

## SPELLBOUND 91

### Chapter 91 - Not Enough?

At the sudden soft but determined lips of Evie that descended on him, Gavriel felt his whole being jolt in shock. Gavriel had never expected a kiss to be coming so voluntarily and determinedly – especially one from his usually shy and reticent wife – so his eyes widened at the touch of her supple and pouty lips against his, unable to believe what was happening. Was she really kissing him without him asking? This had got to be a dream, albeit a crazy wonderful one though. And he was not minding it one bit. That was right, he was not the one who was asking for a kiss. He simply told her to persuade him! He did not ... then why... oh, God...

A blurry memory flashed in his mind and Gavriel saw Evie kissing him in the darkness. That was right, this was not actually the first time she had done this. She had kissed him like this too in the dungeon, back when he was still under the influence of his inner monster. Though there were flashes of memories that he could somewhat recall, Gavriel's memories about what happened in the dungeon was not very clear. It was as if he had been drunk all that time and could only remember blurry snippets of what had happened.

Why did she kiss him that time? And more importantly, in that state of his too? Was she not afraid? She who usually trembles even when he turned his full gaze on her initially when they were newly married. Thinking back on that time, he could not help but let out a chuckle as he still thought how adorable she was even when frightened and she was acting like a little fearful rabbit. Now just look at her and how she had blossomed. Her forwardness and courage were totally welcomed and like a breath of fresh air as opposed to that little rabbit persona she had earlier on.

"There," she breathed out in satisfaction and then pulled away, staring at him. Her clear and crystal-like eyes were focused on his face, trying to catch any and every single response that he would display. Her sharp gaze was making sure she did not miss anything.

Seeing that Gavriel remained immobile for quite a few seconds, Evie blinked and tilted her head a little. "Still... not enough?" she asked shyly, biting her lower lip as her cheeks flushed incredibly red. When he asked her to persuade him, Evie did not know why she had suddenly thought of nothing else but just on kissing him. The memory of the feel of his lips pressed to hers completely filled her mind's eye and she could not think of anything else. Perhaps, she too had desperately wanted to kiss him in this beautiful, dark garden, under the moonlight – being affected by the mood and surroundings. Or maybe it was the simple reason of her just missing the taste of his lips so dreadfully during the time of his absence ... or perhaps, both. Whatever it was, she found that she could not care less anymore. She was past holding back and trying to deny her true feelings for this vampire royal, who was her husband.

Realizing that, she felt a little shock at this personal admission in her mind. But she quickly shrugged it off, knowing that it would not make a difference now anyway.

Focusing her mind back on her husband, to her surprise, there was no reaction from Gavriel. She deliberately waited for him to respond to her actions – to kiss her back – but he did not show any inclination to do so. And now, he was simply staring at her, as if she did something he did not expect at all. Could it be that... he did not want a kiss but was actually hoping for something else? If so, what was it that he wanted? Evie felt conflicted as she was unsure what else could she have

done, when she had given so much courage in taking that first move to go to him and kiss him so forwardly.

The thought made Evie felt crestfallen and mortified, suddenly not knowing what to do. She felt her heart pound nervously and the tips of her fingers suddenly grew colder. Her once confident and sultry gaze lowered, and her bright crystal-like eyes could be seen to have dimmed considerably. She suddenly felt ashamed and the thought of bolting away crossed her mind.

Her hands around his neck quickly loosened and she was on the verge of removing them when Gavriel came to and suddenly cursed. "Damned it," he whispered and before Evie quite knew what was happening, his mouth had seized hers.

Evie's eyes flew wide opened with surprise but only a few seconds passed before she eventually gave in to the sensations that were being brought out in her and her lashes fluttered close, slowly, unable to resist the toe-curling pleasure from this living temptation. He kissed her savagely like a hungry beast, as if his life depended on it. Until his tongue invaded her mouth. The slow and undulating movement melted Evie's bones and she strained against him, moaning.

She instinctively rose on her toes and her hands climbed higher to tangle themselves into his thick, silky dark hair, tugging him closer as she returned his kisses with as much fervour or perhaps, even more. She could feel the familiar sensations of her head spinning and recognised it as the immense pleasure that was starting to affect her mental faculties.

She felt the vibrations of his groans as his arms tightened its hold around her, pulling her against him as if he could not get enough of her closeness against him. She too, felt the same.

A paralyzing flare of sensations whipped through every muscle in her body. And she was surprised at how much she wanted him. The surging emotions and the sharp intensity of her feelings was something she still was not quite used to yet. However, with her husband here, she was quite sure she would be familiarising herself with these feelings quite speedily, no doubt about it. She could not even stop her hands from clutching his hair, pulling him to her even though their bodies were already pressed against each other. She wanted him so much. Much more than what she had ever thought or imagined she ever would.

"Oh, Evie..." he groaned, his deep voice was gravelly, velvety.

Gavriel's mouth travelled down to her jaw line and then lower down to her slender swan-like neck. A faint yet intoxicating scent welcomed him and his mouth watered, remembering the heavenly taste of her blood that had flooded into his mouth when he drew from her previously.

The image of himself sucking on Evie's blood flashed in his head and Gavriel jerked away without warning. Evie who was stunned with shock swayed because of the sudden absence of the anchor that was supporting her.

## Chapter 92 - My Thoughts

She fell backwards but just before her back could hit the ground, Gavriel caught her. He could have easily kept himself from falling as he caught Evie as well, but Gavriel was just too disorientepd and stunned from that memory that his body and brain were a split second later in responding.

And thus, he fell along with Evie, twisting his strong and agile body at the very last moment so he would be the one to fall on the ground first in order to cushion her, allowing her to have a softer

landing and not get hurt. His arms curled protectively around her as well, not wanting her to even sustain a scratch on her precious self.

Evie was still gasping from their intense kiss when she pulled her body up and looked down at him. Why did he jerk away so suddenly like that? Her gaze was full of questions and there was also a little spark of discontent shining in them as she pinned her large eyes on Gavriel.

The sight of him lying on the grass and his eyes reflecting the moonlight made him look like a pagan god of seduction. He was breathing hard as he looked at her.

"Are you alright?" he asked worriedly as he attempted to lift his upper body up when Evie pressed down on him, her hands splayed flat on his chest as she straddled him.

