

SPELLBOUND 311

Chapter 311 - Backfired

"Undress and join me in the water, my love." Her voice was so incredibly hypnotic in Gavrael's ears. He was already hopelessly aroused since the moment she shed the very first article of her clothing, and he knew where she was leading this to. And once she was fully naked right before him, he had to restrain himself with everything he had got to stop himself from pouncing on her with abandon not caring for anything else. He then grabbed her and pinned her on the surface of the hard stone and proceeded to ravage her like the barbaric beast that he was.

He wanted to eat her completely and bury himself inside her again but... something within him seemed to be protesting. It was not his body that was putting up the resistance, he was quite sure of it. His body was already in fiery heat right then, but his darkness seemed to be trying to get in the way of him releasing himself to this pleasure. It was as if his darkness wanted him to hold onto his ground and not let her seduce him, sending him into a mindless sort of haze which might affect his mind.

Somehow, there was that sensation as though right now, his darkness was terrified of her.

Gavrael pondered upon it for a moment and then realized why. He knew she was at it again. She was again, trying her very best to make him remember, obviously because she believes that her Gavriel will return to her once she succeeds. He could see it clearly in her eyes, her sheer will to bring him back no matter what. In a way, looking at it from an outsider's perspective, it was quite moving on how she is so faithful and determined even when all previous tries had failed.

But no matter how ridiculous it sounded, he was insanely jealous to his bones and his anger was triggered to reach new heights. But he managed to tamp it down as not to alarm and cause her fear.

His darkness seemed to be able to sympathize with him. However, instead of comforting him, it did not waste this opportunity as it went on to add oil to the already fiery furnace of rage and jealousy churning violently inside of him, telling him, 'That's right, you have the right to be jealous, you are not Gavriel after all, you are Gavrael, don't forget that... and it is Gavriel that she wants to get back. Can't you see that she can't quite wait to get rid of you...?' His darkness that had evolved its own consciousness sadistically spewed out, cruelly pouring salt onto his already opened and bleeding wounds that had been festering in his heart for the last few days. And as he had been aware of what Evie had been trying all the while, he could not help but waver at the thoughts put into his mind by his own darkness.

Gritting his teeth, Gavrael reached for his hair and fisted his hands roughly into his dark locks, pulling so hard he almost ripped them out from the roots. He knew his darkness was trying to influence his mind... to try and take over and claim control over it. These whispers inside his head... dictating him what to do and what to feel... he had already figured out this was all his dark magic's doing. And every passing minute, it was becoming more and more demanding. He could also feel it becoming stronger every time he agrees to one of its evocations.

At that moment, he felt as though both Evie and his dark magic were trying to drive him insane.

"Gav?" her sweet voice echoed again, and his clouded eyes refocused on the present.

As his eyes focussed to the surroundings, to his shocked surprise, she was gone from his sight. She was nowhere to be seen. He stood up abruptly. Worry overpowered the rage and jealousy in an instant, forcefully setting aside the darkness slowly creeping into his mind. He remembered she did not know how to swim. "Where was she?!" His heart shuddered violently as his mind began to imagine things one after another, every next one worse than the last.

"Evie!" he shouted and once again, he had forgotten about his magic, to put them into use instead of uselessly jumping into the water, searching for her physically that way. It was ridiculous how he was instantly reduced into a stupid and mindless creature in shock. This always happens with her, even though it was just for a few moments. And he hated it. Because those few moments of him being shocked and being stupid could be the fatal moments that she needed him.

He cursed and lifted his hands upon snapping out of his stupid helplessness and immediately called forth his magic, planning to lift the entire body of water within the crystal lake itself.

She suddenly burst out of the water, right before him. She came springing out, laughing as the crystalline waters streamed down her body in beguiling rivulets.

"Aha!" she exclaimed, smiling. She had used her magic to conceal her presence as she hid under water for a few moments, knowing that it would be very hard for her to fool this powerful man.

However, her smile faded quickly at the sight of him. She was just doing what he did to her before, but it seemed... that her plan backfired – terribly, in fact. Her prank was too much for him to handle.

He was frozen and his dark and profound gaze made her flinch. It was obvious what she did had sent him over the edge instead of triggering memories that she had intended to.

In one swift and harsh move, he grabbed her and hauled her out of the waters.

"Damn you," he hissed, his breathing did not come out well at all. The fire in his eyes were so hot and not the kind of fires that would melt one into submission. Those burning orbs contained the kind of fire that could turn one into dust. That deadly kind of fire.. "What the hell are you doing?!" His voice was loud and the force of it shocked her greatly.

Chapter 312 - Teach Me A Lesson

"What the hell are you doing?!" His voice was loud and the force of it shocked her greatly.

"S-surprising you." she managed to say.

He gnashed his teeth. "If you do that again, I..." he paused, and his eyes widened as Evie suddenly wrapped her thighs around his lean hips, bringing her face so close to his until they could feel each other's breath puffing against their faces. With her small face almost plastered right before him, gave him the exceptionally clear view of her smooth as silk skin and that unique floral fragrance that only belonged to her. He breathed in her scent deeply and tried to control himself from totally losing control.

Despite his nerve-racking rage, Evie was not going to let him get away. She did that for this exact reason, for him to jump into the water. It was only that, she did not quite expect him to blaze towards her in anger like this.

"What?" Evie bravely met his gaze then raised her brow at him, challenging him. "You're going to punish me?"

He caught his breath at her provocation and his entire body stiffened up. Did this wild cat not know that she was provoking his manly pride and toeing the line? "Yes." His voice shook a little as she pressed her naked breast against him and tightened her thighs around his hips. "And if you're not going to let go right now, I'm going to..." he swallowed hard despite trying to control himself. If she dared challenge him, she should be willing to bear the risks that comes with it! His eyes flashed at her.

"Teach me a lesson so I won't do it again?" she suggested coquettishly as the words she said were left hanging heavily in the air between them, and his eyes circled again. "What if..." she reached for the dark locks falling over his forehead and played them with her fingers, "what If I tell you I did that because I want you to..."

