

SPELLBOUND 381

Chapter 381 - Nutritious

Gavriel met her gaze and Evie did not even need to ask anymore to get him to elaborate his point.

"It escaped because it knew that you have the power to imprison him. Therefore, it will not dare return here, knowing that you are here." Gavriel explained, looking at Evie as if he was explaining the reasoning to only her alone.

Everyone who heard this knew that the vampire prince's explanation made a lot of sense. If the dragon was not afraid of the queen's power in trapping and immobilising him, it would not have had escaped so easily like that.

"From what you are saying, it seems that you believe that Onyx will return... not anytime soon, but definitely during one of these days." Evie double checked and Gavriel nodded at her words.

"The darkness in him would most likely try to find a way to counter your power of entrapment before returning to wage a war." Gavriel looked at the clear sky calmly.

Both the vampires and light faes nodded in agreement.

"This war is over now. However, we can't quite relax yet because of another war that might come our way any time in the near future." Gavriel continued and everyone agreed again. "You have all done a great job this time around. Therefore, everyone should take this opportunity to rest up for now."

The light faes then looked at their queen, waiting for her permission to be dismissed.

Evie averted her gaze from Gavriel and then faced her people. "We will be staying here to recuperate and rest up. All of you had just awakened and were immediately thrown into a war. I thank you all for it. For now, all of you must take the rest needed. Seek for help if you need to be healed." She declared and the light faes all bowed their heads in acquiescence.

In the moments that followed, Gavriel quickly ordered his men to make the vampires return. He was going to start fixing the ruined city as soon as possible.

And while Gavriel was busy, Evie on the other hand had summoned and tended to her other dragons instead of going to take a rest. After checking and making sure that none of them were seriously wounded, she had made them a request to fly off and be on the lookout for Onyx.

Evie did not know why but she felt uneasy. She had thought that Onyx might have gone to the human lands. So, she had sent out her dragons to search and check out every empire as she alternately looked through their eyes as she could not leave the capital.

Hours passed and she had yet to find Onyx anywhere even with the aid of all her other dragons searching through the lands. She was relieved though, that the dragon did not go to any other place and decided to wreak havoc there. In times like this, no news is indeed good news. She could only hope that good news would continue to roll in.

By the time the dragons returned to her, it was already night.

"And here I thought that you would be resting and recuperating as you gather up your strength for the next battle." Gavriel's voice echoed.

Evie whipped her head around and she saw him standing by the threshold. His gaze was warm but a little sharp, like a vivid pair of shimmery moonbeams in the night sky.

"I am alright." Evie smiled and approached him. "We'll be resting later anyway, right?"

Gavriel sighed, as though he was a little upset that she did not go to rest as she told him before they went their separate ways this afternoon. "I wasn't planning to rest." He informed her. "But you need to."

He was right before her in an instant and he scooped her up into his arms.

"Where are you taking me?"

"You need to eat." He said simply and when they reached the dining hall, he placed her down on her chair carefully.

Gavriel again offered to feed her. Even when Evie insisted on feeding herself, Gavriel still occasionally fed her and this time he was not feeding her meat, but the varieties of fruits and vegetables that were prepared in an assorted array before them.

"Here, eat this. They said this is nutritious." He said as he put the food into her mouth.

When their dinner was done, Gavriel carried her back to their bedroom. She was actually surprised that he did not try to seduce her this time. She was quite sure that his wild and roving hands would not be able to resist and there would be some hanky panky going on between them. Therefore, seeing a well behaved Gavriel was a surprise.

The bath was all ready and drawn for her when they finally reached their room.

"I'm going to help you bathe, wife." He said and Evie blushed a little, remembering the similar times they shared back in Dacia. So much for no hanky panky.

But she did not try to reject his offer anymore because Evie somehow felt that Gavriel was acting a little strange. She was going to have to remember to speak with him about this matter tonight. They needed to have a serious talk, and she had a lot of things to ask him that she had wanted to know.

It had also bothered her when Gavriel spoke about Onyx. She believed in what he had said but... for some reason, Evie felt as though he was hiding something – something very big from her.

"Careful," he whispered as he helped her into the tub. His arms around her were very protective. As if he was scared that she might slip and fall and hurt herself.

"Gav... I'm not a baby..." suddenly, Evie trailed off. Baby!

The word baby made her body freeze and she looked at him with wide eyes as her heart thumped quickly.

"Gav..." she called out his name again, unable to wait any longer to ask him. "Tell me... you..." she did not know how to say it. However...

"Yes," he said before Evie could even finish what she was going to ask. "I know."

Chapter 382 - He's You

"I know," Gavriel told her with a knowing look in his eyes and Evie's own widened even more. He knew about it? How?! She had her fists in a tight grip at the edge of the tub as she looked at him in shock.

"You know...? I mean... you remember your... past self's memories?" she questioned, stammering. Her eyes gleaming with curiosity and utter disbelief. She had always wondered about it. Especially after Gavrael...

Evie was certain that at that moment, Gavrael was already gone. And that was why she had cried and mourned for him so much. In fact, even now, she still felt a hollow kind of achiness that remained in her heart that did not seem to be going away even though Gavriel was finally back here with her. She somehow had that weird feeling as though a part of him – that was Gavrael – had disappeared for good, never to come back again. It was hard for her to just accept it as though the two of them had just simply swapped places.

Of course, it was a huge relief for her that Gavriel was finally back here with her or else... she would not know how she was to continue going on right now. The loss of her father, though it was something that she had prepared to expect ever since knowing he had been possessed by Thundrann, still came as a huge blow to her when she saw his lifeless body with her own two eyes. Since she had woken up, Gavriel distracted her from the pain of losing her father and Gavrael. His warmth gave her the strength to continue living without losing her mind. Just by him being there gave her an incredible strength to keep her head up and cope with the agony that death brought.