Evie tried her best not to forget what was in her mind and the things that she had wanted to say as his face in that moment was even more distracting than it usually was.

Shaking her head, Evie stared deeply into his eyes with utter seriousness. "Why..." she pressed her lips tightly, her fingers clenched into tight fists in his clothes. Since she woke up, Evie did not know why but she felt like Gavriel was constantly spacing out. It was as if he was being bothered by something.

Because he had concealed it very well, Evie initially had only thought she was probably just thinking too much. But with what he did just now made Evie realized there was truly something off with him – there was something troubling him deep inside. That sort of reaction just now was something she could no longer ignore. "Tell me... what's wrong?" she finally asked.

Since the day they got separated in the watchtower, Evie had realized how much Gavriel meant to her. When she was waiting around in the castle for his return, Evie was overwhelmed with the feelings she had. Her fear that he would get hurt in the battle or even perhaps that he might even not return to her again was too much for her to bear thinking about and was totally maddening. It was then when she had fully realized what Gavriel truly meant to her now. He had come to mean more to her than she had ever imagined.

She realized that she would be willing to do everything and anything for him. Because she already knew that the her right now, would not be able to take it if she were to lose him in this life.

Gavriel's eyes slightly widened at her question for a moment and his hands went to her forearms, gripping them loosely. "Evie..." his voice died out.

"I feel like you're somehow avoiding trying to be alone with me lately. And now... I'm also wondering if you ... don't want my kiss-" Evie stated, hoping to probe out the problem.

"Gods, no!" he cut her off and then rose to hug her as she straddled him. "No. You're wrong, love –"

"Then why? Tell me. You were the one who told me you don't want to have any more misunderstandings happening between us ... right?" Evie argued, her voice now becoming emotional. It could be due to the many intense events that had happened one after another during the past few days. But Evie was quickly losing her cool. She could feel her voice trembling and her eyes getting hot and teary.

"I'm so sorry..." Gavriel sighed and rubbed her hair gently. "Don't cry, please –"

"I'm not crying. But if you keep on acting like this, I might really cry, and I won't stop even if you beg me to!" Evie's voice was tight, and her throat felt like a lump was stuck in it. Her view started to blur as a watery screen seemed to have enveloped her vision.

The threat in her voice made Gavriel chuckled helplessly and kissed her forehead. "Alright, love. Calm down. I'll tell you." Gavriel placated Evie with a gentle voice, calming her down and getting her to stop pacing in front of him.

Evie pulled away to look carefully at his face. Their gazes met and Gavriel's eyes glimmered with something unfathomable as he caressed her cheek with his knuckles. "Yes. The truth is that I am avoiding trying to be alone with you because I feel like you would seduce me as soon as no one is around but us –"

Suddenly, Evie pinched his cheek hard as she glared at him. "Please be serious." She told him, bemused. But Gavriel found that her expression and what she was doing to his cheeks were just totally adorable and he ended up chuckling out loud again. Gods, this woman can break him without any effort at all ... he could not believe that she was making him feel so many contradicting emotions all at once. She could freeze him to death and burn him to ashes all at the same time. If he had not had that iron control he was quite proud of, he was quite certain that he would be very similar to a tiny boat tossed around at sea in the middle of a cyclone.

"I'm serious, love. You are supposed to be resting tonight." Gavriel replied to Evie with an even and amused voice, trying to make her see that he was being serious about her resting and recuperating from the blood loss she had to bear due to him.

Evie narrowed her eyes and the suspicion in those amber eyes made Gavriel sigh, as well as smiled at the same time. This was the same woman who blindly put all her faith in him in his worst state and yet she doubts his words right now when he was most sane and calm? "You are truly such an unbelievable creature, Evie. I told you, I am very serious. If only you could see my thoughts all these time – no, it's better that you can't see –"

"I want to know. Your thoughts. What were you thinking about all this while? I honestly am curious to know..."

Gavriel's gaze deepened. The grey eyes smouldered through his thick and long lashes. The look in his eyes made Evie subconsciously swallowed her saliva.

"I've been thinking about what I'd do to you if no one is around..." he started. "I've thought of the countless ways of taking you. Now that I'm allowed to touch you, my mind is filled with what I'd do to you first. And during those times whenever we walked down the quiet corridors, I've thought multiple times, of just pushing you to the wall, pulling your dress up and kicking your legs apart..."

### Chapter 93 - Irony

At that point, Evie's eyes were wide with shock and her lips were parted as well. Gavriel was saying all those arousing words to her, while locking his intense sexy eyes on her, making her insides burn and itch with a passion that would not be so easily doused.

"And then I would finally take you and finally make you mine completely..." Gavriel added in an erotic and long-suffering tone.

But despite the shock and embarrassment that suffused her face initially, Evie somehow recovered quite quickly this time. Though her eyes were blinking owlishly at Gavriel, her mind still managed to function well enough to follow through with the facts that she held tightly to – which was the matter she was wanting to find out.

"T-then why did you suddenly... jerked away when I kissed you earlier?" her voice got smaller when her question neared the end.

Gavriel stilled and the look in his eyes changed a little. The insane lust disappearing.

"I..." Gavriel hesitated and he looked away and settled his gaze to the darkness. "I smelled you and the memory of me drawing on your blood flashed in my mind." his voice was sullen and full of self-reproach.

The confession made the two of them quiet. Evie nibbled the inside of her lips at the realization of her husband's predicament. She did not know what the effect on him was now that he had tasted her blood. She had truly hoped that nothing wrong would come out of it. But all she knew now was that it was not something positive, judging from the way he jerked away from their heated kiss.

"Are you alright?" she asked weakly. "Is it very hard... for you to be this close to me now?" her voice cracked a little even though she tried her best to stay composed and not let him know how crestfallen she was. The thought that she was making him suffer and the thought that she might not be able to get closer to him anymore made her feel a lump forming in her throat. She wanted him too, so bad... so desperately bad... the desperation nearly frightened her. She wanted nothing but him now. And it seemed as if that it was better for her to stay away from him as it would trigger something negative within him. That thought just made her want to run away and hide in one dark corner to cry her heart out. Now that she was ready and willing to meet his advances and seduction, it turns out that he wanted to stay away from her!

