

## The Vampire 58

Chapter 58 58: A Hidden Bite

Slowly, Nyrielle led Ashlynn out of the steaming bath, water flowing over their supple bodies and splashing on the marble floor below.

Gently, Nyrielle wrapped a towel around Ashlynn, her hands running over the soft fabric to feel the generous curves of the buxom woman beneath.

For a moment, the two women pulled apart. Ashlynn took the goblet of cool water and drank deeply, calming her racing heart and clearing her mind of some of the fog brought on by the extremely warm bath.

Memories of Nyrielle's touch danced across her skin like dandelion seeds in summer and she found her gaze returning to the other woman again and again between sips of cool water.

"Come with me," Nyrielle said, taking Ashlynn's hand and guiding her toward the room's only door.

On the other side, Ashlynn was greeted with the sight of a richly decorated windowless bedroom. A large four-poster bed sat on a raised platform in the center of the room, hung with dark curtains even though there were no windows to let light into the room.

A fire crackled on one wall and several candles cast flickering shadows across the other furnishings of the room. Like Ashlynn's own room, a plush sofa faced the fireplace across a low table. Several books were piled on the table and even more books covered the nightstands near the bed.

Most surprising to Ashlynn was the presence of an artist's easel and paints. A cloth hung over whatever work was currently in progress on the easel and for a moment, Ashlynn's hand twitched, curious about what Nyrielle was currently painting.

"Another time," the vampire whispered, pulling Ashlynn forward until they'd climbed atop the soft blankets that covered the feather mattress of Nyrielle's bed.

Lying atop the rich, velvety purple bedspread, Ashlynn awkwardly covered her most intimate areas, her skin flush with a combination of embarrassment and the results of the warm bath. To Nyrielle, she appeared like a sumptuous morsel, begging to be devoured.

"Roll over," Nyrielle said, her voice hoarse with restrained desire. "My darling Ashlynn has worked so hard, let me take away the tension in your body."

Already, Ashlynn felt like the hot water had melted her aching muscles, but after a moment of hesitation, she did as Nyrielle asked and rolled over, wrapping her arms around a soft pillow and melting into the comforting bed.

Slowly, with deft and delicate touches, Nyrielle began to massage away the tension in Ashlynn's body.

She started from the very bottom, gently kneading the arch of the other woman's feet, tugging as though she could pull the aches of Ashlynn's desperate race through the forest out of the tips of her slender toes.

Higher and higher she worked, holding back the hunger that built within her, giving all of her attention to Ashlynn's tender flesh, soothing the aches and pains with gentle massage.

Ashlynn squirmed on the bed, relishing in the sensation of Nyrielle's touch. There was no chill left in the warm hands that kneaded her muscles like dough, only warm, gentle affection. By the time the vampire reached her stiff and aching shoulders, Ashlynn felt like she had become as soft and pliable as the velvet bedspread she lay on top of.

"Let me look at you," Nyrielle whispered, pressing her lithe body up against Ashlynn's and lifting the other woman's gaze to meet her own. Hunger surged in her eyes, turning the whites of her eyes dark as the midnight blue of her irises grew until they resembled the vast and starry night sky.

"Kiss me," Ashlynn whispered, feeling a hunger of her own rising, as if in answer to Nyrielle's desires. Gently, taking Nyrielle's face in her hands, Ashlynn brought their lips together, savoring the vampire's taste as their tongues danced between sharp fangs.

Time melted away into a tangle of caressing hands, gentle nibbles and entwined bodies. Both women's breath grew hot and ragged as desire and hunger grew within them.

"Take me," Ashlynn said when she could bear it no longer. She felt like she was balancing on a precipice, every inch of her body crying out to leap and take the next step. "Please," she whispered, biting her lower lip and looking at Nyrielle with pleading eyes.

"If it's your desire," the vampire answered, whispering against Ashlynn's tender neck. "I will not refuse."

Ashlynn's body tensed, waiting for the moment when Nyrielle's fangs pierced her neck but the moment never came.

