

# SPELLBOUND

## *Chapter 9: Slow*

The men creased their brows, with heads cocked to one side. However, despite the confusion which were visibly portrayed on their faces, everyone immediately obeyed and took off their cloaks.

"Give them to me," Gavriel ordered and once again, the men glanced at each other, except Samuel who had kept his eyes set on the vampire prince.

One by one, the men approached the carriage, single file and handed their cloaks which they had flicked off earlier to remove any dust and dirt and all neatly folded, to their prince. The vampire prince's face was so serious that no one dared question what he was about to do. The men could only wait to see what he intended to do with all those cloaks. And then, they watched him carefully and slowly wrapped the human girl with their cloaks.

Their eyes widened in shocked surprise, mouths hanging open speechlessly. Their prince was moving so damned slowly that to them, a turtle might be moving faster than him. Vampires move quick and it was no difference for this prince. In fact, Prince Gavriel's speed was actually unmatched so just watching him now moving so excruciatingly slow had them almost gasping as though they would get heart attacks. Why? Why did he need to move so exaggeratedly slow like that?

No matter how these men try to reason out their prince's action, they couldn't understand. They knew about female humans being frail but wasn't he being a little too much? Or was he afraid to wake her up? But why would he be afraid to wake her up? They couldn't think of any answer that was logical enough for them.

The five able bodied vampires were all scowling as they remained still, watching the oh-so-slow-moving show before them. They never knew something like this would frustrate them to no end. Even though they were only watching.

After what felt like an eternity, the prince finally managed to put on the last cloak around the human girl. The vampires silently and collectively breathed out their held breaths, it was as if there was an inaudible 'at long last' that was released simultaneously, in their minds.

Now completely wrapped up in thick and all-black garments, Gavriel double checked to make sure that the girl was covered properly from head to toe before he finally lifted his face. He moved out of the carriage with the girl in his arms and spoke.

"We will travel slowly," he ordered and with that, he leapt. His men trailed closely after him, happy to be finally moving again.

But then, after a few minutes, his men found themselves scowling at their situation once again. They couldn't help it. It was because the 'slow' their prince had mentioned wasn't even the kind of slow that they or all vampires knew. This was... bloody, bloomin' slow...

Levy's comrades simply shrugged but their expressions all indicated that the same thoughts were running through their minds as well. They were among the best of all the vampire warriors – the elites. They never, ever travelled or moved this slowly in their entire lives! They didn't even know that something like this would actually frustrate them so badly until now that they were seeing and experiencing it first-hand.

'Bloody hell! Zolan, tell his highness that the girl will definitely not die if we sped up a little! For goodness' sake. This is too much!' Levy complained again.

'Why don't you tell him yourself?' Zolan responded with a devil-may-care look on his face.

Frustrated, Levy turned his gaze to his stoic looking comrade named Luc, who gave the same reaction.

'Ugh, you do it Reed!' Levy said to the youngest looking one but the man named Reed, just blinked innocently and averted his gaze away, ignoring Levy.

'His Highness is acting strange! What the hell happened to him? Did the humans do something to him? One of us should've at least escorted him when he set foot in the human's land!' Levy continued complaining, leaping or bouncing backwards while facing his comrades.

'It's not like this is the first time His Highness set foot in the human's land. He'd even reached the Southern empire a few times,' Zolan replied.

'But this is the first time he lingered inside a human's castle. What if –'

'Stop it Levy, His Highness is not a fool to let anyone do such a thing to him. And do you really think any human can do anything to His Highness?'

'But...!' Levy pressed his lips together and shook his head in frustration as they continued the most frustrating travel they ever encountered in their lives.

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When Evie opened her eyes, she was in blissful ignorance for a few sweet moments. It felt like she had awakened from a very deep sleep. She blinked owlishly without moving for a while and when she turned around, she immediately stiffened.

A man was lying next to her, and he was... naked. Evie's eyes widened as she rose. She was about to yelp in alarm but as her eyes jumped to the man's face, she froze.

The memories came flooding in. Everything, since the night of her wedding, the blood and gore, up till she passed out inside the carriage. Her chest tightened so hard that she had to desperately drag air into her lungs.

When breathing slowly became easier, Evie swallowed hard as she gazed at the man, her vampire husband's face. His appearance when he had those terrifying bloody-red eyes suddenly flashed in her mind, and a shiver travelled up her spine. The thought of wanting to run away and escape came to her, but her mind quickly dismissed it, reminding her that she had nowhere else to run and there was nothing she could do.

She took a deep breath, trying to find her control as her eyes remained fixated on her husband's face. The longer she stared at his breathtaking face, Evie somehow felt it helped her calm down. She didn't know how but it seemed his beauty had miraculously settled the fear in her heart. Was it because he looked so peaceful, innocent and harmless while asleep?

Evie bit her lips as she forced herself to stop being mesmerized by the vampire prince's beauty. But before she could force her eyes off him, she was reminded of his nakedness and her eyes circled once again. Her face burned while her eyes literally inched from his face downwards, to his neck then his muscular and lean chest, and then his perfect abs that were half covered by the blanket. Evie's lips subconsciously parted, utterly distracted and mesmerized until something registered in her that drove the blood out of her face.

Her eyes whipped towards herself and when she saw that she was fully dressed, she finally let out the breath she didn't know she was holding in.