She had finally given in at long last, after resisting a losing game for what felt like eternity. Yet now that she finally let him touch her, take her, hold her all he wanted, he was now the one hesitant to touch and hold her because of the fear that he might be tempted to suck her blood again. The irony elicited a bitter smile from Evie, thinking that some mischievous god was playing with their fates. When he was chasing her previously, she was busy running away. Now it seemed as if she was doing the chasing and he was the one running from her. It was truly the ultimate irony!

Evie already knew that Gavriel would never risk her again and it would be selfish of her to tell him it was alright. Because it was never alright to him. She could see it in his eyes, that he hated himself for sucking her blood – for even biting into her in the first place.

Crestfallen, Evie pulled away from him. She did not know what else she could do. She did not want to cause him any further torment. She knew how anguished he was when he accidentally killed that human girl the last time. Though he did not kill her, drawing so much blood from his own wife must have hurt him inside in ways that she could not possibly understand.

But Gavriel did not allow her to go. He hugged her instead and he drew in a deep breath like he was trying to savor her scent instead of responding to her.

"Evie..." his breath fanned over her skin in an erotic waft, making her shiver slightly in his arms.

"Are you not... afraid of me?"

His question made Evie go still in his arms.

"You have seen me..." he paused, his grip on her tightening, as if he was afraid that she would run away, "in my worse state. I'm a monster –"

"No, you're not!" Evie blurted out. She had to make it clear that he understood she did not see him as a monster. That misunderstanding she would not allow.

Gavriel was surprised by her loud and immediate response and he pulled away and looked seriously at her.

"You're not a monster." She repeated, cradling his face in her palms with all the gentleness in the universe. "But even if you are... I won't fear you. Never." She gave him a brilliant and trusting smile after that statement.

His eyes slowly widened with utter shock. Her complete trust in him, her utter confidence in his ability to keep her safe, was so very humbling to him that it could only bring him to his knees.

"No matter who or what you claim you are, you're Gavriel, the man I married... the man who took care of me in this foreign land despite all my indifference, the man who patiently dealt with all my shortcomings..." her eyes emotional. "Yes, you frightened me sometimes but I will never run away from you. Because I..." her lips trembled slightly.

Evie knew she could no longer keep her promise. She surrendered. Because she realized she would not be able to leave him anymore. She did not know when did her feelings for him grew to this extent but what happened in the dungeon made Evie realized that she was beyond help right now. She had realized that she was prepared to do anything and everything for him. She was also certain that even if her father would come to get her at this very moment, she could never bring herself to leave Gavriel willingly anymore. Because he was her life now, her heart was already his. How could she live a life without him now? She was already spellbound by him, beyond redemption.

"I... I love you..." she continued as a lone crystalline tear fell from the corner of her eye. "No matter what you are... I love you."

#### Chapter 94 - I'm Yours

"I love you, Gavriel..." These tumbled from Evie's lips. Her heart was so full of emotions for this person before her that it was all she could do to utter these three little words that had been used so often that others might not feel the impact any longer. However, her lips could only express what her heart – no, every fibre of her being – was filled to the brim of. Just saying those words was already making her tremble with so many emotions she could not think straight.

So, she focussed her eyes, heart and mind on the very person who triggered such a tsunami of emotions to surge forth from the depths of her. Though she still could feel those roiling feelings, this man she called her husband was like a beacon. The firm and sure lighthouse that gave direction to her heart that was tossed about in the sea of emotions. She was certain that she has no regrets giving her heart to this person. And a beautiful smile bloomed across her lips.

From Gavriel's point of view, as those words uttered by his little wife echoed over and over in his head, his body remained motionless. His eyes wide and he was completely bereft of speech.

And when Evie made her move and planted an innocent yet incredibly emotional kiss on his lips, Gavriel lost it all and he seized her mouth just as she was pulling away. Their lips barely parted a hair's breadth when he captured those lips again in a kiss so desperate and ardent, it was as if he

were determined to claim everything that was hers or coming from her – even the very vapour of her breath.

Gavriel could not explain what he was feeling, the moment he heard those words, everything seemed to disappear and there was nothing else in this world that mattered but just him and her. He did not know what to say. He could not. His mind was just that overwhelmed by those three little words others throw around so casually. Even he did not expect his reaction to be this exaggerated. Wholly because of his little wife. All he knew was that what he felt right now was too much that no words could ever explain it. It was more the case that words to explain what he was feeling at this moment had not been discovered or created yet. No, there was just no words worthy enough to describe this feeling he had for her.

All he could do was embrace her as tight as he could and kiss her with everything that he had and utter her name. If the words have yet to be created, then he would just show her with his actions. "Oh, Evie..." he uttered against her lips and then kissed her again, so passionately, possessing her completely with a soul-stealing kiss, until she was rendered breathless.

"Gavriel," she whispered between her breaths and his lips came crashing against hers again, his tongue invading her mouth again as if he just could not get enough. As if it would kill him if he did not continue kissing her and Evie was completely helpless. She too, wanted the kiss to never end. If only she could continue without the need to take in air!

Without realizing it, her hands around his neck moved with a mind of their own and her dainty elegant hands touched the muscles of his broad back and caressed the back of his neck.

Gavriel groaned at her fluttering touches and his kisses became even wilder, deeper, as though her caresses were a jar of oil thrown into the fire. And before she knew it, he had eased her back onto the lush, thick grass. Her heavy cloak served as carpet while his hand cradled her head.

She moaned as the pressure of his kisses increased. His hands began to caress her tenderly and she could do nothing but surrender until her nipples tingled at the touch of his artful ministrations.

Pleasure was starting to consume her. The sensual heat was just too much and yet she could not seem to get enough. She wanted more. No, she craved for more.

Subconsciously, Evie clutched a handful of his clothes. She wanted him, needed him, closer, no, not just closer, she wanted to feel his naked skin pressed directly against hers. Her lips frantically kissed him back, showing him just how much she wanted him as well. She never thought she would ever act so shamelessly like this. Her body craved for him so hungrily and she had no control of it. Oh, Gavriel... what have you done to me?

Her body twisted and undulated under him, accommodating him, urging him, as small sobs broke from her throat. And then, the tight bodice of her gown loosened.