He did not let her finish as he cursed and buried a guttural voice inside her mouth. He kissed her in a punishing way as his arms around her tightened. She could feel he had been driven way beyond his limit. Her heart jerked in shock at the ferocity of his kisses. Was he trying to swallow her whole?! The way his breath came as he hungrily and aggressively kissed her sent shivers under her skin. Shivers that seemed to have sent more thrills rather than fear in her.

She wanted to tell him to slow down. Because she needed to tell him love words and everything that he had told her that night, but he was not letting her go. She struggled and resisted in vain. His powerful grip was not something that she could free herself from. His mouth never left hers as if he wanted to shut her up.

Evie moaned in his mouth but instead of pulling away even for a little, he kissed her even deeper as if he wanted to devour everything, even her voice, until she was so swamped and blinded with the rush of intense desire his unrivalled intensity had poured all over her.

It felt like she was inside a hot fiery dream, forgetting everything else. And as if she was influenced by his intensity, Evie frantically tugged at his clothes, trying to help him remove them faster, seeking desperately for the warmth of his skin to be plastered onto hers.

And before she knew it, she felt something cold and hard against her back.

"Don't... I want you here... in the water..." she said dazedly at the thought that he was going to bring her on top of the stone.

She did not know if he had heard her as he did not pause at all from sucking her breast all the while removing his lower garments with much haste.

"Gav..." she moaned his name as he flicked his tongue over her breast. Then his hardness entered her twitching and wet entrance with one hard thrust.

Evie's head fell back against the stone behind her, and he raked his teeth hungrily over her throat. His thrust became heavier, harder and she could not even form a word, not even his name.

Suddenly, he stopped and flipped her around effortlessly, making her face the stone.

Before Evie could protest, she felt his lips moving along and kissing the back of her neck. Her spine tingled as it alternated in warmth and chills as her body could not quite decide on what to feel. He had stimulated her senses so thoroughly that all her nerve endings were confused with much

satisfaction. Her palms that were flat against the stone trembled as she felt him glide deep inside her again and again. Every single thrust forward filling her with an indescribable fullness and every pull back out scraping deliciously against her nerves, causing her toes to curl.

He embraced her tightly from behind while he was impaled deep inside her, trembling like he was suffering. His hand then moved to her face then made her tilt head before he plunged his tongue into her mouth.

Evie shuddered from all the mind-blowing spasms wrecking her body, and she pulled in a huge lungful of air when he released her mouth. She felt his body pull back, his hands now on her hips. Then he picked up his pace again, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh sounded so loud in her ears, bordering on the edge of being obscene. But she could not care anymore, the pleasures of their joining had eaten her whole, nothing mattered anymore but him, them.

"Ga-gav! I'm!"

With one final hard thrust, both of them shuddered in ecstasy.

For a few moments, they stilled, panting, as Gavrael's one hand braced against the stone and his other hand holding her in place against him.. She was so limp that if he let her go, she would definitely sink into the waters.

Chapter 313 - Orders

Gavrael pulled away and then turned her towards him before lifting her into his arms. She curled up contentedly like a kitten that had had her fill with milk and was about to fall into slumber.

The next thing she knew, they were out of the water. Still feeling a little drunk, Evie kept her eyes closed and relaxed in his warm embrace.

He sat down, with her cradled in his arms, hugging her tight as he rested his head on the crown of her head. He did not say a word as his breathing was still uneven. "I'm sorry," came his ragged whisper and Evie pulled away and looked up at his face, finding it so precious to her sight. "I was too... I..."

Evie kissed his lips lightly. "I told you, I don't hate it Gav." She whispered, still feeling the remnants of delights zinging about in her body. "I love every side of you, yes, even the wild and rough side of you."

Gavrael looked like he had heard something unbelievable. As Evie rested her head back on his chest, he felt his entire being melt. His darkness appeared again telling him, 'She's just trying to pacify you. Don't be a fool.' But Gavrael ignored it completely this time. His darkness might be correct but right then, Evie won over him fully, from tip to toe.

After cleaning themselves up and making sure they were presentable, they returned to Kirzan quickly as Gavrael used his teleportation magic. He tucked Evie into the soft and comfortable bed and sat at the edge of the mattress, staring at her sleeping face.

"You shouldn't have said that, Evie. Now I'm being tempted not to return him to you... at all... and stay here and keep you all to myself." He murmured as he caressed her face with the back of his fingers. He did not know what was going on with him anymore. He was a mess. He was happy at what she had said, in fact, damned happy at the thought that she did not seduce him just because of

her agenda but because he wanted him too. Yet here he was, saying these, wishing she did not say those words.

He shut his eyes close and threw his head back with a muted groan. "Ah... I think I'm going insane, Evie..." he muttered to himself.

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Later that night, Gavrael suddenly called all of Evie's men to meet him, including Zanya.

The men were surprised at the sudden summons, and they wondered if their prince was finally restored and had remembered them. Their spirits were lifted as they all rushed to where the prince was waiting for them.

But the moment they entered a room where he was seated in, they struggled to hide their disappointment. One look at him and they knew their princess had failed in her attempts to bring Prince Gavriel back.

"Take your seats." His voice was emotionless.

Everyone took their seats without saying a word. Holy hell, they missed their prince. If it was him, they would be bickering and complaining by now and he would be telling them to shut their mouths, or he would kick them all out – all the while laughing or smirking.

Now here they were, sitting like a group of obedient but terrified big children in the presence of their brooding and tyrannical father. They could not help but sigh at the image that formed in their minds.

"I am going to give you all a very important task and I don't want any of you to let Evie know about this just yet. Understood?" Gavrael told them.

"Why? Why can't we tell her?" Zolan asked cautiously with his brows raised, causing the other men to look at him with awe. Zolan dared to raise his doubts with this scary prince?