She had told herself not to feel too sad anymore about Gavrael. Because Gavriel was now here with her. They were one and the same person, just with different memories and eye colour, slightly differing personalities, and temperaments. But during her quiet moments alone, she realised that her heart just kept on aching in a way that was similar to how she felt when thinking on how she had lost her father.

And now that Gavriel had said he knew about her being pregnant, Evie was shocked and her heart swell with hope. Could it be that her husband now had regained and remembered his memories as Gavrael too? Did this mean that Gavrael did not actually disappeared but just simply merged with him?

"I remember a few things I heard during the war." Gavriel answered and Evie blinked.

"A few things..."

"Yes, during the last moments in the fight with Galleous, I was able to hear Gavrael's thoughts quite clearly. And that's how I found about this matter." Gavriel explained to Evie.

The hope that had shone so bright in her eyes slowly faded and the joy that was displayed on her face had dimmed significantly. She had tried her best to maintain her smile to hide her disappointment, but Gavriel saw it. Even if he did not see it, he could feel the difference in the aura that she exuded. It was that obvious. He fell utterly silent for a while but after a few moments of internal deliberation, he reached out and caressed her cheek lightly with his thumb. A wry smile plastered itself on his lips.

"You miss him... that other idiot self of mine," he said as a matter of fact and Evie could not speak for a few seconds. Gavriel saw how she did not deny nor assent with his statement and knew that

was as good as her agreeing to what he had said. Though he knew better, he could not help but feel a slight pinch in his heart.

"I..." Evie was at a loss for words as she opened and closed her mouth a few times, not knowing how to respond. Her eyes that had looked up into his were conflicted and helpless at the same time.

"Of course, you do, love..." he smiled at her ever so gently and all of a sudden, he kissed her, very tenderly on her lips that it felt as though a butterfly's wings had fluttered on it. He then pulled away and stared at her.

"He's you..." Evie replied weakly before trailing off and looked somehow apologetically at him. Gavriel smiled gently at her with an understanding look on his face, tucking the strands of her hair behind her ears in a doting manner.

"I know, love." He pulled her face and planted another kiss on her forehead.

They were quiet for a moment as Evie shut her eyes as she leaned against his large palm that was placed on the side of her head, still holding her.

"Did he truly disappear now?" she asked in soft weak voice after a few moments. "He... he said goodbye. He had told me that he's not going to exist anymore."

"I... I am not sure wife." His answer sounded genuine, but Evie did not catch the sudden gleam that flashed in his eyes as he said that. For a moment, there was something suspicious that had surfaced across those grey orbs. But it was only for a split second, too fast for Evie to notice as she was still caught up in her own distressed emotions. It had disappeared even quicker than it appeared, as if it never happened in the first place when he looked back at her. "I do not feel the presence of his dark magic anymore. But I am not certain if he's truly gone, or he has just hidden himself or got trapped somewhere within me again."

The look in Evie's eyes became much better after hearing Gavriel's words.

"I will try to observe in the next few days. I believe I will find the answer in time." he continued in a reassuring manner, "I'll let you know if I find something. For now, I'd like you to not think too much and not hurt so much. I'm afraid it will be bad for our angel who is growing inside of you."

Chapter 383 - Think Of Me

Evie's heart skipped a beat at what he said. His words had reminded her of what she had to do. There was a more pressing matter at hand. He was right. She had heard about women who had suffered miscarriages due to being overly stressed and being caught up in their sadness and hurt. She can never afford to lose their child. She would not be able to take another loss. Not one that was as significant as their child. It would break her.

Letting out a deep sigh, Evie tried her best to stop thinking those negative thoughts. But it was hard to just erase these nagging thoughts and feelings. Not to mention the still many other things she wanted to ask and find out from him.

Seeing her struggle, Gavriel gathered her gently into his arms. "It seems you're in need of my help, my love."

"Hm? Aren't you already helping me?" She looked at him questioningly.

"You need my help to clear your mind and relax." He said and the next second, he was kissing her. His warm mouth was soft and gentle against hers, nibbling on her lip as he alternately whispered to her. "Let me help you forget about everything else Evie... just think of me for now and relax..."

His hand moved all over her body, igniting a scorching trail, as his kisses became deeper. It was still slow, but the way he tangled his tongue and sucked, and licked her was so incredible she already felt her bones turning into jelly.

His fiery mouth then travelled downward and lapped at her jaws. His one hand moved slowly from her legs up to her mound. He gently massaged her breast all the while feasting on her throat with his warm and wet tongue and fiery lips.

All rational thoughts flew out of Evie's mind, and she was immediately wet and aroused at his excruciatingly slow yet mind blowing ministrations. She felt her entrance tingling with impatience. This man knew her too well! She wanted him to speed up in his movements.

"Mm... Gav..." she moaned as his mouth finally found her hardened tip and suckled on them, applying a delicious pressure that sent tingles zipping down to her core. Her toes curled in anticipation.

He looked up at her through his thick and dark lashes. Then he pulled away a little, his lips brushing erotically against her tip as he murmured. "Yes, love?"

"Don't stop." She groaned before begging and Gavriel smiled devilishly and lowered his head again to continue suckling on her bud again. She wanted to tell him to do her faster. But her embarrassment caused her to choke it back as she writhed about in pleasurable agony.

However, time ticked by, and Evie was getting impatient until she could not take it any longer. Damn her embarrassment and her modesty to hell. She needed more and she needed it now! She then grabbed his hand that was playing with her other mound and placed it between her legs.

She felt his mouth stretch in a smile against her breast and she flushed a deep red, but she was way past the point of caring. His ruthless patience was driving her insane and she was on the brink of screaming out in frustration.

"Here! Gav... touch me!" she murmured excitedly, and a devious smile spread across his thin and sexy lips.

He rose and lifted her up from the warm water, surprising her. Swiftly but very gently, Gavriel dried her body with a warm fluffy towel before settling her down onto their bed.

