Immortal Desire

Theoria

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Introduction

IMMORTAL DESIRE

Theoria

Chapter 1

The earthy scent of a furnished wooden chair mixed with the stingy smell of blood pervaded the entire place. The windows were closed, no holes to peep in from outside to see what was happening. Under the dim light coming from the torches placed on the corners of the room, a silhouette of a lady, tying someone else on the chair, could be seen.

“Done!” Latina heaved a sigh after the ‘cleaning’ she made. She blew the fires in the room and secured the door.

The youthful lady whistled as she felt the concrete wall in the corridor with her fingers while banging her head from left to right. She raised her arms to a circle in front of her chest and spun around when she came into the living room.

Looking around, a sigh of relief escaped her mouth. “I broke nothing, did I?” she asked herself. “I guess I didn't.”

With a contented grin on her face, she strode to the kitchen. “What a noxious smell,” she spat as she got rid of her gloves, thrusting it inside the bin. Latina poured the lukewarm water into a bowl to rinse off the bloodstains on her face.

“Damn!” she cursed under her breath when she realized how the water turned crimson.

‘Red! Everything’s glowing!’

“SHUT UP!” Latina yelled when her subconscious reminded her of the paint she detests.

“Sweetheart?”

Latina’s body shuddered in glee upon hearing the familiar tone. She fixed her hair before turning around. “Welcome back, Sebastian,” she greeted in a hoarse voice.

The man she called ‘Sebastian’ smirked before patting her on the head. “Were you a good girl?”

Latina tried not to look elsewhere or else she’ll be punished. ‘You were a ‘good girl’, you ‘tidied’ the mansion.’ Latina smiled, agreeing with what her subconscious said. “Hmm. Will you reward me?” She tiptoed with an expectant look in her eyes.

Latina pulled the man’s nape to draw his face closer to hers. “I’ve been waiting for you the whole day,” she mumbled on his ears. She closed her eyes when she felt his grip on her waist. The color of her world went brighter, all praise to the man in front of her. Latina couldn’t delay any longer, without wasting her time, she yanked him for a peck.

“You smell wonderful,” Sebastian said in between kisses.

“Ah!” Latina yelped when Sebastian grabbed her bosom. “I still have my dress on,” she purred

“Not a problem,” Sebastian muttered and brought her to their chamber.

The place was dim, but Latina could see colors diving inside her head. Hues that only Sebastian could show her. The blue sky came out when she rolled her eyes, and he disrobed her, his bare hand stroking her skin, causing the sky bluer than ever. She chuckled when her back landed on the fluffy cotton bed. It was like when she curled in the garden of full-bloom lavenders and violets. Her mouth opened slightly as she watched him strip on his own. She closed her eyes when he went on top of her, and there she discovered yellow lanterns. The pressure applied by his weight turned the lanterns to gold. Latina moaned when she opened her eyes, then a grassy field appeared before her, the exact moment when Sebastian licked her nude frame. She could yearn for the field to be plowed soon. Latina chewed her lips as Sebastian continued to fondle her skin with his tongue. The sensation reminded her of oranges in the orchard, a little sweet and sour.

“Oh, sweetheart, I know what you want.” Latina rolled her eyes at what he stated. He was teasing her and she hated it.

“Will you give it to me?” she asked most hotly. She groped his ass to make it more convincing.

The action made Sebastian groan for a moment. Shortly after, his lips settled on her nipple.

Latina smiled, she knew that she’ll have what she craved. He sucked her nipples. She gasped for air when the excitement spread on her skin.

After a minute of sucking Latina’s bud, Sebastian brought his palm to the south, just like an expert hunter, his fingers secured its prey, pampering it. He doesn’t allow her to moan in celebration, his tongue plunged inside her mouth, and she couldn’t protest, not that she’s planning to.

“Uh!” Latina could not breathe but Sebastian won’t let go of her lips, not still. The colors shone altogether, overwhelming the poor Latina. She couldn’t move her hands or her legs. The sensation running from down below caused her body to weaken, submitting to the pleasure. But she can’t give up though, for the best part is yet to happen.

Latina lifted her hips when Sebastian pushed his finger inside. She bit his lip when he joined another one. It’s not like the man hadn't done this to her before, the fact is, the man seemed exceptional to come up with various ways to penetrate her with his capable fingers.

The metallic sip of blood remained on Latina’s taste buds. Her eyes widened, it’s the peculiar spice that drove her insane. Sebastian, however, had to give up on kissing her for the meantime as his lip stung, giving Latina a chance to get a breather.

'Does it taste all right? Its blood and blood is red. Don’t forget about red! It's brighter than other colors!’ Latina gritted her teeth when her subconscious cried inside her head.

“No!” Latina yelled, surprising Sebastian who was busy exploring her cave.

“Sweetheart, what’s the matter?”

Latina was taken aback. She recognized his voice. Although her subconscious wailed like a maniac, she could still hear his speech. Her lover’s words were enough to drag her back into reality and neglect what her subconscious says.

“Are you all right?” Sebastian asked while keeping his fingers at work.

Latina smiled, her hand drifted down to fetch the rod, conditioning it with her slender fingers. was the hint, Sebastian removed his fingers and massage his pet while sighting its target. He peered at Latina’s face for a second, laid his palms on his favorite cushions, and launched his rocket.

Latina did the sound effect with her high-pitched moan. Everything burst into tints, her dark world changed once again, colors spread here and there. The hues were shifting as Sebastian clutched her breasts with both hands.

“Not enough,” Latina whispered in between whimpers. She felt her legs spreading wider on their own.

Sebastian laughed, “Almost there, sweetheart.” He built up his speed, not wanting to fail his belle.

The new pace brought Latina into tears. She could sense it coming, her most awaited color. She closed her eyes as Sebastian’s speed went faster. Their harsh breathing engulfed the whole room.

Plum blossom trees grew from nowhere when they both came to their climax at the same moment. Latina opened her eyes to savor the sight, the glow that could never blind her, it was not silver nor black and certainly not very dark. It was her most favorite hue, the most lovely feeling, their pink love.

Chapter 2

The antique pendulum clock in the living room struck at midnight. Its melancholic roar echoed in the whole mansion. It may be strange but this sound made the lady of the house curled her body even more on her bed, hoping on an extended trip to dreamland, but that was not the case.

Latina opened her eyes when she felt the cooling breeze brushing her skin. She wandered her hands on the surface, only to find no one. Fear crept inside her understanding she's alone, again, inside the dull room where she had a multicolored world of her own.

"Sebastian?" Latina called, anticipating the man to answer, but, to her fright, no one responded.

Latina draped the blanket on her body before getting up. She glanced at the midnight sky from the window. The stars were shimmering, making the midnight atmosphere bearable for one who feared the dark. It's unlikely for her to look at the sky since Sebastian warned her to remain inside the mansion, claiming it's dangerous outside, and she complied. She couldn't afford to drop his favor, for it means that she'd lose all the magnificent colors he could offer.

She huffed, "What a gloomy world out there." There was a hint of sadness in her tone. She had been living with Sebastian for several months after he found her sprawling on the ground amid the forest. The man who appeared to live alone in his vast mansion welcomed her in. He never sought her for the reason why she turned up there with cuts and bruises. She didn't recall either. All she knew was her name, Latina.

"Loving the view?"

She almost jumped when a pair of firm arms wrapped around her slim waist, followed by a deep and cold tone of voice. She recognized the culprit. She pouted a bit when she realized that she didn't notice his presence earlier. Latina shook her head as a reply. She was not even enjoying the midnight sky. It made her feel like mourning for something she was not sure of.

Latina flinched when Sebastian began planting kisses on her neck from behind. She swayed her head to the side, allowing him further access. She smiled when the man worshiped her skin. Latina guided her hands to his head, pulling his hair, addressing the sensation he was giving her. She let out a moan when Sebastian's arm enclosed her, dragging her body closer to his.

"Sweetheart, I'm hungry," Sebastian said.

"We haven't had a proper dinner," Latina responded. They haven't had any food yet. They each other fell asleep and later, they were both feel starved.

"Ah!" Latina shrieked when Sebastian held her waist to turn her around and pressed her down on the window. Half of her body was sticking outside while her legs wobbled. She gasped when the man leaned over her.

“Isn’t this dangerous? We might fall,” Latina said. Her fists were gripping tight on the window frame on both sides. The man smirked and removed her grasp.

“Oh!” Latina tried to have a grip once again, but she failed when Sebastian took her wrists above the head, his other hand held the back of her neck.

“Isn’t the moon beautiful?” Sebastian asked while peering at the sky. “A meal under the moonlight, how does it sound?”

“Err, if you wish to dine like that, we could set a table outside in the patio.” Latina shifted her from the moon to the man’s face before her. “Besides, your shining orbs are more fascinating than the moon.” Her compliment reached his ears, causing him to smile, a gentle one.

“Sweet,” Sebastian muttered. He leaned his face on her neck, closer. He blew, licked, and sank his fangs.

“Hah!” Latina didn’t expect the latter action. Her eyes locked on the sky with her mouth cracked. Chill ran down her spine, turning her soul numb from pain. Deeper, Sebastian pierced his fangs harder into her skin.

The slurping noise sounded like music to her ears. Latina didn’t realize that she had been ravaged until she saw the moon turned crimson. “S-stop…” a small cry escaped her mouth, pleading. She gathered her strength on her hands to push the man away from her but was ineffective. The man was strong, instead of letting her go, he held her hands more tightly.

“P-please, s-stop.”

Latina sobbed, everything around her gradually changed into red. The sky, the moon, and even the air she breathed seemed to be a visible red gas. She shut her eyes, hoping that the color would fade. This is not the color she wanted. She loathed the red so much, yet, Sebastian, who has shown her beautiful hues, still covered her world crimson. Despicable.

“STOP!” Latina opened her eyes. A shiny scarlet pair replaced her brown iris.

This time, Sebastian listened to her. He licked the tracks of blood left behind from the holes he pierced on her skin. Laughing, he let go of her hands. He smiled when there was no trace of the wound left on her neck.

“Excellent,” he uttered and shifted his gaze on Latina’s burning eyes. “Sweetheart, your eyes just changed into balls of glowing flames.”

Latina remained silent but shoved the man off her. She glared at him coldly.

“Come on, sweetheart, it’s now your turn.” Sebastian sat on the bed and tilted his head to the side, revealing his neck.

Latina pinned the man down and just like a ravenous monster, she impaled holes on his skin with her fangs. It wasn't gentle, it was rougher than how Sebastian did. She sucked on his blood and the man stayed calm, enduring the harsh treatment from his beloved.

"Yeah sure, you can have as much as you crave." Sebastian reminded her as she continued to drill several more holes. "Too bad, you'll have to forget about this later."

Latina went on slurping Sebastian's blood. She wished to get rid of the red fluid inside her lover's body. If she had to consume it all to purify him, she'll do it without reluctance. After all, red is sickening and his blood is red.

"Sweetheart," Sebastian called. If he won't stop her now, he'll end up dry. The man heaved a sigh when Latina won't stop. He had no choice but to forcefully pushed her. He swiftly pinned her down, swapping their position, and sealed her lips with his. Gently, he moved his lips against hers.

"You're mine," he whispered before casting a spell on her. It didn't take more than a couple of seconds until it worked. Latina slowly closed her eyes. By the time she opens them again, she won't remember any bloody incident that happened.

"You can't run away from me this time," Sebastian whispered and planted a kiss on her forehead

"Now, let me count how much prey she caught today."

Chapter 3

Latina's soft breathing could be heard like a melody played in the middle of the night. It was gentle in Sebastian's ears. Nobody would have thought the lady with a frail body could kill someone with her bare hands.

'Her memories might be altered but the pain of being betrayed once must have a deep impression in her heart, lending her strength to protect herself from any harm. Even when she hasn't awakened her true power,' the vampire lord thought to himself. "Come out," he ordered. Two men came out from the shadows, bent their heads in reverence for their master.

"My lord, your humble servants pay their regard," they greeted.

Sebastian turned around and led to the exit. He took a glance at the beauty sleeping on his bed before ushering out of the chamber, accompanied by his servants.

The stench of blood grew stronger as Sebastian approached the room at the end of the corridor. He raised an eyebrow when he found the door sealed.

"So she learned to be cautious of her crimes now," he smiled while shaking his head.

One servant stepped forward and opened the lock with its key, the other was holding a candle.

"Who's the guy?" Sebastian asked. He doesn't recognize the pale face of the person, bounded on the chair, lifeless.

He searched for any marks left on the corpse's neck, but there was none. Sebastian could only see large wounds and cuts all around his body. His skull almost broke into halves. 'She didn't drink his blood,' he thought.

"A traveler. He's not from the empire, must be a wandering hunter who got lost in the woods." Sebastian glared at the servant who just spoke. He couldn't believe his ears. Someone sneaked inside the empire and almost discovered Latina.

"You let an outsider inside my territory?" He asked. "How many times do I have to tell you? Don't let anyone outside the empire get near her!" His irate voice resounded inside the room.

The servants went on their knees and begged for pity as they explained what happened.

"My lord, have mercy! The fellow was just an ordinary mortal, and he's dead. We won't let this happen again. Please spare our humble lives!"

"I rarely allow second chances, don't disappoint me again or you'll pay with your heads." Sebastian turned his back, ready to leave the room, he ordered, "Bury the remains on the same spot. Don't forget to engrave his number on the tomb."

"Yes, my lord."

Sebastian clenched his fist as he left the room. Three months have passed and there was still no progress at all.

“Sweet Latina, how long will you deny the fact that you’re one of us? No, you’re more powerful than any of us, unless you consume human blood, that is.”

It was only a few minutes before midnight ends. The sky turned darker when clouds gathered around the moon.

“Another hell night with the elders' huh,” Sebastian pushed the main door wide open only to be approached by his mate. Despite her pretty face, Sebastian spared no attention to her. Though disheartened, the vampire lord's mate bowed her head in respect. “Greetings, my lord.” The lady said in her charming voice.

“There’s no need for you to come and pick me up. I know where the elders live,” Sebastian stated coldly. He refused to wait for the lady’s response. Jumping higher than the trees, he remained floating in the air for a while before speeding up. Sebastian headed to his destination, the elders’ estate.

“So why did I even brought in a carriage?” Claudia, the lady who was left behind, murmured, asking herself. She rolled her eyes heavenwards and followed the young lord.

In the Vacil Empire, other than the emperor, there was a man known for his riches. Owning almost half of the lands in the whole empire, the emperor granted him a title of a “Duke of Vacil.” They treated him with respect wherever he went.

People couldn’t raise their heads when talking to him. Some nobles even called him the ‘second emperor.’ His name may sound great, but that was just in human eyes. In the world of the vampire, he was a mere ‘elder’, someone who may seem to lead the blood race but still have to listen to what the ‘lord’ would say.

“Lorenzo!” Sebastian yelled the moment he landed his feet in front of the Duke’s mansion. Dozens of servants rushed to the door to open it for their lord. Bowing their heads, they lined up as the lord entered the hall.

“My lord,” Lorenzo Arturo, the duke of Vacil, and the head of the vampire elder bowed his head in presence of Sebastian.

“So you could tell who’s the lord,” Sebastian grabbed Lorenzo on his neck. “Then why would you send a disgusting woman in front of my door?”

Sebastian buried his nails deeper. Blood oozed out from the elder’s neck.

“My lord, have pity!” Claudia who just arrived pleaded while on her knees.

“My lord, have mercy!” The servants joined Claudia and begged altogether.

Lorenzo coughed blood after being thrown a few meters away from where the young lord stood. He bowed his head while muttering his thanks for sparing his life.

“Get changed, your blood smells disgusting,” Sebastian ordered and walked past the elder. Most of the servants followed the lord, waiting for his further orders, some remained to assist the elder.

Lorenzo had no choice but to move as swiftly as he could while changing. It was rather quick to finish within a minute, he also managed to reach the grand hall where they’ll be discussing their agenda. He doesn’t want to displease the lord any longer, the fact that his plan of sending to be noticed by the lord has failed. He needed support from the other elders.

“Greetings to the magnificent lord of the blood race,” the elders said in chorus.

Sebastian, who paid no heed to their repetitive greetings, in which, he’s started to get annoyed, sat on the seat prepared for him.

“TALK,” he ordered in his monotone voice.

The three elders stared at each other, after what happened to Lorenzo, the other two were hesitant to even start a discussion.

“My lord,” Landro, one of the elders and the head of the Lachouves started, “The beast tribe usurped the cities outside the empire. Time is running, and the king has not been born yet.”

Sebastian sneered, “And so?”

“We beg you to let Claudia conceive your child.”

Chapter 4

The midnight sky was fading, welcoming the dawn and sooner, the morning daylight. Most people were in the peak of their dreams at this time of the hour, except those who belonged in the vampire tribe. While several vampires went hunting, careful of their actions, so they won't be found out, the elders in the Duke's mansion were having their predicament.

"Ah!" Landro screeched in pain when Sebastian snapped his left arm without moving an inch from his seat.

"My lord! Please consider it!" Landro continued to petition for his wish.

"Nonsense." Sebastian shook his head in disagreement and did the same trick with Landro's right arm. "Speak once more and your head will be next," he warned.

The elder zipped his mouth. He might be a few hundred older, but the lord was tenfold stronger than him.

"This is expected," Cisto, the other elder and the head of the Lohbrev, said. "If you're against his idea," he gawked at the poor elder with twisted arms, "You'd better focus on how to make Latina pregnant."

Sebastian stared at the elder. For him, Lohbrev was the only one who made use of his brain. "It's easy to impregnate her, but she won't drink human blood."

Cisto shook his head, "It's not that simple. She grew up caged in the dark. When the de Llava siblings fall for each other, Latina was born. The other true-blood clans found it disgraceful, forcing the siblings to leave. To protect the seed of their love, they headed to the sacred cave, and together, they die, leaving the poor little girl by herself," he explained, looking straight at Sebastian's eyes.

Sebastian remained quiet. He wanted the elder to continue the tale that only a few, within their race, know of. It had been three months since he met Latina, but he never heard of her back story as to why she refused to drink mortal blood.

"Now that she get out of the dark, Sebastian, that was when you broke the seal on that sacred cave where she stayed since she was born. If she were born a human, no, even if she were a pure-blood vampire, she won't be able to survive alone in that cave. But she did, she's a true-blood vampire, after all, the strongest among the vampire race. Imagine how hopeless could she be? Until you came to save her. But what have you done? You forced her to drink human blood, without understanding why she had to. It was all strange for her," Cisto paused, observing how the young lord would take his advice.

Lorenzo and Landro were startled, they never learned of the actual reason Latina was concealed. It was a tightly sealed secret that only the true-blood clan should know, the

pure-blood clans were only informed later that the de Llava siblings killed themselves as they're tired of being immortal, they knew this incident as the great de Llava tragedy. No one could explain how they perished. But right now, Cisto talked about it like he witnessed how events took place.

"Let her go," Cisto continued. "If you cherish her, let her leave. If you're worried, then live by her side but don't lock her up. The more you alter her memories, the further complicated situations will be. You won't be able to deal with it. If you love her, be ready to face her wrath once she regains her memories by herself. Remember, among the true-blood clan, de Llava has been the most powerful, even your clan can't hold against one of them. That young lady is the only de Llava left in this world."

"My lord," Lorenzo stood from his chair when Sebastian went outside his mansion right after Cisto finished talking.

"You should arrange a carriage. The lord has something to take care of," Cisto mumbled.

Fortunately, a carriage provided by Claudia was then waiting outside when Sebastian stepped out the exit, so he didn't make a fuss.

"To my mansion," he ordered.

The sound of the carriage wheels combined with the bird's humming filled the air while the dawn was about to end.

Latina opened her eyes when she felt the bed moved. She blinked several times, can't believe to see such a handsome man first thing in the morning.

"Good morning," she greeted and gave him a peck.

The man wanted to return the smile but couldn't. After learning about Latina's past, Sebastian could only feel remorseful about the things he had done. Cisto was right, he should have not locked her up inside his home. He should show her the world and make her happy to make up for the time she spent in the dark. Sebastian's thoughts were interrupted when Latina's stomach growled.

"Um, I missed dinner last night," Latina said in embarrassment.

A vampire doesn't necessarily need to eat human food as long as they consume blood. This made the man wonder, what did Latina eat inside the cave to survive?

Since Latina arrived at his manor, he had to ensure that they have lots of food supplies in the kitchen. He also had to order the servants who came thrice in a week to check the food stock now and then. If he remembered it correctly, the servants often had to go to the market and went back with loads of ingredients.

'She forgot about the 'meal' we had last night,' Sebastian thought to himself. Manipulating her memories wasn't always a bad thing, but he needed to consider what Cisto told him, or he'll only get more irritated by the elders if they start to convince him about sleeping with someone else again.

"All right, how about ham and bread?" Sebastian asked and pulled the lady up.

"Oh! I haven't dressed yet," Latina protested, making the man chuckled. "I want milk, don't forget that," she added while looking for her clothes.

"It's fine sweetie, I've seen you naked many times," Sebastian teased. "Let me watch you bare for a while to boost my mood, hmm?"

"You just mentioned that you've looked at me exposed many times, when will you get enough of it?" Latina tiptoed and kissed him. "Now, can you let me wear something first?" Latina picked up her clothes scattered on the floor. She moaned when Sebastian pinched her ass, teasing her more.

"Oh, gosh!"

"Haha, I'll prepare breakfast. Be quick," Sebastian said before turning his back.

"Don't forget the cheese and eggs," Latina shouted when the man left the room.

"What a wonderful sky trip, if he'll wake me up like that every morning, my day will blossom more colors," Latina muttered while tying her hair up.

Chapter 5

Latina fixed the bed, opened the window to let the sunshine in, and inhaled the fresh air. The aromatic scent of the green leaves and wildflowers mixed in the open was pleasant, giving the lady more energy to start her day. Wearing a bright smile, she left the room to follow her lover.

The smell of melting butter on baked bread pervaded the entire kitchen. Latina licked the side of her brims. The thought of having a savory breakfast after a delightful morning encounter with her Sebastian made her hungry.

“We ran out of cheese. No eggs left,” Sebastian said, wiping butter on Latina’s face, grinning, as he leaned down and rubbed it.

“You’re mistaken, wipe it on bread.” Latina made a face, “Do I look like one?”

Sebastian smirked, he held Latina’s waist and, he made her sit on the table. “You look fresher than baked bread, I figured out the butter would dissolve faster on your face,” he leaned on and whispered on her ears, “It melted faster with my tongue though.”

Latina blushed, her heart thumped faster than usual. She shot her head on the side, avoiding contact with her walking aphrodisiac.

“Are you shy, sweetie?” the man asked, eyeing Latina’s lips.

“I… I’m hungry,” Latina said. She doesn’t mind flirting with the man but her stomach had been throwing tantrums since she woke up.

Sebastian shifted around, “You should eat the bread while it’s still warm. I’ll get you some drink.” He took a glass and poured the goat’s milk he heated.

“Hmm,” Latina jumped off the table and sat on a chair. There’s bread with butter and some bananas. ‘It would be great with eggs’, she thought.

“Don’t worry sweetheart, we’ll go to the market today and buy foods you craved,” Sebastian said, he could tell what she was thinking by looking at her face. He put the glass of warm milk in front of her.

Latina’s eyes went wider, “We’re going outside?” she asked in disbelief. The man wouldn’t even let her take a stroll in the nearby forest before.

“Yeah, don’t you want to have a look outside?” Sebastian urged, looking at the lady’s face. He concealed his smile when Latina gulped before nodding her head.

“But isn’t it dangerous outside?” Latina asked worriedly.

“Who dares to harm you when I’m around? No, even if I’m not beside you, no one would be so bold to do something despicable without my consent.” Sebastian’s voice was stern, but in Latina’s ears, it was gentle and caring.

The lady glanced elsewhere, she can’t deal with the cheesiness coming from the man, her lips curled upward. Since she couldn’t remember about her past, she didn't oppose being confined inside the mansion, or she might cause harm to others. Not knowing about her identity, she became reliant on the man who took care of her. She could count on him, so going out with Sebastian was one of her unspeakable wishes.

“Eat,” Sebastian ordered.

Latina smiled and continued to dine while Sebastian sat on the dinner table, staring at her.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Latina asked without glancing at the man’s face. She went on finishing her bread.

“Nah, I’ll grab a bite afterward.”

Watching the lady enjoying the food, Sebastian leered. He will have his meal once he satisfied the lady with the breakfast he made.

Latina chugged down the milk. The sound of the liquid she swallowed reminded Sebastian of the way she would sip his blood. This made the man lick his lips, the taste of Latina’s blood cannot be matched with any other fancy drinks. If only they could have both bliss and pain without having Latina’s memories altered, it would be the best thing that could ever happen to him. He wished to keep her by his side.

“Oh! That was good!” Latina exclaimed while rubbing her tummy.

Sebastian frowned, “You haven’t touched the bananas yet.” He pointed them at the dinner table.

“Oh, you require me to eat them?” Her face creased. She was full and doesn’t feel like chewing more

“Or why would I serve them earlier? Eat them,” Sebastian pinched her right cheek. “Eat,” he echoed.

“Fine,” Latina peeled a banana and munched on it.

“Sweetheart, chew it,” Sebastian told her when she finished one.

Sighing, Latina took and peeled another one. This time, she tried eating it slowly. It’s sweetness lingered, that was when Latina thought of something.

The fruit looked similar to the one she always had on the bed with Sebastian. Although she hasn't enjoyed it with her mouth, Latina had it penetrated inside her thing. Besides, she also

hadn't tried playing it with her lips before and this caused her to wonder how she would do it. By just thinking about it made her feel excited and needy.

“Mm,” she moaned as she licked the tip. “I never imagined that eating banana could be fun,” she said with a sly smirk on her face.

“Yeah?” Sebastian’s face turned red, he diverted his eyes to somewhere else. “Crap!” he swore under his breath when Latina proceeded to make naughty sounds as she kissed the banana. Sebastian clenched his fist when Latina’s hand crawled on his thigh.

“Is something the matter?” Latina asked, sneering. She didn’t intend to tease the man, but his helpless expression was too entertaining and rare to see.

“Can’t you tell?” Sebastian tugged Latina’s hand from his thigh. “You’re getting bold, Missy,” he whispered before tearing off her dress, having her upper half, naked. “My turn,” he added and crouched closer to kiss her.

Latina was expecting it. What she doesn’t foresee was that he’d tear her clothes in the kitchen, Sebastian would always carry her to their room before.

“Mn,” she groaned in pain when Sebastian pinched her left nipple, leaving the other untouched. The uneven sensation made her crave for more. “Please,” she implored, although she didn’t know what she was begging for.

The anxiety she felt from his touch caused her insanity and sent her back to a place where colors and Sebastian, together with her, existed in harmony.

Putting away the unfinished banana in her hand, Latina moaned since she knew she would have Sebastian's version instead.

Chapter 6

Latina became teary. But she doesn't want to back out yet. She hadn't tried it before. Her curiosity got the best of her. Putting the thing inside her mouth should be the same when Sebastian put it inside her, down there.

As the ritual goes on, Latina pushed his length deeper into her throat and pulling it out at a fast pace. It wouldn't fit so it took her some time to get used to the feeling, trying all she could to make the man emit lewd sounds. Sebastian always gave her the best things she could ever wish for, first the colors, and then she could listen to his divine voice, moaning in satisfaction.

"Hah! You like that?" Latina asked, pausing for a while. She was doing it for a few minutes but the thing got bigger whenever she was done adjusting with its size, giving her a hard time to breathe.

Sebastian turned his gaze away, "You're doing fine," he replied, embarrassed on the fact that Latina's giving him a blow job.

"Hmm… let's stop right here," Latina said and got on her feet. She was about to turn her back when Sebastian clasped her arm.

"You haven't finished your task," he told, gritting his teeth. He should be annoyed about how the lady made fun of him, but he couldn't. Latina was pure and innocent until he tainted her.

"You don't seem to like it. I thought I should better stop," Latina responded, tilting her head on the side, poking her index finger on her cheek.

"I love it," Sebastian mumbled. He couldn't believe himself, the lord of the vampire race, feeling embarrassed in front of his lady who gave him a blow job, and asking for more.

"You should have told me that earlier," Latina stuck her tongue out and laughed. She bent down and licked Sebastian's shaft, spreading Sebastian's legs, gaining more access to his thing. Latina sipped the tip of his penis as if she was sipping milk with a straw. Her hand pumped his thing while the other played his balls.

"Darn," Sebastian grabbed her hair and pushed her head down, her mouth took it all in.

Latina flinched when his enormous thing hit her throat. It was massive and could almost rip her from the inside. She knew that the man loves it, so she let him guide her head until he had enough of it. Besides, she had something in mind once she was done pleasing Sebastian.

The white sticky substance flowed out of Latina's mouth when her lover just came in her throat. She traced her rims with her tongue while the man grinned.

"That was splendid," Sebastian said, tugging Latina's hair closer to kiss her. The kiss lasted for a minute and both almost ran out of breath.

“Not,” Latina protested, eyeing Sebastian’s still erected member. “It doesn’t seem to like just that, it wants more…” Latina brushed Sebastian’s lips with her finger, moving down, unbuttoning his shirt, getting him naked, before asking, “Say, would you mind ripping one of my dresses?”

Sebastian’s smirk disappeared. Unprepared for Latina’s sudden move, he ended up sitting on the chair, and she was on his lap.

“It will be hard to get this done with my dress on,” Latina said. She wrapped her arms around his neck, spreading her legs on his thighs.

Sebastian could feel his thing getting harder than it was a few seconds ago. The fabric of Latina’s dress touching it made it wilder. He heaved a sigh, giving up on his desire. If the lady he adores took the first move, it could only mean no room for resistance.

“You sure want to go outside naked?” Sebastian asked, recalling that Latina only owned few dresses and most of them were stained with blood, ripped, or too shabby to wear when going out. The one that she had put on must be the best dress she had.

“You must get me two or more dresses or I could travel around uncovered if that’s what you prefer,” Latina answered, moving her hips against him, smiling.

“Fuck!” Sebastian exclaimed, his thing could hold on no more a little longer.

“Me…” Latina whispered, licking and nipping on his lobes.

With a flushed face, Sebastian tore her clothes, throwing it around, leaving her bare skin. “You asked for it,” he said with a dark face.

“I know,” Latina said calmly. No hint of getting intimidated in her voice. She tweaked her hips up and slumped it down, hoping that she’ll hit her target. She clicked her tongue in dismay when it missed, she ended up lurching instead.

“Haha!” Sebastian chuckled, he finally understood why the lady pushed him down on the chair. “Sweetie, are you trying to please me or you just want to hear me laugh?”

Latina’s face went red, upset. She sulked, guiding her hands on Sebastian’s, planning to force it inside her, which she regretted.

“Ah!” she screamed when Sebastian’s filled her inside, a white bubble landed on her nose and popped, silver specks of dust glittered in the air. Knowing that it was kind of painful whenever they do it, but this time was as painful when they first did it. Latina buried her face on Sebastian’s chest, hearing his loud heartbeats, hers got louder too.

“Are you okay?” Sebastian asked. He liked what she did, but he knew that it was uncomfortable for her.

“We did it several times. Why it’s still hurting?” Latina asked in a soft voice.

'Probably because of your restoration ability, you just had my blood last night and it worked faster than before,' Sebastian thought. Even he wanted to say it out loud, he couldn't, or else Latina would surely go mad and run away again, just like in the past.

"Is it possible that you got bigger?"

Sebastian tittered. If he could grow his size anytime, that will be a total disaster for someone who could restore her entire body. And he doesn't have any plan on doing it with anyone else other than Latina, who had that restoration ability.

"When will you start moving? I'm getting sleepy," Sebastian teased, expecting Latina to move this time. "You're in charge since you're on top or do you want me to help you?" He put her hands on her shoulders and held her waist, lifting her, enough for his thing to get out of her before slamming her down. Her hole was taking his again, deeper.

Latina moaned with tears. The sensation is on a different level than when they're doing it on a bed. The colors that appear whenever they were making love were organized in a cave-like shape, different hues in every line.

She followed Sebastian's lead and kept on moving up and down, sinking his fat dick deeper inside her each time. Her hands gripped on Sebastian's shoulder, burying her nails on his skin, throwing her head while getting used to the rhythm.

Sebastian smiled, not only because he loved what they were doing but because Latina was willing to learn to please him. Although he knew that the lady might be up for something at first, the result which they both gained something from matters more. He placed his hands under Latina's thigh, holding them as he spread them, helping her to get his thing even deeper than ever.

The sound of slapping skin got louder and louder in the kitchen whilst the cracking sound of the wooden chair went berserk until it fell off. Followed by two consecutive groans, the kitchen was livelier.

"AW!" Sebastian yelled in pain when Latina pushed him down the floor. They're already in an epic position, but the lady wouldn't still give up.

"Let's continue while you're lying down this time," was what Latina said and moved, poking her hole with Sebastian's rod.

"Give me a break," Sebastian said. His back just hit the concrete floor, and he was lying down on some parts of the broken chair. He stopped struggling when Latina bent down and kissed him, easing the annoying feeling he got when the chair ruined their moment.

"Oh, I love your banana!"

Chapter 7

“What do you think?” Latina asked, spinning around to show Sebastian’s clothes that she was wearing.

‘Sexy,’ Sebastian thought. He gasped and extended his hand. “People need not see you in a beautiful dress, so they could swoon over you. Let’s go,” he said.

Latina shrugged and grabbed Sebastian’s arm. “It’s more convenient to wear this than the dresses though,” she stated, linking their arms together. “Why don’t you buy more of this for me?”

“Can’t. You’re a lady and still have to wear pretty dresses when you’re with me.”

Sebastian helped her got on the carriage. He made sure that she was comfortable on her seat before sitting next to her. “Buscia city,” Sebastian told the chauffeur.

“Yes, my lord.” The old man pulled the reign, and the carriage moved, thanks to the horses dragging it.

“Buscia city? Is it far?” Latina asked.

“No, it is a few miles away. They have better goods than in the local market,” Sebastian explained. “You’ll see many fine things you might like over there,” he added.

Latina’s eyes sparkled. Not knowing what are beautiful things, she felt delighted. Aside from various hues that she saw when she was having a sweet time with the man, she couldn’t decide what else should be considered beautiful. She hugged Sebastian’s arm and rubbed her cheek on it. “Wonderful things, here I come!”

“Silly,” Sebastian whispered.

Buscia city was located on the west part of the empire. Mountains and forests circled the western part or generally known as the western woods. Other than a tiny village on the foot of the mountain and Sebastian’s mansion in the heart of the woodlands, no noble dared to reside there. This was one of the reasons Sebastian built his manor in western woods, he doesn’t require covering up his identity as there are fewer people around, and he can live away from the elders who remain in the capital.

The noises coming from the restless crowds moving around the city streets woke up Latina. She told herself not to sleep, so she would be able to enjoy the view on the road, but her body gave up. After doing a few rounds in the kitchen with Sebastian, there was no way she could resist the urge to relax when she was sitting next to her lover.

“We’re here,” Sebastian said, patting her cheeks. “Open your eyes sweetie, I know you’re awake.”

Latina did what she was told, lifting her head and taking a peep from the carriage's window. Her views widen when she saw many people outside.

"Oh! They're wearing dresses in unique colors!" She shouted, tugging on Sebastian's sleeve.

"Quiet down," Sebastian sighed but laughed a little. He could only blame himself for getting dull-painted clothes for Latina before. Not considering what the lady would like, he bought those garments just so she had something to wear. Shopping for clothes with her should be different, though. He could spend an entire day shopping with her, buying whatever she wanted.

"Why don't we get something to eat first?" he suggested.

Latina paused for a moment and said, "Why don't we buy clothes?"

Sighing, Sebastian nodded his head. He got off the carriage and assisted the lady after.

"Don't you feel like someone's watching behind us?" Latina whispered when she noticed a faint presence following them since they left the manor. She could still feel it when they arrived in the city.

Sebastian turned his head to the side. "It must be just your imagination, it's crowded here and you're not used to this place." Sebastian planted a kiss on her forehead, "Don't worry, I'm here to protect you."

Latina smiled and nodded her head, "Got it!"

They headed to one of the leading stores in the city. It displayed beautiful clothes and shoes, drawing attention to every passerby.

"Bastard! I'm feeding you to clean the store, not to slack off!" A middle-aged woman with fuzzy hair hit the young boy.

"Madame, hear me out. I'm not slacking off, I just had to use the restroom..."

The woman didn't let the boy finished what he wished to say. She whacked him until his face became sore. "Worthless wretch! Your mother made a wise decision leaving you behind, TSK!" her loud voice gained attention.

Latina's eyes were fixated on the young boy's face. Her heart ached when the child broke down.

"You're crying now?! You should move your ass and start cleaning or else no one wouldn't want to purchase anything in my store if it's filthy." The woman yelled in the lad's ears.

"No one would prefer to buy something when the store owner doesn't know how to value their employee," Sebastian spoke, disgusted. Today's the first time he brought Latina outside to enjoy but the woman ruined it by beating the boy in their presence, the moment they arrived at the

store. “I thought this store was remarkable for its goods, little did I know that it’s also famous for having an incompetent owner.”

Latina took the chance to help the boy while the owner’s attention was focused on Sebastian.

The woman placed her hands on her waist, “Sir, my store is famous because I have everything that my customer needs. If you need anything, I can give it to you,” she raised her brows. “Just make sure that you can afford its price.”

Sebastian smiled, a sinister one, “I could tell that I have nothing I want from this store, but you lack something in here.” Sebastian turned his gaze on Latina, “Let’s go check other stores, sweetie.

Latina nodded her head and held the boy’s arm, planning to bring him along with them.

“Psh. Just be frank if you don’t have enough money to afford my goods. Your wife even wears a man’s attire,” the woman commented, looking at Latina’s clothes. “I lack a thing in here? What would that be?” she challenged.

“Manners,” Sebastian answered. He pulled Latina’s hand and was annoyed when he saw how the lady clutched on the young boy’s arm.

“Let’s help him,” Latina suggested, dragging the boy with her.

Sebastian stared at the young boy. He got brown eyes and black hair, but he doesn’t seem like a vampire. ‘If he’s an ordinary human and Latina drinks his blood. Things will be easier,” he thought.

“NO! That bastard is not allowed to leave, he still needs to clean the store!” The woman yelled and pulled the young boy’s arm away from Latina.

“Sebastian,” Latina looked at her lover’s eyes, hoping for his assistance.

“What’s your name?” Sebastian asked the boy.

“Marco Luxfode,” the young boy answered.

Sebastian stared at the boy, “Do you want me to save you?”

The young boy was about to nod his head, but he stopped the urged to do so. He bowed and said, “I will work for you without pay and do whatever I can to repay you someday. So please, help me just this once.”

Upon hearing what the boy said, Sebastian's face glimmered. If he could get the help of the boy to let Latina drink human blood, it would be all worth it.

“Here,” Sebastian tossed a purse of silver coins to the woman. He then pulled the boy away and dragged him with Latina in tow outside the store, leaving the woman speechless.

Chapter 8

In the eastern part of the city, there's a small hospital established and managed by Sebastian's friend. It was built with red bricks and stone but cozy inside. People often went to visit for check-ups, noble or not, it welcomes all.

"Ah!" Macro cried in pain when Sebastian poked his wounds. They went to the clinic right after they left the store.

"Not bad," Sebastian said while nodding his head. "It will be better if it bleeds," he added and squeezed the wounds harder.

"AH! Mi-milady, h-help!"

Latina glared at the man who seemed to enjoy abusing the lad. She couldn't do much to help the boy dress his wounds, or she'd get out of control and do something despicable. Something that always occurred whenever she encountered blood. Latina wouldn't deny the fact that she hurt people before but when she checked the place where she hid the body, no one's there. Causing her to think that it was just a dream that kept on haunting her.

She couldn't bring herself to ask Sebastian. If there's someone she doesn't want to discover her evil side, that would be Sebastian, the man who can lighten her dark world.

"Stop wailing like a kid," Sebastian said, annoyed. Now that he thought about it, saving the boy from that woman was solely for letting Latina drink human blood, seemed to fail. The child didn't bleed, not enough to attract Latina's vampire nature. "How Old Are You? You should know how to take care of your wounds."

Marco dried his tears, "I-I'll do it," he said, trying to sound brave.

"Goodness, how did this little boy got hurt?" A tall and good-looking man who just entered the room asked. He bowed his head when he noticed Sebastian and smiled at Latina who had been quiet since they arrived at the clinic.

"My lord, it's rare to catch a glimpse of you here in the city. Seeing that you're with a beautiful lady, I could tell that you're having a date," the man said looking at Latina.

"Rupert, I thought you're a doctor and not a pervert. Stop gawking at her if you want to keep your eyes intact," Sebastian said, disturbed. He doesn't like the way how Rupert stared at Latina's face.

"Aye. Sir Cisto came earlier in the morning with the other elder. It took me hours to calm the furious Lachouves. If something like that happens to me, I won't live a blissful year," Rupert said, raising both his hands and, this time, looking at Sebastian's eyes.

“But we were friends since childhood, you wouldn’t pluck my eyes just because I adored your beauty, would you?” he added, teasing the other man.

“Take care of the boy,” Sebastian instructed and linked Latina’s fingers with his. “Don’t eat him,” he whispered to the doctor before leaving.

