

## SPELLBOUND 51

### Chapter 51 - One-of-a-kind

Evie felt her gaze involuntarily drift down and then was glued on his very evident erection and her heart skipped a beat as she swallowed hard. She had to use all her willpower to drag her gaze away from that spot and look back into his eyes. With cheeks aflame and when she saw the look on his face and the intense glimmer in his bright eyes, Evie determined in her heart, moved her hand slowly towards his bulge.

Her movement was filled with hesitation that Gavriel had to hold his breath and told himself to wait patiently when her hand was taking too long to reach his eager sex. His heart was pounding so hard it felt that he would get a heart attack. She was excruciatingly slow that it took all of Gavriel's self-control and iron will not to grab her hand and guide it over him where he truly needed it.

As he watched her hand inching closer, the anticipation became quite torturous. He battled within himself whether he should speak out and urge her to hurry up. But his next thought was that he might just be too impatient and that was why he felt her movement was so damned slower than it actually was. Patience Gavriel... he told himself.

And at last, his long suffering was finally rewarded! Her dainty hand finally reached its destination. Gavriel bit his lip at the butterfly touch of her hand.

Evie looked both shocked and fascinated the moment she felt how hard and hot it was. Despite the hesitation and nervousness, she couldn't help but feel wonder and curiosity at the same time.

Hesitantly, she molded her fingers over the length of him and a pained-like groan echoed in her ear. She jerked in surprise and whipped her gaze up to Gavriel's face as she snatched her hand back.

Her eyes wide, looking worried and apologetic. "I'm sorry!" she exclaimed, anxious that she had done something wrong in her ignorance in matters such as these.

"Why are you apologizing?"

"Because I... I think I just hurt you?" she hazarded a guess.

She looked so adorable looking all torn between being shy and worried of doing something wrong that Gavriel just wanted to burst out in laughter. However, he managed to hold himself back. A flicker of tender amusement gleamed in Gavriel's eyes as he caught his lower lip between his perfect white teeth to stop himself from smiling and giving himself away. Teasing her was another fun thing he loved to do.

"What made you think you hurt me?" he asked despite knowing why.

"You groaned... in pain. You sounded like... like..." as she tried to find the right word, Gavriel bent and planted a soft kiss on her lips.

When he pulled away, the corner of his lips deepened with a wickedly sensuous smile. "No, love..." he said and paused, "Well, yes. I'm in pain but it's a different kind of pain, Evie. It's the pleasurable kind of pain. You know what I'm talking about, right?" He locked his gaze with hers, not allowing her own gaze to drift away, even if he understood her bashfulness. He wanted to savour and imprint into his mind every single response she brings forth.

She nodded, flushing hard, thinking that it might be something like the unbearable feeling she had experienced when he kissed her down there.

"Touch me again, Evie." He whispered as his eyes held hers. And when Evie looked down again, she nearly gasped at the sight of his hard length already freed from the tight confines of his trousers. Since when did he manage to do this?

"First time seeing one?" Gavriel asked and Evie nodded in a daze, unable to take her eyes off his mighty hardness. She could not help but gulp. Gods... It was so much bigger and... longer in real life than she had thought and heard of...

"Touch it wife... Go on, it won't bite." He whispered, smiling as he coaxed her.

Curiosity stirred powerfully inside her and to Gavriel's surprise and immense pleasure, she reached out again, this time with less hesitation and more speed compared to her earlier actions. She eased her hand along the hardness shyly and Gavriel nearly purred in pleasure.

He seemed to revel in her every innocent and curious touch as he nuzzled his head into the nook of her neck.

"Yes, love... like that... yes... curve your fingers around it..." he instructed. His fiery breath fanning against her skin all the while letting out a faint masculine groan.

When Evie did as he said and gripped his heavy shaft with her petite cool hands, the contrast in temperature caused Gavriel to suck in a quick breath. "Yes, love... like that... stroke it... up and down..."

"Like... this?" she managed to speak as she glided her hand over him. The ripples of his silky hair against her bare neck and shoulder were raising gooseflesh over her skin.

He pulled his head away to look at her and their eyes met. His eyes held a wicked glitter. "Faster, love... please..." he panted at her between his roughened breaths.

Understanding what he wanted her to do, Evie increased her pace and his eyes closed. His long and thick lashes trembling slightly against his cheek.

Gavriel could not even comprehend how good he was feeling at this moment. It was as if she opened a floodgate of desire hiding inside him, and now he was drowning in nothing but pleasure. A pleasure he thought that was more powerful than anything he had ever experienced before. The strangest thing was that she was only touching him, for heaven's sake!

"Evie..." the deep and guttural way he uttered her name almost sounded like a tortured cry, his lips parting from the force of his sharp breaths.

A low sound vibrated from deep within his chest, and his shaft jerked violently in a series of spasms as he spent himself in her hand.

Evie was completely overwhelmed as Gavriel lowered his scorching forehead to rest on her shoulder. His breaths came out hissing violently between his clenched teeth.

"God..." he let out a shaky breath after a while longer before finally pulling away. He stared at her still dazed and flushed face, looking as if he were beholding at an extraordinary one-of-a-kind creature in the whole of creation.

Chapter 52 - Absolutely Not!

Gavriel was helping out in washing off Evie's hands when a knock echoed through the room. However, Gavriel's reaction was to completely ignore it.

His gaze was fixed on Evie as he dried her hands with a fluffy clean cloth before bringing her slightly chilled hands to his lips. "I hope I didn't tire your hand too much," he teased with a roguish grin and Evie's colour deepened once again.

"No, it's... I'm fine." her gaze wandered around when a soft knock echoed again.

"I'm glad to hear that –" Gavriel seemed determined in wanting to ignore the knocks that were coming from outside.

"Someone's... knocking." Evie prompted Gavriel as she cocked her head sideways, gesturing towards the door. She knew that no one would dare disturb him unless there was truly an important issue that needed his attention.

Heaving a sigh, Gavriel turned towards the closed door and spoke. "Stop knocking Samuel. I heard you. Loud. And. Clear." He said. He then sighed again before facing Evie. "I'll have to leave you for a while, wife. I promise I'll come back as soon as I can."

Seeing his seemingly sullen expression, Evie smiled. "It's alright. I understand that you are busy. Please go ahead. I'll stay here and catch up on some sleep."

Gavriel was silent for a moment, just staring at her. But the next moment, he scooped her up and gently tucked her into their bed. After pulling the covers over her, he then sat at the edge of the bed as he tucked the blanket around her, protecting her from the cold.