Evie was spread right in the middle of it, completely naked. She looked at him and watched him removing his wet shirt. His movements were slow and deliberate, and she enjoyed the show. His eyes so vivid and intense and he was absolutely mouth-watering as she saw him slowly peel his clothes off his toned body.

Her insides clenched in anticipation as she looked at him. But he was taking too damned long that she barely stopped herself from asking him to hurry up already. Only by biting down ruthlessly on her plump and cherry tinted lips could she hold those words behind her pearly whites.

Thankfully, he finally climbed onto the bed not long after. He lowered his mouth to her stomach and kissed her there before allowing his tongue to rove downwards in a slow glide until he reached the soft tuft of triangle.

He began to stoke her there, separating her curls with his warm tongue in deliberate slowness. He suckled her little peak next and when his finger finally slid into her body, her moans began to increase in volume.

His long and agile finger slid in and out, moving deeper every time he entered as he murmured against her now dripping wet sex. "Is my pace to your liking, my love?" he murmured softly.

She shook her head. "Faster." She finally begged and gasped out her request and Gavriel smiled again.

"You're as impatient as always, wife." He replied and then his tongue tickled that place. That excruciatingly sensitive place tingled powerfully as he entered another finger inside her.

Evie could only quiver and moan beneath him. He knew all her sensitive spots. He knew how to drive her crazy. And she could not hold it back much longer. She had forgotten how this man loved to drive her to edge like this. How he loved to tease her to the point where she was nothing but a mess begging for him to ravage her.

"Faster please, Gav." She begged again as she looked at him. Their gazes met over the plane of her stomach, and he let out a wicked smile.

The next moment, he picked up his pace and his tongue and fingers danced skilfully and erotically at the same time until her face was contorted in a mix of pleasure and torture.

He increased his pace again and Evie arched against his mouth. And gasps and cries echoed next as she finally shuddered in a violent tremor beneath him.

Gavriel pulled away, licking his lips and then sucking on his finger as he looked down at her. But the great weariness that flooded Evie made her close her eyes and finally drifted into a dreamless sleep.

With a helpless smile, Gavriel looked at his raging member and as he sat there, he touched himself while his gaze was fixed on Evie until he found his own release.

Chapter 384 - Don't Be Too Pessimistic

Zolan went around looking for Leon and found him hiding out in the castle's library.

The man was sitting on the floor, his back against a shelf and his arms were stretched out with his wrists resting on his knees. He looked like a devastated mess with his head hanging down.

Sighing, Zolan lowered himself to the ground and sat next to him, leaning his head back against the same shelf.

"You look like something that the cat dragged in." Zolan joked and smiled wryly at Leon. "I have never thought I would one day find the oh-so-well-behaved Leon looking like this." He commented, turning his head to look over at the morose looking man.

"I'm fine." Leon replied without making a single move, his voice was flat and devoid of emotion. He did not even spare Zolan a glance.

"Well, you clearly don't look fine at all. You look like shit, in fact." Zolan very generously described Leon's state in no uncertain terms.

Leon did not respond at all this time, so Zolan continued talking as though he had gotten some signal from Leon to continue.

"I heard about the consequence for your current situation. I think you should speak with Zanya about this." Zolan had asked some light faes about this and they told him what they knew about it. They had not suspected anything from Zolan's questioning and had very willingly and happily explained about the matter in as much detail as they could.

Gritting his teeth, Leon moved his hand and he tugged at his hair. "She does not even like me. Not one bit." He muttered as he further hunched his shoulders, his expression downcast.

Zolan sighed again. "Did you already ask her? Or is this just you assuming things?"

"She told me she hated me before." His voice cracked a little.

"Hmm... that might be some misunderstanding you know? Some women do that. They go around telling someone that they hate him, but in actual fact, they do not. And even if she indeed does not like you, you still need to do something about this and talk to her. She might agree to mate with you. They had said you'll feel better after mating with her. Her falling in love with you can afford the wait but the mating can't. If you don't deal with it any time soon, you'll be ruining yourself." Zolan's brows creased a little in worry for his comrade.

"I was the one who forced her. She did her best to stop me, but I didn't listen." He reasoned out tonelessly. "This punishment... this is all my fault. So, it won't be fair for her if I make her do something she does not want to do, just to save myself. She did nothing wrong to deserve this."

"I know. But what happened between the two of you was inevitable. You were thirsty, Leon. Or perhaps I would even say you were starved. If I am the one in your situation, I might have done worse. You had no choice, and it was impossible for you to resist at that moment since she had appeared before you then. It was an unfortunate case of you both being at the wrong place at the wrong time. You don't deserve to make yourself suffer like this as well. You need to face this head on, Leon. First, go and speak with her. Avoiding her will only make things worse. And believe me, Zanya might be willing to help you out. Don't be too pessimistic."

Leon did not say anything anymore, so Zolan left him after Elias brought over some food for him to eat.

According to the light faes Zolan had spoken with, the urge to mate that Leon would be feeling could probably be one of the worst kinds of suffering a man could ever go through. In fact, in the past, the light faes had recounted that quite a number of daredevil vampires lost their lives because of this. Some of them were forced to do awful and stupid things like ending up raping the light faes that refused to mate with them. Of course, that action just caused them to lose their lives. Most of them ended up dying in the hands of the light faes in their attempt to force themselves on them. Or they had the other light faes hunting them to their deaths.

It was such a complicated matter because there seemed to be no other alternative to remove the consequence of this action.

That night, the elite men and Gavriel, including the officials that had returned to the city had just finished with their meeting when Gavriel asked his men about Leon.

"What's going on with Leon?" He had noticed something was wrong with the latest addition to his elite men.

By then, it was only them who were left in the throne hall as the prince had already dismissed everyone else. Therefore, it was a good a time as any to speak of this matter.

Zolan could only explain everything, shocking everyone into silence. He decided to disclose all of this not only to inform them but also as a warning to his comrades as well about this matter, especially Levy.