"Because she'll definitely refuse." Gavrael answered, surprising everyone again that he did not quite seem to mind Zolan's questioning. "Any time starting tomorrow night, I will set out and attack the capital." He told them and the men's eyes widened, then thrill flashed within their eyes.

"And no, none of you will be part of the war." Gavrael added, knowing what were in their minds as he saw their shining eyes and their shoulders drooped in disappointment.

"Could you tell us why, my lord?" Zolan asked again, this time adding in the proper title of respect. "Is this because of the task you're giving us?"

Gavrael stared silently at the long-haired man with the intelligent eyes who was staring right back at him, seemingly unafraid of him. After a long while of observing this group of people, he finally spoke. "Yes. Right before I leave Kirzan for the war, all of you will take Evie back to Crescia."

"I don't think the princess will agree though... You have told her that she would be able to stand and fight next to you, remember? And I am sure she would remember that as well."

"She will agree. I will inform her to return to the Forbidden Land and back into Crescia to awaken the light faes. This would be the right time for her to do so." Gavrael said calmly and surely, telling the men and Zanya of his plans.

"So, you're trying to send her away while you go to war. I know this must be so you could protect her but... My lord, the princess is not naive. You might be doing this as a distraction for her. But once she awakens the light faes, she would definitely come rushing back to aid you. And I'm telling you now, none of us can stop her even if you order us to do so. She's really powerful now, and I'm sure you already know that. Not to mention that she has a whole flight of dragons at her disposal, she could ditch us anytime she wants and come flying to you if she is adamant about it."

"I know." Was all Gavrael replied, and yet he looked so sure of himself, that what Zolan had said will not happen and they do not have to worry about that at all. "All I need is for all of you to escort her back there as fast as you can. Those are your orders for now. Are we all clear?"

Chapter 314 - Good Morning

When Evie opened her eyes, she could see the faint light already piercing through the thick curtains that were drawn across the large bay windows that were on the left side of the room. Realizing that she had overslept again, she was about to get up when she realized that there was something heavy resting on her stomach. She quickly looked down to check what could that weight that was somewhat keeping her pinned down was, and her eyes widened at the sight.

To her surprise, her husband was sleeping right next to her. Slowly, as she was trying not to disturb him, Evie turned and faced him. His face was the type that would be eternally handsome, his lashes fanned out below his eyes so thick and dark, but there were still those seemingly permanent lines creasing between his brows. As if even in his sleep, he could not quite fully relax. Her heart squeezed in compassion as she wondered what heavy burdens or perhaps certain recurrent nightmares that had put those worry lines across his kingly brow.

Evie wanted to smooth it over or kiss him between his brows for those lines to disappear. But she was afraid he would wake up at the slightest movement from her. She wanted to watch him like this for a while longer. He would also be able to get a longer time to sleep while she admires him in his slumber. Looking at him, a beautiful soft smile emerged on her full pink lips..

But his eyelids started to flutter, and he opened his eyes after a few minutes of Evie staring motionlessly at him. His devil-blue eyes gleamed in the dimly lit room as he caught her full gaze trained on him and not moving.

None of them moved and they just stared at each other for what seemed like a long while. "Good morning," Evie finally said as a serene smile curved across her lush lips as she broke the silence between them.

Gavrael however, did not return her smile with one of his own. His penetrating gaze searched her eyes before sweeping across her face to take in her expression, wanting to gauge what she was truly feeling. Was she disappointed in seeing his eyes still having that intense bright blue hue despite her hard work from last night? Of course, she must be... he thought to himself as an ache suddenly pulsed within him.

He shut his eyes close and drew in a deep breath to take in her pleasant scent. He thought to himself that this would probably be the last time he would be with her like this. He had already mobilized his army. Everything was all ready and prepared. All that was left now was the specific signal he was waiting for, and he deduced that it would appear earliest tonight, or latest by the morrow.

Gavrael moved to rise but Evie suddenly leaned forward to wrap her arms around his middle, causing him to look down at her with a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes before it disappeared, that Evie did not catch it at all.

"I think you should sleep more, Gav. You just came to bed and fell asleep not long ago, right?" her voice was sweet as she expressed her concern for him. "The vampires are all sleeping and resting right now so you must rest too, Gav."

She rose and climbed off the bed when Gavrael suddenly make a grab for her wrist.

"And where are you going?" his voice was hard, his blue eyes blazing quite intensely again.

"I'm just going to pull on that curtain so that is fully closed. That small sliver of light is going to be bothering you while you sleep." she replied, completely unfazed.

"And after that...?" his grip on her wrist tightened further as though he was afraid that she would run away without his knowledge.

Her eyes blinked, wondering what was it that had him worried. But after a moment of looking into his blue, blue eyes, she understood. Then she suddenly chuckled as she approached him and without warning, she circled her arms around his neck and pulled his head towards her and hugged him close. His face was now buried on her abdomen as she bent and rested her head on the crown of his dark one.

"I'm not going to go anywhere, okay?" she reassured him with a calm voice, lovingly ruffling his thick and dark hair as though he was a little child being petulant about his beloved mother leaving him. She could not help but chuckle inwardly at his cute display of latching onto her. "I'm going to stay right here with you until you wake up. How about that?"

He stiffened at her words and when she pulled away and looked into his eyes, she saw both gladness and disbelief. It was as if he was beyond happy with what he heard but at the same time he could not quite believe it either.

Without a word, she quickly walked over to the windows under his ever-watchful eyes and pulled the heavy curtains closed until not a single sliver of light could come through. Once she was done, she turned around and walked back to where he was, then quickly climbed onto the bed again and snuggled up comfortably next to him. She made sure that she was plastered close to him as to afford him the most assurance that she could possibly give. She grabbed his heavy arm and wrapped it around her waist.

When she lifted her smiling face and looked up at him, he was looking at her with a curious aura around him that it was almost palpable, and she could almost literally hear the unspoken words 'what is she trying to do?' flashing in his probing blue eyes.

