

## SPELLBOUND 391

### Chapter 391 - Lakes

Seeing the pretty white butterfly now flying away into the blue sky, getting smaller by the second, Zolan smirked. "See? I told you, it'll work." Zolan ever the busybody as well as strategist chuckled to himself, full of satisfaction at another step of the plan well carried out.

Luc sighed in resignation as he rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah. You win. Now let's just hope things will work out for that idiot." Although Luc was annoyed at how things just go according to how Zolan predicted, in this case, he was hoping that things would go as planned for Leon. It would be a tragedy if Leon and Zanya could not find a way to work things out between them and resolve the matter of that bond as soon as they can.

"I believe that the plan will work this time. He's not going to be able to resist her for the second time around. After all, Leon is a normal hot-blooded male in the prime of his life." Zolan snickered mischievously after saying that.

"Hmm... He might still resist, though. Leon's very stubborn, and both you and I know that very well." Luc was still worrying about it.

"Well, that's possible. But let's leave the rest to Zanya. I can tell she's very stubborn too. I guess Leon has finally met his match in her."

"Right, I have to admit you're right on that though. Somehow, they're quite alike in that department." Luc nodded and then the duo turned around to return to their rooms again as it was now time for them to rest. They were supposed to be sleeping now as the sun was already way past its zenith. But because of their plan, they had waited for Zanya to wake up.

...

It was past noon when Zanya finally arrived in the border of the Middle Empire. She landed on the highest branches of one the tallest tree in the vicinity and looked around, using it as her lookout point.

Her forest green eyes identified all the directions and routes to the lakes where he had possibly visited based on the goal of him coming here in the first place. Since he was already here since last night, Zanya thought that he would probably have gone farther off by now. More so if he did not bother to take time off to sleep or even rest.

Pressing her lips tight together, the light fae spread her wings and flew off again after determining on a specific route that she would try. She had already gone past three lakes and did not bother to check him on there. Somehow, she just felt that that man probably had went all out searching for the pearl, so it would only be logical that he had already searched through at least two lakes by now.

But when she landed on the borders of the fourth lake, he was not there anymore. However, the good news was that she had found traces of him there. So, she knew she did not make a mistake. Well, it seems that maybe her calculations were still off. It seems she had grossly underestimated him.

The Middle Empire has many lakes, mostly small ones. Was that guy planning to search each and every one of these lakes just within a day? He had probably not stopped to rest at all, right? That

idiot! Was he trying to kill himself from exhaustion? Even if he is a strong vampire, he was not an immortal or a magical being. He still needed to feed and rest or even sleep like every other living being.

Zanya was frowning hard. Despite the anger that she felt bubbling up the back of her throat, her worry and concern for him just kept building up.

By the time she reached the fifth lake, she was so surprised that she had missed him again. She could feel that he had just left not too long ago. So she quickly rushed off again and headed to the sixth lake with much haste, hoping that this time would be the charm and she would be able to catch him.

She soon landed on top of a flat stone. Her forest green eyes stared out at the waters, scanning intently to discover even a single hint of Leon being there. Seeing that there were slight ripples that had showed themselves on the tranquil waters of the lake, Zanya concentrated her senses to that one point and below it into the water. She then caught the scent of him even though it is very faint. Yes! He is still here!

Looking around, Zanya searched for his belongings, clothes, shoes... but she frowned hard because she could not see anything of his anywhere on the shores of the lake.

That was when the sound of water splashing pulled her attention. She whipped her head around and she was shocked at the reaction her heart was giving just at the sight of him dripping wet and emerging like the water god from the shimmering waters of the lake. What? Why was she suddenly nervous? She? Jumpy? Never! That was what she told herself in the confines of her own mind.

Zanya did her best to look as unaffected as ever – at least outwardly. Inwardly, only she herself, knew how much of a bumbling mess she was right now. Not that she would ever admit it, though.

He was standing in the shallow regions of the water now. The clear water came up to his waist, lapping at his pale and striking looking skin. This is the first time she is seeing him half naked and she could not take her eyes off his toned and perfect looking torso. She was already used to seeing half naked men as it was normal for the male light faes to roam around half naked at times. So of course, this was also not the first time she saw a male sample of perfection like this. But... what was with this man that she just seemed to automatically think that he had the most perfect body she had ever seen in her entire long life?

She watched him ran his palm over his face to brush off some water droplets before carelessly combing his long fingers through his hair that was dripping wet.

That was the moment he finally seemed to notice her presence on the lake shore. She knew he was aware of her because he had abruptly stiffened, as if something had suddenly turned him into a statue.

Slowly, he lifted his gaze and those stunning purple eyes of his met with her forest green ones.

Chapter 392 - Challenge

The pounding in her heart became louder until it even echoed resoundingly in her ears as their eyes met. She could already feel the tension suddenly skyrocketing even though they were still at quite a distance from each other.

Last night, Zanya had been contemplating about everything that had happened since the very moment she stepped into his room. She could explain his reactions to her, but she ironically found that her reactions to him were quite inexplicable. She had no idea why she was even having such strong reactions to him. The bond was only supposed to affect the one who drank her blood. It was not supposed to be a two-way street. She had then repeatedly told herself that the bond must have some sort of effect on her somehow, even if it does not make any sense. She kept reassuring herself this way because it was just ridiculous for her to think that it was her own heart and body that was reacting the way it was.

And now that it is happening again, even though he was doing nothing but just standing there and staring back at her. She felt as though she were being sucked in by that mesmerising purple gaze and all she could do was to stand there, paralyzed to her very fingers and toes. She had planned to yell at him the moment she saw him, but since she saw him, she could not do what she had intended to do and instead had gone on and played a mute. All because he was half naked, wet, and looking like the most seductive male she had ever seen as he stared back, all googly eyed at her. And in fact, he did not seem to realise he was doing so.