Of course, Levy was the one who suffered the most intense shock in hearing of this news. He had been doing his best to hit on the beauties a while ago in the hopes that he could seduce one of them to willingly offer her blood to him.

And now that he is hearing this, he only felt goosebumps running across his skin. He did not know there were such dire consequence that existed, and it was a rather terrible one.

"I told Leon to speak with her and try to solve this amicably. But Leon thinks he can't involve Zanya... or more like he doesn't want to involve her. In his opinion, that would not be fair on her. You know Leon and his mentality." Zolan sighed. "He'd rather suffer than force anyone or beg anyone to get things done." Zolan shrugged helplessly as he reported to his prince.

They all knew what Zolan said was true. If only Leon was as shameless as Levy. If only...

Chapter 385 - Blue Pearl

"Is there really no other way to dissolve the bond or remove Zanya's blood that is in him?" Gavriel asked the light fae named Kariza. "Is there no such kind of spell to disable it or at the very least delay the effects on him for a longer duration?"

Kariza hesitated to answer for a moment but as Gavriel held her gaze firmly and expected an answer from her, the light fae could only relent and answer his question. She never would have thought that a vampire could intimidate her just by looking at her. And he did not even look like he was trying to intimidate or force her to talk yet. She could not imagine the pressure she might undergo if he did try to intimidate her. Kariza shivered a little at the thought.

"T-there is a way." Kariza replied with a slight stutter at the beginning, and everyone looked at her with curiosity. "He needs to search for and obtain a certain shell that can only be found in the lakes of the Middle Empire. The shell that has a magical blue pearl has the power to break the bond."

Surprise flashed across the men's face and relief flooded through them. They had thought there would be no other way for Leon to undo this complicated bond between him and Zanya. Hearing that there was a way, albeit something almost never heard of, was just great news that it lifted the worry which was like a load sitting on their chests.

"But the shell is rumoured to have been extinct even back before the fall of Crescia." Kariza added a little hesitantly and the relief on everyone's face faded as they were taken aback.

"But it's just a rumour, right?" Zolan asked her.

"No one ever found the shell again after that, so I believe the rumours might be true." Kariza sounded apologetic as she spoke.

"Thousands of years has already passed since you heard that rumour, right? Maybe a single shell still exists and perhaps they have been reproducing during the last thousands of years, undisturbed by people as everyone thought these shells are extinct?"

"You might be right, but I don't want to give you false hope. A vampire prince back in the day had desired the blue pearl so much he had ordered vampires to hunt for it. Even some half dark faes joined in the search because of the vampire prince's generous reward that he had offered. But no one found a single pearl. That was when they declared that the shell was truly extinct." Kariza explained, causing the men to sigh out in disappointment.

"I think we should still all go and give it a try to search for it. You never know, maybe they exist again now?" Luc said and Levy enthusiastically nodded.

"I agree. This is still good news compared to nothing at all. So, we'll go now and search for it, who knows there might be more shells still sitting around somewhere." The man sounded as though he was going to search the deepest waters to find one.

"It won't work if any of you will be the one to find it." Kariza told them, sorry to be the one to burst their bubble again. Everyone fell silent and creased their brows at the light fae with questions in their eyes. "The one who must find the shell is Leon himself in order for it to work. When someone finds the shell, it will open immediately and the light which is emitted by the blue pearl will dissolve the bond."

"Ugh." Levy raked his hair. "That means we can't help him at all?!"

"Yes. You can't help. If you go and you guys are the ones to find it, it'd be useless."

With resigned sighs, the men looked over at Gavriel. They have already tried their best in asking and were even ready to go to great lengths in helping Leon. However, it truly was unfortunate they could not be the ones to collect the blue pearl for him. Only he alone can search for it.

"I'll go speak with him." the prince said and Zolan led him to where Leon was hiding away.

As soon as Leon felt Gavriel's presence, he immediately stood and paid him respect.

"Your Highness," Leon uttered after clearing his throat a few times, his voice sounding hoarse and weak.

He looked very tired and dishevelled. He did not resemble the usual Leon at all.

One glance and Gavriel could see the extent of suffering Leon was going through. It was very rare to see Leon in this state even in the midst of war.

Without wasting another moment, Gavriel brought him up to date on their discussion earlier and told him about the shell with the blue pearl. Once Gavriel was done speaking, as he and the other men expected, Leon immediately brightened up and decided to go and look for it no matter how slim the chance was in finding one. This man would rather search for the shell that might not exist anymore rather than going to Zanya and discuss it with her.

"I will go alone, Your Highness. Please don't worry about me." Leon insisted, suddenly alert and full of vigour. "The beasts in the Middle Lands are gone now, anyway." He looked firm in his decision to search for this blue pearl alone.

Gavriel stared at him silently for a few moments, and he could only let him do what he wanted. He knew that Leon was the type not to involve others when it concerns his personal problems.

"Alright." Gavriel gave his permission and levelled on him a serious gaze. "But you have to promise me you will return safe and sound."

"I promise, Your Highness. I give you my word!" Leon's eyes were firm as his resolved hardened within him.

And with that, Gavriel hummed and left him to his devices.

However, before returning to the room where he had left Evie resting, Gavriel asked Zolan to tell Zanya about Leon's decision.

Chapter 386 - Honour Bound

After hearing from Kariza that Leon was leaving soon to go to the Middle Empire in the hopes of searching for that elusive blue pearl, Zanya went looking for Leon. However, she did not know where he was hiding. Thus, she had gotten Zolan to help her out on this matter.

Zolan quickly led her to Leon's room and left her just outside of his door.

Heaving a deep sigh, Zanya lifted her hand to give a single small knock on his door. She could sympathise with what he was going through right now and she could not help but feel really guilty about it. She had tried to stop him, but she was to be blamed for this mess up too. She was not that shameless to completely throw off all responsibility from her own shoulders.

