

SPELLBOUND 291

Chapter 291 - Method (Part II)

"He must be talking about that magic spell. But I don't think that will work on him, princess." Claudius replied, his tone sounding a little apologetic since he had to disappoint her with his comment.

"Why? Why won't it work?"

"Because... this particular spell needs to be casted by someone else. And it needs to be another dark fae and one who also must be stronger than him. There is no one stronger than he is right now at this stage. Even King Belial himself will not be able to help."

"Why? Why can't the king help?"

"Our magic will not work on him anymore and vice versa. He had left the Under Land and kept his magic and memories. But the price is he will never be able to see any of us dark faes again. We could use our magic on anyone else but not him. Of course, unless there is someone who would also be willing to leave the Under Land just like he did. But you know King Belial cannot do that."

Evie nibbled her lips. So, she can no longer rely on magic, huh... then what else she could do? Since the dark fae's method cannot help him, what other method could possibly work?

"I am sorry I can't help out with much regarding this, princess." Claudius said apologetically.

"No, I understand. Of course, it wouldn't be that easy to find a solution. If it were that easy, then all those other faes previously wouldn't have come to such a tragic end." She said bitterly. "But don't worry, I'll think of something else as quickly as possible."

She nodded to herself, there was always another way out. If this method was not possible then she would just need to find another method. If dark fae methods would not work, then there must be vampire method or human method or light fae method... wait. There must be one of those ways, right?!

"Claudius!" Evie cried out, her eyes now determined. "I need to leave this barrier. I need to speak with my comrades to find another method to make him remember Gavriel's memories. He's so adamant in caging me in like this. I need to get out."

"This is an impregnable barrier, no one could even break through this. I believe with this level of magic it will be impossible for someone to enter from the outside, because this barrier is a protection barrier, not a prison barrier. However, it only means that it's not impossible for you to get out."

Evie's eyes twinkled in relief and hope. She was afraid that Claudius could not help her out with this issue as well. So, she was truly relieved.

"However, princess. Are you sure about this? This could anger the prince even more."

"I know... but that would be better than just being caged in here, not able to do anything. I need to find a way to bring his memories back."

Seeing that the princess was determined, Claudius gave in. He taught her how to escape Gavrael's powerful barrier in just two tries.

Thankfully, Zanya and Elias were stationed right outside her door.

Without wasting a moment, she began to ask Zanya if the light faes had such a method to get someone to recall a suppressed memory. But to her dismay there was apparently no such spell. Zanya said it was the dark faes who had that kind of magic. When she asked Elias, the vampire said that the vampires do not have any methods on matters such as these too. The vampires do not have magic after all.

Crestfallen, Evie slumped weakly against the wall, closing her eyes. Now all that is left... all her hopes were being pinned on the human methods, huh... she thought to herself.

She had heard about one of her friends who had lost her memories when her carriage fell over a cliff. Her friend had been lucky and survived the accident, but she lost her memories – perhaps due to either some physical trauma to her head or even a psychological one. However, she later managed to recover them. Evie heard that her friend's memories came back naturally and through visiting and doing the things she had done before. Seemingly, it helped as one of those events had suddenly triggered her memories to return. But that method was not a sure-fire guarantee and she heard it took a long time.

Evie opened her eyes and sighed. But with her coming up with zero on the sides of light faes and vampires, it seems that she had no other choice but to try this method out. She must make haste before it is too late.

"Since you said you're running out of time, maybe you can just choose the most memorable place and most memorable events to revisit and re-enact?" Zanya gave a very helpful suggestion.

Her suggestion immediately made Evie agree excitedly. Their most memorable place and event...

Evie did not even need to think that long. However, her smile and the twinkle in her eyes faded as she remembered that the most memorable place for them had already been completely destroyed. Almost all of their most memorable experiences also took place there – and that was in the castle fortress of Dacria.

Suddenly, Evie felt like she had lost a treasure and she could not help but be saddened. Thankfully, there was still one place left. And that is the magical crystal lake in the Middle Land. She must bring him there somehow.

"Did you know where he is right now?" Evie asked Elias.

"I heard a commotion a little while ago. It seems that there are some soldiers and citizen who were caught trying to escape Kirzan, probably to report the dukedom's situation to the capital. I think all of the men caught were brought to the courtyard. The prince must be there, right now." Elias reported.

"Alright, I will go there." Evie immediately moved and headed towards the courtyard.

And the moment she got there, the sight that welcomed her made her freeze as she looked at Gav with widened eyes.

Chapter 292 - Phase

Gavrael was standing there, unmoving, tall and menacing right in the middle of the courtyard. His sleeves were drenched in blood, scarlet red liquid still dripping from his sword and pooling next to his feet on the ground.

Blood was splattered all over his face as he stared down at the small pile of slaughtered bodies before him. The air was filled with the metallic and cloying stench that only fresh blood could produce and darkness and fear hung in the surrounding air like a thick and heavy blanket that affected everyone who were within the courtyard.

As she stood there taking in the gruesome and shocking sight, completely frozen, an intense chill washed all over Evie's body. Her throat dried up and her heart trembled as Claudius' words echoed in her head. His warning on how Gavrael's out of control dark fae magic would bring on more and more tragedy if it drags on kept reverberating in her head as her eyes took in the carnage before her.

She could not help but feel terrified. Yes, she had seen him kill before, during that war. She had seen him kill countless of his own kind too, but this was completely different. This does not even look like a punishment. It was an all-out slaughter. And this was something her Gavriel never would have done. He could not have brought himself to do something as meaningless as this.

The most disturbing thing of all was not just the cruelty of it, but the look of thrill and satisfaction in his eyes as he stood there staring at the dead bodies and severed heads on the floor.

