

The Vampire 166

Chapter 166 166: Taking Charge

A trip through the city that took more than ten minutes by carriage took less than one for Nyrielle, enveloped by darkness and moving with the speed of mist on a breeze.

In Ashlynn's opulent room, gossamer curtains fluttered with the speed of Nyrielle's arrival as she laid Ashlynn down gently on the soft feather bed. Silks whispered against skin as Ashlynn pulled Nyrielle down on top of her, her lips hungrily working their way up the vampire's alabaster neck until their lips met.

It wasn't until Nyrielle's hands slid toward the laces of Ashlynn's dress that the younger woman pulled back, breaking the kiss and looking deeply into Nyrielle's hungry gaze. The sight of her lover's hunger stirred a warmth deep within Ashlynn. She'd seen Nyrielle feed last night, on three people less.

The deep desire she saw on the other woman's face had nothing to do with vampiric bloodlust and was entirely the result of the fires of passion that grew between them.

"Not yet," Ashlynn whispered, sliding over the silk sheets to pull Nyrielle from the bed.

Wrapped in her short skirt and sleeveless tunic, Nyrielle resembled a gladiator goddess fallen to the earth. Her pale skin glowed in the soft lamp light of the room like a marble statue wrapped in lace. It made her look so achingly beautiful that she could only ever be worshiped. Other nights, Ashlynn might have let herself be carried away into the fantasy of this warrior goddess coming to her rescue yet again, but tonight, she wanted to rescue herself.

"Don't move," Ashlynn whispered into Nyrielle's ear, her lips brushing ever so lightly across the back of her lover's neck as she began to move. Slowly, Ashlynn's nimble fingers moved to the clasps of Nyrielle's jewelry, tracing her way down her strong, slender arms to remove the bracer like nets of silver and ruby that lent her aura a dangerous, martial air.

Next, she knelt at Nyrielle's feet, her fingers following the double spiral of leather laces that wrapped around her slender legs like spiral stairs ascending the heavens. Her deft fingers slid beneath the hem of the short skirt, tracing her nails along alabaster skin until she found the knots at the top of Nyrielle's thighs.

One after the other, Ashlynn unlaced the shoes, gently stripping them away before her hands rose higher, bypassing the loosely fluttering silk skirt to dive beneath the silk and lace of her lover's tunic.

Nyrielle shuddered, an involuntary gasp escaping her lips as Ashlynn's dextrous fingers teased at her navel, before dancing across her taut stomach and caressing their way up her ribs. Part of her yearned to take Ashlynn's hands in her own, to guide them to the breasts that shook as her breathing quickened but her love had commanded her not to move.

Nyrielle could only bite her lip and curl her fingers in anticipation as Ashlynn slowly stood, holding only a few hairs' breadth of space between them as her hands traced higher, pulling the tunic upward with them as they circled around to Nyrielle's graceful back, teasing the space between her shoulder blades where her wings slumbered and pulling yet another involuntary gasp from her lover's lips.

Ashlynn tossed the tunic aside, marveling at Nyrielle's restraint. The feeling of power she held over her lover, her Mistress, was heady and intoxicating. When her hands traced their way lower, sliding the silk skirt over Nyrielle's slender hips before letting it fall to the floor, she felt like she'd unwrapped a great treasure that belonged only to her.

"You're mine," she whispered from behind Nyrielle, wrapping her arms around the vampire's slender torso and cupping the other woman's pert breasts with her hands. Compared to her own bust, Nyrielle's chest was far more humble but Ashlynn found it to be a perfect fit, as though her lover's chest had been sculpted for her hands alone.

"Would you like to unwrap me next," she whispered, tracing her tongue along Nyrielle's gracefully curving spine before pulling the other woman close and pressing her head between the vampire's shoulder blades. "You just have to ask..."

