

## Chapter 43

"Please, I—"

His head turned, and the deadly glare instantly shut her up.

Completely undressed, he turned, offering her a full view of his body. "My command was for you to strip, not to speak. Do not make me repeat myself."

His words were lost on her. Her entire attention involuntarily fixated on his body.

Holy light-gods. His chest was broad, his abs well-defined. And those muscular shoulders. No one should look this good.

Her mind wandered back to the night she had slept here in his chambers. She had awakened to witness him taking the maid. His thrusts vigorous, his movements hard, the girl moaning in pleasure.

That image had remained ingrained in her memory, evoking warmth within her whenever she recollected it. Now, as she looked at him, her gaze thoroughly took him in.

Then drifted downward.

Aekeira's breath left her body. And, not in a good way.

His manhood stood erect, intimidating large, ready to cause harm. Her mind was filled with fear and horror.

She did not want that anywhere near her. So why was her body responding with warmth?

But for the first time in her life, Aekeira felt her body go moist at the sight of a man's naked form. What in the name of the gods was wrong with her? Why did her womanhood suddenly ache and throb?

"You slut," he growled, his voice low and dangerous.

Aekeira flinched, her eyes darting away. He had caught her staring.

With purposeful and predatory strides, he closed the distance between them. Aekeira's breath caught in her throat.

He circled around her, coming to a stop behind her. She almost squirmed at the heat emanating from his body.

His breath brushed against her neck. "I smell your musk. Your arousal."

Aekeira squeezed her eyes shut, consumed by shame and humiliation.

"You whore. Just a few hours ago, you couldn't wait to have Zaiper's eyes on you. You were so eager for him, practically begging to undress for him," he snarled dangerously, his breath hot against her ear. "And now, you stare at me like you're starving. Your eyes devour my cock as if you can't wait to have it inside you."

"That's not true. I would never!" she cried, the denial bursting out of her. She shut her eyes tightly, holding herself rigid against him.

"But what to do? Yes, you will have this cock tonight. However, there will be no pleasure for you. You are merely a hole for me to use. Here solely for my own pleasure." His body heat disappeared, and he moved to stand in front of her. "Strip."

Aekeira opened her mouth, but the look he gave her could freeze molten lava. She snapped her mouth shut, her hands reaching for her garments. She undressed until she stood before him completely bare.

His dark, piercing eyes that had been intensely studying her finally lowered. Meticulously and thoroughly, his gaze swept over every inch of her body.

The strange sensation began again. Her entire body felt hot. Too hot.

Considering everything she had been through in her life, her clothes had always felt like a protective layer. But now, Aekeira suddenly felt relieved to be rid of her clothes. It puzzled her.

She kept her eyes averted, staring into space, determined not to let her gaze wander to his naked form again. She would pretend it wasn't there at all.

But when her eyes met his once more, Aekeira froze. The gray in his eyes had retreated, the yellow more prominent.

The snarl on his lips, accentuating the scar on his cheek, made him appear even more intimidating. His fingers clenched into fists, a dark frown etched on his face as he surveyed her body.

It seemed as if he was battling an internal conflict. Like he wanted to devour her. Like he wanted to hurt her.

Distance between them would be better. Aekeira took a step back.

Yet, he advanced a step.

"The body of a sex goddess. Alluring. Disgustingly tempting," he spat out. "That's how you ensnared all those lords at court. They all wanted to penetrate you."

Aekeira didn't understand him. Her body? Sex goddess?

That look that always terrified her returned to his eyes. She raised her hand, palm out, as she took another step back. "Lord Vladya—"

In two swift strides, he was in front of her, his hand grabbing her hair, forcefully pulling her head back. "I don't care if you have lords wrapped around your little fingers. I don't care if you enchanted Zaiper. But how dare you bring that spell near me?"

"I'm not a witch, I am human! I didn't do anything!" He was the one bewitching her.

Why would she become wet for a despicable man like him? Why would the sight of his naked body make her feel all mush and warm inside?

Speaking of his body.

Her eyes lowered, and without her permission, they began to wander again. His chest hair was attractive, and those arms... Aekeira bit back a moan.

"Your scent has become stronger," he growled. His strong hand wrapped around her neck.

One moment, she was standing in the center of his domain, and the next, she was pinned against the wall. He surrounded her, his intense gaze fixated on her. "I speak about Zaiper, and your arousal grows? You are here... in my dominion, and you dare to think of him?"

Wait. What? "No, I didn't think of him in that way, I swear!"

He ignored her, pressing his nose against her neck, taking a long inhale. "Your blood smells delicious. Tempting. Like Ambrosia. I could easily drain you dry. I've heard that humans look good when drained of every drop of their blood. All pale, beautiful, and lifeless."

All the color drained from Aekeira's face. Horror filled her expression as she met those hard eyes. Arousal dissipated, and her body shook with fear.

"Zaiper told me that, you know." A cynical smile crossed his stony face. "He loves to bloodfeed from humans. You will probably get the same privilege the day you grace his bed."

His smirk disappeared abruptly, and he pulled back. "Now you dare to think of him here in my domain?"