"Please, have mercy, my lord!" a muffled, desperate voice echoed. There were still three younger men alive, prostrating themselves on the ground. Messy tears stained their faces as they hyperventilated in utter terror.

"W-we will never escape again. Please give us a second chance. Forgive us! This will never happen again, we promise, my lord. We are just forced to do this!" They begged miserably for their lives.

They did not care that they were adults blubbing like little children, snot and tears running down their faces, throwing away whatever dignity they had. All that mattered now was to preserve their lives. Dignity, face, pride... all those did not matter once faced with the stark reality of losing their lives!

But there was no hint of forgiveness in Gavrael's eyes. Not a single hint of mercy, nothing at all. He was unmoved by all these cries and pleading.

Then he lifted his sword again, stepping closer to the young men. And they trembled violently and cried the closer he gets to them.

Just as he was about to take a swipe at their throats with his blood-soaked sword, he suddenly stopped as if his cold eyes caught sight of something.

His gaze fell straight ahead and the moment he met Evie's gaze, he stilled. The thrill and sheer darkness that was still dancing within his eyes a split second ago were now replaced with shock. Obviously, he never expected her to be right there, watching... watching him.

It was as if a bucket of ice-cold water was dumped all over him, his body ran cold, and a shiver shook his heart. The frightened look in her eyes and utterly stiff posture made his cold-blooded heart tremble as if he was now as frightened as her.

'How... how did she get out? It must have been Claudius!' Gavrael gritted his teeth in anger and frustration. Now she was going to fear him all over again... And he was not sure if she would be able to get over it as easily this time.

But suddenly, an ironic smile curved on his lips.

He put his hand that was wielding the sword down and his feet began to move towards her. Somehow, he thought this was better. This way, she would be more than willing to avoid him and if she does that, he would be able to avoid risking her life. He laughed dryly to himself as he mocked himself as that ever-frightful monster that everyone despised.

Gavrael had already analysed and thought through on what was going on with him and realised his own situation at this moment.

When he was still looking for Evie, whenever the suffering was getting too much for him to handle, he always acted out in anger and what comes next was his intense bloodlust. Bloodlust so unquenchable he felt like he would go mad if he did not quench it one way or another. Once he had killed and enough blood was shed, he would finally calm down and after that he would continue to search for her again. That cycle went on endlessly, for many years. And during those years, he had done nothing but shed blood and seek for more power, thinking that he could break free from the torment if he became powerful enough and he could finally find her.

It did not even matter whether those he killed, and those sufferings he went through were actually just illusions because to him, everything was real. The evidence was how he was now.

When he had seized Kirzan after waking up in that dungeon, he went around killing people the exact same way he did when he was still in that illusory unknown place. The feeling was exactly the same. He felt the thrill of satisfaction whenever he spilled enough blood. It was like the sight of all that red and flowing blood had become his temporary relief from his suffering. It had been that way for many years, and he did not know what else to do.

Gavrael thought this would stop once he had finally found her, but it seems that he was wrong. He had realised now that he had already reached that point of no return that Claudius had repeatedly warned him about.. And he knew there was no turning back now that he is already in this phase.

Chapter 293 - Like Heaven And Hell

But Gavrael felt no regret. He wanted this power. He needed this power especially now, to stop that event from happening. It was all to keep her alive. It does not matter that she fears him or never wants to come close to him ever again after this. Because all that matters to him now was to ensure that nightmare never repeats itself.

That moment he heard the truth, he had already decided what he was going to do. And nothing would change his mind now. Not even Evie herself.

With a mask of unfeeling eyes, Gavrael continued walking closer, waiting for Evie to step back. Somehow, he could not help but remember the first time he met her in the forest, fearing him and running away from him. He knew that after what she saw today, it was only natural for her to cower from him in terror and see him as a monster.

But the closer he gets to her, the harder his grip on his sword becomes. Because Evie did not even make a single move. Was she so terrified until she was frozen to even move now?

When he finally reached her, he fixed her a cold and piercing gaze.

"Did Claudius taught you how to leave my barrier? Huh? Evie?" He interrogated her roughly. His voice held no warmth at all as it fell as shards of icicles on her ears.

"Yes..." she replied, surprising Gavrael. He thought she would not even be able to make a single word out to respond to him. "I asked him to help me leave."

Gavrael sneered at her response. "Why? So, you could escape from me?" he narrowed his eyes.

"No. So I could get to you." Evie answered back stubbornly, as she looked right into his face in challenge, not showing any fear.

Gavrael was silenced as his eyes widened, not expecting that to be her answer. But all too soon, his eyes turned hard again.

"Is this so you could pester me to train you –"

"This is all so I could stay with you and keep you by my side." She cut him off and Gavrael was once again frozen in surprise. Why? Did she not see all those bodies lying about that he had slaughtered? Was she not supposed to be terrified? He was thrown a little off balance and a little confused. However, he did not allow that to show on the outside.

An ironic smile bloomed on his face.

"I wonder what Gavriel did to you... for you to become this brave and uncharacteristically tough, Evie. Or is this a result of you living like a vampire now?" he questioned. His voice was somehow calm but there was displeasure and anger obviously flashing in his eyes. "I can't believe my fearful little butterfly has grown to such a fearless phoenix that even the sight of slaughtered bodies doesn't even faze you anymore and the slaughterer right before you don't even make you scared anymore –"

"Don't get me wrong... I am scared." She cut him off blandly. "Terrified of what you are capable of doing now. But..."

She paused before suddenly lunging forward and hugging him. Her hands circling his waist were wrapped around him so tight. "I know it's not you who did that, it's your magic. Your dark magic is making you want bloodshed, Gav." She spoke softly, that only he could hear her words.