Gavriel did not release her mouth at any time as his hands continued moving to free her from the layers of clothes that were wrapping about her. There were just too many layers in his opinion, as his fingers worked quicker to get rid of these hurdles that were stopping him from getting to his final goal. Her cloak was spread under her on the grass.

And then at last, her breasts were released from her dress and the moonlight shone on her. But Gavriel suddenly broke the kiss and panting, he spoke.

"I'm so sorry. I couldn't... resist..." that last word was nearly inaudible as his gaze stared down at her. She was like a goddess. With her silvery blond hair spread out on the black cloak and her pale skin and milky-white breasts exposed to the moonlight. She was so breathtakingly stunning that Gavriel was rendered speechless as if completely mesmerized.

"Gav..." Evie uttered as she lifted both her hands, as if inviting him to take her and ravage her.

Gavriel swallowed hard. The devil knows how hard he fought to keep himself from ripping all her clothes at that very moment and taking her on the spot without any fanfare.

"No. Oh god, Evie," he had to grit his teeth to speak but he could not even force himself to take his eyes off her. "You're not... you're still unwell... I can't –"

"I'm fine." she cut him off, her eyes glimmering with unspeakable desire that made her look even more ravishing. "I'm yours... take me Gavriel..."

## Chapter 95 - Damn It!

Once again, Gavriel lost it. Only this time, he truly and completely lost it – his mind, his rationality, his gentlemanliness. His mouth came crashing against hers as both his hands grabbed a breast each, caressing it so hungrily yet tenderly until Evie was reduced to a whimpering mess of pleasure. He broke the kiss and his mouth trailed downwards, to her jaw, her neck and then to one of her peaks.

Gavriel had completely lost awareness of everything, of where they were. He was even lost to the point as to not knowing who he was anymore at that moment. All he knew was he wanted this woman. He wanted to take her, and nothing could stop him any longer. He had never admitted it before this, but he could not take it anymore. He always knew that fighting his desire for her was an impossible feat and yet he somehow managed to survive it time and again – until now. It was already a miracle he had been able to last for this long considering her overwhelming effect on him. But it had always been a torture and he could no longer take this rough treatment on his own body to his detriment. This was the very limit of his long suffering. He will take her, right here, right now.

A pleasure induced moan was torn from Evie's throat as Gavriel sucked on her currently over-sensitive nipple. The tip of his tongue circled the edge of the buds so skilfully until Evie's fingers curled with pleasure and her nails dug into his biceps.

Quivering from the gratifying pleasure, Evie's fingers tugged at his hair. He sought her mouth again and their kiss became even more aggressive, igniting an even wilder flame which kept on burning between them that made Evie's limbs go utterly weak.

Then she felt her skirt being eased upwards. His warm, large hand on her knee travelled upward until he reached the tender flesh between her thighs.

Through the veil of linen, his fingers traced her shape and stroked her until she arched against his hand helplessly, moaning his name. If she was dizzy with emotions earlier, her mind is now officially and totally lost.

He fondled her, soothed her, and then after what seemed like an eternity, he finally stopped the torture and his fingers slipped beneath her undergarment. She gasped at the feel of his long and strong fingers gliding over her, parting her curls, and teasing her taut bud. Delicately, Gavriel's finger finally slid into her wetness, and stroked her in a delicious rhythm until Evie's heels dug into the grass.



"Gav..." she writhed around helplessly, desperately and she knew she was close to feeling that heavenly release he had made her feel twice before. "Give it to me... please..." she pleaded, looking at him with intoxicated eyes, gleaming, reflecting the bright moonlight above.

Gavriel marvelled at the sight of her, pleading him and a wicked gleam lit up in his eyes and he was about to increase his pace when he suddenly stopped. He pulled his fingers off from her and Evie gasped in protest.

"Don't pull—"

She was suddenly buried in his arms, wrapped securely as if he was trying to fully envelop her in his embrace.

"Damn it! What the hell is it?!" Gavriel groaned in a guttural way, he was still breathing so heavily. Evie was startled by his voice that was still raspy with desire, but she immediately quickly came to realize that he was not talking to her.

"Err... I didn't mean to disturb, Your Highness... but the duke and the other officials are on their way here. I don't think you'd be happy if they see... you and the princess... in... err... such a public..."

"Damn!" Gavriel groaned once again, cutting off Reed's broken and utterly embarrassed statement.

The vampire had his back facing them as he spoke. He knew it would just be signing his own death warrant if he were to be facing forwards and accidentally sneaked a peek at the princess. "Just for your information Your Highness, Zolan and Levy had already stopped a few vampires from heading this way as well. But I don't think we'll be able to stop the stubborn Duke and his officials from coming here... this is a very public place, so he'll definitely get suspicious if we try to bar him from entering. Not to mention the possibility that someone could suddenly leap and see you two from above. This is the public gardens after all... Unless you don't mind —"

"Enough! I get the picture!" Gavriel snapped and heaved an annoyed sigh, cutting off Reed's fast as a lightning explanation, while Evie's entire being flushed red with shame. How could she let him do this to her in such a public place? She knew she was the one who... oh god, what had happened to her?

While Evie buried her face in her palms, the duke and the officials had finally reached the area where they were at.

Wrapping Evie firmly with her own heavy cloak and making damned sure that nothing could be seen other than her head that was peeking out of it, Gavriel rose with Evie tucked securely in his arms. His face was severe as he walked towards the Duke and the officials who looked as if they have a million things to say but in the end were silenced at the ominous look in Gavriel's face.

He had been avoiding these officials since he had left the dungeon. The entire time, he had been staying beside Evie, afraid to leave her side so he had yet to meet the duke and the other officials.

"Y-your Highness, please stop playing hide and seek with us. We understand your infatuation with your wife, but you must prioritize —"

"Duke," Gavriel's sharp cold voice cut him off, "is the matter you're going to discuss with me more important than me finally deciding to sire an heir?"

Everyone fell silent at that question.

"Your Highness, you mean... you and the princess –"

"That's right. So, if the lot of you wish for an heir to be born soon, get the hell out of this castle for now and stop disturbing us, damn it!" Gavriel's voice finally peaked to a roar, expressing his utmost displeasure at having his pleasure-filled moments with his wife being disrupted.