"Make sure you sleep well because I might be bringing you outside the wall tonight. I'd like to take you around for a change of scenery." He said and Evie smiled brightly, nodding her approval.

"Sleep..."

"Mm... please go now. There must be something important you need to settle if they are asking for you. I'll see you soon." She responded when she felt him hesitating to leave.

Suddenly, he bent and captured her lips. Evie was caught off guard, but she could not help but open up and respond to his advances. His tongue slid inside her mouth and he devoured her hungrily until Evie's hands were clutching at his robe, tugging him closer.

The impossible heat that was scorching them just a while ago was back in an instant and blazing brighter than before.

"Good Lord... damn..." Gavriel cursed when a knock echoed again. Evie's eyes were still dazed with pleasure as he looked down at her and it took every ounce of restraint he had in him to pull away and stand. "I'll be back, love." He said, planting a quick kiss on her forehead.

The door opened and then closed behind him.

Evie was left staring at the ceiling. Her mind was whirling, filled with thoughts of him. Gavriel's erotic face when she was touching him, his groans, his heat, his kisses and then the surprisingly satiny feel of him in her hand... Evie buried her face in the pillow. She had felt so hot ever since the moment she touched him.

Subconsciously, her hand touched her own sex, and she felt a dampness there. She reddened once again, mortified.

The next time she opened her eyes, what welcomed her was a glorious fallen angel's sleeping face before her. Evie blinked multiple times, taking in the most beautiful morning view she had ever seen. Was she dreaming? She hoped she was not!

She rose and realized that it was already sunset. Returning her gaze to the man lying next to her, Evie nibbled the inside of her lips. Her heart swelling at the fact that she finally has the chance to wake up with him next to her again. He had returned as he promised this time.

Hesitantly, Evie reached out to touch his dark silky hair.

Gavriel was already awake but he decided not open his eyes when he felt her staring at him. He did not know why but he just decided to feign sleep. To his surprise, he felt her warm hands in his hair, playing with the strands. Did she like his hair that much?

He refrained from making any movements until eventually she moved her fingers from his hair down to trace his brows and then to lightly brush over his lashes. It was hard for him to keep still and continue feigning sleep when she was touching him. Even though her touches were light as feathers, the heat of her fingertips were enough to reopen the floodgates. Did she even know what was she doing to him?

"How could your lashes be much more beautiful than any girl's lashes?" he heard her mumble and he failed to stop himself from frowning. "Yours is even much more beautiful than mine..."

"Absolutely not!" he said suddenly as his eyes flew opened.

Evie froze in her ministrations as she was taken aback, obviously surprised at his sudden outburst. "I'm sorry for waking you up." She apologized and Gavriel ran his fingers through his dark hair as he rose.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked and she nodded. His gaze fixed on her lashes and without a warning, his lips were kissing them. "To me, your lashes are the most beautiful." He smiled and then he climbed off the bed.

It was then that Evie realized he was half naked. His chiselled body and perfect physique were just breathtakingly awesome to behold. And suddenly, she felt the impulse in wanting to run her hands all over those taut muscles.

"Would you like to eat here or outside?" he asked as he wore his shirt.

Snapping herself out of her wayward thoughts, Evie's cheeks pinked as she met his gaze and answered. "Outside."

"Alright, wife. I'll go inform Elias. I will come back to get you when you're ready." He bent and kissed her cheek and again, he was gone.

Evie touched her cheek, staring at the closed door. Her heartbeat racing.

## Chapter 53 - Dinner

Evie was escorted by Elias to their dinner venue located at the top of the gigantic wall. As she emerged from the stairs, Evie was surprised at the sight that welcomed her.

She halted before she could even reach the last step and took a sweeping look around. The empty watchtower where they stood yesterday now looked very different. There was now set up, a table and a couple of comfortable looking chairs in the middle of the area. Lamps circled the top of the

watchtower's wall and an intricately regal candelabra was in the middle. The table was already set with fine china and laden with sumptuous food that made her mouth water slightly just by glancing at them once over.

Evie could hardly believe her eyes at the romantic setup. Her eyes then fell to the man who was sprawled in one of the armchairs there, gazing upwards at the dark space as if he were seeing something else others could not see. He had the air of relaxed confidence of the King of darkness as he sat on his throne.

She could not tear her gaze from him and for some reason, she did not want to move just yet, wanting to watch him a little bit more. But he then turned his head towards her and smiled. Evie caught her breath at that breathtaking smile seemingly thrown carelessly at her.

Without a word, Gavriel stood and pulled the other chair out for her, a silent but obvious invitation for her to be seated.

"It's... so beautiful here..." she remarked, looking around again. Her eyes glimmering in appreciation.

"I'm glad you liked it."

Before Evie could reach out to serve herself, Gavriel silently transferred a delicious and juicy looking steak onto her empty plate. The sight of the steak reminded her of the first time they ate together. She looked at him and her face flushed dark pink while her heartbeat hastened.

So many things had already happened between them since then even though it has not been that long yet. She remembered how tense and fearful she was back then. Now here she was, feeling such peace, security, and happiness just by having him right before her, sharing a meal with her again.

"Evie..." she heard him called her and Evie realized she had been spacing out while staring at him. "Here," he added, and she saw a piece of steak near her mouth.

Blushing, Evie opened her mouth and accepted the proffered steak. Gavriel smiled.

She hastily moved her hands to feed herself. She wanted him to eat too and not just feed her. As they ate, Gavriel occasionally gave her choice tidbits of food and Evie did not once hesitate to eat them, much to Gavriel's immense pleasure. He reflected and thought to himself how wonderful and different her reactions to him now compared to previously when they were still at his castle, when she was newly brought over as his newly wedded wife. Every one of his movements then only elicited fear and had her flinching away from him – causing him never-ending displeasure.

Gavriel now definitely looked like he was thoroughly enjoying himself when Evie suddenly lifted her hand towards him, causing him to pause and stare at the grape held elegantly in her fingers.

He looked at Evie and she gazed back at him. Her innocent eyes glimmering against the candlelight.

Gavriel's throat worked but a moment later, his mouth opened. His lips brushed against the tip of her fingers as he took the grape. A wicked smile gleamed in his eyes as he looked at her.

He rested his head on his palm, not taking his gaze from her. "I want more, Evie." he said, smiling mischievously.