Gavrael barked out a laugh. "So... Claudius even told you about this too, huh?" His jaws worked.

"Yes. He's told me everything." Without letting go of his waist, Evie tilted her head up to look at him. "I came because I want to help you control your dark magic."

Gavrael's eyes narrowed. "If Claudius did speak to you, I am certain he would have told you that there's no way to overcome this, Evie." His voice sounded neutral. But Evie could detect that it held a tinge of bitterness in it, and she was certain that Gavrael too felt unreconciled about this fact. It was just that he had given up on himself as Claudius had said there was no way around this. Hearing that made her all the more determined to help him overcome this.

"Yes, he did say that. But I've found a way that we can try." She hugged him again, burying her face into his chest. "I found a way Gav, so please... can you cooperate with me? Let me help you, please." Her words were muffled as she pressed her face further into his sculpted chest. However, to Gavrael, every single word spoken was as clear as crystal.

The way her fingers grasped his clothes so tight made Gavrael's entire being weaken. He could feel her desperation and no matter how he told himself not to agree, his traitorous body moved on its own and he found his head nodding in agreement to her.

"That's a nod, right?!" Evie exclaimed, glad as she did not expect him to agree so easily and simply.

"It wasn't." he denied.

"You can't fool me. That was a nod!" Evie let out a joyful smile that even lifted the darkness and gloom in him.

"That was not..." For some reason, Gavrael could not continue what he was going to say. Then he suddenly clenched his jaws and let out an irritable groan. "Fine, fine! You're right." he grumbled out in frustration and Evie let out a relieved sigh as she laughed lightly.

She then immediately grabbed his hand and pulled him along with her, leaving the bloodiness and gore behind them. She did not mind that his hands were still covered in blood. All she wanted was to pull him away from this depressing scene. The sooner they get down to fixing this, the sooner they could avoid this from happening again.

The three young men and the other people at the corner of the courtyard were all silent, not wanting to drag any attention to themselves in case the lord's anger was ignited again. They were ever so grateful for that beautiful young lady to stop the senseless killing, though they do not know who she was. Some of them even venerated her in their hearts as a goddess – a silver-haired, golden-eyed goddess. A goddess that had saved their lives!

"Alright, now come with me." She began to drag him off the courtyard and Gavrael just felt his body already moving along with her against his will.

Gavrael had felt it not once but quite a few times since he had found her. That his body sometimes just moved as though it was under someone else's control whenever Evie was involved. And now, it is happening again, and he knew he could not do anything about it.

Gritting his teeth, Gavrael could do nothing but look at her helplessly as she dragged him along the corridors. His gaze then fell to their entwined hands and when he saw his blood-stained hand being held by her pure and frail looking little hand, he felt his heart twist in pain and then sink. The view of how contrasting his bloody red and dirty hands compared to her clean and pure ones were like heaven and hell. He started to feel like he wasn't worthy to touch her with his filthy hands anymore.

Chapter 294 - Opportunity (Part I)

Suddenly, Gavrael halted in his steps.

Evie whipped around when she pulled him and realised that he was not budging. "What's wrong? Don't forget you already agreed to cooperate, Gav." She reminded him, her resolve brimming in her eyes. Her hands tightened on his, quietly telling him that she would never let him change his mind and back off.

Looking at the expression on her face, Gavrael wondered for a moment on what she would do if he did back out of the promise that he had indirectly made to her. Somehow, he could only imagine her fuming in anger and then falling into an outburst of crying or hugging, just to force him to give in to her all over again. He did not like the fact that sometimes, his body seemed to be under her control,

as if she had put a spell on this body of his to be unable to refuse her. Otherwise, how could his own body obey someone else more than him himself?

This strange happening was actually one of the many undeniable evidences that made him believe what she had said where this body had indeed lived on for many years as someone else, as Gavriel. And it made him wonder if his body was sometimes really being controlled by her or was it possible that...

"Gav!" Evie's voice brought him back to the present. "Are you listening to me?"

Gavrael stared into her eyes before dropping to their intertwined hands. He could not stand it the sight of their hands together anymore. "Don't you feel bothered at all or even disgusted when you are touching a dirty and bloody hand like mine at this moment?" he asked with a mask of neutral expression as he lifted both their linked hands for her to see.

Evie looked at their hands, noting very clearly that the contrast between her pale, clean hands to his very blood-covered and having an iron-like tang every time the wind blew past them. She noted the disparity, but she neither shied back nor responded to it, only to look up at him and gaze on quietly, knowing he had more to say about it.

As Evie's gaze at their hands, Gavrael continued. "I don't know where you're bringing me but... you don't want to be seen dragging a bloodied monster around such as me, do you?"

And for the first time, Gavrael felt disgusted with the blood that had tainted his skin into that dark red from the oxidising of blood in the air. No, he began to be disgusted with himself.

He looked around and the vampires, both soldiers and maids, had all halted in their tracks, bowing their heads. It was obvious they were all terrified that they dared not move, just in case they accidentally triggered his anger and end up being slaughtered for no reason at all. More than likely is that they were just waiting for him to be gone so they could move and breath with ease again.

Everyone acts like this towards him now. He remembered how his life was back then in the Under Land and he realized how large the difference was, then from now. This time, he had truly become a monster.

As the number of lives he had killed for many years suddenly flashed through his mind, he gritted his teeth and finally pulled his hand out from her grip. He had to wrestle them from her extra tight grip. Even as he pulled, he noticed the panicky flash of fear that had appeared in her eyes and his heart gave a funny little twist, causing him to wonder what that feeling was.