Instead, Nyrielle moved lower, her dark hair tickling Ashlynn's skin as she kissed her way from delicate neck to the full swell of a breast, lower, swirling her tongue over Ashlynn's navel before kissing the mark of the witch on her hip.

Finally, when Ashlynn lay helpless, trembling in anticipation and desire, Nyrielle parted her legs, tracing her tongue over the inner thigh and feeling the strong pulse of the artery that seemed to be just below the skin.

For a brief, terrifying instant, pain exploded in Ashlynn's mind as Nyrielle's fangs sank into the soft flesh of her thigh. Her heart raced as every instinct in her body screamed for her to run, to escape before it was too late.

In the next instant, the pain melted away like it had never existed, taking with it all of her fears, all of her anxiety, and wrapping her in the safest cocoon she had ever experienced. Nothing could threaten her here, no one would hurt her here, because as long as Nyrielle was there, nothing could ever tear them apart.

Soft sucking sounds filled the air as Nyrielle drank deeply, savoring the rich taste of Ashlynn's blood. Every time she drank from a person, their flavor varied based on the emotions they felt while she consumed them.

Most of the villagers she fed on tasted of savory loyalty or tantalizing reverence. Sometimes, she'd taste traces of fear or even terror when she fed on humans captured in battle. From Ashlynn, however, she tasted a rich sweetness, like flowing chocolate mixed with rich cream.

Each time she'd tasted Ashlynn, the sweetness had grown stronger and the richness of power in her blood had grown greater. Now, the flavor had become almost intoxicating, like a rich dessert served with strong wine.

Ashlynn's body shivered in ecstasy, a wave of pleasure pulsing through her body each time Nyrielle swallowed, like a caress across her most intimate of areas. Her back arched and her head rolled back as the sensation built within her.

Her hands clenched into fists, clutching at the fabric of the bedspread as if it was the only thing keeping her anchored to the real world as her mind was overcome by wave after wave of sensual delight.

Finally, Nyrielle withdrew her fangs from Ashlynn's thigh, drawing a deep, shuddering breath as she licked away the rivulet of blood that spilled from the wound before the wound closed, leaving behind only two small white dots that marked the place where she'd fed.

Within a month, no trace of the bite would remain but as Nyrielle gazed upon it, she smiled in a mixture of delight and pride. They'd already been bound for more than a month and Ashlynn was undeniably hers, but seeing the mark of a bite in such an intimate place only made it feel more true.

When Nyrielle withdrew her fangs, Ashlynn collapsed into the bed, her body trembling with the aftershocks of pleasure that echoed through her as deeply as Nyrielle's heartbeat in her chest.

As Nyrielle withdrew her fangs, Ashlynn gasped, "Is it... always like this?"

"No, my dear," Nyrielle said, licking her lips and savoring the last drop of blood. "This is special. You are special."

"I-I've never felt anything like it," Ashlynn murmured softly, her voice carrying a mixture of deep satisfaction and fatigue. From the moment they entered the bath until now, Nyrielle had wrung every last drop of strength from her body and Ashlynn had found bliss in every moment of it.

"And you never will, with anyone else," Nyrielle said, her midnight eyes twinkling and a hint of possessiveness in her tone. "You're mine, Ashlynn. Now and always."

"Yours," Ashlynn agreed softly, her emerald eyes fluttering as she resisted the desire to drift off to sleep. "But you're also mine, aren't you?" she asked, searching Nyrielle's face for the answer she hoped to hear.

"Of course. No one has ever had me the way you do, and no one else ever will. Now rest, my darling," the vampire breathed, pulling a blanket over them as she gathered Ashlynn in a tender embrace. "Sleep now..."

"Mistress, I..." Ashlynn began, only to be hushed by a finger on her full lips.

"Hush now," Nyrielle whispered, stroking Ashlynn's pale golden hair until her eyes drifted shut and she sank into the dark embrace of sleep.