

Prologue

"400 years ago"

Vincent's pov.

Burying my face in the crook of her neck, I inhaled the sweet scent of my mate before licking her soft skin. Her skin felt silk. She moaned when I sank my teeth slowly and tenderly onto her pale skin. The sweet and salty liquid led my taste, and ecstasy burst through me as my mate writhed in my arms.

I sucked hard, and she gasped, entangling her fingers in my hair and pulling my head closer to her neck.

Those erotic sounds leaving her sweet mouth drove me crazy, and I craved more. With every lick of my tongue, the smell of her arousal grew in the air, making my cock so hard as steel and painfully erect for her. I wanted nothing else more than to bury my dick inside her and fuck her senseless.

"You are so fucking beautiful, my queen. I can't believe you are mine," I murmured sweet words against her skin as I kissed her sensitive spot again, sucking harder.

"Ah!!! My King!!!" She moaned in pleasure.

I smirked smugly, knowing only I could make her feel like that.

"Yes, my queen, tell me what you want," I teased, licking my lips.

"I want you, Vincent. Please!" She cried, and who was I to refuse her?

My body was already on her, and I wanted her. She lay on my bed, spreading her legs before me as if offering me a sweet dessert, waiting for me to devour her. Crawling up on the bed, I stared at her, mesmerized and entranced by my mate. She twisted her petite body, whimpering and gesturing for me to come and have my way with her.

I smirked at my greedy, impatient mate.

I caressed her breasts. Her breathing quickened. Her soft nipples swelled so hard and taut, poking in the air. The sight of them made my mouth water. I pinched harder, twisting them between my fingers, and she moaned my name, her back arching off the mattress.

"Vincent!!!! More!!!"

Fück!

Such a greedy beautiful temptress!

Clamping my lips around a dark bud, I tugged it between my teeth. Her hands flew and came around my head. Pulling me closer impatiently, she rubbed her breasts on my face, making me chuckle at her impatience. She whimpered in annoyance.

Oh, my mate was getting angry.

Grazing my sharp teeth on her soft sensitive nipples, I gave her what she sought. She screamed loudly with pleasure. Swirling my tongue around her soft nub, I licked to soothe the aching sensation. Switching my attention to the other nipple, I took my turn to make it red and hard as well. I lifted my head slightly and was pleased to see my artwork.

She was a sight, so erotic and tempting!

Holding her gaze, I dipped my head between the valley of her breasts. My tongue darted out hungrily, licking and not leaving a single delectable inch of her body untouched. Settling myself between her thighs, I parted them wide. I groaned to see her glistening pussy welcoming me. I sniffed, smelling her sweet musk before dipping my head, my tongue parting her folds.

Nibbling her clit, I bit harder, rewarding myself with a pleasure-led sweet moan leaving my mate's lips. Lifting herself on her elbow, she peered down at me with her hooded eyes.

Holding her gaze, I caught her sensitive clit between my teeth and tugged harder. She cried my name. I icked my teeth more, and she cried even louder.

"Oh! You are killing me, my king," she moaned, arching her back and grabbing the bedspread in her small fists.

I smirked before taking her swollen clitoris between my lips and sucking roughly.

"Fück!" She ground her pussy on my face.

Licking the edge of her soft folds, I teased before plunging my tongue deep inside her tight hole. She clenched so hard, throbbing wildly.

"Ah! I am... I am coming, my king!" She cried in ecstasy.

"Oh no, Ariana! Have I told you to come?" I ordered sternly. She thrashed her body, fighting to delay her climax. Such a good girl. Always so submissive.

I tongue fucked her harder, deeper, until she was trembling and lost in ecstasy.

"Let go, my queen. Cum for me," I ordered, slapping her butt and replacing my tongue with my fingers. Her soft skin bounced against my palm as I spanked her full round butt harder, pumping my fingers speedily in her tight hole.

Her legs shivered around my head. She was on edge. Grabbing her breast, I pinched her nipple hard. She groaned in pleasure, shuddered, and came screaming my name. I drank greedily, never getting enough of her.