She swallowed, hard. Forcing herself to snap out of it and escape the grip of his stare, Zanya was about to clear her throat when he finally moved. He harshly raked both his hands into his hair then shook his head as though to clear some fogginess out of his brain.

Zanya waited for him to look at her again and prepared herself to speak but the man surprisingly just turned around without a single word edgewise before diving into the waters again. He did not even deign to spare her another glance before disappearing from her sights again.

Blinking, Zanya just stared at the water for a while. She did not quite know how to react – whether to feel confused or angry at his blatant disregard of her presence here. Did he not want to know why was she here in the first place? Even if he did know already, should he not at least ask what was she doing here?

After just a few moments, he emerged from the water again, throwing his wet bangs back with a sweep of his hand. He straight up looked her way and she saw his purple eyes widen again with some unnamed emotion. But again, as how he did previously, he mutely shook his head and dived back into the waters.

Speechless, Zanya finally realized that he was doing that most probably because he thought that he was hallucinating! She really did not know whether to laugh or cry as she put her hands akimbo on her slender waist, deciding to wait just like that for his next appearance.

Leon emerged from the waters again and she watched his expression turned from doubt to shock. Seems that she had guessed right.

"It's me. And I'm not in my spirit form or anything." Zanya finally spoke up and his face turned a few shades darker.

Zanya kept her expression neutral even though she felt a little offended that he looked totally angered now. Fuming within herself, she was questioning herself if it was supposed to be her or him that was supposed to get angry right now.

She watched his jaws worked as he gnashed his teeth. He turned around quickly as if he hated even the mere sight her. "What the hell, Zanya." He breathed out harshly. "Why are you here?!"

"You can forget about saying it. I am not going to leave even if you tell me to." She told him in an equally stubborn tone as she watched his body become even more stiff than before.

Then he was suddenly gone.

Zanya clenched her fists as she sat on top of the flat stone, never taking her gaze off the water. He did not emerge from the water for a long while. But she was seeing him coming up to the surface every now and again just to get a fresh lungful of air.

Then finally, she saw him emerged right across, on the other side of the lake. Zanya bit down on her lower lip before she spread out her wings to follow after him. She had told herself to leave this idiot alone but here she was, following doggedly after him even though she was not welcomed. What the hell is going on with you, Zanya! She yelled at herself. But what could she do? She could not make herself leave him alone no matter how or what she did!

Zanya landed next to him, and he stumbled until he was at least ten steps away from her.

If his back did not hit the trunk of a tree behind him, Zanya was certain he would have stepped back even further. Bending slightly as he pressed his palm over his forehead, Leon spoke in a hoarse voice, a pleading tone clearly evident. "Please Zanya... leave me alone. Don't do this to me." He almost choked out those words without looking at her.

And Zanya did not know why, but those words alone dissolved her anger at him. Maybe because he looked quite vulnerable now?

He was panting again, half-naked, wet and... barefooted.

"Where are your clothes? And shoes?" she asked instead, her voice turning warm and understanding.

"I... I don't know, I think I left them somewhe..." he trailed off and groaned hard. He turned and faced the tree, bracing his arms against the trunk as he dropped his head down, panting again.

"You're driving me insane, damn it!"

"Well, that's only fair. You're driving me crazy too." She retorted and everything went quiet until Leon took a really sharp breath that was akin to the sound of an extremely sharp axe being swung downwards.

But then he leapt sideways and ran on ahead.

Zanya's gaze sharpened with determination. "Very well, Leon." she muttered determinedly as she spread out her wings and chased after him. "Let the chase continue. I am quite curious to know which one of us will be the one giving up first. However, I am pretty confident that I am not going to lose in this challenge."

Chapter 393 - Crazy Fool

Hours passed and midnight crept upon them in a flash. But to Zanya, the hours that had passed since she started the chase was excruciatingly and agonizingly slow. In fact, it was downright sluggish! She was left utterly speechless at Leon's stubbornness. She could not believe this particular vampire could actually hold himself in until now.

Zanya had heard many times before about the implication of this bond. She had heard that no man had managed to hold back and withstand the pull of the bond for more than one whole day. And

according to the rumours she heard before, half a day was the longest time someone had managed to hold it in.

Leon had long since exceeded that time limit! It has been more than a day now. And to think that she was right there with him all throughout that time and yet... Nothing has happened! At the rate they were going, she would not be that surprised anymore if someone were to tell her that nothing would happen.

She could not help but feel somehow offended and even more than slightly infuriated. Was he able to resist her because she was so undesirable for him even with the pull of the bond? Why was he so desperately resisting her to this extent? As far as she knew, he had no sweetheart that he was promised to. So that should not be the case of him holding back. He clearly had the normal urges that hot-blooded males like him have and perhaps even more than normal – as she had personally felt the signs as he had pressed his body to hers close enough for her to be extra sure. Yet, she was mind boggled to see how hard he was resisting this. It was as if he were the pure, untainted virgin and she the big bad wolf who was the one chasing.

For countless times now, Zanya had tried to tell herself to be glad instead that this man was unlike any other. He was just extraordinarily upright and had an extremely strong sense of responsibility. But strangely, she found herself upset even after telling herself that over and over. She could not even count how many times she had told herself to give up and just leave. It was obvious enough for her that he would much rather suffer the effects than mate with her.

And she found herself stubbornly unable to accept that fact. It was as though she had gone totally and outrightly crazy. And this man was to be blamed for the craziness that was overtaking her mind, body, and soul.

This was the first time someone had ever managed to make her feel this type of extreme frustration in her entire long life. And what a long life it was! Even in those thousands of years, she had never experienced something like this before. She never would have thought a man could actually reduce her to this state and make her feel downright idiotic. Why the hell was she chasing after him in the first place?!