"I'm going to wash first." He explained in a rushed and unfeeling tone and turned away immediately. He could not stand to see Evie giving him that large, almost teary-eyed look.

Watching his quickly retreating back, and his bloody red hands, Evie felt a pang in her chest. Then she swallowed the lump that had built in her throat and chased after him, catching and holding onto his bloodied hand again.

He halted in shock at the feel of her dainty hands sliding into his large ones and took in a sharp, deep breath. "Stop this Evie, everyone will also see you as a monster if you –"

"You're the one who should stop, Gav. You're not a monster! And I don't care what others will end up thinking about me! I truly don't! All I care the most now is just you!" she told him insistently and Gavrael stilled for a long while before a forced laugh echoed from his lips.

When the sound of his laughter faded, his expression became solemn as he slowly turned around to look back at her. "You've truly grown a lot, Evie. But..." he paused while his eyes carefully searched her earnest face that was upturned to his, looking on and eagerly awaiting his next words.

Evie noticed that he looked as though he was struggling to stop himself from saying more. He let out another sharp breath before his expression suddenly changed and became hard.

"Whether you mean what you said or not, you cannot deny that the way I look right now is certainly one like a monster. And I'm not even in a battlefield yet. You won't be able to imagine once I am in the midst of a battle... I can't bear letting you hold my filthy hands any longer, Evie." He hissed out and Evie was heartbroken at the sight of the sheer disgust shining forth from his eyes.

She could hear in this tone, the hints of mockery and derision directed to himself, warring against the helplessness and sadness of him turning into a monster due to his magic becoming unstable. She knew that he did not want this to happen. But that was not within their control any longer.

She could tell he truly believed that he had turned into a monster now and she could not bear that thought as well. That is why she was so desperate to rush him to try out the method that she thought would be able to help him bring back Gavriel's memories.. However, she knew that he was very troubled by the blood on his hands that would transfer to hers when she held his.

Chapter 295 - Upportunity (Part II)

"Alright." Her voice weakened, giving into his need to make sure that his hands were cleaned and removed from all blood stains. Then she turned to Elias and Zanya who were following them and gave them orders.

"Go prepare a warm bath." She ordered and the vampire immediately moved to get the task done.

Though Evie knew that Gavrael would not be bothered about whether or not his bath water was cold or warm, she wanted him to have the comforts that a warm bath would bring. Anyway, he was already going to wash up. So, why not prepare something that would help him relax and calm down? There was no reason to rush through and suffer the stings of the icy cold water – even if Evie knew it would not affect him adversely.

Knowing that he needed to make haste, Elias had requested for the help from the other vampires and not the human maids to prepare the bath. And thus, with the vampire's swift job, the bath was already ready when Evie and Gavrael reached his room, still steaming and giving out little billowy puffs of mist that hung about.

Gavrael immediately headed to the washstand and rinsed his blood-stained hands rigorously, making sure he cleaned out every finger, underneath each nail and all the indentations and curve of his large hands. All the while, Evie just watched him silently as she stood by the door, fully intending to wait for him until he was done cleaning himself up and satisfied with doing so.

He then took hold of the hems of his upper garments and peeled the blood splattered tunic off his body, letting that piece of clothing drop to the floor with a small splat. He then bent over at the waist, above the wash basin again, half naked.

Evie stared at the X shaped exquisite muscles contracting and relaxing under his skin rippling across his perfectly toned back. The room was dark and the reddish warm glow from the fireplace made his skin looked as though it were wrought in gold.

She watched him dazedly, as he rinsed his bloodstained face and went on to lift his hand to rub at the few small roundish splotches of bloodstains on his neck with the heel of his palms. That repetitive rubbing motions of his hands seemed to render her speechless and turn her brain into mush.

Watching him doing such seemingly mundane tasks somehow gave Evie a strange feeling. It was as if at that moment, he was trying to seduce her. But it was clear that he was not doing that! The only other explanation was that she is the one being seduced! Was that even possible? Did that even make any sense? Just by watching his naked and sensuous back, she could already be seduced so easily? Then if he really put in an effort to seduce her, would she not just completely give in and be enticed effusively?

Evie bit her lower lip. When he started to take off his pants, Evie told herself that she needed to look away. But try as she might, her eyes could not seem to move from that riveting sight. It was as if her eyes wanted to keep watching him.

She subconsciously swallowed as his perfectly curved and tightened buttocks appeared into her view. His strong long legs, his slender waist, his tight powerful thighs, all those rippling muscles... they were all nothing but perfection, the ultimate definition of a male which is drool-worthy.

The sight was just magnificent to Evie's parched eyes, and she was suddenly reminded of that time when they first bathed together. Back then, she was still so shy she even actually chose to stare at the fire in the fireplace instead of feasting on a much more delicious and far hotter fire which was her husband's naked perfection.

Remembering that time made her half bite her lower lip, remembering what happened that night while she was drunk. Her gaze fell to the tub and Evie's eyes circled wide as if a light bulb just lighted up in her mind. Right, this was an opportunity!

She looked on and she saw him now making his way towards the tub. He was all brooding energy. His expression was still hard, and it was obvious to Evie that his mind was completely occupied with something else – and it was definitely nothing good with that face he was showing.

Now that his back was no longer facing her, Evie's gaze naturally glided downwards and at the sight of his thick length, she subconsciously licked her lips. She wanted to touch him again, to glide her fingertips over his body and feel him with all her hearts' content. She had missed him so much!

And as though Gavrael had felt the force of her lustful gaze, he paused just as he reached the tub and looked at her. He seemed quite surprised at whatever he saw being reflected in her eyes. Was he startled that she was not looking away and playing the role of the shy and demure maiden? Was he surprised that she was not ashamed to look at him with such apparent desire?