“Yes, my lord.”

Sebastian walked faster, pulling Latina behind. He only stopped when he realized that the latter wasn’t talking or complaining at all since they left the clinic.

“Are you all right?” Sebastian asked, examining the lady’s face. Knowing Rupert to be a rogue, aside from being an excellent doctor, he had been using his brain to be a great rascal. If that man tried to do something to Latina, he wouldn’t hesitate to twist Rupert’s head. Sebastian knew that it won’t be enough to kill his friend, though.

HHumansbelieved that vampires are timeless, truth to be said, they were not. They also die, but only in limited ways. And considered immortal as they don’t get old fast as a mortal does. They could live for a thousand years with the same face a hundred generations ago. Latina is more than a century of age, and Sebastian was a few decades older than her.

Sebastian held Latina’s chin to have a direct eye-contact with him. The lady didn’t struggle at all. She behaved. “Tell me, is something wrong?” Latina didn’t move a muscle and just continued to stare at him. Left with no choice, Sebastian leaned closer and pressed his lips against hers. He smiled when it turned out effective.

“P-people are watching,” Latina said, pushing the man away from her. The stares coming from the people passing by made her more uncomfortable. She wasn’t sure why Sebastian kissed her in the middle of the crowd especially when she knew that she wasn’t that ‘showy’ type. And there was an uneasy feeling that she couldn’t shake off since she arrived in the city.

Her thoughts got muddled, and she saw scenes she can’t comprehend. One thing she was certain of, she saw herself in every scene, bathing in blood.

“Shh. If something’s bothering you, let me know. I might help you, no, I’ll do what I can to aid you.”

Sebastian hugged her while kissing her head. The warmth he’s giving her felt unreal. Latina shrugged and hugged him back.

“Shall we?” Sebastian asked with a smile. Latina almost got blinded by the light coming from him, and she always wanted him to smile like that. If they were together, she wouldn’t fear the darkness, not anymore as long as he shows her more colors.

The bright hues of the skirts hanging in front of Latina made her jaw drop. She hadn’t seen this many clothes before. Even she had several pieces back home, they’re nothing compared to these fabulous dresses.

Sebastian tried but failed to suppress his laughter when Latina almost drool over the clothes and shoes. She was running around inside the shop with awe on her face. Cisto was right, everything was new to her, and he shouldn't lock her in his manor. The lady deserved to enjoy fancy dresses and beautiful places with delicious foods.

"Haha!" An exaggerated laugh caught everyone's attention inside the store, making Sebastian frown. It wasn't him, he laughed but only enough for him to hear, and he doesn't want to offend Latina when she heard him chuckle. He walked closer to the lady's direction to check and see who dared to laugh at his sweetheart.

"Where are you from? Do you like these dresses? I could buy them for you," a young boy said.

'Another YOUNG child,' Sebastian thought, looking at the boy on fancy clothes. The boy's dark blue pair of eyes didn't miss his sight. He stopped a few meters aside to observe, curious about how she would handle it.

"Don't worry, I have enough money to pay for these. Do you like them?" The young boy pointed to the dresses hanged and the shoes displayed around.

Latina smiled at the lad, making Sebastian clenched his fist. He wanted to drag the boy away from his lover, but he doesn't want to look rude, not in Latina's presence. Taking a deep breath, Sebastian remained silent and observed a little longer.

"Sebastian said he'll buy them for me so you don't have to do it," Latina's sweet voice made the young boy blushed. "You're such a kind boy," she added and patted the lad's head.

"TSK! Why does she need to pat his head?" Sebastian murmured in the corner, watching how the lad's face turned red when Latina treated him well. "I'll capture you tonight and feed you to the slaves."

"Who's Sebastian? Is he your father?"

Chapter 9

“Pft!” Latina covered a hand on her mouth when she heard what the boy asked. She was sure that Sebastian wouldn’t be happy once he learned about it.

“Does Sebastian look funny? You're trying not to laugh when I mentioned his name,” the lad said, painting his face with curiousness.

“Wahahahaha!” Latina burst into laughter. “H-he's not, it's just... hahaha, he's not my father.”

The young fellow nodded his head. "He's your lover then?" he asked, looking up to meet Latina's brown eyes.

Latina, fascinated at the young boy's eye glow, wasn't able to utter a word for a sec as a response. "I could see the clear sky in your peeper," she whispered.

"It’s deep-ocean blue," the young boy corrected, flaunting his beautiful aqua eyes. "It's rare for our kind to have this eye-color, don't you think they're lovely?"

"They're wonderful," Latina complimented, referring to the boy's eye-color, not his exact eyes.

"Coming from you who have a pair of brown eyes, I don't feel honored. But you have a unique pretty face and fascinating fragrance. Perhaps," the boy paused and gestured Latina to bend down, which she did, "Are you a vampire?"

"Watch your words!" Sebastian's voice roared from behind. As fast as the wind, he held the boy's neck, strangling him.

"So it's Sebastian the thief," the young boy said leisurely, not minding being choked. He tilted his head and stared at Latina who wasn’t moving an inch. The same goes for the rest of the people inside the store. "She's that one from the sacred cave, right? If I'm not mistaken, she should be MY mate," the young fellow added, emphasizing the word 'MY'.

Sebastian gritted his teeth. The rumors going around about 'stealing' Latina away from her 'real mate' had been the hot topic among the vampires in the empire. After meeting Latina's supposed to be 'mate', he could only wish to kill him for their good.

"So the great Seth Lachouves of the vampire knights is only a little guy who's half shorter than whom he called his mate?" Sebastian mocked the younger, "How can you even satisfy her desire if you're short and 'young'?"

"Funny," Seth smirked and escaped Sebastian's grasp in a second. "You can have her as much as you want, but she won't be able to bear your child. You're not her mate, after all, so what if you're both a true-blood and I'm just a pure-blood? You can lock her until you tire of waiting for an heir and when that time comes, I'll be good enough to take her away from you."

Sebastian's silver-gray eyes changed to red, ready to cannibalize the haughty boy in front of him.

"What a letdown, you were born with silver eyes, yet they turned crimson when you're pissed. You're no different from the vampire slaves. Are you even a real true-blood?" It was Seth's turn to taunt the man. "Don't worry about the beast tribe, I'm working on it. Take care of my mate though, I'm lending her to you for the meantime," the boy added before vanishing.

"Don't let the elders know about our encounter. If the old Lachouves finds out, no one could secure the borders," Seth continued, hiding his presence in the air.

"Brat, wait until you come back. Latina will have my child then." Sebastian heaved a sigh of relief when the boy's presence disappeared. 'Prince of air huh,' he thought before dispelling the spell he cast earlier.

"Huh? Sebastian?" Latina asked, confused when the effects of the spell faded. "Where's the boy?" she added.

Sebastian frowned, "Why are you asking for someone else when I'm here?" he walked towards the store owner. "I'll buy all the dresses and shoes in her size," Sebastian said while pointing at Latina. "Send them to Dr. Millavo's clinic. He'll give you the payment once the goods arrive," he instructed. The proprietor nodded his head, his eyes filled with silver and gold coins.

"You're buying everything?" Latina asked using her soft voice. "I don't need this much."

"No, it's better to have a lot, so we don't have to go back here just to buy your clothes. Besides, I don't wish others to get you what you want, just don't worry about this small matter," Sebastian said. "Pick one and change, we'll have lunch when you're done." He turned his back and walked outside the store to wait for Latina.

"Sebastian," Latina called a few minutes later. Wearing a dark blue dress, she walked towards Sebastian. She tied her long black hair in a bun, few strands falling on the side of her face. Thanks to the store owner's wife who fixed Latina's hair. She looked not only like a noble lady but more like a princess.

"You're gorgeous," Sebastian complimented. His eyes were set on the lady who smiled at him.

"Thank you," with a flushed face, Latina responded. Sebastian would always look at her with adoration, but he seldom commended her with words.

"I know a place where we could eat great cuisines," Sebastian linked Latina's arm on his, "Stick with me."

Latina giggled. Sebastian had never been too clingy before, but he just linked their arms now. "We need to pick up the lad from the clinic. He must be starving," she said, referring to the fellow they met at the shop earlier.

"Can't we have our time together?" Sebastian asked, sulking. After meeting Seth, he realized that he's not the only one who's eyeing the lady. "Let's eat together first, don't worry about the boy. Rupert will feed him," Sebastian added.

'If not, he'll feed on him,' Sebastian thought. He linked his fingers with hers and headed to one of his favorite restaurants in the capital.

"I could smell the food from that place!" Latina exclaimed, pointing at the building a few meters ahead.

"Do you like the smell? Their dishes are superb. Come, let's fill your empty oven," Sebastian said, smiling. "After all, I helped you digest your breakfast earlier and your stomach needs to be filled once again."

Chapter 10

Rupert pulled a face when Sebastian came back later than he expected. The lovers were affectionate, walking in, side by side.

“I’m a doctor, why do I have to keep an eye with this boy in the whole two hours?” Rupert crossed his legs, raising a brow in front of his best buddy, neglecting the fact that his best friend was no other than the vampire lord.

“Who told you to watch the boy sleep? You could have just left him in the room and do something productive,” Sebastian said, frowning.

“Thank you for taking care of Marco, Sir,” Latina said. She turned to see the sleeping boy, smiling, as she sat on the chair next to the bed.

Rupert scratched his nape, “There’s no need to thank me, my lady.” He tried not to sound too sweet or else Sebastian would be jealous again.

“How’s the boy?” Sebastian asked, gesturing Rupert to come closer. “Is he healthy?”

Rupert tilted his head to the side and walked out of the room, Sebastian followed.

“You’re not planning to feed this boy’s blood to her, are you?” Rupert asked when they reached his private office.

Sebastian looked away, avoiding Rupert’s eyes. “Other than having intercourse, she also needs to consume human blood to conceive. You know that she will be the most powerful vampire, but she's required to drink human blood to awaken the power sealed within her. With that, she can conceive and give birth to a perfect king,” Sebastian added.

“To conceive the child of someone else other than her mate,” Rupert said in a firm tone, trying to pull Sebastian back to reality, a fact that was hard to twist. Vampire women can only conceive their mate’s child and Sebastian wasn’t Latina’s mate. “What if she continues to refuse drinking human blood? How long will you keep her in the dark? She has every right to know about the truth,” Rupert continued.

“You don’t understand! I found her!” Sebastian yelled. A spell protected the room and no one could hear what they were talking about from the outside. “She’s mine… that day when I took her outside the sacred cave, she became mine. I’ve marked her and no one can take her away from me, not even that bastard vampire kid who called himself her mate.”

Rupert shook his head, “So you’ve met Seth. Do you know why Latina remained inside the sacred cave, why no one dared to help her out? Simple because her mate isn’t yet of age. Seth needs at least ten or more years to get her out. So while he can’t do it on his own, to protect the vampire race against the beast tribe, that boy roams around the borders to fight every intruder

while the king has not been born still." Rupert stopped, he wanted to say more, but the atmosphere was getting heavier.

He doesn't want to hurt his best friend's feelings, but he wished him to do the right thing.

"It doesn't mean that since you're the current lord of the race and a true-blood vampire, you're the most capable. The previous generations may be in slumber this time but, they're more powerful. I don't want you to end up in trouble once they wake up and finds out about the thing with that lady. Knowing that she's the only de Llava left, the true-blood clan whom everyone envies, it won't be that easy," Rupert said without batting his eyelashes.

"But I'm your ally, so I'll stand your side no matter how narrow your mindset could be sometimes. Rest assured, I'll help you out. Just be sure to take the full responsibility when things get out of hand," he added, patting Sebastian's shoulder.

"Thank you," Sebastian murmured. He heaved a sigh. His friend was right. He might be powerful, but when the other true-blood awaken after their century-long sleep, he wouldn't be able to raise a finger against them. Plus he needed to protect Latina too, he can only try harder to get stronger.

"Just pay the boy's medical fee. I have to earn more money before the birth of my mate or else she won't marry me," Rupert said in a frantic voice. "I don't want to sleep another century while waiting for her!"

"Tsk, you're hopeless," Sebastian said in a bored tone.

"Maybe I should start robbing someone else mate as well. What do you think? I like Claudia, but she's your mate after all," Rupert continued to nag while they're getting out of the office to check on the boy and Latina. The vampire lord ignored his statement.

"Ah!"

The men stared at each other eyes upon hearing Latina's scream.

"Something's wrong," Sebastian ran quickly to the next room, only to find Latina crouching on the corner, covering her face with her both hands.

"Are you all right? Sweetie, look at me in the eye," Sebastian said while trying to calm the lady. "Shh, tell me what happened." He hugged her tightly and whispered comforting words, "It's fine, I'm here."

"How do you feel?" Rupert asked Marco who's quietly sitting on the bed. He was staring at Latina's helpless state.

"I'm fine, though I'm not sure what happened. The lady was talking to me, and we shook hands," Marco narrated, his face was full of worries about the Latina who still wouldn't stop

crying. “T-then, she suddenly shook her head like she’s looking at something terrible and screamed.”

“What have you done to her?” Sebastian glared at Rupert, accusing his friend of having something to do with the incident.

“Nothing as of the moment,” Rupert answered. He faced the boy and flicked his forehead, making the boy lost consciousness. “I told you, I’ll help. Get away from her,” he pulled Sebastian away from Latina.

“Ah! Blood! There’s so much blood!” Latina cried while looking at her hands. Sebastian stared at them and saw no trace of blood at all.

“You’re showing her hallucination?” Sebastian asked his friend. He doesn’t want Latina to suffer but, if Rupert could make her drink human blood, he needed to be patient.

“No, whatever she’s seeing right has nothing to do with me,” Rupert answered, getting closer to Latina who started kicking her legs in resistance. “I have done nothing yet. I doubt if my spell will work on her on other days except for today, she seemed occupied and weak.” Rupert flicked his finger in the air, and snow started to fall out of nowhere.

“Latina, you can drink as much as you want. No one’s stopping you...come,” Rupert whispered.

As the snow continued to fall, the room got a little colder. Latina stopped crying. She stood on her feet and walked to the bed where the unconscious boy was laying down.

Sebastian stayed silent, looking at Latina who obediently follows, like a puppet, controlled by Rupert’s ability, the devil snow.

‘I’m more concerned about the reason why she’s vulnerable today. Did I miss something?’ Sebastian asked himself. His thoughts were interrupted when Latina climbed on the bed, stared at the boy’s neck, and without hesitation, she sank her fangs, slurped the blood out of Marco’s body.

It was rather wild compared to the way she sucked Sebastian’s blood. That moment, the Latina in front of him was different, she was not the sweet and daring lady, she was the vampire Latina.

“Who dared to play a trick on me?”

Chapter 11

Rupert's eyes widen when Latina glared at him. He knew that the lady was strong and yet; he didn't prepare for his doom. His body trembled in fear. The devil snow dissipated, but he could still feel icy. A tear fell from his eye when he realized something. He was scared, so scared.

"Sebastian, she will kill me…" Rupert shuddered as he looked at his friend's eyes, begging for help. "S-save me."

Latina got off the bed. She ambled towards Rupert and stared at him. "Was it you?" she turned her gaze to Sebastian, "Or was it you?"

Sebastian attempted to speak, but he was too late, Latina had already knitted his mouth with invisible life thread, a string that said to be made of an immortal life force, the secret behind the unmoving attack of high-level vampires. It was stronger than iron and could resist fire, in fact, the more the person who was tied with the fiber move, the more their energy weakened.

'Damn! When did she learn to wield a life thread?' he cursed in his mind. He couldn't do anything but watch how Latina tortured Rupert.

"Answer me," she asked the poor doctor as she wound his left arm using the fibers, "Did you used the devil snow on me?" When Rupert couldn't respond, she cut his other arm. "How dare you manipulate me?" Latina clenched her fist, glaring but crying at the same time.

Sebastian seized this opportunity and got rid of the life thread while Latina's emotion was unstable. He couldn't believe that a newly awakened Latina stunned him. He took Rupert away together with his two arms lying down on the floor from his angry lover and brought him to somewhere safe. When Sebastian was back inside the room, Latina was then sleeping.

"I didn't expect that Rupert will work with you regarding this matter," Cisto said. "If I arrived any later, she would have caused havoc in the city. I already told you before, be ready for the consequences." He took a red stone from his pocket, "Use this to suppress her power temporarily. It's up to you if you will continue altering her memories but remember to be responsible for your action."

Sebastian took the stone, "Red Lhaphrite? How did you get a hold of this?"

Cisto shrugged, "It was in the sacred cave. I thought it could be in need, so I picked it. Let Latina wear it while she was unconscious." The elder checked on the lad who was lying on the bed, "If you're content about this outcome then do not forget about this young boy. He needs treatment. Tell Rupert that keeping this child will help him with his research," he added, getting ready to take his leave.

“I got it,” Sebastian responded. He was glad that Latina had finally awakened her vampire nature, but it also meant that she’d recover her memories. She would detest him, loathe him and for the worst, abandon him.

“I’m sorry sweetie, just a little longer. I’ll surely confess everything one day,” Sebastian muttered, attaching a life thread on the red Lhaphrite, putting it on Latina’s neck and, casting the spell to change her memory about what happened. He did the same to the boy who remained unconscious on the other bed.

“Here,” Sebastian placed a purse of gold coins on the table next to Rupert. The latter was laying his back on the bed in silence, concentrating on restoring his arms. “I didn’t think your restoration ability will be of use. Get well soon,” Sebastian added before patting his friend’s head.

“Your lover almost killed your best friend, and you were just watching in the corner,” Rupert said coldly. “Please don’t let me see both of your faces,” he continued.

“All right! Thanks to you though, I mean it. Without the devil snow,” Sebastian beamed at the other room where Latina was, “I won’t be able to keep her beside me.”

“Now that you put it that way, it sounded like I helped you force a lady to be with you. That doesn’t make me feel any good,” Rupert retorted. He stared at the purse on the table, “You’re paying me gold coins for my services?”

“Ha! You wish I just thought you might need it in a little while. I’m leaving it here and the child too,” Sebastian said and headed to the door.

“You’ll leave the boy here? I’ll feed on him if you dare, don’t bring me more trouble!” Rupert screamed in frustration.

“Shh. You’ll wake her up,” Sebastian scolded his friend, who immediately shut his mouth up. “You don’t want her to go wild for the second time, right? Besides, the elder was the one who suggested the boy stay with you. I’ve taken care of his memory, he’ll forget about what happened.”

“If that’s what the elder suggests then I think I have no way to refuse,” Rupert answered, sighing.

Sebastian carried Latina in his arms, “We’ll take our leave then.”

“What about Latina? How would you handle the things from here now that she finally awakened?”

Sebastian stopped on his track, “I’ve decided to keep it for a while until I made sure that she won’t have any way out.”

“You’re a cruel lover. Good luck then, hope you’ll get her pregnant after tonight.” Rupert said after shaking his arms, finally restored. “Monitor her until she gives birth too, or she might end up killing both the baby and herself once she finds out, that her loving Sebastian is a vampire lord who stole her from her mate. Yeah, that sounds tragic, I like tragedy the most.”

With a heavy heart, Sebastian left the city with Latina. The trip back to his manor was quiet. He made a rash decision that he could never undo, but he was sure to face everything head-on.

Anything that involves Latina and his future with her, he was willing to take all the risk. Because the vampire lord only wished to be with someone until the end of his days. When he was given a chance and found that suitable person, he wouldn’t let it slipped away.

Meanwhile…

“Child, are you awake?” Rupert asked the boy who was covering his face with a blanket. The doctor clicked his tongue when the boy didn’t answer. “How long will you keep pretending that you’re sleeping? Lunchtime is over, don’t you want to eat?”

Marco hurriedly jumped off the bed, “Sir, if you don’t wish me to stay I would leave immediately. I don’t think this place is safe.”

Rupert knitted his brow, “What do you mean?”

The young boy avoided the doctor’s gaze, “I had a horrible dream. In my dream, I was being devoured by a monster.”

“HAHAHAHA! Stop imagining,” Rupert said while patting the boy’s back. “You must be too hungry to dream of impossible things,” he added. ‘That monster’s name is Latin a,’ he thought while patting the boy harder.

Marco shook his head, “No, I swear my dreams are always accu--”

“Excuse me, is there anyone inside?” Someone called from the gate, interrupting the boy.

Rupert shrugged and walked to the door to check. Marco followed him.

“Do you need anything?” the doctor asked.

“Oh, I’m the store owner where Sir Sebastian shopped earlier. He ordered me to deliver the goods he bought to this address. Are you perhaps Dr. Millavo?” the store proprietor inquired, holding a pen and stationery in his hand.

The doctor counted the boxes behind, “There are more or less ten boxes. You’re in the right place, I’ll sign the paper to accept the delivery,” he said.

“Sure, please sign right here after I get the payment. It’s a total of one hundred fifty-seven gold coins,” the store owner answered with a smile.

‘He didn’t pay for it yet?’ Rupert thought to himself.

“Boy! Quickly get the purse on my bedside table and count how many gold coins that jerk has left.”

“Aye!”

Chapter 12

Latina groaned, there was a heavy object pinning her down. Unable to move, she opened her eyes.

“Sebastian?” she called when she recognized the man relaxing on top of her. “Ah!” she yelled when she felt a hand groping her breast. “Stupid Sebastian,” Latina murmured.

“Hmm, you’re awake.” Sebastian gave her a sweet peck. “You’ve been sleeping since we left the city,” the man informed.

Latina made a face, “Why didn’t you wake me up? Ah, I don’t remember what happened.”

“It doesn’t matter, we’re finally home,” Sebastian pressed his lips on hers. “Say, do you mind if we make love tonight?”

The lady’s cheeks turned bright red, “W-why are you even asking? D-don’t you f-find it awkward?”

Sebastian smirked, “I know right. But isn’t it nice being asked for once? I don’t want to force you this time.”

“No! I m-mean you’re not forcing me. Not this moment nor before, I always wanted to do it only with y-you,” Latina stuttered, staring at the man’s shinning spheres, she doesn’t have to go outside to see the moonlight. “Sebastian, I guess… I think I love you!”

Her words echoed through his ears. ‘How nice, if you could say the same thing once you find out the truth… I could spend a century sleeping with you without having nightmares,’ the man thought.

“I know,” Sebastian muttered and kissed her. His lips drifted against hers, making sure that every movement was cherished, appreciated, and remembered.

Latina wrapped her arms around Sebastian’s neck, pulling the man closer to her. She doesn’t want to let go of the smooch, as she could see a paradise of colors, a place that only belonged to her and the man she loves.

Sebastian pulled away from the kiss. He chuckled when Latina pouted her lips, demanding more. “Shh, be patient,” he whispered and bit her lower lip, sucking it, “I’ll make you happy tonight.”

“… and every day,” Latina continued. She could feel the tension in Sebastian’s words. Asking her about making love, refusing to say that he loves her back, and now saying that he’d make her happy just for the night. Whatever idea that the man had in his head, she wouldn’t let him get away from her. “Love me every time and make me happy,” she said in a painful voice.

“Oh, Latina,” Sebastian kissed her again. The kiss wasn’t like before, it wasn’t gentle and patient. It was filled with different emotions; anger, sadness, regret, and love, mixed. Just like mixing distinct colors in a pallet, Latina saw a hint of pale glow.

‘Sebastian is introducing you another shade of red, he’s doing it on purpose. I wonder why.’ Latina heard her subconscious say. Unlike before, she stayed sane. She closed her eyes, ignoring the shades appearing in her mind.

Latina focused on battling her tongue against Sebastian’s. They both moaned, their hands grasping each other sensitive parts. Sebastian’s palm on her breasts and hers on his abdomen.

“You taste sweet,” Sebastian said after pulling away from the kiss again, licking the bottom of her chin with some traces of blood. He held both of Latina’s wrist to pin them on the side.

“I’m sorry, I made you bleed,” he added and moved his lips on her neck, doing a playful tongue parade on her skin, down her bosoms, kissing and biting her nipples, leaving marks on her stomach, and stopping in front of her entrance. “You smell sweeter,” he whispered, enough for Latina to hear it and get shy.

“You t-think s-so?” Latina asked, rolling her eyes in pleasure when Sebastian tasted her ‘lips’ down there. “Ahhh~” She grabbed his hair and moaned.

“Do you like it?” Sebastian asked, smiling. He knew her answer based on her reaction, but teasing her made it more interesting. “Tell me, do you like it?” he demanded once again, looking directly at Latina’s eyes.

Latina bit her lips and nodded her head, “Yes.”

“Good,” Sebastian said and buried his face between her legs. “I should make you love it, not just like so be prepared,” he warned before inserting his tongue inside her.

‘She’s all healed from this morning,’ he thought when he found the space was tight after doing it in the kitchen earlier that day.

“AHH!” Latina cried when the soft and wet tongue pushed inside her. “D-don’t… AHH! Sebastian... AHH.”

‘Say you love it and I’ll listen to you,’ Sebastian laughed in his mind and continued exploring Latina’s hole with his naughty tongue. He then let go of her hands so he could spread her legs wider.

“UMH...” Latina groaned in both pain and pleasure when Sebastian inserted his three fingers all at the same time. His tongue was still doing its job.

“Hah. Sebastian…. I-…”

The man didn't let the lady finished her words. He moved his mouth against her womanhood in a similar way when he was kissing her lips. Latina didn't last any longer when a rushing fluid burst out from her hole, wetting Sebastian's face.

Latina covered her eyes. She couldn't stand the bright flaming lights. The color screamed pain and pleasure, but she couldn't tolerate the sight of it.

She started to grasp the colors when she was with Sebastian, but it was not easy for her to embrace the world with red hues scattering around. She couldn't do anything about it. Maybe not yet unless she found out the reason behind her dark world where she could only see two colors; black and red.

"How was it?" he asked Latina who was blushing.

"I l-love it," she answered. Sebastian was about to laugh when Latina pushed him down and got on top of him. "My turn," she said, holding his thing.

Sebastian groaned, "Don't do anything you don't want to do," he pulled the lady's face and kissed her. "You don't have to force yourself, I want to please you, not to punish you."

"TSS, who said giving you a blow job is a punishment? I would love to do it every day if you don't mind," Latina licked her lips, "Too bad, I want to please you as well." She inserted his thing in her mouth, staring at him intently with her alluring scarlet eyes.

'Unconsciously pleasing me in her vampire form?' Sebastian asked himself.

"Don't worry, this time I'll take it all in without complaining."

Chapter 13

“Mm… um…”

Sebastian chuckled when Latina made lewd sounds while taking his entire length inside her mouth. Grunts and groans replaced his chuckles when Latina bobbed her head up and down, pulling and pushing her favorite banana in and out of her cavity. The sound of Sebastian’s penis gliding on her saliva and bumping her throat was too sexy to resist.

“Ugh!” Sebastian groaned. Latina made him feel fantastic, he won’t deny that. He grabbed Latina’s hair and pulled them.

The lady didn’t complain and let the man pull her hair as much as he wanted. Instead, she moved her head faster, pumping the juices out of Sebastian’s. With teary-eyes, she looked at her man who was pursing his lips. Unsatisfied by Sebastian’s reaction, Latina clutched his balls to play with her hand.

“AGH!”

Latina smiled and let go of Sebastian’s thing. She could tell that the man was almost coming. But she wanted to do more before that.

“What the-” Sebastian complained but he was stopped when Latina put his balls inside her mouth, this time, playing them with her tongue, making the man gasped for air.

Moving her hands on Sebastian’s chest, Latina let go of his balls and pulled him up for a peck. She then kissed him torridly and Sebastian responded in the same intensity.

They shared the passionate kiss for a while until Latina successfully positioned herself. She pulled away from their contact, grinning and, the next thing Sebastian knew, she was already poking her hole with his rod.

“AHH!” Latina screamed in pain when she felt a twinge after inserting Sebastian’s full length inside her.

“Must be hard for you,” Sebastian said. ‘The restoration ability is taking effect fast now that she had awakened,’ he thought.

“N-no, it’s okay.” She paused for a while, getting used to the tight feeling. “It may be a little painful but it feels better at the same time,” she added and smiled at the man who looked worried.

Sebastian guided her hands on her breast, “Hold tight,” he said and began lifting his hips, holding Latina on her waist up and down, letting her accept every ounce of pleasure he was sending her.

“Ah! Hah.” Latina started to sweat, her eyes tearing up again because of the pain and thrill consuming her body. She was massaging her breasts with her hands, throwing her head backward in bliss. “More,” she whispered, but Sebastian heard it. He pushed Latina down without breaking their contact.

Sebastian leaned closer, “Wrap your legs around me,” he ordered and Latina complied. Latina moaned loudly when Sebastian moved faster, pushing his thing deeper inside, determined to ruin Latina’s sweet hole.

“AGH! Ah!” Latina’s moans filled the place when the colors started to pop continuously out of nowhere. Inside the murky room in the middle of the night, Sebastian could produce unique colors for her by simply making love with her. “AMP!” Latina bit her lips when Sebastian hit some sensitive spot inside her. Her voice was husky, and she sounded obedient, making Sebastian pound her harder.

“You’re mine, only mine!” Sebastian said possessively, emphasizing each of his words by poking the lady’s thing, hard.

“Yes, I’m only yours Sebastian,” Latina replied, digging her nails on Sebastian’s back. Her eyes remained scarlet just like when she was thirsty for blood and Sebastian fed her. She had a strong thirst this time, a desire that she couldn’t deny. Latina knew that she wanted Sebastian in every way.

“AHH!” They both screamed in pleasure when Sebastian’s juices filled Latina’s womb.

“Good,” Sebastian muttered, his eyes turned red as well. He removed his dick out and got off the bed, leaving Latina lying on the bed, clueless.

Sebastian walked towards the window to open it, letting the air inside the room and a brief flash of moonlight. He then turned around and pulled Latina to stand on the bed. With a playful smirk, he spread Latina’s legs and inserted his thing.

Latina didn’t expect it and was shocked. Her head fell on Sebastian’s neck. She grabbed his hair when Sebastian carried her to the window. The scene seemed familiar to her, but she couldn’t remember. Sebastian leaned her back on the cold concrete walls just beside the window and moved.

“Ah! NO! AH, t-this is t-too bold!” Latina screamed. Although she was saying ‘no’, her body was contradicting what she said when she unconsciously moved her hips in the same rhythm with him.

“Don’t you like riding? Well, sweetie, I’m letting you ride on me again,” Sebastian whispered while huffing. His sweat poured like rain, but he still couldn’t get enough and couldn’t stop.

“Hmm…” Latina moaned, unable to express a word. Besides, she doesn’t want to say much and rather enjoy what they were doing. She looked at the man’s eyes, surprised to see them in red.

“S-Sebastian, y-your eyes…” she breathed. Chill ran down her spine again. “W-why?” Latina asked him with doubt.

Sebastian paused for a while, fixed his hands properly on Latina’s thigh. Without saying a word, he pounded her.

“AHH.”

“Sweetie, you don’t have to worry about anything else when I’m making love with you,” Sebastian said, burying his head on Latina’s collar. They followed one move by another one and it became endless. He kept on pounding her, keeping her mind busy with dealing with his every blow to avoid any more questions.

The man smiled. He nibbled on Latina’s collarbone, “You smell so sweet,” Sebastian whispered. Latina could barely process what he said. It blew her mind with pleasure.

“Just letting you know, your eyes are surprisingly scarlet too,” Sebastian said, licking Latina’s neck before sinking his fangs.

How he wished that the lady felt the same thirst as he did. With that, he no longer had to hold back. But that night was different. They made love and he was planning to feast in blood. Sebastian wanted to make it memorable. If his calculation was right, the fate of the future ruler of the blood tribe will depend on that night.

Chapter 14

The crescent moon appeared in the sky as the wind blew the clouds away, revealing its unique beauty that's rather intriguing than the full moon. Millions of stars were scattered around it, together, emitting a cool radiant glow, lighting the couple below.

Sebastian sank his fangs on Latina's skin, sipping her blood while his thing was still on the move, poking deeper inside her.

"AGH!" Latina groaned in pain coming from her neck, but the given pleasure struck her down there was extraordinary too. The pink petals falling from above changed colors, getting richer and darker.

The moonlight was not enough to get her out of her dark world. She knew that the window was just beside her. She would be able to see a much brighter world if she tried to resist, and looked at the sky but, Latina was tired of running away, worn out of being a coward.

"No, my pink love... don't steal it away from me," Latina whispered in desperation. It was the only thing she could do as of the moment, being desperate and scared.

'Isn't it beautiful?' Her subconscious appeared again, mocking her for being confused and helpless about the current situation. 'You let him paint your dark world with colors and now you're letting him ruin it with red, are you giving up your colors?'

Latina's vision was coated in red. She saw a young and beautiful woman, stroking her head, whispering to her to be brave and to live on. Latina nodded her head.

'Come on, Latina. His blood smells sweet too, right? Are you scared?' Latina shook her head 'no', looking at her subconscious who took her form, flying around her with a smug look on its face. 'Mother said you can have as much as you want.'

"Right," Latina muttered and opened her mouth, eyeing her target. She sank her fangs on Sebastian's neck. Eventually, the colors faded, leaving the distinct shades of red, fighting each other for dominance until a scarlet sphere appeared, and, within a second, it burst, bathing Latina in red.

The oddest part was when she thought it was beautiful and with no sign of resistance or hate. Latina embraced the unknown world she was in while sinking her fangs deeper, sucking Sebastian's blood nonstop. Latina heard a broken lock and turned around. A tear fell from her eye when she saw what's behind the newly opened door.

Such a bloody scene when both of them slurped each other's blood. Surprisingly, Sebastian maintained their sexual intercourse, devouring Latina's body and blood simultaneously. The vampire lord was proud of himself.

At the same time, Latina felt blissful despite being confused. The sweet blood she was sipping off of Sebastian's and the sensual comfort she experienced made her mind went wild. A wild pleasure feeling, a rush of blazing happiness. She realized that red wasn't that bad. It was sweet, wild, willful, and ecstatic.

'Right, red isn't your enemy. Blood is your strength and blood is red,' Latina's subconscious said, raising a red flag while floating in the air. 'Bloody red~'.

"Sweetie, I'm coming," Sebastian whispered, letting go of her neck. Latina did the same, licking Sebastian's wound before pressing her lips on his.

"I love you," Latina whispered in between the kiss hoping that Sebastian would be brave enough to express his feelings to her through words. She wanted to know he felt about her, wishing that it would change her mind. But heavens were against her. It disappointed her when Sebastian opened his mouth.

"I know," he replied, delivering the final blow. He moaned in pleasure but her heart wasn't satisfied. "How was it?" Sebastian asked, holding Latina in his arms, he walked back to the bed and carefully laid her down. Latina hugged him when he crawled on the bed and settled beside her.

Latina smiled with her eyes close and said, "You brought colors in my dark world, changed the dark red into pink, and made me completely yours," she paused, "Why did you lie to me?"

Sebastian stayed still, unable to process what Latina said. 'Did she knew the truth all along?' he asked himself. He angled his head to see Latina's face but, she was already sleeping. It was as if she said those words half-asleep.

After what they did, it was reasonable that the lady would feel exhausted. Other than making love, they had their 'meal' too. Although he was worried, Sebastian shrugged the thought after checking the red Lhaphrite that Latina was wearing. There was no sign of crack or any damage, making him think that Latina was still under control. He smiled before hugging the lady beside him and fell asleep. Not knowing of the disaster that he'd face sooner.

The moon peeked at them, solemnly watching the lovers share their blood, joined their bodies, and linked their souls. While the stars blinked one after the other as they witnessed how the lady was dumped by the man, after their intimate contact, not just as lovers but also as monsters who thirst for blood, the moon together with the stars, slowly hid beneath the clouds for the rest of the night.

The sound of the birds chirping in the morning woken up Sebastian. He opened his eyes only to find no one beside him. "She must be in the kitchen, making something to eat. What a cute glutton," he said, getting up.

The green leaves dancing in the wind outside the window caught his attention. The peace of mind that nature could offer was one of the best things he looked forward rd every century of his life.

"Right, we're in the middle of the woods. She wouldn't be able to go somewhere unless someone took her out," Sebastian said, thinking about the possibility of Latina running away. He took a deep breath and smiled, "Last night was great. Not only that, she'll bear my child, but she told me she loves me. I'll confess to her about the truth when the new ruler is born."

Sebastian headed to the kitchen, expecting the lady giggling while enjoying her breakfast.

"Good morning, Sweetheart," he said as soon as he pushed the door in the kitchen open. Sebastian was speechless when he found no one.

Chapter 15

“Latina?” Sebastian called for the nth time.

No one answered. The kitchen was cold and neat, with no trace of someone using it since last night. The utensils were properly arranged on their trays, unmoved since the last time they used them. Sebastian checked every corner in the mansion. He panicked when he couldn’t find the lady anywhere inside.

“Did she ran away?” Sebastian asked no one in particular, having cold sweats. His mind went blank. He was certain that Latina was still under his spell last night. But the lady said something unlikely after she drank his blood.

“Could it be that she remembers? She’s capable of breaking my spell, but she’s wearing the Lhaphrite stone.” Sebastian continued to ponder. He closed his eyes to concentrate. If Latina had left the mansion, she wouldn’t be able to easily get out of the thick forest. His ability to perceive one’s location wasn’t as good compared to the Lohbrev clan who were known for their wider range vision.

Sebastian opened his eyes, his vision turned to blood, but he could see the surrounding areas outside the mansion. Tall trees and grasses, the river flowing from the falls on the east of the forest, wild animals, insects and flowers, and silhouettes in the lake.

“Found you,” Sebastian muttered before sprinting in a certain direction. It didn’t take him long to reach the lake.

The water was clear that one could see what was in there, by just looking at it, just like how Sebastian could see Latina’s naked body underwater. The vampire lord puffed a sigh of relief. He found a good place to sit so he did while watching the lady enjoying the water.

‘I didn’t know that she likes swimming. I could have brought her here myself and swim with her,' Sebastian thought.

“So you didn’t run away?” a bitter smile appeared on Sebastian’s face. “If you did, I don’t know if I have the courage to chase you after what I’ve done.”

Splash

Sebastian was alarmed when he heard the loud splashing sound, something fell in the waters. His eyes changed color when he felt a familiar presence.

“Beast,” he muttered while gritting his teeth. “How dare a beast got into my territory?” Sebastian, keep his calm and examined the surroundings. “Where is it?”

“AH!”

Sebastian's perked his ears when he heard Latina's scream. He turned his gaze to where he last saw the lady. His fangs appeared and his nails grew longer concurrently when he found another man, embracing his possession.

"Hush my dear, pardon me but I can't swim. Can you let me hold on you until we get on the shore?" the man pleaded with his gentle and warm voice.

Latina felt bad about him but being hugged by someone else other than Sebastian was something that she couldn't tolerate. "Please get your hands off me. This part of the lake isn't that deep, you can walk on your own to the shore."

The stranger's face flushed but Latina couldn't see it. He was thankful for that or else the lady would think that he was a creep. "Can't you help me just this once?" He insisted once again. Wrapping his arms tightly around the lady.

Latina tried to get away but she couldn't. They're both wet and her hand kept on sliding when she tried to remove his arms from her.

BOGSH

A loud crashing noise caught their attention. Just when the stranger guy turned his gaze to check, sharp sword-like nails cut his face, causing him to bleed.

"Ah!" Latina groaned in pain. She had a clear view of Sebastian's furious face before getting shoved on the shore forcefully. Her limbs and back were in pain that she could barely move on the spot. She held her face and saw how the men clashed. Suddenly, she felt drowsy and lied on the ground. The last thing she saw was a familiar pair of blue spheres, getting closer to her before she felt a warm cloth wrapping around her.

"How bold of your kind to appear in my territory, you filthy beast!" Sebastian exclaimed while standing on the water. With a devilish face, he thrust his hand in the man's chest, lifting him. "I'll shred your heart into pieces so you won't be able to recover," he said in his cold voice, thrusting his hand deeper.

"Is that all you can do? I'd laugh my ass out if you say that you're the vampire lord. Such a weakling."

Sebastian grew furious than ever, a lowly beast had the guts to insult him, the vampire lord, and a true-blood. He threw the man in the air before jumping up and clawed his enemy's face until it bled. With a disfigured face, the man fell on the water. Sebastian was not satisfied, so he tried to follow the guy but was swept away by the strong wind.

"Darn it!" Sebastian cursed. He landed on his feet, a few meters away from the shore where Latina was. "Latina," he called, worried about the lady's condition. He headed towards her but Seth appeared before him.

“You’re worried after you threw her hard on the rocky area. Hah! I only need a few more years and I could definitely be a better match for her,” Seth said. “I just have to fight for her until then, am I right?”

“Don’t make me laugh and when did a sprout like you appeared?” Sebastian glared at the young knight, not taking his words seriously at all.

“I may be a sprout in your eyes but I could knock that werewolf guy in one hit. I wonder if you could do the same,” Seth teased. He tilted his head when he felt a malicious force coming towards them. “Go get Latina away from here. That guy earlier isn’t just a phony from the beast tribe, he’s a werewolf alpha.”

Sebastian clicked his tongue, “The more reason I have to stay and fight that bastard.”

‘What a childish lord,’ Seth thought and glided in the air. He headed back to the lake where the alpha was about to emerge. “I can handle him. If you don’t want someone to steal what you’ve stolen then I suggest you leave while I’m still nice.”

