen sighed heavily when she suddenly felt a formidable presence appear behind her.

A man, dark and breathtakingly beautiful was standing behind her. His long hair cascaded down the front of the queen's shoulders as he leaned forward and hugged her close from behind. The queen sighed before relaxing into her husband's strong and warm embrace.

"Don't worry about him, my beloved wife." The dark voice came as he kissed the queen's neck. "I somehow expected that one day, he would end up doing this. He's my son after all." Chuckles followed that statement.

"I'm worried because he's your son!" The queen retorted a little angrily, looking over her shoulders and pouting at the man who was still hugging her. "What if he kidnaps a girl and brings her back here like what you did to me?" She rolled her eyes at her husband before huffing and turning to look at where her son had sat earlier.

The king laughed then he cocked his head. "Aren't you the one who asked me to kidnap you? I just granted your wish, remember My Lady?"

"Lies! You brute! You clearly knew that I was just kidding but you still had the gall and went ahead and executed the kidnapping."

"But I was quite certain you were a willing participant." The king waggled his brows playfully at his queen.

The queen was speechless at his teasing and the king laughed again in triumph. He lifted her in his arms and cradled her lovingly.

"Don't worry about that son of ours. He's strong enough to do what he wants to. I have taught and trained him well enough for him to handle this. I also think that leaving the Under Land and seeing the surface himself is better. Now let him do what he wants and let's get ourselves to bed." He smiled at her hungrily and the queen could only surrender.

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As expected, Gavrael did managed to open the gate. The walls of dark and ancient stones blocking the tunnel seemed to have melted and turned into dust and the stones became something like a small black hole.

Gavrael put his arm into the dark hole and his hand went through.

With a smile on his face, he looked behind him before he jumped through into the portal. The moment his feet landed on the ground the portal closed behind him.

Gavrael smiled as he looked ahead. Intrigue and curiosity flashing across his eyes. What will the surface look like? He had heard many stories from his mother when he was younger on how it was like and now, he was finally going to see it for himself.

However, as soon as the young man was out of the cave, what welcomed him was a forest. He was surprised at how different the forest on the surface compared to their forest in Under Land. He already heard about the trees and the moon which was not present in Under Land. Still, he found the new sights interesting.

For a long while, Gavrael wandered around the forest, and he found it strange because he had yet to find any creatures around. He wanted to see someone. But it seemed as though the place he was in happened to be unoccupied.

Until he saw something bright flew above him. Gavrael followed the glowing object. He only saw it in a very short period but with the vampiric ability of his eyes, he had clearly seen a winged, glowing creature.

Thrill rose within him as he chased after the winged creature. But before long, he lost track of it. Gritting his teeth, he angrily landed on the ground and continued surveying the place, still looking for that flying creature he saw.

Then his feet suddenly halted at the sight of a girl sitting by a stone. Her hair was waist long and silvery white. She was dipping her feet into the water that was glowing with an amber colour. He was certain this was the creature he saw flying in the sky earlier.

Slowly, he walked closer. His heart strangely beating hard which he told himself was perhaps simply due to the thrill. He was planning to capture her, as he thought that she might fly off suddenly and he would lose sight of her again.

But before he could leap to grab at her, the girl turned around and looked at him with wide clear amber eyes.

Chapter 246 - Gavrael (Part III)

Gavrael stilled, unable to take his eyes off this young girl that looked like a beautiful faery child. His eyes almost bugged out of their sockets as he could hardly believe what his eyes was seeing. The girl before him looked so much like his mother, fair and fragile looking – that he was truly

taken aback. But this girl was even fairer than his queen mother, her skin so translucent it was almost seemed as though it were made of a satiny gauze material. The glow she was exuding from her body was somehow so alluring and those luminous and semi-transparent wings on her back...! His mother had never mentioned there was such a creature that exists living on the surface. He was completely entranced at the sight of this girl who was as pretty as a picture, still sitting there and staring back at him.

He had heard about vampires and humans, but he could not remember even once of his mother telling him about a winged, glowing, and breath-taking creature of the light such as this one.