Zanya was stiff as she glared the waters, wishing so badly that she could growl out her frustrations and release them in that ferocious and violent manner as how the panthers could. He had not surfaced from the water for a long while now. It had been like this the entire time. He would not look at her and would wholeheartedly run away from her. Every time she tries to speak to him, he would bolt into the water, cutting her off effectively.

She had had enough of this craziness! There must be a way to somehow come to an agreement or a conclusion to the matters concerning them both. Continuing like this is just too ridiculous!

Biting her lower lip, Zanya felt like she wanted to scream out from so much frustration. She could not believe she, of all creatures, was now contemplating on giving up. Someone actually managed to drive her to this very edge and made her surrender – though very unwillingly. She could not believe she had gone through all this just for him and actually for this long! Why the hell was she even going through all of this for him? How dare he do this to her!

"Damn you, stupid purple... stone! Go to hell!" she finally screamed out.

Panting from so much frustration, Zanya screwed her eyes closed tightly. Enough was enough. She just could not stand this anymore. She had done her best, in fact, she had long reached what she thought was her limit. She refused to continue running after him, making herself look like a crazy fool anymore!

Finally turning her back, Zanya breathed out the breath she was holding in and opened her eyes. She spread out her wings. The view of her standing on top of the stone with the bright moon behind her was a stunning sight to behold.

Clenching her fists tight, she flapped her wings elegantly a couple of times and was about to take off powerfully when Leon suddenly emerged before her. She stiffened and her wings froze in mid-beat but her gaze on him was neutral now. She told herself not to bother with him anymore. Why force one who is not willing?

She watched him walk to the shore. He was walking like a drunk man now. In fact, his movements were much worse than the last time she saw him. He looked like a wounded creature desperately dragging himself forward, unwilling to die. She could even hear his loud and breathless pants.

When he reached the shore, he fell over and turned to stretch out on his back, as if he had lost all strength that was left in him.

Zanya pressed her lips tightly together and with a shaky breath, she made up her mind and flew towards him.

She landed next to him and looked down at his still figure. One glance and anyone who could see him was able to tell how utterly drained he was. She watched the up and down movements of his chest and then her eyes travelled to his face. His eyes were closed, and his thin sexy lips were slightly parted as he chased his breath.. His toned and elegant muscles were tightly wound, and it was just unsettling how he still looked powerful and yet appeared so defenceless at the same time.

#### Chapter 394 - End This Madness

Watching him silently while appreciating the view, Zanya experienced something she found frightening. She could not bear to take her eyes off him as if she was the one who was under the spell of the bond now. Was it because... this beautiful creature looked so damned tormented right now? Ugh, was she a pervert?!

"Damn!" she muttered to herself, biting her lower lip even harder. Her expression looked like she had gotten herself into the most ultimate trouble, one that she could not even escape. And somehow, it did not seem like she wanted to escape anyway.

Then she bent over and placed her hands over his chest. "I'll give you more strength. But that's all I can do for you now. After this... I'll leave you alone as you wished." She said then her magic glowed from her palms, transferring them to him.

However, his large hand caught her wrists. The slightly rough texture of his hand created a delicious friction that sent her skin crawling in a pleasurable way.

His eyes opened and she caught her breath at the sight of those demon-bright purple eyes.

"I'm... sorry..." he said with so much difficulty. "Can't do that to you..."

She slitted her eyes. "Yes, I know... you, stupid vampire!" she said, her voice hard and she did not know if she managed to hide the sudden hollow ache that she actually felt. "I'm not an idiot not to see that you'd rather die than mate with me. Must be tough for you that I, someone that you'd rather avoid and suffer than touch, happened to be the one who was there that time in that hall. Must be way easier for you if it were not me, huh? Ah, well...but there's no use saying that now."

His eyes widened. Then a helpless smile curved across his lips. Zanya felt her breath catch again at that sight. Was this the first time ever that she saw him smile? He really should do that more often, she mused to herself.

"Damn it..." he cursed in a choking voice. "That's... not it." he shook his head as he looked at her wretchedly.

"Then what the hell is it?!" Zanya snapped, getting irritated and angry again. This person was truly good at bringing out her worst sides.

Leon wanted to reach out. He could hear in her voice her frustration and the anger in it. My god. This woman was really thinking he was resisting her because of that?

When he looked at her through his dazed gaze, he saw the offended expression on her face. He wanted to look into her beautiful forest green eyes to see the emotions in them, but he could hardly focus his gaze now.

He still refused to give in despite the burning urge that was scorching him to death now. Because he knew he would regret it. Giving in to this desire in his state would definitely haunt him later and he did not know if he would be able to live with it or forgive himself for it.

Thankfully, he was too weak to even grab her now. He had pushed his body beyond its limit and the torture had depleted him really bad. To him, this was a better solution. At least, he did not have the power to harm her anymore. And now, she finally sounded like she would finally be giving up.

He should feel relieved now because she was definitely going to leave him alone. But what she said, her tone when she said that... just made him feel the urge to tell her everything.

He had never told anyone about what he had experienced. No one knew about it but him. He never said anything about it, not even to his mother. He had buried it deep within him and he had planned to keep that secret and bring it to his grave.

But now, just because this woman sounded so offended and maybe hurt thinking that he was resisting her just because he did not want to mate with her and was looking down on her... he found himself wanting to tell her all.

He was never the type to explain his side of the story when it comes to his personal life. He really did not care what other people think of him. If they misunderstand him then so be it. After all, their opinions neither affect him nor hurt him. But right now, why did he care so much about what this woman would think about him? Why did he suddenly not want to be misunderstood? Seeing her distressed and offended expression caused his heart to be in more pain than anything else.

"I don't want to hurt you." He finally said, shaking his head weakly. "I can't hurt you. You don't know... you don't know what I am going to do to you if... if I give in... damn... you might... you will break."