The vampire lord clenched his jaw. He wanted to fight the alpha, but he doesn’t want to leave Latina in Seth’s hand. With his super speed, he took the unconscious Latina and left the area, and headed back to his mansion.

When he kicked the door, Sebastian was surprised to find Claudia waiting. What’s more, she was determined to get laid by him.

Chapter 16

Fluffy white clouds spread overhead. It was a nice day. However, after analyzing what had happened since he woke up, Sebastian could not tell which part of the day was supposed to be pleasant for him. If it was the weather then he wouldn't argue with that. But seeing how things became messy, Sebastian should expect the worse to come.

"My lord," Claudia who was wearing a white satin robe, bent her body, showing her shining cleavage, greeted. After contemplating for days, Claudia decided to do something. She was certain that her hard work would be paid off. She got some items from the sacred cave where Latina came from. With her skills, she knew she'll succeed.

"Woman, you may think you're brave enough to step inside my mansion. Get out of here!" Sebastian, with his furious tone, yelled. He glared at Claudia, who dared not make a move. "Get lost!" he added, expecting the other to obey him.

If it was before, Claudia would then shake and stutter, but she changed. She had already decided. "My lord, I may not be as powerful as her," Claudia threw a gaze at Latina who remained unconscious in Sebastian's arms, "But I'm still your mate. We were destined, and you knew that I won't be able to conceive with someone else's child. It's your sole responsibility as my mate and as the lord. She was just lucky to be born as a true-blood! You chose her and slept with her, but nothing happened! What about me? You abandoned me like I'm nobody…"

"You are nobody," Sebastian deadpanned her.

Claudia's body trembled upon hearing the man's response. She knew that there was a very low chance to convince the lord to sleep with her. But she was well-prepared and wouldn't give up just yet. "I'm your mate and that despicable lady in your arms belongs to someone else," Claudia whispered but enough for Sebastian to hear it. "No matter how much you try to avoid me, if I insist, you won't be able to resist because we're perfectly matched. You can sleep with others, but you will always be mine. Latina won't be capable to conceive your child and you'll come back to me then."

Claudia's words boiled Sebastian's blood. In a swift motion, a loud and clear slapping sound resounded. It twisted her face to the side.

"Bitch, I chose not to touch you not because I respect the fact that you're my mate but because you're not worth it. Be grateful that I wasted my energy just to slap your filthy mouth. One more word against Latina coming from you and I'll send you back to the abyss garden, you can sleep there for eternity and never come back above ground," Sebastian said before walking away, leaving Claudia behind him.

'Watch me, my lord,' Claudia thought, looking at the man's back, fading away. 'If you can't even spare me a glance, I know that you will with Latina's essence.'

Sebastian kicked the door of their chamber open. He put Latina down on the bed, brushed some strands of her hair from her face, and removed the coat which had Seth's smell before tucking her under the blanket.

"Sleep tight, Sweetheart," Sebastian whispered before getting off the bed. He walked to the windows and closed them. Although the sun won't hurt them, he would though prefer it if the chamber was slightly dark.

His brows furrowed when he realized that Claudia hadn't left yet. He could still feel her presence. "She won't learn her lesson until I give her a beating," he muttered and returned to the living room.

The place went foggy when Sebastian stepped in. He stopped. "Darn it!" Sebastian clicked his tongue when he remembered something important. Claudia Lachouves was a well-known alchemist in the blood tribe. She could kill a hundred beasts while having her 'meal'. Sebastian wasn't worried about Claudia's ability alone. But given that she was his mate, he was afraid that he wouldn't be able to resist the urge once she uses a charm potion.

Sebastian slit his pulse, letting his blood ooze. He knew that it wasn't enough since he could easily get his wound healed but as long as he felt his blood flowing out, he could at least stay sane and be reminded of how Latina sucked his juice.

The vampire lord admitted that he took Latina out of the sacred cave only for the sole reason, to bear his child. Latina might not be pregnant until now. And since she hadn't given birth for now, not even pregnant, he will keep her safe and focus his attention only on her. He might let her go once everything was already in place. Sebastian would eliminate anyone who tried to ruin his plan, may it be a friend or a foe.

"It's useless, Claudia," Sebastian said while standing still. He chose not to act and wait for Claudia's next step. He was not disappointed when Claudia went closer to where he stood.

'How naïve,' he thought.

"You won't know unless I try," Claudia muttered.

The lord felt his mate's presence behind him. He bit his lips until they bled and sipped on it, just like how Latina imbibed on his bleeding lip whenever they went wild. Sebastian felt a pair of arms hugging him from the back. He was sure it was Claudia, but he could smell Latina's sweet scent.

"Latina?" Sebastian called. When he didn't get any response, he pulled the arms wrapped on him to see who it was. The fog was getting thicker, and it was harder for him to confirm his doubts. "You're not Latina. I'll kill you if you won't stop, Claudia," he warned.

"Sebastian…"

Just like that, Sebastian's heart race. After hearing that sweet voice, it would be hard to believe that it wasn't Latina.

"Sweetheart," Sebastian muttered. He wasn't sure why the smoke remained and it might be Claudia's scheme, but he had the urge to hug the lady in front of her. She smelled and sounded like her, and he wanted to protect her.

"Sweetie, let's go out from here first until the fog disappears."

Sebastian pulled the lady with him and led the way, but he stopped on his track when he felt another presence. He held the lady's waist and drew her closer to him so they won't get separated. It surprised Sebastian when the lady pulled him for a kiss. It was rough and messy, but he doesn't mind it as long as it was Latina. He deepened the kiss and stroked her lips with his tongue, the other gave him access.

The kiss turned into a hot make-out session. Sebastian went impatient and undress the lady. 'If Claudia finds us doing it, she might give up and stop pestering me,' he thought as he fondled the lady's breast.

They were in such an intimate position when the door was forcefully pushed open. The fog disappeared, revealing the truth behind the alluring lady who got a hold of the vampire lord for a moment.

Chapter 17

Latina caught a whiff of a familiar scent. She opened her eyes and stared at the door where Sebastian exited. After hearing what the other lady said, Latina pretended that she was unconscious.

“His mate?” Latina muttered, pondering about the topic that was unheard of for her. “Does she mean his wife? Am I like someone who stole that lady’s husband?”

The curious Latina got off the bed, letting the blanket fall, revealing her sexy naked body. She trudged to the wardrobe and look for some specific clothes. A smile emerged on her lips when she found a set of Sebastian’s clothes. “This is more comfortable than dresses,” she said and wore them.

Latina covered her nose and mouth when she walked outside their chamber. A thick mist appeared out of nowhere and the sweet essence lingered. She placed her palms on the walls while walking, finding her way to the living room. The fog in the corridor was suffocating that she would have run out if only her eyes aren’t blurry. She could only stop on her track.

Tears filled Latina’s eyes, the bitterness in the gas was intolerable, and she could tell that the living room was just a few steps away. Her sense of smell also improved. She knew that Sebastian was there, so she called him. “Sebastian…” She waited for his response and he did.

“Sweetheart,” Latina heard Sebastian muttered, making her smile and continue to walk to where his voice came from. She heard several gasps and heavy breathing. It worried her that Sebastian might have a hard time breathing because of the fog.

Latina walked faster until her hands could no longer touch the wall, she was already at the end of the corridor, and she knew that in front of her should be the living room. She took a step ahead, her arms raised forward. She doesn’t want to move carelessly, or she might break something. It ruined her focus when the main door opened. The wind blew the smoke away, clearing the room.

“It’s you,” Latina murmured after seeing the young boy standing in the doorway. His bright blue eyes were burning, like the legendary blue fire. Latina followed the young boy’s gaze and was rendered speechless by what she saw.

Sebastian was hugging a naked lady. What’s worse, they seemed to be in the middle of something with their intimate expressions.

“L-Latina…” Sebastian called, almost inaudible. He pushed Claudia away from him and hurried back to Latina’s side. His jaw dropped when the latter avoided his touch. Latina stared at him, her gaze turned icy. Disgust and pain were painted on her face.

“My lord,” Claudia muttered. She took her robe and put it back on her.

“It’s your fault. You dare scheme against me, unforgivable!” Sebastian yelled in his angry tone. His eyes turned crimson, he was undeniably mad. He glared at Claudia. With a killing intent, he aimed at her.

“DAMN IT!” Sebastian cursed when Claudia disappeared just before he could attack her.

“AHH!” Latina screamed when she saw the man she met in the lake changed into a white wolf and ran away with Claudia in her mouth.

“Shit, he’s still alive,” Seth muttered and chased after the werewolf.

Latina took this chance to slip outside the mansion. After witnessing that despicable scene, she wanted to spend her time alone. She already decided to leave in the morning when she woke up. But she didn’t expect that Sebastian would look for her when she was bathing in the lake. Something was off, Latina saw images she hadn’t seen before but these triggered some memories she was uncertain of. She felt that if she stayed on Sebastian’s side, the truth wouldn’t be easy to unveil.

“Where are you going?” Sebastian pulled her hand and Latina bounced on his trunk. “Don’t chase after them,” he added and hugged the lady from behind.

“Sebastian, get off from me.”

There it goes again, Latina’s unusual crisp tone. She overthrew Sebastian’s arms, but the man wouldn’t let go.

“Let me go, you’re hurting me.”

Sebastian heard a slight crack coming from inside his heart. A surge of pain spread in his system after hearing Latina’s words. “I won’t let you leave,” he whispered. “You can’t leave me, Latina.”

“Why?” Latina asked. Her question echoed in Sebastian’s ears.

‘Why? I don’t know. It’s just you haven’t bear my child yet. I can’t afford to lose you after everything I’ve done,’ he thought.

They stayed in that position quietly for a while. Sebastian didn’t manage to answer Latina’s question, in all honesty, he doesn’t know what to respond. All he knew was once he let go of her, he won’t be able to get her back. Seth may be just acting loyal to the blood tribe, but Sebastian could see the boy’s adoration for Latina. He would never know when the lad might change his mind and hide Latina away, wait until he was of age to mate with her. And there was another rival, the werewolf alpha who was completely smitten by Latina’s beauty as well. Sebastian could tell that the beast was initially planning to abduct Latina but for whatever reason as to why Claudia had the same scent as Latina’s, the alpha must have mistaken her instead.

“You smell sweet,” Sebastian whispered and sniffed Latina’s hair. “Now that I think about it, you smell better than that woman. She tricked me by using your essence. Claudia excelled in alchemy, and she could make potions. Trust me, Latina, I was thinking of you all along.” Sebastian hugged the lady tighter after his explanation. He planned to alter her memory if she wouldn’t listen to him.

“Enough,” Latina started. It surprised her at first but she could hear the man’s thoughts. “Stop meddling with my memories. If you plan to do something for me again, please don’t. I don’t know what exactly is going on and how is this happening. But, Sebastian, I want to be alone.” She got off from Sebastian’s grasp, without glancing at him, she added, “I may have forgotten who am I but I have a vague idea and someone had been telling me inside my head that I’m not the same as everybody around me.”

Sebastian didn’t expect those words coming from Latina. Not yet, at least this time. “What’s happening?” he asked, confused.

“It doesn’t suit you when you’re being clueless. I know that you knew what’s going on more than anyone does.” Latina turned around to see him, “It may sound ironic but I wished everything you said to me weren’t lies.”

Heavy rain poured. It was unexpected since there was no sign of upcoming rain today. All was fine about the weather unless someone preferred it to rain. Sebastian stood still, looking at Latina’s blurry figure because of the heavy rain. He blinked several times and saw her mouthed something. His eyes widen, “No Latina, don’t leave!” he screamed and tried to hold her, but she disappeared.

Outside his mansion, Sebastian was left standing under the rain shower, soaking wet.

“You’re right,” Sebastian said, “I may be the blood tribe lord but I’m not the greatest. That little canary can easily escape from me. If I didn’t mess up her memories, I won’t be able to stand next to her.”

Sebastian laughed, “You’re out of my league Latina… that’s why… that is why I wish you to bear my child. I want to have something to be proud of, not just being a true-blood but being the father of the strongest ruler. And someone to spend my dark days within the abyss garden for centuries.” Sebastian felt a warm liquid falling down his cheeks, it's not raindrops. Not at all.

‘Do you think Vampire can cry?’ Rupert’s voice echoed in his head, asking a silly question when they were younger.

“I can’t say,” Sebastian answered his friend’s question as if the other was just there, beside him. “You must find it out yourself. Let me know once you discover the answer, I’ll listen to your story and I’ll tell you mine.”

Chapter 18

'Do not underestimate the surrounding forest in Sebastian's mansion.' Seth recalled the elder's words before he left to check on the vampire lord's situation.

As the head of the vampire knights, one of Seth's responsibility was to ensure the Lord's safety. After receiving the news from one of his subordinates, saying that the white alpha was on the move and had entered the empire, he grew wary about Latina and the lord's safety. The alpha's goal remained unknown, and that's what made it more dangerous. Without the vampire lord, the blood tribe will be in chaos and that was one thing he couldn't allow. He'd do everything to keep things in order, even sacrificing his mate for the lord's plans. Seth undoubtedly liked Latina, but he had other priorities than thinking about his offspring. If it were someone else, he'd pave his way to get her back, but it was the vampire lord and a true-blood.

AWOOO

Seth's senses became stronger when the alpha howled. He couldn't let his guard down. His eyes darted on the white thing running ahead. "Found you," he smirked when he confirmed his target's location.

"I don't like that witch's attitude, but she's still one of the Lachouves clan," Seth muttered, referring to Claudia who was taken by the werewolf. "I bet that rascal would regret it once he finds out that Claudia isn't that pretty as what people say. I wonder why he took her after trying to make a move on Latina." Seth continued to follow the fleeing beast at a slow pace.

The young boy watched the white wolf turned into its human form. "Never seen an alpha before, but he looks just like the other naked beasts," Seth commented while watching the werewolf examined Claudia. He did everything he could to suppress his laughter when the Alpha's face shown disappointment after looking at Claudia's face. "This old hag will yell like crazy after being insulted like this," the lad said while biting his lip to prevent himself from laughing. He may not be visible as he could hide from others when he'd become one with the air, but he couldn't hide the sounds he made… and his scent.

"Grr!"

Seth was quick to dodge when the alpha roared in his direction. It was no ordinary roar, there were invisible wind blades with it. 'Not bad,' he thought. Only a few could tell his exact location when he was hiding. 'But you won't catch me,' he laughed in his mind. He stopped making fun of the enemy when the sky suddenly turned dark, followed by heavy rain. "Uh-oh, I can't hide if it's raining this hard," Seth muttered and looked for a nearby tree branch to land.

The sudden rain also interrupted the alpha who was planning to dispose of Claudia. While the heavy raindrops made Claudia conscious. She opened her eyes and hysterically screamed upon seeing a naked man.

“AH! What are you doing? How dare you?” she cried, pointing her finger at the alpha’s face and tightened her robe’s belt. “I’m the vampire lord’s mate and you dared to abuse me!” Claudia continued, though her actions were exactly different from her words. Her eyes were glued on the alpha’s well-built frame.

It amused both men how she could scream louder than the sound of rain.

‘What an idiot,’ Seth thought. He dived in the air and held Claudia’s hand, pulled her closer to him so they can both hide from the enemy’s sight.

“What the heck are you doing?”

Sighing, Seth covered Claudia’s mouth as they ascended, “He’s the white alpha from the beast tribe,” he informed her. He rolled his eyes when he felt the other shivering.

“Don’t make any sound if you don’t want to die yet,” the young boy warned. They were so close to a giant tree branch when Seth was attacked by a ferocious beast.

“Argh!” Seth groaned in pain when the werewolf’s fangs grazed his arm. He lost his balance and fell while hugging Claudia. Werewolves were naturally good in close combat and one of their asset in fighting was their poisonous fangs.

“Drink my blood,” Claudia whispered to the boy. She cast a spell, so they could remain floating in the air and teleport fifty meters away from their previous location.

“What the hell are you saying?” Seth muttered as he endured the pain. He had killed hundreds of beasts and was never been hurt even once. This would be the first time, and he was quite proud that it was from alpha and not a bunch of stupid beasts.

“Just do it, I had been immune to any kind of poison and it runs through my blood. If you want to grow up and take that annoying lady away from the lord, then just drink it. I’m helping you because I know how it feels when someone else sleeps with your mate,” Claudia said. She slit her pulse using her nails and pressed her wound on Seth’s mouth.

The boy was too weak to resist, and he needed blood, he sucked the blood off Claudia’s wrist until he felt better. He wiped his mouth and let his head fell on Claudia’s shoulder.

“We should get out of here,” Seth suggested, he closed his eyes when Claudia embraced him. “It’s your turn to protect me now, sister.”

“Silly, who’s your sister?”

Seth closed his eyes, “Although I wished you're wearing something decent while holding me in your arms,” he commented. “Seriously, stop trying so hard. The lord had made his choice, he

was not the type to easily give up on what he wanted. Accept the fact that you ain't his type, even after taking off your clothes...he wouldn't look at you the same as when he looked at her."

"You're so mean," Claudia mumbled.

"Hah, I won't forgive him if he got on your pants on his own accord." Seth smiled bitterly, "I didn't intend to let that type of man have my woman. Well, age shouldn't matter though." The youthful knight ended his dialogue with a fake laugh.

"Silly brother," Claudia whispered.

Chapter 19

The radiant sunshine was blanketed by dense clouds, rain poured harder as the breeze blew stronger. Just like a sudden storm in daylight, the western woods seemed to be punished by the gods.

“Can’t you manage something about the wind?” Claudia asked the boy in her arms.

“Tch, you guys are the ones who gave me the title of ‘Prince of Air’ but it doesn’t mean I can deal with the air in this kind of weather. There’s someone who can do something about it…” Seth hesitated and frowned. “It can’t be her doing, right?” There was panic in Seth’s voice. He got off Claudia’s embrace like he wasn’t injured a few minutes ago and stood. “Old hag, Latina must be behind this weather!”

Seth’s words rang in Claudia’s ear. ‘It can’t be,’ she thought while pursing her lips. The thought of Latina doing something powerful made her ignore the word that Seth used to call her.

“Let’s go,” the young knight said and looked around, checking out his surroundings.

“Don’t you need to rest for a while?” Claudia asked, concerned about the boy’s condition.

“I’m better. But this abrupt change of weather is not normal, it must have been Latina’s doing. Only the de Llava clan can control the weather. I can’t think of anyone else who can do this other than her,” Seth explained.

“No way, if she can do something like this…”

Claudia’s words were cut off when Seth dragged her with him. He made a crystal-like path in the air and led the way. They glided in the air like floating lights on a rainy day.

“Aw,” Claudia moaned when she bumped into Seth. She almost slipped and fell from the crystal bridge. “Why did you stop?” she asked when Seth didn’t move. “Aren’t we supposed to hurry and check on the situation back on the lord’s mansion?”

“Can you still teleport fifty meters or more to the east?” Seth asked instead of giving her an answer. His eyes were locked on the white wolf in front of him. “If you can, then do it! I’ll take care of the Alpha,” he instructed and pushed Claudia off from the bridge. The lady fell but disappeared after mouthing ‘Damn you,’ to the younger.

“You made your choice. I’ll kill you first then I’ll let that wench follow you, how does it sound?”

The young knight grinned, not bothered by the beast’s words. “Just a friendly advice, keep your mouth shut. Your breath stinks,” Seth retorted, crunching his nose. He chuckled when the wolf growled.

“Idiotic creature,” Seth murmured. A sword made of blue flame appeared in his grip. It was glowing amid the heavy rain. Seth aimed his weapon on the beast and charged, his movement was swift, surprising his opponent with his attack. He smiled when he was successful in wounding his enemy’s limbs.

“A little knight holding a toy,” the beast muttered and leaped over the boy, striking him with his claws.

Seth was fast enough to dodge the alpha’s strike. He slid on the crystal bridge which started melting since it was made of thick ice and struck his blade on the beast from underneath. He jumped backward and swung his sword for his final blow when he heard a familiar scream.

“AH!”

“Latina?” Seth muttered, he thrust his weapon on the alpha’s left eye before jumping off the bridge. The ice melted when Seth withdrew, causing the poor beast to land horribly on the muddy ground.

“Dang! That little bastard sure knows how to use his blade,” the beast groaned in pain after turning back to his human form. He pressed his palm on his bleeding eye and focused on healing it. “You’ll damn pay for this, kid.” The Alpha went on his feet and rushed to the direction where the scream came from. “Wait for me my beauty, I’m coming to get you,” he added with a grin.

“Latina!” Seth called when he saw the lady on her knees. He could hear her sobbing. The young knight felt a pang in his chest when he realized how pitiful the lady's condition was. He walked closer to her and offered his hand, “Let me help you up.” Latina heard what he said but ignored his offer. She wiped her tears and look up at the dark sky.

“Stop crying,” Seth whispered and cupped Latina’s face. Her eyes were swollen, and her lips turned plumper. Even her cheeks were flushed red. “You look ugly now, quit sobbing.” The boy continued to coax her, not exactly knowing how to console a lady.

Latina opened her mouth to say something when she felt a stinging pain on her nape. Everything happened so fast. The next thing she knew, she was being abducted by a giant white wolf with its fangs on the back of her neck. Her sight got blurry until she finally lost consciousness.

“Latina!” Seth cried when the lady was snatched right in front of him. It happened in a brief moment that he wasn’t prepared at all. He chased after the wolf, trying to retrieve the lady but failed when he was surrounded by an entire pack of wolves. “DAMN!” he cursed and bit his lip.

“Are you lost, little boy?” a brown wolf asked.

Seth gritted his teeth. ‘Today’s not a lucky day for these beasts,’ he thought to himself and roamed his eyes to count the number of his opponents.

“All right, beastards! Let me show you the way to hell,” he announced and moved.

Growls and groans echoed in the woodlands as the rain dissipated. A few moments later, a loud cry could be heard in the whole western woods. It wasn’t the wolf’s cry, it was the young knight’s who failed to protect his mate.

“LATINA!”

Seth's voice became hoarse. He doesn't know how to face the vampire lord after he let the werewolf alpha took Latina away.

“It's such a shame that I couldn't compete with those guys. If I was born a few years earlier, no man could ever lay a hand on you.” Seth stared at his hands covered in blood. “Wait for me Latina, I'll bring you back to the Lord's arms.”

The young knight left the place with nothing but his resolve. Heading to the southern part of the empire, he was determined to charge into the enemy's den and take back what belongs to the blood tribe.

Chapter 20

“Umf!” Claudia groaned in pain when her face landed on the soggy ground. She thought she was successful enough to teleport herself before she fell from the bridge, but she missed the part that ‘falling’ was inevitable. A cry escaped her lips before raising her head and wiped the sludge off her face, cursing the young knight in her mind. “That little prick just pushed me. I could have had a better landing if he didn’t. Aish!” She squatted on the strand, her white robe turned black while few parts remained clean. It was all thanks to the rain, the mud won’t stick longer on the fabric.

“My lord... wait for me,” Claudia muttered, she stood and headed towards Sebastian’s mansion. She felt weak. After using too much energy on making a perfect copy of Latina’s essence and, having taken by a werewolf in his mouth, exhausted was an understatement to describe her. Plus, she offered her blood to save Seth from poison. “I’ll certainly finish what we have started even if you used to threaten me,” she added and walked sloppily.

The wind became icier, seeping through Claudia’s olive skin. She purred and hugged herself. “Almost there,” she said, encouraging herself to go on. After taking several steps, Claudia reached the mansion. It confused her when she saw the lord standing still under the rain like he intentionally got himself soak.

“My lord,” Claudia muttered, walking closer to where Sebastian stood. “The weather’s not good, let’s get inside.” She tugged his shirt to gain his attention, but the lord remained quiet. A grin appeared on Claudia’s face. She could tell that the lord was going through something. She noticed that Latina seemed to be not around. Thinking it was her lucky day, Claudia used her remaining ounce of energy to cast a spell. If she could take the lord on the bed using her ability, she could do it only if the lord was preoccupied enough to wager her spell.

“Make love to me…” Claudia whispered after she cast the spell on Sebastian. She observed him for a while, making sure that he was not resisting or else she would end up dead once the lord finds it out.

“Latina, don’t leave.”

Claudia snorted, she doesn’t like the way how the Lord longed for the other lady, but she pushed her pride aside. ‘So she fled,’ she pondered with a grin. Taking off her robe, Claudia cupped the lord’s face. “I won’t leave you,” she said and pulled Sebastian closer to hers.

“Goodness. I thought you’ve left me,” Sebastian muttered and hugged Claudia. In his eyes, he was hugging Latina. The spell allowed the man to see Claudia as someone whom he wanted to see for. It was a trick that played the mind of the victim until he gives in to his lustful desire. Now that Latina left him, he only yearned for her to come back. Claudia used the opportunity to get what she wanted, not minding the consequences.

Claudia guided the lord inside the mansion. The rain continued to pour outside and it won't be comfortable for them to do something 'fun' while raining. She pushed Sebastian down on the couch and undress him. 'I won't let anyone ruin our moment this time,' she thought and began doing her magic.

Sebastian showed no resistance, letting Claudia do whatever she wanted. His mind was filled with thoughts about Latina. As he continued to dwell on his memories with her beloved, Claudia's spell went stronger, leaving himself unguarded.

The neglected mate kissed the lord. It was messy and rough. She hadn't done it with anyone before, and she wished him to take the lead, but since she had used her ability just to get in his pants, she couldn't ask for more. Her eyes widen in shock when Sebastian placed his hands on her waist, pulling her closer to his bare chest as he deepened their kiss.

Claudia's pride had been lifted when the man moved on his pace. She withdrew from the contact and knelt while smirking. Sebastian caressed her face, and Claudia took him in her mouth. She rolled her eyes when Sebastian thrust inside her cheek. Gasping for air, she pulled her head away.

Sebastian's hand found her hair. He pushed his length back in her cavity. He bucked his hips in pleasure and groaned when Claudia ran her tongue over his shaft. Latina's flushed face appeared in Sebastian's mind, making him move his pelvis like a maniac, increasing his speed until he shot his seeds in Claudia's throat. The latter swallowed it all and continued sucking it all up till she was winded.

Claudia sat on Sebastian's lap, licking her lips. She loved his taste and wished to share it with the man, so she kissed him, which he gladly accepted. Their lips fought for dominance, but Sebastian won when he groped her ass resting on his thigh. His touch made Claudia opened her mouth, letting him invade her with his tongue. She moaned in pleasure when she felt his thing pressing against her, wanting for more. Her hands went to her chest, fondling her bosom. She wrapped her legs around him.

Sebastian chewed her lips as he shoved her down on the couch, topping her. His fingers slid down in between her thighs, playing with her clitoris. He positioned his fingers at her entrance but the lady was impatient; she moved her hips up just before Sebastian could push them inside her. Claudia's body arched as she smacked her hips on his fingers.

Both were too fixated on each other. They hadn't noticed the rain had ended. Even the stallion's neigh was inaudible to them, they could only hear their rough breathing.

"So good," Claudia moaned. Sebastian added another finger, stretching her out. He bent his head and licked her nipples before sucking them. Underneath him, Claudia was speechless, her mouth forming a perfect o-shape. She was desperate for more, wanting his thing inside her, not just his fingers.

The lord felt the same. He rubbed his erection on her hole, ready to make her bleed. Amid feverish lust, two figures entered the mansion without them knowing. The sound of the packages hitting the floor caught their attention.

“Sebastian and… Claudia?” Rupert’s voice trembled. “What on earth are you doing?” he asked. Behind him was Marco, who was carrying several boxes.

Claudia panicked when Rupert glared at her. And there’s more, it freed Sebastian from the spell. She could see herself on her deathbed when the lord grimaced.

Sebastian felt his anger seeped through his every nerve after realizing what was going on. He just fell on Claudia’s trap for the second time. But that time, he was certain to kill her within a blink of an eye.

Chapter 21

Several miles away from the southern borders of the empire, there was a kingdom ruled by the three Alphas of the beasts; the white alpha of the werewolves, the red alpha of the werelions, and the blue alpha of the weretigers. Joining their forces and preparing to start a war against the blood tribe or known as the vampire race.

Mountains have always surrounded the Vacil Empire — a haven for vampires. It was beneficial for the people's safety against intruders. That, if the infiltrators were humans who just want to rob the empire's territories. But for the beast tribe, it was their playing ground. They were naturally adept with nature. Just like how the werewolf alpha got in the vampire's lord territory in the midst of a vast forest and stole his woman.

"She's a goddess," Mathew, the white alpha whispered to himself, looking at Latina's sleeping face. It was a rough journey, but he managed to return to his palace. The lady was unconscious, so he let her rest on his bed.

The Alpha smiled fondly. He never met such a beautiful woman. Although he got to sleep with the most lovely women in the pack and even from other packs, Latina's beauty remained top-notched. A pair of almond-shaped eyes with rich brown orbs, cute button-nose, well-sculpted plump lips— naturally coated with a reddish tint. Her hair as black as the moonless night sky, its strands messily falling down her face but wasn't enough to obscure her charm as her unblemished skin was the fairest.

Mathew intended to kill the vampire lord, all hail to this goddess-like lady, he changed his plan instantly. After seeing Latina wandering in the forest that morning, he couldn't get his eyes off her. Aside from her angelic attributes, the alpha was enticed by her unique sweet scent which he hadn't encountered with any woman he held in his arms before. He followed her until she took off her clothes to bathe, soaking her bare skin in the lake. Deeply moved by Latina's allure, Mathew hoped to have her. He tried to make a move, but the vampire lord interrupted him. "Tsk, that demon in human skin. I wonder how he'll look like when he finds out that I got his plaything," the alpha snickered when he recalled how the vampire lord ruined his time alone with the lady.

"It's okay, darling," he whispered and brushed his fingers on her face. "I'll treat you better, so don't worry about that bastard anymore." Mathew pressed his lips on Latina's. It was a gentle smack, no tongue included. He smiled and licked his lips after letting go of the other. "I don't want to take advantage of you rather, I wish you to beg me if possible. That bastard must have been forcing you all this time but I won't."

The werewolf alpha turned his back to leave his quarters. He pushed the door opened, careful not to wake up his captive. His women welcomed Mathew when he stepped out of the room,

leaving him speechless. He allowed them to hurl over him, but when one of them attempted for a kiss, the alpha growled, pushing them away from him.

“Enough,” he said in his most serious tone. He just kissed Latina and don’t want to taint his lips with others.

“Sire,” a young girl with sparkling green eyes, called him. She bent her head down and continued, “I’m done preparing your bath.” Mathew nodded and gestured the women to leave first, which they followed. He sighed when the girl remained quiet.

“Azrene,” Mathew called the girl. “You don’t have to be so formal in front of me. I’m your brother,” he added.

“Sire,” Azrene politely responded. “I sincerely apologize if I have offended you. But let me remind you, Sir, I am a daughter of a concubine and you are the son of the first Alpha’s mate,” she paused and lifted her face. “Therefore, I’m nothing but one of your subordinates,” she continued. “I chose to be your attendant than to be one of your women. I hope Sire would always remember,” Azrene added.

The alpha clicked his tongue in frustration. “Whatever. Lead the way to the bath and helped me out,” he ordered. “You insisted on being my servant, then stop dawdling.”

“At your service, Sire.”

Latina coughed hard when she sniffed something bad. She opened her eyes and found a pretty girl sitting beside her, holding a pouch which she guessed was the source of the awful stink.

“It worked,” the girl said in her monotone voice. She pushed the window open and threw the purse outside. The smell was gone, and the fresh air enveloped the room.

“What was that? Who are you? Where are am I?” Latina asked. She was not in Sebastian’s mansion, and she felt a distinct vibe coming from the girl.

“Cow’s crap. My name is Azrene. You’re in the palace of Wyslien, on the werewolf Alpha’s bed.”

Latina frowned. First, Azrene answered all her questions with her emotionless face. She was more like a moving doll that could talk than a living person. Her moves and words were always calculated. Second, after hearing the girl's reply, she remembered how she got into her current situation.

“The Alpha will enter sooner to spend the night with you. I was told to wake you up and help you prepare,” Azrene informed her. Latina’s ears perked on what she said. “What do you mean?” she asked.

Shaking her head, Azrene answered her question. “The werewolf alpha proposed to marry you in the face of the other alphas. It was granted and now you’ll spend the night together as a

married couple," Azrene pulled her up to sit and dragged her in front of a giant mirror on the wall. "Take a seat," the girl instructed. When Latina didn't budge, she pushed her down with force. "Pardon me, Madame. It will be your first night and I have to make sure you look great."

"M-married?" Latina whispered. The little girl noticed how she trembled. She sighed at the sight.

"Yes, though the ceremony will be held a few days later," Azrene clarified. She stared at Latina's face and was awed by her beauty. She was told that she was the most beautiful girl in the kingdom and was pressured to be the Alpha's woman, but she refused. Azrene wished to see a better world than being tied with her brother.

"I can't stay the night with him," Latina muttered, looking at her reflection in the mirror. "I don't want to!"

"Okay then," Azrene said. "If you don't wish to sleep with the alpha, I can help you with that. Only if you promise me one thing."

Chapter 22

The orange glowing lights from the setting sun, reflecting on the mirror inside, blinded Latina. She blinked several times before shutting her eyes close. She felt relieved when Azrene closed the windows.

“You have little time to decide,” Azrene said, walking back to where Latina sat. She took a hairbrush and combed Latina’s hair. “It’s difficult to escape once you're here. If you help me, I’ll take care of you in return,” she went on.

“What do you need me to do for you?” Latina asked. She only hoped to get free of anyone’s grasp. Little did she know that she’d fall in someone else's arms after running away from Sebastian. “I can’t promise anything unless I know what you want,” she added, eyeing the girl through the mirror.

“I want freedom,” the green-eyed girl answered. She stopped brushing Latina’s hair and stared back right to her eyes. “If you agree to bring me with you to escape, I’ll do what I can to keep you safe here.”

“How?” Latina question. “And why do you wish to leave this place?”

“Just like you, I will more likely become an Alpha’s woman. I was lucky when the white alpha agreed to my proposal to be his servant rather than his bed warmer,” Azrene paused and turned her gaze to the door. “Let’s continue this conversation in the bath. Seems like some insects are hovering outside the room.”

Latina nodded her head. She knew that she shouldn’t trust the girl, but it was all or nothing. Until she recalls her memories, she had to rely on others.

“Follow me,” Azrene said and led the way. She pushed the block just beside the mirror, and it twisted, revealing a secret passage. “It's a little dark here. Do not be scared though,” she muttered after seeing Latina’s face turned pale. The girl lit a candle and marched in. Latina followed and freaked a bit when the wall went back to normal, concealing the entrance.

They strode in silence with only their footsteps making sounds. Latina was still wearing Sebastian’s clothes and bare-footed. She could feel the cold concrete floor. The temperature slowly increased as they went further. Azrene stopped when they reached an open area.

“You must take a bath,” the girl said, blowing the candle and putting it away. “I’ll explain the details while you’re in the tub.”

Latina said nothing and took off her clothes, letting them fall on the ground. The place was lit by glowing stones of different colors. In the middle, there was a pool made of giant bowl-shaped rock, filled with water coming from a tiny spring just right ahead. Latina got in

the water and moaned when she felt the warm water soothing her skin. “It’s warm,” she muttered.

“It is, the water came from the nearby hot spring. It’s good for the skin although you don’t seem to need that with your S-grade type,” Azrene said and joined her in the soak.

“What are you doing?” Latina asked when the girl rubbed her. The gesture was familiar, but she felt weird learning that the sensation was because of the girl’s touch.

“Helping you clean up,” Azrene answered. “The best way to get Mathew under control is to lure him into your trap. With your excellent beauty, you can even make him kneel in front of you. Knowing him, he brought you here because of your pretty face. It won’t be easy, but if you do things right, you’ll survive the night.”

“Who’s Mathew?” Latina inquired as she puffed the air out her mouth when she felt the girl’s little fingers exploring her womanhood. “W-what are you doing?”

“He’s the white alpha,” Azrene pressed her palm on Latina’s breast. “No good,” the girl shook her head and continue to explore the lady’s body. “If you easily get affected by this simple touch, you’ll only dig your grave in front of that man.”

Latina breathed when the girl got out of the water. She watched her took something from behind the giant stone table.

“Drink this,” Azrene gave her a bottle of something. “It will make you feel numb. If you felt nothing, you won’t react to any sensual contact. You need it to avoid getting laid tonight,” the girl explained.

“Make him submit to you while his desire enslaves him,” Azrene reminded her.

Latina nodded her head and drank the liquid. Maybe she shouldn’t trust the girl but her guts were telling her that the girl doesn’t harbor any evil intention.

Wearing a robe made of black sheer fabric, Latina’s fair skin was glowing. Her sexy figure was perfectly emphasized. With her hair tied in a bun, leaving a few strands on each side of her cheeks, it even impressed Latina when she looked at herself in the mirror. She used to be naked or wearing thick-fabric dresses in Sebastian’s place, but seeing how she looked after grooming herself, she realized that she could be attractive even with clothes.

Like a vixen, Latina sat on the bed with rose petals that Azrene prepared, waiting for the alpha. She was never successful in dominating Sebastian before, but she would like to try it again. That night, she told herself to do her best, or she would be nothing but more than a tool for men to ease their frustration.

“You’re well-prepared huh,” a deep voice but not as extreme as Sebastian’s and not cold, whispered into Latina’s ears.

Latina turned to face the guy. She was mesmerized at the sight, his pair of green orbs surrounded by his thick lashes, locked on Latina's brown eyes. His breath smells like mint, and his wet body was dripping, fresh from the tub.

"I took a bath for the second time just so you won't find me stingy," the brown-haired man said, leaning his face closer to Latina's. He was wearing nothing but a piece of cloth wrapped on his waist, exposing his upper half.

The lady in black smiled, bending her head to see the man's abdomen. She bit her lip and traced her fingers on his trunk downward, encircling his navel with her nail. Latina chuckled when she heard the man gasped. She placed her palms on his chest and touched him. Her hands found its way to the towel, and she dragged it off him. She settled her gaze on his hard thing, which was getting harder the more she stared at it. "Not bad," Latina said in amusement.

Mathew was clueless until Latina turned around and took off her robe halfway, only showing her rear. Her curves didn't escape the alpha's views, making the latter feel needy. "I want you," Latina heard him whispered. She smiled, Azrene was right. She just had to play her role well… she can rule over the man.

"Oh," Latina exclaimed, tilting her head while facing her back to the alpha. "What do you want me for?" she asked, expecting the other to make a move. "Mmph!" She moaned when he grabbed her hair and kissed her.

"You're driving me crazy," Mathew muttered, in between kisses. He held Latina's waist while pulling her robe completely off her. Their bare skin rubbed against each other, increasing the desire burning inside the alpha's body.

Chapter 23

“I love you,” Mathew repeated, waiting for her response, but Latina's lips were sealed. She couldn't open them to say something. His words burst inside her head.

'Speechless? Don't you long for someone to love you back?' Latina's subconscious asked. She ignored her as usual, listening to her means more headache.

Sighing, Mathew picked up the garment and put it back on her. “Don't think about it too much,” he said and gave her a pecked on the cheek. “I decided not to force you. I'll give you few more days to consider it,” Mathew added and headed to the exit, stark naked.

Latina thought the man was planning to leave, but it surprised her when he opened the door to let someone in. First, it was a tall and slender woman with her beautiful tan skin and wavy overlong hair. Followed by a petite lady with fair peel and short brown hair. They were both gorgeous. Mathew locked the door and the women removed their clothes, leaving Latina dumbfounded.

'What are they doing?' she asked herself and her subconscious popped up, sucking her thumb, she answered her question, 'They will please the man you just dump.' Latina's eyes widen in the idea, unconsciously hugging her body.

“I said I love you, so I don't want to force you,” the alpha paused and seated on the couch just right in front of the bed, the women followed him and laid each on his sides, leaning their heads on his shoulders. “But I still have my needs and since you can't fulfill them, I must use an alternative,” he continued and began his show.

The petite lady climbed her way on Mathew's lap, brushing her tongue on his skin till she reached his lips. They kissed and bit each other, his hands on her breast and hers cupping his face. Leaving the tall woman behind, she pleasured herself. She sucked her fingers before sliding them in her entrance. Uttering her dear alpha's name. Latina almost puked at the sight, but she felt a little envious. Inside her mind, her subconscious was yelling, 'Sebastian was hotter and you're the sexiest when you're riding on him!'

Shaking her head, Latina looked away. After confessing his feelings to her, she almost believed him but was glad she didn't. Right after that confession, he started insulting her. 'Damn girl, Sebastian's was fatter and longer!' Latina rolled her eyes when her subconscious wouldn't stop comparing both men.

Moans and groans helped Latina pull herself back to reality. She couldn't just think of Sebastian all the time. As she turned her head, she thought she forgot something. She eventually remembered what it was when she saw Mathew eating the petite girl. A bolt of electricity just hit her system. She felt horny watching the alpha's show. Something wasn't right though, “Is it

normal to do it with more women?" she whispered, her eyes were glued on the three people drowned in lust, led by the rock-hard alpha, planning to devour his prey altogether.

"Amp!" the smaller prey grunted when her predator held her upside down, spreading her limbs in the air as the alpha tasted her sweetness. Blood rushed to her head, and she was losing her breath, but she was born to please her master. Moving her hands, the petite grabbed the alpha's erected thing and sucked it.