The enchanting creature continued looking at him with some measure of shocked surprise and when she suddenly spread her wings, Gavrael was jolted into moving – lightning fast. And before the girl could spread her wings fully to fly off, Gavrael materialized before her and shot his hands out to seize her.

She gasped in surprise and a slight bit of fright as his outstretched hands gripped her wrists hard, making sure she could not escape. However, he was careful too to not clamp down too hard to avoid hurting her and bruising her delicate looking wrists. He could tell that she was scared at the way she yelped and turned her large crystalline eyes at him, but he was too distracted by her beauty, the delicate warmth of her skin and... her enticing flowery scent.

Never before had he ever encountered such an alluring, maddening scent in his lifetime. He remembered his mother mentioning how humans had the sweetest scent among all of the existing creatures she knew of. So, this girl was a human? Damn... he cursed within himself. She smelt so good, way too good. In fact, 'good' was not even enough to do it justice in describing it.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" she exclaimed, finally finding her voice after getting over the initial shock. He noticed her struggling to pull her hands out of his firm grip. She was weak, he thought. He then remembered that his mother did mention that humans were the most fragile and the most helpless of all creatures because of their very limited strength and abilities.

The thought made him loosen his hold on her wrists a little, afraid that he might hurt her without even realising. He could not forget what his mother had told him, that humans could be killed with just one strike from a vampire, even if by accident. He had not really believed his mother's words at that time, thinking that there would not be a race so weak as that. However, looking at this girl now, he realised that her words were true.

"I said let me go! Who are you?!" the girl continued struggling as she pulled at her wrists, trying to break free from him.

"I've caught you. So, you now belong to me." He told her authoritatively and the girl's pink and luscious lips dropped open. And then horror filled her eyes, a look he found that he did not quite like seeing plastered on her gentle and exquisite face. Did she think he was going to harm her?

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat you or harm you. You have nothing to be scared of." His voice softened but the fear and suspicion in the girl's eyes did not subside in the least. In fact, her wariness towards him even increased. It was as if, he was some kind of horrific predator to her.

"P-please let me go." Her voice weakened from fear as she pleaded with him, eyes turning moist as it teared up pitifully.

Gavrael found her pleading expression adorable. "But if I do that you'll definitely fly away and escape."

"I... won't." she replied and Gavrael stared into her amber eyes.

"Hmm... I'm not certain that I could believe that statement of yours."

She swallowed and looked around, then met his gaze and gave him a small nod. "I... promise."

After staring intently at her for another long while, Gavrael slowly let go of her wrists.

But as soon as he set her free, the girl flew away without any hesitation nor warning, leaving him standing there. A wicked smile curved on his lips. "What a bad, sly little butterfly." He uttered and then his blue eyes flared to life, excited with the thrill of the upcoming chase.

One of the few things Gavrael hated the most was anyone who broke their promises so easily like that and that was why he never asked anyone to make any promises to him. Maybe because he was a half vampire. His mother had always drilled into him what promises actually meant to the vampires before and he realized he was more of a vampire than a dark fae. It became obvious when he nearly killed a dark fae just because he broke his promise to him. Promises, no matter how small, always is a big deal to him, whether he liked it or not. And this was why no one dared to simply make any promises to the dark fae's second prince back in the Under Land.

So, what that girl did made him burst out into an angry laughter. It was hard for him to accept that she broke her promise almost immediately as soon as he let her loose.

And thus, the chase started. He was not chasing her so he could punish her. He had already understood that promises were not that serious to the other races. His mother had made sure he had understood that. However, he was going to make sure that once he catches her again, she will never do that again.

Chapter 247 - Gavrael (Part IV)

The chase was not as hard as he thought. She was not that fast, and it was very easy for him to spot her in the darkness. Somehow, he had forgotten about his rage and all that was left was his desire to catch her again. Therefore, the chase ended up being something quite enjoyable for him too. He did not understand why he was feeling such an intense desire since that moment he had laid eyes on her. It intrigued him the way he felt so fascinated about the surface when he was still in the Under Land. And he knew he would never be able to calm that burning curiosity down until he could find out all the whys that were running around in his head. Was it just because she was the first and only human that he had ever seen? Would he act the same once he sees other humans too?