"This way, you'd definitely feel it if I tried to leave, right?" She said while grinning cheerfully, as she reached out her hands to caress his handsome face. "Now sleep and rest well, Gav. I can't in good conscience, let you go to war without even taking some good quality rest at all."

Chapter 315 - Don't Mind

When he still said nothing, Evie snuggled herself closer into his arms, slipping her small hands onto his back, trying her best to reassure him that she would not be leaving him alone and hoping that he would be able to fall back to sleep again. He truly needed to rest!

They were quiet for a long while as Evie softly caressed his back as if to calm him down and hopefully be able to lull him to sleep. But minutes passed as she continued her gentle and calm ministrations on him, but the man remained as stiff as a plank in her arms.

"What's wrong, Gav? Can't you sleep? Or are you still worried that I will ditch you once you are asleep?" she whispered, and she felt him catch his breath as he stiffened a little.

As she pulled away, Evie accidentally nudged her knees into something hot and rock hard and Gavrael let out a low growl. She could feel that scalding temperature and the hard length branding itself into the flesh just above her knees and she flushed as she realised what was keeping him up.

Speechless, her lips parted as she looked down at him. He had his eyes closed tight as if to avoid being confronted or seeing the questioning look that was surely there in her large bright eyes.

"Don't mind it... don't mind me." He murmured hoarsely, still keeping his eyes closed as if to force himself to go to sleep. God... so this was why his whole body was so stiff and could not relax!

"Gav..." Evie called out softly to him.

"I said to ignore it!" Gavrael burst out. And Evie was not sure whether it was in embarrassment or irritation.

However, unable to stop herself anymore, Evie giggled out loud as she trembled in his arms. She knew she might upset him by laughing at his situation, but she really could not bear it anymore. He was just too adorable! Though there was no way she would dare voice it out aloud as he would find it insulting to have the word 'adorable' used to describe his magnificent self. Again, with his highly annoyed face pictured in her mind, Evie chortled, full of mirth.

His tightly shut eyes then flew open as he watched her laughing at his expense. The lines between his forehead now furrowed even deeper as he stared unhappily at her.

"Geez, Gav... I'm sorry, I'm not laughing at you... just that..." she chuckled continuously no matter how much she tried to stop herself. She did not know why but she somehow found his tone when he said 'ignore it' very funny. Just thinking about it now sent her into another peal of laughter.

He just watched her chuckle and laugh until the deep lines on his forehead disappeared. The sight of her laughing with abandon, the sounds of her chuckles, and the way she gripped and hung onto him as she trembled... it still amazed him how and why these little things about her could make him forget about everything awful that had happened in his life. Her happiness makes him feel like everything will be alright even though such a way of thinking was impossible. He felt that he could trade anything and everything, even his very soul just to keep her happy like this.

"Gods... you're just adorable Gav... too adorable for me to handle sometimes..." she sighed as she could not help but use that highly offending word to describe him, hoping that he would not flip out or get annoyed at her. She finally stopped laughing, wiping away the small tears of joy that had appeared at the corners of her eyes.

Then she stared at him with a mischievous gaze. "Are you sure you want me to ignore it?" She then wiggled her eyebrows playfully at him as though she was some lecherous old man panting after a young beautiful thing.

"No – yes. Damn it, Evie! Would you just listen to me?!" He groaned and flipped around, burying his face into his pillows as he left his back facing her.

Evie had to bite down hard on her lower lip in order to not bark out in laughter again.

When she managed to hold back her laughter and stopped her trembling shoulders, she looked at his broad and strong back facing her and her eyes gentled with a soft light. Right then, she did not know why, but she felt like he looked so vulnerable even though he gave her the impression of looking so incredibly strong. She did not know what made her think that he was vulnerable. But right then, she just had the strange and almost overwhelming urge to pamper him, and to love him with everything that she had within her. She would love him unreservedly as if there were no more tomorrows.

She shook her head and told herself this must be because she was aware that once the war starts, they could no longer do this and just be with each other as they were doing now anymore. She knew that he was not going to merely seize a single city. He was planning to take over the entire empire. So, of course, this war would drag on and take longer.

Now that she thought about that, she was even more determined to get him to rest now.

Wrapping her arms around his waist as she hugged him from behind, Evie whispered to him. "You really need to rest, Gav."

He did not respond but when his body remained stiff like hard stone, Evie lifted her body and then her hand slowly moved over to land on his stomach before gliding lower down – inch after agonising inch.

"Alright, I'll help you with it. But afterwards you must sleep, okay?" she stated with understanding and then her hand reached the burning rock-hard rod which was bulging from his trousers.

Gavrael inhaled a sharp breath then he grabbed her wrist, effectively stopping her from continuing her exploration.

"Evie..."

"You won't be able to fall asleep if... let me, Gav. It's okay. And besides..." she paused and half-bite her lower lip. "Knowing you, I don't think you can ignore it."

Chapter 316 - It's Not Over Yet

Suddenly, her vision spun as she was flipped over before realising that she had been pinned down on the bed. He hovered over her as his intense gaze stared fiercely down at her.

"That's right. You know me. You already know that once you touch me, it will never be enough for me until I debauch –" he forcefully stopped talking. Then he shoved himself off of her and jumped from the bed before he stormed away angrily – but was he angry at her or at himself?

"Wait! Where are you going?"

He turned and looked at her over his shoulder, and for a moment, Evie suddenly felt chills run down her spine. His eyes...

"I'm going to find someone else to f*ck." He said with a dark voice and Evie's eyes widened in shock before anger slammed into her, causing her vision to waver at the corners.

The next thing she knew, she was already by the door, blocking him with her arms stretched out to her sides. "Don't you dare!" she yelled at him, her amber eyes blazing in anger. "This body is mine!"

Mine!! No one else can touch you but me! You... asshole!" she screamed at him, not holding back on the volume of her voice and he stumbled backwards as she pushed him back into the room.

