

## **SPELLBOUND 371**

### Chapter 371 - Just Evie

Evie's heart felt like it had already turned completely numb at that moment. Her eyes were hot, and her blood seemed to be boiling. Her grief and rage clouded her eyes but turning her heart cold. She perceived that there was a soft voice in her mind that was telling her to stop but she could not bear to follow the advice of that small soft voice... vengeance had darkened her vision, and something alien and dark had sprouted in her heart.

Shutting her eyes, her heart stopped beating for a moment and she finally swung her sword down towards Thundrann's neck.

Then the world seemed to come to a screeching halt. The atmosphere became so quiet that you could hear even a pin drop. Everyone froze in shock, including Evie herself as her eyes flew open and stared at the hand that was now wrapped tightly around her wrist, stopping her swing from completing its arc that was now just a couple of inches away from Thundrann's neck.

That hand which was so very familiar to her... Evie could only stare dumbly at it. She knew whom it was just with one glance on those long fingers and the traces of veins on that big hand.

Slowly, Evie turned around and at the moment her eyes fell on him, she was hopelessly paralyzed. Those eyes... those breathtakingly striking pair of moonbeam-like eyes staring back into her own amber ones, smouldering through the strands of his dark hair.

All she could do was stare, feeling as though those eyes were her saving lights, pulling on her quickly before she could fall into the deepest of darkness. Her sword then fell uselessly from her hand and the hard sound of the metal clanging onto the concrete ground as it fell resonated in the surrounding, breaking the stilted silence that had reigned over them.

And Gavriel seized her up in a tight hug. His large palm curved over her skull as he gripped her snugly against him, trying to impart as much warmth and comfort to her through their bodies that were moulded as close together as possible. Nothing happened for a few moments until Evie began to tremble in his arms. Her tremors that started out small eventually grew so violent that if Gavriel was not holding her, she would have been a quivering mess on the ground right now.

Gavriel wrapped his arms around her even more securely, as if trying to hide her small trembling frame from everyone's eyes. He then wrapped and cuddled her inside his dark cloak till her body was hidden.

Then, he lifted his head and when his eyes met Samuel's bewildered gaze, he nodded at him slightly before shifting his gaze to the light fae. "My wife needs some rest first." He said to the light fae and without waiting for Zirrus to react, Gavriel took off with a powerful leap, taking Evie with him. However, everyone noticed how he was so gentle and careful in handling Evie, as though a little extra rough handling would bring her crumbling down.

The couple arrived back at Ravens castle, their castle, in no time at all. Gavriel landed at the front doors and strode in, his steps sure and determined as he already had a destination in mind. His quick footsteps only brought them quickly to stand before a pair of polished heavy mahogany double doors that evoked a bittersweet feeling in both the husband-and-wife pair. Once they were in their room, Gavriel took his cloak off and let it fall to the floor.

Evie was still shaking as Gavriel sat on the edge of the bed with her straddling his lap. "It's okay, love. Cry all you want... let your grief out..." he began to whisper as he kept kissing her hair and his gentle hands caressed her back over and over, warming as well comforting her. "I'll be here with you, love... I'm just right here..."

And as Gavriel muttered soothing words into her ears, Evie broke down and sobbed as hard as she could. All the stress, tension, pain, and sorrow came tumbling out all at once. Everything that was tightly constrained inside her was released through endless tears as she let herself melt against him, taking comfort and reassurance of just being in each other's presence.

"G-gav..." she called out his name between her sobs. She kept hiccupping between her sobs.

"I'm here, love... I'm here..." he responded, lovingly. His voice sounded so warm and uplifting that it was just like salvation had come to her. It was unbelievable how he melted everything cold and frozen within her just by holding her like this. The rage, the vengeance, the hatred, the darkness that had sprouted in her heart... it was as though his arms, and his warmth had melted them all and turned them into tears. And what a huge torrent of tears she had within her! She had not realised that there was so much that she had kept bottled up within herself for her to be able to release so much.

She had bravely kept her chin up and stood as strong as she could since she was separated from him ever since that time in the battle at Dacia. She had never allowed herself to think any negative thoughts nor entertain doubts, much less permit herself to crumble or even cry like what she was doing now because she is a queen now. So many people are looking at her for guidance and putting her as their hope or even salvation that she knew she could not let them down. And she knew a queen must now show any weakness to either friend or foe. No matter what kind of turmoil or hardship she was going through, she was not allowed to let herself show any sign of weakness... she must be able to remain strong and unfazed before her people, and also before her enemies alike. This is her responsibility and calling as a queen.

But before this man... in this man's arms... everything was different. Because being in his arms right now... she was no fae queen. She is just Evie, his lover, his wife. She knew he is the only place where she is ever allowed to cry, to crumble, to melt, or to breakdown without any consequences.

Chapter 372 - Where?

The light faes had since moved near Ravens castle and repositioned themselves there, arranging their positions around the castle as guards in the event where more enemies approach. Half of them, led by Zirrus were arranged in front of the gates of the city while the other female light faes were burning the scattered bodies of the beasts and orcs with their magic. And the dragons had also surrounded themselves around the castle.

"I think our queen is not going to come out any time soon." Kariza said to Zanya. The duo had just returned from patrolling the entire city while waiting for their queen.

Looking up at the quiet castle, Zanya sighed. "She really needs to rest. The queen had been going all out for days without any rest. And prior to this, she also had been travelling non-stop and had been involved in another war not long ago."

"You're right." Kariza agreed, looking around now. "By the way... I haven't seen any of those men, I mean those vampires, around for the past couple of hours now." She made an observation and

Zanya creased her brows. Now that she thought about it, where were they? It was strange that she did not spot any of them during their patrol! She did not even catch a hint nor hair of a single one of them. It was as though all of them had vanished quietly.