Evie reached out to pull at the ribbon of her dress. "I think I'm going to need a bath as well. Let's bathe together, Gav." She said, her voice all light and breathy. And his eyes widened slightly.

She saw his erection twitched and hardened as soon as she finished her sentence and it pleased her very much. She was so thrilled that she had to bite down on her lips again to hide her blossoming smile.

Gavrael groaned low as he swiped his dark hair back, closing his eyes as if to control himself.

When he opened his eyes and noticed that Evie was not stopping in undressing herself, he caught his lower lip between his perfect white teeth.

"If I were you... I'd be stopping what you're doing now, Evie." His voice was husky as he warned her. His eyes were already intense and filled with predatory passion. "If you think I am going to stop or control myself then you're –" He did not manage to complete his sentence.

He caught his breath as he watched her dress flutter to the floor as it pooled around her bare feet. He swallowed and his manhood was raging so hard it rose at attention and touched his navel.

Chapter 296 - Feisty Little Prey

Evie approached him in slow motion, her nakedness on full display as she walked seductively towards him – hips swaying from side to side, with a sultry smile adorning her pink rosebud lips. And he could not help but stare and savour this sight of her that is unknown to him until now.

This is the very first time he is seeing her so feisty like this and he was terribly, madly seduced. He could feel his blood boiling and his temperature rising even with Evie just walking over to him. He did not know if he would literally combust if she tried something more... daring.

He had only made love to her that one time and it was so long ago, even in his memories. And only the devil knows how much he had wanted and dreamed of holding her again, of becoming one with her again. To him, it had been... years... many years...

And that desire had been building and growing with no where to be released. However, now with her behaving like this... it was just triggering all that pent up hunger that was held back, and he did not know what the consequence of it would be if they were to continue from here.

His mind told him that if he touched her now, he would never be able to hold her like the first time where he could still maintain control of himself and his carnal desires just so he would not end up hurting her. And despite the impossible desire and lust already consuming him, his eyes became sharp.

He looked like a predator desperately sending his final warnings to his little fragile prey, telling her to run away now, while she still can before it is too late. Once he lays his paws on her... there would be no way that he would be letting her go.

But the damned feisty little prey was unfazed. In fact, the way she was acting was as though she was dying to be preyed upon by him. 'No, she just does not know what he was capable of doing to her. She has no idea. And that is why she is behaving so bravely.' His mind yelled at himself.

The moment she stepped up before him, he was jolted by her touch. "Now, now. Climb into the tub now, Gav." She coaxed as she reached out one delicate arm and with a nudge of her wrist, she ended up pushing him back into the tub.

A low growl escape from Gavrael's throat and he was quick to lower himself into the tub.

Evie's heart was shaken a little at the ferocity of his growl. She could tell he was not really a hundred percent into this idea, but she was not going to back out and let him have his way. She was determined to go forth with this – all the way!

She did not know what he was thinking but he was all broody again. It was beyond obvious to her that he was suppressing himself with everything that he had. He was even averting his gaze away now and he threw his head back and closed his eyes.

Evie would have been worried on if he was truly unaffected by her attempts to entice him without one single stitch of thread on her body, if not for that one honest part of him that he could never hide. Her eyes twinkled as she observed that very enthusiastic member which seemed to be the only one showing contrasting behaviour as opposed to its 'master'. She then steeled herself and then nodded before taking a step forward.

Just as she was about to climb into the tub, Gavrael's voice rumbled out. "This is the last time I am saying this, Evie... stop. Consider yourself warned." He said through tightly clenched teeth, still closing his eyes.

She could see his hands gripping the sides of the tub very tight that even his knuckles showed some whites around them. She thought that if he gripped any harder, the tub would just splinter under the pressure he was exerting on it. "You don't have any idea how much I wanted you and how long I've been..." he paused as his throat worked. "With the state that I am in right now, I am certain I would not be able to go gentle with you. I don't think I could even stop even if you beg me to stop –"

She climbed into the tub as though she did not hear him say all that, causing Gavrael's eyes to fly wide open when he felt the gentle lapping of the water being displaced as she got in.

As he looked at her, still unbelieving and mouth gaping open as well, she was now well and truly standing right before him.

"It's fine, Gav –" Evie tried to soothe his shock.

"Y-you –" Gavrael could not even continue his sentence.

Evie suddenly slipped as she tried to lower herself into the tub and just like what happened the last time, he caught her, and she ended up straddling him. In truth, she had actually slipped on purpose to recreate what happened that night.

They were both utterly silent as they held onto each other in such intimate conditions. The sound of the water sloshing about in the tub was the only thing that could be heard inside the room.

She could feel his hardness throbbing thickly against her private place and Evie happily and willingly let her body fall on him. She settled her forehead into the crook of his neck as she drew in a deep breath full of his unique scent and listened contentedly to his breathing which was still erratic.

She felt his throat worked but he did not move as if he was frozen into ice again.

Evie pulled away and looked up into his face.

"Love, what do you want me to do?" she asked, repeating the exact words he had told her that night.

Chapter 297 - Savage

"Love, what do you want me to do?" she asked, repeating the exact words he had told her that night. She was glad her memory was exceptional, especially in remembering all these details – as they are all related to him, her beloved.

Gavrael's eyes dilated and glimmered so vividly like the eyes of a predator. Now, more than ready to pounce on its prey. But there were still no signs of remembrance within those deep eyes of his, so Evie suddenly wrapped her small hands around his manhood, her fingers circling tenderly and carefully like what she had done that night as well.

She gently squeezed the rock-hard length of him, and she felt her own sex becoming incredibly aroused as well. She wanted him inside her again. She wanted him to make love to her again. Her body was now screaming with need, screaming for him. Her mind was filled with the whooshing and thumping sounds of her own heartbeat.