After a long drawn-out but gratifying chase, Gavrael finally halted. He saw the little butterfly entering a tower of a citadel just outside of the forest they were in. He could feel that if he took few more steps out of the forest, he would have stepped out of the Middle Land and set foot into a whole new Land that he thought must be the Human realms. Somehow, he could just feel it.

The thrill of the chase seemed to be getting through to him again as he felt his heartbeat pick up in exhilaration. He was ever so tempted to cross the line and search out and explore these unknown places.

After looking on for quite a while, considering whether it was wise of him to take the risk, his eyes flashed with a determined look. He took the step and then he approached the towering walls of the

citadel. All around, it was quiet and not a soul could be seen. Maybe because it was deep into the night for these humans, Gavrael reasoned out to himself. He materialized on the top of the citadel walls, and he then saw the guards who were on duty – however, they were blissfully sleeping at their posts.

Looking at them, Gavrael immediately realized what his mother had repeatedly told him about humans. He could feel that there was nothing special in them when it comes to power and strength. He could easily kill off all these soldiers before they could even put up a fight. Perhaps, they would not even register what had happened while happily in their slumber before going to meet their maker. But that girl... she was human but at the same time, different. What was she then?

As Gavrael darted from one place to another, he took in the sights and observed the humans who were deep in slumber all over the citadel. He had infiltrated the citadel and saw other humans sleeping in their beds at home soundly. He saw another girl writing something on her desk and a woman walking along the corridors of a house with a lamp dangling in her hand. He also took notice of the human's style of architecture and building structures, finding them somewhat interesting even if he did not think them to be superior to those back in the Under Land.

He soon realized that the other humans he had seen were not interesting to him at all. None of the multitudes he had observed even triggered the slightest hint of curiosity in him to investigate further nor cause him the same sudden want to possess like how it had happened with that 'butterfly' girl. Nothing here caught any of his interest at all. These humans were not as intriguing as that sly little butterfly he was chasing.

A wicked smile curved across his lips, thinning them out. He decided there and then. He was going to look for her. This girl with the beautiful wings that had somehow caught his attention – which was a really hard thing to do, as he rarely took note of many things that could be labelled as 'interesting' to him personally. He will find out what was it that drew him to her. There must be something worthy of his undivided princely attention that she was in possession of that could elicit such an intense feeling of fascination from him. As he had decided to pursue her, he could feel his excitement mount and he was pleased. It has been so long since he had felt this kind of thrill, and he realised that he had missed this feeling.

His curiosity to the many things – new and strange – that he had found and seen in the citadel that was not part of the Under Land had caused him to forget about the time limitation that was imposed as the result of the spell on the portal. The moment he had finally found the room where the girl was sleeping in, he was taken by surprise when he looked up to see that the colour of the sky outside her window had changed and already turned lighter. And it was much lighter than he had anticipated. It was no longer black anymore.

Suddenly, he felt his mind and heart throb in pain.

He cursed. How come time passes so fast up here on the surface? He sighed and had to be in agreement with the saying where, 'Time flies when you are having fun'. Based on how he did not even realise the time had flown by, and the amount of fun he had, he concluded that he did have quite the bit of fun since crossing the portal and exploring the land on the surface. Giving a last longing glance at the peacefully slumbering girl one last time, he then disappeared from her room.

Gavrael knew he had to return immediately. It was painful. He did not know that the pain would be this excruciating. He did all he could to speed towards and reach the portal on time and thankfully,

he was able to return just before his time ran out. However, that was at the expense where he had to go through much intense and mind-numbing pain. He was sweating and panting even as he leaned his head that was damp with perspiration against the wall of the tunnel.

But still, a satisfied smirk flashed across his face. It was as if he had just gone through a turning point in his life and he regretted none of it, despite the crazy amount of pain he had just gone through.

"Wait for my return my little butterfly," he said with a devilish smile as he stared at the now closed portal.

Chapter 248 - Gavrael (Part V)

"You've made your mother worried about you," a deep voice echoed behind Gavrael, causing the young man to halt and stand still. "This is your first time setting foot on the surface but you already nearly didn't make it."