"Uhrrmp." The alpha moaned in pleasure. He sat back on the couch, still holding the little bunny on her laps, and continued to slurp her juices.

"We've never tried that," Latina muttered, clenching her fists. She turned her head to the other lady and her jaw dropped.

The taller woman was shoving her fingers inside her, pulling and pushing them at a rapid pace while squatting on the marbled floor. Her other hand was busy massaging her average breast. She looked helpless doing it alone, but it filled her face with pleasure so Latina gave her credits for that. "I haven't tried that one too but I don't feel like doing the same thing," Latina said, embarrassed.

Azrene told her to seduce the alpha until she took control over him, and she did, but everything went out of hand when Mathew confessed to her. Now she was left watching him play with his other women. Walking out the door was an option, but she was not sure of what's waiting outside. She could either stay in bed quietly and observe them or close her eyes and fall asleep. But when there were three lustful beasts making noise, she was afraid she couldn't doze off. Even taking a nap was impossible.

Latina heaved a sigh and buried her face in the soft cotton pad. She would like to snooze no matter what, if she continued to watch the unfolding scene before her, she might end up crazy by sunrise. Before she changed her mind and rush back to Sebastian without finding the truth about her actual identity, she needed to get a hold of herself. "Stupid Latina," she murmured under her breath. She wanted to continue cursing herself when she felt a hand pulling the pillow aside. She folded over to see who did it but immediately regretted her action when her face bumped on Mathew's hard dick.

"Wah!" Latina cried and rolled back again to the further edge of the bed. Trying to escape the epic moment she was in. "Stay away. Don't walk around naked!" she screamed, covering her eyes with her palms.

"Darling," Mathew walked over to the other side of the bed and removed her hands from her face. "I won't force you to do it with me but you have to watch how we do it. You need to learn new things when you're with me. I'll make you feel better than when you're in that demon's arms," his voice was sweet, but his words were evil in Latina's ears. "If you feel out of place, join us then," he added.

Latina shook her head furiously. She doesn't want to join and never in her dreams to have intercourse with this kind of man who only thought of shoving his thing inside different holes. She couldn't bear to consider sharing what she was supposed to have only for herself.

"If that's what you wanted," Mathew said and gave a signal to the ladies. They understood it and moved to follow his order. The petite white girl walked towards the bed, holding an iron cuff and the taller one was dragging the iron chains behind her.

"What are you planning to do?!" Latina shrieked when Mathew covered her mouth with a cloth. Her words were muffled, and she got frustrated. "It will be quick, just stay still," she heard him said.

The three of them cuffed and tethered her on the bed. Latina stopped struggling, facing her head to the couch where the nymphos continued to worship the alpha's body.

Chapter 24

With arms spread and legs tied together, Latina endured the uncomfortable position. She couldn't lay down. The chains connected to the cuffs were too short, only letting her sit. She watched the alpha romancing his women, molding his palms on each lady's curves, groping their bumpy parts simultaneously.

Latina sighed, after witnessing the unfolding event, she was right to join hands with Azrene and flee from this place. A loud moan caught her attention. When she checked it out, she found the long-haired girl pressed on the couch. Her legs were stretched, and Mathew was rubbing the tip of his penis on her womanhood. She rolled her eyes heavenward when the alpha plunged himself inside her; he held her limbs to spread them wider. The sound of their slapping skin got louder as Mathew pounded her harder. The lady's sun-kissed skin was covered in sweat as the alpha's hips traveled faster, nailing her sweet spot. "Ah… Ah… Ah…" she went when he lifted her legs on his shoulders, accessing her entrance, pushing his erection deeper until they both reached the peak. The alpha pulled his thing out, letting their juices flow out of her. The lady underneath him was shivering in bliss, guided her hand to his stone-hard dick, groped, and moved it up and down.

"My turn," the short-haired lady said with excitement. The taller one stood on her feet, still holding the alpha's length, as she gave way to the other. Mathew slumped his back on the couch and watched the petite got on top of him. "Sire, I'll ride on you to the end of the world," she added, licking her rims, she smacked them on his. They had a tongue fight before she bounced on him, hitting the mark, she bit her lips. "Ah~" she moaned and adjusted his thing inside her. Leaning her left arm backward for support, she brought her right hand down to her entrance and pressed her fingers as she pounced on him. She moved her hips, skewering herself. Having nothing to do but appreciate the effort of being pleased, the alpha groaned.

Latina blushed watching them having fun while doing intimate exercises. The numbness was gone, and she felt wet down there. Her body reacted to the sensual scene. But she couldn't be tempted, not when she was not with Sebastian.

'So you missed him?' Latina hissed when her subconscious pounded her way out of her brain. 'If you want the truth then why not ask Sebastian? You can't just leave him, now you're missing the guy. Hah!' Hopping on the bed, her subconscious nagged.

Like always, Latina paid no attention to her witty subconscious. Her body stiffened, and she felt restless watching the ladies moan and groan as the alpha grunted and huffed in ecstasy. She inhaled a lungful of oxygen when she glimpsed Mathew smirking at her. Latina watched him licked his lips while his women were giving him a blow job alternately.

'Will Sebastian prefers to be pleased by many rather than me alone?' Latina asked and her subconscious was quick to respond, 'If you don't do your best then he might want others to do it.'

The captive felt conscious. Surely, the women in Mathew's harem were experts and have pretty faces. No man could resist them. 'That shorty rode him so well despite lacking height,' Latina thought, eyeing the petite lady who was gobbling up the alpha's balls.

"Sire!" the ladies screamed in a chorus, waiting for the alpha to shoot his load inside their mouth. It impressed Latina when Mathew's milk was so much to cover the ladies' faces and even made them fought for who will lick his dick clean. All this while, his views were locked on Latina, and she didn't like the way he stared. It was too seductive and dangerous enough to make her want him. If not for her subconscious who kept bothering inside her mind. What she witnessed had filled her thoughts with lust, something that she doesn't prefer to happen, unless she was alone with Sebastian.

"Sire, you're still hard," the tan-skinned said, swooning over the alpha's hard dick. "It calls for another round," the lady continued and kissed the man on his lips. The shorter pouted. Leaning her face closer, she waited for Mathew to kiss her too, which he did.

"Mm… mm!" Latina murmured as she couldn't speak a word with a cloth in her mouth. She wanted to beg the alpha to let her go, her body was trembling in need. She couldn't hold it in. If they continue their show in front of her, she'd come without being touched. Latina needed to get free from the chains and run to the nearest bath. She felt extremely hot all over.

"Are you enjoying what you see?" Mathew asked her. Latina shook her head. Her gesture annoyed him. "It seems like you're not satisfied with what we've shown you. Ladies, get ready for another round of pleasure." Latina's eyes grew wider. She couldn't watch them anymore or it would be her doom. She felt more than being tortured.

"As you wish, Sire."

The ladies moved the wooden table in front of the bed and went to their respective position. The taller lied her back on the table, pulling her knees up while messing her clitoris with her long fingers. She arched her back as she pushed them inside her. The shorter doesn't want to be left out. She chuckled as she squatted on the taller lady's face, pressing her genital on her mouth to shut it up. She squirmed in pleasure.

'This is insane,' Latina thought, her eyes were teary. The sight was agonizing. She needed to be touched, needed to be filled, and she needed Sebastian to do it.

"Don't turn your gaze away," Mathew ordered her, rubbing his length. "Watch me please these women or do you wish me to satisfy you instead?" he suggested, removing the gauze on Latina's mouth.

“P-please don’t…” Latina begged in tears. She saw how his lips quirked upwards. “Don’t what, darling?” he asked her.

“Let me see no more, I c-can’t take it. Please stop it and let me go,” she cried. Her eyes were shut, but she could hear the ladies moans. When she opened them again, the females were licking each other in an alternate position. The shorter on top, rubbed her thing on the other as the taller bucked her hips against the petite’s face. Latina’s body was thrilled. She pressed her thighs together even though they’re already tied so tightly.

“What will you do if I let you go?” Mathew asked. Latina shifted her head to confront him. “I-I’ll need to soak in the bath. I feel so hot,” she answered.

“Nonsense,” the alpha roared and turned his back at her. Latina watched him grab the petite’s hair and slapped her face. “Stop dawdling,” he muttered and bent his head on the lady's melons, sucking them. The short-haired arched her back as she moaned, shoving her hips down on the other lady’s mouth underneath her. Mathew moved his right hand to the taller lady’s thigh, poking his fingers in her entrance, sending shivers over her tan skin.

Latina’s breathing became heavy. Unable to release the heat inside her, she felt the world spinning around. She’s sweating cold, the view is something she can’t handle. Not when she doesn’t have enough strength to fight the urge to do the same. She bit her lips when the alpha winked at her before inserting his length inside the taller lady’s entrance.

“Ah…” a long moan escaped the lady’s mouth. Mathew dragged his thing out and plunged it into her again. The man kissed the shorter female while massaging her breast and the lady below was nice to share the euphoria when she slid her fingers inside the other while licking her hole. Multitasking, giving each other unique shape of bliss and performing art that could lead anyone who sees it into the abyss of lust, the alpha with his women looked like a dancing pyramid.

Mathew thrust with his dick and dived his fingers to penetrate the ladies vagina. They moaned in sync like singing a sinful, yet for them, divine song.

“S-stop it…” Latina whispered with her cheek flushed. She bit her lips until it bled, curling her feet and clenching her fists, she came. The pent-up sensation was released, and she felt the wetness down there. Latina lifted her head to beg once more. She wanted to break free. “Sebastian...” she uttered. The name caught Mathew’s attention.

“What did you say?!”

Latina heard the alpha’s voice, but her vision was blurry.

“Don’t bother me anymore, please…” she muttered before fainting, leaving the alpha in range.

Chapter 25

After the spell lost its effect, Sebastian was too furious to hold himself back. Claudia received a beating and was almost killed by the vampire lord if not for Rupert who had the final blow for her. The doctor was lucky to survive the fatal attack. Sebastian only went back to his senses when he realized that he was about to kill his friend. With Latina gone and Claudia's scheme, he had it rough. He locked himself in his chamber, wondering what he should do next. His friend left with his mate and the boy, leaving Sebastian dazed. Ignoring the fact that Rupert, who was interested in Claudia, took the lady with him. He doesn't condemn his friend nor wanted to fault him at all, after realizing that he was the one who broke the rules of taking someone else's mate— taboo for vampires and even for other immortal race. Sebastian knew that he needed to be prepared to face the consequence. The damage was done and there's no way to change everything back to how it was.

The sun appeared once again, showering lights from above. The muddy soil dried up, making it more convenient for the horse and carriage wheels to move. Rupert usually disliked the sunlight but this time, he was glad that it wasn't raining, especially when he was boarding a carriage while running away from the furious vampire lord.

"Sir, we're roughly out in the open. The main road leading to the capital is few meters away," Marco announced, pulling the reins harder, causing the stallion to speed up with the carriage in tow.

"We're almost there, Claudia. Don't die on me," Rupert murmured, holding the crippled lady in his arms. He understood how the lady felt after being abandoned by her mate. But he never thought Claudia would resort to using spell against the lord just to sleep with him.

"G-get your filthy hands off me…" Claudia snarled, shoving his hands away. "Why did you help me? You could have let him killed me since I failed," she continued. Her words were like daggers in Rupert's heart, piercing through and through.

"Don't say that," Rupert whispered. "I won't let you get hurt again. I won't," he added, caressing her face.

Claudia knew him as being a good-for-nothing guy, if not for his medical skills, he'd be completely useless. But Rupert had his wishes he wanted to come true. It may be surprising but the first on his list was to have his feelings reciprocated, something that's hard to imagine when he fell for the woman who only sees his best friend.

"Sir, we're here."

Marco's voice brought Rupert back to reality. He carried Claudia and rushed inside the building. His employees who were busy with patients noticed him. Most of them hurriedly

finished their job as fast as they could so they could aid him. Rupert put Claudia down on the bed, lit the torches to lighten the room, and closed the windows.

“Sabrina, prepare a bath for her. I’ll take care of her wounds alone,” Rupert ordered one of his assistants.

Sabrina nodded her head and do what she was told, leaving the patient with the physician and the boy.

“Marco, I would like you to pin her down while I scrape the affected parts,” the doctor said, putting on a pair of gloves and a small blade made of iron. “Don’t let go of her no matter what,” he continued.

“Sir, are you sure you will scrape the infected area? It’s going to be painful,” Marco said, worriedly.

Rupert sighed, the boy was right. It will be painful. Claudia wasn’t just some ordinary vampire but even she was a pure-blood, getting battered by the vampire lord was something beyond her limits. She was lucky to be alive after receiving hits from Sebastian and since it was the vampire lord’s attack, it wasn’t something that could heal on its own. Claudia was almost on her limit when she was beaten, and she doesn’t have a fast-acting recovery skill.

‘Sebastian’s strikes were fatal. Each hit contained his blood. Something that could cause extreme suffering to lower-rank vampires. Scraping her wounds will ease the strain as it will prevent his blood from dominating her system, or it’d burn from the inside while rotting on the outside,’ Rupert thought to himself, thinking what must be done according to the patient’s condition.

“Her skin will continue to rot if we don’t scrape the affected area,” Rupert informed the youngster. He was well-aware of the fact that Marco witnessed how Sebastian almost killed the lady with his inhumane strength and ability. The doctor was quite relieved that the child hadn’t asked anything about it. But he had to clear the situation later. If he needed to kill the lad to keep their existence, Rupert wouldn’t hesitate.

“She doesn’t have enough strength now,” Rupert said, putting cloth in Claudia’s mouth. “Don’t bite your tongue and endure the pain. I’ll try to get this done quickly.”

Marco pressed down Claudia’s hands at Rupert’s signal, he applied forced onto it while the lady struggled. Rupert scraped the rotted skin using the iron knife. He exhaled when he was finished scraping the last wound, it was rotten flesh and it smelled disgusting. The doctor thanked the boy and told him to keep pinning her down, so he could rub the medicine and dress the wound.

“Claudia, are you still alive?” Rupert inquired with a mischievous smile.

“Darn you!” Claudia yelled when he removed the cloth. “You should have just cut my head off,” she added.

Rupert frowned, “If I do that, then I had to live solely for the rest of my life. That can’t do,” he told her, shaking his head.

“What do you mean?” Claudia asked, pursing her lips in pain.

“I didn’t realize that you’re so stupid,” Rupert bent his head adjacent to the lady, causing Marco to leave and give them some time alone. “You know what I’m trying to say so don’t pretend you’re clueless about my feelings.”

“I don’t k-know…,” Claudia said in her soft voice.

“Really?” Rupert smirked and leaned closer to her face, rubbing his nose to hers. “Do you want me to express it in words or through action?”

His question meant something deep, and he hoped her to notice it. A gentle laugh resounded the room when Claudia’s face turned dark. Rupert stepped backward and removed his gloves. His laugh started to fade. He took off his shirt and examined his wound.

“Is it painful?” Claudia asked him, her gaze fixed on the deep cut he got on his chest.

“Hmm? Compared to being dumped, it doesn’t hurt that much.” Rupert smiled while cleaning his wound. “But I’ll feel better if you’d be willing to stop chasing after my friend and be mine instead,” he declared in his serious tone. It may be too early to confess his feelings or maybe not, besides he had been waiting for over fifty years. Rupert thought he was too patient already.

“Don’t play with me,” the lady responded, glaring at him.

“I’m not,” Rupert shrugged. He walked towards her, exposing his bleeding chest. “You must have heard about my ability to heal from any kind of wounds, be it something from the vampire lord or other true-blood vampires including the elders,” he paused for a while and gawked at Claudia’s whole frame. “I could help you recover from your critical damages, but it requires body contact.” Rupert held her chin and peered at her eyes, “If you don’t mind, I would like to invite you to accompany me in the tub.”

“Ridiculous!” Claudia exclaimed, “I’m the vampire lord’s mate. How dare you ask me to join you in the bath?”

The doctor pursed his lips, “He rejected you several times, and now your skin rots because of him. Can’t you be less stupid sometimes and think about yourself at least for once?” His voice roared inside the room. He shouldn’t be so emotional, but he couldn’t take the lady’s stupidity.

“He’s free to reject me even a thousand times and I will continue to forgive him,” she looked at him with a sad face. “Because I’m his mate,” she said, tears brimming in her eyes.

“Stupid,” Rupert muttered and yanked her for a kiss. Claudia unconsciously parted her lips. It was a gentle brush, no tongue, just soft kisses, and racing heartbeats. Rupert smiled, he put all

his feelings into the kiss. When the intensity was about to get stronger, he pulled away and gingerly smack his rims on her forehead.

“How about you take me as your lover even I’m not your mate?”

“Why?” Claudia whispered, almost voiceless.

Rupert saw how the lady’s lips trembled, even her rough breathing didn’t escape his senses. “Can’t you tell?” He moved his lips on her ears, nibbling on her lobes, he then mumbled, “Just because.”

Chapter 26

Claudia's pale face turned red and Rupert's laughter filled the place. He pinched the lady's cheeks before lifting her. While the latter mumbled incoherent words until they reached the bath. Slowly, Rupert put her in the water and joined her afterward. They both sealed their mouths for a moment until he broke the silence.

"How's the temperature?" he asked when he saw her flinching.

Claudia raised her head and answered, "It's fine, though quite painful for my wounds."

Rupert tilted his skull to the side and pulled the lady closer to him. "I forgot to take off my pants and you still have your robe on. Why don't we remove them?" He hid his smile when the lady turned her gaze away. "I told you I'll help you recover, but we require to have physical contact. Just like taking a bath together," he said, leaving the other speechless. Of course, he knew what was going on inside Claudia's head.

"Y-you mean we j-just need to take a b-bath t-together?"

No one else knew except Rupert himself how funny Claudia sounded like. He wanted something else to happen other than having a bath. He wanted to have her and give his all to her. But she was injured and needed treatment. He was not heartless to do something with the lady at her weakest. Although teasing her was quite different.

"What do you mean just having a bath? Do you have any other suggestions on how we could have further physical contact?" he asked her with his unbelievable confused expression.

"Jerk," Claudia muttered. She stood up and took her robe away, revealing her wounded body. "I want to get better as soon as possible. If you could help, then I should be glad to accept it."

Rupert's eyes almost jumped off from their sockets when the lady wrapped her arms on him. He choked on his saliva when she tried to pull his trousers. "W-what are you d-doing?" At that moment, Rupert was the one who stuttered.

"Taking off your pants," she answered. "Don't tell me you changed your mind now that I'm willing to cooperate with your method?"

"Nah," Rupert responded. "I… I'm looking forward to it," he added.

"Then take it off," Claudia ordered while staring at the bump between his thighs. "Expect nothing and don't you dare try something," she warned.

"Honey, you're the one who's pulling my pants off but you plan to push the blame on me?" Rupert made a cute face although it looked more like a creepy one.

“Gross,” Claudia said and pulled the guy’s trousers successfully. “Should we hug each other?” she asked and hugged him.

A sweet smile appeared on Rupert’s lips. They’re both naked and so close to each other. He wrapped his arms around her and rested his chin on her shoulders. “Let’s stay like this for a while,” he suggested.

Claudia said nothing but let him hug her back. “How do you feel?” he asked.

“Warm,” she answered, tightening their hug. “You’re not making fun of me, are you? I won’t forgive you if this method won’t heal my wounds.”

Rupert clicked his tongue, “Who told you to cast a spell on the lord and took advantage of him? Now that you’re injured, aren’t you supposed to thank me for helping you?”

“I did,” she responded, making the guy confused for real.

“You did?” he urged with his brows meeting each other.

“The kiss…”

‘Seriously? She kissed me back to thank me?’ Rupert asked himself. ‘I thought she wanted it too.’

“Disappointed?” He heard Claudia asked. Rupert heaved a sigh. “If I say yes, would that make you feel better?” He pulled away from the hug and stood, naked.

“Ah!” Claudia exclaimed, “What are you doing? Get down,” she added, looking elsewhere.

“No need,” Rupert stated in a bitter tone. “Next time, don’t do something that could mislead someone else's feelings.” He walked out of the bath and took a towel to wrap himself.

“Wait,” Claudia called, making him stop. “What about the body contact? I thought you said we need it so my wound will…”

“Hahaha!” Rupert laughed. “I was kidding, how would I help you heal your wounds by just hugging you? It was the water. Check out your cuts. I think they’re gone,” he said and left the bathroom.

Claudia checked on her cuts, and they all disappeared. Even the wash remained clean, having no sign of bloodstains from her wounds.

“So he lied to me. That jerk,” she murmured before getting off the tub to follow the guy.

Rupert was already having an awful day, but seeing his buddy waiting for him outside the bathroom he felt embarrassed.

“M-my lord,” he greeted, bowing his head.

“Where’s Claudia?” Sebastian demanded, eyeing his friend who went quiet. “I heard from the boy that you both took a bath,” the lord continued. “I want to have a word with her.”

“Why?” Rupert asked, gritting his teeth. “You almost killed her. Why would you like to talk to her?”

Sebastian grinned, “To make up with her.” His answer exploded inside Rupert’s head. At the same moment, Claudia appeared from the door, wearing a robe and her annoyed face.

“Claudia,” Sebastian muttered and pulled the lady’s hand. “We need to talk.”

“My l-lord,” Claudia murmured, her voice was shaking. She was about to pull her hand away but Rupert already did.

“Sebastian, don’t make me laugh,” Rupert said, glaring at his friend. “You don’t intend to take her after what you did, do you?”

Sebastian smirked, “What if I do?”

“Nonsense!” Rupert burst into anger. He held his fist against Sebastian, but the latter evaded his punch.

“What the hell Rupert?” Sebastian yelled, he understood if his friend wanted to get mad about his action, but he just tried to attack him.

“I won’t let you have Claudia!”

The vampire lord shook his head. He brushed his palm on his face before facing his angry friend. “Silly, I’m here to ask for Claudia’s help. I will get Latina back. I'm not sure why she left but it should not because of that guy.” Sebastian clenched his fists, “When I looked for her, I discovered that the filthy beast took her.”

Rupert’s face turned red. He just acted rashly. Claudia expected it. She smiled bitterly and faced the lord, “How may I help you, my lord?”

“I need a werewolf essence. If it’s possible to be the white alpha’s scent, that will be better,” Sebastian answered.

“My lord, you don’t mean to go to the kingdom of Wyslien… it’s dangerous,” Claudia said.

“If Claudia can create an alpha's essence, it won’t be that bad and,” Sebastian patted his friend’s shoulder. “If it’s for someone important to you, you’ll do everything you can. Right?”

Rupert heaved a sigh, “You’re finally taking responsibility.”

Chapter 27

“Why isn't she waking up?" Latina heard the alpha's voice but kept her eyes shut. She doesn't want to see the guy.

"Sire, she's exhausted. She was chained and was forced to watch something she must have not seen before," a girl replied. It was Azrene's voice. "I suggest you stay away from her in the meantime. If you continue being aggressive, your future relationship will end up messy."

Latina tried not to flinch when someone held her hand. It was thick, calloused hands. "She will be mine," the alpha said and kissed the back of her palm. "Monitor her. I must go to the empire. And don't forget to inform her about the wedding ceremony. We must do it sooner than scheduled."

"As you wish, Sire. Have a safe trip," Azrene bid her goodbye. The sound of the shutting door made Latina exhaled. She opened her eyes and found the girl looking problematic.

"You're awake," Azrene muttered while closing the windows. "You should have heard our conversation. He plans to get done with the ceremony," she looked at her. "We need to get out from here before that."

Latina nodded her head in agreement. "Why don't we do it tonight? The alpha is going to the empire, we can sneak out while he's away," she suggested.

"Easier said than achieved. Did you forget? You were asleep for the whole three days. You at least need to recover your strength," Azrene sat on the bed. "You need to be honest with me. How are you related to vampires?" She asked her.

The older shook her head. "I don't have any idea."

"Impossible," the younger exclaimed. "When you were unconscious, I heard that you were the vampire lord's woman. How come you don't have any clue?"

'Vampire lord? Is Sebastian a Vampire lord?' Latina asked herself. Her subconscious popped and raised a brow before giving her an answer. 'I rather believe he's a demon than just a vampire lord. He didn't even bother to look for you,' Latina's subconscious said before disappearing again.

"TSK. It doesn't matter," Azrene murmured when Latina didn't provide any explanation. "Being an ordinary human and having an enchanting face that would catch both the vampire lord and the werewolf alpha's attention, I'd be surprised if the vampire lord did nothing to have you stayed by his side. Looking at how patient the alpha has become after meeting you just to earn your trust, he was quite disciplined. Any other men would totally go crazy and would have had you already."

Latina bit her lips until it bled. "Maybe you're right. Tell me, do I look like just an ordinary human to you?" she asked. Her question alarmed the girl, so she forced a laugh. "I mean, don't you think I'm weird? I remember a little about myself. I ran away from that man hoping to find answers but I ended up under the alpha's paws," she stared at the girl's face. The pain was visible in her eyes.

"You're right. You're indeed strange, surviving from the grasp of the vampire lord and now, you're about to test your courage to free yourself from the alpha. You aren't ordinary. I think you're cool."

Warmth. Latina felt a tender sensation touching her heart. It may not be as pleasant as Sebastian's embrace, but it was enough to melt a part of her frozen soul. Azrene's words gave her strength. She was different from a lover, thus she was her friend. The older threw herself on the girl, wrapping her small frame with her arms.

"All right," Latina started. "Since you think I'm cool, then trust me. Let's get out of here tonight," she continued.

Azrene broke free from the hug and looked at her in the eyes. They painted determination on both of their faces. "I don't think the hug was necessary," she responded shyly. Latina just shrugged and smiled.

“I'll come to you tonight, wait for me no matter what. Prepare yourself, this is our only chance now that the white alpha's away," Azrene said. "I must ensure our exit, stay here, and pretend to be asleep until I came back. I brought your meal for today," she turned her gaze to the table inside the room. There's a bowl of gruel and a glass of fruit juice. "You should eat them to replenish your strength."

'Err, that's where they formed their pyramid,' Latina thought, looking at the same table where Mathew and his women used when playing in and out.

"What's wrong?" Azrene asked.

"N-nothing. I think it's better not to eat. You can bring the food back when you leave," Latina responded.

"I'm telling you to take a bite," the girl insisted and picked up the bowl. "I'll feed you if you refused to do it yourself," she added.

"Well, do you have anything else? Like fruits or something..."

"Here," Latina's eyes glowed when Azrene handed her an apple. "I only have that one inside my pocket. It's for my dinner, but you can have that."

"Thank you," Latina grabbed the apple and munched on it. She smiled at the girl who just shook her head and leave the room with the food she brought for her. She finished the fruit and

walked to the window and opened it halfway. Lifting the thick curtains, Latina leaned her cheek on the window frame.

"How beautiful," she murmured while looking at the setting sun. "But it feels sad," she added, pressing her hand to her chest. After heaving a sigh, she closed the window again and slumped herself on the bed.

"Sebastian... what are you hiding from me?" she whispered before closing her eyes.

She wrapped herself with the thick blanket and drifted to sleep. Little did she know, the person she longed to see was there, watching her secretly.

Latina's lips curled up when she landed on another world. It was her favorite place, her dreamland. It clouded her mind with joy as she got herself immersed in her dream.

"I missed you. Sebastian," she murmured, hugging a pillow closer to her. She always misses him, but she couldn't go to him yet, not until she finds out the truth about her existence.

Chapter 28

The round moon quietly shone in the sky, surrounded by the sea of stars. With its humble light reaching the earth, as the lullaby played at midnight, putting everyone to sleep.

"Hah!" Latina gasped for air. She sat and looked around the place. It was dark, and she seemed to be alone. "Azrene..." she whispered. The girl promised her to stay in the room and patiently wait but it was getting late. She had already awakened for the second time and yet found no one inside her room other than herself.

'Did something happened to her?' Latina asked herself. She shrugged the thought and tried to be more optimistic about the situation.

Latina shivered when she felt the cold breeze coming from outside. "The window's open," she muttered while hugging herself. "I closed it earlier," she added."Ah!" She screamed when her eyes darted on the silhouette of a man standing in front of the window. Latina couldn't see his face but his frame seemed familiar to her.

"W-who are you?" she asked. 'It can't be the alpha right?' she thought to herself.

Her heart pounded when the guy walked closer towards her. She caught a whiff of the alpha's scent. "What are you doing? D-don't scare me..." her voice trembled. The man's presence intimidated her. "You said you won't f-force me," she continued. Latina held her breath when the man bent his body over her, causing her to fall on her back.

"I-I'm not good enough for y-you... you can h-have fun with the others... y-yeah that would b-be a better idea," Latina stuttered as she shoved the man's face away from hers.

The guy chuckled. His voice was familiar. "Are you jealous?" he asked.

'This tone,' Latina pursed her lips. 'It can't be Sebastian, right?'

"Who are you?" She inquired again, cupping the man's face, but she couldn't see him clearly since there was something cloudy around him. "Who are you?" she echoed.

"Just no one," the guy answered. His tone reminded her of the man whom she ran away from and meanwhile, it sounded like the Alpha.

"What do you want?" Latina asked, turning her head to the side. She pressed her palms on the man's chest and pushed him, but he won't budge.

"I miss you," she heard him say, and she felt his soft lips on hers. Latina shed a tear, 'It must be a dream,' she thought. Believing that it wasn't real, she raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck.

A distinct sensation coming from his touch was so familiar. Something that she had been yearning for but refused to admit to herself. Latina moaned when the guy removed her robe. She puffed when his hands touched her skin. She deepened the kiss, invading the inside of his mouth with her tongue. There was a gush of heat spreading in her body. Latina knew she was in need. With his simple touch, she knew she couldn't do anything but submit to him.

"Sebastian," she whispered. Latina broke off from the smooch. She locked her eyes on his, and gradually, she could see him. It was him, Sebastian. The man she was in love with.

"This is a wonderful fantasy," she muttered and laughed. "Now that you're inside my dream, be more honest with me," she added and hugged him, crying. "Even just for tonight... be mine."

Latina stopped sobbing when the man brushed her eyes. "I will... I'm yours tonight." He pecked her and she did the same. In no time, they were both naked, brushing their skin. Colors sprouted before Latina's eyes, the room was once again filled with emotions and life.

"So realistic to be just a dream," she muttered, nibbling on the man's earlobes. Latina pushed the guy down and sat on his stomach, licking his firm chest while rubbing her ass against his manhood. She smiled when she heard him moan.

"Ugh!" he grumbled when Latina moved her head down to lick his balls. His heavy breathing enticed the lady. Taking his length inside her cheek down her throat, Latina's eyes went teary. It was huge and long. She pumped it with her mouth, making sure that its tip reached her throat every time she pushed it inside. Latina groaned when she felt his hand on her hair, pulling them like reins.

"Ah," he moaned when he came in her mouth. Latina swallowed it and smiled with satisfaction. She crawled on top of him to kiss his parted lips.

"Excellent job," the man whispered to her ears, sending chills to her skin. "Now's my turn," he added and pressed her down the bed. Latina bit her lips as she spread her legs, permitting the guy to start his session.

"Mm..." she moaned when he kissed her sweet hole. He licked and slurped her wetness, making her roll her eyes. Latina grabbed the covers as she continued to moan. His warm tongue exploring her inside was too pleasant. The man inserted his fingers in her entrance, scissoring her. "Ahhh~" she screamed when she came. "Ah... ah... ah..." she continued when the guy swallowed her juices.

"Take me," Latina whispered. 'Even if it was a dream, I still want you to take me, Sebastian.'

"As you wish," the man responded.

He flipped her over, letting her lie on her chest. "On fours," he ordered. Latina laughed, "You're still as domineering as ever," she said and followed what he told her. She felt the breeze blowing her womanhood. She shook her head when she realized how epic her position was.

"Now what?" she asked, wiggling her butt. "Are we going to play horse? I can't carry you around like this though," she joked.

"Yeah? You'll see," he said, poking her hole with the tip of his cock. "You will love this," he added and pounced on her.

"AH!" Latina screamed when she felt his thing inside her. Her body arched as he pulled it out. "S-so big," she mumbled, unable to breathe as he stretched her hole. Her nerves were overdriven. She didn't know what to do, but one thing for sure, she wanted his enormous cock inside her again.

"You're still tight," the man said, almost losing his control. He moved his hips slowly and thrust into her. Her tightness squeezed him, and he felt like coming in no time.

"M-move... please," she begged as she bucked her hips up. Her lips parted when he moved inside her, sliding his long and fat dick deeper.

Latina moaned louder as he thrust faster. She held tightly on the pillow when his nails buried on her skin as he kept her in place. The lady moaned in protest when he stopped halfway only to impelled himself in. She let him reigned over her, giving up her body to him.

"Ohhh..." she blurted when he came inside her. Her thoughts were filled with nothing but Sebastian's face. "So good," she whispered and closed her eyes, hoping to sleep peacefully again after having a sexy dream.

"It's not over yet," she heard him say. She was about to open her eyes again when she felt a hand pressing her head down leaving her neck exposed.

"Agh," Latina groaned in pain when a sharp object drilled on her skin. A vivid sky of red appeared. She was losing her breath, her thoughts drenching in blood.

"S-stop..." she cried, trying to get away from the monster in front of her. Dropping consciousness, Latina heard the door opened. A warm and small voice called for her.

"Latina?"

Chapter 29

In the beast society, it wasn't new for the alpha to have several wives other than their mate. Unlike the blood tribe women who could only bear the child of their mate, the beast clan members can get pregnant after having sexual intercourse with their opposite sex. This became a tradition in the Wyslien Kingdom, thus anyone with a pretty face could either become the alpha's woman or a sheer servant.

Mathew Solic cared a lot for his younger sister, Azrene. He would always be willing to give whatever she desired as long as he could make her happy. Azrene's mother was one of his father's lover who was initially brought as a slave, a mere human with a lovely face whom his father loved the most. When their parents died, he inherited his will and became the alpha among the alphas of the beasts. Other than that, they left him with nothing but his younger sister. The prettiest lady in the entire kingdom, someone that every noble beast mean sought after despite being born from a human mother. To protect her, Mathew decided to take her as his woman. With that, no one would try to get their hands on her. But the girl was stubborn. She refused her brother's help and chose to be his slave, causing him more headaches.

The white alpha was on his way back to the kingdom after his rendezvous with one of his men who spied in the empire when he received the news regarding his sister. A messenger rushed and met him to report about the red alpha's plan in forcing his sister to be his woman. Mathew was already troubled about his relationship with Latina and the red beast making a move to Azrene simply added up to his troubles... He reached the kingdom in no time. Marching to the werelion's mansion, he fumed when he saw his sister dining with the other alpha.

"Leo!" the werewolf growled at the man who was smiling in front of Azrene. There was no doubt, he was trying to impress the werewolf girl with his masculine charm.

"Mathew, my friend," Leo stood and opened his arms, the smile remained on his face. "I invited this beautiful lady here tonight to dine with me. I hope you don't mind," he explained.

"There's no need to invite her. If you want to eat a meal with my sister, you can have it in the palace," Mathew retorted and pulled his sisters' arm. "Let's go," he told and led the way out of the werelion's mansion. The red alpha was left shrugging.

"You should have just rejected him!" Mathew yelled at his younger sister when they entered the palace. The maids were there to welcome but neither of them made a sound. "What if he forced himself on you? I was worried," he softly said. He restrained himself to talk in a louder voice as he didn't want her to be scared of him.

"You should not worry about me," Azrene muttered and strutted ahead. Mathew followed behind her. He wanted to scold her for being careless, but he gave up when the other walked faster.

Sighing, Mathew caught up with his sister and started a conversation, changing the topic. "How's Latina?" he inquired. He watched her stopped and cursed herself. "What's wrong?" he asked her again when the girl said nothing.

"None," she replied. "Why don't you take a bath? I'll have some servants prepare a tub for you." Azrene called a servant nearby and gave instructions.

Mathew frowned, "Did something happened to Latina?" he demanded, worried about the fact that Latina hadn't woken up since the first night she arrived in the palace.

Azrene shook her head and continued to walk. "Nothing. She's still asleep and I need to wipe her body and change her clothes," she informed him.

"I see," the alpha sighed and halted. "I'll take a bath then. I'll visit her later, once I'm done." His sister nodded her head. Mathew rounded in a different direction, heading to the bathroom.

After a few steps, he stopped. Something was bothering inside him. Azrene acted weirdly when he asked about Latina. He spun around and went back to the main hallway. He wished to know what the girl had been hiding from him if there was one. Mathew watched his sibling entered Latina's room. The alpha waited for a while before walking to the door. He stood there and listened, he could hear the sounds from inside, even from a few miles away if he wanted to.

"Latina?" Azrene called for the lady, but he didn't hear any response instead, he could hear heavy breathing. Like a beast in heat.

"Sebastian..." It was Latina's voice.

Mathew clenched his jaw, hearing what Latina said. 'She's still looking for him?' he thought.

"AAAAHHHH!"

He stopped pondering when he heard his sister's scream. "Azrene," he called when he pushed the door open.

The torches weren't lit, but the alpha could see what was inside. It terrified him when he sniffed the air. A disgusting scent lingered. "Vampire?" he whispered. He roamed his eyes and looked at Azrene on the floor, unconscious. Mathew's chest thumped harder. He drifted his gaze to the bed where Latina was supposed to be lying. To his surprise, she wasn't there. "Latina..." he murmured.

"Sebastian, is that you?"

Mathew turned behind him and saw Latina crouching on the floor, wearing nothing. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her as he helped her to get up. "Are you all right?" he asked, tucking Latina's hair in her ears.

"Sebastian, your blood smell so good..." Latina giggled and hugged the alpha, mistaking him for someone else.

The alpha didn't like what was happening, though he let the lady embraced him. He wasn't sure why Latina's looking for the vampire lord, but he wanted to comfort him. Thinking it was the best idea, he hugged the lady back.

"I want you..." Latina continued as she moved her hands down his waist.

It didn't take another second before he fell on the ground when she pushed him hard. Latina pounced on him and bury her head on his neck. The next thing he knew, she's already sucking his blood.

"Y-you're a vampire?"

Chapter 30

The sweet-savory taste of blood in Latina's taste buds made her roll her eyes. She sipped on it with excessive thirst. Her eyes glowed in the dark, cold room as she sank her fangs deeper in her victim's skin, allowing the liquid to flow out and filled her mouth. She felt warm by drinking his blood. It pumped her nerves up. Latina seemed energized. She inhaled the air with the metallic scent of blood to fill her nostrils. It was like having something she never had before and it was giving her exemplary sensation.

"Ah!" she exclaimed as she threw her head back, tossing her long black hair. With her burning eyes, she stared at the man in front of her. Licking the edges of her lips, Latina caught the guy's terrified face.

"You're a vampire!" Mathew roared, pressing his palm on his neck where Latina dug holes with her fangs. "Damn it!"

Latina went back to her senses when she felt a hand covering her mouth. She looked up and saw Azrene.

"Did you realized?" the alpha asked the girl. "You learned that she's a vampire and tried to hide it from me," he continued, taking a closer step towards the ladies.

"I didn't know until now!" Azrene said in her louder voice. She walked in front of Latina and spread her arms. "Do nothing to her. I saw another shadow when I got inside. She must be his victim!" she added, trying to convince the alpha to spare Latina's life. No other reason. She just wanted to take the chance to flee while causing panic to everyone about the enemy's infiltration.

Mathew stopped on his track, glaring at his sister, "Another vampire?" he asked.

Azrene nodded her head.

"Sire."

They all shifted their gaze at the door when a servant came, huffing. The alpha raised his hand, gesturing the servant to speak.

"Sire, there's a commotion in front of the dwelling. A vampire boy with a blue-flame sword is causing a mess," the servant informed.

Azrene picked up the robe on the floor and handed it to Latina. She held the older lady's hand and looked at her meaningfully.

"Bullshit! What about the palace guards?" Mathew asked, walking out of the room. It diverted his attention to something else. "Inform the werelions, we can't let that lad escape after getting in our territory," he stopped and turned to go back to the chamber. "Don't let her be taken

away. Lock her in the basement," he told his sister. "I'm counting on you Azrene, don't disappoint me," he added and left.

"Goodness!" Azrene exclaimed when the alpha was gone. "You were a vampire? You didn't tell me," she said while examining Latina's body and face.

"I-I didn't k-know..." Latina whispered, bowing her head. She felt different after taking the alpha's blood. Her strength seemed to increase a lot. But she was still collecting herself. Finding herself drinking blood was too shocking for her to accept immediately. And she thought she was just dreaming. After what happened, she knew she wasn't. A certain man occupied her mind again. "Sebastian," she uttered.

"Sebastian? Your vampire lover?" Azrene asked. She let her guard up when she heard footsteps coming towards them. "Enough talk, let's get out of here while they're busy." The girl dragged Latina to the secret passage where she took her bath. They made sure to block the entrance before proceeding.

Latina followed the girl, 'She's right. We need to take this chance to escape.'

"Faster," Azrene urged as she led the way to the open area. Latina watched her twist the bowl-shaped stone. It moved and revealed a tunnel, enough for one person to get into, only horizontally. "Here it is, this hole will lead us outside the kingdom. My mother dug this when she was still alive. It should be safe. Better than passing through the palace gates," Azrene explained.