## Chapter 96 - A Little Too Much

Everyone was left utterly speechless at Prince Gavriel's angry roar. He was not one who usually vent his wrath or frustrations out on people around him. This just told them how infuriated he was, and it was a personal affront to His Highness from the way he had acted. It took them a few moments to finally snap to attention and move themselves from being frozen from shock.

Their prince was long gone but none of the officials, the duke included, complained. Instead, their faces all looked utterly relieved, and a blissful and hopeful look bloomed on their taut faces. It seems as if everyone would be getting what they wanted – hopefully. All of them were pinning their hopes on the prince and praying that the princess would be cooperative as well.

Clearing his throat, the duke faced the other officials with as solemn a face as he could pull. "It seems we must postpone this meeting and empty this castle as he wanted." He said and everyone nodded. "Now that he is finally fulfilling our most desperate wish, we must refrain from angering him. That would not be good for either of our cause." The duke nodded to himself as well.

"Your Grace... do you really mean it when you said that we should really empty out the castle?" one of his men asked. "Is emptying the entire castle really needed?" the man's face was filled with doubt, clearly expressing his thoughts in thinking that was totally unnecessary.

"Well," the duke hesitated, "if that's what the prince wants, so be it. Nothing is more important than the heir. We will do everything possible no matter how ridiculous his requests are, so long as he manages to sire an heir."

"Right." Everyone nodded in agreement. That was the main reason they all had gathered and tried to ambush him the moment they found out he was there in the gardens.

"Since we have all agreed on this unanimously, I'll go inform the duchess and everyone to evacuate this castle for now. But where would we be sending everyone to?"

"I'm certain the duchess will be more than happy to cooperate. In fact, she would be happier than us to hear of this news. So not to worry, she'll be arranging everything once she hears of this. Just go now and inform her of it." Duke Henry ordered and then the man was gone. "As for us," he swept his gaze to the other officials as he looked around. "Let us stay here in the garden for now. I'll have the servants prepare a comfortable place for us to speak."

The officials did not complain and simply nodded when Zolan suddenly butted in.

"Pardon me Duke Henry, but I suggest that if you really want an heir to be born soon, it would be best that we empty this garden as well." He suggested respectfully, causing the older vampires to crease their brows at him.

"The truth is His Highness is having a great time here before the lot of you arrived. That's why he was in such a foul mood when you came. It seems, His Highness likes doing it outside the

bedroom... I'm certain you know what I meant... so I suggest –" Zolan's voice betrayed his embarrassment only if one were to catch the slight quiver as he spoke. If not, his poker face did not suggest any change of emotions as he spouted out those words.

"Are... are you saying the truth?" The duke cut in quickly and looked at Zolan in surprise. In fact, everyone was surprised at that little bit of information that was leaked about their respected prince.

"I wouldn't lie about this, Your Grace. I too, like yourselves, want an heir to be born as soon as possible–"

"That's surprising. To think that His Highness..." the duke cleared his throat again before his voice became commanding, "Alright men, it seems that the garden is no good too. We will empty the entire castle's vicinity. This is for the sake of an heir, so I bid you all not to complain and bear with it for now. We will give him the perfect environment that he wants. Have everyone evacuate now." Duke Henry rolled out the orders.

As the duke and the officials left, Levy was shaking from trying not to burst into laughter.

"Pfft. I can't believe this. What in the world, haha..." Levy even pressed his palm into his stomach as his whole body shook with laughter. "Aren't you destroying our prince's oh so perfect reputation, huh, Zolan?"

"Who cares about reputation at this rate? And it's not a lie anyway. His Highness had also shamelessly declared it himself earlier on didn't he? It is those officials who are just slow to react and comprehend the matter at hand." Zolan's voice totally conveyed his feelings on the matter.

"Haha. What do you mean it's not a lie? His Highness has never done something like this before."

"That's the point. His Highness has never had a woman outside of the bedroom like what he did just now. You know why? Because he's always such a man of control and you know the extent of his self-control. But I believe it's different now. He's too into the princess that he can no longer control himself. Didn't you notice how he looked the entire time?"

"Well, I noticed... he's crazy for the princess... anyone could tell with one glance."

"Right. A crazy wolf hovering over his prey waiting for the very moment they're alone so he could pounce on her." Zolan smirked. "It's a very good thing though. And this is why we must leave them all alone so he can do anything he wants." A naughty wink followed that statement.

"But isn't it a little too much to even include the order to even have the garden to be emptied?"

"Tsk, ts... we must give them as much space as they want. The princess might decide to take a walk out here again during those times she get tired from being cooped up inside the castle."

"Are you saying that they're going to do it here too if no one's around?" the voice was full of incredulity.

"Didn't you see for yourself that they had almost done it?" another responded, eyes rolling and tone flat.

"Err..."

"My point is, we are to just leave them alone so wherever they go, they would be free to get down to it... if they ever feel like it. Because the more they do it, the higher the chance of the princess getting pregnant. Do you get now?" Zolan sighed. "Do you still need more explanations?"

"Well, I do think you're absolutely right."

"Now you go fetch Elias. That guy must leave too."

"Aye, aye," Levy lazily replied.

## Chapter 97 - Take Me

Before Levy could leave, Reed landed beside them. Once the duke and company had left, he had trailed after the prince until they entered the castle before he returned to his comrades to report.

"Goddammit! I don't like this job at all. Send me to the wall instead, Zolan. Luc or Leon can replace me. I beg you! I don't want to be the princess' guard anymore!" Reed's whole face was blazing red as he squatted on the ground rubbing his flushed cheeks with his palms.

Levy just laughed, enjoying the sight of Reed dying from embarrassment. It was such an enjoyable thing to see a normally blank faced knight being so embarrassed.

"Don't tell me you –"

"Of course I didn't look, damn it, how would I dare? Are you wishing for me to be dead?!"

"Then why are you reacting like –"

"I was the closest to them when they were doing that here! I could hear them... loud and... clear... even the... damn –"

The young man buried his face into his palms again, groaning out loud.

"Pfft. This was exactly the reason why I told you to stop being so innocent and to finally go get laid, Reed. Look at you, getting all embarrassed like a teenage boy... just over something trivial like this. You're old enough to –"

"Shut up you bastard. Not everyone is a rake like you."

