

Chapter 154

AEKEIRA

With infinite care, Lord Vladya settled the swaddled infant into the mother's waiting arms, who then passed the bundle to the hovering nursemaid.

"I am ready to nourish you. Allow me but a moment to assume the posture for the Sacred Ways of Old," Lady Merrillyn said.

"There will be no need for that," Lord Vladya's voice was hoarse, but he cleared his throat, steadying it. "When you're in perfect health, we shall attempt it. Until then, the regular manner of feeding shall suffice."

The sacred ways of old? Aekeira filed the question away in her mind for her next visit to the library.

"Are you certain? I do not mind in the least." Lady Merrillyn smiled. "I worry about you, dear Vlad, a lot."

"You had major complications during the birth, remember?" Lord Vladya eyed her. "It's why you're on bedrest. I worry for you too, Merry, and I would do nothing to jeopardize your health. Now, feed me."

"As my master wishes." She extended her pale, slender hand, which Lord Vladya grasped, helping her to settle on the bed's edge. With a gentle sweep, she drew her hair aside, revealing the tender skin of her neck.

The feeding was as intimate as ever, marked by Lady Merilyn's moans of pleasure and the occasional low growls from Lord Vladya's throat. Aekeira felt a rush of arousal, flushed and warm, her body responding as though she were witnessing sexual intimacy.

And when Lady Merilyn began to beg him to mount her, Aekeira squirmed uncomfortably on her feet, trying desperately to focus her gaze anywhere but on their intimate exchange. Lord Vladya denied lady Merrillyn's pleas, holding her still as he fed.

By the time he retracted his fangs, sealed the wound, and pulled away, Aekeira felt uncomfortably hot, fighting the urge to shed the confining layers of her garment. If they smelled her arousal, they showed no sign, each caught in their own battle of lust and control.

"Thank you, Merry," Lord Vladya said softly, assisting the lady to recline once more.

"Thank you for resisting, master, but it would be best for you to depart now. I am not myself. I still wish to tear your clothes off," she murmured, eyes closed.

"Indeed. Henry will return soon, but for now, it's perhaps best if you indulge in self-pleasure. You are yet not ready for sexual exertions."

They conversed as though Aekeira wasn't there. She doubted if Lord Vladya remembered her presence.

But, as he turned to leave, his gaze, filled with desire and bloodfeeding satisfaction, pierced her. "Come."

Aekeira trailed him out, her breaths shallow and quick. Everything about him ensnared her senses. He hadn't fed from her, yet she wanted it.

No sooner had they crossed the threshold, the door closing behind them, did he press her against the stone wall.

"I feed from Merry, but it is you who invades my thoughts." He looked starving, his tone softer than she'd ever heard it.

"I-I." Aekeira's eyes were drawn to his lips. She swallowed.

Lord Vladya's hand caressed her cheek. "You are the one I envision spread out beneath me, my dick lodged deep inside you, my fangs at your neck. Why, Aekeira?" Without awaiting her reply, his lips slammed down on hers.

The kiss was fierce, desperate. Grand Lord Vladya consumed her.

All thoughts vacated Aekeira's head as he plundered her mouth, except one. Lord Vladya is kissing me! He really is kissing me.

Aekeira had never been properly kissed before. The drunken slobbering of lustful ministers who had won her in card games and bets didn't count. Those experiences only set her up to expect the worst from a kiss. Nausea. A churning stomach. Involuntary retches.

But the reality of this grand lord's kiss shattered everything else.

Aekeira moaned as his tongue plunged into her mouth, coercing hers into a dance she never learned but now found herself desperate to master. His lips suckled at hers greedily, every pull drawing a deeper, more shameless sound from her throat.

Her fingers rose of their own accord clutching at his robes, pulling him closer as he thoroughly explored her lower lip before sucking it back into his mouth. It was filthy. Raw.

So arousing.

Aekeira's body went from warm to molten. She was suddenly aware of her breasts. Acutely aware of how heavy and achingly sensitive they felt. Wetness pooled inside her, dripping onto her undergarment.

"By Ukrae's bones," Lord Vladya groaned into her mouth. His hands cupped her cheeks, keeping her face captive as he ravaged her lips like it was his personal playground.

Aekeira clung to him, making helpless little, soft, throaty moans as he kissed her within an inch of her life. She felt devoured. Alive.

Breaking the kiss, he murmured, "There's my elegant little whore." Breathing ragged, he rested his forehead against hers. "Just a kiss and already you are so wet, your musk's scent is nearly suffocating me."

An embarrassed mewl left Aekeira. She squeezed her eyes shut, wishing she could hide from his penetrating gaze.

"I could take you right here, in Merilyn's hallway, and you would let me, wouldn't you?" His tone was taunting, yet alluring. "Knowing that everyone in the house would hear your cries... well aware they would know exactly what I am doing to you, you would still let me."

Humiliation tangled with arousal, stoking the fires within Aekeira until she felt as though she might combust. She buried her face against his neck, rubbing her arching core against his thighs like a shameless wanton.

A raspy, soft laughter came from him, as his hand stilled her whorish movement. "Words, little bird. Use words."

He's laughing. Aekeira might have marveled at that sound under different circumstances, but right now, all she could focus on was getting relief.

"Y-yes, I want you," she panted, shyly.

Lord Vladya pressed closer, his hardness blatantly firm against her midsection. Then, he made a rotating motion, shamelessly rubbing his thickness against her.

"Soaked. Swollen. My sexy little witch," he growled. "By the gods, Aekeira. You are bad for my control. You make me want to—" He stopped. Elongated ears twitched.

"Merilyn can hear us," he muttered after a moment, the slightest amusement touching his lips. "She said we are not helping her situation in the slightest—huh." A brief pause followed. "I haven't heard such colorful language from you in centuries, Merry."

They were overhead? Aekeira's face burned.