

Arch-Enemies

Chapter 2: Drake

I've been on a mission for my grandfather for several months. He sent me on what feels like a wild goose chase looking for a girl. He told me she was a teenager and a vampire, but he didn't tell me anything more than that. Now, after several months of looking, I've come up with my last dead end. I've run out of leads and I have to return home to tell my grandfather that I failed him.

I sleep through the day, waiting for the sun to set before I begin making my way home. Unlike most vampires, I'm a royal and therefore, I can walk in the daylight, but it's uncomfortable. My eyes are very light sensitive, and my pale skin burns easily, so I prefer to move at night.

As I get closer to home, to my grandfather's clan and his lands, I get a bad feeling. The last couple of times that I called my grandfather, he didn't answer. And for once, he didn't call me back. It's now been a few weeks and I haven't heard from him. It's another reason I've decided to come home. I need to make sure that he's okay.

Just as I get to the borders of my grandfather's lands, I hear a loud crashing sound and then a human male steps out of the dark, holding a flashlight in my face.

"Halt, who goes there?"

I growl, low and deep. "Who the fuck are you and get that fucking light out of my face."

"I'm a guard, who are you?" the human says, not moving the light out of my face. I'm tired and irritable and now I know for sure that something is wrong. My grandfather has never hired humans as guards or anything. We keep our distance from them.

Faster than the human can see, I move, smashing the light and grabbing him from behind, my arm around his throat and my razor sharp teeth by his ear.

"I will ask you once more. Who the fuck are you?"

"Harry! My name is Harry! I didn't realize you were one of them. I'm sorry," he chokes. I tilt my head and hear three more humans closing in on me from behind.

In a split second, I've ripped Harry's head off, then I turn, ripping the throat out of one of the guys sneaking up on me. He doesn't even have a chance to scream before I've ripped his throat out with my teeth. It's been too long since I've fed and his blood in my mouth makes my eyes constrict and my mouth water for more. I desperately want to drain these

last two men dry, but I look at them as they stop, the lights in their hands casting shadows over the dead guards.

“Run. Now.” I snarl and watch as their eyes go wide and the veins in their necks pulse heavily with their fear. I can hear the sound of their blood pumping through their bodies and it’s a symphony to my ears.

“GO!” I scream and turn, racing to the castle.

As I step inside, my father’s minion, Giovanni, steps out of the shadows.

“Prince Drake, we were wondering when you would return,” he says.

“Where is my grandfather?” I ask, not interested in his banter.

“Your father would like to see you, right away,” he says.

I stop, turning to him. “Where. Is. My. Grandfather?”

He gives me a placating smile. “Your father will explain everything. Please, follow me.”

As he leads me through the halls, I can hear the sound of music.

“May I ask whose blood that is on you?” he asks me.

“Some humans who said they were guarding my grandfather’s lands.”

“I see,” is all he says to me.

I can smell the humans, and the blood before we get to the main ballroom. When Giovanni opens the massive double doors, the scent of cheap perfume, sex and blood flood my nose.

My lip curls as I walk in, seeing that the room has become something of an orgy feeding room, everyone is fucking and feeding off of each other.

“What is the meaning of this?” I bellow.

The room goes quiet and I look up to see a throne at the head of the room. On the throne is my father and straddling his lap is a naked woman.

He pulls his fangs from her breast as he looks at me, his mouth red with blood. It makes my mouth water, but I refuse to be a part of something this disgusting.

“Where is my grandfather?” I ask my father. I stop following Giovanni as he continues to my father’s throne.

I watch as my father strokes the face of the woman on his lap. “Don’t stop,” he coos at her and she begins bouncing on his lap again as he refocuses his attention on me.

“My father, your grandfather, is dead. I killed him and took over the throne.”

My teeth snap together and I look around the room. I knew something was wrong, but I didn’t realize that my father would kill his own father.

“It was time for things to change,” my father purrs, looking at the woman bouncing on him. His hand comes around her throat and she leans her head back, her hands on the arms of the chair as she begins moaning loudly, the sound echoing around the room.

He looks at me as he begins to squeeze her throat. She doesn’t stop her bouncing and if anything, she seems to be getting off on the asphyxiation.

“It was time for the clan to be allowed to have some fun,” he says, as if what he’s saying and doing should make perfect sense to me.

He growls, his focus going back to the woman as I hear her breathing become labored, but still, somehow, she seems about ready to orgasm. My father rips her head to the side and slams his fangs into her neck. She screams her pleasure as he releases her throat, his blood-red eyes on me as he feeds on her while both of them cum.

I don’t look away, knowing my father is doing this on purpose.

When he finally pulls his fangs from her neck, she looks drugged. He probably took too much blood right after depleting the oxygen in her body. He finally turns his attention from me to her.

“Go get some rest, my pretty. Tomorrow, make sure you eat some liver. You’re becoming iron deficient, and we can’t have that. You wouldn’t want me to send you away, would you?” he asks her, like he’s talking to a child.

“No, Master,” she says, sounding as drugged as she looks.

“Good girl. Now go,” he says and smacks her ass leaving a handprint on it. I noticed that there are multiple women and some men in this room with hand prints on different parts of their asses and thighs.

She crawls off of him and stumbles away, barely able to stand.

I glare at my father, the man who created me.

“Don’t look at me like that Drake. All of your righteous indignation looks like hypocrisy while you are covered in the blood of my human guards. Go get washed up and then we can talk,” he says.

“Where is he?”

“Who?”

“My grandfather?” I snarl.

My father has the audacity to look around. Then he gestures to the floor.

“That’s him. All those ashes on the floor are your dear old grandfather. You see, I didn’t take him from you. I’m not a cruel man.”

“You make me sick,” I snarl before stomping out of the ballroom and heading to my bedroom. When I get there, I’m thankful that it’s been left mostly alone. I can tell that Giovanni has been in here, looking through my things, but it doesn’t appear that he took anything.

I’m sure he wants to know where I was and what I was doing for my grandfather. But, while my grandfather might have been naïve about my father’s willingness to kill him, he wasn’t stupid. He didn’t trust my father with his secrets, and obviously for good reason.

Now, it’s up to me to figure out who this girl is that my grandfather sent me after and to find her before my father does.