"It will not happen again, Father." Gavrael replied before turning around to face the strong and dark man before him. This father of his reeks with so much dark power even when he was just standing there. Gavrael could not help but feel mystified at how his mother could tolerate living and being next to this man all these years. In fact, it intrigued him to no end how his mother was completely unaffected when all the dark faes, him included, was already intimidated just by coming into contact this king's mere aura alone. This man was the king of the darkness through and through and Gavrael wondered if he would grow up to be just like him one day. No, in his mind, he haughtily told himself that he would surpass him one day. "And besides, I heard there's an alternative. I've read it in one of your books before father. It said there that I would be able to keep my magic and memories if I can endure and defeat the curse."

The king looked surprised at hearing what his son mentioned and was not pleased at all at what he said. "I see that you are more than confident of yourself Gavrael. But I must warn you that the alternative you are talking about is too dangerous. I believe you have already tasted the pain..." the king said, causing Gavrael to look at him in surprise. He thought that he could hide the suffering he had gone through as a result of him failing to return on time. "I must tell you what you experienced was just only the tip of the iceberg. That was a little taste of what the real thing is if you dare try."

The young man's eyes widened. Did he say, 'just a little taste'? That was a little taste? He had never felt such pain before. It was a hundred times more painful than the strikes and punches and wounds he had suffered all through his combat trainings. And he said that it was just a taste? Gavrael shuddered a little as he thought how overwhelming the pain would be if the whole curse was in effect on him.

"I wouldn't want you to go through it. Because no one has ever managed to defeat the curse." There was a warning in his voice that Gavrael thought was rare. His father liked throwing him in harsh, almost impossible situations ever since he was young. He claimed that would toughen him up and doubled as trainings and also to sharpen his mind as he sought to overcome it. During trainings, Gavrael would always receive the harshest and cruelest routines among all his peers and his father never gave him any warnings or talks such as this.

"I wanted you to keep that in mind, Gavrael. Do not even think of attempting it, son." The king added that on to his already rare warning and then he turned to leave when Gavrael called out.

"Father, may I ask you one thing?" Gavrael said and the king faced him, seemingly surprised that his son was finally initiating a conversation with him. It had been a long time since his son had stopped speaking to him like he used to when he was a child.

The king was aware of the reason why and had traced it back to when his son was old enough to realize how different he was from the rest of the citizens in the entire empire.

"Go on, son." The king was curious on what could have prompted his son to voluntarily speak extra words to him again.

"I saw a girl... but she's different. I don't think she's human nor a vampire."

The king started to look intrigued as he turned to fully face Gavrael and paid more attention to what he was about to say.

"I think she has magic, though not the kind that we have. I think hers is a far weaker type of magic. I want to ask if there are other races that live on the surface. Perhaps a race that mother didn't know about, aside from the humans and vampires?"

Suddenly, a dark energy enveloped the two of them. Gavrael realized his father was trying to hide this conversation from anyone. He had used his massive reserve of energy to surround them both with a shield constructed fully of dark magic to keep all conversation they were having, remaining within this sphere. After the sphere solidified, the king looked more relaxed and opened his mouth to continue speaking.

"How did the girl look like?" the king asked, Gavrael could see so much interest in his eyes.

For a moment, Gavrael hesitated. He did not expect his father to react like this. However, even though his relationship with his father had somehow changed for the worse as he grew older, which he himself started by deliberately disobeying the king and not speaking with him, this man was still the only man in the dark fae realms Gavrael trusted the most. The main reason was because he knew this man loved his mother more than anyone else. And he had been keeping his mother safe from harm up until now.

"She was glowing and has translucent butterfly like wings. And her hair was long and silvery white." Gavrael answered and the king's expression at that moment made the young man to understand that his father knew about her. "It was like the colour of moonlight..." Gavrael said, more to himself than to his father. Then he looked up. "You know about her?!" Gavrael asked, even moving closer to the king as he questioned her.

The king observed his son's face, as if thinking on whether he should answer him right there and then or not.

Chapter 249 - Gavrael (Part VI)

"Please answer me, Father." Gavrael pleaded. The king can remember the last time he had said 'please' to him was when he was still a little boy. It pleased him somehow that his son as a young man is once again asking him a favour and saying 'please'.

"Alright. But you have to promise not to talk to anyone else about this. Never to any dark faes."