Zanya approached the light faes who were tasked on guarding the castle's door. "Are those men inside?" she asked, thinking that they might have entered the castle as well.

"Men?"

"I mean the vampires."

The guards shook their heads. "We didn't see any of them enter into the castle through here."

Kariza and Zanya looked at each other. Now this suddenly felt so suspicious. Those men would always stick to wherever the queen went to the point of shadowing her, as far as Zanya knew. So where could they have run off to by now?

At that moment, a light fae resting on the grass butted in. "I remember seeing one of them on my way here." he said and Kariza and Zanya immediately looked at him, the former's eyes twinkling while the latter only turned to look at that light fae. "I saw the purple eyed one letting the wounded children drink his blood."

Zanya's eyes widened a little. Leon was allowing others to drink his blood?! "Where?"

As soon as the light fae told them Leon's whereabouts, the duo immediately flew to the place where the vampires were.

They soon arrived at a small hall where the children were gathered. They were still a little weakened, but they were certainly better now. Some faes, even Zanya had helped heal them, but the children remained weak. The light faes thought they might need some rest and since it was already daylight, they had left them to sleep. Even Zanya never thought that they might be weak due to hunger... hunger for blood.

"Is the vamp... err... I mean... Is Leon, or are his companions here?" Zanya curiously directed her question at a little blond girl who was still awake.

"He went over there." The little vampire girl pointed at another hall a little far down from where the children were.

"I see, thank you." Zanya smiled and then she rose. Before leaving, she gently patted the head of that little girl and nodded at her in thanks. She nodded at Kariza and the duo began to head to the other hall when the little girl came running after them.

"Faery!" she called out and Zanya turned back, surprised that the little girl had called out to her.

"Zanya. Zanya's my name and this is Kariza." Zanya introduced.

"Zanya... Kariza..." the little girl echoed. She looked like she was fascinated as she looked at the light faes. "I'm Martha." She smiled and the light faes smiled back at her.

"You have a beautiful name, Martha. Are you unable to sleep?"

The little girl shook her head again. "No, I am sleepy."

"Then why... oh, you should go and sleep then, dear."

"But I have to stop you both from going there." Martha's gaze became serious, causing Zanya and Kariza's brows to crease in confusion as they blinked at her.

"Leon... he told us never to go there. So, you both can't go there as well."

Zanya knelt down on one knee to put herself at a more similar conversational level as Martha.

"Why? Did Leon tell you why?"

"No. But he said that it's dangerous and thus, we promised not to go."

Silence went by for a moment as Kariza and Zanya eyed each other. Now they were more than curious and at the same time worried at Martha's reminder.

Patting Martha's head, Zanya spoke sweetly. "Alright. We will just go and check on them if they're alright. So, you go back and sleep now, okay?"

The little girl yawned and was about to protest more but she wobbled where she stood. Zanya caught her before she could tumble over and then gave her over to Kariza. "You bring her back first. She desperately needs to sleep." Zanya told Kariza as she smiled helplessly at the yawning little girl.

Without waiting for Kariza to come back, Zanya then headed to the hall. Somehow, she could not help but feel worried.

Stretching her hand, she gripped the door handle. For some reason, her heartbeat suddenly quickened. Was she actually feeling nervous? She?

Zanya squared her shoulders back and shook her head. Then she pushed the door back slowly. It creaked a little before swinging open a little. The inside of the hall was dark and eerily quiet.

Stepping inside, Zanya was about to use magic to see what's inside when all of a sudden, a dark shadow came rushing at her. No, that was no shadow. It was a man.

The door shut close behind her as her back was pinned against the slightly rough door surface. She was caught off guard, but she could have still retorted if she did not recognize this male scent. This scent that she found quite unique and... hypnotic... annoyingly hypnotic, could only belong to one man. This man who had been pissing her off ever since she had met him.

"Leon?" she called out questioningly and he suddenly stiffened at her voice. "What are you do-" Her sentence got cut off suddenly when she felt a peculiar sensation.

Zanya gasped out loud as she felt his mouth suddenly latch tightly onto her throat.

Chapter 373 - Hunger

Zanya jerked strongly at the feel of his mouth on her skin. And the very first thing she did was... she punched him. Hard.

A thud echoed in the dark hall. Angry, Zanya created a ball of light to light up the place. She could not even see one foot in front of her. Her face was turned into a fierce and scowling mask of unhappiness. How dare this vampire behave this way! Why does he keep on making her rage like this?! She was not going to let him get away with it this time! She has given him chances time and again and she only felt that he kept taking things for granted. Enough was enough!

Prepared to beat him up into a pulp, Zanya walked up and stood before him before looking down to observe the vampire. But her scowl slowly faded at the sight of him breathless and slumped over, on the floor, as if he could barely move. His shoulders were moving up and down in large movements as he tried to pull in air into his lungs with much difficulty. He was somehow having trouble drawing in breath.

Creasing her brows, Zanya bent over. "Vampire..." she called out and Leon continued panting laboriously. His skin was damp and clammy with sweat.

"Out!" his voice suddenly echoed loudly. Zanya could tell he had used whatever little strength he had to shout that out. After that shout, he was panting even harder than before.

Leon felt his body going numb. This was the very first time he had felt like this. This thirst and hunger were just inexplicable. He had never thought it could actually drive him completely senseless. Never did he think he would suffer this want so badly as a half-blooded vampire.

A couple of hours ago, all the elite vampires started to feel their hunger and thirst, all except him. Being a half blood, he could bear his thirst for blood far longer than anyone else. So, he was the only one who stayed back in the city while his comrades went out to hunt and sate their hunger.