She panted, breathing heavily, and I kept sucking, fingers plunging in her, drawing more of her sweet honey until her last drop.

Without warning, I grabbed her ass, lifting her slightly. My rough hand sank into her soft skin as I spread her thighs and positioned myself in her opening. I rubbed the swollen head beaded with precum on her clit.

"Ah! Don't tease me, umm..." she whined, moaning.

I pushed slightly into her hole, only to draw back. She gasped, her hungry eyes fixed on me.

Breathing heavily, I pushed further, inch by inch deeper every time, until I sheathed myself fully in her warmth.

Fuck!

She was so tight and slick. Her greedy pussy wrapped deliciously around my length, throbbing and sucking me deeper.

Glancing down where we connected, I groaned.

We fit together so perfectly.

Made for each other.

She was my queen, my mate, my Ariana, and I was the Vampire King, Vincent Arnoult.

"Please!" Ariana begged, rolling her hips.

"Please what, my queen?" I asked, my eyes darkened with lust as I waited for her reply.

"Please, fuck me!" She cried as I thrust abruptly without warning.

My hips moved speedily, and my dick drilled into her deep and rough. I rammed her small cunt mercilessly, taking what was mine. Her pussy throbbed, walls closing around my length, squeezing painfully. Fuck, she was always so tight. I plunged deeper and harder, hitting her G spot.

She screamed before she came hard, spurting on my dick. I ripped her over, putting her on all fours while I took her from behind. I started pounding into her sensitive cunt. Our bodies rocked together. She wriggled her hips desperately. Gritting my teeth, I spanked her derrières and repeated until they turned burning red while my dick rammed her cunt roughly. Soon I reached my climax, bursting through my pleasure as I groaned her name, spilling my seeds deep into her womb, breeding her.

"Ariana! My love. I love you so much," I declared.

"I love you too, my king, my husband," she moaned as she came again, milking me and screaming louder. The whole palace would have heard her. She was so loud.

Lowering my head, I took her plump lips in a deep kiss, swallowing her breathless moans and cries into my mouth. When I pulled out of her, she was still shivering and breathing heavily. Lying beside her, I gathered her in my arms.

"That was amazing, my love," I told her, caressing her cheeks with my knuckles. She smiled, which didn't reach her eyes.

"What happened, my love? Are you not satisfied? Do I need to work harder?" I asked her teasingly, but inside my heart, I was worried about what was bothering her.

"Nothing, my king. I am fully satisfied and well pleased. You are all I need," she said, taking my face in her soft hands. "My only regret is I cannot give you a child. We have been trying for so long, and I am still not pregnant. How will you carry on your lineage if you don't have any children from this marriage?" She worried as tears welled up in her beautiful eyes.

She lowered her eyelashes before continuing, "I think your mother is right. You should remarry for the sake of your people and your kingdom. The almighty King, Vincent, should have a son who could carry on his inheritance. I think it's time for you to make the right decision and choose another queen."

"Stop it! Just stop it, Ariana! You know I love you. Taking another mate?! It will not happen, not in thousands of years. I don't need anything when you are with me. The throne definitely needs an heir. But my heir will only be born from you. Only you would be the mother of my child. And I am happy and ready to spend my whole life with you just like that. So don't ever come up with these weird ideas. We need to have faith in our love. We will definitely have a child one day. Just give us some time," I told her, wrapping my arms around her possessively.

Placing a finger under her chin, I lifted her face to make her look at me. Her eyes were wet and glistening with tears. Shut! It hurt me more than anything to see tears in her eyes. Then, wiping her eyes softly with my thumb, I kissed them softly.

"And the most important thing you should know is that no one can be my queen other than you. Only you are and will always be my queen, now and forever. Even though I have to renounce my throne to be with you, I will happily do this. I don't need any power, throne, or crown. I don't need a castle, a country. I just need you. You make me complete, my love. You make me feel alive. Nothing and no one can replace you. Always remember it, my queen," I announced.

"But..." She started to speak, and I knew from her expression that she would begin to do that again.

"Ariana, if you only want to talk about this, I am not interested. You know that nothing can change my decision in this world. So please, don't make it difficult for us," I warned her.