Evie blinked but then she picked another grape and fed him. Gavriel leaned back, looking damned pleased and happy, still not knowing that Evie was trying her best to focus on her food because the sight of his wet lips had made her thoughts go wild at the memory of his kisses.

By the time they were finishing dinner, Evie was about to stand from her seat when Gavriel suddenly leaned over her. A grape was held lightly between his teeth.

And before she knew it, his lips were against hers, the grape between them. When Evie opened her mouth, he pushed the grape inside then pulled away smiling devilishly.

"You haven't eaten enough grapes yet, wife." he teased, and Evie could only blush even harder as she chewed on the delicious and juicy seedless grape.

Once the couple left the watchtower, Gavriel brought Evie outside the gigantic wall. Soldiers were everywhere.

Some were just standing on guard at their posts, and some seemed to be training.

Gavriel's hand was entwined in Evie's as they walked. The soldiers bowed respectfully at them and made way for them to pass as soon as they saw the couple.

Evie stopped when she saw an intense fight going on. She recognized Levy and Samuel among them, and they were fighting against the Dacrian soldiers.

Was it a fight, or was it training? Their match was so intense that Evie could not take her eyes off them. She was awed and fascinated with their speed and whatever movements she could catch. Her eyes could not fully follow most of their moves. The most incredible thing was that Levy and Samuel did not seem to be giving their 100% at all, despite the number of strong soldiers that were constantly thrown against them. She had never seen anything like this before.

As her full attention was fixed on the fighting vampires, Evie did not realize how Gavriel's expression changed at the sight of her being completely absorbed by the fight. He did not like the look of fascination in her eyes as she looked at his men.

All of a sudden, Evie felt the heat she was holding onto suddenly absent. But before she could drag her gaze away from the fighting scene, she was shocked to see Gavriel already striding into the middle of the intense fight.

Her lips parted in confusion. Wh-what was he doing there?

#### Chapter 54 - Sword

The next moment, Samuel and Levy and the rest of the soldiers joined in a united front as they pitted themselves against him. Utterly speechless, Evie could only watch.

Gavriel was intense. Even though his eyes remained grey, they had turned quite dangerous and challenging. Everyone attacked him and the intensity she had sensed in the air a while ago dramatically increased. The atmosphere became even heavier as the fight intensified.

Evie's eyes could barely follow what was going on anymore. All she could see was Gavriel, looking like Lucifer as he smiled wickedly while fighting his own men.

"Geez," Evie heard a heavy sigh coming from behind her and when she turned, she recognized the man with the golden earring and long blonde hair named Zolan.

He smiled at Evie and then stood next to her. Evie had felt this before but this Zolan seemed to possess something other vampires did not seem to possess. Like Gavriel, he gives off a different manner of aura, the kind that almost seemed magical, though this man's aura was light and seemingly soothing while Gavriel's was pure darkness.

"Is he always fighting intensely like this when sparring against his men?" Evie asked in curiosity and Zolan scratched his neck.

"Err... No, My Lady." He said as he inclined his head, probably thinking about the right words to say. "His Highness only spar with us like that when we go to the forest for our intense training. He had never done that here... until now..."

"Oh," Evie blinked when someone butted in.

"I think His Highness is just tryna show off, geez..." complained the blue-eyed and innocent looking man named Reed, as he rolled his eyes exaggeratedly. "I can't believe this. I never thought he was such a petty male. All just because he saw his wife paying attention to –"

Zolan nudged Reed so hard the man was nearly thrown aside.

'You, idiot!' Zolan scolded him as soon as their eyes met.

'What did I do wrong? I am just telling the truth! He's showing off because his wife is here and she's looking at-'

'Heavens...!' Zolan pinched the skin between his brows before he threw a hard glare at Reed. 'Just shut your mouth, damn it. If you accidentally say something to upset the princess and His Highness comes at you, I won't help.'

Reed immediately gave in and pursing his lips, he turned his back from them huffing and crossing his arms.

Evie could not help but bite her lips to stop her giggle when she turned her gaze towards her husband. Was he really showing off? When Gavriel looked at her and their eyes met, he smiled at her and Evie realized he was definitely showing off.

At that moment, Samuel and Levy surrendered. The other soldiers had long withdrawn from the crazy fight. How could they spar against their Lord when he was going at that pace and intensity? Even if they wanted to, it would only be at their own disadvantage.

Gavriel immediately whipped his head to Evie, satisfaction etched on his face as he sheathed his sword and walked towards her.

Seeing the look on his face, Evie felt like she had to say something. Should she praise him?

"You were ... awesome." She told him and she blushed in embarrassment, thinking that what she said must be weird. But Gavriel's eyes twinkled merrily, and his men's lips parted in disbelief. What the hell! Our prince is acting weird tonight. Everyone had the same thought except for the other five who were clearly and fully aware of Gavriel's 360° change whenever his wife is around, or if it is anything related to her.

...

"Do you want to try handling my sword?" Gavriel asked when he noticed Evie constantly glancing at his sword. But as soon as those words came out, he suddenly covered his lips with the back of his

hand while his gaze fell somewhere. His mind had replayed the moment when she had touched and stroked him and... damn, he cursed under his breath.

"Yes. I'd like to try..." She said enthusiastically, eyes sparkling and Gavriel cursed yet again in his mind. He was already aroused, but with her added innocent enthusiasm at the innuendos he thought that he might explode if they continued. He looked at her and he knew that he was the only one having his thoughts diverge to somewhere else that is more along the hanky-panky.

Sighing, he tried to clear his mind. He unsheathed his sword and carefully, he guided her hands in holding its hilt using the correct grip.

"Be very careful wife. This thing is dangerous if you are careless in handling it."

"I know. Don't worry, I think I can handle your sword."

"Yes, of course you can." He muttered under his breath. "And you were so good at it even though it was your first time."

"Hmm?" she looked at him, blinking at his quiet muttering and he bit his lips, letting out another sigh. He fought the urge to scoop her up and rush them both to his quarters to engage in some rather more interesting activities than just holding on to a cold, dead sword.

"It's heavier than I thought," she said when Gavriel let go of her hand and allowed her to handle it on her own.

The next moment, she experimentally swung the sword. She nearly stumbled due to the force of the swing and the weight of the sword but Gavriel caught her with a chuckle and steadied her in time.

"Easy, wife. It's too heavy for you to be swinging it around that way."