Because all vampires and humans had fled the city as the war was being fought, the vampires could not find anyone who will be able to supply them blood. The vampires and humans they had rescued were either children or wounded and weak. Therefore, the men had decided to go on a hunt as they knew they cannot be asking for each other's blood either due to the majority of them having already lost quite the amount of blood as well because of the battle.

Someone had to stay back as their representative to be there just in case the prince or the princess came looking for them. So, it had fallen to Leon to stay back as he could still hold back his hunger. His comrades told him that they would come back soon with something for him as well.

But two hours had passed since they told him that and they had yet to return. Leon could only deduce that the animals had probably ran off from the nearby forests due to the beasts that arrived. He could only think that they must have needed to go further away to hunt and that was why they were taking longer than expected.

It would not be a problem for him to wait a little longer if he had not let those children drink from him. There were three children who were just too hungry that they had started to be in pain so Leon could only give them his blood, thinking that his supply would come very soon anyway. But hours had come and gone and yet his food supply did not seem to be coming.

Hence, he was reduced into this mess. He needed blood now but there was no one whom he could ask. So, he had gone to hide out in this hall in the hopes of keeping himself away from the children. He thought that he could wait it out here and endure his hunger until his comrades return with his food. However, he did not count of Zanya coming to find him and seeing him in this condition. Because he did not expect it, the sweet scent of her blood had sent him into a frenzy, and he had lost control for a while and had pounced on her. Thankfully, her punch had knocked some sense back into him.

"Get out! I'm... leave..." he said between his pants, not quite making much sense. This girl's arrival was totally unexpected. Why did she have to come here?

"You... you need blood..." her voice echoed. She was not moving away to leave at all.

She could not bear to walk away. It was strange as she thought to herself, but she could not make herself leave. Well, she thought that he was already so weak. So, she did not need to feel threatened. The proof was that he could not even managed to dodge her earlier punch and she did not even use magic to boost her hit and he actually tumbled to the ground with that one hit from her. She was well aware of the extent of this vampire's capability. In normal circumstances, there would be no way one punch from her could bring him down.

"Yes. I... my comrades will come soon... so leave now..." he murmured. "Or else, I can't..."

Instead of walking away, Zanya squatted before him instead. A tinge of concern flashed in her forest green eyes.

"You don't look alright at all. Are you sure you can wait for them?" Zanya was very well aware of the needs of the vampires. These creatures need blood to survive and thirsting for an extended time period could be fatal to them. She had seen vampires who had lost their minds due to extreme hunger before.. Though she did not know if something had changed in them after thousands of years, Zanya could see in Leon's condition that nothing had changed.

#### Chapter 374 - Consequence

Somehow, it was very unsettling for her to see this strong and capable man reduced to this state. During the battles, he had suffered so many injuries, and many were even fatal. Zanya had seen for herself that this man had suffered those injuries mostly because of him jumping directly into the fray without regard to his own safety. And all of it was done just to save anyone who was in need of help.

His actions had surprised her many times that she wondered why he seemed to not think of his own safety at all as long as he was able to save the ones in need. She had thought that he was just all protective of the queen and his comrades, and for her as well. She had considered and thought it through and had come to the conclusion that it must be because somehow, she had been with them for quite while too. But during this battle, she had seen how he was actually more than willing to save anyone as long as they were on his side. He had helped countless light faes he had never once spoken to. It was as if he did not mind dying for them.

These things she saw was probably the reason why Zanya could not seem to leave him alone despite her having a not so good impression of him. And despite the things he had done when she had left her body in his care and even now, with him suddenly attacking her... she still could not make herself ignore him and leave.

"How about I bring you to where they are? I can fly you over really quick –"

Leon shook his head heavily as he panted out. "Can't... the sun..."

Zanya slapped her forehead. How did she forget about the sun? She knew vampires can thrive just fine under the sun but if they are already in their weakest state, it could harm them – perhaps even kill them.

As Zanya tried to quickly think of another way they could overcome this, she was suddenly grabbed. She found herself sitting on his lap in an instant, straddling him as his arms were curled around her back and shoulders. Her eyes were wide. How did he still have such strength and speed?

She had let her guard down at the sight of his weakened state and now she was caught again! This man! He is dangerous!

"W-wait! You..." she tried to pull away, careful not to use her magic for fear that she might accidentally worsen his condition.

He sniffed at her. His nose trailing down her throat.

Zanya hastily caught his face and made him look at her.

His red eyes were so vivid with thirst and hunger, and when he looked back at her and Zanya actually felt shivers running across her spine. She suddenly stiffened and the words she was about to say was lost. What was going on?

Something in his eyes that now looked like hellfire made her heartbeat picked up a notch and she could not look away. It shocked her very much. When was the last time someone made her heart react like this?

Zanya yelled at herself. She must be going crazy to actually feel like this before the man who obviously wanted to suck her blood! But why is his gaze this hypnotic? Do hungry vampires usually looked like this when they were dying for blood?

She remembered that hungry vampires always, always looked terrifying. But this man... instead of scaring her away, he looked more like he was seducing her. She was utterly shocked at the sensuality he exuded, and it was crazy how she found him incredibly gorgeous and irresistible right now.

"Let me..." his voice was hoarse and deep, "Zanya..."

She swallowed hard. Her name that resonated in her ears echoed over and over again like a hypnotic magic spell. This was bad! Very bad! She would never have thought that this vampire could make her feel this way. This was just... this was abnormal. How could he make her feel as though she was now under his control? No!

"No!" she finally snapped out of her confused state and was able to speak. "You can't do this! Listen. You must let me go now."

He shook his head, refusing to loosen his grip on her.

"If you bite me, you'll regret it, Leon! Believe me!"