"Why?"

"Because it is forbidden to talk about the Light Faes. Legends have it that the King and Queen who created the treaty hated each other too much, that they began to erase their people's knowledge about the existence of the other race to avoid the next generation from getting too curious and attempting to cross the portals again. Both the rulers believed that not knowing each other's existence will be the best way for the two races to stop the wars between them. And this was why the dark faes, except the kings know nothing about the Light Faes."

"L-light faes..."

"Yes, that girl you saw is a light fae. They are like us but our complete opposite. The dark faes are called creatures of the dark and they, the light faes are the creatures of the light. They used to live in the land just above ours."

"Used to?"

"Yes. But they were completely annihilated and the dark faes were partly the cause of their being wiped out." The king answered and Gavrael's eyes narrowed.

"What? They were annihilated?" Gavrael looked at him with disbelief as he remembered the unoccupied and empty land he found when he arrived on the surface. However, Gavrael suspected that there might be a small number of the light faes that must have escaped the disaster that his father had said. Or else, how could that girl exist up there on the surface?

The king's face became sullen for a moment. "After a few millennia since the treaty, a few dark faes began to grow powerful enough to leave the portal. They mingled with the light faes in secret. A few of them fell in love with the light faes. They didn't return to the Under Land and that's why they lost their magic and their memories. After they lost their magic and memories, their bodies began to change as well and eventually they died as Dark Faes could not live that long without their magic. However, those dark fae children inherited some of the traits of the dark faes, like their dark hair and dark magic. Though the dark magic of those half dark faes aren't as strong as the purebloods, they are still strong enough. And those half dark faes began to increase in number. Those halflings became so numerous in the passing of times that they had occupied almost half of the Light Fae realm. Until a war between the Light faes and those half dark faes broke out. The Under Land wasn't aware of what was going on up there on the surface until the king during that time had decided to cross the portal to have a look above. But by then, it was too late. The war was already over, and he found out that both the Light Faes and the halves were all annihilated due to the power of the Light Queen. I too, first ventured out onto the surface when I was around your age, and I found out for myself that none of the Light faes had survived. That's why I am surprised at what you just said, about this girl you saw. It's good to know that some of them managed to survive." Gavrael only nodded. His father mentioned that he did not find any light faes, but it could be that those who survived must have run off to somewhere distant and safer to wait out things until they are more settled.

Gavrael was speechless at the recounting of the history that he had just heard. And that talk about the light faes did not leave his mind the entire time as he waited for time to pass so he could finally leave the Under Land again.

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As soon as the night fell, Gavrael emerged from the tunnel again. He had now learned that time on the surface seemed to run faster compared to the Under Land. So, he planned to make sure he would

not waste any more time in wondering around aimlessly again. There was just one thing he wants for now, and that was to see her again.

Gavrael went straight to that place where he had first found her yesterday. When he did not see her there, he decided to go into that citadel.

It was quite far from the entrance to the portal, but he did not mind it at all. He knew he had time and he was not going to be late and experience that pain again this time.

He arrived at the citadel deep into the night. And as he approached the tower where her room was located, Gavrael felt his heart skipped a beat. He materialized inside her room and quietly, he approached the bed, seeming to see a figure lying on it.

Seeing that she was still sleeping, a smile subconsciously broke out on his face. He bent forward, staring at her delicate face that looked innocent and peaceful in her sleep. Wonder and intrigue danced across his eyes as he drank in her beauty.

His hand slowly moved to touch her face, but he halted just centimetres from her. He blinked and his brows creased, realizing that the girl was not glowing like how she was yesterday. He could not see her wings as well as she was sleeping on her side and facing him. At that moment, she was just like the other humans he saw – without any magic. Does she lose her wings and her glow when she fell asleep? He wondered.

Nevertheless, glowing or not, he was still unable to take his eyes off of her. He just sat there looking at her, watching her, waiting for her to open her eyes but was not planning to purposely wake her up. He was simply questioning himself what he was doing, just watching a sleeping girl like this. Why does he feel that watching her like this was already satisfying enough?