"Oh, c'mon. I'm not even asking you to bed every single woman that you come across. Just one –"

"Enough. This is not the issue here. Gods... when did His Highness became this shameless? I really think the princess might be a bad influence on him when it comes to this –"

Levy roared in laughter. "Don't blame the princess, Reed. Haha. You must know that His Highness himself is a naturally shameless wolf. Her Highness just happened to be the fated one to bring his true nature out."

"That's enough, you two. You go get Elias now, Levy." Zolan butted in and Levy chuckled again before finally leaving to carry out his orders.

"As for you, follow me." Zolan looked pointedly to Reed with a meaningful look in his eyes.

"Where to? Are we finally headed to the wall?" Reed was excited as his eyes sparkled with the hopes of getting back to more normal business as usual. However, Zolan just continued to give Reed that meaningful and heavy look.

"No. To the brothel." That short statement was like a massive strike of lightning hitting Reed right to his core. His whole body froze as his mind was screaming silently. Why were things turning out this way?!

" !!! "

"What's with that look? You don't want to come?" Zolan wanted to howl out in laughter at Reed's face, but he held it in and kept his poker face on. Today was the day this little kid grew up and got acquainted with the adult world.

Reed looked away. But Zolan could see the tips of his ears were so red, they were practically smoking.

"No. I'll go to the wall and spar with Samuel instead." Reed muttered sullenly, still not turning around.

Zolan sighed. Reed had been the newest member of their group and the youngest too. He was a charming young man but Reed, for some reason was avoiding women. He always claims that he did not intend to bed a woman who is not his lover. Levy always teased Reed because of his refusal to step into any brothel. But Zolan found that the young man's mother was a wench and Reed had a very disturbing childhood. It was hard to believe that a great warrior like him had a history of such background.

"Alright. Then we both go to the wall." Zolan sighed, thinking that he would need to postpone this to another day.

"You don't need to –"

"I need to check on Leon first. The brothel can wait for daylight."

...

Meanwhile, inside the castle, Gavriel finally reached the door of their bedchambers. Evie did not utter a single word and never lifted her face ever since she was shocked by the interruption of their fun time.

"Good Lord," Gavriel breathed the moment he closed the door. Easing Evie down on the edge of the bed, Gavriel knelt before her and removed the cloak covering her. She had her head down and her fingers held her gown in a hard clutch to cover her breasts.

Realizing that Evie was still red with shame, Gavriel bit his lips. "I'm sorry..." he said, "It's not because of what I did... it's because I should've held back and brought you to a better place to... I was –" In his haste to comfort Evie, Gavriel was stumbling all over his words and explanations.

"No. Don't say sorry..." Evie brought her palms to rest on her warm face, "It was my fault... you were trying... but I... oh god, I was... I was so shameless, Gav... I don't know –" Evie could not bring herself to look up as she was still so embarrassed by her own uninhibited behaviour in the gardens.

"My god, Evie. Hush," Gavriel caught her wrists, "Look at me, love. Look at me..." he coaxed as he slowly and gently pulled her hands off her face.

Evie was nibbling the inside of her lips as she hesitantly met his gaze, utterly mortified. But Gavriel was smiling as he looked at her face. "You weren't being shameless, my wife. You just wanted me as much as I wanted you, right?" he asked, his eyes gleaming with happiness.

What he said somehow relieved Evie's shame and lifted her spirits. After glancing sideways, she nodded, shyly.

Gavriel's grin widened. When Evie returned her gaze to him, she was paralyzed and the shame and everything else disappeared from her thoughts. His smile at that moment was the most gorgeous smile she had ever seen. Right then, he looked as though he was the happiest man in the world.

"Gods!" he lunged at her and hugged her. "I'm going crazy..." he breathed, hugging her so tight. "You don't know how... how happy I am right now, Evie."

She returned his embrace as enthusiastically and when he pulled away, Evie gently reached out and touched his face, forgetting that her breasts were already in full view. "Me too, I'm so happy right now. I –"

His lips crashed against hers. And then she found herself fully spread out on the bed.

"I'm taking you now, Evie." He said seriously as he hovered over her, staring at her so intensely. "I'm not going to stop even if the world ends right now."

Evie smiled, eyes brimming with so much emotion. "Take me, Gavriel."

#### Chapter 98 - Unspeakable

Gavriel covered her mouth with his and kissed her wildly, all the while digging his hands into her silky hair and tangling his fingers through those moonlit silvery locks. They kissed for what felt so long until Evie felt him tugging her gown off her shoulders and then the ripping sound reached her ears, shocking her. She pulled back from the kiss and looked incredulously at Gavriel. He just ripped a perfectly gorgeous gown down the middle into two pieces!

Seeing her shocked expression, Gavriel gave her a sheepish grin before planting soothing kisses all over her face as he whispered. "I'm sorry... I am not usually this barbaric, my love. I'm just so terribly impatient when it comes to you... especially right now..." he explained as patiently as he could, and Evie immediately realized that he seemed a little worried he had scared her.

She caught his face and smiled. "I... I don't mind," she said, "you can tear them away all you want." She chuckled at that and added, "Make sure I have enough gowns for you to do that, though."

Her words and light-hearted statement made Gavriel freeze for a moment. Then he cursed under his breath before jumping on her to possess her mouth again. He tore the rest of her clothes and undergarments to shreds and his intensity somehow made Evie feel even more thrilled and worked up with unspeakable anticipation.

He pulled her up slightly, his hand on her back as he removed all her clothes that were proving to be a hindrance and threw them off the bed. His lips dragged downwards from her lips to her throat. His large palm moved to her head, and he gently grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head back to have greater access to her neck.

Evie moaned at the feel of his mouth and tongue hungrily kissing her skin. Her hand reached out and brushed over the back of his neck, feeling his silky-smooth bare skin and his rigid muscles. He groaned at her touch and suddenly, he pulled away and stood by the bed.

Surprised by his action, Evie dazedly propped herself up slightly, using her elbows to lift her upper body.

Her mouth opened but the words did not come out as the sight that welcomed her eyes took all her power speech away.

Gavriel was swiftly removing his own clothes, letting the fabrics drop unceremoniously to the floor. His gleaming eyes were locked on her the whole time he was undressing himself. When his torso was fully bared to her gaze, Evie couldn't help but gulp, even though it wasn't the first time she saw those powerful and ripped abdomen of his. The view of it was truly a sight for sore eyes. It kept making her mouth water every time she caught sight of it. She had the feeling that she could never get used to his perfection. Never. No matter how many times he stood before her naked.

