

The Vampire 163

Chapter 163 163: Two Beauties

When Nyrielle entered the room, her breath caught the instant her midnight blue eyes fell on Ashlynn's stunning figure. For a moment, her fingers twitched, eager to hold a paint brush so she could forever preserve the vision of refined natural beauty before her.

Ashlynn had always been an enchanting beauty and there wasn't an inch of her body that Nyrielle hadn't committed to memory, but the woman who stood before her now resembled a cut and polished jewel compared to the brilliant stone Nyrielle had first rescued from the jaws of death.

Hunter green silk shimmered next to emerald green crushed velvet in a dress that clung to Ashlynn's every generous curve. Long stays and tight lacing at the back of the dress trimmed her already slender waist, emphasizing her rounded hips and generous bust. Black lace stretched across a deep valley of cleavage, revealing the slightest hint of pale pink skin that crowned the snowy softness of each breast.

The same black lace trimmed the ruffled hem of her asymmetrical skirt. One on hip, the skirt had been pulled high and tied into a rose-shaped bow to reveal the tops of black satin stockings and the barest hint of creamy thigh.

While Ashlynn normally stood quite a bit shorter than Nyrielle's nearly six feet of height, today she wore delicate sandals with tall heels that further emphasized her shapely legs while bringing her closer to being able to directly meet Nyrielle's hungry gaze.

Her blond hair had been swept into an elaborate updo with rolls that curled around a colorful arrangement of feathers and fresh flowers. Though she left her neck completely bare, as if to entice Nyrielle to feast upon her at any moment, a net of silver chains draped from her shoulders, studded with dark sapphires that matched the shade of Nyrielle's midnight eyes.

"Do you like it?" Ashlynn purred as she glided forward with a rolling gait. For once, she felt like the predator, descending on Nyrielle who seemed intoxicated by Ashlynn's appearance. She needed no words of praise, her lover's stunned silence was enough to fill her with a heady rush of power as she approached the other woman, her emerald eyes drinking in Nyrielle's own elegant ensemble.

Rather than a formal gown, Nyrielle's outfit looked like someone had crafted an elegant and refined version of a loose, above the knee skirt and sleeveless tunic that she had once worn as a gladiator on the sands of the arena. Midnight blue silk caressed her slender waist while dark black lace plunged in a deep V from her neck all the way to her navel, revealing the gleaming, perfect alabaster skin beneath along with the barest hint of the inner curves of her pert breasts.

Dark leather sandals were laced with criss-crossing straps that climbed her slender legs like twin spiral staircases leading to the heavens and her arms were covered by delicate silver chains set with sparkling diamonds that resembled a warrior's bracers.

Even Nyrielle's dark hair had been braided with chains of silver and ruby, giving her the appearance of a warrior goddess, ready to descend at a moment's notice to reap the lives of any who failed to adore her.

"Like doesn't begin to describe how I feel looking at you," Nyrielle said, stepping close enough to Ashlynn to draw her into a deep kiss. For both women, the world around them faded away, lost in the sensation of supple lips, sliding tongues and the sharp prick of Nyrielle's fangs.

Slowly, Ashlynn's hands caressed their way up Nyrielle's body, sliding over the smooth silk and delicate lace of her skirt, before her fingers found their way to her lover's bare back. Her body pressed against Nyrielle's, and she felt the echo of the vampire's heartbeat within her chest quicken as her polished nails slid over the faintest marks on her lover's back that marked the place her wings would unfold from.

From the doorway, Zedya watched the scene unfold with quiet satisfaction. Gently, she reached out to ruffle Heila's hair and gave the younger woman an encouraging smile. So many details had been entrusted to the newly elevated lady-in-waiting and Zedya was certain that the horned woman had been busy from the time the sun rose until Ashlynn woke in order to have everything in place.

Seeing her lady so thoroughly enchanted, and Ashlynn so completely captivated, the vampire servant hoped that Heila felt the same deep satisfaction she did. In all her years at Nyrielle's side, she'd only heard stories of her Mistress being this happy in the years before humans attacked the Vale of Mists. Now, she felt like she was finally starting to see a side of her Mistress that had long been buried beneath far too many painful memories.

Beside her, Heila fought to suppress a smile as she watched her friend and her lady together. The diminutive horned woman had worried that all the pampering might make Ashlynn feel awkward or self-conscious, but seeing the way she moved now, radiating confidence as she approached Lady Nyrielle, clearly everything had come together in the end, just as they'd hoped it would.

The two servants exchanged knowing looks before Zedya finally cleared her throat politely. As much as she hated to interrupt such a perfect moment, they did have an evening planned, after all. Though from the way their ladies remained lost in each other, completely oblivious to the world around them, perhaps they should have planned for delays.

How long the kiss lasted, neither Ashlynn nor Nyrielle could say. It wasn't until Zedya made a polite noise from the door that Nyrielle pulled back from her breathless lover, delighting in the flushed look on the other woman's face as she struggled to regulate both her breathing and her racing pulse.

"My Ladies," Zedya said, politely lowering her gaze to the floor while both women recollected themselves. "The carriage is prepared. We should go soon if we wish to be on time."

"I'm tempted to stay," Nyrielle said, tracing the back of her fingers along Ashlynn's cheek and sliding down to her slender neck. "The most beautiful show is surely here."

"We shouldn't be late," Ashlynn said, shuddering slightly under Nyrielle's touch. "It seems like you've gone to considerable effort for tonight. We shouldn't waste it."

"Time spent with you can never be considered wasted, my darling," Nyrielle said, bestowing a brief kiss on Ashlynn's forehead. "But I wouldn't want to deprive you of tonight's delights. Shall we?" she asked, holding out an arm to Ashlynn, as though she were a gentleman escorting his lady.

"Yes," Ashlynn said, taking her lover's arm. "I can't wait to see what you have planned."