"Could you teach me how to fight with a sword?" She asked suddenly and Gav stilled. The soldiers were also taken aback at her request and looked at Evie. It was obvious they never expected her to say that.

## Chapter 55 - Valuable

"Maybe, Reed can teach me?" she added when Gavriel remained quiet. She heard Reed was the best in swordsmanship among the elite of Gavriel's men. It occurred to her belatedly that it would not be good for her to ask Gavriel to teach her personally. Her reasoning was because the man was just too strong, and she was sure he had other more important state matters that needed to be attended to.

But unbeknownst to her, what she suggested just made Gavriel's face turned a few shades darker. His gaze immediately flew towards Reed. 'Reject her.' he mentally ordered. 'Politely.'

Gods... Reed groaned inwardly nearly unable to hold back from rolling his eyes before he smiled sweetly at Evie.

"Forgive me My Lady. But even though I am good, I'm a bad teacher. His Highness is actually the best choice among all of us. He's a very good teacher." Reed politely gave his excuse while buttering up his Lord. No harm singing his Lord's praises in front of the Lady, as he still wanted to keep his hide.

Evie looked at Gavriel and his face was almost sparkling. She did not notice Reed turn around, acting out as if he were barfing. Gavriel was pleased and thus, only sent a sharp piercing glance at



Reed, warning him to quit while he was ahead, having the rest of the elites smirking at Reed's antics.

"Come, wife. I'll teach you." Gavriel offered and Evie could only take his hand.

"Ugh... His Highness is getting more and more unbelievable by the day." Reed complained to his other companions.

"Well, I believe this isn't bad at all. We should be glad that he's found something else to pay attention to. Or else, we'd be stuck in the Middle Lands right about now, hunting beasts while waiting for the war to start...and enduring that freezing ass cold. I know we are fine with the cold and aren't against hunting, but it is really starting to get quite meaningless and tiring, don't you think?" Zolan mused and everyone agreed.

...

"My sword is too heavy for you Evie," Gavriel said placing his hand over hers, stopping her from swinging the sword again. He had taught her some basic steps and helped her correct her hold on the sword as he positioned himself right behind her, effectively caging her within the confines of his strong arms.

She had been quite attentive and willful despite the fact that she was struggling. Gavriel had been wanting to stop her and discourage her for a while now since he realized that she was having a hard time even lifting it. He kept staring at her small and fragile wrists, afraid and worried that she might be exerting too much strength or perhaps even hurt herself. But how could he have the heart to tell her to stop when she was this determined?

Gavriel held on for another long while but when he noticed her hands started to tremble ever so slightly during the next attempt in swinging the sword, Gavriel stood before her. He firmly and resolutely took the sword from her hand and sheathed it.

"Your wrist can't handle it anymore for today." he phrased it as neutrally as possible, doing his best not to make a mistake of offending her.

"I think I just need more practice. I must at least learn how to protect myself." She replied, her gaze serious.

"You are very good in archery, wife. In fact, if you hone that skill even more, you could be one of the best. You're the best female archer I've ever seen."

Evie's eyes widened ever so slightly. She looked at him, pouting as she was expecting a mischievous look to appear on his face but was surprised at how serious he looked. Was he really... wait... of course, he meant a female human archer, right? Of course. And she's easily the best because she might be the only female human who liked and practiced archery as a hobby.

With a sullen face, Evie stared at his sword again. "Yes. I'm good...but using bow and arrows are useless when the opponent is right before me." She said and Gavriel's fingers twitched.

He knew she was thinking about that situation that she encountered when she was in the little forest. The thought of that moment made Gavriel's blood boil quietly within him. He had sworn he would never let anything like that happen – ever again. He could not help but feel angry towards himself and now he could only agree with her wish to learn to protect herself.

After staring at her for a long while, Gavriel sighed. "Alright. But you are not to train with this sword. I will have something else prepared just for you."

Gavriel returned Evie to his quarters when the night was getting deeper, and the temperature dropped further into the negatives.

As soon as they were inside, Gavriel went towards the table and pulled something out from its drawer.

"I'm giving you this, Evie." He said as he placed a beautiful looking dagger in its sheath onto her open palms.

Evie stared at it and when she unsheathed it, she suddenly felt strange. Was it because the dagger looked strange? The blade was pitch black. So black it seemed to swallow the light that was surrounding it. It was not heavy despite it being a little bigger.

"You can use this for close combat. All you have to do is plunge this into the enemy. Be careful though, because this dagger is special. It can kill instantly even if your stab didn't hit a crucial spot." Gavriel explained. His gaze never leaving her face as he spoke.

She swallowed and scrutinized it. "That's amazing. Is it because it's poisonous?"

"Mm... something like that." Gavriel's response was vague.

"Are you really giving this to me... you mean I can keep it? Seems to be something really valuable..." Evie asked quietly, half talking to herself and partially double checking with Gavriel.

Gavriel smiled and bent to kiss her the corner of her lips. "Yes, wife. It's yours now. Let it guard you well."

## Chapter 56 - Favourable

It was snowing quite heavily so Gavriel had Elias set up their meal in their quarters. Evie was already seated at the table when Elias suddenly appeared again and apologetically informed Evie that the prince would not be joining her for their supper.

"Something suddenly came up so he can't join you for the meal, Your Highness. But he did promise that he'll be back in time to sleep here." Elias relayed the information from his prince, keeping his tone as neutral as possible.

"I understand Elias. I know he's very busy. I'm already happy that he had joined me for dinner." She smiled at the butler and seeing the warm and sweet smile, Elias did not try to explain any further. He could tell that the princess truly understood the situation and was glad that the royal couple managed to come to this stage that they could understand each other enough to avoid more misunderstandings. He did not think he would be able to survive his prince's wrath should any more misunderstandings occur between them.

Evie then contentedly started on her meal and Elias was glad, seeing that she was now eating well. Her health was his top priority as if anything happened to her, he was as sure as he knows his name, that His Highness would hold him responsible. He shuddered to think of the outcome of that if it ever came to pass.

Watching her with critical and appraising eyes, Elias could see that her complexion also improved and had gotten better. She looked happier than when she was back in His Highness' castle. It seemed that having Prince Gavriel bringing her here had truly agreed with her.

Suddenly sensing someone's presence outside the room, Elias turned to open the door. He craned his head to look around only to end up frowning when the hallway was empty. The presence was gone. Did he imagine it?

With creased brows, Elias closed the door securely and the moment he returned his gaze to Evie, his eyes widened in panic.