He had already taken the necessary precaution and locked himself in that hall to avoid trouble. But she still went over to look for him. And even after he had told her to leave, she did not listen to him and had taken his warnings lightly. And now that this had already happened, and he was in a dire situation, she could not bring herself to just sit back and ignore his plight.

When she heard that he was going to go and search for the shell, Zanya felt even guiltier. She was actually waiting for him to come to her to discuss and perhaps work things out. But it seems that he was going to play the gentleman card and was determined not to involve her. However, it was not that she would know what they could do if he did end up coming to her. But... Zanya found herself in a great dilemma.

She knew about that shell Leon was attempting to look for, and she could not help but think what would happen to him if he could not find it. There really was a high chance of it happening as this shell with the blue pearl has not been seen for thousands of years. Thus, she found herself worrying and feeling more terrible than she had expected to feel. After pacing around in her own room, having her stomach tied up in knots, Zanya finally made up her mind.

That was why she came rushing over. She was nervous because she knew what might happen the moment she enters through this door. She knew that he might go crazy at the sight and smell of her. And that was why he had been refusing to even look at her shadow. She fully understood why he was doing what he did. And she truly appreciated his thoughtfulness to her.

But, as a light fae that holds to her own principles, she could not just turn her back on him. More so when this matter was... partly her fault too. If something bad happens to him...

Zanya shook her head, willing the negative thoughts to go away. Straightening her spine, she was about to knock on the door again when she noticed the door was slightly opened. When was it opened? She pushed at the door slowly and entered cautiously.

As the door swung open and she stood at the threshold, she saw him standing there, as still as a statue. He was holding onto some clothes as he packed the things he would be needing for his trip. She knew he had noticed her, and he already knew it was her, hence that stiff reaction from him.

Quietly, Zanya waited for him to turn around and look at her. But the man did not even move. She could feel something intense and heavy igniting in the air between them as both their breathing grew laboured.

"Leave." His deep voice finally boomed out, breaking the silence. And it made her smile a little, remembering that was how he sounded back in that hall when he had similarly told her to leave that fateful day.

Her smile was wry as she bit on one corner of her lips. Under normal circumstances, she would thankfully run off and leave when told to like this. But why could she not just ignore this vampire's orders? What was that heaviness in her stomach and tightening of her chest? Why was it that she was always reluctant to leave him?

She quickly denied the path her mind was wandering down and repeatedly told herself that it was all because of her guilt this time. She was honour bound and obliged to help him get safely out of this predicament.

"You don't need to go." She said and she bravely closed the door behind her, hands slightly shaking as she released the door handle as it clicked shut.

He finally turned to look at her and Zanya caught her breath at the sight of his eyes. His purple eyes were so vivid and the ferocity in them was something she had never seen before.

Gnashing his teeth, he struggled to keep himself in check and rooted to the spot. He looked like a savage predator who was on the verge of jumping on her and devouring her whole.

"I said, leave. Now!" he growled, clenching his fists so tight his knuckles even cracked. She could also tell he was not capable of looking away from her anymore no matter how much he tried to force himself to.

She could literally see the intense desire and lust and madness all mixing chaotically in his eyes. The intensity made her feel nervous that she considered going back. But she had already decided to step up and not chicken out. She was not going to let this man suffer because of her own mistake. She could not allow him to go to the Middle Empire all alone in search for something that might no longer exist anymore.

"I am here to complete the mating," she bravely spoke the words and Leon's purple eyes widened so much in shock that it almost fell out of its sockets. "This is my fault too. I didn't listen to you when you begged me to leave... I..." she swallowed in nervousness, but her eyes remained firm. "I can't promise that I will be able to accept your heart or fall in love with you even after time passes... All I can do for you is..." her stiff fingers fumbled on the clasp of her cloak and finally managed to remove it after a few tries. The silken white cloak fell in a heap on the floor. "... this. I'm ready to mate with you." Zanya then raised her eyes to lock her gaze with that intense purple blaze of Leon's.

Chapter 387 - Scars

The sound of Leon's sharp intake of breath cut through the weighty atmosphere that had surrounded them. There was utter disbelief in his widened eyes as he looked at her. Could he have misheard her due to all the blood rushing to his head?

But even that shock did so little to distract him from the desire that was already on full blast within him. He felt his sanity already hanging on by a thread so early on in their interaction with each other. It had not even been long since she came to his room, and he was already feeling as though he was at his limit! He knew that this would happen the instant he sees her, but reality was always crueller than imagination – as he was experiencing it first-hand now.

Leon felt like he had turned into a mindless beast just within a couple of minutes, and whose brain had only one focus at this point – sex. There was nothing else that he could focus on. He wanted to just jump on her right there and then and rip off all her clothes and devour her clean. And he could feel that it was not just simple sex that his body is desiring. It is wanting something more extreme, something savage perhaps. He is now behaving like a mindless predator, waiting to devour its poor prey without mercy.

Clenching his fists tight, Leon did everything to keep himself rooted to the ground. He refused to do this to her. He had already drunk her blood without her permission. And the effect of the bond that was forced on him due to that was utter madness. She had no idea what the bond wanted him to do to her. She had no idea what he was feeling and fighting against so hard.

It was something Leon could never bring himself to do to a woman. When he was still a child, Leon had the unfortunate experience of seeing his aunt being raped by her own husband. Her husband was drunk that night and he had f*cked his wife for hours until she was screaming and crying, begging for him to stop. Back then, Leon was chained up in the living room. His uncle forcefully took him from his mother the moment he found out he was a half-blood. Leon's mother was only a human and could never fight against a vampire.

Leon had tried to escape a few times previously, so his uncle had taken to chaining him to a pipe that ran along the wall of their living room. That night, his aunt had opened the door to let him in and the moment the man entered, he had jumped on his wife like a mad raving beast. He did not even stop when his aunt told him that there was a child in the living room and was watching everything.