She sighed and placed her head on my shoulder. I knew she was worried. Everyone around her made her think about only one thing: an heir. Since we got married, had been trying to have a baby. But she was still not pregnant. We tried so many things. Not because I was desperate but because she wanted it. We tried every treatment available in my kingdom but still had no success. People started making assumptions about my fall because I had no son to rule after me and carry a legacy.

So I decided to give up my position and make my half-brother, Silas, the king. But my father was not ready because the people of my kingdom loved me more.

In the 16th century, the paranormals and humans lived together in my kingdom. Vampires, other paranormals, and humans lived together but didn't interfere in each other's lives. We just lived here, making equilibrium as the population of humans was still smaller.

Ariana was a human before I found her and married her. She was the bravest and most beautiful girl I had ever met and was the perfect match for me, an ideal candidate for the queen of the largest kingdom on the earth. After our marriage, I marked her and turned her into a Vampire.

"I don't know, Vincent. Everything in our lives was going so perfectly. Then why did this happen to us? Why can't we have a child?" Ariana whined, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Don't worry, my love. I believe, if we are together, we will get over this also, just like we have beat many obstacles in the way of our love," I assured her, kissing her forehead.

Our days had been passing happily in each other's arms. Her love was the only thing that made me feel like a king ruling the most enchanting territory, her heart. I had fallen head over heels for her and had no shame in accepting it.

I went for a meet held by a king of a neighborhood kingdom. I was not home those days, but I kept thinking about the solution to the problem, which made Ariana keep worrying. She had been thinking about having a baby so much that it started to affect her health. Although Vampires were immortal, we became weak because of some internal sickness.

I thought a lot and decided to adopt a Vampire child who would be my heir. Yes! In this way, nobody would insist on me remarrying and having an heir.

I was so happy when I came back. I wanted to tell Ariana that I had found a solution. But the vibe in my castle made me feel the opposite. There was an eerie silence spread across my castle. Everyone looked sad and strangely quiet. It seemed they were scared to talk about something.

Hurrying, I went straight to my room. My feet were glued, and my eyes bled because the sight before me was not believable.

"Arianna!!!" I screamed her name, running towards the bed.

I took her blood-soaked body in my arms, shaking her frantically in the hope she would wake up and talk to me. I called her name, crazily, repeatedly. But she was silent. She wasn't breathing, not moving a finger, and turned icy cold. I couldn't believe destiny could be so cruel. It took my Ariana away from me.

She was murdered brutally. Someone had pierced her chest with a magical silver knife. That was the day of my destruction. I was left devastated and hopeless.

However, I tried to find out who did this. But no clue had ever been found.

Ariana's murderer was still alive and wandering free.

But I was dead inside to every extent. Every single hope in me had died with Ariana. As a vampire, I was cursed to live for thousands of years because I could not die.

Ariana's death had turned me into a heartless and ruthless king. They said they hadn't seen a more ruthless king before me.

But I was living to find the person who killed my Ariana.

"I found a way to bring Queen Ariana back," the royal wizard of my kingdom announced happily.

He had been looking for a solution at my insistence, and finally, he succeeded.

"Is this true? Can this happen?" I asked in desperation.

"Yes, it is possible, Your Majesty! But we have a problem. A condition is mentioned that we must find a girl who looks exactly like Queen Ariana," he stated.

"This condition is very peculiar. Where do I find a girl who looks exactly like my Ariana?" I frowned.

"Not only this, but she should be ready to willingly sacrifice herself to the other world's lord during the ritual. Only then can we physically bring Queen Ariana's soul back to this world. And it is mentioned strictly that no one should force that girl or manipulate or hypnotize her to immolate. It should be purely her decision. She should be ready wholeheartedly to offer her soul to the lord of the other world in exchange for Queen Ariana's soul," the royal wizard, Tobias, explained.

It seemed next to impossible. But I would do anything to bring my queen back at any cost, and I wouldn't fucking care if I had to turn this world upside down to search for that girl and make her sacrifice herself willingly.