"May I unwrap you, my darling," Nyrielle said, leaning into Ashlynn's touch and relishing in the feeling of sweet surrender. At the moment, more than any other moment she could recall, she had completely ceased being the Eldritch Lady of the Vale to become Ashlynn Blackwell's lover, Nyrielle.

"Mmm," Ashlynn said, only reluctantly letting go of Nyrielle's lithe figure to allow her lover to undress her.

At this point, the air between them felt charged with a crackling energy that made it difficult for either of them to resist their baser urges. Once Nyrielle had released the clasps on Ashlynn's delicate jewelry, she struggled to resist the urge to slice through the laces of her lover's dress.

Visions of tearing the expensive fabric from Ashlynn's supple body flashed through her head only to be forced to the back of her mind moments later. Her breathing became fast and ragged and darkness swirled in her midnight blue eyes until she regained enough control and composure to slowly unlace the dark green dress.

"Leave the stockings," Ashlynn said once the dress had fallen to the floor. She'd held out as long as she could but her body craved for more than teasing touches as she pulled Nyrielle back onto the soft feather bed.

Nyrielle surrendered to Ashlynn's lead allowing herself to be pulled along as Ashlynn pulled Nyrielle's head to her chest, enveloping her in the softness of her lush bosom.

"That's the heart that beats for you," Ashlynn whispered, sliding a finger under Nyrielle's chin and drawing the vampire's gaze upward to meet her adoring eyes. Already, darkness had consumed the whites of Nyrielle's eyes, leaving a deep midnight darkness and twin blue irises that were filled with several kinds of hunger.

"The heart beats for you," Ashlynn said, cupping one of her full breasts as though she were offering up a fruit to her lover. "So feast on me."

With Ashlynn's words, rational thought vanished from Nyrielle's mind, replaced by a blend of desires that met at the points of her elongated fangs. Sinking her teeth into the soft, snowy flesh of Ashlynn's breast, a thin rivulet of blood flowed down the generous curve before Nyrielle's lips formed a seal around the bite and she began to feed.

Ashlynn no longer noticed the moment of pain before pleasure rippled through her body, surging more intensely than ever before. Her hands clutched at the blankets and her lower body writhed, silk stockings whispering over silk sheets as she completely surrendered to the wave of pleasure building within her body.

Nyrielle's powerful arms wrapped around Ashlynn's torso, lifting her off the bed as she lost herself in the intoxicating taste of Ashlynn's powerful blood. Her hands flexed, her nails lengthening into claws that traced down Ashlynn's smooth back leaving bright red trails in their wake that spilled tiny droplets of blood along their length until they reached the top of Ashlynn's rounded hips.

The moment stretched out endlessly in their minds, a second feeling like a minute, a minute like an hour until it seemed like there was nothing in life before this pleasure and there would be nothing left of life after it.

In that moment, Ashlynn felt herself teetering on the edge of an abyss. The darkness beckoned to her, deep, warm, enveloping. It offered freedom and release along with infinite love and part of her yearned to step off the ledge to fall into that dark abyss.

"Stop," Ashlynn said weakly, forcefully pulling herself back from the precipice. "I, I can't go any further."

The silence that greeted her only lasted a handful of seconds but it felt like an eternity before the darkness began to fade from Nyrielle's eyes and her lover withdrew her fangs.

A softer silence stretched between them as they both needed time to come down from the dizzying heights they'd reached and to process the danger they'd unintentionally provoked. Neither of them intended to come as close to the edge as they had but in those moments.... Pulling back had been one of the hardest things either of them had ever done.

"Come here," Ashlynn said, shifting on the bed to pull Nyrielle into her embrace. "Hold me so I can feel safe in your arms."

Gently, being mindful of the long thin red lines her claws had left on Ashlynn's back, Nyrielle gathered her lover into a tight embrace. As frightening as the moment had been when it was upon them, it was also a moment where there were no barriers between them.

In that moment, neither of them had ever felt more loved. Now, no words were needed as they held each other in the deepening darkness of the night.