Momentarily, she had forgotten about her goal.

"F*ck, Evie..." he growled out in a guttural voice, gritting his teeth as Evie began to move both her hands that were gripping his raging sex. The way she moved her hands were just right, exactly the way he likes it. She was driving him insane!

Then like what she did before, she licked his neck, making him groan again as she told him these words that she had told him back then. "Touch me... touch me Gav..." for some reason, she could not say out his complete name. She was supposed to say Gavriel but perhaps she was scared that she might anger him again, so her lips just refrained from calling out that name.

As she was wondering if there was any sign that a memory flashed in his head she was then suddenly grabbed.

In one greedy move, Gavrael pulled her to him, and his mouth devoured hers ravenously. It was vigorous and unrestrained, as if the tamed beast had suddenly transformed into a savage and wild one.

Evie was caught off guard at his intensity and wildness despite already heeding his warning and had somehow prepared herself. This kiss... was too much, too wild, too...

He aggressively sank his tongue into the cavern of her mouth then roughly tangled his velvety tongue with hers. His hands angled her head to fully access her mouth as if he still could not get close enough to her. He pulled back and wound his way in, again and again, not giving her room to breathe nor any respite to his attacks.

Evie did not know that a kiss could be this aggressive and rough. But the most surprising thing was the effect it had on her body. She immediately lost herself and before she knew it, she was already gripping onto him, pulling him towards her as he tangled his fingers into her long damp locks.

His tongue penetrated so deeply as he held her with utter possessiveness. And she responded as if she too, was desperately trying to catch up with his impossible intensity and tried to battle him for dominance. She locked her tongue with his as she reached out to his head and wrapped her fingers into his dark hair.

But it was impossible to beat such a savage beast at its own game and she was left panting hard, chasing her breaths as his mouth moved hungrily to her jaw and then down her neck, licking and sucking her skin ravenously. The kiss was so intense she already felt so drenched that the tingling sensation was now becoming unbearable. Was it because it has been too long for her as well?

"Gav..." she moaned helplessly, and she felt his fingers brush against her wet entrance. His thick middle finger invaded her and plunged deeper inside her, so deep his palm was almost flat against her.

Evie cried out in pleasure at the sudden invasion.

He moved his finger in and out and it did not even take long for her to feel that creeping and delicious sensation as more fingers came inside her. "Gav! Ah!" she could only utter his name as she felt her inner flesh seem to be swallowing his fingers.

Suddenly, he pulled his fingers out of her pleasure centre and Evie immediately protested, not caring how unladylike she was behaving right now. She could not believe how much she wanted this, aching for this, for them to have sex again.

"No, don't stop –"

"Evie... I can't anymore..." his voice rumbled, and she realised that something thick and hard entered, replacing his fingers, and filled her tightly, completely.

A little erotic shriek escaped from Evie's mouth. She did not expect him to suddenly...

"HEvie!" he growled as he pushed upward, and her spine tingled violently. She had already climaxed with just that one hard thrust!

Gavrael's face was completely overwhelmed with passion as he looked at her bending backwards in ecstasy. He could not believe he was inside her again, holding her like this after such a long wait. This was just too good to be true and he wondered if he was dreaming.

Tightly, he embraced her, and he trembled as he felt her hot and tight flesh grip him harder. He could not believe she was already killing him when he was just getting started.

Looking up at her with hazy eyes, he cupped her breast and sucked on one of her buds. His eyes were now fiery, passion filled, the emotion in them was almost too much, too strong.

Just as Evie came down from the high that he had sent her to, Gavrael seized her mouth again and he started thrusting upward, digging into her insides with much zeal from the bottom.

Evie's eyes flew wide open. She sobbed as her body bounced every time that he thrustled up into her.

"Oh, god! Gav! Wait! Ah!" she was torn between pleasure and a little pain, and she did not know where she was anymore.

Chapter 298 - Ferocious Beast

"Gav! Wait! Ah!" Evie's voice echoed inside the sound proofed room, but Gavrael did not seem to be able to hear her.

A guttural sound of sheer pleasure was all she heard from him as he continued his zealous rhythm, penetrating her over and over, causing her to only be able to grip onto his shoulders hard and to wait for the storm to subside.

"S-slow... slower...! Gav...!" she pleaded as she hung on, unable to keep up with his unexpected intensity but it was as if her begging had worked to arouse and stimulate him even further rather than stopping him. She gasped out in shock as she felt his manhood swell to larger proportions inside her.

She felt as though his already thick length became even bigger, hotter, and plunged even deeper inside her and she could only stiffen. It was too much... this was too much for her...

"Evie..." her name was the only word that came out of his mouth aside from the sound of his groans and harsh pants of his breaths. It was as if he could no longer remember any other words now aside from her name – not even his own.

The sound of the water that surrounded them in the tub was also splashing about and getting louder the harder he thrust, as if even the waters were now protesting under his wildness. As if they too, like Evie, could no longer handle this ferocity of his anymore.

"Gav! Ah! Too fast... wait –" she did not even know if her words were understandable with all the moans and little shrieks leaving her lips at the same time. She was on fire, her insides were burning and convulsing like they had never done before. This kind of sex... this kind of pleasure... it was almost terrifying... she never knew such a terrifying pleasure that could drive one insane and lose all rationality even existed!

She looked down at him and she saw his face, the face of this ferocious beast ravaging her so mercilessly. His eyes were blazing in blue fires, perfect droplets of sweat formed on his elegant brow and trickled down his face and to the sides of his neck, only to heighten the seductive aura that was already overwhelming her senses. His dampened hair was tousled so appealingly, following to the vigorous movements of his taut body.