"Huh?!" Zanya frowned hard in confusion. "What the hell are you saying? Could it be that you think I'm ignorant about what goes on between a man and a woman? Goodness, who do you think I am? I've lived long enough, seen enough to be broken over something this small."

Leon shook his head, closing his eyes.

"Doesn't matter how physically strong you are... I... I've seen how easily a woman can break because of this."

Zanya could not speak at the sudden change in his tone. She frowned as she wondered what other deep scars he held within to react so strongly like how he was doing now.

"When I was a child, I've seen it..." he continued with so much conviction. "My uncle raped my aunt right in front of me, like a madman... he... broke her... and I knew I might do that same thing to you the moment I give in to this. I know I would. And I can't do that to you." Leon shook his head a little.

Frozen and utterly speechless, Zanya could only sit there, looking at him with wide eyes.

"That's why please... get away from me, now. I'm going to look for the shell and end this madness."

Silence reigned between them.

And just as Leon thought she finally got the point and was leaving; he suddenly felt his arms and legs being weighed down as if someone tied them with lead weights.

His eyes flew open to find her lowering herself on him and proceeded to straddle him.

"I can't possibly leave now after you said all of that, you stupid vampire." She said as she bent over him, meeting his utterly shocked eyes. "I'll be the one to end this madness, Leon. And I don't think you're in a position to even worry about hurting me, much less breaking me. Have you even realised how weak you are now? You have drained yourself so much to the point you don't even look like a drunk man anymore but a dying man." She grumbled but without the sting in her voice as she started to undress right on top of him.

Chapter 395 - Look At Me

Leon's motionless body seemed to turn into a solid rock as he looked up at her, his face baffled and slack jawed.

His dazed mind could hardly process everything she had just said and now here she was, kneeling right before his eyes, as she deliberately shed her clothes, one article at a time. Her legs were spread on either side of him as she had trapped him between them. Holy hell!

The unbearable lust rolled over him at the sight of her, causing him to quake violently within himself. Then a loud guttural groan escaped his mouth.

But he still actually managed to jerk his face sideward to look away just as Zanya took off the last layer that was covering her lovely, rounded and perky breasts.

"Damn it, Zanya!" he cursed harshly under his breath, shutting his eyes tight together just in case he peeked a glance if they were not closed tight enough. "No. Don't do this." His voice which was still firm at the beginning changed to become more pleading as the seconds passed.

But nothing could dissuade Zanya anymore. Not after she had heard the real reason why he was so desperate not to touch her. Her heart swelled with so many positive emotions and yet at the same time ached for him. She never would have thought this man had been hiding such an awful emotional scar. No, she thought it was not quite right to call it a scar as she realized he never had healed from it. Even until now, it was still a wound left unattended, still bleeding, and just hidden very well into a place only he could see and only he would know.

Now that she knew this tormented... beautiful creature was traumatized, how could she still leave him alone and let him take on the effects of the bond all on his own?

Zanya could only listen to the warning bells loudly ringing all over her mind but that was all. She just listened but did nothing to avoid or run from it. Because she could no longer deny the crazy thing she was feeling right now. This man... she could no longer leave him alone. She did not want to leave him to fend for himself. This man... she will take him... for herself... yes... tonight... this beautiful yet tormented creature is going to be hers...

Her eyes circled wide as she realized what had just gone through her mind. And she flushed hard due to mortification, her pointed ears turning crimson while she bit down on her lower lip in embarrassment, unable to believe the direction of her own thoughts. Goodness! How could she righteously accuse this man of being a pervert when she was actually the perverted one between the two of them?!

"Get off... damn... Zanya! Listen –" Leon tried to push Zanya off but with his current condition and Zanya being at top form, he posed no challenge to her strength.

"Hush..." Zanya bent over, and his body jerked at the sudden cool touch of her palm on his taut chest. The tips of her silky long hair brushed over his skin teasingly as he inhaled her mouth-watering scent made his body tremble with desire.

"Gods... no..." he could only breathe, sounding utterly shaken. His rationality now slowly but surely falling into a blissful death.

"There's no use of you resisting me now, Leon. Look at me..." she urged softly, surprising herself at the sound of her own voice.

But she swallowed hard and then there was that devilish glint that flashed across her eyes. She traced her fingertips over his thumping heart as she whispered slowly and seductively. "Look at me, Leon... don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you. I will never hurt you. That has never been my intention all along."

Shocked by her words, he opened his eyes and met her smiling forest green eyes.

"My god..." he hissed and drew in a ragged breath through his clenched teeth, obviously regretting that he had opened his eyes. He knew he should have held his eyes tightly closed no matter what!

Zanya did not know why but her smile widened. Did she like the utter shock and desire that had appeared in those astonishing purple eyes that much she could not stop smiling in this situation?

He gasped again, this time, louder. "Damn it all, don't keep smiling at me... like that!"

"You like my smile –" Zanya's smile grew wider as her heart did flip flops.

"No. I don't... so stop..." Leon tried to deny but his reactions were a direct disagreement to his words.

Zanya's smile did not fade. Her smile even became brighter. "I didn't know you have such an adorable side to you."

"My god, Zanya. Stop it –" Leon tried turning away but to no avail.

"Oh, you should be the one who should stop protesting now." she lowered herself and sat on his hard abdomen.

A loud and harsh sound left his mouth at the feel of her satiny smoothness against his own heated skin. And his treacherous gaze finally left her face and it travelled down to her lovely breasts, her perfect curves, and her hairless...

He felt like he was literally doused with oil as that fire in him now blazed into what is now a raging inferno. An inferno so hot he could burn forever and still would probably choose to stay there even if he had the chance to leave.

She bent even closer before stretching her hands out to cup his face now.