"Oh, no!" he yelled and in a flash, he was next to Evie. His hands stretched out as he looked at her in horror. "T-t-that wine is not for you, Princess!" he cried. "Please give it to me."

Evie who had frozen the instant the butler had yelled out – as it was so unlike him – slowly removed the wine glass from her lips. Elias immediately took it from her hand, releasing that pent up breath as he berated himself for not taking the wine away as soon as he heard that the Prince would not be coming.

Still surprised, Evie could only stare at Elias, blinking and wondering what on earth was the problem with Elias or the wine. This decanter of wine was prepared on the table and similar to when they were back in the capital, she was also being served with wine. Could it be that... no, she was quite certain that it was not blood! It was a really delicious wine! So why was he reacting like this?

"How much did you... drink, My Lady?" he asked, looking really anxious.

Evie knitted her brows. "Is there something wrong with the wine?"

"Err... it's a wine made only for vampires to consume, My Lady. So, it wouldn't have been good for you." Elias spoke stiltedly and could not quite keep his eyes looking at Evie, feeling slightly nervous.

"Oh... I see," Evie looked away for a moment before she flashed a smile at Elias. "Don't worry, I only had a tiny little taste. You yelled out just in time."

Elias rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly and bowed. "I truly apologise about that, My Lady. I didn't mean to be so loud."

"It's okay. I understand." She said, still keeping on her gentle smiling face and Elias sighed in relief.

However once Elias was gone and she was alone in the room, Evie began to feel the stirrings of heat starting from deep within her. Thankfully, her bath was already prepared so she hastily peeled off the layers of clothes she had wrapped around her body.

She was only clad in her sheer undergarments when the door suddenly opened. Evie's hands flew upwards as she hugged herself while she slowly turned towards the door.

Gavriel was standing there, frozen, as he looked at her. His gaze glinting as it brushed over her with unnerving slowness. Evie could practically feel his eyes stroking her like a physical touch as she stood there for his perusal.

It amazed her how just the touch of his gaze could send her blood rushing into her face. He was only looking at her and yet the intimate places in her body already began to feel tingly, hot, and

bothered. The feeling of wanting to be touched by more than his gaze made her feel a little ashamed.

Blushing hard, Evie did not know what to do next.

"I... I... was just going to take a bath." She said, her eyes darting everywhere but on him.

"I see..." she heard him say and when she took a peek at him, he was removing his cloak as he approached her. "Let's go take a bath together, wife." His voice was calm, neutral. As opposed to those bright intense eyes and that seductive smile he threw her.

Evie's heart just quivered in her chest and she reddened even more but before she could say anything, he scooped her up in his arms and brought her to the tub. The heat in Evie's entire body seemed to intensify, or was it because of her husband, or was it the steam from the bath? Her mind seemed to not be functioning as smoothly as before, but she found that she could not care less.

Putting her down by the tub, Gavriel gazed down at her. "Will you let me do the pleasure of taking this off?" he asked, his fingers already touching her undergarments, careful to not let his fingers touch her skin.

Her eyes widened a little. Gavriel loved it when her face was red with embarrassed. He thought she was really adorable when she grew pinkish.

"I... it's fine, I can do it my -"

"Still shy?" he cocked his head. "But I already saw everything." His voice sounded amused. And he was right. He had already seen all of her.

Though embarrassed to the point she thought she would internally combust in flames, she could only nod. "Alright."

She was surprised with what she did and said and it seemed Gavriel was surprised too. Oh, my... what was the matter with her? How could she...

Something wicked gleamed in Gavriel's eyes as he caught his lower lips between his teeth. He was obviously pleased at his wife's favourable responses.

"You are... Thank you for allowing me, Evie." he said in a husky whisper and in a matter of seconds, her undergarments were efficiently removed from her body and was floating to rest on the carpeted floor.

Evie nibbled the inside of her lip. She had really allowed him to undress her and now she was in front of him, fully naked. Her heartbeat was strong against her chest as she covered her breast with her arms.

Chapter 57 - Something

"You're so exquisite, my love." He said, his gaze worshipfully running across every curve and dip of her delectable figure. But he stepped away. "Get into the water first while I undress. It's cold."

Even though Evie unusually was not feeling cold at all, she took Gavriel's hand and let him help her into the tub. She quickly lowered herself until all of her was submerged except her head, in the hopes of hiding her naked body in the water. The water felt too hot on her already feverish skin.

Evie could see him undressing from the corner of her eyes, but she did not dare turn that way to look and confirm her thoughts. She instead resolutely fixed her gaze at the fireplace, trying to calm herself from the seemingly growing fire inside of her. What was going with her, was she having a fever? But it did not feel like the fever she normally get...

"Wife," his voice pulled her attention back to him and she absentmindedly turned her head towards Gavriel.

"Hmmm? What is..." she replied distractedly but the rest of her words did not continue when her eyes was graced by the sight before her. She was completely stunned and rendered mute before her husband.

"I was just about to ask you to look if you like," he said mischievously, already knowing that she is looking her fill at that very moment and Evie could not bring herself look away. He simply looked magnificent.

When he made his way towards her, his hard muscles rippled in a stunning display beneath all that expanse of smooth skin. Evie could not help but glide her gaze down his perfection and when her eyes reached the thick length of him, she subconsciously swallowed. She had already seen all of him before, but it seemed that this was something she could not get used to. Or perhaps it would take more times for her to continue looking to get used to? Maybe because he was too much of a feast for the eyes... no one could ever get used to seeing his godliness!

Gavriel was already sitting before her when she finally got her wits back. He looked utterly pleased as he looked at the way she stared at him since a while ago. Evie looked away and wondered why she was not feeling the utter embarrassment she ought to be feeling at the moment.

The heat intensified even more that she felt like she could no longer handle it. She suddenly rose from the tub, water flowing in seductive splashes down her luscious curves, surprising Gavriel.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking up at her. "Don't tell me you're done with your bath when you have yet to start. Or... you don't like me here?" he added, deep lines formed between his brows.

"No..." she shook her head. "I... it's just... I'm... because I felt it was too hot..." her voice petered out and Gavriel blinked. His gaze erotically travelled from her face, down to her breasts and then her sex.

Mortified, Evie attempted to sit back into the water again to hide her nakedness, but unfortunately – or was it fortunately? – she slipped. Gavriel quickly caught her and the next moment, she found herself straddling him. Her hands were on his shoulders and his one arm around her waist.