"Right," Latina responded. "Are we going to slide in?" she asked. Looking at its structure, they couldn't possibly walk, it doesn't even look like a tunnel. It was more like a tube.

"The alpha could hear our conversation as of the moment, but it will be too late for him once we jumped in. We'll just have to run as fast as we could when we're already outside," the girl said and held Latina's hand. "You go first, I need to seal this place just in case someone followed us here," she continued before pushing the other in the hole.

"AAAAAHHHHHH!" Latina shrieked when she dived in with her head.

"She's so loud," Azrene muttered and activated the traps she prepared before following the lady.

"Waaaaah!" the girl cried when she slid down. The surface was polished that would allow anything to glide without getting hurt. It just let one drift at a fast pace because of its smoothness.

"It's so dark!" Latina yelled when she realized that the girl already followed her. Her skin was rubbing on the cool marbled floor. She rolled her eyes when she recalled wearing nothing but the robe that Azrene have handed her earlier.

"I know right. Why don't you check if we're near the exit? Do you see any light?" Azrene responded. She hugged herself and let her back glide.

"How would I know? I feel like I'm falling with my head first. Besides, we left in the middle of the night, don't tell me it'll take us until daybreak to get to the end?" Latina asked. She was having cold sweat. If she stayed any longer in the dark tunnel, she'd go crazy.

"No worries, we'll reach the end before we die in suffocation. Yeah, that's for sure. Haha!" Azrene laughed, enjoying their escape.

"Ugh! I feel like puking..."

"Don't you dare! I don't want to slide on your puke," Azrene protested as she held her head to see the lady before her.

"This sliding makes me dizzy," Latina complained. "But it's better than staying in that place so yeah, I'll try not to vomit."

"Right. Hold it in until we reached the exit," Azrene advised.

"I hope I could..." Latina whispered.

Chapter 31

The moon, on its highest peak, shone its mild light. Underneath the thin clouds, a midnight battle took place in the kingdom's heart in the south. Beast soldiers and guards surrounded the intruder, keeping their numbers up as the young knight got them one by one. Wielding his flame sword against anyone who got near him.

"How naïve," a redhead alpha said, leaning on the pillar while striking a pose. "A kid like you have no place on the battlefield. Go home while I'm still being nice to you," he suggested.

Seth smirked and slit the beast soldier's throat in a second. "Naive you say, why don't you save that for your useless men?" he mumbled, clearing his path towards the alpha by taking down his guards in one blow.

"Leo," Mathew called the werelion when he exited the palace. "Be wary of that kid, he's got some skills."

Leo quirked his brows on the werewolf's reminder. "You're thinking too highly of this cub when he only knows how to flaunt his sword. What a weakling, only those who were inferior needed a weapon," he said nonchalantly.

"Beast will always be a beast, nothing more but ever less," Seth muttered. He tilted his head and saw his lord, watching them with an amused expression from the roof.

'He always wanted to be in the limelight. Does he plan to get me killed first before taking action?' Seth thought to himself. He was scouting the entire Wyslien kingdom to gather information about Latina's whereabouts when the vampire lord appeared and ordered him to seize the palace. It was a mission impossible with only by himself, but he couldn't go against the lord's order. Seth took the initial step when he learned about the white alpha leaving for the empire.

They planned that while he was charging, Sebastian will look for Latina. The lord did and found the lady in no time, using Claudia's potion with the werewolf essence, he easily sneaked inside the palace. He even got laid by the lady. They were enjoying themselves while the young knight had to start a commotion to give them more 'time'. Seth did his part. Once the lord secured Latina's safety, they would withdraw.

"Kid, you still have to pay for what you did to me back then," Mathew said. His eyes darted on Seth's weapon, it's the blue flame which tried to cut him. "Time to settle the score," he muttered, turning to his wolf form. “Grrr!” Mathew roared.

"Seriously, do you really need to show off your white fur?" Leo asked, grinning. He signaled his men hiding in the dark to charge.

"Cowards," Seth whispered when a bunch of lions attacked him. He spun around with his sword and leaped in the air, he vanished. Observing the enemy's tactic, he realized that he was not just outnumbered but absolutely have less chance of winning. Gliding in the wind, he headed to the vampire lord, leaving his enemy on guard as his presence disappeared.

"My lord, we can't afford to stay here any longer," he said and informed him about the situation. "These beasts grew stronger in the full moon. Now is not the time to battle with them."

"I know," Sebastian responded. "We can leave anytime," he added.

The boy heaved a sigh of relief. "Great, so where's Latina?" he asked, revealing his presence and hiding his sword.

The vampire lord stared at the empty room where Latina was. "She ran away again," he answered. "Latina is no longer here. They escaped through the underground tunnel. She's becoming bolder now that she found a friend."

Sebastian's words almost caused Seth to smack his head if only he was not the vampire lord. "What the heck," he cursed. "Now what?" Seth asked, looking at the frantic beast below. "I bought considerable time just so that lady could escape, haha!" He laughed his frustration away. "Just so like her, but who's with her?"

"Yeah," Sebastian smiled thinking about the night he shared with the lady. "It's the half-breed werewolf. That girl doesn't stink as much as the beast. The werewolf alpha will chase after them, go to East. You'll find a village of witches. Look after her but don't get caught," he ordered. "Let me know everything she does. Here," the lord handed a bottle of potion to the youngster.

Seth brushed his face with his palm when Sebastian left, leaving him alone. "Now, how should I end the show?" the boy asked himself and locked his eyes with the white alpha who was looking up to him. "Damn, he found me." Jumping off, Seth played the same trick: using stealth to get away from the place.

"Secure the exits, don't let him escape," the red alpha ordered.

'Yeah right,' Seth thought. 'However you close the gates, I can float in the air, dumb.' He smirked as he flipped, rolled, and twisted his body in the air. 'I can fly, duh.'

"Ops!" he squealed when he dropped the bottle. It fell on the ground. Its ticking sound while landing on the pebbles caught everyone's attention, including the alphas. The next thing that happened caused so much more panic. The glass cracked and emitted a deadly gas, at least only for the beast members. It didn't take more than a minute when every soldier and guards fell on their death.

"Amazing," Seth mumbled as he watched the enemy's number lessened. "That witch's elixir is something. Was she really a vampire or a witch?" he muttered, referring to Claudia who made the potion. "Time to take my leave," he added and flew to the east.

The knight's laughter echoed in the wind when he heard the alphas' roar. "Beastards," he murmured and headed to his destination.

"Oh, Latina. Why can't you stay in one place?" Seth muttered, flying to the Eastern land, a place filled with mystery and uncertainty. "Wait for me, I'll bring you back this time."

The wind blew gently caressing Seth's skin while the stars peeped behind the clouds, watching the young brave knight gliding in the air.

Chapter 32

In the Eastern region of the empire, rumors have it that a village of witches existed. But without any specific evidence, the said tittle-tattle remained as hearsay.

"OW!"

A loud groan echoed in the midst of the night. Even the crickets paused for a bit and peeped when the lady's head comes out from the crack on the ground.

"Ugh," Latina groaned when her skull hit a hard object. She lifted her head and could barely see the moon in the sky from a small hole up above. Tall trees surrounding the area and the hard thing that hit her was a huge tree root.

"Impossible," she muttered. They were going down all the way, yet they emerged from the ground. "Argh," she flinched when Azrene bumped into her.

"That was fun," the girl exclaimed. She pushed Latina when she adjusted her position. "It's weird, why did you stop? Is there no exit?"

Latina shook her head although the girl won't see it. "This... it's blocking on the way," she said, poking her head between the giant tree roots. "I think this is the end. I wonder where's the exit though, this is too narrow for someone to get through."

"Oh no," Azrene muttered. "What if there's no way out?" she asked, panicking.

"Calm down," Latina mumbled, pushing herself out of the small space. The smell of dead leaves on the ground gathered on her nose. She sneezed after inhaling a bunch of air and sniffed the stench of animal pee. "Phew, it smells bad."

"What is it?" Azrene inquired behind her. "It's so dark in here... do you see anything?"

"Hmm," Latina hummed and roamed her hand on the ground, finding a pebble or something. Her hand found something small and hard, she threw it ahead. Listening to the sound of the object jumping several times, Latina learned where they are. "We're in the forest. Fallen leaves are everywhere and the sky isn't too visible from here. The area seemed to be covered with wild grasses too," she informed. Pulling herself up with all her might, Latina got out of the narrow hole. "Come, give me your hand. I'll pull you up," she instructed and offered her hand which the girl accepted.

"Woah! I didn't know that we'll end up here," Azrene said, turning around. "It's still dark. We should leave before anyone else found out that we're gone and followed us here."

Latina nodded and held the girl's hand. "Let's head in that direction. I could smell human scents coming from there. There must be a house, we can go and ask for direction."

Azrene agreed, and they walked side by side until she stepped on something. "W-what is t-this... Ahhhhhh!" the girl screamed. She stepped on a trap and was lifted upside down, a thick thread of ropes tightly wrapped on her ankles. "My head's spinning," she said, struggling.

"Shh!" Latina covered the girl's mouth when she heard footsteps coming their way. "Someone's coming. Keep your voice down," she whispered.

"Mm...mm..." Azrene responded. She lifted herself and cut the rope by pulling it apart, displaying her inhuman strength.

"That was awesome," Latina mumbled, amazed at how the girl broke free from the tight rope.

"Small things," Azrene replied. They crouched themselves on the ground behind the bushes.

Two young men approached the trap, expecting a boar or a deer. To their dismay, there was nothing in the catch except a torn rope.

"I thought we caught something big," a boy, with light brown hair, holding an ax, said. He walked around the area to thoroughly check. "Something's fishy is going on here."

"You must be mistaken. I heard nothing at all, it must all be your hallucination. Let's go," the other boy, with a bag of herbs, said. He had black glossy hair, almost invisible in the night.

"What? You're the one who said-- hmp!"

The ladies watched how the boy with jet black hair scolded the other and even covered his mouth to shut it up from nagging.

"There's nothing here. Let's leave this trap and fix it tomorrow. Maybe we could have some meat if we use a sturdier rope."

"Okay."

The boys left, giving Latina and the girl a chance to breathe in relief. Azrene stood and looked around, only to be approached by the boy who actually just hid behind the nearby trees.

"Ah..."

"Silence or I'll cut your head off." Azrene shut her mouth when the boy aimed his ax at her neck.

"Please don't hurt her," Latina pleaded. She lost her strength when the boy grabbed her arms. "We don't have any ill intention," she added. Shaking her head to the girl who's about to fight back

"Who are you? How did you find this place?"

Latina looked at the boy who was pinning her down. "Getting here was just an accident. We don't know this place and as for our identity...we're friends, running away from a certain place. We meant no harm, trust me. After running away from that place, we ended up here." Latina

pursed her lips, she couldn't tell more about their identity and where they came from. Not that she had a lot to say given that she was still confused about being a demon, feeding on blood.

"You're lying," the boy with brown hair said. "There's no way you'll get here by accident. This is the enchanted village hidden in the forest. No one could get into our territory unless you used a scrupulous mean." He held Azrene's chin, "It doesn't matter though since no one has ever survived after finding out this place."

Latina grabbed a handful of dried leaves. She felt extreme hostility coming from the boys and other than that, a strong intimidating presence was coming. If she doesn't take any action, they might end up dead.

"Young ones," an old greasy voice spoke. "Lead the way to the village for our guests. Don't forget to tell everyone: we'll have a feast tonight."

Chapter 33

The forest went foggy as the temperature dropped, slightly frosting the tree leaves and causing unexpected snow in the middle of summer. Latina noticed the sudden changes, cautiously, she put her guard up. Running away came into her mind but considering the fact that she was not familiar with the topography, she hesitated. Besides, she was not alone. If she does something that may place both Azrene and herself into danger, their effort on running away from the kingdom would be wasted.

The boys led the way, and they followed while the old woman walked silently behind them. The ladies could feel the intent stare from the back, they knew that they were being watched.

"Aren't we supposed to run away?" Azrene whispered, pulling the sleeve of her robe. "The old woman said they're having a feast. Don't you think they will eat us? Even the boys were hunting for meat in the middle of the night," the girl continued. Her voice, after trying so hard to make sure that the others wouldn't hear what she said, came out rather loudly than she expected.

'They could hear you,' Latina thought, pinching the girl on her side to give her a clue.

"What? I'm certain, we'll get eaten if we follow them," Azrene mumbled. She glared when the lads paused and as if on cue, turned around to look at them at the same time.

"You heard that?" the boy who's holding an ax asked. A smirk appeared on his lips as he gawked over the girl. "Once the feast started, I wanted to have her."

The other boy shook his head while clicking his tongue. "Sure. Just make sure to do things quietly," he responded. He tilted his head and stared at Latina. "The taller one looks decent. I feel bad about her."

"W-what are you talking about?" Azrene held Latina's arm. "We can escape here. Just follow my lead," she mumbled. Her eyes roaming around to look for an opening. "Just be careful with the old woman behind," she added.

"Ahem," the old woman faked a cough. "Stop playing around," she said, making the boys nod their heads. Bowing, they continue to lead the way. The elder shifted her gaze to the ladies who chose to remain. Their morbid faces caught her attention. "Ladies, approximately five minutes later and a werewolf pack will come out from where you emerge. I bet I don't have to tell you why. If you want your heads, follow the boys. They will keep you safe once you arrive in the village."

"B-but..."

"Let's go," Latina muttered and dragged the girl with her. She walked with larger steps, keeping up with the boys ahead. Turning her gaze for a bit, Latina saw the old woman smiled at her. She

doesn't have any idea why the elder had to, but she saw colorful dust falling in the air. Latina could tell, the old woman wanted to help them.

"Latina, we can't trust them!" Azrene retorted, pulling her arm from the elder's grip. "Even if she's saying the truth about the pursuers, we can't just believe her. She seemed to be well-informed about the reason why we're here. What if she's one of the alpha's people? We need to get away from here."

"It may sound stupid about how I easily trust others. I believed in you and I still do. Whatever the reason why she knew about our current situation, we can always ask her once we arrive at the safe place," Latina paused and heaved. "But if we remain here and try to get out of this unfamiliar place... we might end up in the alpha's hands again." She held the girl's hands and looked at her face. "Azrene, you said that it was your mother who dug that tunnel. She did that to give you a way out of that suffocating place. If you can't bear to trust these strangers, then please believe in me, because I trust your mother. I don't remember having one... but I guess she's someone who will always do what it takes for her child's sake."

Latina chewed on her lower lip. She felt a pang in her chest. It was like something within her was pricked. 'A mother, huh. I don't have any memory of that person.' She shrugged her thoughts and waited for the girl's response.

"So, how much time do you need to decide?" the brunette boy asked. "My brother already went ahead. If I didn't stay to wait for you, deciding to come with us will be useless if you don't know the way."

"Thank you," Latina mumbled and smile.

"Tsk, stop showing me that annoying smile. I heard about the vampire ladies having a rare beauty and charm. You can try to pull me on your side but I won't fall for your tricks," the boy said, blushing.

"Vampire? You knew that Latina is a vampire?" Azrene asked. Her fading doubts suddenly came back, causing Latina to sigh.

The boy rolled his eyes, "Little miss, her lips still have traces of blood. Oh, I forgot to mention, it's werewolf's blood. You didn't let her drink yours, did you?"

"Not just Latina, you're aware that I'm a werewolf too. What are you? A witch?!" Azrene exclaimed. She hadn't met anyone else other than the beast tribe and Latina who turned out to be a vampire. Her mother died without spending much time with her, they seldom talked when she was still alive and she remembered her mentioning something about the witches.

"Rude. I'm not a witch but that old lady over there," the boy held his head to the old lady's direction. "She is... and the most powerful one."

"She's a witch..." Latina whispered.

"Want to know why she decided to help you? I may be taking a guess here, but it should be something related to her grandson." The boy walked closer to Latina and sniffed her. "It was odd, Marco has been dead for more than eight years now. His body was burnt, and he never left the village, but there's a faint smell coming from you and surprisingly, it was like Marco's."

"Marco?" Latina muttered. She recently met someone with the same name. 'Could he be referring to the boy in the capital?' Latina asked herself.

"Did you drink his blood?" the lad's question rang in her ears.

Chapter 34

Latina was speechless, not sure of what to say, she drifted her eyes elsewhere.

“Wait, you just said that this Marco kid died eight years ago and never left your village even once. Are you pertaining that Latina came and drink his blood while he was still kicking?” Azrene asked, confused.

“Tsk, honestly we need to leave as soon as possible.”

“You’re avoiding the question now!” Latina unconsciously covered her hand on Azrene’s mouth. Wrapping her arm around Azrene’s waist, she lifted her without getting rid of her hand on the girl’s lips. She gave a signal to the boy to lead the way.

“Stop struggling,” Latina whispered to Azrene’s ears. The latter nodded her head. “Let me carry you until we reached the village. It’s safer to leave fewer traces.”

“Quick,” the boy flicked his head to the side. There was a giant tree with beautiful orange leaves sparkling in the moonlight. It stood out among the other trees in the forest because of its mystical beauty. The boy stepped on its roots and his foot disappeared. Not literally, but Latina and Azrene could no longer see it while the rest of his body parts remained visible.

“It’s the entrance to the village. Once you step inside, no one from the outside world could tell your whereabouts. We usually don’t allow outsiders to know about this place. Since the village head ordered us to show the way, we need to comply,” the boy said before vanishing.

Latina put Azrene down, their jaw dropped. They stared at each other, then the tree, then to each other again and then the tree once again. The ladies were thrilled but scared at the same time. Latina did the first move, she raised her hand and pushed the tree bark. “Wow,” she muttered when her hand went through.

“Amazing,” Azrene said, amused.

“What’s taking you so long?” the boy asked, popping his head out of the tree trunk. “Didn’t you hear that? Beasts are coming, hurry up inside.” He pulled their hands to drag them inside.

“Aw,” the ladies said at the same time. They both rubbed their faces after hitting it on the ground.

“My bad,” the boy said and walked ahead. He stopped after a few steps and sat under the tree, pulling his knee up and placing his elbow on it. He leaned his head on his hand and watched the ladies’ dumbfounded face. “You can yell all you want now shorty, no one from the outside could hear you from here,” he said, referring to Azrene who wouldn’t stop wailing earlier. He looked away when Latina held her face.

Latina frowned, “Aren’t we just still in the forest?” she asked. Nothing has changed other than the fact that the trees were lined up. Like when they were planted at a specific distance from each other, making them look neat.

“We are in the witch’s forest,” Azrene replied. She pulled herself up before helping Latina.

“How knowledgeable you are,” a soft and gentle voice said from behind. A pretty woman with beautiful dark skin and long silver hair stood beside the huge metal gate. “I’ve been watching you ever since you came out from the tunnel,” she laughed. “I didn’t expect that you’ll come with a companion, I could have asked the boys to widen the hole in the exit. Must be tough for you to sprout out from that narrow hole,” she continued. The sweet smile never leaving her lips.

‘So pretty,’ Latina thought. Her eyes locked on the beautiful lady’s bright orbs. They stared at each other for quite a while. The lady pulled away from her gaze first. Latina’s presence was too much for her to handle.

“Okay, we were told to follow this rude kiddo. We did, after getting through that large tree which was the ‘gate’, we hit our faces on the ground, saw strange trees and now, talking to this dark lady with a much prettier face than me but way behind Latina’s. I know right, she’s the best but whatever. Can anyone please tell me what’s going on?” Azrene ranted, almost nonstop.

“She really started to nag,” the boy whispered but the ladies heard it. He raised his hands, palms wide open. “Just saying… by the way you can also yell or cry. We’ll try not to complain,” he said, looking at the fuming girl. “No wonder Fran volunteered to go back first. He knew that this girl would make use of her mouth. I’ll take a nap while waiting for the old hag. Kindly take care of these royal brats, Sheila.”

“You!” Azrene clenched her fists, glaring at the boy who just looked at her with his smug face.

“You shouldn’t treat girls like this Fred,” Sheila, the beautiful black lady and also the village chief’s daughter, responded. “Don’t worry young miss, I’ll make sure to get this boy an earful scolding later.”

Azrene said nothing but pout. Latina smiled since the girl finally learned how to keep quiet for a bit.

“What's going on?” Latina asked when a humongous mirror appeared in front of them. She saw Fred, the boy who bickered with Azrene, stood on his feet and walked closer. His eyes landed on the said mirror.

Sheila did the same. She stared at her reflection, smiling at the others when she noticed them looking at her.

A few moments later, loud howls could be heard, echoing in the woods followed by groans and cries. An image in the glass appeared. A pack of beasts was pouncing on the old woman only to be blown away from her with wounds she provided.

Sheila remained calm and so the boy. Azrene, on the other hand, was watching intently as to how the old geezer severed her kind.

Latina was stunned. 'She defeated them without a single move,' she thought. “Witch huh... What a terrifying creature,” she mumbled. Her eyes glowed as she watched the old witch. She felt something drilling from the inside of her head.

'What a bother. No matter how hard I try to remember...after observing this old woman's face...my memories seemed achievable at one point and would drastically go back to nothing.' Latina thought to herself. She wished her subconscious would appear and give her answers, even they're all inaccurate...or not.

Chapter 35

The buzzing of people in the capital was endless. Merchants were making do of the remaining time before midnight to sell their goods. Shoppers were everywhere, visiting each store, purchasing what they needed, not minding the time. The steeds tied on the trees on the sideways were making sounds, unsettled by the loud commotions around. Wagon wheels hitting on the bumpy road was added in the not-so-pleasant harmony while the bugs and other insects composing their piece made the sounds more incomprehensible.

“So many patients,” Claudia complained. Sitting on a comfortable seat in Rupert’s office with her legs crossed, her thighs were visible on both sides with the long skirt she wore, thanks to its three-feet-long slits. She plopped her left elbow on the table and lounged her cheek on her palm, playing a pen on her other hand, Claudia sighed. “I should have come with the lord earlier. Invading the Wyslien Kingdom seems more interesting than staying in this boring place,” she said. Her mouth opened for a yawn, she stretched her arms before wiping a tear on her eye. “I’m even yawning. Oh, come on.” She moved her foot in a circle, staring at her leather boots.

“Madam, if you feel that bored then why not help us with the patients?” Marco proposed. Looking through the patient’s files in the drawer, he drifted his gaze to the lady for a while. “The doctor especially needs some assistance, lending him a hand won’t hurt,” he added.

A cloud of smoke came out in Claudia’s nose. “Nah-ah, don’t ever mention that guy,” she spoke. Rolling her eyes, she led her hands on her head to rub it. “I suddenly felt nauseous. Go get me some medicine, midget.”

Marco shrugged. Claudia had been acting bossy ever since she recuperated. The boy wished her to leave but his boss was interested in the lady. Letting her stay for days even after her complete recovery was one of the solid evidence; Rupert liked Claudia, and he wanted to keep her by his side if possible, be it using his profession and knowledge. The doctor had been paying for his labor and offered him food and shelter. He would be ungrateful if he kicked out the lady whom his patron liked. Well, not that he had a way to do so.

“Medicine for what?” Rupert appeared at the door, he moved his glance from Claudia to his young employee. “Are you feeling sickly, Claudia?” he asked.

“She needs you, Sir.” Marco snickered and ambled to the door with documents in his hands. “She needs you to comfort her,” he added and saluted. He tittered at his gesture before leaving the office.

“HMP!” Claudia snorted, her arms crossed on her chest. “I’d appreciate it if you get out of my sight. I will probably feel better,” she said.

Rupert rubbed his nape. “I hope you don’t forget that this is my office. Since you’re in my place, I would be glad if you become a bit obedient at least,” he said.

Claudia rolled her eyes, dismissing what he said.

“If you can’t do that, I’m afraid you have to leave,” Rupert placed his hands on the table, hovering over her. “But I’m not sure about what will happen to you once you go home.” His words pierced Claudia’s chest. The man was right. She may end up being punished once she went back home. While she was under Rupert’s care as his patient in observation, her father would dare not to come to discipline her.

“Well, I… I’m not doing something against you right? Don’t mind what I said, haha. Why don’t we have a drink?” Claudia suggested that made the man smile. He knew that she was trying to change the subject and even had to use drinks to draw away his attention from the topic.

“Drink? I’d love to have a drink with you but we don’t have milk here,” Rupert informed, bending closer to her. He was attempting to make her stare into his eyes but Claudia chose to look elsewhere. “I don’t think you can deal with wines at all. If you want something to drink, I’ll ask Marco to get you a cup of tea.”

Claudia shifted her gaze as fast as lightning and faced the man. “Who said I can’t handle wines? I could swallow a bottle in one go,” she blurted out. Her face turned red, she wasn’t blushing at all. She was pissed. Pushing the chair backward, Claudia strutted from her seat. “You just challenged my capability,” she walked to the cupboard and opened it. Her eyes twinkled when she found out that it was filled with different liquors from various places. “Don’t blame me if you end up crawling to your bed later.” She took two bottles of liquor and passed the other to Rupert. “Let’s chug it down,” she announced, removing the foil on the wine bottle. She buried her nail on the cork before pulling it out. Claudia opened her mouth and let the drink gushed down her throat. “Ah!” she exclaimed after drinking it all.

Rupert who was sitting on the edge of the table couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw what the lady did. He jiggled his head while blinking several times. “I see, it’s real after all,” he murmured, looking at the empty bottle that she cleared. Claudia went to get another bottle of booze to drink. “She’s not kidding about drinking it all in one go,” he whispered and twisted the bottle cap in his hand. “Say, don’t you need a glass?”

Claudia laughed. She turned to face him with her hands full. “Why need a glass if you just simply have to empty the bottle? Don’t be finicky, there’s only two of us here. No one would know that you drink from the bottle except me,” she told him. Her lips quirked up when she realized that the table was full. “Excuse me,” she mumbled and lifted her leg.

Rupert’s eyes almost jumped off its sockets when he saw her fine white skin on her thigh down her ankle. He gave way and stood on the side, his eyes landed on her exposed skin. Soon after, his excitement dramatically dropped as it turned to helplessness when Claudia cleared the

things on the table with her leg she used to caught his attention earlier. Shattered vase, flying papers, and ledgers on the floor turned the place into complete trash.

“What do you think you're doing?” Rupert cried out. He followed her with his eyes as she settled all the bottles she had in her hands down on the table. She slumped beside them and crossed her legs once again.“Clean this mess, right now.” Rupert gritted his teeth when Claudia paid no attention to his order. “Listen, Claudia—”

The man’s speech was interrupted when Claudia shoved the bottle’s mouth to his lips. She lifted the bottle’s heel upward, letting its content poured into his mouth. Rupert was startled that he let go of the bottle he was holding. Fortunately, it fell on the pile of documents and wasn’t broken. The only disadvantage was it got the papers entirely wet. The doctor thought it was stressful to argue, he drank down the bitter taste of the liquid, breathlessly. He pushed the bottle away from him and wiped his mouth when he reached his limit.

“Ah…you look so damn sexy drinking like that,” Claudia muttered and drank the remaining wine inside the bottle. “Pah! That was better than the first one.” She rummaged on the table to find similar wine she had. “Hey, why don’t you help me look for this wine?” she held the wine bottle in front of him, showing the name printed on it. “It tasted superb. I prefer drinking this one,” she added and continued to check each bottle.

“Heh,” Rupert breathe and moved toward her, closer. He grabbed a certain bottle and drank it empty. “Oh Claudia, I think I found what you’re looking for,” he said looking at the bottle he just finished. It was the same as the one that she forced fed on him.

“REALLY?” Claudia screamed in excitement. “Where?”

Rupert smirked when the lady turned around to face him. He pulled her head and pressed his lips on hers. Claudia struggled in surprise, but he already held her in place. He wrapped his arm on her waist while the other was holding the back of her neck. Rupert brushed his lips against hers. He flicked his tongue inside her mouth, exploring her cavity. Their saliva mixed all together with wine flavors.

“Here,” he whispered on her ears when he pulled away from the kiss. “Want some more?”

Chapter 36

“Want some more?”

Rupert’s question echoed in Claudia’s ears. She wouldn’t deny the fact that she was enticed. The man had a charming face and in good shape. Despite being an infamous banterer, Rupert was one of the few bachelors in the capital that every lady wished to notice them. His booming business gave him additional points by every lady's standards. But Claudia’s standard was way too high, for a pure-blood like her, having a true-blood mate was enough to boost her pride and walk around with her head up.

“Nah, I rather buss a bottle. We agreed to drink, not to make out,” Claudia responded. She rested her back on the table when Rupert’s grip loosened. Grabbing a bottle beside her, Claudia chugged it down while laying down. The wine dribbled on her neck down her chest but she felt hot. As for the reason why; she preferred to blame it on alcohol and not because of someone else who kept staring at her while she drowned herself in red wines. “Don’t look at me like I’m some kind of rare meat. I’m telling you, doctor, you won’t have a piece of me,” she blurted out in between hiccups. Her vision started to get blurry, and she was feeling lighter. “So… I’m not drunk. I would never get drunk ever. Hahaha. Stupid Sebastian, if he’s not the vampire lord… I won’t spare a glance at him…at…all, not at all. Oh! That Latina babe is more stupid though. How can she attract men with her pretty face and ran away?” She laughed while hugging the bottle.

Rupert smirked as he listened to her. He sat on the chair and watched the lady consumed the wines in every bottle. If he knew that Claudia could bad mouth his friend when liquoring up, he should have had her drink before when Sebastian could watch her.

“But you know what… I’m the most stupid,” she whispered. Claudia rolled to the side where Rupert was watching her. “I promise myself to give up if he rejected me once again,” she smiled bitterly. “I took off my clothes in front of him and even used a charm potion only to be slapped on the face. Hahaha! Would you believe that I even helped him when he told me that he’s going to take back that woman?” Claudia’s tears filled her eyes, “Do you think I don’t deserve to be love?”

“What do you want me to say?” Rupert asked. He didn’t want to console her just because she was feeling down. It wasn’t like he doesn’t feel hurt at the moment. He wanted her to be strong on her own, to realize her weaknesses. If she wouldn't be able to do that, then every good thing he would say will always be meaningless to her.“I have nothing to say to make you feel better. So you tell me what am I supposed to say?”

“You’re even worse than me so just shut up and listen,” Claudia muttered, wiping her tears away. She got up and stooped in front of the man. “Those two were probably having a good

time now. Let's drink and have fun too. It would be unfair if we're left out." She handed another bottle to him and clanked the bottle she was holding with it. "Cheers!"

Claudia guzzled the wine and Rupert drank lightly. After a few gulps, the latter snatched away the wine bottle from her and tossed it somewhere. "Enough of being pathetic," he murmured and smacked his lips on hers. Her mouth was slightly opened from drinking in the bottle. This gave the man an advantage to invade her lips, savoring the bittersweet blend of wine and her saliva.

"Stop it," Claudia muttered, pushing the man away. "I told you, we didn't agree on to—uhm," she didn't finish what she wanted to say when Rupert kissed her again. He pinned her down on the table and climbed on top of her. "And I told you, stop being pathetic."

Rupert tucked the strands of hair covering Claudia's face on the back of her ears. He stroked her cheeks. "I don't want to see you mourn for yourself anymore. My heart breaks whenever you talk about how you feel for him. Whether you hate or you love him, it's getting on my nerves." He punched the table, causing the lady to closed her eyes in tension. "I love you. I will do anything to have your attention. I want it all for myself; your smile, your tears, your laughs, your moans, your love, all of you. I need you, so even if I had to make you hate me just so you won't have time to spare about thinking someone else…I'd be willing to do that. So hate me all you want but I'll remain in love with you, forever."

With that said, Rupert held her chin. He watched the lady opened her eyes. The shock was written all over her face. 'What a dumbo, I already told her my feelings so many times, but she still looked surprised after all,' he thought. He bent forward and pecked on the tip of her nose.

"Did you mean it?" Claudia asked, shivering. She always wished to hear those sweet words. They may sound lame but it would mean a lot to her. The only problem was, someone else said it, not the man she wanted to. She cupped his face to face him. "Tell me, did you mean what you said?" She laughed after realizing what she asked. "Never mind, it doesn't matter. Why would you even get interested in me after what I did?" Claudia pursed her lips, "No man…not even a single one who will be willing to accept me after throwing myself to someone else and got dumped," she pinched Rupert's face. "Stop making fun of me after you witnessed what happened. I still won't fall for your words."

"I'm serious," Rupert responded right after she finished talking. "I love you. If you still don't trust my words then let me show you," he added and kissed her. He poured all his feelings into the kiss just like the first time he landed his lips with hers. At the very moment, he doesn't want to hope for her to believe what he said because he would make her.

After several bottles of wine, Claudia knew why she was feeling hot all along. It wasn't the alcohol nor the amount she had taken. It was the warmth coming from Rupert's quivering lips. She laughed inside her head. Reminiscing the time when she initiated a kiss with the vampire lord, Claudia's lips were trembling too. She was hoping for the man to understand her feelings

but it was all in vain. She smiled, the man on top of her might be just like what she was before. The difference was, she understood him and maybe she could give it a try.

Rupert stopped when Claudia kissed him back. He moved his hand down on her side and pinched it. “Mm…” Claudia groaned in pain. She bit his lip, pulling him back from a daze.

“W-wait,” he mumbled and pull away from the kiss. “Why?”

“Why what?” Claudia asked, frowning.

“You kissed me back,” Rupert blurted out like it was something impossible to happen.

The lady giggled, “I thought you wanted to show me how you feel. Let me get this clear, Doc. I’m giving you a chance,” she said and kissed him.

Like a bomb exploding inside Rupert’s body, Claudia's words caused his temperature to increase. As the heat was continually distributed in his system, he felt his pet throbbing down there. He deepened the kiss, shoving his tongue inside her mouth. Claudia didn’t let him dominate though, she stuck out her tongue and battled with his. It was a fierce fight with their saliva dripping. The battle ended when Rupert pulled away for a bit only to open his mouth properly and caught his prey. His tongue toyed Claudia’s mouth.

“Mm,” Claudia moaned when Rupert slid his hand down. His hand found her jewel, rubbing it with while still covered. “Hmm…” she groaned in protest. She wanted him to touch her skin.

“Shh,” Rupert whispered, calming down the impatient lady. He freed her lips and buried his face on her neck, he smelled her and suck her skin, leaving red marks.

“Ah,” Claudia muttered, pressing his head down. “Rupert, take me.” She ordered in a desperate voice. She was scared to be interrupted once again. There was a feeling of emptiness inside her and she badly needed something to fill it up.

Rupert’s ears perked on what he heard. He pulled the lady’s underwear and caressed her entrance. He smirked when he confirmed its climate. It was moist and ready to get penetrated. Since they were doing it for the first time, he wanted to prepare her properly. He pulled her skirt down with her undergarment and unbuttoned her shirt. His eyes gawked on her melons when it was completely revealed. Its buds were pinkish and hard, waiting to be devoured. A good person he thought he is, Rupert sucked her nipple while twirling the other one.

The man smiled when he checked on her clitoris once again. It was completely soaked, a perfect time to dug her diamond mine with his powered-up equipment. Removing his clothes, Rupert caught a glimpse of Claudia who was drooling over his toned muscles. He pulled her legs to spread them and position himself in between. Rupert’s face heated up when he locked his eyes on Claudia’s dripping hole. On the other hand, Claudia was biting her finger to prevent herself from drooling. The man pulled her finger from her mouth and inserted his thumb instead.

“Suck it,” he said. Claudia sucked it like a hungry infant. She was too immersed in it when Rupert poked her hole with the tip of his dagger. “Ah!” she screamed in pain when she felt something got ripped between her legs.

“Hush, It’s okay. I’ll be gentle,” he mumbled and kissed her nose. Claudia nodded at him and proceeded to suck his thumb again, licking and kissing it like a savory candy cane. Rupert watched her getting carried away from playing with his thumb before pushing his thing inside her. It was slow yet painful.

“Ahrm!” the lady squirmed. She bit his thumb when the pain came striking her inside.

“I’m sorry. Does it still hurt?” Rupert asked, worriedly. He heaved a sigh of relief when she shook her head.

“Go ahead,” Claudia muttered.

With her permission, Rupert dragged his thing out and shoved it in again. He felt ecstatic watching the lady arched her body in the sensation. “Don’t hesitate now,” she said.

“Yes ma’am,” Rupert replied. Without further ado, he buried and salvaged his thing in and out of Claudia’s mine, exploring every corner to find her precious gem hidden inside. Giving his all in every thrust. He grabbed her on the shoulder to accompany him on the dance called pleasure with a hint of love. Claudia let him lead. The pain she felt was gone and replaced by a tingling sensation, tickling her inside.

“I think something is coming out,” she informed when she felt a rush on her tummy down her entrance. It was like water directly from the spring.

“Wait for me,” Rupert whispered and tilted down his body, rubbing his chest against hers. He kissed her lips while keeping his movement. His pace accelerated in a hurry to come with her. Her walls inside were tightened, making him moan on her lips. He gripped the edge of the table as he delivered his ultimate strike.

“AHH” they moaned in unison.

Disheveled pair on top of the messy table, breathing heavily, the doctor’s office turned into some sort of stage where two people gathered the courage to express themselves and ended up becoming one.

Rupert smiled and smelled the lady underneath. “You smell like a drunken maiden in heat,” he joked.

“How dare you,” Claudia scowled at him. She pushed him away from her but the man won’t let go. “Don’t make me regret my decision right after what we did,” she pouted.

“Hmm… I won’t,” he said. “I didn’t know it was tiring to do that. Let me relax for a while on top of you. You smell so good. Red wine with a bit of erotic scent? I don’t know where that smell came from but it’s nice.”

“It’s your yogurt, idiot,” Claudia muttered and smiled. Her smile went wider when Rupert’s face turned pale.

“Hold on, it wasn’t yogurt. It was milk,” he insisted.

“Whatever~”

Claudia’s head was filled with fantasies. Rupert’s touches made her conclude something: Rupert truly loved her. She felt it.

“I love you, Claudia.”

Rupert waited for her response. He was expecting her to say something positive after what happened. His thoughts went blank when the door of his office opened, revealing his tall and handsome friend.

“You guys should at least lock the door,” Sebastian commented. He stepped back and shut the door loudly in embarrassment.

Rupert scratched his head and looked at Claudia who was covering her face with her hands.

“Well,” he started. “Do you think it’s time for us to clean the mess?” he consulted. He pulled his thing out and helped Claudia sit. The man’s face turned paler when he bent down to pick up their clothes. His white shirt was stained with red. With a smile on his face, he handed his shirt to her.

“Look, it’s your tomato sauce.”

Claudia’s face turned crimson in shyness. She snatched the shirt from him and hid it on her back. “You! I won’t help you squish your yogurt again. Let them rot inside you,” she said, fuming. Rupert said nothing but kissed her forehead before he ran away to the corner.

“I so hate you, Rupert!”

Chapter 37

The growls and grunts were gone. The presumed to be storming massacre to the vampire intruder turned against the beast tribe. Their battle cry ended when droplets of death fell from the sky, causing numerous casualties and a huge amount of corpses scattered all over the place.

“We let our guards down,” Leo growled, laying on his chest. If not for his strength, he might have died along with others.

Mathew didn’t respond and strutted up instead. There was an inexplicable feeling inside him that he couldn’t shrug off, drawing all his focus.

“Sire! I have an urgent report!” A servant from inside the palace came scrambling, he bent his body to pay his respect when he saw the alphas. That was when he realized that there was a bigger problem while he was guarding inside.

“Fool! Look around you,” Leo roared at the servant. “Is there anything else that’s worse than this?” he asked while pointing at the soldiers on the ground.

The servant fidgeted his fingers. He wasn’t certain of how long he would have to live after delivering the news. “Sire, Lady Azrene and Lady Latina went missing. We followed their scent and found a secret passage on the wall. I’ve already sent men to pursue them. Please spare my life!”

“Useless!” Leo swiftly got up and cut off the servant’s head with his hand. It fell on the ground and bounced several times. “Don’t just stand there Mathew. I don’t care about your woman but Azrene is different. I’ll arrange for my men to look for her. You handle your own woman,” he said before taking his leave.

‘They left?’ Mathew asked himself. ‘No! Latina couldn’t just leave like that and why did Azrene had to go with her? That woman… I won’t forgive her!’

With heavy steps, Mathew headed to the room where he left his sister and the woman he loved. He had so many questions and doubts circling in his brain, contemplating what he should do next. In the back of his mind, he wanted to blame himself for taking Latina into the kingdom. The vampire waste no time and used it to attack them and it happened to be right after when he discovered Latina’s true identity. She was a vampire and not a human. As to why she doesn’t smell like those blood demons, he had no clue.

“Latina! Azrene! Latina!” the werewolf alpha called, pushing the door open. He saw the crushed wall beside the giant mirror, clenching his fists, he walked towards it. “Argh!” Mathew smashed the mirror, breaking it into thousands of pieces. The thought of being left alone was like a spear piercing through his sluggish heart. He fell on his knees, weeping. A burst of soft but pained laughter escaped his mouth as memories flooded his head.

“Mathew, this is Lucretia. She will be my wife soon. After your mother died, I never knew I’d be happy once again. I hope you understand how I feel.” Bernardo Solic, the black werewolf alpha and the first ruler of the beast tribe, patted his son’s head as he introduced him to the woman who healed his wounded heart.