Gavrael suddenly pressed his palms to his forehead as Evie panted from anger, standing before him with her arms akimbo. "No, I'm sorry. That's... that's not me. That was –"

Evie pushed at him again, hard, and he did not bother keeping his balance and allowed himself fall back the moment he felt the back of his knees hit the bed.

He fell onto his back, and he felt Evie climbed on him roughly, straddling him. Her pretty face was still red in anger.

Those words that came out of his mouth were not his. He could not believe his darkness could go to this length just to separate him from Evie. It seemed that his darkness had realized that Evie was superior when it comes to controlling him. And in the couple of times that he had made love to her, his sanity had become much better and clearer right after, and his darkness was unable to influence his decisions as how it had done so before.

However, whenever he tries to fight his desire for her, his darkness becomes stronger.

"Tell me," Her voice brought him back to the present and he realized she was about to cry as she slammed her palms on the bed right next to his ears. "Did you... did you bed someone else when I'm... when I'm –"

"No." He cut her off before she could even finish her question, knowing that it would kill her and him if that question could be uttered. Then he pulled himself up and tenderly cupped her face with both his palms. "Listen carefully. I. Have. Never. You hear me? I only desire you, Evie. I told you, that wasn't me, just now."

Her anger finally subsided a little and she bit her lips as she stared up at him with teary eyes.

"Really?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. Every time I... I try to fight my desire for you, my darkness somehow manages to..."

She hugged him then kissed him. When he was about to return the kiss, Evie pulled away.

"I'm still mad at you, though." She told him unhappily as she pouted. "How could you allow your darkness to make you say such an awful thing? If I'm not what I am right now, I'm sure those words would have been enough to break me."

"I'm sorry. It's sometimes not under my control."

Then she climbed off him and started to undress. Right before his eyes.

Unbeknownst to Gavrael, what happened earlier had scared her to her core. She could not believe his darkness could even make him say things like that. Now she understood the severity of his situation, the power of his dark magic over him – it was like another identity was in him. It was terrifying. If it could make him say such a thing, what more awful things could it make Gav do without him even realizing the next time? It does not even look like mere puppeteering anymore; it was far worse! At this rate that thing she was scared of the most would happen!

She could not help but feel more terrified specially at the thought last night did not even do anything to affect him at all. That was her last chance and it had failed – yet again. And that was

why she was in an utter dilemma until just now. While he was raging quietly, as Evie was staring into his fiery blue eyes, a thought finally came to her. That was right. It is not over yet!

Evie was going to make him bite her. And she was going to make him do it. She had thought about this before but since she's no longer a virgin, she thought that it might not work. However, she still wanted to try. She remembered that they said her blood was unique. Perhaps, her blood will do wonders. She believed that it must be the answer.

Since there was a huge possibility that he will refuse it if she tells him directly. Besides, there was his dark magic that was already self-aware as well, Evie could only decide to do it this way. There was no other choice and there is no more time left. She knew she could never win against him if another argument broke out if she just went on and tell him to bite her. Moreover, she was afraid his darkness will do something again once it hears what she was planning to do.

"I'm sorry too... because 'Sorry' is not enough for me right now." Evie said.

He looked incredibly troubled now. His jaws clenched in quiet anger. "What do you want me to do? If my darkness was a person, it would definitely be torn out to pieces by me now in the most gruesome way possible. But I can't even –"

"F*ck me." She said and Gavrael's eyes widened. Its obvious he did not expect her to use such harsh word on herself. Well, she herself was surprised but she realized she had said that word because of those same words that came out of his mouth earlier.

"Make love to me, debauch me, ravage me... and do anything I will ask you to do. If you do that, I'll forget about those words earlier and forgive you." She added and his throat worked as if what she had said made him salivate. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down so slowly as he looked at her in disbelief.

Chapter 317 - Preyed (Part I)

Shedding her clothes before him, Gavrael could only watch incredulously. His darkness was making an even louder ruckus in his head, telling him that she must be up to something again, and that certain something was definitely to force Gavriel to return to her. 'You can't let her seduce you again. If you let her win, your magic will disappear along with you. And once that happens, she will die. Gavriel, the man she wanted, cannot protect her. It is you she needs right now. And you need me, your power to save and protect her.'

His head felt as though it was about to explode. His darkness was right. That great war he had been preparing and planning for was just around the corner. And right now, what he needed the most was his power, his magic.

But despite the chaos that was running amuck in his head, despite his darkness' attempts, Gavrael could not bring himself to move, much less take his eyes off her..

His darkness was taking control of his mind, but his body and heart were totally under her spell now. And this was one enchantment that he was fully and willingly allowing himself to fall into. It was like falling into a sweet dream that would only give you wonderful things in return.

As his gaze swept from her flushed face down to the tips of her breasts that were now hard and taut, to her every sweet and inviting curves, and then to the delicate triangle delicately nestled between her thighs, Gavrael could already tell it was impossible for him to escape now. And he had no

intentions nor desire to escape either. She had already caught him senseless since the very first moment she had told him to make love to her and ravage her.

It was incredibly amazing how a beast like him could be caught so easily like this by a weaker creature such as herself. He knew she was not that fragile and weak as before, but she had not used any of her magic to catch him or put him under her control. She simply undressed and stood before him and displayed her soul to him and he was done for.

Now he realized why his darkness was terrified of her. It was because she had such a ridiculous power to hold him, pin him down, and bring him to his knees. She had the power to send all his most perfect reasonings to nothingness and right now it sounded ridiculous, but she seemed even more powerful. His desire for her was just madness, more powerful than anything he had known before that even his darkness could not seem to beat.

With a heavy-lidded gaze, Gavrael watched her as she moved closer to him. It was like the tables had turned and right now it was the predator's turn to be preyed upon by the little prey. He had now become a slave to his desire for her – one that was wholly willing.

