

## Chapter 95

Vladya's eyes flew open. Silence fell like a shroud.

"I did not say that," he stated, at last.

"But that's what happened, isn't it?" Aekeira murmured, "It would explain the wounds, the poison."

Vladya was too exhausted for this confrontation. Were all human royals this stubborn, or was it a trait shared solely by this female and her brother?

"Fine," he conceded, the word heavy with resignation. "I saved the boy's life. Are you satisfied? Now, go tend to him and leave me in peace, Aekeira." A flicker of vulnerability crossed his voice as he added, "Please."

She only stepped closer. Her movements infused with a strange, hesitant grace. "You saved his life. You saved Em's life," she repeated, wonder warring her features.

Vladya sighed.

Her eyes locked with his, a torrent of emotions swirling within them—concern, a fierce protectiveness, and a strange glint of... fascination? "I can't leave you like this."

"Of course, you can."

"Let me help you," she whispered.

He laughed. A harsh, empty, mirthless sound. "You cannot help me."

Silence hung heavy in the air, broken only by the rasp of Vladya's breath.

"You can drink from me."

He stopped breathing. The words, soft yet loaded with shocking resolve, sent a tremor through him. His inner beast roared in response, and a primal, deep hunger filled him, threatening to drown out all reason.

In a flash, he had her pinned against the wall. His large form a looming threat, fangs glinting in the dim light.

"Are you mad?" he snarled, his voice a rasping echo against the stone walls. "Do you tempt death so freely? Do not utter such words again. Ever."

Yet, she met his gaze without flinching. "I wish for you to drink from me," she repeated in a soft whisper.

His body throbbed in eagerness. Hunger clawed at him. His control weakened, fraying with every beat of her heart.

If her blood were as sweet as it smelled, he would drink her dry.

"Speak those words again, and I may take you at your offer," he warned in a low tone.

"Your kind, you need permission to drink from a person the first time? Without it, the blood tastes bland and useless?" He nodded. "You need blood to heal. And so, I give you my consent," she said, her voice steady.

A flicker of surprise coursed through him. Most people fled when he was like this—witches, Urekai, werewolves, all of them. Yet this tiny human princess always held her ground. A perplexing blend of bravery, stubbornness, and an iron will.

Qualities he'd once adored in a female. A lifetime ago.

"Drink from me, Your Highness," she urged, eyes closed as she tilted her head in a gesture of complete surrender, "I give you permission."

Her throat, pale and vulnerable, pulsed under his gaze. There are certain battles a man simply cannot win. This was one of them.

A groan of surrender escaped him as he took her neck, positioning her as he wanted. As his fangs pierced her skin, he infused her with his elixir, dulling the inevitable pain of penetration. Then, his fangs fully sank home.

Aekeira's cry was a startled gasp, then a shuddering moan of pleasure.

Vladya groaned, the sound raw and uncontrolled. His eyes closed as her blood sang to him. Sweetness bloomed on his tongue, richer than any wine. The tang of iron, laced with a sweetness like sun-warmed honey, and a stark, elemental purity like a winter sunrise.

She was intoxicating. A heavenly delight.

He drew from her, feeling the throb of her pulse against his lips. Her body writhed in his grip.

"Oh, Lights!" she cried, fingers clenching into his shoulders.

Vladya was lost in a dangerous paradise. It had been too long – too long—since he had experienced such bliss. He drank deeper, his own control hanging by the thinnest thread. Her pulse thrummed beneath his touch, mirroring the frantic beat of his own heart.

"Please..." her cries a broken plea. "Oh, please, please, please."

The haze of pleasure was overwhelming. His dick as hard as granite, pulsed in his breeches, the bulge visible through his clothes.

Just as her nakedness had enticed him, her blood enthralled him. It held him captive, a slave to his desires. He drank greedily. Helplessly.

"I need, I need..." Sobs of pleasure racked her throat.

Had she never experienced pleasure before? Did she not know what her body needed? Did she not realize she was on the verge of climax?

But the innocence in her helpless movements, the clumsiness in her jerky motions, made it clear that she didn't. The realization shook him to his core.

He extended his thigh, parting her legs, and pressed it against her aching core.

She whimpered, grinding against him. Her actions driven purely by instinct—uncoordinated yet utterly addictive. "Oh...Ooh..."

A plaintive whine escaped her throat as she climaxed, grinding furiously. The heat of her release soaked his thigh, her scent a heady musk driving him to the brink of madness.

Then she sagged against him and Vladya held her tenderly. Only soft mewls broke the stillness as he continued to drink.

But he really had to stop now, or he would drain her.

With sheer willpower he didn't know he possessed, he forced himself to stop. Retracting his fangs, he sealed the ragged puncture marks with a swipe of his tongue.

She lay limp in his arms, breathing raggedly. Utterly at his mercy. The sight stirred something within him.

His eyes observed her, and a growl emerged from deep within him. She was blood drunk.

Her eyes drooped, her lips slackened, and unintelligible words tumbled from her mouth. Her head rolled from side to side, lost in a euphoric haze.

A feeder getting blood-drunk wasn't rare, but it didn't happen all the time. It had been so long since someone had become intoxicated from his feeding.

A knock shattered the languid silence. Yaz's head peeked through the opening. "My Lord, apologies, but I bear urgent news. Maids whisper of assassins in Blackstone, hunting the human prince. He's rumored to be fleeing towards the southern wing."

Vladya's head snapped up, the lingering haze of satisfied feeding shattered. He tightened his grip on Aekeira, preventing her from slumping, while his gaze whipped around the room. "Emeriel?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

Aekeira released a soft giggle, her unfocused eyes wandering above with the hazy focus of confusion and utter happiness.

"High as a kite," Vladya murmured.

Then, he scooped her up, crossed the room and deposited her on the couch to sleep it off. Slipping into his robe, he followed Yaz out. A strange lightness filled him.

His wounds ached less, and he could feel the beginning of the healing process.