"I won't..."

"Yes, you will! There's... there's a consequence if you bite a light fae."

"I don't care —"

"You will regret it! Let me go now before I hurt you."

"I... can't anymore..." his words came out as a strangled cry between his gasps. His hand slowly pulling on her again and she told herself to resist. To look away from those hypnotic fiery eyes. Because at this rate, he was going to tear her willpower away and make her offer herself to him.

Zanya had regretted dropping her guard down over him. This man was no ordinary vampire. Why did she think that this man was not capable of seducing a woman even to her own destruction when

he was clearly one of those kinds who had such a strange power to make a woman beg and do anything he wanted her to do?

She did not know when it even happened but when he gently pulled her hair back to arch her beautiful neck and have it exposed for an easy access to it, Zanya already felt like her bones had melted within her. Her heartbeat thudded like gongs in her chest, sending vibrations up to her stunned brain. No! She must stop him! She must not let him bite her!

Lifting her hand, she tried to summon her magic, hoping that it will wake her up from this strange frenzy she fell into. It was better for her to hurt him slightly than letting him bite her and draw blood. But her hands were limp and useless beside her. What... what the hell did he do to her?

His grip on her then tightened and again, she felt his cold mouth latch onto her neck.

### Chapter 375 - Hundred Times Over

It has been rumoured that the blood of the light faes were known to be the sweetest, most delicious blood for the vampires. Many vampires in the past, during the time when the Middle Empire was still in its former glory, were obsessed with the idea of tasting a light fae's blood. But only very few were actually able to have gotten a taste and known the joys of being able to experience the ultimate blood of ecstasy. Because it was not something anyone can just have.

There was a consequence if a vampire drinks a light fae's blood and it was not a simple one. Upon the consumption of a light faes blood, it would turn into a type of poison in that vampire.

Moreover, biting and drinking a light faes blood was like a ritual. It was a process of creating a bond. Or creating an unbreakable promise. The vampire will be bound to the light fae they had bitten and drunk blood from. Therefore, it is not something that was done and taken lightly as it would affect the vampire's future as well.

From the moment the vampire takes in the light faes blood, he would have automatically offered his heart to the light fae. After that, the vampire's heart will only beat for and belong to her. He will be able to love only her in this lifetime. This was dangerous because if the light fae does not reciprocate the love and refuse to seal the bond through mating within a set time period, the fae blood inside the vampire's body will turn into a deadly poison and it will aim for and kill the vampire's heart. However, the strange thing is that he would not die physically, but he will never be able to feel anything anymore, nor could he fall in love ever again. His heart will die, and the bond will be broken the moment that happens.

This was why Zanya knew that she must not let him bite her no matter what. But the temptation to just go with the flow and indulge in the sensations that were currently causing her to be tossed about were so strong it was surreal. It felt like he was seducing her to bring him to his own doom. And Zanya still could not believe vampires had this kind of power... or was it only him? Or was she the strange one who was falling into his gaze and helplessly wrapped herself in it?

"Stop!" She yelled, her hands flew to tangle them in his thick silky hair and pulled them back harshly to tear his mouth off her skin before he could sink his fangs into her neck. Her palm then covered his mouth as she panted frantically, finally snapping out of that dreamy sensation she had dangerously indulged in. "I told you. You're going to regret it if you bite me. If you bite me now, you're going to be bound to me and would irrevocably fall in love with me whether you like it or not. And if... if I am not able to love you back, you will be ruined! I can't let that happen to you!"

she quickly explained, hoping that he would catch onto the urgency in the tone of her voice and be finally willing to let go.

But he did not respond as how Zanya had hoped he would. His fiery eyes stared back at her again and his gaze gripped her once more.

"Goodness! Stop it and just let me go. If you don't... I'm really going to hurt you now! You're giving me no choice." she threatened him, and her magic began to seep out from her skin. "This is for your sake –"

She could not finish her sentence. Her body froze, as her eyes flew open, wide with shock at the feel of his fangs slowly and sensuously sinking past her skin and into her neck. He had moved too fast, and she was way too late to react.

Zanya slowly shut her eyes as she felt him draw her blood with a tingling suction pressure being applied. To her surprise, it was not painful at all. In fact, she did not know how, but it was giving her an indescribable sensation. A sensation she could not quite put into words as she could not wrap her mind around it, much less know how to even describe it.

Allowing her head to fall back languidly, she murmured helplessly as she gripped tighter and hung onto his dark hair. "Don't blame me later... I did my best to stop you..."

Leon heard what she said from the back of his mind. But he did not care at all. Nothing else matters right now but this... this blood. He had heard many times before that a virgin human's blood was a blood worthy to die for. He had tasted it himself when a human girl had offered herself to him and he could not deny that he had thought the same until now. It was only now that he truly knew what it meant to have blood that was worthy to die for.

A light faes blood... Zanya's blood was worth dying for even for a hundred times over. He had never lost his mind to this extent before. Ever. Naturally, as a half-blood, he was not as hardcore as the purebloods when it comes to taking in blood. But this... he actually felt like he was in heaven. This taste was too much... too much... he wanted to suck her dry. He did not want to ever stop drinking from her. He just could not get enough of it!

His grip on her tightened as his strength came back. In fact, he felt like power was surging within him as he savoured her blood that tasted like heaven. If this was what heaven tasted like, then he was surely dead and very happy to be so. There were no regrets, and he can die content.

Chapter 376 - Reminiscent

"Leon." He heard her call out his name and his body flinched. His heart was suddenly beating so hard now. And then something seemed to have snapped within him.

The door swung open with a loud bang and Leon pulled away as he grabbed at his chest.

The vampires who had just arrived stood there, speechless as they stared at the spectacle before them.