As Evie's face came close, Gavrael inhaled sharply. Then her lips touched him ever so lightly. That simple brush of her tongue was all it took for the floodgates to burst open and the hands that his mind had ordered to push her head away, now disobediently curved greedily around her skull instead.

And before he knew it, he had drawn her to himself and was kissing her with ravenous urgency. His grip on her hair tightened as the heat of their tongues ignited like a spark, the slanting of their mouths over each other's intensified its spread throughout every part of their bodies very quickly.

As their kiss deepened, Evie somehow felt as though her bones were melting and she pressed her body closer against his. And she groaned out at the feel of his clothes getting in the way. Her hands clasped on his clothes as she tugged at them desperately, wishing that somehow it would just magically disappear.

Suddenly, he pushed her away and before she could react, she heard a loud ripping sound. She then realised that he had literally torn his shirt into halves. Her eyes widened at the sight of him continuing to rip the rest of his clothes off with barely controlled violence.

And the sight of him doing that made her slide the tip of her tongue over her wet lower lip. Her heart rejoiced, knowing that he was completely under her spell now and could no longer wait.

The moment he was fully naked he grabbed her in one fluid motion and he threw her on the soft bed. Though his motions were seemingly rough, he did not hurt Evie. She knew he had controlled the amount of strength used in handling her. His rough actions not only did not hurt her, but further fuelled her own arousal. He grabbed her feet and then kissed it, as his gaze burned so ferociously at her. Then his mouth moved upwards, trailing his fiery tongue over her skin.

He parted her legs wide as he wedged himself in between. Looking at him, Evie swallowed hard, as she could see it in his eyes, the primal desire, so hot and primitive... she knew he was going to ravage her, and she was thrilled for it. She was looking forward to the things he would be doing to her, knowing what heights of pleasure he was going to bring her at once again.

He crushed his mouth against hers again and Evie kissed him back, with everything she had, grabbing onto his hair as she wrapped those long slender but shapely legs around his waist, shamelessly rubbing herself against him.

The air grew thicker, hotter, as they panted heavily from the ferocious kiss. Then she felt his strong fingers invade her as his mouth closed firmly around her nipple, suckling at it so hard that Evie arched her back, causing her to rock against his hand.

Her sweet juices felt like it was overflowing from too much pleasure, and he was not even inside her yet.

Chapter 318 - Preyed (Part II)

Just as she was about to moan and beg him to enter her, Gavrael pulled his fingers out of her and he grabbed her legs again, parting them wide and then his rock-hard member drove itself into her sensitive flesh without warning. Her body screamed with the mix of the pleasure and pain of it.

"Evie!" he started moaning her name as he continued thrusting, over and over, as they both indulged themselves into this mind-blowing and intimate dance that was as old as the earth itself.

He lifted her feet and rested them on his shoulders. His gaze which was fully focused on her as he impaled her with his heavy thrusts, was one of the most hauntingly beautiful gazes she had ever seen. And all she could do was to open up, surrender herself to him, and call his name back, as he made her cry out due to too much pleasure.

Without taking his eyes off her, his pace became faster and faster until he trembled and convulsed due the intensity of his orgasm and the way Evie's inside seemed to milk him dry..

Panting hard, Gavrael rested his head over her shoulder, his arms which were slightly trembling, on the mattress to keep him from pressing down on her. Then he rolled to her side to lie on the bed. The room was silent other than the sounds of their breathing that could still be heard.

Gavrael decided to wait for a little while before pushing himself up and help clean Evie up, knowing that his feet might wobble again like he was some weak creature if he stood up now.

To his surprise, he felt warm hands caressing the taut muscles on his stomach. He looked at her, thinking that she was going to pass out again like the last time.

He was wrong as Evie suddenly climbed on him and straddled him.

The questioning look in his still dazed eyes quickly turned into confusion at the sight of devilry in her eyes. His mind was still blank at the moment; his darkness had disappeared completely as if their savage union had exorcized it temporarily.

Before he could utter anything, she started kissing his neck then moved down to the hard line of his chest. Gavrael stiffened from both surprise and pleasure.

"It's my turn, Gav..." she said. "I want more but I don't think I could handle any more if you ravaged me like that again. So let me take over this time Gav, okay?"

She began to lick downwards until she reached his abdomen as she said those words and Gavrael's shaft immediately stood at attention again. How could he say no when she was looking at him like that?

The moment she stared at his raging hardness and the bead of moisture glistening on its head, Gavrael groaned, wanting to grab her and pin her down again. But Evie reached out and gently wrapped her fingers around it with her warm palms landing on his length and Gavrael let his head fall back as he felt her hand starting up a leisurely rhythm to stroke him.

"I want to do it on my own, Gav." She again whispered in a surprisingly erotic voice. "You're going to let me, right?" she asked as she bent and licked up that bead of moisture before kissing the tip of his hardness, causing him to hiss out in pleasure and clench his fists into the covers of the bed.

"Yes, Evie. Do it!" He said in a shaky voice filled desire. His response was as if he had not just debauch her and got such an intense orgasm just a while ago. His hunger for her was just beyond anything, beyond reason itself.

She lifted herself over his raging hardness and she watched him look at their sexes. She nudged her softness against his and his jaws clenched in anticipation, waiting for her to lower herself and swallow him to the brim again. But she did not, and only remained hovering there, nudging, teasing, driving him insane.

"Evie –!!" Gav gasped her name as he sounded as though he was strangled.

"I need you to promise me you will give me full control, Gav. As I don't think I can handle another rough round so I want to do it slowly. But in order for me to do that you must promise me you will let me be in charge-"

"Yes, yes. Do what you want, Evie. I will not do anything. I'm letting you be in charge. Promise." His deep voice was almost pleading as he said those words and Evie smiled wickedly, rejoicing that he was completely so undone by her.

Kissing his mouth, Evie then let herself slip lower and lower in a very slow manner, as if savouring the incredible sensation of her insides stretching as her wet flesh swallowed him inch by agonizing inch. Gavrael groaned as he strained his neck back, his fists clutching great handfuls of the bedclothes tightly, holding himself back from jumping her. Suddenly he felt as though he were stretched out on a torture rack.