Lucretia smiled sweetly. Her eyes were twinkling like the stars. She bent down to level her face with the boy. “Hello,” she greeted, her blonde hair hanging above her shoulder smelled so sweet like blossoms in the wild.

“She’s more beautiful than my deceased mother. Is that why you wanted to marry her?” the young Mathew asked. He meant no harm by his question but in his father’s ears, it was complete rubbish and insensible thing to point out, especially in front of Lucretia.

“That’s enough Mathew. Whether you like it or not, I’ll have Lucretia as my wife.”

That stern voice coming from his father left a scar on Mathew’s young heart. He wasn’t against his father marrying another woman. Truth to be told, he liked Lucretia. Her pretty face and gentle smile, even her exceptional scent, he liked them all.

Time went by and Lucretia got pregnant. The black alpha needed to be away, fighting to unite the beast tribe and build a kingdom, leaving his dear wife alone with his son. Bernardo fought hard on the battlefield against the other beast tribe, for a sole reason; to dominate them all.

Spending every day with his father’s wife, Mathew got more fond of Lucretia. They spent hours talking in the garden, dined together, and sometimes, slept beside each other. The young boy’s affection grew deeper. Mathew thought of having the lady for himself since his father was away and couldn’t make her happy at all. With all his courage, he confessed to her.

“Lucretia, I love you! Would you marry me when I grow up?” His eyes were sparkling with an expectant look. The boy can’t wait to hear the woman’s response.

“Hahaha. By the time you grow up, I’d be old. You should look for someone younger and would better suit you,” Lucretia responded, taking the boy’s confession as a joke, but she gave him a piece of advice anyway. “Your father will be back soon. You can ask for his help to find a suitable bride for you someday.”

A few days later and the alpha was back, victorious. He was able to defeat the other alphas and convinced them to build a nation of their own. Not long after, Lucretia gave birth to a baby girl.

“The baby is cute but not as beautiful as you Lucretia,” Mathew muttered once when he was visiting their chamber. ‘You’re still the prettiest and I still want to marry you,’ he thought.

“Hmm…but she’s still a baby. You wouldn’t know until she grows up,” Lucretia remarked.

“All right then. Since you don’t want to marry me, I’ll find the most beautiful woman in the world and get her to marry me someday but I won’t marry this ugly bum!” Mathew stubbornly said. Lucretia just laughed and told him that siblings don’t marry.

It was a cold and quiet night when tragedy knocked on the palace door. His father had been killed together with his wife, Lucretia. Mathew along with e other alphas witnessed how the vampire with glowing silver eyes shoved his beloved to their ends, single-handed. They couldn't say they were lucky to be alive but rather, they felt offended when the vampire treated them as trash and let them live.

After that incident, Mathew did nothing but gathered forces to prepare for an all-out battle against the blood tribe. Years passed, and he grew up into a fine man.

His sister Azrene turned into a beautiful young lady too, just like what Lucretia said. He got several wives other than his mate but his love for Lucretia didn't fade. Mathew mourned for her death every night as his resentment against her murderer got stronger.

Until he heard the news about the current vampire lord, Sebastian, who had silver eyes and the strongest vampire living. With nothing but his sharpened hate, Mathew invaded the vampire lord's territory and there he saw someone he didn't expect, the most beautiful lady on earth.

The white alpha couldn't forget how he felt when he saw Latina for the first time. Lucretia's beauty was nothing compared to her. He was so certain to marry her thinking that she was just one of the vampire lord's women. However, his world crumbled when he found out that she was a vampire, just like the man who killed his family.

Mathew went on his feet and sniggered. He decided to take action than think back on what was in the past. "Latina, run as fast as you can but I'll get you back, no matter what price I have to pay." He felt the part of his neck that she bit with his finger. "Whether you're a goddess or some kind of demon, you'll be mine."

Chapter 38

"Umf!" Seth abruptly pressed his palm on his mouth when he emitted such sound. He held his breath almost an hour ago, and he couldn't afford to take a breath just yet.

'Damn, how long will this oldie stand there? I couldn't make a move and look for Latina if she's around,' he thought to himself.

Following the vampire lord's order, he headed to the east to find Latina. He was lucky to find them immediately when he arrived in the forest. There was no village around, and he kept on wondering where he could find the village that Sebastian spoke of. He was about to tag along with the ladies when they suddenly disappeared. Seth wasn't sure where they went, so he flew higher to get a better view, hoping to see them down below. His senses caught something dangerous approaching, and so he had to land his feet on a tree.

Seth dropped his jaw when he witnessed how the old woman finished off a pack of werewolves who emerged underground. He was busy looking for Latina that he didn't notice where the old woman came from. Her assaults were quick and almost invisible to the naked eye. Even Seth could hardly see it. If not for his senses linked in the air, he would think that she was using some sort of magic that only witches are capable of. That was when he remembered what Sebastian had told him. He was instructed to head to the east, and he would find a village of witches. After pondering for some time, Seth assumed that the village may be protected by witch's magic, disabling others to find it. More importantly, the old woman must be a witch. What scared him most was to be noticed by her. Seth was aware that witches weren't friendly with other races. He was left with no choice but to wait for the old hag to leave before taking his next move.

"I know it's hard not to breathe. Why don't you go down here and talk with me?"

The young knight choked on his saliva. 'Damn, she knew?' he said to himself. 'If I fight her….no, I'm not familiar with her strength at all.'

"So the vampires of this generation are stubborn too? Get down brat, I don't have any intention of killing you and have odds against your tribe.

"Hah!" Seth puffed as soon as he showed himself. He jumped on the ground and walked towards the old lady who smiled at him. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Hmph. You'll faint if I didn't call you out," she responded. Her sight shifted from top to bottom, observing him. "You're supposed to have a bright future ahead of you. But you forfeited your special card, the fate won't get easy on you."

"What do you mean?" Seth asked. He had an idea about what she said, and he hoped he was wrong about it.

“Your mate was marked by someone else. Do you know what will happen to you? You’ll have to live hundreds or maybe thousands of years before meeting your next other half. Who knows, maybe you’ll die of waiting. Haha!” the old lady said, expecting to see the boy’s angry face. To her surprise, he remained calm.

“I know,” Seth replied. “I’m not worried about it though. My concern is the blood tribe’s safety. As long as I’m alive, I’ll do what I can to help the tribe.”

Clap Clap Clap

“Excellent!” the witch exclaimed. “After a hundred years of waiting, a hero was finally born. But did you know? Heroes often die in battle,” she added. She was smiling but pain could be seen in her eyes. “Sometimes, one needs to be selfish to find happiness.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Seth muttered. “But I’m no hero. I’m just a loyal knight. If I choose to be selfish for my good, whatever I achieve later will lose its value.” He turned his back to leave, “You seemed to know a lot that you didn’t ask me why I’m initially here in the first place. I have to go,” he said.

“Wait a minute,” the old lady held his arm to stop him. “What you said intrigued me. If you don’t mind, let me give you this as a gift.” A ball of light appeared on her hand. “This magical ball will help you become stronger to face any obstacle in the future. Just remember one thing: Whatever your choice is, will affect the present events,” she said before handing her gift to the young knight.

Seth opened his eyes and was welcomed by the bright sunlight, he squinted and rubbed them. He looked around, he felt lighter. “Hello? Is anyone here?” he asked. It looked like he was still in the forest but it was already daytime, just a few minutes ago he was still conversing with the old witch.

“Where am I?” he asked, confused. “Didn’t that hag say it was a gift? Damn!”

“Hey!”

Turning his gaze to where the voice came from, he saw a lady wearing armor. Seth frowned, ‘When did the Vacil empire train a lady soldier?’ he thought.

“Who are you?” the lady asked. “Why are you in the forest? It’s dangerous here! Do you want to be eaten by beasts?”

“Are you talking to me?” Seth asked while pointing at his face. “Are you kidding? I could handle the beasts easily,” he added. His conceited face annoyed the lady.

“Oh really? Maybe you’re one of them,” the lady unsheathed her sword and charged forward. “You’re not even wearing anything in broad daylight! If you’re not a beast then you’re a pervert!” She swung her weapon and grinned when her blade slashed his skin.

“Ah!” Seth groaned in pain. He jumped back and pressed his wound. ‘It’s not healing,’ he panicked when he saw the wound bleed. ‘ Who is this woman? She even smells like Latina,’ he thought.

“You’re a vampire!” the lady shrieked when he saw how his wound bled and at the same time, burnt. “That’s impossible, she told me that they’re all in slumber. Why would a vampire appear now?” She shook her head while looking at him in disbelief. “Who are you?”

“Are you nuts? Why would a vampire be all in slumber, at least a dozen or few should remain to ensure a safe place until the true-blood wakes up.” Seth blabbered. Scanning his eyes on the lady, he could tell that she was not a vampire nor a human. “What are you?”

The lady looked away. “A Kiera,” she answered. “I don’t want to hurt any vampire, as an apology, follow me to my place. I have an antidote for your wound.”

Seth ignored what she said. A foreign word caught his attention. “Kiera…” he muttered.

“Uh. I mean a hunter,” the lady responded. “We need to hurry or else your cut will burn your whole body,” she reminded, taking off the cloth attached to her armor and throwing it on Seth’s exposed body.

The knight’s mouth left hanging when he realized he was naked. Not just that, he seemed to grow taller.

“Hurry up! I’ll answer your questions once we’re done with your wound,” the lady pulled his arm and led the way.

“How did you know I have questions?” he stupidly asked.

“It’s obvious, you’re a dumb vampire.”

Chapter 39

The dawn was approaching. The birds' tweeting made the leaves swerved livelier with the breeze. It was yet another day, the moon went in hiding and the sun was patiently waiting for its turn to show up, to shower the lands with its bright and warm light. This phenomenon happened almost every day, giving hope in everyone's life. However, there was a certain place where the sun couldn't reach. It remained cold and distant from the rest of the world. A place where for the most human who found it by chance, considered enchanted and dangerous since it was ruled by witches.

Latina knew that something was off when they were tracing the way that was said to be headed to the village the old lady had mentioned. After watching the old witch massacred the werewolf pack, they were told to carry on. Led by Sheila and, the young boy called Fred behind them, the journey was quiet and kind of suffocating. That was what Latina thought when she felt the heavy atmosphere as they got nearer to their destination. While it was hard for her to breathe, she learned that Azrene seemed to be fitted in. There have been changes to the girl's appearance as well. Just like how her hair color turned into quite an impressive glowing blonde. While inside her pair of orbs, a lush forest was reflected.

"Beautiful spheres," Latina gasped, she stopped on her track and held Azrene's face in place as she watched her. She couldn't get rid of her gaze from the girl's eyes. The others stood by and watched them.

"Oi, w-what are you doing?" Azrene asked, trying to move her head. Latina's expression was never seen before, it was almost she was looking at the most precious gem in the world. "Is something the matter?"

Latina blinked several times, she almost had the urge to gauge the girl's eyes, keep them in a glass jar to watch all day long. She wouldn't get tired of it. Thinking about how rich the woods could be with its thick grasses, trees, and various plants, Latina felt at ease by just looking at the refreshing green hues. Having a lovely face, she thought her brown eyes were nice but not excellent as Sebastian's silver orbs, Seth's ocean-like spheres, and Azrene's green iris.

"You look magnificent," Latina muttered in a daze. A soft chuckle brought back her senses. When she raised her head, she saw Sheila, giggling. "I... do I look funny?" she asked, blushing in embarrassment.

"Nah, it's just that you look too immersed," Sheila replied. She flicked her hair to the side and smiled at her. "You were fascinated by things that you don't even need just to look perfect. Well, there's no one to blame since you lived in the dark." Sheila heaved a sigh and continued to walk, "We're here, you'll get answers to your questions once we settled in," she said, looking at the thick vines and flowers in front.

"Uh..." Latina wanted to say something but words won't come out. She has a feeling that Sheila knows a thing or two about her dilemma. She smiled and nodded her head. "I have a lot to ask," she finally said, bending her body to fit on the small arc-like entrance made of wild roses. A village could be found on the other side. Houses were made of white stones with lamps and torches on their door. At the center of the village, a huge mansion stood, surrounded by glowing stones in different tints, it could be easily spotted.

"There were many answers. Your trip here won't be wasted," Sheila responded. "After all, we've been expecting you for decades, Blood Queen. The fact that you came with this young lady here," she walked towards Azrene and placed her hands on her shoulders. "...that's what we didn't expect."

‘Blood Queen?’ Latina asked herself. She tilted her head to her right when she felt a soft tugging of her hair. Her brows furrowed when she saw her subconscious shrank. It still took her form but was smaller than the first time she saw it. Looking at its size, it was the same as her thumb.

'What happened?' she asked inside her head. She watched her subconscious crawl from her shoulder down her arm. It settled on her palm by laying down, holding its chest with both hands.

'This place is rubbing off my strength. It's a mess inside your head, I can barely take a breather. Gosh, these witches know a lot!' it yelled.

'Oh...' Latina shrugged and faced Sheila who had been staring at her for a while.

"You don't seem surprised after I called you 'Blood Queen'. I wonder why?" Sheila asked, eyeing her intently. Latina didn't look away.

'Stupid Latina, don't challenge the witch if you don't even know how to wield your power yet!' Latina heard her subconscious roared but she ignored it.

"All right that's enough, intimate stares like that doesn't suit for ladies like you. Why don't we wait for the village chief in her mansion?" Fred said, disrupting them. Sheila looked down, pursing her lip. Latina saw the slight annoyance on her face."

"Yeah, why don't we get inside first?" Azrene agreed, pulling Latina's arm and dragged her.

They followed Fred to the mansion. No one dared to talk, even Sheila who always tried to lighten the mood kept her mouth shut. It was when they reached the front door, Latina felt extreme pain in her chest. She slumped on the ground as she pressed her hands on the most painful part. She had a whiff of a familiar scent and later on, it pervaded her nostrils. Having an urge to puke, Latina moved her hand on her throat with her mouth opened, forcing something out.

"Mwre delh vioa juu," Sheila murmured, raising a hand in the air. Her hair was glowing as she cast a spell on Latina.

"Latina! What's going on? What did you do to her?" Azrene asked, freaking out. Latina saw her worried face but couldn't utter a word. No one could if something is piercing in the heart.

"We're doing nothing. What she felt had nothing to do with us," Fred replied. "Sheila only pulled up her deepest secret in the depth of her heart. She did the same to you, but nothing happened. That means you're cleared." Fred darted his eyes on Latina, "Unless she proved her innocence, she'll remain haunted with her guilt. In return, once she overcomes the pain, a wish will be granted."

"No way..." Azrene fell on her knees. The thought of losing her only friend right after leaving the kingdom with her was unacceptable. "Is there a way to help her?"

"None, except herself. No one can help her out," the boy answered. "We'll just have to wait for the result. Besides, Sheila did it to help her. If someone with an unclear conscience enters the mansion, that person will be trapped in the abyss forever without salvation."

Azrene clenched her fists, she hated the fact that she couldn't do anything to help Latina. She could only watch her and hoped that she'd be fine.

"Blood," Latina whispered, saliva dripping off her rims. She arched her back in agony, kicking her legs in complete refusal. Latina saw herself being forced to drink blood. What's worst, she saw whose blood she was slurping. "Please... forgive me," she cried.

"It's okay. Drink as much as you want, Milady. Let me help you this time," a familiar voice responded. Latina closed her eyes, tears flowing down her cheeks. The pain she felt started to fade away until it was completely gone. Latina curled her body, a bitter smile appeared on her lips.

"I'm sorry, Marco." Her voice cracked as she sobbed.

"I can't believe it! She knew Marco," Fred exclaimed. He gritted his teeth only to be glared at by Sheila who went pale after hearing Latina's words. Astonishment was written all over her face.

"Latina," Azrene whispered, hugging herself.

"HA...HAHAHAHA!"

A loud evil laugh filled the village, giving cold creeps to everyone. Latina's voice was horrifying like almost a different person's. With her scarlet eyes and burning red hair, Latina was on fire. She turned to face Sheila who was petrified. "K-kill me," she begged while having a sinister smile.

Chapter 40

Terror consumed everyone's system when Latina stood high and proud in the middle of an inferno. The robe she wore was burnt into ciders, leaving her bare naked but it seemed not to harm her. Her scarlet eyes were glowing as if there were balls of fire inside them. The strands of her lengthy black hair were coated in the flame too. A shinning red stone on her chest began to break into pieces with the tremendous heat, turning it to dust, sparkling with fire. She was dazzling; with her goddess-like features, anyone would think she was one which fell from grace and was being penalized with the eternal flame. Even the witches and the men in the witch village who rushed in to check the commotion quivered in fear. If they didn't know about the death of the legendary flame fairy a hundred years ago, looking at Latina's appearance would make them believe that she was the fairy who had been long gone instead of the blood queen. The idea made them tremble more in panic, after all, it was the flame fairy who almost abolished all the witches centuries ago.

"STAY AWAY!"

The village chief's voice resounded, jerking her daughter Sheila away from the vampire lady. She was in the middle of presenting the young vampire knight her gift when unexpectedly she had an impulse to rushed back to the village after she felt an ominous force coming from a red Lhaphrite stone, a rare gemstone that could seal one's power. It turned out to be Latina losing her mind because of Sheila's spell, though deep inside, the old witch knew the actual reason why the fire spirits were attracted to Latina's presence.

"Vous di seuh vampyr axsi du, Delia hiu sevz," Delia, the village chief murmured. She raised her hands, calling forth the wind to cease the flames on Latina's body. A strong wind whirled around the vampire but was easily vaporized. "Seemed like it ticked her off," Delia said, squinting her eyes.

"You dared to attack me," Latina's mouth opened but the voice that came out wasn't hers, glaring at the old witch with her dead-shot eyes, she spread her arms while laughing hysterically. "Begone witches! I'll wipe you out from this world," a monstrous voice declared. It was neither a woman nor a man who was speaking. The flame grew stronger. Arching her body, Latina fell on her knees before her entirety was consumed by the brisk hell, leaving nothing, not even a speck of dust behind and the vampire lady was nowhere to be seen. Everything went back to how it used to be like nothing had happened.

"Latina! Latina!" Azrene cried, struggling in Fred's embrace. She would have joined her dear friend if the boy didn't pull her back and encircled her in his arms.

"Suoes divoi hifde tahr," Delia whispered, drawing a symbol using her blood on her fingertip she bit. "Suoes di vuer laqte," she continued. Blinding light flashed and the symbol took a form

of a phoenix. It flew around the mansion and halted in the spot where Latina strutted earlier. A portal emerged in the air. “If she’s lucky, she will be back,” Delia shrugged while looking at everyone’s face. She held her head, observing the mythical bird floating just above the portal.

“Mother,” Sheila’s voice was timid. She knew that casting a high-level spell without the older witch’s approval was dangerous, but she did it on her own accord. If Delia came a bit later, who knew what tragedy would befall in their village.

PAK

Sheila’s head swung to the right when Delia’s palm landed on her face. The pain was nothing compared to the trouble she caused. Sheila tried not to cry in front of others. Being the eldest daughter and the soon-to-be chieftain, she needed to endure it, especially when her mother was in the right.

“I thought I was clear enough when giving instructions,” Delia muttered, staring at her palm she used to slap her daughter. “One mistake was enough. I’m expecting you to make a wiser decision in the future. Anyway, we both learned something from this. ”

Sheila bowed her head as a response. She was afraid to speak a single word knowing that her voice will surely break. A warm, gentle, and light tap on the back made her raised her head. Her eyes were immediately filled with tears when she saw Fran’s worried yet soothing look. The boy smiled and hugged her shaking body.

“Latina,” Azrene mumbled. She walked towards Delia, joining her in watching the blazing phoenix. “What happened to her?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” the village head answered. “Perhaps no one knows. If she’s lucky then she’ll survive,” she added.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Everyone looked at each other's faces. With that familiar scream and, there was no doubt, it was Latina.

“Nobody here has any idea about what happened to her while she was gone out of sight. But as I’ve said before,” Delia paused and smiled at Azrene, “She will be back if she’s lucky.”

The phoenix flapped its wings faster, fanning the flames coming out from the portal until it was all extinguished. Soon after, the unconscious vampire fell out. The phoenix caught her and she landed on its back. Red flame sprouted from the ground and formed into a table. Latina remained unconscious when the phoenix gently placed her down on the flame alter.

“Latina!” Azrene exclaimed as she ran towards her friend. She stopped on her track when the phoenix glared at her and everyone else.

“Hahaha. That was very helpful,” Delia said. She started to chant some unfathomable words until the Phoenix disappeared.

“She’s unconscious,” Azrene pointed out when Delia examined the lady’s body.

“Hmm… this is the first time I saw someone alive after having the trial. There’s something wrong going on here,” the old witch said. “Bring her inside the mansion,” she ordered the people nearby. “We have her body but there’s a chance that it’s empty, she’s missing her soul. She might have sipped Marco’s blood thinking it was ordinary human blood which is not…”

“Wait!” Azrene butted in. “What will happen if we can’t get her soul back?”

“A body without a soul is nothing but a mere empty shell,” Sheila answered. “No one has ever survived the trial before, she’s the first. She’s physically here but…” she clasped her hands. “But someone else might occupy her body,” she continued.

“W-why is this happening?” the green-eyed girl whispered. Suddenly, she felt numb and cold.

“Because she drank Marco’s blood,” Delia responded. “He’s alive. The body buried several years ago was just one of his vessels. He will continue to live unless the curse has been lifted.”

Sheila wanted to ask more questions, but she decided to keep quiet. Delia’s words confused her. It was like a different tale from what she believed. She needed to be patient, and she would get the answers sooner.

“Stop dawdling and get moving!” Delia ordered.

They rushed Latina’s body inside and placed her on a comfortable bed. Delia ordered everyone to stay outside the room before she locked herself together with the unconscious lady.

“Now,” Delia started. She waved her hands and the candles inside the room were lit. The old witch couldn’t help but glare at the person who was already sitting on the bed. “What brings you here flame fairy?”

Chapter 41

When the heat burns and the cold freezes, even a soul won't stand to exist. If Delia, the snow guardian, and Agatha, the flame fairy understood how their strength worked, maybe, they could have eased the suffering of the soul trapped in the curse.

"Well, who would have thought that you'll turn into an ugly hag. The oh-so-great 'Ice Fairy', the wonderful 'Snow guardian', hah! In the end, you suffered more losses than I have," Agatha commented while inside Latina's body. She flipped Latina's hair like it was hers. "Latina grown to be a fine lady, having her body for a while made me reminisce the time when I was in my youthful days."

The room's temperature rapidly dropped, turning almost the entire room into ice. Almost but not everything since the part where Latina's body was comfortably sitting remained unaffected.

"Oh! I miss those days so much that I don't feel like returning this body to its owner anymore," Agatha continued, ignoring her frozen surroundings.

"Stop talking nonsense, Agatha! That body doesn't belong to you, give it back!" Delia exclaimed, causing the other to laugh.

"Look at you my dear sister aren't you supposed to be the calm and perfectly composed lady as you were before?" Agatha stood and walked a few steps forward. The ice melted and the room went back to normal. "Don't flaunt your petty ability in front of me," she grinned before setting the place on fire. "Oops, I forgot that this shabby mansion was made of Lhaphrite stones. Do you mind if I change their colors to red?" The flames didn't last and the walls turned red.

"I don't want to argue with you. Bring back Latina's soul or else we'll be doom…" Delia's voice came out softly.

"What? Are you afraid to break your promise to that man? He abandoned you when you fell from grace, lose your status, and was punished. You're no longer the ice fairy nor the snow guardian. Look at yourself Delia, you're nothing but an old witch." Agatha went back to sit on the bed, with arms and legs crossed, she glared. "You can't even call on spirits without your blood offering. How pathetic yet you still think about how to fulfill your promise? No matter what you do, he won't love you back."

"I know," Delia answered, standing still. "He won't love me, and he will never love you too. But that promise needs to be fulfilled no matter what. This is not just about my personal feelings, Agatha. This is all about the entire race."

The fire fairy laughed. "Who cares about other races? Vampires fed on blood, Beasts fed on flesh, Witches fed on emotions, fairies fed on memories, humans fed on anything edible to

their taste, and others fed on other races and sometimes with each other." Agatha made a disgusting face. "Do I look like I care?"

Delia flicked her fingers while murmuring a spell. A blizzard occurred for a moment. She was giggling when it dispersed a few seconds later. The old witch Delia was gone and the snow guardian Delia appeared.

"What the!" Agatha exclaimed when she saw her elder sister, the most favored in the fairy realm, the one she envied. "I thought you're already old and dying?!"

The witch snorted. "If you didn't see through my magic then I can't blame those who think you're not the best," Delia mocked. "I was banished from the fairy realm but my powers weren't taken away. If we analyze our punishment…yours was far worse than mine." She walked towards the flame fairy who started fuming. "You were imprisoned in the sacred cave, right? I wonder how you got out of that place?"

Agatha looked away. She knew she could never surpass her sister, not in beauty, knowledge, and even in power. Although the fire was said to be superior to other elements, she couldn't use it to the fullest as she wasn't skilled enough.

"My dear little sister, get out of that body and help me save that vampire. If you do as I say, I won't tell anyone that you sneaked out," Delia whispered. "If father knew about this, he might change his mind and decide to lock you up for eternity."

"Hah!" Agatha faced her sister with a smug face. "You think I would be scared of another punishment? I was enjoying my time inside the sacred cave until someone unlocked the seal. It wasn't my fault why I am outside right now!"

In Delia's eyes, looking at her sister who's acting complacent and mighty inside Latina's body is kind of funny but annoying at the same time. "How about I tell father that you bore grudges against the blood queen so you possessed her body?"

'This bitch!' Agatha yelled inside her mind. "First," she raised her index finger, "I only possessed this body since her soul isn't around yet." Agatha raised her another finger, "Second, for your information, I'm Latina's godmother. Even you won't tell me to help you get her soul back, I'll do it on my own. That's already been decided when I sneaked inside your petty village."

"Oh? I wonder how you sneaked inside the village. So, what's the third?" Delia asked. If there's someone who knew Agatha the most, that would be her. She could tell that her sister wanted to say more.

"Finally, Latina is beyond salvation. I'm afraid we can't do anything to save her," Agatha bowed her head. "The red Lhaphrite that suppressed Latina's power was broken. Even if it's not, her power is bound to awaken. I think this is not the first time she went berserk while craving for blood," she added.

The snow guardian raised her brow. “The Lhaphrite stone was broken because of your fire. If we could go to the spirit world and find her soul before it completely vanishes, we might be able to save her.”

“It wasn’t my fire at all. I came and took Latina’s body when the phoenix left,” Agatha explained. She beamed at her sister when an idea popped into her head. “We’re not allowed to enter the spirit world anymore. Besides, we can’t be sure if we can find her soul there. It might be somewhere else. But we could try doing something to save her, I guess we could give it a shot.”

“What is it?”

Agatha’s lips curled up. She loved the sight of Delia asking her what to do. It boosted her confidence in an instant. “Latina’s memories have been altered. When I came to find her after doing some business somewhere else, she could no longer see me. My existence was somewhat removed from her brain. We can’t guide her soul back to her body, but we can give her back her memories,” she explained. “Once she recalls everything, she could decide for herself whether to live or to perish. Only if the soul yearns for its body will it find its way back.” Agatha would have already jumped in joy after seeing her sister’s relieved expression due to her brilliant idea, but she couldn’t. Not when Latina’s life was in danger.

“That’s excellent. I can help her get back her memories,” Delia muttered. “We can’t just save Latina but at the same time, fulfilled our promise to him.”

“The problem is,” Agatha heaved a sigh. “If Latina chooses to live, there’s no guarantee that she will be the same.”

The sisters went quiet. They knew the risks. Helping the blood queen regain her memories means death to everyone who went against her, be it the vampires or other races.

The prophecy that the first vampire king told them about had already started to fill the puzzle. Delia was the ice fairy and the fairy queen-to-be when she met Calix, a true-blood vampire and the origin of the blood tribe. It happened before the other vampires existed. She fell in love with him secretly. Hiding her passion for the man, Delia devoted herself to him. The lovely fairy was about to confess her feelings when Calix mentioned leaving the fairy realm to interact with other races. The thought of being away from the one she loved caused her heartache, so she decided to let him know at least.

Fate was indeed stronger than Delia’s determination when her younger sister Agatha confessed in public, announcing her feelings for Calix throughout the fairy realm. What happened after was a total disaster causing both of them to be punished. Later on, they found out the truth about Calix’s true identity. They had no idea that he was a blood demon. After finding out, Delia continued to love him but Agatha regretted her action. It turned out that she wasn’t truly in love with him. She only wanted to have what her sister desired.

“Ugh!”

Delia went back to reality when Agatha groaned. She felt her hair standing up when she saw her sister's soul being pulled out by an unknown force from Latina's body.

"Ah! What's going on?" Agatha managed to ask, struggling to stay inside the body.

"Y-you should get out from that body Agatha! I-I think the owner is back," Delia muttered. She wasn't certain about it but that was the only explanation she could give.

"WHAT? We haven't helped her yet with her memories!"

Chapter 42

Latina opened her eyes. It was dark. She felt the familiar emotion swelling inside her. Fear. Everything was black, no colors, no lights, it was fearsome and empty.

'Where am I?' she asked herself. She tried to speak but words wouldn't come out, she could only think what she wished to say.

A freezing hot air touched her. It seeped through directly to her soul like she no longer had her flesh where she usually felt the pain first. The heat and the cold were inflicting her, simultaneously. It was painful, extremely painful. Latina wanted to cry in misery but then again, nothing came out of her mouth. She shifted her hands around, striving to grab something to hold on to. Sadly, there was none in nothingness.

The last thing she remembered was when they were heading to the village chief's mansion. After that, she doesn't recall anything.

'Hmp! I always remind you what to do but you kept ignoring me!'

Latina's eyes sparkled when she heard the familiar voice in her head. 'Where are you? Show yourself, I need to see even a little light. I can't breathe in this dark place,' Latina responded. She waited for her subconscious to show up in its usual form hoping that its glow will loosen the tightening feeling in her chest.

'I wish I could!'

'Then? Can't you appear for once? I'm going crazy. I can't breathe, no, I don't want to die yet!' Latina shrieked inside her head. Her subconscious was startled that it fainted for a while. It scratched its head a few moments later while thinking about the best solution that could help the lady.

'Aish, don't scream like that. We'll both die if you panic.'

The lady nodded her head as a response to her subconscious. She never really appreciated it before but now she was glad that she had it.

'Good girl,' her subconscious said. 'Well, I have all the information you need. I could give all these to you but you might get a shock if you'll have it all at the same time.'

'What do you mean?' Latina asked.

'If you remember where you left your body, you can get out of this place and simply return to it. I'm only worried about one thing, to retrieve that information, you have to remember everything from the beginning and it will take some time. Also, you might find some memories that don't belong to you.'

'It doesn't matter!' the lady responded. If it means leaving the dark forsaken place, she will do everything. 'I don't want to stay here. I want to go back. I don't care about the answers I need to find anymore. All I want is to get out of this place and be with Sebastian!' Latina stopped thinking for a bit. Her chest got tighter, and she felt a sharp pain piercing the depths of her soul. 'Sebastian…the name sounded so familiar…but who is he?' she asked herself confused. She was sure that she knew the guy but when she thought about it, her memories were scrambled.

'This is bad. We need to hurry!' her subconscious wailed.

'Um,' Latina nodded.

'I'm sorry but this is a bit painful.' She heard her subconscious say before she wandered to a place where everything started.

Like a movie played in front of her, Latina saw the people she had long forgotten. She braced herself as she watched the scene. A familiar warmth wrapped her almost broken soul as the play went on.

"Brother!" A beautiful girl wearing a fancy dress was crying while running towards her elder brother who was reading a book under the shed of a huge tree.

The young man closed his book and opened his arms wide to welcome his younger sister. He couldn't hide the smile on his lips despite the girl crying before him. "Hush, what happened?" he asked gently, stroking the girl's hair who snuggled on his chest, wiping her tears and snots. He doesn't mind it all anyway if it was for his beloved sister, getting his shirt dirty was nothing compared to have her cry all day.

"Hmp! Mother said I should behave at tonight's party. Brother, I don't want to behave! Waaaah!" the girl whined. Her beautiful brown orbs were drowning in tears as she shook her head furiously, looking at her brother's handsome face.

"Mm… Mother was right. There's nothing wrong about behaving, especially in front of other people," the young man said. He wiped her tears and smiled at her, "Stop crying, alright?"

"No!" the girl raised her voice and hugged her brother tightly. "She said I should behave so that I could find a suitable husband. Brother, I don't want to marry anyone else except you."

A sad smile was painted on the young man's face. He said nothing but his eyes revealed the truth, even he wanted to marry his sister.

Latina put a hand on her mouth, couldn't believe what she witnessed. She doesn't remember those faces but her heart ached for their forbidden love. A loud cry caught Latina's attention. She hugged herself as she continued to watch the next scene.

The rain was pouring heavily outside but the loud cry coming from inside the huge mansion could still be heard. The previously young girl grew up. Wearing a more lady-like dress and

some accessories, her appearance was nothing to be compared to the young girl she was before, though she seemed to love crying a lot.

There were no people around other than her older brother who turned into a fine man. He got a nicer body too. His lips were sealed while comforting his sister with a hug. On top of the table ahead were urns of their parents' ashes who were murdered. They hugged each other knowing that from then on, it will only be the two of them.

Latina unconsciously shed a tear. She understood the concept of a 'parent' but she couldn't grasp the meaning of it.

'Do you still want to continue?' her subconscious confirmed.

'Yes. Show me everything!' Latina replied bravely. Somehow, she had this urge to continue. Something was telling her that everything will be fine after all these. Her tears dried out when the next scene was played.

It was the siblings, whispering sweet and comforting words to each other as they burn their naked bodies in the passionate flame and became one. They looked more mature than before. The man carefully kissed the woman underneath him. Happiness and guilt were both visible in their eyes.

Chapter 43

The inside of the sacred cave was dark and cold and empty. As the people outside began to chant a spell in order to seal the only entrance and exit of the cave, a song of despair could be heard. The voice of the singer was mellow and soft, empathizing with the family of three who was locked inside.

The woman with long, black, shiny hair had a pretty face and soft skin. Her slender body was covered by a red piece of cloth and nothing else. There were no scars left on her skin but traces of blood could be seen. Her voice was sweet and warm, calling out the girl's name in the man's embrace, "Latina," she spoke and, with loving scarlet eyes, she kissed the girl's forehead.

The man with a jet-black, straight hair, few strands covering his face had a rather similar face as the woman beside him. A man's version to be precise and even others could easily tell that they're siblings. Some may even think that they were twins. He had a fine built, like a woman, his body was wrapped only by a red cloth. He pulled the woman closer to him, hugging the two most important people in his life. "It's alright. Everything will be alright," he whispered.

A five-year-old girl tightly gripped her father's arm, nuzzling her head on his chest while holding on to her mother's arm with her tiny hands. She was scared of the dark, but she didn't want to complain about it since she knew, that her loving parents will stay by her side.

The song of despair started to reach its climax. The singer's once mellow and soft voice began to raise its pitch, like a diva in the middle of nowhere she appeared, the red flame fairy who guards the sacred cave. After she finished her desperate piece, she asked, "Why were you punished?" and the man answered, "I sinned. I fell in love with my sister."

"I see," the red flame fairy nodded her head. "What about you?" she asked the woman who was leaning her head against the man's chest. "I sinned. I fell in love with my brother." The red flame fairy crossed her fingers, the love between the two was real but wasn't right.

"How about the little girl?" the red flame fairy asked again, looking at the girl, "Tell me, why were you punished?"

The little girl stared at the red flame fairy, instead of answering, she asked, "Why would my parents suffer because of me?" Her voice was trembling and the red flame fairy knew that the girl was in pain.

"Latina," the sweet voice of her mother somehow soothed the pain. "Don't be afraid, we will protect you." Little Latina nodded her head. "That's our little girl," her father said, rubbing her back.

Watching the family's bond, the red flame fairy decided, "I'll watch over you until the end. I want to know the power of your love."

Time goes by, the little girl got used to the dark. Although she could occasionally see the shades of red wrapped around her parent's and the red flaming body of the red flame fairy, she was contented seeing something else but black.

It was a night of full-moon, Latina went uncontrollable. She felt a strong force pulling her out from the cave but the only way out was sealed with a spell and, the longer she endured the pain, the lesser she became who she wanted her to be. She felt an overbearing thirst she hadn't experience before.

"Latina, drink my blood," she heard her father say, and she refused without thinking twice.

"No," shaking her head, she pushed her father away from her.

"Latina, how about Mom's blood?" her mother offered, pulling the red cloth away, showing her neck in the dark. Latina was surprised to see it clearly, she thought that it must be because she got used to the dark.

"No," she refused once again and turned her back from her mother.

"Latina, our life would be meaningless if you won't survive. We were born to drink blood and other than me and your mother, no one can give you what you need." The voice of her father lingered in her mind, she shook her head and kicked her legs.

"Latina, everything will be fine. You can have as much as you want," her mother continued.

"Will it hurt you?" the little girl asked, concerned. She smiled while nodding her head when her parents said 'no'.

Everything went silent. Nobody dared to make a sound when Latina finally gave in on her desire.

That night, she devoured her parents. Her loving parents managed to smile while their little girl sucked their blood to death.

They may be known as the strongest siblings among the vampire race. The most powerful immortals but, they died just to provide what their love desires.

"So this is how you wanted to end your love?" the red flame fairy asked but the couple won't be able to answer anymore.

"Nooooo!"

The fairy quietly watched as the girl mourned her parent's death. Hugging the red clothes they used to wear as they turned into ashes, Latina started to feel scared. She tried to kill herself many times, her blood filled the cracks inside the cave yet, she remained alive. That was the time when she realized, the blood within her was once her parents'. Lonely and hopeless, she curled her body and closed her eyes. Latina chose to sleep for life than to be alone and awake in the dark.

And so she slept…

Until one fateful day, after a hundred years in slumber, someone came to wake her up.

“Rise and shine,” the man said with a smiling face. His smile was blinding. Latina saw colors for the first time in her life. She locked her eyes on him, waiting for his next move. Her ears perked when he spoke to her again.

“My name is Sebastian.”

Chapter 44

The once dark cave turned bright, letting the sunshine in. An entrance appeared before Latina, she was rendered speechless.

“Your prince came to save you,” the red flame fairy said, floating in the remaining dark corner. “Go and live your life the way you wanted it to be. Leave this place and find your colors.”

Latina turned her gaze to the man who appeared. “Why did you came?”

“Because you’re here,” Sebastian answered. He took off his coat and used it to cover the lady’s naked body then, offered his hand. “Do you want to go with me? I’ll show you the world.”

His words etched on Latina’s heart and mind. She never thought of getting out of the cave nor to continue living. But Sebastian changed her mind by simply offering his hand. Latina nodded and accepted the offer.

Sebastian carried her out of the cave and gently put her down inside the carriage. They traveled for days and Latina had several nights of better sleep in Sebastian’s arms. While on the way, Sebastian showed the beautiful things she had never seen; the blue skies, green forest and grassland, orchards, flower gardens, rivers, and falls, colorful lanterns and so much more. From then on, she believed that the world wasn’t bleak There were a lot of other colors too, not just read. Latina was happy, so happy to even think about the man’s intention.

Until they arrived in the empire, in the middle of the night when the crescent moon was smiling from above. Latina was horrified when a group of knights dragged her away from Sebastian and shackled her. She was helpless and betrayed when Sebastian did nothing but watch her being taken.

“What are you doing?” she asked him but Sebastian quietly stood still.

It was a night of terror. Latina was imprisoned, with her inside, were a bunch of unconscious bodies. They have several wounds and they bled tremendously. The place was stingy, cold, and dark. It was almost the same as the place she came from. Latina felt her throat getting dry with the sight of blood, reminiscing back in time when she killed her parents by sucking off their blood.

“Don’t hold it in,” Sebastian’s voice echoed. “You can devour all of them.”

“No,” Latina shook her head, “Let me out, I can’t stand the smell and sight of blood!”

Sebastian stared at her coldly. He faced his back at her and laugh, “I don’t understand why you refuse to drink human blood. I was expecting you to be starving inside the sacred cave. Now tell me, why were you in the sacred cave in the first place?”

Latina could hear what he said, but she could not comprehend. 'He betrayed you,' she heard a voice inside her head, say. 'Sooner, he'll dispose of you. You should escape,' the voice continued.

'How?' Latina asked herself.

A lady popped out of nowhere. She looked exactly like her, but she's covered in red cloth. The same cloth that her mother used to cover herself.

'There are many ways out. You just have to be brave, remember… you're powerful than you imagined,' the lady answered and danced in front of her. 'Sebastian won't see nor hear me. I live inside your head, you are me, and I am you. So don't think that you're alone.'

Latina clenched her fist, "I don't want to be locked up again. I want to see the world."

'Right!' her subconscious agreed.

"I WANT TO BE FREE!" Latina screamed at the top of the lungs. The brick walls crumbled and the earth cracked, alarming the guards around. Latina took this chance to got out of the prison, led by her subconscious. She glanced at Sebastian before she finally escaped. His glowing eyes met hers, and she felt that something wasn't right.

"Don't let her escape!"