"Give in to me, Leon..." she whispered, coaxing. "Don't worry about me, as I've already chained you with my magic. This way, there is no way for you to hurt me. Not even a chance. Cause I'm the one who will be doing the work. In fact, it's you I am worried about right now." Her gaze became a little worried. "So just say it, Leon. Tell me it's okay for me to do this to you. Tell me if you want me to do this to you.." Her whispers were low, hot, and enticing, causing Leon to swallow past that lump in his throat.

Chapter 396 - Lioness

The words that had left her lips broke the very last string of his will. There was no way he could resist now. At this moment, he knew he would even go as far as begging her to just do anything to him now. He was literally at her mercy.

He could see the look in her eyes as she told him those words. She looked like she was actually afraid that he would break if she forced herself on him. Holy f\*cking hell! This woman... he could not even find the words to describe her anymore. Why was she so hellbent in going through all these for him, even worrying about him to this extent?

"Gods, Zanya..." he groaned, trying to free his hands from her magical bind so he could grab her, and kiss her. His desire and lust for her was already spilling over, spreading everywhere like an uncontrollable wildfire that could only be quenched by her and her alone.

She had beaten him, really bad. The iron will of not touching a woman when he's under influence of anything had crumbled down like a house made of a deck of cards. She shattered it not with a wrecking ball but with something else, something irresistible, something so warm, as warm as her beautiful smile.

"Answer me... I need your permission..." she whispered again, and her warm breath brushed fragrantly across his face, and he shivered violently. "Say yes, Leon –"

"Yes! F\*cking yes! Kiss me, Zanya..." he begged, his demon-bright eyes blazing with uncontrollable need and desire, "take me... do whatever you want to me, damn everything else –" he was way past caring about those worries that had plagued him for so long.

Her mouth sealed his and he felt like he was about to convulse just from the taste of her mouth, and her slick tongue. And he kissed her, sucked her tongue with an intensity the way a man dying from thirst did the first time he tasted water.

He felt as though he were drowning now. The undiluted pleasure washed every fear away and there was just her and him and the insane, unquenchable heat that existed between them.

Leon was gasping like an untried boy when Zanya pulled away and he groaned out long and hard. "Don't...! Don't stop... Zanya..." his voice came out begging as he tried to move. But the magical binds on his arms and legs were so strong and all he could do was beg for her. "Take the binds off me... no... don't... yes, no... don't release me... just... kiss me again..." he could not even understand what he was saying anymore. His mind was in a state of confusion and a mix of opposing wants. He felt so drunk now. Even more drunk than when he had downed the strongest spirits that vampires had brewed. "Damn, I'm going crazy..."

"It's fine..." she whispered reassuringly, and he could hear the smile in her voice. "I'm allowing you to be crazy tonight. Cause I think I've gone crazy right along with you as well now. So... don't think about anything else and let's just go crazy."

Then her mouth came down on his again and he felt like her kiss had calmed him down a little this time around. But he felt the taut tips of her breasts rubbing and dragging across his chest as she rubbed herself against him and the little calm that he had just evaporated into nothingness in an instant.

Leon could only hiss between his clenched teeth as she started to string kisses from his neck down to the line of his chest.

Oh, the pleasure and agony...

He wanted to beg her to let him go again. He could not take this torture anymore. But the plea did not come from his mouth as if his subconscious still could not bear to ask her to do that one thing out of fear. Instead, he called out her name over and over. As if uttering her name was some kind of spell that could make him ease the torture that he was experiencing right now.

But then, he felt her finally reaching that place. To his aching member that had been suffering such agony for a long time.

He lifted his head and looked down, panting as he watched her pull his trousers down. When his stiff and raging length sprung out and bounced free from its confinement and immediately touched his stomach, he saw her eyes widened and then swallowed. Hard.

She kept her eyes on it, looking at the bead of moisture that had collected on its tip and at the strong veins around it. He could tell exactly what she was thinking as she stared so seriously at his manhood, and he suddenly felt a little scared that she might decide to change her mind now.

"Zanya..." he called out again, this time a little hesitantly and panting and with so much struggle, she looked at him. Their eyes met and she forced a smile, a nervous but still wilful smile. "Don't be scared –"

"Who said I'm scared?" she quickly retorted, looking like a brave white lioness again. "How old do you think I am? Of course I am aware that vampires have... uhm... the biggest... err... in the land of Lirea."

Leon could not believe what he was hearing coming from her mouth and he actually chuckled. In this situation. In this state of his. My god! He must really be crazy now. And it was this woman that had made him this way!

He saw her bit off her smile and he had wanted to ask where did she even heard that ridiculous story. Or could it be that she had just made it up right there and then? But everything faded into oblivion, and he grunted hard in the next instant her hands touched him.

He could not watch her expression as he had to lean his head back on the ground, groaning with so much pleasure as he felt her gently pull his hardness up from his stomach.

And when he lifted his head again, his breath snagged as he watched her guiding his rock hard member into her sex.

#### Chapter 397 - Your Fault

Zanya looked down at him as her hand held him while guiding him into her. Her heart was thumping hard as their eyes met, both feeling the touch of softness against hardness.

He stared back at her, and she could see insane lust and anticipation that were swirling and darkened his purple eyes that were shining like an amethyst. Just the intensity alone in them already made Zanya's body shiver in anticipation, feeling utterly seduced by him. She knew vampires do not have magic, they do not practice spells either and yet, she still felt spellbound every time she looked deep into those unusual purple orbs. Was it because of the colour of his eyes? Was there something about those eyes that could draw her in so deeply?

The reason why Zanya wondered about this was because she had experience lust, attraction and yes... romantic love, before. She already knew how these things felt, but... what she was feeling at this moment with this vampire... the lust and attraction was just too over the top. She really thought that it was not normal. She had never felt something this intense before!

"Zanya..." he uttered her name and she felt tingles erupting all over her body again. She still could not believe she had found the way he called her name so arousing. "H-hurry..." he begged, his gaze gleaming ferociously. He was already shivering so terribly, wanting her so bad.