Zanya quickly pushed Leon back at the sight of the men who were standing by the door. Her hand flew towards the area of her neck that was bitten and her magic glowed under her palms, healing the puncture wounds made by Leon.

Then without a word, she stormed out of the hall, face flaming and left without looking back at either the men or at Leon.

The men looked at each other and then collectively turned their heads to look at Leon who was now sitting on the floor. They could see that he had already gotten his fill.

"What a lucky bastard you are," Luc commented playfully as he sighed. "We get to drink animal's blood, but he had actually feasted on a light fae. This is not fair!" there was a slight hint of envy in his tone.

"You're right." Reed agreed, "let's just give all these to the children then," he added, and they turned and left the hall, leaving Samuel and Zolan behind to accompany Leon.

Looking down at the man, Zolan squatted before him with a raised brow. "Who would've thought that you're the very first one among us to score like this?" he smirked at him, causing Leon to avert his gaze. His face looked severe even at Zolan's teasing. "What's this? You're not happy to drink a light fae's blood? How was it? Hm? Leon? I heard it's a hundred times better than human virgin's blood. Did it really live up to what the rumours say?"

Leon stiffened. "Where did you hear that?" he asked.

"Hmm... everyone knows about this bedtime legend, Leon. I believe the creatures with such heavenly blood in those tales are actually the light faes. I am basing it according to the scent of the princess' blood. Though we didn't smell Zanya's as she was quick to block the scent, I believe it should be the same. So? Is the tale true?"

Not one word came out of Leon's mouth, causing Zolan to look quizzically at Samuel.

"I guess it must be true then... and... about the consequence..." Zolan continued. In the tale, the blood would end up poisoning the vampire and kills him or her, literally. "Are you alright?? Did Zanya tell you anything that would happen to you?"

A deep and harsh breath escaped Leon's mouth. "She didn't say it would kill me." Leon finally said.

"That's a relief then." Zolan sighed in relief. "At least, that part of the tale is not true."

"But I believe there still should be some sort of consequence." Samuel spoke, setting his gaze seriously at Leon. "Nothing great comes without paying some form of price."

"Yes, you're right. There is a consequence to drinking blood from a light fae." Leon replied, his face now looking pretty calm. "But don't worry about it. It's not as serious as you think it is."

Then he walked past them, obviously avoiding the conversation now.

Zolan narrowed his gaze. It seems he need to investigate further into this, because judging from Leon's expression, he knew he must be in some kind of trouble. He could only hope that what he said was right, that the consequence was nothing serious.

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Back in Ravens Castle, Evie opened her eyes and found herself tightly cuddled within Gavriel's embrace.

"Feeling better now, my love?" he asked, his grey eyes gleaming as a gentle smile curved on his gorgeous face.

Evie did not know why but she suddenly felt like crying again. She swallowed back the lump of tears in the back of her throat and hugged him tight. When she calmed down, she pulled away again and looked at his face.

"Tell me... what happened?" she asked. "Is... is everything alright now?"

Gavriel pulled her and kissed her forehead as gentle as he could. "Let's talk about that later, wife. You need to eat first." He whispered and Evie stilled herself and remained silent, but eventually, she nodded.

She pulled away to stand but Gavriel did not let her. He gathered her in his arms, princess-like. The way he held her made her heart swell. This was... being with him was just so wholesome. She actually felt like they were back to those times, when she was just his little damsel in distress.

"I can walk Gav." She said as she laughed lightly, enjoying his warmth.

"I know. But let me carry you like this." He whispered then kissed her head.

He walked very slowly as he wanted them both to savour every moment of it. For some reason, they both felt incredibly nostalgic, as if it had been years since he last carried her like this.

Elias had brought the food once they were in the dining hall and Evie could not help but smile at the sight of the steak, remembering that this was the very same table where they had eaten together for the first time.

Gavriel quietly cut the steak and before Evie could reach for her utensils, he placed a piece of delicious steak right before her lips. Evie bite down on her lower lip before opening her mouth and ate the steak her husband was offering. This was so reminiscent to their first meal together.

Moments later, Evie lifted her gaze only to find him staring at her, lazily leaning his head against his knuckles. His eyes were so dreamy as he fixed his gaze on her.

"You are thinking about something..." Evie lifted her brow at him and the corner of Gavriel's mouth lifted into a sensuous smile.

"I'm thinking about that time when we first ate together. I remember how I got jealous over a piece of steak just because you looked like you are finding the steak much... much more delicious than I, your husband was." He said and Evie's mouth hung open.

### Chapter 377 - Nothing Is Even Close

Gavriel continued feeding Evie one bite at a time as his gaze remained fixed on her face, full of contentment. His grey orbs were dreamy and filled with so much love. However, there was a hint of something else in there as well... something different. It was as though he was scrutinizing her at the same time, attempting to read further into her mind and heart.

Moments later, Evie finally stopped him as she raised both her hands in surrender, laughing as she saw him arching his brows as though not believing that she has had enough.

"I'm full Gav." She then moved to catch his hand that was holding the fork and guided it back to his own mouth. "Eat." Her voice came out like a strict order and Gavriel chuckled. His eyes twinkled at her. "You were so busy feeding me, but you have yet to fill your own stomach." Evie's brows scrunched up a little as she felt a little guilty of completely basking in Gavriel's pampering of her and temporarily forgot about reminding him to take care of himself too.

"Your wish is my command, my queen." He declared with a flourish and Evie felt her face become hot as she watched his seductive mouth clamp around the same piece of steak that he had tried to feed her a few moments ago, all the while his intense eyes stared at her through his thick and dark lashes. Slowly, he chewed on it and Evie found herself unable to look away from those spellbinding lips of his.