"Ah!" Latina hissed in pain when she held on to a sharp object, piercing her hand.

The vampire knights scattered to seize her, but she was fast enough to flee. Latina ran endlessly to nowhere. Anywhere would be fine as long as they won't catch her. She wanted to cry for help, but she chose not to since she can no longer trust anybody. She reached the thick forest when she started to feel dizzy. The lady crawled desperately, not wanting to give up.

'Don't give up!' her subconscious screamed. She didn't want to, but she was tired and hurt.

Latina looked at her hand, there's a lot of blood. She wiped the blood away but the bleeding won't stop. Her world started to spin. She went dizzy.

'Why don't you drink your blood? You still have to escape!' her subconscious suggested.

Latina was too weak to argue with herself. Desperate, she moved her wounded hand to her mouth, shutting her eyes, she licked the wasted blood on her palm. It was not much, but she was able to regain some strength. The problem was, her head wouldn't stop spinning, it only got worse.

The lady tried to get up and walked further only to stumble after a few steps. She crawled again to find a place to hide until she felt better. Little did she knew, she was under Sebastian's spell. When she woke up the next morning, a familiar scene was repeated.

"Rise and shine," a smiling Sebastian greeted her. "Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked.

“I… I’m fine,” Latina answered, confused. She felt that something was off but couldn't put a finger on it. Her eyes met with the man's and she felt her heart skipped a beat. At the same time, a wringing pain appeared insider her chest. However, the bright smile on the man's face made her endure the uncomfortable feeling.

“That’s great to hear. My name is Sebastian, what about you?”

'Sebastian,' she said to herself. The name sounded nice, a befitting word to call someone who cared for such a stranger like herself. His presence gave light to her dark world, and right there she thought she should stay by his side.

Chapter 45

The confusion in Latina's face was swept away. Looking at the man's face lightened by the sun rays, as if focused by the spotlight, she knew he was her savior. She awkwardly stretched her lips, trying to copy what she visualized since she saw that warm and sweet curl on his lips. Latina thought it was fascinating and the man deserved to be addressed in the same way.

"Heh." A small sound escaped her mouth when she forced her lips to curve the way she wanted it to be while showing her teeth. She looked silly.

"Here," the man extended his hand which she gladly accepted. He tugged her up from the ground.

Latina beamed, foolishly. She initially wanted to smile kindly but her muscles were stiff. "Sebastian," she mumbled his name. With her brows creased, she tried to comprehend something out of that nine-letter word. The sound of his name was familiar that she could feel a twinge in her chest and a hint of tingling sensation creeping in at the same time. "Uh…" she exhaled when she grew tired of trying to decipher the bizarre feeling.

"Are you done?" Sebastian asked her. The amused smile never leaving his face.

"Done? With what?" the ever-confused lady asked. She didn't understand what he meant by his question.

Sebastian let out a soft chuckle. He smiled widely as he tucked her hair to the side, revealing her dirty face. "You've been staring at me for a while now. I was asking if you were done, so we could go and clean you up." He bent down and whispered to her ears, "If you want to look at me more, we can stay for a few minutes."

The cold mist in the morning was nothing against the feverish excitement that Latina felt. Her face went redder when her skin reacted to the warm sensation brought by his gentle breathing on her neck. Their faces were too close. The friction between their skin went intense when Sebastian brushed his cheek on hers. Like a bolt of lightning hitting her, Latina felt electrified. The spark started on her cheek which Sebastian fondled down her every nerve. It was her thing between her thighs that had the most impact. She only needed to draw her hand down to that part to verify her suspicion. Although she could tell without touching, it was getting wet down there.

"Hmf…"

"What's wrong?" Sebastian pulled away when she grunted and cupped her face. "You're blushing," he commented. He knew why, and he couldn't help but enjoy the sight of her. "Let's get out of here first and talk about the details later," he continued when she said nothing.

Dark marble stone walls, well-furnished concrete floors, and hard-wood furniture inside made the lone mansion in the middle of the forest looked cozier yet a bit of liveliness was still necessary. Sebastian pushed the door closed when she entered. Her eyes roamed around, appreciating each corner of the house.

“I live by myself and there’s a lot of spare rooms. You can pick one to use,” he said while resting his back on the soft cushion. “Oh yeah, I’ll show you the bathroom.” He stood and gestured her to follow him.

Latina bobbed her head and walked behind him. She was glad that he treated her well, but she couldn’t stop doubting his actions. First, he helped her without asking anything about what happened to her. Then he guided her to his mansion when she hadn’t even introduced herself yet.

“Here it is,” Sebastian halted in front of a white-painted door. “You can clean yourself inside and as for your change of clothes,” he scratched his nape while looking elsewhere. “I haven’t prepared any female clothes. You can use a robe in the meantime. What do you think?” He turned his gaze at her.

She nodded her head mindlessly. For her mind was still filled with thoughts about the man’s kindness, her suspicions were subsiding. It was a strange feeling that she never felt before. Just like how she felt something wet flowing out from down below earlier when they made a contact. Sebastian was undoubtedly giving her an irresistible warmth that she yearned for who knows since when. It felt like a once in a lifetime opportunity, and she didn’t want to miss it. With a small smile, she faced him and locked her eyes on his. “Latina,” she muttered her name, hoping that he understood what she meant.

Sebastian was clueless for a while, but he smiled when he understood what she was saying. “Nice meeting you, Latina.” His smile was as bright as the rising sun, making her brims spread wider. That moment, her smile looked more natural, and she wasn’t aware of it.

The scent of herbs mixed with floral essence pervaded the entire bathroom. Latina was joyfully soaking in the tub while washing her hair. She didn’t remember taking a bath in her life though she ended up laughing it off when she realized that she doesn’t remember anything in the first place. Her eyes were gleaming as she scrubbed her skin using a piece of dried and cut up loofah. She felt satisfied as she rinsed her body, washing away the dirt on her. When she checked on her wounds, her jaw almost dropped after finding nothing. There were no scars or scratches left.

“Were they healed?” she asked. She got off the tub and walked towards the large rectangular glass on the side. Latina was amazed when she saw herself, Nah, her reflection on it. Slowly, she raised a hand to feel its smooth texture. “I can see myself from this thing,” she murmured, wiping the mirror with her hand.

“Are you done?”

She abruptly held her hand back when she heard Sebastian calling from the other side of the door. He knocked three times before calling her again. “All right, take your time,” was what he said before she heard fading footsteps.

Latina bit her lips when she felt her face burning for the second time since she met him in the woods. She pinched her cheeks when she saw how red they were in the mirror. “Ah, this feels so nice.” Humming a random melody, she pulled the robe hanging on the side and put it on.

The sweet aroma of a strawberry jam, filled her nose the moment she stepped inside the dining hall. There, she saw the handsome man with his tender smile, sitting with his legs bridged while waiting for her. His sexy silver-gray orbs were staring at her as she went closer to have a seat. It was At that moment when she realized she had to watch for her step.

“Aw,” she groaned in pain when she tripped. Her chin fell on the chair that made her bite her tongue to bleed.

Sebastian was aware of what he's supposed to do, but he laughed his ass first before helping her up. “Come on, I made something tastier than this wooden chair,” he smirked.

She was supposed to feel embarrassed, but she didn’t. Instead, she felt more welcome in the house. It may just be the two of them but Latina thought anywhere feels like home as long as she was beside him. Only his warmth could melt her frozen caged soul and awaken her sleeping heart in the dark.

Chapter 46

After a month of staying in Sebastian's mansion, Latina felt more protected. Her wandering thoughts were easily settled by the man's kind words, giving her no chance to worry about little things every single day thus she could sleep with ease at night, peacefully, as she knew she could trust him. She learned to do household chores and tasted a lot of nice foods and drinks. Sebastian would always give her what she needed under one condition; she had to stay inside and never go outside unless he said so. Latina submissively obliged. She doesn't have anywhere else to go anyway.

The relationship between the two grew stronger, deeper, and more passionate. As a lady, Latina would be lying if she would think Sebastian was not a good catch. The man almost had everything. His well-defined facial features and toned body can make the ladies swoon over him. Well, if he doesn't scowl right on their faces, would be better. Having an enormous place for himself was extravagant, that was what Latina thought when she confirmed that Sebastian was living alone. Even those who were working for him weren't allowed to stay. She assumed that she was special for having the opportunity to talk to him without the need of bowing her head and staying with him was one thing she loved the most.

"You're so beautiful," Sebastian said while they were both sitting on the soft cushion in the living room, watching the fire burning the logs she stacked earlier in the fireplace. Latina smiled, appreciating the compliment. She snuggled closer to him which made the man smile. He wrapped his arm around her waist as she laid her head on his chest to sleep. How ironic it was when two cold-blooded demons rubbed their skins against each other to produce warmth and protect themselves from the extremely low temperature seeping through their bodies. Sebastian shook his head when he realized what he did to her. He was the one who altered her memories. The idea wouldn't be probably ironic for the lady who thought of herself as some ordinary mortal.

The night was young and cold. It was not long after the sun had set when the chilly breeze had rampaged outside. The sweet fragrance coming from the garden scattered in the wind. Wild animals inhabiting the western woods were busy running for their safety. Heavy rain was expected that very night yet, Sebastian seemed not to mind it at all. After all, he had his plan ready.

Latina gradually opened her eyes when she felt the warm touches on her skin. Her pale face turned red when she realized what it was. She found Sebastian's wet lips smacking her cheeks down to her neck. "Mm…" she moaned when she felt his breath fanning her. She hissed in disappointment when the tickling sensation was gone, earning a chuckle from him.

"Dissatisfied?" Sebastian asked her when he pulled away from his face. She puffed her cheeks with her brows furrowed. He was like that every time. Doing things that blown her mind,

sweeping the black ink covering her world, and painting it with bright colors. Latina's young heart was easily captivated.

“Mn,” she nodded her head while biting her lip. It wasn’t the first time Sebastian cuddled her. He occasionally held her hand, brushed her hair with his fingers, caressed her face, kissed her forehead, and most of the time hugged her from the back. Even so, Sebastian hadn’t kissed her on the lips which she wished for since she thought it was more intimate. He could tempt her by simply chewing on his food whenever they’re having a meal together. And she had to try harder not to get swayed by his tactics.

A quick view of the ceiling flashed before Latina’s eyes when she was swiftly pressed down on the sofa. She didn’t have time to ask anything about what was going on instead, she started to palpitate when Sebastian enclosed her between his arms. Their gazes met, a pair of blinding silver-gray eyes dominating a couple of glowing light brown orbs underneath.

“Will you stop me?” Sebastian’s voice was rough and dry, almost inaudible, but he whispered those words on her ears. There was no way for her to ignore the question with that extensively domineering and seductive tone. He rubbed the tip of their noses, waiting for her response as he observed her reactions. Latina closed her eyes and pulled a smile.

“Will you allow me to stop you?” she asked and slowly, she opened her eyes filled with burning thirst and cravings. Something she tried to hide ever since it started to build up inside her. She was cautious not to spill the beans, oppressing the want she had for him even it means that she had to play tough. But everything crumbled with just one simple question from him. Sebastian’s words were packed with bombs, giving her hints that he’d soon explode, and he wanted to do it with her, inside her to be specific.

She may be pure and was innocent until she laid her eyes on him for the first time she thought she had. The dull innocence of her world was coated with endless colors he spilled, and she was hoping he’d pour them sooner rather than sprinkling some.

The man smirked at her reply. He moved closer without looking away. His gaze was enough to arouse her. Slowly, he leaned down while holding his breath until their lips met. Latina unconsciously parted her lips when Sebastian kissed him gently, brushing their wet rims against each other softly, moving in a delicate synchronization, like a smooth feather caressing her lips. No clashing of teeth nor battling of tongues. Just sweet honey smooches for their very first kiss. Latina’s body trembled as the sharp bolt of electricity entered her body, invading her veins, sending a shock to every part of her entirety. Sebastian was alarmed. He could feel it, she wanted more than just the kiss. Latina’s earnest response fueled the fire he started.

Unconsciously, they both strip each other. As their bodies ruled over by the kindling temperature couldn’t take the heat. Latina was prepared to offer everything she had; her heart, soul, and body, for she was willing to surrender her all for him. The man who gave her warmth, painted her world with colors to brush away her despair and, the first person who

offered his hand to her. His words were always sweet and caring. There was no way she would doubt him anymore. However, she missed something important. She fell in love at the right time but may not be in the right person.

Chapter 47

The wind blew stronger, pushing the window open, letting the cold breeze inside the mansion. The creaking sound of the trees outside could be heard. It sounded dangerous as anytime the tree branches may fall. Although some were already lying on the ground, uprooted. It was unusual for a storm to come in the middle of summer and it mostly scared the people in the kingdom but Latina felt secured in Sebastian's arms that she paid no mind to trivial matters. The important thing for her was to be with Sebastian all night, cuddling with him. His kisses could wipe away all her worries, which included her sanity.

Latina raised her hands above her head in complete surrender. Sebastian pulled away from the kiss to admire her once again. She watched him watch her body. Her cheeks reddened when he sketched her naked frame with his passionate gaze, swooning over her. Sebastian lifted her chin with his gentle fingers, drawing her lower lip downwards with his thumb without looking away from the pretty needy expression painted on her face. Latina wished to peep at his shining spheres guarded by his thick lashes, but she couldn't resist the drowsiness she felt. She closed her eyes and focused her senses on his touch.

With Sebastian's butterfly kisses, Latina couldn't help but toss her head back. She found her hands clutching on the sofa covers as he continued to wipe her skin with his lips and tongue. She was drowning in bliss with him on top of her, worshiping her yet to be tainted flesh in a way she didn't imagine before. It was overwhelming that she was afraid to open her eyes to find out it was all a dream. Her selfish longing took over her mind. The suffocation she once felt whenever she tried to hold her breath, forcing herself to keep her feelings in check, was nowhere in her system anymore. Latina never thought that letting her emotions ran wild would set her free. She had never been overjoyed.

"Wrap your arms around my neck, Sweetheart," Sebastian whispered and guided her hands around his nape before pulling himself up, dragging Latina who's clinging onto him. "Hold tight," he added and scooped Latina's bottom with his palms to carry her. Sebastian stood up, leaving some of their clothes scattered on the floor. He stepped to his room with Latina in his arms, still closing her eyes. "Here we are," he said, pushing the door to the master's bedroom.

Latina opened her eyes slowly when she inhaled a strong woody scent with a whiff of blood. She jerked her face a few inches away from Sebastian's neck and realized that the man was pursing his lips to bleed. Her sight darkened, turning everything she saw red. The sight caused her to feel a prick in her chest while a heavy guilty feeling suddenly occupied her mind completely. The soft bed cushioned her back when Sebastian laid her down, but she remained lost in her thoughts. Sebastian was unhappy about it, he gripped her wrists as he climbed on top of her.

“Look at me,” he breathed, rubbing their foreheads. He moved away to open his eyes and glanced at the lady who finally went back to reality.

“It's glowing,” Latina muttered, staring blankly at the droplets of blood from Sebastian’s lips. She pulled her hand away from his grip and traced her fingers to his mouth, wiping the small amount of red fluid flowing out from his wounded rims. “It smells so good,” she commented, sucking the tip of her fingers with blood. “It tasted great,” she added.

Sebastian yanked her hand away from her mouth. What Latina did turned him on, but he had another plan. Kicking the pillows off the bed, nothing was left but the two of them on top of the white sheet, he smirked at the view. A fair goddess, with her sparkling brown iris, flushed cheeks, messy long black hair, reddish lips, plump breasts wobbling as she breathed, curvy waist, round hips, her body wrapped with soft and smooth skin, laying down underneath him. All he did was to stare at her figure, ready to get sullied anytime and Sebastian felt his member waking up. He hovered over her and dived his lips on hers. It was harsh and dominating, unlike the first time.

Breathless. That was exactly what Latina felt when Sebastian leave her no choice but to obediently submit to his kisses. She found his head and grabbed his hair. His tongue invaded her cavity while his hands pulled down her underwear, completely exposing her. Sebastian's lips veered away to her chin, leaving sweet feathery kisses, striding forward to her jaw, tracing its line with his tongue. “Mmm,” she moaned.

“Behave, sweetie,” Sebastian told her when she subconsciously pushed his face away as she flung her head to the side due to the tickling feeling. “I’ll reward you if you behave,” he added before burying his face on her neck. He sniffed the sweet scent coming from the gushing blood on her veins. Latina bit her lips when he licked her neck down to her collarbones while cupping her bosom.

“Arrh!” she grunted when his mouth settled on one of her breasts. She curled her toes when he clapped his teeth on her hardened nipple while the other was entertained by his thumb and index finger. The excitement she felt rising. Latina pulled his hair harder while pressing her thighs together. She felt as if something was about to pop inside her.

“Spread your legs, sweetie…” he ordered before turning to her other breast to suck her pinkish crown. Latina hesitated, she wasn’t sure what will happen once she spread her legs. “Spread them,” he repeated, gliding his left hand on her stomach down her v-line. He tried to reach for her entrance to play with it but her legs are tightly pressed.

“Sweetie,” he called. His tone was like when asking for permission. Latina sighed and dragged her legs apart making him smile. Sebastian bent down to kiss her lips, and she kissed him back. She was enjoying their tongues fighting for dominance when he spread her legs even wider using his knees. Latina was caught off guard with the strength he used to expose her thing. She

felt the icy air cooling her wet part. And just like that, she lost the battle over whose tongue should be invading whose.

"Ugh…" she groaned. His hand squeezed her clitoris. The sensation was new to her. It was bearable and nice at the same time.

"Shh, there's more to this sweetie," Sebastian informed her after pulling away from the kiss. He pecked on her lips once and crawled down to her thighs. Latina's eyes widen when she saw him held both of her legs, raising them, licking the back of her legs and thighs. She parted her lips when Sebastian bit her firm ass. His lips landed on its final destination, her moist vagina. He circled his tongue as he wiped her juices off her. "Delicious," he muttered.

"Ah~" Latina moaned in pleasure when Sebastian pried her hole with the tip of his tongue. He brought up his head only to find her in anticipation. She saw how his forehead creased when he realized she was a virgin. The fact made his thing gone wilder. It went harder and bigger than he expected. And Latina was well-aware of it. It wasn't like she hadn't noticed the hard thing nudging her thighs earlier when they were just kissing.

"You're so fucking sexy. Do you know that?" Sebastian grabbed her hair and clashed their lips again. Latina didn't resist. She laid down like a living doll, letting his owner do whatever he wanted with her. Plus, that owner was Sebastian after all, the man she loved. His hands fondled every part of her body, making sure that nothing was left untouched. This made her felt drunk like she was floating in the air. Her head felt so light, and she could see colors sprouting in the air.

She lost it. Latina lost her reason for a moment as he pleased her with his touches. What she didn't know, Sebastian was planning to rob her purity any minute. While Latina was fascinated by his stares, he positioned himself on her entrance. He rubbed the tip of his penis on her vagina and was amazed at how she was wet again, soaking wet.

"Open your eyes," he uttered, nipping her earlobe. Latina heeded and was welcomed by Sebastian's loving gaze. She watched him pin her hands overhead with his hand while he placed the other on her waist. Confused, Latina said nothing and just quietly followed. Her breath occasionally hitched whenever she felt a hard thing bumping her entrance. Sebastian chuckled when he saw her clueless expression as he prepared to penetrate her. "Now, look at me, sweetheart."

In just a few seconds, right after she locked her eyes on his, Latina felt a sharp pain the moment Sebastian plummeted himself inside her hole. She could imagine the ripping sound coming from her vagina. The pain subsided a little when he pulled his length out, but she felt losing something. The urged to fill that vacant space went stronger. "Um…" she groaned. He let go of her hands and kissed away the pained expression on her face due to his sudden assault. Her legs trembled as he tugged them apart to have a better angle for his grand entrance. What he did

was only to loosen her a bit. Sebastian prodded his throbbing dick on her thing again. “Breath,” he ordered.

Latina gasped when she felt him thrust inside her. If her lips parted during the first blow, the second time made her bit them causing her body to felt numb for a while until the piercing pain spread in between her thighs. The pain didn’t fade easily. She had to bear it or else Sebastian would be disappointed. She could tell that he was enjoying it, and she had to endure everything until he was satisfied.

“Oh Latina!” he exclaimed while pounding her bleeding entrance. He was too immersed in the pleasure he had, forgetting the fact that it was her first time. Sebastian paused and laid his eyes on the lady. “Does it hurt?” he asked her. Latina wanted to shake her head but she nodded anyway. “It will be fine,” Sebastian said. He started to move at a slow pace, shoving his member in and out of her ripped hole. He placed her legs on his arms and leaned on to blow her breast. Her nipples reacted to his gesture which made him smile. He kissed them as he groped her bosom.

“Ah…” Latina moaned in ecstasy. She arched her back, drawing her chest closer to Sebastian’s mouth. The pain was tolerable and she started to feel comfortable with his stabs. Sebastian took the hint and began his ravage. He fastened his speed while planting his face in Latina’s cleavage. He pulled her shoulders down to meet with his momentum. “Ah!” Latina screamed when Sebastian hit something sensitive inside her. “More,” she begged, pulling Sebastian’s face from her breast. She kissed him which he gladly accepted. He deepened the kiss as he battered her womanhood nonstop. His dick was repeatedly sliding inside her, stretching her hole with it’s growing size in every push he made.

“As you wish,” Sebastian responded. He held her legs higher, giving her easy access to her vagina. He knelt without breaking their sexual contact, instead, he had gone wilder. Sebastian whacked her sweet little hole over and over while tying Latina’s hand using her underwear to keep them in place. Sebastian threw her legs on his shoulders and began the sacred ritual; devouring Latina’s body and becoming one with her.

Chapter 48

There was a heavy storm going on outside and there was a localized downpour inside Latina's womb. While the raindrops damped the soil, his juices watered her pot. Latina rolled her eyes when the warm liquid filled her and after some time, she felt it flowing out of her entrance, like the waves in the sea, receding back and forth to the shore.

"Let's stay like this," Sebastian muttered, letting his thing remain inside her. Latina felt the pulsing of his manhood in her walls while it kept on squeezing itself. She heard him groan erotically as he rested his head on her chest. Even her body shivered in satisfaction. It was all worth it, the pain she had when he stretched her virgin hole turned into a unique pleasure that she knew she would never feel unless Sebastian penetrates her again.

"Hmm…" she hummed. Her body was beaten, and she could barely move nor talk. She just wanted to lay there and sleep. It was several minutes later when she felt her arms cramping. Tilting her head up, she heaved a sigh when she saw her hands being tied up. The lacy cream-colored underwear that she was wearing earlier turned into an improvised rope, tying her wrists together. "Uh…what's this for?" she asked, trying to loosen the knot. To her surprise, it wasn't easy as it seemed.

Sebastian lifted his head and watched her try. He smiled playfully as he moved his hips up, pulling out his still hard length. His move made Latina stop struggling. "Oh…" she moaned, amusing him. "N-not yet…" she mumbled, wiggling her hips to rub it against him. The shivering of her voice gave off her desire. It was too obvious that she wanted another round.

"Hmm? What do you mean, sweetheart?" Sebastian tried to act as innocent as he could but with the smirk on his face, it was far from what he wished he would look like. "Is there something you wanted to tell me?" He did a quick thrust, plopping his dick back inside her tunnel. The swift blow surprised her that she wasn't able to prepare herself. Her reflexes made her insides tighter. Even Sebastian was caught off guard when his length was suddenly squished by her narrowing walls. It was an incredible feeling, having his pulsing thing locked inside her torture cave. He was supposed to be the hunter but it turned out that the lady with beautiful brown, glowing eyes who only had her first time a few minutes ago could be best suited as the persecutor. She might be clueless about what she was doing but her excitement became her weapon against his pet monster. However, Sebastian would never embarrass himself to anyone. Latina's tight hole wasn't a punishment for him it whetted his appetite. He was thinking of sipping his drink after a round of grinding milkshakes until he realized that a specific appetizer could be the main course as well. It could only be applied when he was talking about Latina though. Besides, he thought that every bit of her deserved to be the main dish as it could satisfy his palette.

"Pft. Let's get started," Sebastian chuckled. He checked the knot on her wrists, held her on her waist, and dragged himself out forcefully. It was quite dangerous if she continued clenching her muscles and fortunately, she didn't. He threw his head back as he jerked his hips while in between her wide-open legs. "You. Take. This." Sebastian said each word in every thrust, sending his heavy blow in the depth of her core.

"Hah! Hah!" Latina gasped, with her tearful eyes and parted lips. She was practically begging for amid of pleasure. Her hands which were tied seemed to give up after struggling and chose to grab the sheets instead. Sebastian could tell that she was losing her breath, and he thought about intensifying things. He believed that she wouldn't be able to savor the clouds unless she desperately reached for it just like getting full of anything edible when a person was starving, so starved to be picky. The more Latina gasped for air, the more she'd cherish his dick whenever he inserted it into her soaking wet hole.

"Eyes on me, sweetie," he told her when she darted her sight on the ceiling. Latina shifted her eyes to met with Sebastian's. Looking up at the man above her, she felt like her chest was about to burst. His stares sent chills to her bones. There were passion and something else in his eyes. If she best describe it, it was something that could burn her soul to ciders.

"Please," she begged him while her hands were tied. Wondering about what was behind his dark expression wouldn't help her get what she wanted. She almost reached the climax when he stopped and stared at her with his sinister smirk. He even pulled his thing out which made her more desperate.

"Sweetheart, I won't let you come yet." Sebastian's words rang inside her head. She wasn't happy about it. Not at all. "Why don't we have some drink first?" He sniffed her neck while his hands were busy fondling her breast. "Say, can I have a sip?"

His voice echoed in her ears, but she refused to listen to what he said. Her body couldn't stop shaking. She wanted him and he bluntly refused when she begged. Not that he said he wouldn't give it to her, but he mentioned not letting her have it in time when she craved for it most. Having it any later would be unsatisfying, and she didn't want that to happen.

The lustful cravings took over Latina's consciousness, not to mention the peculiar thirst that sent shivers on her taste buds. She wanted his body but more importantly, for a reason that she couldn't decipher, she wanted something else. A pair of sharps, glistening fangs emerged when she stretched her mouth open. Latina couldn't contain herself from drooling as she envisioned herself slurping his crimson juice. The brownish pigments in her eyes turned to a bright scarlet hue which astonished him.

"That's fine. What about giving me your blood?" Latina suggested. The tone of her speech changed from timid to a more confident one, showing off her superiority through her words. By superiority, she waited not for him to respond and went on to pull him on the nape. "Thanks for the drink," Latina mumbled before sinking her fangs on his skin. Its sharp, pointy

edges brought a rare tingling sensation to him. Sebastian pursed his lips, he used to silent his prey whenever he was in for a drink but never in his hundred years of living did he got bitten by other vampires.

It was never in his plan. He initially just wanted to tease her a bit but then, he ended up devoured instead. His hands found the knot on her wrists, he was planning to untie her but that won't be needed, given that she could drink his blood with her hands tied. Sebastian pinned her hands and bent his head to reach her neck. Latina wasn't the only one who was thirsty, and she realized it when she felt her neck pierced, slowly, causing her to halt from sipping off his blood. Her world turned upside-down again when he continued the unfinished business they both decided to invest in.

"Will you let me come now?"

Sebastian said nothing but answered her question with a blow. Hf had lost his control over his cravings. Having Latina's blood and body for the very first time turned him into a desperate no one who wanted all from her, including her soul. Latina had no problem with it since she had given up all of her from the very start. She put her guards down and let him invade her to the core. "I'm all yours," she whispered. And he didn't disappoint her with his final thrust. He filled her empty cavern with his sinful juices, gushing out like a torrent.

"You can only be mine," he mumbled. Though his words were selfish, she was contented. She was expecting a better response, but he didn't miss the keyword. He finally claimed her and for her, that was already enough. On top of the white sheet with red stains, they closed their eyes and drifted to sleep in exhaustion.

Chapter 49

Two weeks had passed and the relationship between Latina and the vampire lord went smooth although she seemed to forget about the major details she discovered while sharing a stronger bond with the man. She certainly recalled how they joined their bodies but that was all the memories she had. They spend the past few days clinging to each other. It was like a fresh beginning for a newly wedded couple; bathing together, eating together, and most importantly, sleeping together in the same bed. Those days were Latina's perfect moments. Except that in the past couple of days, Sebastian often left the mansion to go somewhere, leaving Latina alone for the entire day. The latter grew tired of doing chores all the time thus she politely asked the man to let her stroll in the backyard.

As much as Sebastian would love to lock her inside, he couldn't disagree when she was pleading underneath him. They were having steamy sex when the lady opened up the topic. He couldn't refuse and simply nodded at her with, "Just don't stroll in the forest," reminder. Latina chuckled in between moans while nodding her head to agree with his condition. Not knowing that once she stepped outside his door, a new world was waiting. A world with endless bounds and dangers.

"Phew!" Latina sighed after raking the dry leaves in an open space. She decided to clean the backyard right after Sebastian left her yet again. Her knee touched the ground as she propped down to light the leaves. She whistled while waiting for the fire to burn everything in the pile. "Whoa!" she exclaimed when the flame grew stronger.

The smoke started to get thicker as the fire burnt every leaf she gathered. Like clouds ascending to the sky, the white smoke went higher in a tube-like shape and scattered in the air. It was rare to see such thick smoke in the middle of the forest especially when no hunters were allowed to hunt in the West Woods.

"It looks better now," Latina muttered while roaming her eyes around. The dried leaves scattered earlier were all disposed of. She picked a peck of soil, feeding her curiousness. Its fine texture was gentle and relaxing to the skin. Latina could roll over the ground to relax, but she wasn't that silly to do so. Taking off her shoes, she walked barefooted. She was like a nature goddess taking a stroll in the woods, wearing a plain white dress with no ruffles on the edges, and a mystic smile plastered on her beautiful face. The color of her dress elaborated her long, black hair which complimented-well with her fair and flawless skin. It was such a scene to see a lady like her standing behind the smoke. Just like a spell that was naturally imbued in her existence. Latina's beauty could attract any form of a beast, be it a monster in human skin or a demon in angel's clothing.

"Hmm! Mm!" She kicked her legs when she suddenly felt a hand covering her mouth. Latina was used to having been surprised by Sebastian, and she wouldn't even dare to struggle if it was

him but, the scent coming from the sweaty and calloused hand, tightly pressed on half of her face wasn't him at all. She knew by its rusty smell that it wasn't Sebastian's hand and that she was in trouble.

"Whew! Who would have thought I'll catch a big fish today?" A deep, groggy man's voice said from behind her. "I was told that there's a demon granting wishes lurking in this side of the forest but found no signs of it, instead I caught a beauty. Hahaha! This delicate skin would be our VIP's favorite," he continued, brushing his rough palm on her smooth skin. The difference in texture sent shivers on Latina while it pleased the stranger. She tried pulling his hand off her mouth to let her go but her strength dissipated when she got punched on her abdomen. Latina bit her tongue in the impact. Her legs wobbled.

"You're quite disobedient, lass. I need you to learn some manners," he pushed Latina on the ground. Her back hit some stones, and she could imagine having several bruises later on. "Oh, you indeed look perfect. Damn with those VIPs who could only give a petty sum of money for my beautiful ladies. If I'll have to offer your body to them anyway, I might as well have a taste first."

"N-no…" she whispered while trying to cover herself after the stranger ripped her dress. "D-don't touch m-me!"

Latina was scared, not because a stranger was trying to get in-between her legs nor the fact that the stranger was planning to do something to her. She was afraid because he was not Sebastian. The fear she felt turned into hate and despise. The insult she got from the stranger's touch was unbearable that she could find no remedy to make it up for herself. She wouldn't forgive him. "Get off from me," she said firmly in a soft voice. Looking up at the stranger's face, she rolled her eyes. His face was too disgusting for her to even look at, not to mention that he was planning to get on top of her.

"Missy, I didn't know there's a mansion behind us. If you want to do it comfortably, why don't we get inside so your back would no longer endure the hard ground? Hehe!"

"Right," she agreed and smiled at him. It was a mocking smile but the man haven't noticed any trace of mockery in her gesture. He could only see her sparkling beauty. "Why don't we do it inside?" She got up, throwing her ripped dress on the fire. The white satin fabric was easily caught in the fire but merely increased the amount of smoke. "Eh…" she sneered.

The lust in the man's eyes was too visible that Latina could puke anytime. She contained her composure as she led him inside the mansion, wearing nothing but a piece of fabric that covered her plump ass and her treasure pouch. Her hair was covering her bosom though it was no longer her concern, the pervert old man had already touched her. "We're here," she announced the moment she stepped inside. The mansion was quietly shinning after her hardworking cleaning. She walked inside and sat on the couch, spreading her arms while

crossing her legs. “So, how do you want me to do it? Gentle or hard?” her question peck his interest.

“Oi Missy, you’re a bold one. Haha, no wonder, you must be the mistress of this mansion. Did your owner maltreat you? I can take care of you and give you what you want,” he walked closer to her, drooling. “In exchange, let me make use of your body to the fullest.”

Latina caught a whiff of stench coming from his mouth causing her to frown. “You didn’t answer my question,” she retorted, strutting up from her seat. Lifting her hands to his face, she waited for his response.

“H-hard… I want it hard,” the stranger replied. His eyes were glowing in lust. Unknowingly, he was about to have something he didn’t wish to be served.

“Alright, close your eyes then.”

Without any hesitation, the man shut his eyes close, perking his lips towards her. Her fingers caressed his cheeks for a while and it sent excitement to his aging body. “Missy, I’ve never had a good time for years now. I’m expecting a good performance from you,” he mumbled, moving his hands to grab her, but she was quick to avoid it.

“We won’t be able to start something if you keep moving,” Latina warned. She turned her back to the table and picked up a glass vase. It was one of Sebastian’s collection. “If you open your eyes, you won’t be able to experience my hard surprise,” she added.

“What a tease. Am I just going to stand here?” the man asked while still closing his eyes. He had no idea what she was doing.

“Do you want to take a seat while I prepare myself?”

He nodded while licking his drying lips.

“Sure,” Latina snatched the curtain on the side and ripped it. She took the smaller piece and marched back to the man. “Since you wanted to relax while waiting for me, let me cover your eyes for better results. It will increase the probability of your enjoyment,” she explained while dragging him to the couch. He followed her and let her blindfold him. Heavy footsteps approached the main door but Latina had all her focus on the man who’s strangely happy while waiting to be killed.

“All set,” she exclaimed and positioned the vase and other tools she needed in front of her. “You don’t need to announce it, Missy, take me by surprise!” Latina smirked after hearing what the stranger said. “As you wish,” she whispered and beat his head with the vase which broke into pieces whilst his skull remained intact.

“AH! What are you doing bitch?!”

She completely ignored him as she continued to break the other vases on his head. “Not enough,” she huffed, after hitting the man’s head with several vases, the outcome seemed not to be satisfactory for her.

“Bitch, I’ll kill you!” The man yelled while struggling to remove his blindfold.

“Not so fast,” Latina responded with a devilish smile. “I’m not done with my surprise yet.” She struck his head with a hammer displayed in the living room. His cries made her feel ecstatic. “How do you like it? Do you want me to beat you harder? Ha?!” Her body was sweating, yet she couldn’t stop hitting him. She wasn’t happy when he stopped making sounds, so she decided to think of another way. The porcelain figures on display caught her attention. “Eat this,” she laughed as she shoved the figurines into his mouth. It was then when she realized that it’s over. The man was already dead. He would no longer cry nor beg for mercy no matter what she did. “Lame, you started this game but you gave up first.”

Latina slumped on the floor. She lifted her head to see the freshly killed body in front of her. The man’s skull was severed and almost smashed into pieces. His facial features were busted. The living room was a mess. Bloodstains and broken glasses were everywhere. Latina felt refreshed for a while until her gaze caught a glimpse of gushing blood out of the man’s head. It was a vivid red liquid with a metallic smell flowing out. Unconsciously, she licked her lips. She had an urge to slurp down the red juice for a moment. Her thirst was contaminated by the horrible scene that flashed in her mind.

“Stop…don't drink their blood,” Latina placed her hands on the side of her head, her nails digging on her skull. The sight of blood reminded her of something she wanted to forget—she was bathing in blood and there were two dead bodies beside her. Her eyes widen in horror when she recognized the corpses. “Mother… No Father, I don’t want to do this. No don’t leave me!” her voice echoed through the mansion as she grieved for her deceased parents. Tears filled her eyes realizing that she killed them. Like a heartless demon, she seemed to enjoy the blood treat as she sipped their lives away. “I’m sorry. Please come back. Mother! Don’t leave me alone. It’s scary here, please.”

“Latina!” Sebastian rushed to her when she started to break down. “Sweetheart, it’s okay. I’m here.” He embraced her cold body as she continued to cry. “Don’t be scared. It’s all right. I won’t leave you,” he caressed her face.

“Sebastian…”

“Yes sweetheart, it’s me. You’re in safe hands,” Sebastian carried her in his arms. “Let me give you a bath,” he whispered, brushing his lips on her teary face.

“Hmm…” Latina smiled and hugged him. Her body trembled when her eyes darted on the dead body lying on the couch. “I… Sebastian… I k-killed someone…” her voice was shaking as she admitted her crime.

"I know, Sweetheart. I was watching," Sebastian answered. He was completely indifferent to the fact that she killed a person. "Don't worry, you'll forget it later." He smiled at her before telling her what he knew. "I'll ask my men to dispose of the body. He was a good-for-nothing slave-trader who kidnapped girls to sell in brothels. His death sentence is in two days, but he managed to flee. He tried to do something to you, even if you didn't kill him, I'll do it myself." He stopped on his track and stared at Latina's messy state. "No, I'll have to kill him again later. As for you, you don't need to feel responsible for anything."

Sebastian bathed her and dressed her up. By the time she returned to the living room, everything went back to normal. It was as if nothing happened. Even Latina had forgotten the murder she did. The escaped-prisoner was her first victim and only one of the few mortals that Sebastian used in his scheme.

"Sweetheart, what would you like to have for dinner?"

Chapter 50

Morning came and the Wyslien kingdom remained in terror. After the havoc caused by the vampire knight, the red alpha decided to gather all the remaining fighters to start a war against the blood tribe. The werelions were encouraged to prepare for battle while the werewolves chose to wait for the king's order.

"Sire, nobody from the pack who pursued the young ladies made it. The tunnel where they used to escape also disappeared like it wasn't existing at all."

Mathew glared at the servant who gave him a report. He was sleepless and the commotion caused by the werelions outside the palace, demanding permission to attack the Vacil empire caused him more headaches. Restless, the werewolf alpha sat on his throne while contemplating whether to go with the other alpha's plan or continue to pursue Latina and his sister.

"What do you mean disappeared?" he asked the servant who abruptly bowed his head before replying.

"Sire, the secret passage behind the wall of the room was gone. The walls went back to be intact, with no trace of any opening. We tried to crush the wall but it only led us to the opposite room," his servant explained.

"Disappeared...that would be too hard to believe unless the witches were involved," he murmured. 'Damn! Where are you, Latina? Did you take Azrene with you as collateral for your safety?' the werewolf alpha clenched his fist in anger. 'It must be the Vampire lord. He took them while the vampire kid was messing outside last night.'

"Inform the werelions; I have something to discuss with their alpha," he ordered. The servant wasted no time and rushed outside to rely on the king's order.

The grand chamber where the alphas usually discuss their plans was quiet. Sitting around the oval table was the red alpha of werelions on the right, the blue alpha of weretigers on the left who just came back from his expedition to the north, and the white alpha of the werewolves on his extravagant seat on the top corner of the table. The three of them watched the maid-servant silently serving the tea and the best snack that the palace had.

The scent of tea leaves was strong yet with a sweet fragrance. It helped with lighting up the atmosphere inside the room. After serving everything she had on the food-stroller, the maid-servant carefully left, making sure she wouldn't cause any unnecessary sound. The creaking of the closing door signaled the start of their important conversation.

"Was it the Vampire lord himself?" the weretiger Alpha asked. He heard about the news only a few minutes ago and as much as possible, he wanted to know all the details.

"If it was the vampire lord, what do you think will happen to him? He's going to be killed, Tyler!" Leo, the werelion alpha exclaimed. The weretiger on the other side of the table reminded him of the vampire knight. Their physics weren't that far from each other. Besides, Tyler was the youngest among the beast alphas but how his mind work cannot be defined by his young age. "But it was a kid! Those damn bloodsuckers sent a kid!"

"Yet he managed to kill many of your men and smoothly escaped. Was he just a kid?" the weretiger tilted his head to the side while looking at the aggravated werelion. "So, what about your 'bride'?" He turned his gaze to the werewolf who was in a daze. Tyler observed Mathew. Unusually pale skin and dark circles around his eyes, one look, and he could tell that the man was fucked up. The devastation was written all over his face. "I heard that even Azrene was gone," the weretiger continued when Mathew didn't respond. "I assumed that we're going to discuss the next procedure to follow now that things have turned out to be like this."

"Right. I've already prepared my men on stand by," Leo replied. "We'll set out once the decision has been made. Just thinking about those nasty vampires touching Azrene boils my blood," he added, crushing the teacup he was holding.

"You're so stupid as always, Leo." Tyler rolled his eyes after listening to what the other had said. "You're planning to jump on the fire without bringing any water to kill it. In the end, you'll either get burnt scars and survive or die without a corpse left," he muttered, making the redhead stood from his seat.