He could only stand there, looking on in horror and disgust. His eyes showed dismay at the scene unfolding before his young eyes and even after so many years that passed, Leon could not forget the scene that was burned into this mind that night no matter how much he tried.

His aunt had knelt before him the next day after that night and begged him to forget what he had seen. She was crying as she apologized over and over to him. And then she had passed away a few months after that.

The husband had told everyone she died of an illness, but Leon knew the truth. He knew better on what had truly happened. His aunt was just a weak human. She could not survive her vampire husband's ferociousness and not to mention that he was always drunk and out of his mind whenever he decides to have sex with his wife – no, Leon would never call such a thing, sex. What he did to his wife was nothing but plain abuse. He had just straight up broken her.

Leon had remained chained in that house for one more month until his uncle brought his new wife home. Sadly, it was another human girl. He had then done the same to her and by then, Leon could no longer take it. One night, the same thing happened when his uncle came home drunk again and he had attempted to rape his wife in the living room where Leon was chained.

Suddenly something just snapped within him, and the power from the vampire half of his blood awakened. Normally, half-blooded vampires will only awaken their extraordinary powers when they reach the age of fourteen, but Leon was only nine when his powers were fully awakened. And that same moment, he easily broke the chains which were holding him captive and that was the very night he first killed a person too – his uncle.

Leon returned to his mother after that, and he started to live a better life. But the scars and trauma he had experienced from that house remained inside him, never forgotten but just suppressed deep within.

The thought of that buried memories resurfacing once again after so long, made Leon somehow managed to stop himself from jumping on Zanya thoughtlessly. The thought that he most probably might do that same thing and would earn her disgust at him to an excruciating degree. Though he knew it was not exactly the same thing, but... the bond's effect was no different from him being rip roaring drunk. The lust it invokes was too much that it was capable of wiping clear every reason and morale one holds true to. It was not normal, and he knew the savagery it was demanding. The power this unbelievable desire had on him made him thought it was impossible for him to remain in control once he gives into his desires because he could feel the extent of savagery his body wanted to perform on her. Right now, his body wanted to take her to the extreme until she was screaming and crying for relief.

And he absolutely refused to do that. He refused to have sex with a woman when he was in a state like this, while he was on the verge of madness. He would rather suffer for eternity than to do this to her.

Shooting her the sharpest glance he could muster, the muscles on Leon's face tightened. "Leave! Now!"

Chapter 388 - Lust

The ferocity in his voice made Zanya startle and she felt a little fear winding its way from the base of her spine up into her throat. Her heart began to thump wildly. It was strange how he made her feel scared when she was undoubtedly stronger than him right now.

And what was stranger was his refusal. She could clearly see the uncontrollable fire and hunger that were reflected in his predatory gaze. He had the eyes of the most ferocious hunter right now, so how was he still able to have the presence of mind in telling her to go away? Was he not supposed to be driven to the brink of madness by his lust? She was curious on what was happening in his mind.

She had prepared herself. In fact, she had already anticipated that he would have jumped on her like a starved wolf the very moment she said those words to him and dropped her cloak. But to her immense surprise, he did no such thing. Why? How?

Zanya had heard enough about this mating bond and that was why she kind of already knew what was going to happen. She knew he would lose control the moment he sees her. He would then proceed to take her like a madman until his lust for her is finally sated.

"This is the last time, Zanya. Leave... please..." his voice broke at the end, showing just how much he was struggling just to choke those words out from his clenched teeth.

She should fear the predatory gleam in his eyes that was screaming at her to run away from his room like the hounds of hell were at her heels. But her concern for him proved to be far stronger than her fear. It was ridiculous but no matter what, she could not make herself leave this man to fend the effects of the bond on his own.

Struggling, Zanya forced herself to remain outwardly calm, ignoring the chills running up and down her spine.

Then she moved towards him with small steps, causing him to widen his eyes again. She could see his whole frame stiffening as his eyes followed her every move.

"I'm not going to leave until the mating is complete." She said firmly in a small voice as she continued approaching him.

His eyes burned and his muscles seemed to be spasming. She could tell he was literally on the verge of giving in. And it truly amazed her at the measure of his willpower on how he was still able to hold himself back.

She knew this man was a good warrior but... she thought he was secretly a pervert. Before she came here, she was certain he would look at her like salvation had finally shone on him. But all the things she was expecting him to do did not happen. And even after she was giving herself up to him like this, he still stubbornly kept his ground despite the obvious torture he was going through.

Zanya could not help but wonder how he was able to stand such a level of extreme lust which must be bombarding his every cell and senses.

Casting aside all caution, Zanya finally took the last step and stood before him. The sexual tension was thicker than ever now as his eyes roved over her body powerfully. The lust literally oozing from his pores seemed to be affecting her as well and she found herself swallowing hard. It was as if he had just made her salivate over him.

She was shocked at her own response to him. He was the one being affected by the bond, not her. So how was it that she was feeling like this? She had heard this mating bond was not a pleasant experience for the light faes. So, what was with this heaviness building and churning low inside her?

"Damn!" he growled, his whole body was shaking uncontrollably now, and she knew he was shaking only because of his attempt to keep his hands to himself and resist the temptation to touch her. He did not dare to reach out, did not dare to move, because once he does, all hell will break loose.

And again, Zanya did not know whether to smile or frown at his incredible self-control. For some reason, she felt a little offended that he was still able to control himself even when she was already offering herself up to him in actions and also in her words.

She leaned over and drew one slender finger across the side of his jaw, making it twitch before he clenched down on it hard.

But then, he bit down on his lower lip until it bled, causing Zanya to look at him in shock.

She found herself frozen for a moment, pressing her lips tight as she held his breath taking purple gaze with her own.

And all of a sudden, she lifted herself on her toes and kissed him, tasting the blood from his lips.

