

CHAPTER 148

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148 Ava: A Vampire's Goodwill (II) Sister Miriam doesn't speak again until I've finished way too much food. a "I doubt you came here just to ask about my letter," she finally says, and I jump at the opportunity to finally get answers. "My best friend was taken in the attack. I want to know where she is. I need to save her." Her eyes grow unfocused, and the strange men return, tidying up the dishes and taking them away in silence. I watch them curiously as they move. Their faces are blank, and they're unmistakably human, despite the odd sheen of their skin. Thralls, Selene murmurs. Bonded servants. Bonded—to Sister Miriam? Yes. What you risked when the vampire bit you. My stomach twists, threatening to let go of the contents I'd just downed with little grace. Sister Miriam's long fingers tap against the table in a 16:13 117 140 Ava A Vampire's Goodwill (1) thoughtful rhythm. "One cannot speak an untruth with Fae food in their belly." I glance at the table in front of me, but the dishes are gone, and her thrall servants with them. "Fae food?" I ask, my heart dropping at how easily I was convinced to eat my way into a trap. "It won't harm you, child." It isn't for human consumption because of its strong side effects. Selene mutters. Damn it. I should have known, but I cannot sense Fae magic. Sister Miriam sighs. "Stop looking so worried. Today's food is only to see if I can trust you. It turns out that you're but a babe in the world of *www.novèl(w)orm.com*

Updates... supernaturals. Eating the food in front of you is a great way to get yourself killed." A chill races through me at her ominous words, but she doesn't seem to have any ill will toward me—yet. "I wish I could help you, child, but the one who has his sights set on you is someone even I cannot cross." My heart skips a beat. I lean forward, hands gripping the edge of the table. "That means you know who it is." 148 Ava: A Vampire's Goodwill (1) Sister Miriam nods, a faint and unnerving smile playing at the corners of her lips. "It isn't good news." I don't care. I need to know. "Tell me." She studies me for a long moment, her dark eyes seeming to pierce through to my very soul. "With no price?" "I can agree to anything, if it means I can save Lisa." The strange vampire presses against the bridge of her nose with a long sigh. "Child. You must learn how to survive in this world. Serving yourself up to a vampire is tantamount to suicide. Very well. As a gesture of my goodwill, I will give you what you seek, without price. The one who seeks you is known as the Mad Prince." "Mad Prince?" It's the kind of name I'd expect to see in a fantasy story. "He is a vampire of immense power and influence. No one knows his age, but everyone knows this: His sanity is gone, lost in time." Sister Miriam's voice drops to a whisper. "And he has taken a keen interest in you, Ava Grey. My mind reels. A vampire? But why me? "What does he want with me?" 148 Ava A Vampire's Goodwill (1) "I think you know. But also understand, the Mad Prince stops at nothing if he wishes to possess something." Possess them. The words echo in my head, making my stomach churn. "And you think he has Lisa?" "I know so." I slump back in my chair, feeling suddenly drained. "What am I supposed to do? How can I save Lisa if even you can't stand against this Mad Prince?" "That is not for me to find out. That is your job." She leans forward, her red eyes almost glowing with the intensity of her stare. "Tell me, little wolf. Are you able to access your power yet?" Selene's ears flick as she stares at the vampire, but her mental voice is quiet. I hesitate to answer, and Sister Miriam continues, "Do you wish to learn?" A dhampir cannot teach a magician, Selene snaps, and Sister Miriam's eyes move lazily over to meet hers. "Perhaps the dhampir you know," she purrs, and I stiffen. 16:13 148 Ava: A Vampiro's Goodwill (1) *www.novèlw(orm).com*

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