Evie's face felt hot, no, not just her face. Her entire body too. Somehow, she felt as if she was becoming more lewd the more time she spent with Gavriel. He had totally infected her! The anticipation just kept on rising the longer she stared at him. And she bit her lips in mortification when she felt the strong urge to just jump on him and run her fingers all over his tempting body.

Seeing the desire and undeniable lust in Evie's eyes as she looked at him, Gavriel's heart swelled in utter happiness and pride. To be able to satisfy his wife in this way was an accomplishment too.

"Oh, Evie... don't look at me like that." He whispered as he bent and put his palms on the mattress, caging her between his arms. "It makes me want to ravage you..."

"Then ravage me... I... I think I'll be fine," she told him, surprising him once again.

A wicked smile curved slightly on his lips as he regarded her with his devastating sensuality. "I'd really... really love to, but... not tonight, love. I'll try my best to be gentle because it's your first time." He whispered and he kissed her again until she was weak and breathless.

She felt his hands squeeze her breasts and she moaned, shivering from the heightened sensations caused by the increase in her state of arousal. When Evie's hand moved to his chest, Gavriel caught her wrists and with one hand, he pinned them both above her head.

Evie blinked in surprise. "I'm sorry, my love. But I can't allow you to touch me just yet. I'm afraid I'll lose my mind and forget about being gentle if you touch me." He explained and before Evie could respond, his mouth had already descended and sealed her mouth with a demanding, savage kiss.

"Evie..." he murmured and then he ate on her breast hungrily until her toes curled and her lips parted, gasping for air.

"Gav..." she wanted to touch him, to also feel his body with her touches, "let me touch you, I want to touch you."

But Gavriel shook his head, "Not yet, my love... Be patient..." he said and continued his torturous ministrations on her already sensitive body.

"But I... ah!"

The pleasure was rising quickly, and her sex began to ache. She wanted him to touch her there too. But he was so focused on her breasts and his other hand was pinning her hands above her head. The most agonizing thing was that he seemed to be acting and moving more slowly than usual. And it was driving her crazy!

"Gav... I think..." she forced herself to speak despite the pleasure that was messing her entire being and clouding her mind, "I think you should hurry."

Gavriel lifted his face and stared at her with a playful and devilish smile. "Can't wait anymore, my love?"

"Yes... no, I..." she flushed so red she thought her face might look like a cooked lobster and explode anytime now.

"No?" Gavriel tilted his head and his hand that was initially massaging her breast had stopped. "Even though you want me to hurry?"

"It's just that... someone might," she glanced at the door before looking at him, embarrassed, "someone might interrupt us again if you don't hurry." She added, mortified at the words that spilled out of her own lips.

## Chapter 99 - At Long Last

A tender amusement gleamed in Gavriel's eyes at Evie's statement before a quiet laughter escaped from his mouth, and he kissed her deeply, burying the low, and gravelly sounds in her mouth. He could not help himself as he thought of how adorable his wife was acting. There was no way on earth that he would ever tire of this woman!

He could not even blame her of thinking that way. Because it finally occurred to him as well that they do somewhat have a history of being interrupted whenever they are engaged in or about to engage in something intimate.

"Don't worry, my love," he assured her, "if anyone dares to interrupt us again, I'll kill him." A wicked and dangerous gleam flared in his eyes that spoke of nothing but real threat. And then he smiled, a smile that nearly made her heart stop. His gaze sensuously gliding from her face to every curve of her body as he looked at her, seeming to worship the very sight of her. Due to her hands being pinned above her head, Evie's breasts were lifted and completely exposed. Her pink nipples were taut and wet and erotic. Gavriel growled softly as he stared at the buds that were peaking due to his stimulation as well as the cool air.

"Nothing can interrupt us anymore, I swear. No matter what happens, even if another war broke out right now, I'm still taking you tonight." He declared with a more than confident grin and Evie could only hold her breath. She was at the peak of her anticipation now.

"So, relax my love. Don't worry about anything else and just let me love you." He whispered before he planted butterfly kisses all over her milky skin. The fire that they started in the garden and was forcefully extinguished is now back at full force once again. And in the blazing moments that followed, Evie let herself surrender her body and soul fully to him, letting the pleasure that he aroused come flooding over her until her senses malfunctioned and all she could feel, hear and taste was him and the unbearable pleasure and sensations he was unleashing on her.

He coaxed and explored her body until she was utterly helpless and so soaking wet. When Gavriel slipped his fingers inside her, it slid easily into her, and Evie's insides eagerly clamped down on it. Her responsiveness elicited an even more wicked smile on Gavriel's lips. He slid another finger, spreading her, as his thumb playfully teased her taut bud and all her sensitive spots. He already knew where to find her sweet spots and it would be impossible for him to ever forget.

"Please... Gavriel," she said between her moans, "I can't wait any more."



"Not yet, my love. Come for me first," his whispers came out hot and heavy and his mouth fell onto and sucked at her breast, stoking the heat in her to go even higher. His rhythm quickening inside her until Evie was moaning wildly, her head trashing from side to side. Her heartbeat sounded so loud in her ears. Her toes were curling from the pleasure and wildness he had aroused.

When her hips began to move itself against his hand, Gavriel knew she was already very close. He kissed her ravenously all the while whispering her to come for him, whispering her name, with a tone so hoarse and gravelly and excessively seductive.

Lost to shame, Evie's body arched sharply against him, and a cry was torn from her mouth. Pleasure seized her so suddenly and her body then spasmed and shuddered violently in Gavriel's protective arms.

Gavriel watched as Evie rise up to the heights of pleasure and also as she slowly calmed down after the explosive high that she had reached. He thought to himself that he would absolutely never tire of watching her drown in pleasure, as it aroused him to an excruciating degree. And the look on her face as she helplessly relaxed as the blissful shudders faded was, for Gavriel, such a gratifying sight to behold. He could honestly say that he could be as gratified or even more so, when she reached her high rather than he did. She was such a breathtakingly beautiful mess as she was spread naked and languid beneath him. This is a real goddess. And this goddess fully belonged to him alone. And now... he could no longer wait.