He cursed within himself as he groaned, already regretting the promise he had just made to Evie. There was no way he could survive this slowness, this torture.

"Evie... damn... you're too much. Faster, please." He found himself begging as Evie lowered herself so damned slowly and then pulled up again in the same excruciatingly slow manner. This little lady was trying to kill him!

Beads of sweat had already drenched his skin, even his hair was dripping little beads of sweat now. Gritting his teeth, he let go of the bedclothes and was about to reach out, but Evie caught his wrists and pinned them down onto the mattress.

"You promised, Gav." She reminded him and he groaned again.

Looking at her with his heavy lidded and drowsy eyes, despite his mind being completely unable to function, he thought that she was definitely punishing him. "Evie... please... that's enough. I can't anymore..." he groaned. And thankfully, Evie picked up her pace.

Gavrael's head fell back into the pillow at the utter relief of her finally stopping the torture as she nudged deeper and faster.

"Evie..." he moaned again, stopping himself from thrusting up. Watching her riding him with joyful abandon, her breasts moving up and down and her ecstatic face, it all only served to drive him to the very edge. The sight of her aroused him to an excruciating degree. He was also feeling an incredible pleasure at the sight of her using him for her own pleasure.

And he drowned along with her with unspeakable ecstasy.

"Faster Evie... faster... let me come..." he began to beg due to the unbearable need to release himself and to his shock and utter consternation, she slowed down instead, making him feel like he was going to go insane and explode right there and then. "Damn Evie... don't do this... let me finish, please..."

With surprising strength, she pulled him up into a sitting position and buried his head into the crook of her neck.

"Alright, I will let you." she wh

ispered into his ear. "But you need to bite me first."

Chapter 319 - Declaration

"Bite me, Gav." She whispered seductively into his ears, her warm breath tickled him and drove him wilder. Without giving him any time to realise what she had actually asked, and snap out of his pleasure induced haze, Evie used her magic to wind it around herself.

The scent of her blood immediately leaked out around her, like a spilled magical perfume, consuming Gavrael's very being, causing him to be even more irrational and putting him under an even stronger spell.

Evie shoved his mouth towards that sweet spot on her neck and it was as if someone else had taken over his body, Gavrael gripped her shoulders tight and sank his teeth into her neck where her lifeblood was flowing. The pain and the sensation as he sucked her blood seemed to run through her entire being and her insides clenched hard, clamping tightly at the hardness that was impaled within her.

"Gav..." she moaned loud as she gripped his hair. The sensation she was feeling at that moment seemed very strange. She did not remember feeling like this before, right? She did not know anymore. All she knew was that the more he sucked her blood, the more her body convulsed with both pleasure and pain. Oh god, what was going on? Was she going to have an orgasm while being bitten?

"G-gav...!" she screamed, and she was suddenly sobbing.. She started to feel her body weakening, feeling drained as she shuddered so violently, claspng, and digging her nails into the flesh of his sweaty shoulders.

She thrashed as an unspeakable pleasure ripped forcefully through her. And it seemed as though it was not only confined to her. As her inside convulsed in a series of intense spasms, Gavrael also trembled as intensely in her arms. He suddenly flung his head back, withdrawing his fangs from her neck, and groaned loud as he spent his seed inside her uncontrollably.

Oh my god, what was that? Evie thought as the impossibly long and incredible spasms finally started to fade.

They remained in that position without moving, just panting, hugging, and hanging onto each other. He did not even bother to pull his manhood out of her for what seemed like a long time. They just could not make themselves move. Until Evie began to recover her sanity and felt her body going very weak, but she refused to lose consciousness. No, she must not. She must know if something had happened. She needed to check if she had succeeded this time.

She must know! Forcing her eyes open, Evie pulled away, very weakly. Her limbs still trembling in utter weakness. Her heart hammering now, scared to death that this last gamble of hers too, did not work.

Resting her forehead against his, Evie said breathlessly. "Gav... look... look at me, please..." she pleaded as she weakly touched his face, urging him to open his closed eyes.

"Gav... I'm... please..." she continued pleading. And when he continued to keep his eyes closed, she felt like crying.

But before she could burst out in tears, he finally opened his eyes and what looked at her was a pair of blood red eyes. Evie blinked multiple times as if to check if she was hallucinating or not. Red eyes... these were the eyes that belonged to Gavriel... his vampire eyes...she succeeded... she did it... right?

With a faint smile on her face, Evie slowly allowed her eyes to flutter close, unable to fight the weakness any longer. She was fully spent. She slumped into him after uttering a phrase of almost inaudible words. "Welcome back... I ..."

He caught her and quietly embraced her, never letting her go for a long time. Until he finally rose and put her on the bed. His eyes remaining in that red hue as he went to wash her and then dressed her.

No words fell from those thin but sexy lips until he too was finally dressed. He then sat at the edge of the bed and quietly watched her peaceful sleeping face for an immeasurable amount of time until the night came.

He bent and he started kissing her mouth, her nose, her cheeks, and then lastly, her forehead. "I love you..." he whispered as he closed his eyes and then with much difficulty, he pulled away and turned around.

Without turning back, he headed towards the door. Once he closed it behind his back, he took in a sharp breath, as he leaned his back against the door.

Elias approached him later and Gavrael ordered him to gather everyone in the throne hall.

Soon, everyone was before him. All of them unable to speak as they looked at his red eyes.

"Take Evie away now." he ordered, ignoring their gazes. "She's still unconscious but she'll be waking up soon. I need all of you to bring her to Crescia before she wakes up." His gaze became hard and absolute. "You must cross Creascia's gate before she opens her eyes, understood?"

"Pardon, my lord but are you –"

"I'm not going to entertain any questions right now. There is no time, now move." He hissed with a hint of urgency, and everyone could only obey.

