

## Chapter 116

She trembled, squeezing her breasts desperately, pinching her nipples, her moans escaping like a melody of ecstasy.

"It's good. Oh gods..." Her words turned incomprehensible, slurring into senseless sounds of pleasure.

The girl's musk would drive him insane. The scent intensified with every pull from her vein, flooding his senses with intoxicating desire.

His hand wandered, cupping her weeping core. He rubbed her firmly, thoroughly, each movement deliberate and unrelenting.

Her breath caught in her throat, then released in a hiss. "Yesssss." Her body writhed in response.

She was close, Vladya could tell. Aekeira was so aroused that her musk grew so thick, it was almost choking, even in the open space of the woods.

For someone who had reservations for males, she wanted him too much. Responding to his every slight touch. A heady, possessive feeling clawed him.

His elegant, little whore. Mine.

Vladya circled her swollen clit through her garment and pinched—just enough to send waves of sensation rocking through her core.

She came with a sob, gasping and panting. Her body melted, but Vladya's body pressed against hers, stopped her from sliding to the ground.

So wired now, Vladya thought he would die if he didn't come soon. Pulling his dick out, he took her hand and pressed it against him.

Her hand jerked away as if burned. Was this her first time actually touching a dick?

The thought filled him with pleasure. A fucking primal nature.

But her hands came back on their own. Her touch was shy and hesitant. Tentative.

Yet even such skittish touches had him on the brink of orgasm. Was he really about to come like a novice young lad getting his first handjob?

She held him, her fingers wrapping around his girth, moving her hand in jerky, clumsy motions. With every stroke, her touch grew firmer, more confident.

Vladya growled, a deep, rumbling sound that echoed around them. Even his savage, half-mad beast within was calm, pleased by her hesitant caresses.

He wanted to push her to her knees and bury his manhood down her throat. To feel the warmth and wetness of her mouth, to wreck her throat until her voice turned hoarse for days.

The mere thought of it ripped his orgasm from him with a ferocity that left him breathless. His fangs tore from her throat, and he licked the wound closed, savoring the taste of her blood.

"Fuck." His release was so hard and intense, he threw his head back, swallowing his groan as his vision whited out, stars exploding behind his eyes.

Moments later, he tucked himself in and pulled away from her. She slid to the ground in a heap, her body limp and sated, a dreamy smile spread across her flushed face.

Her movements were sluggish, her limbs heavy with the afterglow of pleasure.

"I enjoy touching you," she slurred, her voice thick with satisfaction.

Vladya's mind was beginning to clear, the bloodlust and arousal no longer clouding his thoughts.

He observed this female who had once again become blood-drunk from his feeding. Her cheeks were rosy, her lips slightly parted, a look of bliss etched across her features.

"Always scowling like a bulldog guarding its bone. Do you ever smile? Huh?" She hiccuped, her eyes glazed with inebriation.

Vladya could not figure this female out, and it baffled him. What sort of woman was Aekeira?

He kept thinking he had her pinned, yet she continually surprised him. How could she care enough to feed him when she should be praying for his insanity or death to draw even closer?

He'd thought she surely liked Zaiper; to strip for him and entice him that way. But, that was not the case. Vladya wouldn't have believed it if not for Emeriel.

And now it kind of made sense; the way she always got wet, aroused for him. The girl was sexually attracted to him, not Zaiper.

Although he'd never been kind to her body, it responded to him anyway, opening and easing for him. He was the first male Aekeira had ever wanted in a sexual way.

Vladya did not know what to make of that, but deep inside, in a part of his deteriorating mind he would never let come to light, it pleased him. Immensely.

"Try smiling." Her voice was punctuated by another hiccup. "If you keep frowning like that, you will look ancient in no time.

Vladya could not resist. "We do not age. I cannot look any older than this."

She glared at him, her eyes sparkling. "Try it. Like this." Her lips stretched into a wide, beautiful smile that lit up her face.

He was utterly captivated, unable to look away. Her beauty was mesmerizing and unsettling.

Dangerous territory. Retreat.

"You are as high as a giant's toenail," Vladya murmured, scooping her up into his arms. Her body felt pliant and warm against him. "You need to sleep this off."

Holding her in his arms, felt incredibly right. This was not good. Not good at all.

With steady strides, Lord Vladya carried her out of the woods. The cool night air mingled with the warmth radiating from her, creating a peculiar sense of calmness within him.

His bloodlust was not sated, but he was surprised how just drinking from her had been enough to quell the harshest of his hunger. Usually, it took at least five to achieve such an effect. Who exactly was this brave princess in his arms?

He glanced down, her eyes heavy-lidded and fixed on him. Her lashes fluttered like raven wings, a rosy flush still coloring her cheeks. Who was this female who had so effortlessly invaded his life and taken up residence in his thoughts?

"You are very handsome," she mumbled, her voice thick with sleepiness. "The handsomest in this kingdom."

"If the bloodfeeding has impaired your vision, it is further proof you need to sleep this off."

"My vision is perfectly fine," she protested, slurring every word. "Why are you always so cross with me? I was not even born five hundred years ago."

A muscle twitched in his jaw. He continued moving without saying a word, refusing to acknowledge the statement. Because in the end, the girl was right. She was not alive at that time.

Soon, he reached the clearing where Yaz and the rest of his men stood waiting, their forms shadowy against the moonlit backdrop. Yaz ran forward. "I will take her, Your Highness."

"I will do it." Vladya kept walking, cradling Aekeira closer.