His hand finally let go of her wrists and they travelled determinedly down to her knees. She felt his strong and powerful hands firmly grasp her knees and pushed her leg open further before settling himself comfortably between her widespread thighs. Evie could only languidly lift her head slightly and peek at him kneeling there in anticipation, eyes glittering intensely as he stared at her.

"Oh Evie, my love... I'm finally... going to take you," his voice was hot and unsteady. He had hungered for her for too long. Or perhaps, it was not really that long a time... but to him, it might as well be an eternity of waiting – that was what it felt like. He could hardly believe that this day is finally going to happen. Oh gods, it is finally going to happen, at long last... she is finally going to be his completely! She would officially be his woman!

Gavriel's heartbeat raced uncontrollably. He was so hot... he had never felt this hot in his entire life. My god... he groaned... everything felt so surreal...

"Evie..." he uttered her name as his hardness settled at the entrance of her wet mound, "I'm... putting it in... tell me if it hurts, okay?"

"Evie nodded, swallowing. She lifted her weakened hands to touch his chest, but Gavriel caught them, and he pinned them above her head again.

Gavriel had to murmur to himself to be patient and be gentle despite the primal need that was overpowering him. Entwining her fingers with his, Gavriel slowly and gently pushed himself into her wet entrance.

## Chapter 100 - Everything

Gavriel had told himself that when he finally gets to be fully intimate with Evie, he would need to take it slow as he knew she was untouched and thus, inexperienced in matters of the pleasures of the body. Even at this moment, he had been chanting in his head over and over to make sure to hold back, telling himself to exercise the utmost patience even if it was hard. But the moment he slid

inside her, everything just got lost – all that he had been telling himself and preparing in his mind was gone, just like that – and before he knew it, he was pushing strongly inside her, causing Evie to flinch, and cry out in pain. He totally forgot about giving her time to adjust to his size, the discomfort that would surely be there as it was her first time being stretched out so much and of course, the breaking of her maidenhead. In short, he just turned into a total brute.

Good Lord Gavriel... goddamn it! He cursed himself inwardly. What happened to your self-control you damned beast?! He yelled at himself, groaning as he literally forced his whole being to freeze and stay utterly still. The sound of her whimpering cries cooled his raging blood and woke him up from the haze of pleasure that had swallowed him whole. And the next thing he knew, he found himself torn between the regret of hurting her and the deadly pleasure of finally being able to be inside her.

"Are you alright, love?" he asked, his jaw clenching as he stared down at her with unfocused gleaming eyes. He knew it was stupid of him in asking her this question as it was obvious from her cries that she was not okay. However, he did not know what else to say to her.

His taut face and the look in his eyes were enough for Evie to tell that he was restraining and holding himself back quite harshly. As much as she would like to assure him with words, all she could do right then was just give him a small nod. The burn and pain caused by his sudden and forceful invasion, made her unable to utter anything but a weak moan.

"I'm so sorry, but don't worry love, it'll feel better soon... I promise..." he whispered, his voice so hoarse yet sounding so sweet and gentle. His mouth kissed and nibbled at her ear as he slowly moved down to her throat, soothing her, coaxing her so gently as if planting a spell on her to drive the pain away.

"Can I move now? Are you ready, my love?" he asked after feeling her body relax slightly, though he sounded desperate. Evie nodded after hesitating for a couple of seconds, unable to resist the heart-breaking look in his eyes.

"Oh, Evie..." he uttered her name in rapture as his hips began to move in slow and controlled thrusts. His mouth was back on hers again, kissing her lips passionately as he whispered her name over and over like a mantra.

Gavriel felt as if he were drowning in a sensation of ultimate pleasure. He continued his chants in his head, 'not yet, patience... she's still... give her a little more time to...'

But before he knew it, the chants were once again hopelessly lost, and his hips were already moving faster than his mind could follow. It was just impossible. The pleasure he was feeling was too much for him to resist! This was an impossible battle! And it seems that it was fated that he was going to lose terribly this time. This woman could truly bring him to his knees and make him lose his mind.

Forgetting about everything else, Gavriel kept thrusting deeper, stronger, earning himself another moan from Evie.

"Evie... evie..." he uttered her name over and over again as he slid in and out of her. Every thrust still caused her to gasp due to the sharp burn, but her hands that he had finally freed moved on their own accord and she hugged him tightly to her, as if trying to pull him closer, deeper. Maybe because of the indescribable feelings that were welling up in her heart, for finally being one with

him, it managed to overcome and surpass all the pain she felt and allowed her to concentrate on the pleasure.

Feeling completely stretched out and filled in a way that was so new to her, Evie held onto his shoulders.

"Gav..." she began to call his name as her hands caressed his naked skin. "I love you..." she uttered and Gavriel stilled. He stared down at her. His eyes fierce and ravenous and filled with desire and emotions so strong words at this moment would not be enough even if he were to express them.

He groaned and seized her mouth with punishing gentleness, her name being the only word that fell reverently from his lips. It was as if he had forgotten his own language, forgotten how to speak, and there was only that one word he could remember – her name.

His thrusts became faster, pushing his length right up to the base, and rubbing her wet and tight inner walls with a delicious and addicting friction until Evie's moans and the wet sounds of their lovemaking filled the room.

Subconsciously, she wrapped her slender legs around his slender and muscular waist and tenderly stroked his back. Not knowing that the tender strokes of her fingers only served to drive the flames of arousal to burn even hotter in Gavriel.

He growled low and his pace quickened. And the moment Evie kissed his neck, Gavriel's hardness throbbed, and Evie felt very clearly as he swelled to bigger proportions within her walls. Oh my... her eyes widened in surprise.

But her mind was quickly pulled by the pleasure generated by his vigorous thrusts and the sounds that he was making. His soft growls and grunts accompanied by the harsh and hot blow of his breath against her skin sent enjoyable shivers running through her. The way his arms held her and how he breathlessly and desperately kept calling out her name as he made wondrous love to her was devastating – it was everything she had dreamt of. It was everything she needed.

Drunk with pleasure, Gavriel continued moving with powerful thrusts. The feel of her mouth latching onto the sensitive skin of his throat surprised him and it was that savage blow that she had dealt which delivered the killing strike. He could only let out a deep guttural groan as he shuddered powerfully before jerking violently inside her, filling her welcoming womb with his seed.