She could feel his hardness throbbing thickly against her private place and the touch of their sexes seemed to have ignited an even larger flame. Evie suddenly let her body fall on him. She settled her forehead in the crook of his neck. Her breathing becoming heavier.

"Gav... riel... it's so hot." She uttered, sounding slightly confused.

Gavriel never expected her move at all. He had truly thought that she was going to pull away. His throat worked and his hand was about to touch her when he clenched them just as they were inches away from her delicate skin.

He instead grabbed the edge of the tub. His lips kissed her small shoulder, and he felt her quivering. He was amazed at her responsiveness today.

"Love... what do you want me to do?" he asked in a low rumbling voice.

Her arms around him tightened and her subtle movements almost made him lose his rationale right there, feeling her sex pressing a little harder against his length. She seemed to realize what she had done through the haze in her mind, and she froze.

"I... feel so hot. Please... do something." She whispered weakly, pleading for something... more.

"Something?" Gavriel could not help but tease her. Oh, how he loved teasing her too. "I think, I need you to be specific, love... tell me what this something is, and I'll willingly help out." he encouraged, smiling mischievously.

"I don't know... just do something, anything..." She moved again agitatedly and Gavriel was so caught off guard, a groan escaped his lips. Damn. This is bad. Was she really not aware of what she was doing?

"Anything? Be careful what you're saying, love..." he whispered in her ear. "You might regret it."

"I won't."

Gavriel's eyes widened as he arched his brows.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Even if I am going to touch you?"

"Will I feel better if you touch me?"

Her question elicited another wave of wicked desire and tormented amusement in Gavriel's eyes. His wife is definitely going to be the cause of his death one day. No, he would not be killed by anything – but his wife's innocently suggestive and unknowingly seductive ways. He took a deep steadying breath.

"Oh yes, love... you will feel a lot better... way better than just kisses, Evie..." he coaxed. His desire and hunger for her began to consume him as well. He had been dreaming for the day she would willingly allow him to touch her and explore that wonderful secret place. For many nights... he had been yearning to touch her. It had surprised him many times how ardently he wanted her.

There was a short silence. And when he felt her nod, it took all of his self-control not to grab and jump on her right then and there. A wordless curse vibrated inside his throat. He felt like this was too good to be true. Was she really... finally... letting him touch her?

"Oh, Evie... love... I need you to tell me. Look at me and say it. I want to hear you state it." He said and the agony of waiting for her to pull away and look at him was just almost too much to bear. Even though Evie did not actually take that long to do as he said.

Evie's eyes were dazed, intoxicated as she looked at him. She knew something was wrong with her at the moment, but she could not bring herself to care. Her body was screaming for him to something to her – to relieve that intensely consuming need that she instinctively knew only Gavriel would be able to quench and satisfy. The heat that had initially started out as a little spark now had consumed her and was unbearable.

"Touch me..." she moaned as her eyes stared pleadingly into his fiery eyes. "Touch me, Gavriel."

## Chapter 58 - Good Lord!

Evie supported her weight on his shoulders and rose to her knees when Gavriel stilled under her. She was too dazed to realize the primitive hunger dancing in his eyes.

"Gav –" she couldn't even complete his name because Gavriel suddenly moved and grabbed her. His strong arms wrapped around her waist, lifting her up slightly as he buried his head against her torso. Evie felt his forehead a feverish contrast as to the cool span of her upper body, helping her clear her muddled head a little.

"Evie... oh, god..." his tone was grave, his eyes were passion-drowsed as he cupped the soft shape of her breast with his one hand. He gently kneaded, squeezed it while his mouth kissed her throat.

His hands began to explore her body, on and on, she felt both his light and heavy touches alternately everywhere as if he were determined to leave nothing untouched and unexplored.

"Gav..." Evie moaned and gasped and strained at his touches and kisses. The strong hands tracing over every nook and cranny of her body awakened unspeakable fiery sensations.

Gavriel groaned. Completely absorbed in only feeling her, in finally touching her all over as he had done countless times in his dreams and imaginations. The reality is far superior to what he ever could have fantasised. The feel of her silky skin against his, touching her with his very own two hands was simply a divine luxury he wished to savour and drown in for the rest of his life. He wanted to hold her, touch her, kiss her like this forever.

"Evie..." He uttered her name with a shaky breath and when Evie glanced down at him with heavy lidded eyes, the look on her face sent an extreme thrill zinging through him. It was awakening something primal and savage inside him – and he was not in the mind of stopping it from emerging.

His mouth latched onto her breasts again, nibbling and licking while his hand travelled determinedly downwards – sure of the end goal.

Evie's heart was drumming violently as she wrapped her arms around Gavriel's head. Her erotic moans echoed and when she felt his hand touched her sex, a shocking jolt of desire made her gasp and tugged on his ink black hair. An unexplainable heaviness entered her limbs, rendering her muscles into a useless, fluid mass, fully supported by Gavriel's strength alone. Even her head felt like it was water-logged and as though she was trying to force her way through quicksand. It was obvious she was fighting a losing battle – one she is willingly surrendering to.

The irresistible and extreme hunger made her flesh clench in anticipation. The warm water and the warm hand touching her kept her stimulated while his mouth and other hand paid attention to her breasts felt the arousal was too much it was inexplicable and yet she wanted more. More...

She felt his fingertips wander, delicately searching, stroking her farther deeper, making Evie choke out sob – however, it was not one of despair but thick with desire. He played with her little peak next and then, his long finger probed her entrance.

Evie jerked in surprise but Gavriel efficiently distracted and soothed her. His mouth sucked the taut bud of her breast and as Evie gasped, he gently slid his long tapering finger inside her once again, deeper.

The invasion made Evie clench her fists in Gavriel's hair again. "G-gav..." she uttered between her gasps and moans as his finger began to stroke and slide within her with languid rhythm.

The fire blazed even hotter over every inch of her skin. Her head fell back as she felt his thumb playing skilfully across her pulsing bundle of nerves. And before she knew it, a second finger was already inserted inside her. She felt a slight burn as he stretched her carefully and tenderly.

Her moans started to become a little louder as his fingers reached deeper inside, giving her both slight pain and pleasure. That combination was driving her crazy! His fingers worked in delicate thrusts at first until her inner muscles began to relax and clamp down on his fingers and seem to be drawing him in deeper.

"Oh, Evie... just like that love..." he whispered encouragingly, as he drew back to look at her face.