"Stop looking at me like that, wife. Do you really want me to continue eating? I might really end up pinning you down on top of this very table." His deep husky voice echoed across the dining table and Evie jolted out of her trance. "I might change 'course' and feast on something else altogether..." And his magnetic eyes caught hers and held them captive.

She immediately imagined what he had just said, and she blushed even harder. Goodness! The god of seduction is back! And this god was her one and only – no one else's. Her heart shivered with that knowledge before filling up with a feeling so sweet that made up for all the agony of being separated from him all this while.

Shaking her head slightly as she tried her best to regain her composure, Evie grabbed at the glass of water sitting before her and gulped it all down a little shakily while Gavriel naughtily flashed her his wicked smile, totally loving the way she reacted to his every actions. But at the same time, he was also regretting what he said to her earlier as of right now, he really... crazily wanted to do just that. He was only a breath away from fulfilling all those words and making them come true. His eyes glimmered as he took in a deep breath that brought the tempting natural fragrance of his wife that had perfused the air around her into his flared nostrils.

"I... we need to go out first and check on everyone. I want to ensure that they are alright." Evie quickly grasped at the first thing that crossed her mind and changed the topic and Gavriel tilted his head. The naughty smile that was hanging across his lips not fading. However, he took another deep breath and tamped down on that beastly instinct to pounce on her.

"First..." he drawled, "that means when we come back, you're going to allow me to do just that, right here in the dining hall, are you, my love?" Gavriel teased her further, enjoying the responses his words evoked in this little wife of his.

Evie's mouth hung open and she literally could feel smoke rising from her head. She had forgotten how much this man loved doing this to her, teasing her to the point that her face' color would look like a cooked lobster. And it was such a shock that her immunity towards his naughtiness seemed to have regressed back to square one, judging from her inability to retort wittily again. She could not help but feel slightly aggrieved at this as she silently mourned her fate.

"Right here in the dining hall?" she squeaked out as she could not believe the words that came out of her mouth as she looked down at the long table that they were seated at. She then abruptly pushed her chair back and rose from her seat. She had heard how she sounded when she uttered those words, and she almost hid her burning face into her palms.

Gavriel rose as well and when Evie turned to face him, he bent over, jailing her between him and the table. "Yes, love." He murmured breathlessly as his gaze on her was smouldering hot. "You want to try it here too, right?" He then nuzzled her in the crook of her neck, causing delicious shivers to travel up and down her spine.

She swallowed. Goodness gracious!

"Gods, I want to pin you down now and spread you out and... eat you... I would then savour every part of you... because nothing in this world would ever taste better than you. No... nothing is even close..." he whispered those words as he nibbled along her jawline and Evie's bones just melted, turning her into a helpless puddle capable of only dangling there in his arms.

Her will was rendered absolutely useless now. What will? There was no such word existing in her vocabulary at this moment! She was seduced wholly and thoroughly with just those words alone and the way he looked at her. And just as she was about to reach out to kiss him, Gavriel pulled himself away – but not without much difficulty.

"But yes, you're right, my love. We need to go check on everyone else first. That is only the right thing to do.." He said seriously as he stepped back when Evie grabbed him and pushed him down to sit on her chair.

Chapter 378 - Your Highness!

"How dare you seduce me like that and then leave me hanging high and dry, dear husband of mine." She growled lightly and raised her brows at him as she stared down into his eyes. She was torn between wanting to strangle him or pounce on him all at the same time. This man...!!

Gavriel looked at her in surprise for a moment before he sipped on his lower lip, smiling sexily. "But wife... you're the one who said we must go out first." He could not help but tease her more.

"I will make you..." Evie suddenly trailed off as she stilled in her bent over position. She was about to straddle him when she saw someone came running in, holding a bottle that contained a red liquid within.

The light fae froze as well.

Evie straightened and smiled at the light fae.

"You can come over." She beckoned to the light fae calmly, clenching down on her teeth hard, not letting herself burn with embarrassment.

The light fae hesitantly entered and carefully placed the bottle on the table. "The... the vampire named Zolan asked me to bring this bottle here, my queen." She bowed apologetically.

"Thank you. You may withdraw. Please inform the rest that we'll be out in a few minutes." Evie kept her tone mild and calm.

With a bow of respect, the light fae then left.

Clearing her throat, Evie stepped away from the living temptation next to her. She immediately realized that this bottle contained blood and realised that it was an important food source and Gav needs to drink it. Even though he could eat meals with her, the main nutrition he needs would still be derived from blood. And Evie understood this.

She opened the bottle easily, her fingers glowed brightly for a few brief seconds and Gavriel knew that it was magic. He used to take the bottle from her without a word before handing it back to her. It was something very mundane in their lives, but Gavriel loved doing those simple little things for her. But now, it looks like he would not be doing that anymore. She no longer needed him to open a bottle of wine for her anymore.

Quietly, Gavriel watched her pour the bright red liquid into a wine glass and then hand it over to him smoothly as it were their daily routine.

"Here, dear husband. You fed me quite a lot a while ago so you must not complain if I make you drink a lot too." Evie stated her disclaimer right on the first glass.

Another soft chuckle echoed from him, and he took the glass Evie was offering.

Relieved that the sexual tension between them had somewhat subsided, Evie poured him another glass after he had drained the first one quickly. He must have been hungry. And as she was staring at the glass, she suddenly remembered something.

"Oh no!" her eyes widened in worry.

Gavriel immediately put down his glass, his brows creasing as he wondered what the problem was. "What's wrong?"

"Levy." Evie said, "I forgot about Levy!"

Blinking, Gavriel relaxed.

"He's trapped inside the crystal." Evie told him and Gavriel blinked. Why was Levy in a crystal? Worry now flashed in his eyes for one of his men.

