

The Vampire 25

Chapter 25 25: Once Bitten

The moment Nyrielle's fangs pierced Ashlynn's neck, a searing hot pain enveloped her, spreading from the bite down to her shoulder and to her temple as though her head were gripped by one of Georg's powerful claws.

The next moment, a soothing cold chased after the burning pain, relaxing her muscles and banishing the pain before she could finish drawing breath to cry out.

A thin trail of blood spilled from the bite, tracing down her slender neck and pooling along her clavicle. Ashlynn, however, barely noticed the sensation as other feelings began to overwhelm her.

Her heartbeat grew louder in her chest, not faster, but pulsing with never before felt strength. Her face heated and flushed red as blood rushed to her head, driven by the need to pump even more hot, thick, red liquid into Nyrielle's waiting mouth.

The vampire's tongue danced across Ashlynn's neck like a kitten licking cream, unwilling to let more of the delicious nectar escape her lips. Compared to a member of the eldritch races, human blood was weak and thin, forcing vampires who subsisted on humans to feed more often than those who fed on the eldritch clans.

Ashlynn's blood, however, was rich, potent, and energizing, filling Nyrielle with a euphoric rush of power and magical energy.

As Nyrielle quietly swallowed, Ashlynn's mind began to drift, lost in the sensations enveloping her body. From the top of her head to the soles of her feet, she felt a soothing cold spread through her body, like plunging into the sea on a hot summer day.

The second heartbeat within her chest grew louder, and with each beat, her body pulsed with a gentle sense of comfort and relief.

Opening her eyes, Ashlynn found herself hanging limply in Nyrielle's embrace, the sounds of soft sucking emanating from her neck as the vampire drank her fill.

Gently, as if she was afraid to disturb Nyrielle, she wrapped her arms around the other woman, her hands sliding along the soft satin of Nyrielle's dress until she reached the woman's gently curving shoulders, clinging to them tightly as though she was afraid to fall.

As soon as Nyrielle felt the young witch cling to her, her own hands began to wander, gently lifting Ashlynn's blouse and slipping a hand beneath. Her fingertips glided along Ashlynn's tender flesh, barely touching the surface of her skin and pulling a gasp from the young woman's lips.

Warmth began to build deep in Ashlynn's chest, and lower in her most intimate of places. Her body trembled, yearning for more of Nyrielle's touch. At the same time, she dared not move, nor even speak as she hung helplessly from the vampire's bite.

It felt like the most intense moment of her life, stretched to an eternity that blotted away any memory of hurt she'd ever experienced. It felt like all the warmth and affection she'd received her whole life had been gathered into one moment and wrapped around her like a soft blanket.

It felt like it had just begun when, as suddenly as it had started, it came to an end. Nyrielle pulled back, gently licking her neck to clean away the last of the blood before turning Ashlynn's face toward her own.

Nyrielle's plump, lush lips brushed against Ashlynn's, her tongue, still red with fresh blood, teasing against the witch's lips until they parted for her.

For a moment, Ashlynn froze, her whole body becoming stiff, tasting a mixture of her own blood and a lingering sweetness that clung to Nyrielle after dessert. Slowly, she melted into the kiss, clinging tightly to the vampire as though she was afraid of being abandoned after the meal had ended.

How long the kiss lasted, Ashlynn couldn't say, only that when Nyrielle finally pulled back, looking at her with midnight blue eyes that had lost their otherworldly depths, she was breathless and tingling from the tip of her head to the toes curling in her soft leather boots.

"We're not done yet, my sweet," Nyrielle whispered, turning Ashlynn to look out over the Vale of Mist and pulling her close.

Raising one hand, Nyrielle began to speak, soft, rounded, and ancient words. The midnight blue energy dancing around her nimble fingers grew brighter and more intense the longer she spoke.

Out in the vale, beyond the outermost wall of the castle town, the mist began to swirl, rising from the trees and gathering higher into the sky. The night was cool and clear but under Nyrielle's direction, a cloud began to form over the vale, higher and higher in the sky until it began to flicker and tremble with lighting.

"This is my magic alone," Nyrielle said. "But with yours, it can be so much more."

More words spilled from the vampire's bloodstained lips and the cloud began to change shape. Giant feathered wings of cloud formed first, followed by clawed talons and the sharp-beaked head of a raven. Lightning crackled in its eyes and between its talons, looking like it could descend from the skies with the fury of a storm.

The next moment, Nyrielle lowered her hand, her energy flaring a dark viridian green that was neither hers nor Ashlynn's but somewhere in between before the Raven in the sky began to fall apart. Its wings, talons, and fearsome beak all returned to ordinary mist, falling from the sky like a light spring shower.

Ashlynn's eyes shone in the darkness, open wide from the beginning to the end, holding her breath when the mighty raven took shape and only releasing it when the last drop of rain fell from the sky.

Her heart pounded in her chest and her lips tingled from Nyrielle's kiss. In her mind's eye, she began to imagine the day she returned from the Vale of Mists, descending on Lothian City with the force of a storm at their command.

More than that, in a small corner of her mind, she began to imagine a time after the Lothians had paid for their crimes when she could return to Nyrielle's embrace and feel her soft caress upon her skin.