

Chapter 293

She wiped his arms and hands, her thumbs brushing over the calluses on his palms. Reaching for a small vial of soap, she poured a modest amount into her hands, lathering it before spreading it across his shoulders and back.

At some point, he must have fallen asleep again. Because when he opened his eyes, the bath was over, and she was urging him out of the tub.

She helped him dress, and now he stood in his nightclothes, her hands guiding him back to the bed.

“Here,” she held up a small bottle of potion, bringing it to his lips. “Drink this.”

When had Yaz brought the potion? He didn’t remember hearing the door, but it didn’t matter.

The liquid slid down his throat with a faintly bitter aftertaste. He was so sleepy his eyes were barely open.

“This will sting a bit,” she pressed a damp cloth to the cut on his cheek, just beside his scar.

Her brow furrowed in concentration as she dabbed at his wounds. Beside his mouth. Near his shoulder blade.

Her scent was like an elixir of some sort.

Vladya kept breathing deeply, drawing more of it greedily into his lungs.

But all too soon, she pulled away.

He almost groaned at the loss, but then the bed dipped behind him, and he felt her presence again as she climbed on.

She repeated the process, this time on the claw marks raked across his back.

"You smell good enough to eat," Vladya purred.

Then stiffened, realizing how feral it might sound, and quickly rephrased. “I mean... really, really good.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

He could hear her smile in the breathy words.

With a sigh, Vladya leaned back, burying his nose against her neck and stuffing his lungs full of her scent. Goodness gracious.

For a male who had lived without a loving feminine touch for centuries, he was beginning to feel like an addict.

Two weeks without her, and you are a mess. You are provoked too easily, picking fights like a youngling.

Vladya ignored the voice in his head. Instead, he focused on the comfort of her presence.

And now you have fallen into the landmine that is your mind, spiraling into a feral episode. Why give a human such power over you?

She winced.

Vladya’s eyes flew open. He had gripped her thigh too hard.

He released her instantly. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay.”

Humans are not to be trusted, the voice hissed again, raging and venomous. She will get you wrapped around her dainty fingers and then betray you.

Why else would she stay with a male like you with a fractured mind on a one-way path to madness? She has an ulterior motive. They all do.

"I love you."

Her words cut through the voice in his head.

Vladya’s eyes opened, drifting to her enticing neck. Her blood called to him like a nymph’s song. He was struggling to resist.

And because he was feeling a bit pathetic, he rumbled, “Tell me again, Akeira.”

Her hand stopped moving. “I love you so much, Grand Lord Vladya.”

His fangs descended. His dick twitched in his pants.

Lies. All of it.

“There are voices in my head I wish to silence. I need a distraction.” he said aloud. “Will you let me feed from you?”

“How do you want me?” Her answer came without hesitation, filled with trust and love.

His cock loved that simple question. Hardening, throbbing against the fabric of his pants.

Suddenly, Vladya wanted far more than just sleep.

“Come, and stand before me,” he ordered.

Climbing off the bed, she moved to stand before him in her flimsy nightdress.

The thin fabric clung to her in places, still damp from earlier when she’d bathed him. The way it hugged her curves made his hunger for her body spike.

Sitting upright, his large hands encircling her waist as he guided her closer onto his lap to straddle him. His fingers tangled in her soft strands, tilting her neck, and his fangs sank in.

Akeira moaned, her head tipping back as she arched into him.

Vladya drank from her lazily. Savoring her blood like the rarest wine. His eyes slithered closed, his focus narrowing to the taste of her and the way her body pressed against his.

The way she clung to him, her fingers curling against his neck, pulling him closer. The way she rocked her waist against his arousal.

It was subtle at first. Small twitches, the kind one couldn’t quite control.

But then her need overtook her hesitation, and she openly gyrated against his dick, seeking more.

I need to be inside her.

“I need you inside me, please,” she begged, her movement growing increasingly frantic and uncoordinated. “Oh, please,”

Exactly my thoughts, my young princess.

Taking hold of her hips, he stilled her movements by holding her up. The other he used to unfasten his shorts, freeing his aching cock.

Bunching up her nightdress, he guided her down onto him, her slick heat enveloping him inch by glorious inch.

“Ooooooh...” Her cry was long and drawn out, her head falling back as he filled her completely.

She was so moist, so tight, and so ready for him. She fit around him perfectly like a molded glove.

And he hadn’t even released any pheromones yet.

After so long without being inside her, Vladya’s desire knew no restraint. The pleasure was pure, almost all-consuming.

He moved beneath her, thrusting up, filling her over and over. The voices in his head disappeared completely, drowned out by the pleasure coursing through him.

The restlessness faded into nothingness, and even the constant headache was gone. All he could feel was this.

“I have missed this,” The confession was so soft it might have gone unheard, but Vladya caught every word. “I’ve missed you so much.”

He couldn’t believe the warm feeling spreading through his chest.

Sipping her blood like one might savor their favorite meal, she stretched it out so it wouldn’t end too soon.

His hand tightened on her waist, angling her hips to hit her spots accurately.

“Yes, yes, like that. Ahhh...”

His shy, reserved princess was being the verbal one tonight.

Vladya smiled a bit as he continued taking from her, nursing from her, as he felt his release approaching. Only then did he release pheromones.

Akeira’s breath came faster, her cries growing louder. She clung to him desperately, meeting his thrusts with her own, moving even more frantically.

Her moans shifted into a high-pitched, keening whine as her climax overtook her. Tremors wracked her body,

Vladya had carefully timed her release before he came, so her pleasure would drown out the burn from his semen. He let go with a muffled groan, fucking into her one final time before he went still.

Spilling deep inside her, his grip on her hips going tight for a moment before they loosened.

“Oh gods...” she cried out. Her strength left her completely, and she slumped against him, resting her forehead on his shoulder.

His beast purred, satisfied.

Pulling his fangs from her neck, Vladya swiped the wound closed. Then, exhaustion hit him all at once, more intense than before.

“Tired,” he confessed.

“Me too,” she uncurved herself from his lap, standing on wobbly legs. Adjusting her nightdress in a sluggish, clumsy way. “You need sleep. Lie down.”

Vladya sank back onto the bed with a heavy sigh, but not before grabbing her wrist, pulling her down with him. “Sleep beside me.”

She went willingly, lying beside him with her head resting on his chest.

Akeira was exhausted.

Her mind was blissfully quiet for the first time in days, and she had a soft, contented smile.

Lord Vladya’s arm was around her protectively, his breathing evened out in sleep. He looked so peaceful now, his earlier tension and pain gone.

She watched him with lazy eyes, already feeling the effects of bloodfeeding him. Tracing the strong line of his jaw, the scar that marred his cheek, the faint frown lines that hadn’t yet faded.

This powerful male who was hers had been through so much, and Akeira was fulfilled knowing she had been able to soothe him tonight.

The stress, the anxiety, the panic of the past few weeks melted away as her eyelids grew heavy. Relaxing fully, she closed her eyes, and with his closeness surrounding her, she took fell asleep.