Leon stopped shaking. He stiffened. And in the next second, he finally moved and grabbed her. Zanya felt that it was as though she was being slammed and sucked into a huge storm that had taken her unawares.

His mouth slanted over and covered hers in the most desperately way that Zanya had forgotten how to breath in that few seconds until she felt her back being pushed against what seemed like a wall.

With a low, savage groan, Leon squeezed her to himself so damned tight as he devoured her mouth with the kind of ferocity even Zanya never imagined had existed. He stabbed his tongue repeatedly inside her mouth, his one hand already reaching down her thighs, ripping her clothes from her body.

Everything was too fast... too fierce... Zanya did not even have the time to realize what was going on. All she could do was feel the savageness of his mouth moving over her and his large, calloused hands grabbing at her, and his cold body like ice against her opposing fiery one.

She moaned against his mouth, unable to breath, but he seemed to want to devour even her voice and her very breath. She moaned again, pushing at his chest to signal to him to let her breathe. He did not budge and before she knew it, she bit down on his lip, hard, before desperately drawing in a lungful of air.

Leon pulled away, a silvery thread hung between them, and his body froze as they both stared at each other and panted heavily. Suddenly, Leon pushed himself away from Zanya, retreating until his back hit the opposite wall.

Then he shook his head and bolted out of the room, leaving Zanya standing there, looking at the closed door still in a daze, as her fingers brushed over her swollen lips.

Please read. There is a delay for the paperbacks guys because i decided to commission new cover for hellbound with you. I am going to start contacting the chosen readers tonight but i will take a while. Maybe within the following 5 days so please be patient. ^^

Chapter 389 - Good Morning

When Evie opened her eyes and re-joined the waking world, Gavriel's peaceful and angelic face greeted her good morning. He was facing her as he breathed steadily in his slumber, his arm loosely wrapped around her, cuddling her in his arms. Evie breathed in deeply the warm cottony scent of their bedsheets and revelled in the warmth and security of his embrace.

She had always longed for this simple kind of pleasure, just them, cuddling contentedly in each other's embrace like this. All she wanted was to wake up every morning just like this, with him falling asleep next to her and waking up to have each other as the first face they see for the day. That was the simple pleasures of life she had always dreamt of.

For a long while, Evie did not move but stayed where she was just taking in the sights. She remained still and enjoyed her beloved's sleeping face, and it was just amazing how calming he was for her heart.

Slowly, his enviably thick and dark lashes fluttered open, and those grey orbs focussed from its drowsy state to look at her. He blinked a couple of times and then there it came, that slow and sensual smile she loves so much.

"Good morning, wife." His sultry voice sounded, and Evie snuggled close to him, hugging him tight as she shivered deliciously.

"Morning." she greeted back as she buried her face into his sturdy and warm chest, inhaling her favourite male smell. "You just came to bed not too long ago, right?"

"I came back past midnight, so you don't have to worry, I've rested enough." He kissed her on her forehead as he reassured her, and they both fell silent for an immeasurable amount of time. They simply stayed like that, cuddling in bed and feeling beyond content.

"Gav..." Evie called his name softly as Gavriel continued caressing her back in circles.

"Yes?"

"I need to take my people back to Crescia very soon." Evie informed him softly.

Another block of silence followed her comment.

"I understand, love." Was all Gavriel said, and Evie finally pulled away from the cosy spot she had occupied within his embrace.

She sat on the bed and stared down at him, scrutinizing his expression as she tried to figure out what was going on in his mind.

"And... you're going to be staying here... right?" she asked carefully.

Gavriel stared back at her. Then he too, rose and leaned his broad back against the head rest. He stretched his arms out to her in invitation and Evie immediately crawled into his waiting arms.

She found a comfortable spot and sat on his lap and rested her head in the crook of his neck.

"Yes." He replied then. "The vampire empire is going through a civil war right now. They need me to be here."

Evie's eyes widened and she lifted her face to look at him.

"Caius' sister, Princess Katherina, has been declared as the new ruler in the southern and eastern part of the empire. The officials who fled the capital are sly foxes most especially the princess' husband. He's definitely the one pulling all the strings behind the princess." Gavriel explained. "So, I'll be needing to go there very soon to teach them all the lessons they deserve." He smirked as if he was looking forward to disciplining those stupid vampires.

"There won't be another big war, right?" Evie asked, concern and worry flashing in her amber eyes. If there was a possibility of that happening, she did wonder if she and her people should remain to lend Gavriel and his army a hand or not.

Gavriel fiddled with her silvery locks and then kissed them as he smiled indulgently at her. "I am not certain. Those idiots might resist. But I will do my best to avoid any unnecessary bloodshed. It won't take long, love. And you have nothing to worry about because it'll be just a normal war between vampires. So, I'm letting you go to Crescia if that's what you wish to do. I know you have your own responsibilities to carry out now as well as the queen of the light faes. So I won't be

telling you not to go." He sighed and then smiled at her a little helplessly. "And besides, I don't think I can stop you at all even if I tried to. Stopping you would be like trying to stop the sun from rising." Gavriel chuckled at his own words, knowing that what he said was true. His Evie now was the queen of the light faes as well as his wife. No matter how he wished for her to just remain obediently and safely by his side, it was not fair for her. And he would only be holding her back from progressing and growing into the person that she should be.

"So you really don't want me to go..." Evie mumbled in a tiny voice. However, Gavriel still heard her loud as clear.

"Of course love, when was there ever a time that I would be willing to part with you?" he gently pinched her cheek teasingly. "But this time, I am not going to be petty. You're not just my wife anymore, Evie..." his expression became a little serious. "You're a queen now. You have a new responsibility now and I know it's ridiculous of me to even try and monopolize you all to myself and tie you to me. However..." he trailed off and his gaze deepened.