"He's trapped? How? By Thundrann?" A dangerous glint flashed in his grey orbs to replace the worry.

"No... it was actually by me." Evie stated softly.

Speechless, Gavriel gulped the remaining blood in his glass. Then he settled the glass on the table and looked at her, a little shocked. "You trapped Levy... he had been possessed?" confusion and surprise flashed across Gavriel's face. How did that even happen? Something must have happened for Evie to do this. He believed that there would be a perfectly good reason for it. He trusted in Evie no matter what.

"No, no..." Evie shook her head and she immediately explained what happened.

Her explanation made Gavriel let out a relieved sigh. He was thankful he was mistaken in his assumption that Evie had to trap Levy because he had been possessed.

The couple then quickly made their way out of the castle. They had decided to awaken Levy first and then deal with their current situation later with the rest of their men as well as the light faes that came along with Evie.

Soon, Evie and Gavriel met the elite vampires in the courtyard.

The vampires all stood there in one line. They were all still as they fixed their eyes on Gavriel.

When Gavriel appeared several hours ago to stop the princess from beheading Thundrann, the men were shocked at the sight of him. They saw that his eyes were back to the familiar grey again and they could hardly believe it. Was their prince finally back this time? Even though Gavriel had spoken with Samuel through their mind telepathy, even Samuel was doubting if that was actually his imagination.

They had been fooled once before when he showed them his red eyes the night that he had ordered them to bring the princess over to Crescia. And that was why they did not dare to immediately believe that their very own Prince Gavriel was back this time.

"How's everyone?" Gavriel spoke, looking at them one after another. "I am glad to see that all of you are whole and very much well." He flashed them a smirk as he looked at them with pride and the men finally sighed in relief. Yes!! It is truly their prince!

Elias even began to tear up and Reed's throat felt as though he was choked up.

"Your Highness!" Reed and Elias cried out emotionally and Gavriel approached them, thumping them fondly on their shoulders. "At long last! You finally remembered us!"

Gavriel thanked them one by one through their eyes. He knew he could not thank these men enough for being with Evie all those difficult and challenging times.. He could tell they went through a lot, and he was nothing but proud of them.

Chapter 379 - Very Soon

"I think I'm going to cry too, your Highness." Zolan said when Gavriel reached him, smirking playfully.

"Go ahead. I'd like to see your poker face cry." Gavriel commented, smirking back.

"Well, I changed my mind. I'll cry if you cry first, Your Highness." Zolan quipped.

"You still think you can fool me? Zolan?" Gavriel raised an eyebrow at him.

"Well, I'm just trying to check if your memories truly have returned now."

When Gavriel reached Samuel, the big man's stoic face remained unfazed as he looked steadily at his prince and lord.

"You did well, leading these bunch of troublemakers." He told the big man and Samuel's expression cracked a little, showing a small smile as he was touched at the prince's praise.

"They've been such a bunch of good and well behave men, Your Highness, so I didn't actually need to do anything."

"I guess, they behaved because you're the one leading them."

"Er... I don't think so, Your Highness. I believe it's because of our master, the princess. Being with the princess didn't give them much time to fool around."

Gavriel looked at Evie who was quietly standing there, giving the men space.

A smile curved on his lips. "It seems my wife can control you guys better than I do." Gavriel teased his men.

"Well, we can't afford to disappoint you, so we did our best... to behave and focus." Luc said and Gavriel nodded, smiling.

"Certainly. All of you have truly made me proud." Gavriel told them and the men looked revitalized.

After a while, they then remembered Levy and they all headed to the place where he was.

The dark crystal that had trapped him was shining with a cool glimmer under the sun.

Evie did not waste a single moment longer and stood before the crystal while Gavriel and his men stayed back, watching on and waiting for what she would do.

Amber lights began to gather in Evie's palm and her body started to glow.

Watching her, the look in Gavriel's eyes were intense. There were surges of emotions in them as he observed her every move, every wave of magic that she was summoning, and the measure of power that she now command.

Then she suddenly glowed with an extra brilliant amber blaze that rivalled even the sun's magnificence, right where she stood. In the very next second, there was a loud cracking sound from the crystal before it exploded into a shower of dark glitters. Gavriel was still a little bit unused seeing Evie being so powerful, extremely capable, and... exceptionally confident. All of them were a little surprised how the dark glitters from the crystal had not flown everywhere but had only remained within a two-foot radius from where Levy was. It was as though the princess had formed a barrier around to prevent the dark crystal's fragments from flying off as shards that might harm others around.

The way she stood there with her hands stretched forward, in Gavriel's eyes, he saw a queen. A powerful, and formidable queen. And a faint smile curved on his lips. He was proud of her. So proud of her that he could not explain in words on how he felt. She had grown up so much since they had gotten separated. Her growth was so great that she even looked like she had become someone who is unreachable.

Gavriel was genuinely happy for her. She is truly a queen now. He could imagine her sitting there on her throne while he was still down below, looking up at her in awe. The throne next to her was still empty and he was going to sit there beside her very soon. He was going to be king. He will be her only king and she, his queen.

It was amazing how she had arrived there first before him. He remembered he once decided to become king to make her queen. But this amazing woman actually arrived at their destination first.

As he kept his eyes riveted on her, there was only one thing in Gavriel's mind. He needed to reach the pinnacle as well and sit on that throne which was right next to hers.

'Wait for me my queen, I'll get there very soon.' He declared within himself as his eyes gleamed with so much intensity. He would live up to that expectation and not disappoint her.

...

The moment Levy was finally freed, he teared up upon hearing that their prince finally remembers them. The drama king even ran over and hugged Gavriel, evoking a round of laughter among the men. Their very own comic relief was back, hearty and hale.