And she lowered herself, pushing the head of his sex into her entrance. Right at that moment, both of them almost made the same sounds. Their breaths snagged as if something just took their breaths away. And to think that she had yet to swallow even half of him. This was just the beginning! Oh, gods... what had she signed up for?

"Ugh! You're too..." Zanya's hand was still on his length as she writhed over him, biting on her lower lip. "W-why are you so... big? I might not –"

"Yes, you can. Zanya. Of course, you can..." Leon coaxed through his gritted teeth, his body stiffening again as he tried to break free from the invisible chain. All he wanted now was to just pull on her arms and impale her on his throbbing length. He was so desperate that he could almost feel it!

He could no longer take this. All he wanted was for her to swallow him whole, right to the brim now.

But she suddenly pushed herself up on her knees again and pulled away. No! Don't pull away!

Leon could only groan out in agony. His mind spinning now with too much lust and torture. Did she not say she wanted to help him out? Or was she trying to kill him even faster? He knew then that she would be the death of him.

However, just as Leon was about to beg, he felt her lowering herself until her sex was again placed right against his raging and hard member. He gritted his teeth and held in his words.

Then she began to rub herself against his length up and down, causing him to feel a little better. "I think, I need to do this first." She whispered, her voice sounding so erotic in his ears. "Or else... I don't think I can take you... inside me."

He could only reply with another tortured groan and nodded, just thankful for any form of stimulation from her. Zanya could only smile apologetically. "I'm sorry. I know you can't wait anymore but this is your fault for being too... big..." she blushed as she blamed him for him being so well endowed, but all the while rubbing against him nonstop. He knew she was not truly complaining. She was just embarrassed and needed to just say something to lift the awkwardness.

Zanya was already wet. But with his size, she thought that she needed to be even wetter, and she also planned to have him spend himself first, knowing that a male's sex would become smaller once that happens. Thinking along those lines, she took into account that it should be easier for her to take him in once his member shrinks even for a little.

The sound of her name echoed again from his lips as he begged her to go faster. Seeing the tortured look on his attractive face, Zanya picked up her pace. The friction between their sexes were just mind blowing and Zanya could not believe it already felt this crazy good. And they were just getting started. She anticipated the pleasure that was to come once they were in full swing.

She realised then that she found herself wanting more. Her body wanted more of the action so bad that she had arched her body and thrown her head back. Her long silver locks dragged along Leon's legs as she started moaning with pleasure. Oh goodness... she felt so good... so damned good...

She had stopped thinking by then. In that moment, she totally forgotten all about her main goal. She had forgotten that she was doing this for him. Right then, the pleasure had fully taken over her and she could no longer think about anything else but the incredible pleasure that was building between them.

A sound of pure pleasure escaped her lips as Leon continued uttering her name, begging her for more. Zanya bent forward and she kissed him fully on the lips, tongue thrusting into his mouth. All the while, her hips never stopping their up and down movement.

The pleasure was building up and she quickened her pace again. Rocking herself over him with an almost shameful intensity she never thought she had.

She heard him curse and she called out his name loud and long as his member jerked powerfully inside of her, spurting intensely. Zanya began to feel a strong tremor as well and her womanly place clenched down hard on his invading member that was still jerking in her, as her body shook over

him. Both of them were in the throes of a passion so great that their high lasted for a while before they could think again.

Goodness... that was so...

Zanya then finally pulled away, feeling sated now. But the moment she looked into his eyes, Zanya swallowed again. It was obvious to her that he was still hungry. It was more apt to say that he was more than hungry... he was starving.

Slowly, her eyes travelled downwards, and her mouth hung open at the sight of his member that was still big and hard and raging like nothing had happened between them at all. Oh goodness!

Chapter 398 - Something Inexplicable

He watched her take a deep breath through his dazed eyes and then she finally lifted herself over him again after another tortured plea from him. He felt her warm hand closed around him and then she lifted it. Zanya shivered a little as she felt the significant weight of his tool in her palms. She held it against the entrance of her sex again like what she did a while ago and Leon groaned in painful anticipation, his arousal shooting through the roof.

And finally, she lowered herself down slowly onto his length. The head of his sex pushed into her now soaking wet entrance but again, she stopped before she could even take half of him. Oh, the agony... and all he could do was beg!

It seemed to her as though Leon only got bigger. How was that even possible?! However, she took another shaky breath and took him a bit deeper into herself.

Another dark groan echoed harshly as Leon felt as though he was going to die soon. This woman was going to kill him in the next few moments if she continued going at this pace! He needed her to go down on him now or else... he was probably going to break free from this chain or die waiting...

He called her name again, more urgently than before, and at long last, she lowered herself. She came upon him, an inch at a time. Pulling up slowly and then down again as if trying to get used to him again, stretching herself out slowly while doing so. He knew she was truly doing her best to accommodate him, but his body just could not take it anymore.

And he lifted his hips in a powerful upward thrust that took both of their breaths away. She gasped out in pain and her eyes teared up a little even as he gasped with utter pleasure.

But eventually, Zanya began to feel the mix of both pleasure and pain as he continued a steady but savage and relentless thrusting of his hips upwards while groaning and moaning out her name with a dark, guttural sound.

He filled her to the brim, so strong, that she found her knees and entire body weak like melted wax. It took all she could to hang on and grab onto him. Then the peak of her sex started to tingle due to the increasing, savage friction.

The world seemed to blur out and only focus onto the place where they were both joined together as one. Zanya did not know but she was also moaning out in pleasure and as though she had lost her mind, totally not in control of her movements any longer. Whatever she was doing was all instinctual and stripped down to bare impulses and urges of her body.

