

SPELLBOUND

Chapter 7: Over

Bone-chilling growls filled Evie's ears as soon as the carriage door was closed. Her eyes were still wide and her hand was left hanging in midair in a failed attempt to stop her husband from leaving. She knew by the monstrous sounds alone that the beasts had come. Why? It was not even nighttime yet!

Evie's throat ran dry. Her face became even paler as she noticed the sounds becoming louder and louder. The beasts were approaching closer and it seemed that there weren't just two or three of them. It sounded like a whole tribe had come for them. Her hands flew to her heart as the fear spread throughout her entire body. What was going to happen? Was she going to die here?

Dull sounds of what seemed like a sword slashing into flesh filled the air and the growls became more violent. She felt the earth-shaking thuds which caused the carriage to shake. She wanted to hear Gavriel's voice but all she could hear was the overwhelming sounds of battle that she never wanted to hear. "Please, don't get hurt! You can't leave me here alone! Let me know you're still there!" Evie murmured as she trembled on the carriage floor.

Crouching on the floor, Evie crawled towards the door with what little strength she could muster. Her mind and body were becoming numb from both fear and the cold. All she wanted in that moment was to know that her husband was still alive. The loud, barbaric noises faded into the background in her hazy mind as she concentrated on getting to the door to look for her husband.

With trembling hands, Evie reached for the door but before she could touch it, the carriage shook again from a large something - hopefully a dead beast - crashing against it, causing her to be thrown back to the opposite wall.

Evie yelped as her body crashed against the wall. It seemed that her nightmare had come to life again - the most terrifying nightmare she had ever had. Years ago, Evie was attacked by vampires while she was traveling and after that experience, she had re-lived that moment many times in her nightmares. But at that time, her mother was with her and many guards traveled with them for protection. The fight back then was fierce and Evie was terrified but her mother had held her in her embrace the entire time, reassuring her that their guards were amazing soldiers and that they would be okay, until the fight was over.

This time was completely different. She had no one to hold onto. No one was with her in this horrifying situation telling her that she was going to be okay, that they would defeat their enemies and even more terrifying was that she knew they had no guards. Even if

her husband was a vampire prince, could he really go against that many beasts and survive? What if... what if her husband was already...

The fear in her heart was too much and it was getting harder for her to breathe. Still, she crawled towards the door again but the moment she touched the door, she noticed that her world became eerily quiet. Tremors shook Evie's body and she swallowed. What happened? Was it over? Was he all right?

Evie bit her trembling lips and she pushed the door open. The freezing wind welcomed her but she didn't freeze because of the cold, she froze upon seeing what lay before her.

Huge, furry, bloody, ash-colored beasts were scattered on the ground. They looked like gigantic wolves. Body parts of the beasts were scattered all along the white snow painting the ground red where they lay. Evie also spotted a leg of a man which she assumed, even prayed to be the coachman's and not her husband's, next to one of the beast's heads. The sight made the already pale Evie turn almost as white as a sheet of paper. The gore that was spread before her eyes made her body feel completely numb that she didn't know if she was still breathing.

And then, there he was, the vampire prince she had wanted to see. He was standing in the middle of three huge beasts that had fallen around him. He stood as still as a painting, chest heaving from the exertion as he scanned his surroundings, holding his sword upright before him. His sword was painted scarlet and his black coat was dancing in the wind behind him.

When he turned and looked at her, the world screeched into a halt. His eyes that used to look like a calming pair of silver moons were gone. They were replaced by an intense and bloody-red pair of eyes. Those were the eyes of the monsters in both her reality and nightmares. She felt like the god of death was staring at her and her body fell backwards onto the carriage floor.

The man halted for a few seconds at the sight of her reaction but then he continued approaching the carriage, stopping by the door. Evie had her face buried against her knees, as if not seeing him would lessen her fear. She hugged herself in a fetal position, trembling uncontrollably.

Gavriel stared at her and the sight of her made him think that she was like a little white bunny cowering in fear because a hungry wolf had cornered her to her demise. His jaws clenched but he remained calm as he quietly cleaned and sheathed his sword.

He remained standing by the door. "Evielyn," he called out. His voice was gentle. "It's over. There's no need to be scared now. I'm here, don't be scared."