He teased the straining little peak with his thumb, without stopping the gentle thrust of his fingers.

"Do you want me deeper? Faster?" he prompted, and Evie nodded and moaned. "Say it love... I want to hear your voice."

"Yes Gav... please... fast..." she panted, and of course, he gladly obeyed.

"My pleasure, love." He said and his fingers thrust faster, deeper without pausing – all the while, maintaining a steady but stimulating pace. Not allowing her a single moment to catch her breath. He did not relent from his delicious strokes and torment until Evie swallowed a scream and shuddered intensely in his hands.

Her knees gave in and she slumped over him, breathing hard as she came down from the heavens where he had momentarily sent her to.

"How was that? Way better than just kisses, right?" his deep hypnotic voice echoed in her ear.

Dazed, Evie nodded and pulled away. She wiggled and it was Gavriel's turn to groan.

Lust jolted him and he knew he was going to lose it very soon. He wanted to be inside her so very badly. She was ready for him – more than ready. He could feel it. Gods... he could not take it anymore.

With the last bits of whatever was left that of his shredded-up self-control, he restrained himself. He cannot – would not – take her here. He would ensure she was treated properly, given the finest treatment in their bed. He wanted to make sure she would be comfortable. Their first time must be done in the most proper place possible.

However, before he could move, Evie suddenly captured his mouth and kissed him. Gavriel's eyes went wide, not expecting an attack. Gods... his wife kissed him first?! He could hardly believe it. Did something happen today?

The little scrap of self-control he had been holding onto was about to snap when he suddenly broke the kiss.

His eyes shocked as he held her shoulders and made her looked at him. "You... my god... you drank wine?!"

Evie blinked and smiled goofily at him. It was the kind of smile that nearly made Gavriel's heart stopped. "Don't worry... It was only just a tiiiiiny gulp." After which she gave a little giggle.

The prince's mouth dropped, utterly speechless. So, she had actually allowed him to touch her because she was drunk... Good Lord!



Gavriel did not know what to say or do. Even if she indeed just sipped on the wine, that would be enough to make her drunk – as evidenced in her conduct right now.

His hand flew to his head and he ran his fingers through his hair, smiling in utter exasperation when suddenly, Evie grabbed his aching manhood. Another shocking move. No. She was drunk! God dammit!! He would be wearing out his teeth by the end of the day with the amount of gritting and clenching he had been doing!

Chapter 59 - Show Me

"Evie, stop –" Gavriel choked on his saliva as he was incredibly turned on but had to force himself to hold back for her sake.

She squeezed him gently and all he could do was groan. His hands that held her, the hands that was supposed to stop her trembled. This was bad. He wanted her so much it was killing him. He didn't want to stop her. The caresses of her delicate hands felt like salvation. He felt like a person who was dying of thirst in the desert and had finally found that saving jug of water – only to have it held at arm's length. It was so close yet so far that he felt himself nearing insanity.

Her lashes lifted as her hands continued caressing him and Gavriel sucked in his breath. Her hair had darkened because of their wetness. She was like a moon goddess that had emerged from some mystical lake.

"This is..." she opened her lips hesitantly. "What a man will put inside a woman, right?" she asked, shy and innocent. Not knowing that her innocent question was the most potent drug that could seduce even a marble statue.

Gavriel was speechless and mind blown. His heart was thundering in his head and he had to look away to stop himself from grabbing her. She was so bold she was driving him mad. But goodness! She was also drunk! He could see the catlike curiosity shining in her eyes.

He could only nod. He was aware that most virgin humans were not educated about these things as they believed that it was their husband's job to educate them.

She looked at him with wide eyes. "But it's... so big..." she muttered as she gazed down at the length that was pulsing in her hands. "I don't think it will fit..."

The wicked glimmer returned to Gavriel's eyes and before he knew it, he pinched her chin and spoke. "It will, love. You stretch too." He said and regretted as he could no longer make himself lean away from her.

Their gazes locked. The temptation was too strong. Gods! How did it end up like this? He was supposed to be the one to seduce her, not the other way around!

"Would you want me to show you... right now?" Gavriel's jaw clenched as he realized what he had just said. No, that's not right. It should not be right now. She's drunk! "I... mean not –"

"Yes." She cut him off, her eyes were serious and filled with anticipation mixed with determination. Desire was dancing wildly in her eyes again.

Gavriel swallowed hard. He was so disoriented he could not stop her in time when her hands shot out and wrapped them around his neck. Her mouth licked his neck, copying what he just did a while ago. She sucked and licked his skin clumsily, but her inexperienced moves were tempting and seductive

enough to burn off that little shred of self-control. And when she spoke and against his skin saying, "Show me, Gav...", his dear self-control did a complete turnabout, drowned itself and blissfully died.

The gentleness evaporated and his hands grabbed at her hips and buttocks in one greedy sweeping move. His mouth crushed against hers with vigorous unrestrained hunger and urgent pressure as he pulled her hard against him. He was growling with pleasure and need.

He tangled his fingers through her damp long hair and pulled her head back. His mouth searched the fragile skin of her throat and licked and sucked and kissed her there as if he wanted to devour her whole.

The savage desire was too much that Gavriel could hardly think. He felt his thoughts not being able to keep up with his actions. This had never happened to him before. He knew he had to stop before things really got out of hand. But how could he when he felt like he would rather suffocate to death than to stop? Is it even possible to want someone this much?! Especially when this someone was jerking against him like she truly and ardently wanted him inside her?

Gritting his teeth, Gavriel fought for self-control once again, against his better judgement. The realisation and memory of her being drunk had given him some sanity. He knew what the effects of vampire's wine were to have on humans. The vampires in the capital were making the human females sip the wine because it served as a potent aphrodisiac. And that was why his Evie was acting like this now.

He let her move against him, letting her feel every inch of him. But it was getting more and more unbearable, and he was afraid he would lose control again. Making a primitive sound, Gavriel grabbed her hips and guided her over his length.

"God, Evie..." his voice shaken and impassioned.

Sensations spreading, heat unfolding as their sexes continued rubbing against each other, creating unspeakable heat and delicious friction.

Gavriel cupped her squirming bottom and pressed her against him, helping her slide against him faster until she squirmed and both of them erupted in an intense rupture.

...

After washing Evie up, Gavriel dressed her and tucked her into their bed. She had fainted in the tub.