Her insides trembled against him, and he revelled in the mind-blowing pleasure that rocked his body. And what happened next was a satisfaction their minds could barely even process. They were both lost completely and utterly to each other and to their mating act. Neither of them are aware of their lost state and and were long past caring of the main reason they were doing this. Both were just indulging themselves in the pleasure that made their toes curl and their insides tingle so violently in a good way.

And as they reached the pinnacle of the impossible pleasure, something happened.

Something inexplicable, that words could not seem to describe.

Zanya was the first to start shuddering helplessly, her insides pulsing, clamping, and squeezing tightly around him. Her initial plan to pull away was lost completely as Leon gave himself up as well in voluminous spurts inside her.

He came so hard that he really thought he was going to die as Zanya continued to shiver and shake over him before finally collapsing in exhaustion on his sturdy chest.

Her name left his mouth after a long moment of just them panting hard then some more words came out. But Zanya could not understand it. So, with so much difficulty, she lifted her face to look at him and ask what he was saying but Leon then collapsed back in exhaustion as well and grew limp beneath her.

Seeing that he had fallen asleep, happy and sated, Zanya allowed herself the luxury to fall back down on him again and relaxed over him, burying her face in his neck.

When her breathing finally stabilized, she moved and awkwardly lifted herself away from him. She stared at his face. He no longer looked like the beautiful and tortured creature from before any longer but instead, he looked so peaceful now in his slumber, almost looking so innocent.

...

By the time Leon opened his eyes, it was already dawn.

He rose immediately and found himself covered with a silk white garment. Zanya's face immediately appeared in his mind and his eyes widened.

As if someone had jolted him with lightning, he jumped to his feet and his gaze immediately scanned the area for her, not minding the least that he was naked.

She was gone. He could not sense her presence anymore.

Leon clenched his fists tight, remembering clearly what had happened and he was worried if he had hurt her. His chest began to thud hard and wild within his ribcage and he knew that he was starting to panic. Not knowing what to do now that Zanya seemed to have run away. Could it be that she hated him now? Otherwise, she would not have left him before he got up... or was it because the mating was now done, and she had decided to leave him alone since he seemed to be fine?

Clenching his fists tight and gritting his teeth, Leon dove into the water, hoping to clear his messed-up mind and to calm himself down.

But as he dipped into the waters, his purple eyes widened at the sight of something blue shining before him. And before Leon could even think about it, he quickly shut his eyes and turned his head, as if he wanted to pretend that he did not see it at all.

## Chapter 399 - Jinx

In the vampire's capital.

Evie opened her eyes and found her husband lying down next to her. She lifted her gaze towards the window and saw that the sun was about to rise. It was almost about time.

Looking at him again, Evie smiled and snuggled closer to him, burrowing into his warmth. Yesterday until last night, the two of them actually barely had any time together. Even though Gavriel actually went to the extent of forbidding anyone from disturbing them, major troubles somehow came knocking at their door and he could only leave her to deal with it. After all, those matters were at the levels of national security.

Evie almost laughed out loud because it was very nearly the same as when they were in Dacia. These things somehow kept happening to them, being interrupted every time when they were about to become intimate. Gavriel had cursed before storming off and said that they somehow must have been jinxed. Evie only chuckled privately to herself as she looked at her resentful husband that was behaving so adorably as he marched off to his duties.

And now, morning had come so fast, and it was already time for them to part. She knew he needed to go and stop the rebellion now and finally take the crown for himself. So, despite her reluctance to let go of him, she knew she must. She had asked him if he wanted her to lend him a hand, but Gavriel had steadfastly declined her offer. He said that he would deal with this civil war quickly on his own and then he would rush over to Crescia to visit her. He even reminded her that she had her own empire that needed her attention the most right now. And she knew that he was right, despite the fact that she was feeling a little aggrieved at having their time together being cut short so much. As much as Gavriel had said that he would hurry and settle the civil war, Evie knew that it would not be that soon. A matter relating to the whole kingdom of vampires is at stake, so there would be no way it can be settled in just a few days. She sighed as she resigned herself to accept that she would again be spending days sleeping alone before she can once again enjoy her husband's warmth.

Quietly, Evie absorbed his warmth greedily. She really was loath to part with him. She wanted him to stay next to her. But... they have their own lands to rule now and their own people they need to be responsible for. She must rule the Middle Land and he must rule the Northern Empire.

Suddenly, Evie could not help but feel sad at the thought that from now on, they would not be able to live together anymore in one home. When everything settles down, are they going to keep visiting each other on a rotation basis? Parting again from time to time just to return to their own land to see to official matters?

Evie subconsciously gripped Gavriel's clothes as she buried her face against his warm and strong body. She did not want it to turn out this way. This situation was abysmal. She wanted them to live together, forever. What she wanted was for them to remain and live under one roof. What would the consequences be if they keep being constantly separated? She had no confidence of handling the negative outcomes from this situation.

"Are you alright? Love?" Gavriel's hoarse voice echoed from above her and she jerked her head up to look at him. His eyes were still slightly clouded over with the remnants of sleep as he lowered his lips and gave her a peck on the forehead as a greeting.

"When did you wake up?" she asked, feeling a tingly sensation in the central vicinity of her chest as though a feather was tickling her. Gavriel's little loving actions always never fail to touch her heart, leaving deep and lasting impressions on her.

"When you started grabbing my shirt and bunching them up in your tiny fists." He teased her languidly before a sudden gleam of naughtiness flashed in his eyes. "I wished you were grabbing something else though... of course, without bunching that up..." He then smirked at her.

Blinking owlishly at the sight of his tongue licking across his lower lip, Evie finally realized that something hot was prodding into her. "Oh...!" she raised a brow at him. "Are you sure you want me to grab it now, my dear husband? I believe once I grab it, a commotion will somehow arise to stop us again, just as things are about to get good." She grinned at him and Gavriel groaned low and dark. He had forgotten about this jinx that they somehow have on this. That was why he had muttered and grumbled all the way to the earlier meeting. How could he have forgotten about this so quickly?