Chapter 250 - Gavrael (Part VII)

Time passed as he sat there unmoving, looking on the sleeping figure on the bed. Even after such a long time, the sleeping girl did not seem to be waking up anytime soon.

Gavrael was about to reach out to wake her up when he heard footsteps approaching the room. He waited and was on full alert as he listened if the footsteps would just walk past the room, or it was actually headed into this room. When he saw the doorknob turn slowly, Gavrael quietly disappeared from sight. He did not leave the place though. He just stood quietly outside the window, hiding himself from being seen using his dark fae magic.

He saw two human ladies entering into the room and they seemed to be checking up on the girl.

"Thank god the moon is not out tonight." One of them said as she approached the window and shut it close as she saw it was slightly opened. She should close it in case the young lady catches a cold from the chilly night air.

"Yeah, we can finally sleep tonight." The other one sighed.

"Right. Did you hear any explanation from the Madam on what exactly is going on with the young lady? Why is she even glowing and growing wings every time the moon is out now?" The younger of the two maids asked the other in a lowered voice.

"You know the madam will never say anything regarding her daughter. And don't forget we're just servants here. They don't owe us any explanations." The older of the two answered in a strict tone,

giving the younger maid a quick glance of warning. Gavrael assumed that this was the one in charge between the two of them.

"I know but –" The younger maid tried to explain herself but got cut off.

"That's enough. Let's go." The senior maid was brisk in her tone and quickly moved to the door, effectively ending the conversation that most probably was a taboo among them servants.

As soon as the door was closed, Gavrael appeared again. He easily unlatched the window using his magic and vaulted back into the room before closing the window panels again. He then looked outside the window. They maids were right. The moon was not out this time. When he thought back to the last time he was here on the surface, the moon was out and bright. He specifically remembered because he had compared her long tresses to the colour of the moonlight.

Quietly, he approached the girl again, looking down at her still peacefully sleeping face. "So, you only change in appearance and grow your wings if that round thing in the sky appear huh?" He said in a whisper when he saw her brows crease in her sleep.

And her eyes suddenly flew wide open. She gasped as soon as her eyes met his. She nearly yelped but Gavrael was quick to cover her mouth with his hand. However, he was careful not to press down too hard. She was so delicate that he felt as though she would break if he exerted too much pressure.

"Hush..." he whispered as he put one finger on his mouth to indicate her to keep quiet. "Don't be afraid, I'm not going to hurt you." He tried his best to soften his voice, but the girl just looked at him with her eyes still wide opened with fear. Gavrael realized she was truly afraid of him, terrified in fact. And he could not help but feel anger rise within him.

Gavrael grew up in world where he was the only one who was different from the rest – other than his queen mother of course. He was also unable to use dark magic when he was younger. The other dark faes had looked down on him and made fun of him for being weak, only acting friendly and nice with him when the king and queen were around. It was then that he had understood he was different, and the worse thing was when he overheard the adult faes' honest view about him. They never acknowledged him as their prince because to them, he was not a creature of the dark like them. Not to mention that he was weak as well. To them, he was not worthy of being called the prince of the dark faes. And that was why, he did not have any friends in the Under Land, just servants who also do not genuinely respect and acknowledge him.

He heard the other dark faes saying all sorts of things behind his back but since he heard the officials of the court talking about him himself, Gavrael's attitude had changed since then. He began to grow more rebellious. Unbeknownst to his mother, he had turned into an outcast ever since. Gavrael knew his father was aware of this, but his father had never said anything, which was something Gavrael was thankful for. He would hate it even more if the king had intervened on his behalf and the dark faes were forced to get along with him. That would have caused him to lose more face.

Due to that, he grew up a loner and violent. He also began to turn his focus fully into training himself. He trained harder than anyone else. He never complained when his father trained him using the cruellest way. The dark faes even thought that the king hated his son too because of how cruel he was to him but only Gavrael knew that his father deliberately made him suffer the most because he wanted him to grow stronger.

And within a few years of harsh training daily, Gavrael had grown so strong. In fact, he grew too strong that his peers, who were laughing at him in the beginning, began to fear him. His power even surpassed his father's when the king was around his age. He was a weak prince no more, and Gavrael thought that the dark faes will begin to acknowledge him. However, they still did not.