After that, he went on over to offer a thank you to Evie for saving him.

"Thank you for saving me, princess!" he exclaimed sincerely, and Evie fondly patted his head while he bent over and held Evie's hand.

While Levy was being dramatic again, Luc, who was standing right next to the quiet Leon creased his brows. Then he gently bumped his elbow on Leon to catch his attention.

"You do realise that Zanya keeps glancing over at you, right? She looks kind of concerned. I know you can feel her gaze, so don't tell me you can't." Luc said. He had been bothered for quite a while now because Leon was acting as though he did not notice Zanya's gaze at all.

He even noticed that Leon was trying to avoid looking at Zanya at all. It was as if it would kill him the moment that he looked over at her. And that was not all. It was obvious that Leon was not fine in the least. He was stiff and sweating all this while and looked as though he was suffering.

When Leon still remained silent and unmoving, Luc sighed out in exasperation.. "This is not like you at all, Leon. Did you really end up falling in love with her after drinking her blood? Is that why you're like this now?"

## Chapter 380 - Already Over

The drama king overheard Luc's whisper and his ears almost twitched like a dog's.

He sidled sideways until he reached to where Luc and Leon were standing. "What? You already fell in love?!" the gossip king craned his head to scrutinize Leon's face, trying to determine if what Luc said was true. Then he looked towards where the beauty light fae was and he caught her glancing at Leon with a peculiar look in her eyes.

Raising a brow and crossing his arms around his chest, Levy leaned in sideways to stare at Leon's face again. "Hmm... I think I might have underestimated you, Leon. I just got trapped inside the crystal only for several hours and both of you had already fallen in love with each other?" He commented, acting as though he was about to cry. It was obvious he was just being his usual dramatic and exaggerated self though. "You're one sly fox aren't you, Leon?" he waggled his brows suggestively, nudging at him teasingly. Leon's cheeks had two red spots that were quite noticeable and that caused Levy to guffaw as Luc chuckled at the side.

"You're wrong..." Leon finally spoke but with an obvious difficulty. His face looked pinched as he denied what Levy and Luc were accusing him of. "She's not in love with me."

Levy and Leon looked at each other and caught the key point in what Leon said. Their grins only widened as they stuck themselves closer to him. They then swung their heads around quickly at the same time and looked over at Zanya – the lady that was currently in discussion. The lovely light fae was still keeping her eyes glued on Leon while Leon kept his gaze stuck on the cold hard ground.

The duo on his left and right side looked at each other again. And then, shaking their heads, they both simultaneously sighed heavily. Their fellow friend was such a stick in the mud.

Levy tsked, shaking his head disapprovingly while Luc just rolled his eyes in exasperation. He looked at Levy and motioned with his head to deal with the lumbering oaf that was Leon. "You know what, Leon my man? I want to smack you right up the head this instant! She's looking at you even now, man! Her gaze had literally not left your bumbling self since you and Luc were chatting about this earlier." His teasing voice became frustrated. He truly did not know whether to laugh or cry at Leon's hopeless actions in dealing with the issues of the heart. In fact, he wanted to pull out his hair on how awkward these two were with their progress.

"There's a completely different reason why she's..." all of a sudden, Leon gritted his teeth and his sentence trailed off. It was as though he could not take the agitation anymore, he chose to run away and retreat. "Tell His Highness, I'll be back in a couple of hours." He moved so fast that Levy caught his voice fading off before he could grab onto Leon.

"Wait, where are you going?" Levy shouted after him.

"I'll go find my mother." Leon replied and with that somewhat acceptable excuse thrown out, he was gone. Levy glanced over at Zanya and noticed that her eyes had involuntarily followed after the departing figure of Leon.

"Man. What's his problem?" Levy asked, not liking the way Leon had responded. He used to just ignore him when he was trying to tease him. Leon never walks away no matter what he was saying. However, this time, his responses were through the roof. And that look and tenseness he was exuding was absolutely so unlike him compared to how he usually acted in the past.

Luc could not respond to Levy as everyone were now gathered, except for Leon who had left and disappeared. He did not want to speak of a matter where Leon himself was not comfortable discussing about. It was not right of him to air a friend's personal matter as he had no approval from the person himself. This matter would have to wait until Leon gets back.

"We saw that the vampires are coming back," a light fae who had just come back from a patrol reported.

"Yes, we have found most of the fleeing vampires who were still within the south forest, and we have told them that the beasts had all been defeated now." Samuel added. "However, we are not quite certain if it's alright for everyone to return now. So, we have yet to send out the signal for them to return."

"It's alright for them to come back now." Gavriel gave out his approval on the matter. "The war is already over."

"But Your Highness," Zolan piped in, "how about the dragon... I mean Onyx? What if he returns later and..." He trailed off when he saw the change in the princess' expression. He did not mean to pick on Onyx or hurt the princess' feelings. But important matters such as this must be discussed with the prince.

Everyone fell silent after hearing Zolan's question. It was the very same question that was plaguing everyone's mind. It was just that they were a little hesitant and did not want to ask it while the princess was still there. They all saw how Onyx was before it flew away. He had drawn out all of the darkness from their prince, that immense and seemingly unrivalled dark magic. They all know that there was the possibility of the great dragon returning and then, due to the dark magic in him, it very possibly would make him attack them. And that was why none of them dared to think that the war is already over and that they were allowed to relax and put down their guards now.

"Onyx will not return any time soon." Gavriel said, causing everyone to look at him with either curious or surprised eyes.. How was the prince speaking about this so confidently? Did he have some kind of insider's knowledge on the matter? Even Evie herself, stared at him as she wondered why he sounded so certain that Onyx will not be coming back soon.