Evie chuckled at the frustration that was clearly displayed on his face. She could see that he truly thought the same as well and he could do nothing but groan helplessly. Last night, he had to leave just after he had made her come with his skilful fingers and was about to enter her. He was so frustrated that Evie truly felt so very bad for him. He was so aroused and close to bursting, but he had to push all of it back down to see to official state matters.

Now that she thought about it, it had already happened thrice now that he could even have his release before being interrupted. The first one was when she had passed out the previous night.

Feeling really bad for him now, Evie quickly got up before disappearing under the blanket.

Gavriel's eyes widened comically as he truly did not expect Evie to react this way. He had thought she was going to rise now. But she did not and instead, he felt her pull his trousers down and freed his hardened member beneath the blankets.

#### Chapter 400 - You And I

He then felt her soft and warm hands surrounding and grabbing him, and he could only groan low with pleasure. He reached out and flip the blanket off them and threw it to the side. He wanted to see her.

Evie looked up at him with his raging manhood right before her face. Gavriel cursed as that vision assaulted his eyes in the finest way possible, causing him to swallow hard. He moved a little, positioning himself such until his back was leaning comfortably against the headboard, and he was presented with the most perfect view of what was going to happen next.

She moved as well, not letting go his throbbing length, then she looked up at him again while sticking out her tongue. The moment the tip of her warm tongue lapped against him, Gavriel jerked at the touch and moaned in pleasure.

Afraid that they might very well be interrupted soon, Evie did not waste a single moment and quickly continued in her efforts. She delicately nuzzled the tip of him, making him grunt.

With innocent ardour, Evie rained tiny kisses along his length, making him shiver. She experimented with her lips and tongue until Gavriel could no longer stay still.

"Love," he moaned, "run your tongue from the base to the head..." He instructed and Evie did just as he said. "Oh, yes... like that, Evie, love. Yes..."

Seeing that he loved what she was doing, Evie continued doing her best to pleasure him until Gavriel's instruction came again. "Use your tongue love, over the tip. Kiss me there. Yes... just like that... oh yes..."

She looked up and when their gaze met, Evie felt so good at the thought that she was making him flush and looking very much like he was at her mercy. This feeling of giving him pleasure was in turn fuelling her excitement.

Then she felt his fingers gently touch her hair as his breaths came in harsh rasps.

To his surprise, before Gavriel could give more instructions, Evie had already opened her mouth and slid it slowly over the tip of his member. Gavriel threw his head back as he grunted but quickly looked back at her again, never wanting to miss a thing.

As Evie tried to discover how much of him could fit into her mouth, Gavriel fought the urge to reach out and hold her head or lift his hips. "Oh yes, love... like that... you're doing... amazing... Oh, Evie..." he groaned and moaned as his chest rose and fell. His eyes gleaming with lust and desire in the room made dim by the heavy curtains.

She slid lower and lower until Gavriel groaned out in an agonized moan. "Up and down Evie... please." He begged and Evie did as he said, doing her very best. "Faster, love... yes, like that... more... oh Evie! More."

Another tormented cry echoed from him as Evie increased her pace. Then suddenly, her shoulders were grabbed before being pushed away. The next second, something hot splattered all over her face.

He cursed as he panted then he pulled her to him in one swoop and kissed her.

"Damn! That was just... amazing... I loved it... Oh gods, I wanted to do that again..." he whispered in her ear, when they pulled away and Evie smiled as he started to wipe the stains off her face gently.

"I'll do better next time," she told him, solemnly promising and Gavriel grinned so wide at her before planting another kiss on her forehead.

"I already can't wait." He whispered as he hugged her tight to him, knowing that he could not carry out his wish to indulge any longer. They had their duties to attend to.

They stayed quiet for a while until Gavriel finally broke the silence. "What were you thinking a while ago? My love?"

"Hmm?"

"When you gripped onto my shirt so tightly, I knew something must be troubling you."

Evie was amazed that he actually knew that she was troubled just by that little action from her. But then again, Evie remembered that he was always like this with her. It was like he could read her like a book now.

"I'm... I'm thinking about us..." Evie's voice was weak as she said that. "You must stay here as the vampire's ruler. While I must stay in Crescia as the queen of the light faes..."

Silence reigned between them, and Evie could not help but feel sadder, realizing that even he could do nothing about this.

She leaned her forehead against his hard chest and breathed. "I want abduct you and make you the king of the light faes and lock you in my castle so you can stay with me forever."

Gavriel finally made a sound. His soft and heart-stopping dark laughter made her heart tingle. "I think I should be the one doing that, wife."

"Shall we abduct each other and see who will win then?" she grinned back at him.

Another sweet chuckle. "We could go ahead and try that but... it will most probably spark a whole new war. And I don't think I would lose."

"Oh, I'll make sure I'll win." Evie said confidently. But both of them knew they would not do that. Knowing that it was not that easy.

She let out a long and shaky sigh and Gavriel caressed her back lovingly. "Worry not, love," his voice became serious. "You won't need to abduct me or stress over this matter any longer, I will make sure of that." From the way he spoke, Evie could tell he had already thought about this matter long and hard. Perhaps, even more than she had done.

Evie pulled away and stared at him, wide eyed and questioning. She had thought about this so hard, trying to find a way for them to be together and rule together but had yet to find the answer. What answer could he have come up with?

"We will be together. We'd rule together and live together under one roof forever, Evie." He declared with assurance, his words hitting all the exact points that she had been worrying about. Her eyes teared up hearing his assertive and bold tone. The way he had said it was as though it was already a known fact and set in stone. His eyes were gleaming as he caressed her face. "You and I will rule not just the Middle Land and Northern empire, but the entire land of Lirea!"