His fingers trailed over her jawline and then his thumb traced her lips, causing Evie's temperature to rise. "However, I need you to be extra careful, my love and never do anything reckless and endanger yourself and our little one. Thankfully, I know you will listen to me this time, because of this little one here..." he smiled as his long finger poked gently at her still flat stomach. Evie squealed a little in laughter as she felt the ticklish sensation of his prodding.

Looking at her stomach, Evie pressed her lips tight. Her heartbeat hastened, remembering again that she was pregnant. She still could not quite believe it. Sometimes she suspects that it was just her imagination that she was.

"Is... is it really certain? That... I'm pregnant? Gav?" she stammered. Her reaction seemed pretty late, but she actually started to feel a little overwhelmed only now.. Excitement and worry both bloomed in her heart at the thought that she was going to be a mother now.

Chapter 390 - Good News

Seeing the slightly panicky look on her face, Gavriel gently pulled her to him and made her face him, her feet spread apart as her knees were on the bed. Gavriel held her slender waist and he placed the side of his face gently against her stomach as if to listen to the sounds from within.

"Y-you can hear it? The second heartbeat?" Evie's voice was excited as she pondered the possibility.

Gavriel looked up at her and smiled. His grey eyes twinkled brighter than the stars in the night sky.

He did not need to say anything because Evie could tell from the look in his eyes, from that expression itself. And she lunged herself at him and hugged him, tearing up from happiness.

"I can't believe it!" she cried with happiness, remembering those times when she was told it was very hard for a vampire and human to conceive a child together. Yet now, she was actually pregnant already! "Oh God... I'm so happy, Gav."

"Me too, love..." he replied, and he hugged her tight again. Both of their hearts beating wildly from happiness and anticipation and excitement. They could not quite explain the feelings that were running wild within them, so they just hugged and murmured 'I love you' to each other as they basked in each other's love.

After what they both decided was the happiest morning of their lives, Gavriel gathered Evie in his arms again and helped her get ready and changed her clothes.

"I am going to tell Zanya and the others about this piece of good news, Gav." Evie said, smiling from ear to ear and Gavriel nodded wholeheartedly. He thought it was a good idea that her people know that she was pregnant, so they would take care of her more vigilantly and not let her work too much in case she overexerted herself.

And he was going to tell this awesome news to his men, and he found that he actually could not wait to do so. It was such a strange and amazing feeling.

"When will you move on to the South?" she then asked as Gavriel help her brush out her long silvery locks with so much gentleness.

"I've sent spies there to check on things first. How about you? When do you plan to return to Crescia?"

"I think we must return tomorrow. There's too much that we need to get done there and... I know my people are not really that comfortable here." Evie said a little apologetically.

"That's understandable. The light faes lived in the forest all their lives and not in cities like this."

"Yes."

Evie stared at Gavriel's reflection through the mirror.

"I'm going to the south tomorrow then." He said, staring back at her through the mirror. "So, we must spend this day until tonight together." He smiled and then bent over her. "Do you have some idea on what we're going to do?"

"Hmm..." Evie tried to think. "I think I'd like to just cuddle with you all day –"

"Just cuddle, my love?" he lifted his brow. Then his grey eyes burned with a desire so thick and strong that made her unable to come back to her senses immediately.

He chuckled and straightened up. "Alright... let's just cuddle then, but we need to leave the room to eat. You need nutrition, Evie. More so you're eating for two now..." Evie could not help but blush.

Swiftly, he gathered her in his arms again and Evie just let him as she snuggled into his embrace.

Leaning her head on his strong shoulder, Evie spoke. "I'm sorry I dozed off immediately last night," she said and Gavriel paused for a moment.

"Just sorry?" he naughtily asked. It was obvious to her what he wanted her to say next. And she could only give in, knowing that this man would probably torture her again the next chance that he gets.

"I'll make up to you so..." Evie trailed off at the sight of a beautiful wide smile that graced his gorgeous face.

"I'll look forward to that, wife. Ah... I already can't wait."

Evie: ". . ." and she rolled her eyes dramatically as Gav just laughed even harder at her expression.

...

In the western wing of Ravens castle, Zanya had just stepped out of her room when she bumped into Zolan and Luc along the corridor.

They greeted each other for a brief moment then they walked together in silence. Last night, Zanya was so troubled that she could not fall asleep. She could not get that frustrating lug of a vampire out of her mind no matter how hard she tried until she was forced to use magic to get herself to sleep.

Upon waking up, her thoughts drifted back to him again and now that she saw these vampires, she had such a strong urge to ask them about Leon. Where did he go when he bolted out of his room last night? Did he return? Or could it be that he went to the Middle Lands already?

"Leon had left for the Middle lands last night," Zolan said, already guessing what was on Zanya's mind and making her halt in her steps.

"I see..." was all she said, not knowing how to respond or what to say next.

"He didn't even take anything with him." Zolan muttered softly but loud enough for Zanya to hear.

"He even left his sword behind... that idiot!" Luc added and that made Zanya's eyes widen.

"He didn't take his sword too?!" she exclaimed suddenly, and the vampire duo nodded in unison.

"I could only guess that he had left in a hurry. He didn't even wear his cloak." Zolan sighed, "Let's just hope that the bumbling idiot is fine, going there with nothing at all." He shook his head again and then they walked off, leaving Zanya standing there in a daze. Worry filled her eyes again.

At that moment, Kariza appeared behind her.

"I've been calling out to you for a while now. Are you alright?" the light fae asked and Zanya looked back at her with a blank look before snapping out of it in the next second.

"I'm... I'm going back to the Middle Lands first." She sputtered out quickly.

"W-what?" Kariza was taken aback at her sudden declaration which seemed to come out of nowhere.

"Tell the Queen I'm heading there first, okay? I need to go after that idiot now!"

"S-sure... I'll tell her but –"

"Thank you!" Zanya then jumped on the nearest window ledge before spreading out her wings.

"Wait!" Kariza could only look at Zanya who was already flying away, utterly speechless.