He was intoxicated, his eyes permeated with intense, unspeakable desire as he stared up into her ecstatic face. He was fully enjoying how their currently engaging activity had caused her to be so dazed even as she gazed back into his eyes.

His fiery blue eyes were radiating with overwhelming ferocity she had never seen before.

But as she looked at him and saw that fierce, ravenous with a hint of disorientation on his face, as though he was currently experiencing something that was beyond the scope of his understanding, she felt an unspeakable feeling well up within her chest. He looked to be drunk on hard liquor, as if he too felt as intoxicated towards her, just as she was towards him. It was as if he was now completely mindless with desire and now completely unable to control himself.

The sight of him looking as though she was not the one under his mercy but actually him, made Evie's heart warm and sent a thrill buzzing through her whole body. And the tiny sliver of fear his shocking ferocity caused within her melted into nothingness as she saw that there were no signs of coldness in those fiery blue eyes of his anymore. There was only desire, lust, and passion so strong, that nothing in this world seem to be strong enough to overpower them at this moment.

She bent down towards him and sought his mouth and kissed him with all that she got. She really went at it with the hopes that she could make him slow down even a little bit but contrary to her hopes, Gavrael groaned out deeply – one that she could feel rumbling from the centre of his chest – and all of a sudden, he rose, and stood up in the tub with her still held firmly within his arms.

The water flowed down in little rivulets from their bodies where most dripped back into the tub, but some caused the floor around to be speckled with little damp spots.

And before Evie could react by pulling away from him, his strong hands which were digging into her behind, pushed her until his length was about to leave her insides before he himself pushed in

rapidly, making Evie shriek and her eyes rolled up into her sockets as she scratched his skin with her nails.

He did that again and again, until she completely lost control over the reactions of her own body and shuddered and wept as she clung desperately onto him.

"Evie!" he uttered her name with so much difficulty and for the seconds that followed, the sounds of gasping breaths, moans, sobs, and the suggestive sounds of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh were the only things that could be heard inside the room.

Unable to bear it any longer, Evie subconsciously sank her teeth into the crook of Gavrael's neck.

He groaned hard as he felt his manhood swelled to impossible girths inside her. And with one last thrust, he spent himself inside her, filling her completely as the both of them shuddered violently. Tears slid down Evie's cheeks as her toes stretched and curled, riding out the waves of pleasure that kept crashing over her.

...

Evie had lost consciousness as Gavrael nested her head on his shoulder while bringing the both of them to sit back into the tub.

He was dazed and disoriented as he gently stroked Evie's silver head with his still trembling hand. His other hand was carefully washing her down there, cleaning her up from all the traces of their lovemaking earlier.

When he finally stepped out of the tub, his legs wobbled a little as they were unsteady, as if he were the one who suffered from his ferocious intensity instead of Evie.

Chapter 299 - Intensions

He fumbled with getting a clean towel from the rack nearby and dried Evie up very carefully, completely forgetting that he had magic and could dry her up within a single second. However, he enjoyed the process of slowly wiping off the droplets of water on her curvaceous body, revelling in the sight of her calmly resting in his arms.

When he put her down on the bed, Gavrael stared at her face for a long while. She looked so peaceful now in her sleep that he could not stop himself from running the back of his hand across her cheek. He could not believe that this was real. He had truly become one with her again and it is not a dream.

However, he half-bite his lips and ran his hand through his hair and tugged on them as he remembered how barbaric his actions were as he was working on her. He had lost all control, all thoughts, everything else... it was as though only madness reigned and the whole experience was just... incredible.

Having sex with her without any restrains was beyond what he could have imagined. He had experienced the most marvellous climax in his life, the longest and hardest too and he knew in his heart he did not regret one moment of it.

But he knew that there was a chance that he might once she wakes up and look at him like some barbaric monster. He could remember her pleas, asking... no, begging him to slow down and wait and worry gripped at his heart.

Burying his face into his palms, Gavrael let out a deep sigh. He did not know what she was thinking when she decided to join him in the bath. But he somehow felt she had some hidden agenda to her actions. But what was it, he still did not know nor could he figure it out.

He decided not to think too much about the matter and to leave it for the next day as he stretched himself out next to her and pulled her into his warm embrace. He stared at her face again and a realization seemed to come to his mind.

Gavrael suddenly remembered that moment when she looked down at him, looking into his eyes as if expecting something, or wanting something to happen. Was that the reason she had joined him in the bath and even continued to provoke him?

It was as if he had now realized her hidden agenda, a small, sad smile curved on his gorgeous face. After thinking through the details and comparing it with the matters that they had discussed about previously, Gavrael did not need to be a genius to figure out what Evie had been trying to do. Though it did not seem so, Gavrael still could tell that her intentions were as clear as day.

"You were... you were waiting for my eyes to turn grey, weren't you?" he whispered while looking down at her peaceful face. His voice came out sounding so weak and sullen.

There was a sharp pain that lanced through his eyes as he stared at her.

He remained unmoving for a long time in that position, with thoughts running around his head that only he himself knew. After which he then took in a sharp breath before moving and planting a gentle kiss on her forehead.

...

When she finally opened her eyes, Evie realised that she was alone in the large and luxurious bed.

She immediately remembered everything that happened last night, and her face suddenly heated up and flamed red. However, she did not give herself much time to lounge about and think on everything that had happened because she saw Gavrael's worried face as soon as she turned.

He was sitting in the padded velvety high-backed chair which was placed by the bed. One of his long legs were crossed over the other and his face was dark as his cold gaze was fixed firmly on the edge of her bed. He looked like he was pondering over or trying to solve a dangerous puzzle in his head.