Gavriel smiled and shook his head amusingly at his contentedly sprawled out wife. He then laid next to her and watched her sleeping face for a long time before he kissed her forehead and put his arms around her, as he joined her in her slumber.

Hours later, Evie began to dream. However, it was more apt to call it a nightmare rather than a dream.

There was fire everywhere around her. She was surrounded by it and felt suffocated.

"Gavriel!!!" she was screaming in panic as she looked around for him. She was standing at the top of the watchtower by the wall.

Dacia was on fire. She screamed Gavriel's name again and again, but she could not see him anywhere. All she could see was fire everywhere. Her vision was filled with that red angry glare.

Tears began to fall from her eyes. It was getting harder to breathe. The air was blazing up, causing everything to turn into an inferno rather than that pure snowy-white scene that she knew Dacia to be. Even the tears that dripped from her eyes evaporated before they could roll off her face. She looked at the castle from afar and she fell on her knees, seeing a dragon in the sky. It was circling around the fortress and spitting flames of fire, intent on burning it down.

## Chapter 60 - Nightmare

Evie's eyes flung open. She was sweating and breathing hard as her wide opened eyes stared fixedly at the ceiling until she managed to get her breathing stabilized. How long had it been since she last had a nightmare? She could not even remember anymore.

To the members of the house of Ylvia, nightmares were not just some random or normal occurrence. For them, these were taken seriously and were messages of forewarning or signs of things to come.

Strangely, it was very rare for the members of the family to ever have nightmares. She heard that there were even some members who had never experienced having nightmares in their lifetime. Evie however had experienced it once, but that was when she was still a child, so she already knew how it felt.

Back home, if one of them would ever have a nightmare, they were required to immediately confess everything that they saw to the head of the family, the dragon keeper. This was a rule of the house that must not be broken, and everyone could only take it seriously because they knew that their nightmares had a very high chance of coming true in reality. They must never hide it if they ever had a disturbing nightmare especially the ones related to upcoming disasters – be it natural or manmade. The reason was because there would still have the chance to do something to stop the disaster from happening. She remembered her mother telling her, there have been many times they were able to stop the nightmares from becoming reality in the past all thanks to everyone playing their part in reporting whenever someone had a bad dream.

The still fresh images from the nightmare terrified Evie. Why was it that she saw a dragon burning Dacia down? The presence of the dragon could only mean one thing – that her father would be present here in Dacia.

A gasp escaped from Evie's mouth as she sat stiffly on the bed. She was supposed to be rejoicing with the knowledge that she was now certain her father would come for her. But instead, she was feeling the complete opposite. Instead of rejoicing in happiness, she was terrified and worried to death.

Remembering from her nightmare on how Dacia was set ablaze, Evie shivered, feeling frozen and apprehensive inside. Why did he need to burn the entire city just to get her? Is that truly necessary?

Suddenly, she remembered how she was screaming out Gavriel's name with such desperation and terror. And she felt the fear in her intensified and multiplied greatly. What would happen to her husband? Why couldn't she see him in her nightmare? Why was she looking so distraughtly for him? Could it be that...

The door opened and Evie was pulled from her horrible thoughts. She had been so caught up in her worrying thoughts that she did not hear the sounds of knocking.

"My Lady..." Elias carefully stepped through the doors after peeking his head through to check if Evie was awake. He was a little surprised that she was still on the bed and in her nightclothes. She usually wakes earlier and does not usually dawdle in getting ready.

Evie climbed off the bed. "Where is Gavriel?" she asked. Elias picked up the hint of desperation that tinged her voice and wondered what the matter was.

"His Highness is waiting for you in the watchtower, Your Highness." Also noticing that she seemed to be behaving oddly, Elias tilted his head slightly. "Are you alright, My Lady?"

"I..." Evie swallowed, and then fought for calm. "I'm fine. Give me a moment to get changed."

"Alright my lady. I shall be waiting for you outside." He bowed and stepped out the door, closing it behind him.

She hastily headed to the washstand and washed her face. Closing her eyes, she took few deep breaths to stabilise her emotions. She must stop being easily overwhelmed and think properly. What should she do?

When she came out of their quarters, Evie somehow looked better. Elias then escorted her to the watchtower. Along the way, he told Evie that Gavriel woke up earlier to check on some things with his men and had just returned.

Gavriel was already standing at attention when she finally saw him, as though he had already sensed her presence before he could even see her from the stairs. Flashing his heart-stopping smile, he eyed her with a gleaming stare as he pulled her chair out for her.

Evie could not help but be momentarily distracted from all her troubling thoughts and feelings. It was impossible for her not to be side-tracked whenever she was looking at him.

At first, she was struggling to act as she normally do but eventually, Gavriel managed to keep her focus on him as they ate and talked to each other.

"Last night..." Gavriel started just as they were finishing their supper. His gaze suddenly turned intense and deep as his hand which was about to wipe the corner of her lips with his thumb froze, suspended in mid-air. "You had allowed me to touch you." he added with a low voice and Evie finally remembered everything that happened while they were in the bath. Describing it as hot and steamy was literally putting it lightly. Evie could feel her heart picking up speed and her mind starting to whirl.

Her cheeks flushed hard. She began to recall the indescribable pleasure he had made her feel last night. She could remember and picture everything so vividly in her mind's eye.

Seeing her reaction, Gavriel rose from his seat and loomed over her. "You remembered." He breathed, suddenly looking very thrilled and incredibly intense. "Tell me something, did you allow it just due to the influence of the wine...? Evie?" he asked, his eyes blazing, looking at her as though he would devour her right there and then if she said no.

Evie's heart began to thump. She really did not know if the wine had been the main factor influencing her to finally let him touch her. But deep within, Evie just knew that the wine might even had nothing to do with it. Though she was certain the wine had lent her courage and bravery and perhaps killed her shyness in the process, she did not know when it started but she had been wanting – no – needing him to touch her. She had been desperately longing to know how his

touches felt, and now that she has had the experience of being held by him, touched by him, she knew it was no longer possible for her to say no. Because even at this very moment, she was still wanting and craving for him to touch her again. The only difference was that now, she wants to feel him while she was completely sober and was not under the influence of any form of wine, drugs, or aphrodisiacs.

Looking at him with her own eyes glimmering, Evie swallowed and then opened her lips to answer.

But before any word could leave her lips, one of his men, the big fellow named Luc, landed before them, giving Evie quite a shock.

"Pardon me Your Highness. But My Prince, you must hear this. Caius and his army are approaching!"