Once Evie was wrapped up cosily in a thick cloak and secured in Leon's arms, the men looked at him. His gaze was on the floor as if he was avoiding looking at Evie.

His red eyes then stared at Zolan and then to Samuel. "Go." He ordered but without as much harshness anymore. Instead, there was something like a plea in his eyes, asking the men to take care of her. "Do not delay nor make any stops until you get there. This is for her sake. Leave. Now."

The men could only bow their heads and then with hesitation, they finally started to leave. He followed them secretly until they passed the borders of the Middle Lands. His vampire eyes had watched them as they raced through the forests, obeying him.

When he could not see them anymore, he disappeared and returned to Kirzan. He stared up in the sky and when he saw that the moon was reddish in colour, his gaze became sharp, deadly.

Sometime later, he was then sitting in the throne hall. Men quietly stood before him as they watched him sitting there with his eyes closed. He was watching over the men he sent away through the eyes of one of them. What he was waiting, was for them to finally cross the gates of Crescia.

And when at last, he saw them finally entering Crescia, he retracted the magic he had put on Reed. And when he opened his eyes, it was no longer the scarlet red it was before. It was those beautiful piercing blue eyes again. He rose from his seat and then came his declaration.

"We're setting out. The war begins now."

Chapter 320 - Queen (Part I)

Evie woke up just a couple of hours after she was brought in Crescia, fully rested, and stretched languidly as she sat up from her slumber. Remembering everything that had happened before she fell into unconsciousness, she lifted her hand to touch the wound on her neck and was surprised to find from the smooth velvety texture that greeted her fingertips that it was already healed. Creasing her brows, she wondered if someone had healed it. Was it Gav?

The moment the image of his red eyes that she saw before blanking out flashed across her mind, Evie's face immediately lit up happily and she climbed off the bed with great enthusiasm. Where was he? She wanted to see him now!

But her body froze as it dawned upon her that this place that she was in right now was not his room anymore. This place... Where exactly was she? Why was she waking up to a different room from the one she had fallen asleep in?

Her eyes widened in shock, and she frantically stormed out of the door. Leon and Reed were outside leaning casually against the walls just outside her chambers. They straightened up as soon as they heard the door opening and saw her striding out. They glanced quickly at each other and prepared themselves for what was to ensue.

"What happened? How long have I been asleep?" she asked, a little panicky. "More importantly, where is Gav?"

"I think, it's about two hours that you have been sleeping, princess." Reed responded quickly. "We are now in Crescia —"

"I know. But how... where is Zolan and the others?" she asked as she strode towards the corridor. "Is Gav with us?" She repeated this question. It was this matter that concerned her more than anything else.

"The prince is not with us, princess... He is not here in Crescia." He answered and Evie halted in her attempt to run off in looking for him. She clenched her fists that were hidden within the folds of her dress and then inhaled very deeply. Obviously, trying to control her emotions.

"Bring me to where everyone is." She ordered, her voice now a little strained.

When they arrived in the room that she was in and everyone was gathered, Evie did not waste a moment longer and ordered them to talk. She wanted all the details sans nothing. Her men then dutifully recounted everything and reported to her faithfully on what had happened. They also did not forget to inform her about the prince's order.

"That's all? Did he say anything else? There are no other instructions for us or... perhaps specifically for me?" Evie questioned them and they could only helplessly shake their heads. They knew that their princess was somewhat unhappy at that response.

"He didn't say anything more than to bring you here, princess. He didn't even tell us what our duties are or what you should be doing while waiting here." Zolan told her calmly. After saying his piece, he kept silent and watched Evie.

Evie fell quiet for a while, thinking hard to herself. Then she looked at her men with a serious gaze. "Gav and I have spoken about this already. He told me that once the war starts, he'll send me here to awaken the light faes. I'm sure this is the reason why he sent me here this urgently." Evie told them and the men looked surprised. They really did not expect that the Prince would really have told Evie about this – that he had wanted her to awaken the light faes the next time she is back in Crescia.

Fixing her gaze on Zanya, Evie's bright eyes gleamed in determination. "I am going to awaken the light faes now, Zanya. I am certain that Gav would have already set out of Kirzan the moment he sent us out here. Right now, the war must have already started. That's why we don't have any more time to waste. We must return there as soon as possible to aid him in the war."

And with that, Evie and everyone headed to the throne hall.

"You are going to awaken the tree of light too, right princess?" Zanya asked as soon as they halted right before the throne.

Evie nodded without hesitation. "Yes. If I don't, what's the point of awakening the light faes? There would be no meaning if they can't leave the Middle Lands, would it?"

A wide, beautiful smile curved across Zanya's ethereal face. At long last! She could not believe it was finally going to happen! Her people and their ancient tree of light would finally be revived after such a long time! Her eyes twinkled and sparkled as she anticipated the princess' awakening of the light faes with their tree.

"Now, let us start." Evie then declared and slowly, she ascended to the throne. She turned around and looked down the moment she stood there, looking all majestic and awe-inspiring.

Sweeping her gaze to a few hundreds of dark crystals scattered around the massive throne hall, each holding a light fae that was a comrade to Zanya and had ties to her through her blood which held the royal bloodline of the light faes. She suddenly felt a surge of emotion or was this magic?

Comparing to that time when she stood there for the first time, Evie certainly felt different now. Perhaps because there was no doubt in her heart anymore. She was fully convinced and determined to do this.

At that moment, she could feel something powerful welling up within her. She suddenly felt like she had nothing to be afraid of. And that there was nothing that she currently could not do. She wondered if this feeling or mentality was caused by her strengthened mind and heart or was it because she has simply grown stronger and more confident now?

With a look of certainty and sheer willpower, Evie gracefully lowered herself to sit on the throne. The way she sat there, manipulating her magic to send it out with an elegant wave of her hand, and the way the light spread out and lit up the entire dark hall... it was all so mind blowing. At that moment, she did not seem like the timid and shy princess Evie any longer.