"Good morning, Gav." She greeted him warmly and he noisily rose from the chair as if startled by the sound of her voice.

His eyes circled as he bent over the bed, looking down at her.

"Are you alright?" he immediately asked, and Evie only blinked at him. Why was he sounding so worried about her?

That was when a knock on the door echoed and then opened. Elias came in. "My lord, we've found a female human doctor. She's here now." The familiar voice floated in from the room door.

Hearing Elias' words, Evie immediately realized what was going on and she could not help but look at him in disbelief.

"You were the one who called for a human doctor? And a female one at that...?" she asked with one brow raised questioningly at him, pressing her lips tight to suppress a smile.

"You slept way too long. I was..." He rushed to explain, a little worried she would be upset. But as he looked at her, he paused at the sight of a sweet smile blooming across her face.

Then suddenly, she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her embrace, shocking him into silence. He did not expect her reaction to be like this.

"I'm fine. You have just really tired me out and that's why I slept for far longer than usual." She explained, giggling as if she remembered something funny, making him speechless.

Gavrael had in fact prepared himself for her reaction to be the opposite of this. He had sat there waiting for hours, waiting for the worse to come, once she wakes up and open those amber eyes of hers. He truly did not expect her to...

Suddenly, he embraced her back, squeezing her and letting himself fall on her then buried his face into her shoulders. He did not say a word... no, it was more that he could not bring himself to say a single word.

Chapter 300 - Excuse

Evie was surprised at his sudden actions. He was all brooding and dark just a little while ago, and here he was now, acting for all the world as though he was a sick little kitten. Comparing him now to his person last night, was like comparing between heaven and hell. Though, she mused to herself that she would not go as far as to compare him to hell when they were having sex. She thought that he was more of a mix of ecstatic heaven and fiery hell when he was making love with her last night.

Smiling again, Evie saw the door closing quietly without any more disturbance to them. It seemed that Elias had seen what was going on between them and had decided to excuse himself silently and close the door after himself.

"Gav..." she called out softly, her palm gently caressing his back. His mood was so much better now, compared to when she saw him upon waking up. Since he seemed more approachable now, Evie wanted to speak with him. She did not want to waste any opportunities because she knew how rare it was for him to be this calm. This was one chance that she would not be squandering. Time is of the essence right now.

"I think, I want to go and awaken the light faes in Crescia. Do you think this is the right time for me to do that now?" Evie cautiously asked, her tone was careful. She knew that this might not be the right time to speak about this issue, but Evie did not have the luxury to wait for the right time anymore. She wanted to bring him to the Middle Land since last night's efforts did not seem to result in a positive outcome – at least to her – and this was the excuse she had thought about to get them to visit that place.

By asking him, she could also hear his opinion about the light faes as well. When she heard Gav said he was going to take the throne of the vampire emperor, she knew that this would result in a great war. They needed more allies on their side, and she was confident that the light faes would be a huge help. Moreover, this war did not just belong to him alone as this would be her war as well. Taking Thundrann down will not only end the war between Gav and the vampires, but also the long-standing grudge between the light faes and Thundrann. Both of them have one common enemy after all.

That was why Evie thought that this was the best time for her to awaken the light faes and also the tree of light before the war actually starts.

Nervously, she waited for his response.

Gavrael pulled away and stared down at her.

His gaze was now unfathomable. Evie wished he'd stopped masking his expression because every time he does she didn't know why but it somehow made her nervous.

After a few seconds of just staring at each other, Gavrael got off her and sat at the side of the bed.

Evie quickly rose as well, crawling forward to the side of the bed where he was seated as she was nervous that he was going to get angry again. She reached out with both arms and hugged his broad and muscular shoulders from behind as she knelt on the bed, just right behind him.

"How about we go there for now and you can decide again once we get there?" she asked lovingly, pressing her cheeks against his. She was like a puppy, desperately begging him with her large pitiful eyes. "I also want to bathe in the crystal lake because... well, I feel sore because of you..." she pouted and Gavrael stilled for a moment. "Last night was –"

"Fine." he quickly cut her off. "We will go as you wish."

His answer made Evie's smile widen and her grip slipped up from his shoulders to circle around his neck before tightening and then she planted a soft kiss on his cheek.

"Thank you!" she told him then she jumped off the bed. Gavrael eyed her actions with one brow lifted, thinking to himself that at this moment, she was behaving very similarly to a happy puppy.

"I'm going to change now." She said gleefully and immediately called the maids to bring her change clothes for the day.

...

It was daylight now, so Kirzan was all quiet and calm. Aside from the guards who were awake and actively patrolling at their assigned posts, only Evie, Gavrael, Zanya and her other men were gathered outside.

"Gav is going along with me. So, there is nothing that you guys need to worry about," Evie told her men, reassuring them again of her safety. They had wanted to go along with her on this trip to watch over her well-being. However, she had disagreed with their requests with twinkling and sparkly eyes. As they observed her, they all noticed that she looked unusually bright and cheerful. Therefore, everyone could only assume in their own minds that there must be some sort of progress that had happened with the efforts on the return of their prince.

Gavrael on the other hand was just quietly standing there, brooding again, as he did not expect her to drag him over there immediately on this very same day. However, he realized that this day might be the perfect time for him to fulfil her wish as he was certain that this day might be the last peaceful one that they could spend together. He quietly thought to himself, knowing that anytime soon the war would break out.

"Okay, let's go Gav." She wrapped her arms around his merrily as she looked up at him, a beautiful smile adorning her pink, luscious lips.. Gavrael could only nod in assent as his heart leapt within him, thankful that she was willing to bestow that stunning smile to him.