"And who do you think you are? You did nothing but keep on monitoring the northern lands where no one even lives there. I always want to tell you this but now's the right time, so I'll speak," Leo blurted out. "I don't like you Tyler and that fact won't change. Your sharp tongue that you twist every time you wanted to say something like you know a lot is truly annoying!"

"Oh?" Tyler remained sitting comfortably in his seat. He even took his time sipping on his tea. "Is that all you want to say?"

"Bastard!" Leo pulled the younger one on his collar and was about to land a blow on his face when a white wolf appeared. Its green eyes were glaring at them.

"How dare you start a ruckus in here?" Mathew roared in his wolf form. Leo let Tyler go and sat back on his chair.

On the other hand, Tyler ignored the point of why Mathew shifted. "Whoa! Your white fur is always fascinating!" he screamed, hugging the huge wolf.

"Stupid, get a hold of yourself!" Leo scolded but Tyler just made face at him.

"That's enough," Mathew sighed and shifted back to his human form, bare-naked. "Tyler, what is the probability of winning against the blood tribe?" he asked.

Tyler who leaped a few meters away from him after he turned back and revealed his nakedness coughed a couple of times before giving him an answer. "If we eat the dish before getting served, we can finish the whole course meal in no time."

"Meaning?" Leo asked, confused. He knew that Tyler was born a genius, but he always refused to acknowledge him or maybe, it's hard for him to understand his ideas at all.

The weretiger smiled, "Surprise attack my friend. It's the best way to wipe them out now before their true king arrives."

Chapter 51

All employees and patients have gone on their way back to their homes except Marco who was living with the doctor in the hospital. After he witnessed the scene when Sebastian almost killed Claudia when they went to his mansion to deliver the goods that the lord had bought in the capital, Sebastian was sure to alter his memories the moment he visited the hospital.

Marco closed all the windows and doors in the building after locking the gate. His vision started to blur. He was either sleepy or hungry. One thing he was certain about, Marco was exhausted. He strode to his room, choosing sleep over a meal. While on his way, he found the others sitting in the living room. The boy noticed the funny atmosphere among the three and despite planning on retiring to bed early, he took his time and silently watched the scene unfolding before him.

“So, how was it?” Rupert broke the awkward silence. He shifted his eyes from Claudia who was beside him to Sebastian who was sitting in front of them. “Did you found Latina?” he continued when the vampire lord kept his blank expression.

“Don’t ask him so many questions at the same time. You’re irritating him,” Claudia whispered while pinching Rupert’s side.

“Aw! You’re hurting me, hon.”

“We’re in front of the lord. Don’t call me that,” Claudia glared at the man next to her. “Scooch over. I need space,” she added.

“Come on, hon. We'd already closed the distance between us. There’s no need to be shy about that, and I’m trying not to get too clingy since Sebastian’s here.” Rupert smiled brightly. It was like his face was filled with radiant lights coming from nowhere.

“I’m telling you! The lord is in front of us so why won’t you behave?!” Claudia yelled while moving her hands in the air.

“Hon put your hands down. You’re making a scene,” Rupert said softly, calming down the irritated lady.

‘Idiots.’ A word that popped up both inside Sebastian’s and Marco’s head. They watched the lovers quarrel over something trivial; Sebastian on the couch while Marco standing by the door. It took three minutes until the living room went quiet once again.

“Done?” Sebastian asked them while raising his brow. “If not, I’ll spare you another minute.”

Claudia bowed her head in embarrassment, pinching her thigh, and Rupert fixed his disheveled self resulted from her quick attacks. A few seconds later, they went silent, waiting for the lord to continue.

“Prepare yourselves. The beast tribe must be probably on their way to the empire at noon. We should expect enemy attacks earlier in the evening tomorrow,” Sebastian started. “Seth used the potion you made, it perfectly worked.” He drifted his gaze at Claudia who smiled at him while nodding her head, dreamily. “You should prepare a large amount of that potent potion,” he ordered. Claudia was quick to excuse herself and went to make more potions as she was told.

“What about Latina? Did you get her back?” Rupert inquired. Judging by Sebastian’s mood, something more might have happened. His question was answered by a deep sigh.

“She ran off to the east,” the vampire lord said. “I’ve ordered Seth to follow her to ensure her safety. He should be back with news about her in no time,” he added. “You should prepare as well, Rupert. As much as possible, I don’t want to involve humans in this. But the beast tribe got him, he’ll use every possible way to cause terror not only to his enemy but to everyone else.”

“Was it the blue alpha?”

Sebastian nodded his head. “He’s been monitoring the north. He still believes that the demon blood king will come back. He was out there waiting for one sole reason, to outsmart and kill him. He must have already heard what happened. There was no reason for him to hold back when he had been waiting for the king’s signal to attack all along.”

“I understand. We should inform the others,” Rupert stood up. “We should protect the people of this empire. They had nothing to do with this mess after all.”

“I know. I’ll gather the clan heads together with the elders.”

Rupert nodded before his friend disappeared in front of him. He was left standing there in a daze. “When do you plan to announce your presence?” he suddenly asked, lifting his head and shifted his gaze to the door where Marco quietly eavesdropped.

“I… I’m so sorry,” the boy bent his body several times as he continued to apologize.

The doctor watched him and smiled. “It doesn’t matter. I’ll let it pass in one condition,” his smile turned into a scary one.

“W-what is it?” Marco asked. He regretted why he chose to stay and listen to their conversation instead of going to bed when he was too tired.

“Give me your blood sample,” Rupert answered. “Just one drop of your blood is all I need to confirm something,” he added.

Marco heaved a sigh of relief. “You scared me there, Sir. You could have my blood as much as you want but I’m pretty tired tonight. Can you take it tomorrow instead?”

“No. I don’t need much. It won’t hurt if you let me have a drop right now,” Rupert insisted. He noticed how calm the boy was when he asked for his blood. ‘If he’s pretending not to be bothered when asked for his blood sample, then I would say he’s a good actor.’

"Well, then…" Marco extended his arm. "Please be quick," he pleaded. Rupert took the chance and grabbed a syringe from his office and drew Marco's blood. He wished the boy 'Good night' when he was done.

"Now let me find out your secret, little boy." Rupert spent the rest of the night examining Marco's blood. The moment he had the results, he was completely bewildered. He doesn't understand a thing. One thing for sure, the boy was neither human nor vampire.

"Marco? Are you still sleeping?" The doctor rushed to the boy's room when morning came. He knocked several times but got nothing as a reply. His mind was filled with curious inquiries that only Marco could provide him the answers. He took the spare key to the room and was welcomed by the empty and cold bed. On top of the bedside table was a piece of paper with a written letter from the person he was looking for.

Chapter 52

Delia and Agatha stared at each other. They both felt the sizzling heat swarming inside the room. “Oh my!” Agatha exclaimed, watching the flame grew stronger. “This isn’t my doing. It's out of control!” The fire fairy jolted up in the ceiling, staying away from Latina. After she was kicked out, she failed to possess the body over and again. And when she saw how Latina’s body bathe in the fire, she was grateful it was no longer under her possession. Agatha may be the fire fairy, but she wasn’t able to control her power before she was locked in the sacred cave.

“Can’t you do something?” Delia asked, hoping that she would get a positive response. She rolled her eyes when Agatha shook her head and shrugged. “You’re useless,” Delia mumbled.

“Excuse me! Why don’t you do it? Aren’t you always the best? Prove it,” Agatha raised a brow and crossed her arms on her chest while floating in the air in her fairy form. “What? You can’t?” she continued.

“Tsk. You’ll remain useless forever unless you harness your strength. We’re not getting any younger, Agatha.” Delia took a step forward. She was afraid for she was uncertain about Latina’s power. But if she chose to run like what she did years ago, she knew…. she will regret it.

“Delia! What are you doing?!” Agatha asked, yelling.

“You said she’s your goddaughter. It’s such a shame if you don’t help her at all,” Delia responded while moving forward. “What will she think if she remembered everything and realized that her only godmother did nothing but watched her suffer?” She lifted her hands in an attempt to grab Latina who had been surrounded by fire.

‘Duh! I’m her godmother so why are you acting like it’s your responsibility to help her at all?’ Agatha chewed on her lip and went closer to the flames. She pulled her sister away before diving in to get Latina’s body. Her wings started to take damage by the heat. ‘If only I could grow wings made of fire then I won’t have to worry about it at all,’ she thought. Mustering enough strength, she grabbed Latina’s hair and dragged her away from the inferno. “Come on, Latina! When will you wake up brat?” she yelled at her ears. Her wings were completely burnt, causing her to fall.

“Snow maiden!”

The sound of bell ringing could be heard throughout the entire village. The wind stopped moving in a second after its last rang and the snow started to fall. A beautiful white maiden appeared before Delia. “It’s been a long time since I was summoned. What can I do for you?” the snow maiden asked. Everything about her was white, from the tip of her hair down to her toenails. The snow maiden was one of the powerful spirits in the fairy realm.

“Extinguish the fire within this room,” Delia commanded.

The snow maiden obeyed. She faced the flames and gave her best to stop it but failed. She stopped when she realized something. “This is the hellfire. I’m ashamed to say but I couldn’t beat it. It requires holy breath to stop the flames,” the snow maiden informed. She bowed her head and bid her goodbye.

“Hold on,” Delia stopped her. “Is there any other way to stop these flames?”

“There is,” the snow maiden responded rather quickly. “You have to wake up its master,” she turned and pointed at Latina. “The current master of the hellfire is this lady. It seems like she already grasped the truth about her identity.”

“Agatha, can you hear me?” Delia called right after the snow maiden left. “You have to wake Latina up,” she added. It had been a couple of minutes but Agatha didn’t reply at all. ‘If I could just simply pick you up. But we’re bound to be separated from each other, just one touch, and either of us will die.’

“I’m alive,” Agatha’s voice was cracking as she tried to get on her feet. She tilted her head to check her wings on the back and was sorry when she saw them disappeared. “A fairy without wings, ha!” She was deeply hurt about what happened to cause her temperament to rise high.

“Thank heavens, you’re fine.” Delia smiled while looking at her sister on the floor. “Listen, we need to wake up Latina and make her stop the flames. Besides, we’re supposed to wake her up anyway, can you do that?”

“Tss, easy as pie. Watch me,” the fire fairy climbed on Latina’s face, forcefully spreading the sleeping lady's eyelids. She inhaled an incredible amount of air, not minding the glowing fire around her. Stomping Latina’s eyeballs for quite a few times before she rolled to her earhole and ‘wake her up’. “BRAT! YOUR GODMOTHER HAD LOST HER WINGS! WHEN WILL YOU WAKE UP? MOVE YOUR BUTT AND STOP THE FIRE!”

It was terrible. One thing that Delia hated about Agatha was her voice. It was too high-pitched and annoying even when she was talking normally. How much more when she was screaming?

“LA-TI-NA!! YOUR LOVER IS WAITING!”

Although Delia hated her sister so much that she could dig her hole a thousand times while trying to bury her alive, she was quite satisfied with the outcome. She would be impressed if Latina refused to wake up after the tidal screams that Agatha did.

“Sebastian,” Latina’s first word the moment she regained consciousness. Her face was filled with tears and her heart was aching so badly. She felt like waking up from a terrible dream. A dream where she was happily living with the person she cared the most and then found out that he was lying all along.

“WHOA! YOU’RE AWAKE! THE FLAMES ARE GETTING WEAKER TOO!”

Latina ignored the fire fairy who kept on screaming. She moved her hand to her womb, feeling a faint life inside and the soft heartbeats seemed louder than any sounds around.

“OH MY! YOU’VE GROWN A BELLY FAT!” Agatha slid down to Latina’s body and bounced on the small bump. “Dear, are you pregnant?” the fire fairy asked with her eyes wide opened. “I could hear a heartbeat…. It must be a baby! YOU’RE HAVING A BABY!”

Agatha’s hysterical yells caught Delia's attention. The latter took clean clothes and gave them to Latina. “You must be exhausted. Get changed first while we prepare the banquet outside,” she brushed Latina’s face and smiled. “If you want to ask anything, let me know.” Her eyes shifted to the visible bump on Latina. She remembered the first time she saw her in the forest, she knew then that the lady was carrying a child. The vampire lord’s child.

Latina nodded her head though she wasn’t sure whom she was talking with. She was surprised when the young lady turned into the old witch she knew.

“Surprised? Don’t be confused. She’s already that old. Her previous appearance was just purely an illusion. Haha,” Agatha laughed while rolling on the floor. She snorted when Delia ignored her and left the room. Her mood suddenly changed when she remembered what happened to her wings. “Hmp! I’m glad that you’re back. Thanks to you, my wings were gone. I can no longer fly,” she mumbled. She waited for Latina’s response. At first, she thought that Latina didn’t say anything because she was putting on a dress. But later, after she was done changing, Latina kept ignoring her.

“Brat! Why are you ignoring me?” She climbed on a high place to level her face with Latina. “Can you hear me?” Latina was just there, standing in a daze, and seemed not to hear whatever she say. “Hmp! LATINA!”

Latina jumped. She put her hand on her chest while breathing heavily. “Fire fairy… You’re here!” she said, unbelievably.

“Grr! Forget about me being here or there. Listen, you’re pregnant, Latina.” Agatha pointed at Latina’s baby bump. “There’s a baby inside that bulging skin. Do you know what it means?”

Latina caressed her tummy. She shook her head ‘no’.

“Unlike humans… you’re expected to give birth anytime. The baby inside you was imbued by either yours or the father’s power and sometimes, both. It's only a matter of days until the baby absorbed all the power needed for maturation. And the most dangerous part is when giving birth. Babies born as vampires are hard to deal with. If the mother is too weak, she could die. The baby might drink your blood the moment you gave birth.” Agatha looked at Latina’s face. She saw no fear of it. “Aren’t you afraid?”

Latina smiled. “My mother must have gone through the same, yet she didn’t abandon me. She even offered her life to save me,” she softly said. “I’ll go back to where it started. I want to breathe the same air that we once shared. If I can’t face my past, how can I continue to live on?”

Agatha smiled. “That’s my girl,” she cheered for her. “Since you’re planning to go there. You might as well find the thing that saved your mother when she was giving birth to you.”

The night went on in the witch village. Everyone was amazed at how Latina was able to survive the trial. They got wasted on food and drinks. It was a wonderful celebration for welcoming a new life.

“Are you leaving me behind?” Azrene tugged Latina’s dress. The banquet was finally over and Latina decided to leave alone.

“You’re safe here. Delia also said that she could help you live a normal life without getting bothered by your brother’s men. I can’t drag you any further to my problem,” Latina muttered.

“Will you come back?” Azrene asked. This was the thirtieth time she asked her if she will come and get her back.

Latina shook her head. “I’m not sure,” was her answer before turning her back against the rest.

Chapter 53

The lady in the armor led the way out to the forest with the confused knight in tow. The trees and the mystical heavy air was familiar. Seth stopped on his track and inhaled a lungful air. His brows frowned when he came to one conclusion: The forest was the same as the previous one where he was conversing with the witch.

“Damn witch! She tricked me,” he muttered, lifting his head to follow the lady in front. “W-what?” the knight panicked when the lady aimed her sword at him, ready to pierce his eye any minute. ‘What’s wrong with her?’ he asked himself.

The lady who called herself ‘Kiera’ glared at him. “I’m used to society’s label but I won’t accept it if someone like you whom we fight for referring to us as witches.” She watched him carefully, waiting for his next move and when she was certain that he wished not to argue, she pulled her blade away and continued to lead the way. “I’ve met the most powerful vampire so far and I didn’t expect that someone like you with an obvious lower rank would dare to insult a Kiera,” she snickered.

Seth followed her with his mouth shut. He could fight with her but there was no hint of hostility on her words although she was striking a pose to assault him. The lady also offered to treat his wound which she caused anyway. His head was filled with thoughts about the stranger. Her posture while holding her weapon, her swift motions when she was about to attack, her sparkling green eyes, the strands of her golden hair in the side of her face, her slightly parted lips when she was looking at him with a disgusted expression, the warm and soothing scent she emitted… everything about her was addictive to him. Like a flash of lightning hitting him straight from the sky, Seth completely forgot his mission.

“We’re here,” the lady said. She stopped in front of a small hut built beside the river. Pushing the door made of slabs, its shabby interior was revealed. “Don’t just stand there. Your wounds are getting worse,” she rolled her eyes when he remained standing outside.

“Is this safe?” Seth asked worriedly. He was careful when he entered the door which he thought would break any moment. To make sure he wouldn't accidentally blow the hut, he slightly docked his head down before crouching inside. “Phew! It’s more dangerous than fighting the beast,” he murmured when he finally took a seat on a wooden bench.

“Tsk. Will you say something more terrible once I pour this potion on your decaying skin?” The lady wasted no time and eventually poured the antidote on Seth’s wound.

“AHH! Oh, shit! It hurts!” He cried while jumping. It was his first time using a healing potion, and he never knew it would hurt so much until he experienced it.

“Oh? So the so-called immortals could scream like that too,” she laughed while watching the other wailed in pain. “Shh… keep your voice low,” she suddenly whispered and covered his mouth with her hand. They crouched on the floor.

The knight stopped moving around. If he could stop breathing at that moment, he would have done so. Her addictive scent calmed him down.

The sound of footsteps coming in their direction was getting louder. There were about ten people and two horses based on the weight of their footsteps. He could tell the enemy's number even without looking, and she knew how many ‘visitors’ she got because just like him, she was also trained. Seth glanced at the lady who remained quiet while still holding him.

“Hey, witch!” A man’s voice from the outside caught their attention. Hard objects hit the door. They were pebbles kicked by the people who just came. “We know you’re in there. Get your butt here and surrender yourself! Let’s have some fun together, hahaha!” They were lascivious men of lust. All words coming from their mouths were as filthy as their intention.

The lady sighed and got on her feet. “Where are you going?” Seth asked her when she headed to the door. She looked back at him and smiled. Her smile screamed of pain and devastation. “I’ll take care of them. Stay right here. No matter what you’ll hear, it will be best if you pretend like nothing is going on.” She left him inside to face the hungry men outside. They cheered when she finally opened the door and showed herself.

“Good. You must have heard about what happened to other Kiera who tried to fight back. If you don’t want to get hurt, simply follow what you were told.” Seth heard the same man’s voice. He waited for the lady to reply, but she said nothing.

‘Damn, will she let them have their way?’ he thought as he tried to look for spare clothes to wear. He still had many questions to ask, and he had the feeling that he wouldn’t be able to get answers if something happens to her. He clicked his tongue when he found nothing except a few old dresses which he couldn’t use. Sighing, he rushed to the window to see what was going on.

“Now, take off your armor.” The man with a thick beard ordered the lady who was standing in the middle of the crowd, motionless.

“Remove your shitty armor!” the man yelled. The lady smirked as she moved her hands to take off the heavy armor she was wearing. Under the metal suit, her delicate frame and ladylike attributes were revealed. She was wearing a thin layer of clothes underneath. Her skin was white but filled with scars. Seeing the deep scars in different shapes could prove that she had been on the battlefield for years.

“What a disgusting body. If not for your pretty face which remained unscratched, no one would even dare to pay attention to you. Pah!” The man spitted saliva on her, but she didn’t budge on where she stood. “I heard you are still a virgin. If you beg me to take you, I might consider

having you on my bed. I have my men here who are willing to play with you after I deflower you. It's not a bad deal. You should consider yourself lucky to experience what heaven is like," the man continued his speech.

'Heaven huh,' Seth gritted his teeth. The towel hanging in the nail's head stuck in the wall caught his attention. With a malicious grin on his face, he snatched the towel and wrapped it around his body before he jumped over the window. "Bastards! Who do you think you are to talk about heaven, you brute!" He yelled before kicking the man whose speech was interrupted when his face met Seth's feet.

"How dare you?!"

"That's my line, oldie. How dare you think of taking advantage of this lady's body when you look like a malnourished pig?!" Seth glared at the man who was crawling on the ground. "Your words pisses me off when I heard them. Now that I saw your face closer, it pisses me more." He snatched the lady's hand and pulled her away from the crowd only to be stopped by other men.

"Get out of my way." The knight's voice was stern. So many things have already happened since the witch sent him to this place. 'Right! The witch mentioned doing something that will affect the present,' he beamed when he remembered about the witch. Seth held the lady's hand tighter. "The present..." he mumbled. "I should be protecting Latina right now."

"What did you say?" the lady asked him when she vaguely heard what he murmured. Seth shook his head and laughed. "Nothing, I just realized that I may be still trapped in this dream. Since this is my dream, I should have all the rights to do what I want." The lady looked confused about what he said. "Don't worry, I won't let these bastards lay their filthy hands on you."

Without him knowing, his words eased the burden in the lady's heart. "Thank you," she whispered, softly.

In a blink of an eye, Seth beheaded all the enemies in front of him. His speed was faster than he remembered. He was too fast that he was able to pile up the dead bodies and erased all the evidence by burning them to ciders in less than a minute. He made an exception and let the horses go. They neighed as they ran wild away from him.

"You killed them," the lady said. Her voice was shaking. She had killed countless beasts before but never harmed any human.

"If not, they'll kill you. In this world, it's to kill or be killed. You think they're going to be satisfied after they abuse you?" Seth brushed his palms together to rid the dirt. "I don't know if it is possible to meet you somewhere since this is just a dream. If we happen to cross our way someday, I won't forgive you if you no longer remember me. After all, there's should be no one around here who's more handsome than I am." He smiled and patted her cheeks.

"Are you going?" she asked. She hadn't properly thanked him yet. It was only several hours since they met, and she wanted him to stay longer.

“I’m not sure how but I need to go back,” he took a few steps backward. “Once I’m done with anything else, I’ll find you. So stay safe until then,” Seth said. He could feel the familiar force pulling him. The witch’s spell was about to lose its effect. “Until then,” he smiled one last time.

“Wait! What is your name? My name is... ”

The young knight watched the lady reaching out her hand to him. He felt the strange energy dragging him from the back when he had the urged to hold the lady’s hand after she told him her name. “My name is Seth…”

The gentle breeze and the fragrance coming from the tree leaves and flowers tickled his nostrils. Seth opened his eyes and was greeted by the serene moonlight. “Eh...?” he mumbled. He blinked his eyes and was shocked when a tear fell. “Why the heck am I crying?” After lifting himself, he rubbed his head while trying to recall what happened. “Argh! I don’t remember anything other than talking to that old hag. It was still dark, so I might not have passed out for too long.”

Feeling his own body, he found out that there seemed nothing to worry about. Everything was the same as before he lost consciousness, but he still couldn’t tell the reason why he fainted in the first place. He roamed his sight around to check his surroundings while enhancing his sense of smell to find Latina’s whereabouts.

“I appreciate your offer but you don’t need to come with me. This is where we depart, Azrene.”

Seth’s ears perked when he heard Latina’s voice. He followed where her voice was coming from and halted when he saw her talking to a petite girl with blonde hair. The girl’s face was familiar but what caught his attention the most was Latina’s appearance. She looked different. There was a slight bump on her belly and her expression was cold. The sparkles in her eyes were gone. Her beauty was still there but she rather looked empty.

‘What happened?'

Chapter 54

In the vast night sky, the faint light coming from the stars could be seen. They twinkled alternately every second as they worshiped the serenity of the moon. It was a night to remember for those who were still awake and had witnessed the rare sight. Nah, not because of the magnificent moon and the stars above. Since on that particular night, they weren't only the jewels of the sky that sparkled. The distance between the sky and the earth seemed to shortened when bolts of colorful lights were swiftly chasing each other in the air. They weren't falling stars nor meteors which could only land in their specified direction unless they exploded before hitting the ground, or they split into countless fragments and caused a massive ray of lights everywhere. These unique bolts of lights were only the excess waste of energy, turning to flammable dust and resulting in a colorful fire when colliding with the kindling temperature in the air due to the strong reaction of the earth's force with the super speed of two creatures, one was rushing on to go somewhere while the other was eager to keep up.

The red flames conquered the night as it gracefully glided in the air. Followed by the bright blue light from behind, the scarlet fire grew stronger to clear the path for the blood queen.

The vampire knight scratched his head when Latina increased her speed, trying to lose him. He was rendered speechless when the bolt of fire split into two. A dark purple light going to the west and a fiery red to the northeastern land. A place where the gate of the abyssal garden was located.

"Now what?" Seth heaved a sigh and decided to tail the brighter light going to the northeast. He felt an ominous feeling crawling on his skin with the idea of Latina going to that region. The beautiful view ended when the lights faded the moment it reached the mountain peaks along the border of the northern and eastern regions. The area beyond the mountains was foggy. Seth had to use several strong wind spells until the fog disappeared. Several meters away from where he stood, he saw a cave with broken seals. "Is this the gate to the abyssal garden? It looked more like a cave to me," he murmured while looking closely at the entrance of the cave. He was taking a step forward when he felt a hand grabbing his shoulder.

"Who are you?" Latina's cold voice echoed. "Why do you keep following me?" She applied force on her grip, breaking his bones.

'Shit! She's damn strong,' Seth thought to himself. Raising both of his hands in surrender, he spoke, "It's me. Don't you remember? We met in the capital when you were shopping for clothes." Latina let go of him. He slowly turned around to face her with his hands still in the air.

'The heck! I almost forgot that we haven't had a proper introduction yet,' Seth sighed. He looked at her in the eyes to show his sincerity. "I'm here to ensure your safety. I don't mean any

harm," he said, trying to convince her. "I apologize if I caused you any trouble by following you around," Seth added.

Latina remained unfazed by his words. "What's your name?" She squinted her eyes as she waited for his response.

"Seth. Seth Lachouves," the young knight stated. "I'm just like you."

"Are you really…" she bit her tongue. The word 'Vampire' just wouldn't easily come out for her lips. She felt a sudden cramp in her womb which gave her an excuse to groan in pain instead of completing her sentence. "Ugh!"

"What's wrong? Are you hurting somewhere?" Seth rushed to her aid. "I think it's safer if we get inside that cave first," he suggested. "It must be just an ordinary cave, so we should be safe in there."

'Of course, it is. It was once sacred but after the seals were broken, the fire fairy and the de Llava siblings were no longer there. It was nothing more than an ordinary cave. Only the dark memories remained inside,' Latina thought as Seth carried her to take shelter in the cave.

The boy used his blue flame to find a flat area where he could put her down. Latina was amazed at his strength for carrying her until she realized that he was a vampire too, she rolled her eyes secretly.

"This should do," Seth mumbled and put her gently on the smooth and glossy surface. He then started a small bonfire using the dried twigs from the outside, delivered by the wind. "How do you feel?" he asked, eyeing her bulging tummy.

"Better," Latina replied, shifting her body to the other side. She didn't want him to know about her pregnancy. Not until she could fully trust him. Her face lit in curiosity when she saw a shining object ahead. Latina stood and strode to find its source.

"Hey, where are you going?" Seth walked behind her, watching her every move while providing light from above. He had several guesses about the changes in Latina's body. He thought that maybe she ate a lot causing her stomach to bulge and that's why she was having cramps. It was indigestion. While he convinced himself that it was simply indigestion, the idea that Latina must be pregnant couldn't be easily neglected. He was aware that the vampire lord had slept with her several times. But it was still a rare case for her to get pregnant with Sebastian's baby especially when her mate should be no other than him, not the lord. 'I still have to reconsider the fact that she might be pregnant with Sebastian's baby. If something happens to her and the future ruler of the tribe inside her womb, Sebastian and the elders will kill me instantly without hearing me out first.' Seth felt a chill running down his spine as he imagined what will happen to him if he failed to protect Latina.

"Get rid of the fire," Latina ordered. She stopped in the corner of the cave where she saw the shining thing earlier. Seth flicked his finger and the fire was gone, the only light left was

coming from the bonfire he made which was behind them. Latina propped down and started to look for something. “It should be around here,” she mumbled.

“Eh, what are you doing?” Seth asked.

“Shh!” Latina hushed to stop him from talking. She wasn’t expecting something but if she could find her mother’s ring, it’d be great. “It’s here,” she whispered when she saw the shining jewelry. It was a ring made of white Lhaphrite with a tear of the ocean pearls and rare gemstones surrounding its rim. Unlike the red Lhaphrite which could conceal the holder’s power, the white ones could protect its holder from any form of danger. It was said to be an item from the blood demon king that was given to the de Llava clan.

Latina’s eyes hands trembled as she wore the ring. She felt the warmth coming from it like a mother's embrace she longed for.

“Mother, Father… I’m back.”

Chapter 55

The sun was at its highest peak. Coming towards the southern borders of the Vacil empire, hordes of raging beasts was approaching. Led by their respective alphas, the beast warriors lined up in an open field, approximately ten kilometers away from the empire, beyond the mountain ranges, waiting for the signal to attack. While the secret soldiers of the Wyslien kingdom have already begun their sneak attacks earlier than planned. Composed of the best fighters from different packs, under the direct command of the blue alpha, Tyler, they started their mission: To eliminate vampires as much as possible.

For the citizens of the empire, specifically in Buscia city, it was yet another day to live. Without knowing about the upcoming disaster, people started their daily activities. The vendors opened their stalls first thing in the morning, hoping for a bountiful sell for the day. Store owners and other large establishments had their workers ready to prepare the products and services they could offer. Wives and daughters could be seen walking home and some were taking a wagon, with the vegetables, fruits, and meat they bought from the market. Husbands and sons who were enhancing their physical strength by running a few laps around their area before marching to their workplaces were hard not to notice with their loud huffs. Everyone was busy in the capital. Little did they know, so many things happened the night before. Things that sparked the war between two races.

Lurking in the shadows, the blood tribe who were prepared to battle was waiting. Using the authority granted as the Duke of Vacil, Lorenzo ordered his men to surround the imperial palace. The Emperor had no clue of what was going on after he was controlled by the elder's spell. As the vampire lord's order, the royal family and the rest of the human race living in the empire should be protected. It was an urgent order and before they could gather the people for their safety, they had already been swarming in the capital. Only the villagers from different regions were put to sleep and were safely escorted to a safe place.

"AHH!"

A single scream followed by another and the Buscia city became a butchering place. Wolves and tigers as well as lions appeared from nowhere, gnawing anyone they crossed the path with.

"Help!"

The panic caused by sudden screams and loud cries was in favor of the intruders. Everyone ran for their own lives, had no time to dawdle, and think about what was going on. One word engraved in their minds: LIVE. After all, no one would willingly want to die. Nah, even in the last second before one's final breath, a tinge of hope could bloom. A hope to continue living in a way where there was no pain and suffering.

"P-please…." They begged.

“N-no… NO!” They desperately cried.

Blood was everywhere. It was hard to recognize anyone. People around were devouring each other, taking lives, shredding flesh into pieces. Some shifted to beasts and some were monsters with fangs while most victims remained human. Dying a painful death in the fangs and claws of the unknown creatures, seeing their loved ones die in front of them while they were devoured was horrendous. A gruesome sight. Those who ran to save themselves were either rescued or killed while soiling their pants.

“Hahaha! See that? The blood tribe’s weakness is the people. The humans whom they protected for years for their livestock. Go on, struggle until your last breath. There’s no way to run now,” Tyler said while joyfully watching the crowd of humans and beasts. He was sitting on top of the roof with a jar of sweets in his hand. He planned not to fight but watch the end of the empire.

“This is fun. I can’t wait to join,” Leo muttered and jumped off to cause more havoc and send terror to those who were weak.

The vampire lord, elders, and vampire armies were having an urgent meeting when they heard the screams coming from the outside. “They’re here. Move!” Sebastian ordered his people to do their part. The beast tribe had started their attack, but he still got no news of Latina. ‘Damn!’ He slapped his hands on the table. The elders remained on their seats, waiting for his specific orders.

“My lord,” a messenger from the vampire army approached him. “The knights in-charged of securing the borders have sighted the Prince of Air and your ladyship heading to the northeast region in the dawn,” he informed.

“Northeast,” Sebastian murmured. He signaled the man to leave. “Did you regain your memories?” He asked no one in particular. The war was important but saving Latina who might be bearing his child was more important.

“Cisto! You’re in charge of the capital. I’m going northeast,” he instructed. He waited not for the elder’s reply and went on his way.

Sebastian directly headed to the sacred cave. He knew that Latina will come back to that place once she remembers. His thoughts were interrupted when he caught a whiff of a very familiar alpha’s scent. He was already halfway to his destination, but he could not afford to let the alpha knew where he was heading. Sebastian halted and waited for his pursuers. His eyebrows furrowed when the white alpha and his pack paid no attention to him and continued on their way.

“Damn, did he knew?” The vampire lord was left with no choice but to chase after them. He tried many ways to stop them; the rolling boulders, flying trees, and curses. The wolves were agile despite their weight. It took him some time to memorize their movement pattern before he was able to hit them with his attacks.

Dark clouds appeared in the clear sky. The alpha ahead felt the sudden change, he stopped and looked above. “I can’t be wrong. This pressure, it’s the blood demon king.”

Thunder repeatedly roared while the lightning danced with its beat. A befitting welcome for the birth of a new ruler.

Chapter 56

Chaos. A word that best described the bloody scene. Men and women, children, and old, they cried, begged, and desperately prayed to be spared. The once lively capital turned into a lake of blood. Corpses were everywhere and it kept increasing. Some were intact while most of them were ripped, smashed, and with missing parts. The stench smell of blood was all over the place.

The special soldier led by Tyler rampaged. They killed anyone they see breathing. Pulled their guts out from their body, sliced their head and limbs off without blinking an eye. “Go get them all!” The blue alpha ordered. He was sitting on a bench while watching those around him plead for mercy. ‘Too bad… if I couldn’t kill the strongest then I’ll eradicate the weak first,’ he thought. His leisure time ended when he was pinned down on the ground. He felt a strong force pulling him from below.

“Kid, don’t be too lax and think that you could easily sneak away after what you’ve done.”

“Oi, if it’s not the old man whose face doesn’t age. So you’re still alive, Cisto?” Tyler tried to get up but he couldn’t. “Eh, when will you keep on pinning me down here with your low-class ability? Wait, if you try to argue about having your ability labeled as low-class, then why don’t you answer this question first: If you ain’t weak, why didn’t you become the vampire lord? Hahaha! If you could see your face right now, you’ll die laughi—” he wasn’t done with his tease when the elder gagged his mouth with an iron.

“Save it. I don’t have time babysitting a kid,” Cisto said. He took the potion made by Claudia and poured it into the alpha’s mouth. It won’t kill the beasts but it could weaken them temporarily. “Lock him up. He won’t be able to fight back within a few hours. The lord has better plans for him,” Cisto ordered his men. “Don’t waste your time trying to shift. Our alchemist potent product shouldn’t be underestimated,” he added as he gazed at the glaring boy.

“Let the beasts drink this potion as I pin them down,” the elder instructed. He caught dozens and more special soldiers with his ability. They kept the same strategy to reduce the number of enemies.

On the other part of the capital, the elders and their men were fighting with the beast warriors. While the vampire knights led by Erman, the second-in-command in the vampire army protected the royal palace and the hiding place for the surviving humans.

If there was a busy place in the city that continued its business, that would be no other than Rupert’s hospital. The doctor never thought of using his vampire abilities to attend to his patient. Using the snow demon, he calmed down the almost-dead patients that were sent to him. He had to take care of them all by himself since no one of his employees had made it alive to their workplace. And finally, he was grateful that he was born a vampire. If not, it would be

nearly impossible for him to treat the wounds and save the life of the people under his supervision.

'If that lad didn't leave. He would be a big help,' he thought when he remembered Marco who left. His suspicion about the boy being a member of the beast tribe was almost justified if he didn't take a sample of his blood the night before.

"What are you doing? Stop dazing!"

Claudia's voice pulled him back to reality. Right, while he was busy tending the patients, Claudia was there to protect the whole building, alone. He was least worried knowing how capable the lady was. But ten seconds later, he regretted the fact that he took her strength for granted.

Rupert was too immersed on stitching one of his patient's slit skull when a huge lion broke through the window. The resting patients were all shocked and ran for their lives as the red lion growl. Rupert quickly pushed his particular patient away when he saw the lion's coming onslaught. He readied himself to fight when he noticed Claudia lying on the floor. He dodged and hopped near her. She was conscious but her body took damage when the lion rushed inside. A deep wound on her leg was visible and it showing slow recovery.

"Are you the alchemist?" the lion spoke while looking at Claudia. Rupert's presence was ignored.

"So what if I am?" Claudia went back on her feet, enduring the digging pain on her wounds.

"Then die!"

It was so fast but Rupert was certain that Claudia could evade it. His faith shattered when she kept standing there like waiting for the enemy's assault. And before his eyes, Claudia disappeared, leaving nothing but traces of blood.

"Bitch! You're lucky to have a quick death. I would enjoy it more if I saw you suffer pain first. Seemed like I planted too many worms on your wounds," the lion continued his monologue before shifting back to his human form. He snatched some clothes and a white coat hanging inside the cabinet. Those were what Rupert called the 'Patient's change of clothes'.

"Claudia," Rupert whispered. "Bring her back," he tried to contain the exploding emotion inside him but it was already out of control. Tears started to fell from his eyes for the first time. "How dare you kill her?" he gritted his teeth as he faced Leo, the red alpha.

"Huh? Aren't you the doctor? Your patients were no longer here, why did you stay?" Leo stretched his arms and neck while conversing with him. "Well, the outcome was already in our favor. If you bear grudges against me, I suggest you hide now before I decided to wring your neck."

“Oh. Like this?” Rupert did the first move. He leaped in the air and wrung the alpha’s head. “Or like this?” he asked after twisting it one more time in the opposite direction. “How do you like that?"

Chapter 57

It was midday. The bright sunlight reached the interior of the cave through the small cracks above. The thick fog earlier in the dawn was gone. The sparrows in the wild started to hunt for insects to eat after several minutes of singing. Life went on outside the cave while a new life was expected to bloom inside. On the contrary, countless victims lose their lives in Buscia City. The war was still going forward and between the sharp fangs of death, humans perished one after another.

Seth was breathing loudly while leaning his back on the cave wall. He fell asleep after scooping Latina from the ground when she slumped down while crying. He had no idea why the lady was suddenly emotional. Comforting wasn't his forte. Afraid to say the wrong thing that might worsen her mood, he offered his shoulder to leaned on, and she cried silently until she was tired. Latina dozed off. She was sound asleep when she felt a stinging pain.

"Argh!" Latina groaned in pain. She touched her tummy and the pain was kicking from within. 'Oh no, are you coming out now?' She was excited but worried at the same time. The fire fairy told her about the possibility of giving birth anytime, but she never expected it to be so soon. She doesn't even remember when exactly she got pregnant. Well, she did it with Sebastian many times, and she couldn't point out in which specific date and time when his juices filled her womb and the baby was formed. Her occasional huffed and puffed while enduring the pain woken up the sleeping knight.

"W-what's going on?" Seth asked when he saw her curling in pain. "Are you constipated? Do you need to use the bathroom? Tell me what you need," he panicked when he realized how pale she was while sweating coldly. He knelt on the ground and tried to help her up but Latina shook her head.

"I… h-help me sit down," she whimpered. Seth nodded his head frantically and lifted her to help her sit. "AHH!" Latina screamed when a sharp pain dominated her entire body. The pain was doubled, Nah, it was tenfold compared to the one she felt a while ago. Latina felt something moved inside her. 'It's the baby!' It shifted down, looking for an exit. "Ugh mm!" She pursed her lips when she felt the baby found the only possible exit.

"Y-you're bleeding!" Seth was not afraid of blood. He screamed when he saw the blood and went pale as well because it was flowing down on her legs. And he wasn't too naive not to know what was causing her to bleed. Or maybe not. "Did you hurt your leg?"

Latina ignored his question. She rested her back on the surface and pulled her legs up. "It's going…out… h-help me spread my legs," she asked breathlessly. She would not have bothered to ask him if only her hips didn't felt numb, making it hard for her to move her legs as she could barely feel them.

"W-what?" Seth's jaw dropped. "I… I can't see it yet," he shook his head, still hadn't grasped the situation.

"P-please… I need to let it out."

Messy hair while extremely sweating hard, legs parted and heavy breaths, Latina could never be sexier. The lady was clearly in discomfort but the only person who could have helped her way fantasizing over her allure. Seth blinked his eyes several times and swallowed the lump on his throat. He faked a coughed twice and looked at her eyes. "I'm not an expert since I haven't tried doing it before," he was fidgeting his fingers while confessing to her about him being inexperienced.

"I don't care. J-just please help me out. It's ripping her way through. Ah!" Latina squirmed.

"I-if you say so," Seth murmured while rubbing his sweating palms together. He went closer in front of her and placed his shaking hands on her knees. "I don't know if this matters but…" he paused and took a deep breath. "I'm still a virgin," he continued as he spread her legs.

"AAAHHH!" They both screamed at the same time. Latina from the unbearable suffering and Seth from shock after seeing something coming out of her.

'Fuck! Was it a baby? She's about to give birth, and I was thinking of doing something inappropriate to her! Damn!' he thought while shaking his head furiously. 'What to do now?' He checked on Latina who moaned endlessly. Holding his breath, he lifted her skirt to see the progress. "I could see the baby's head. Push… I don't know if that's possible but you have to push the baby out," he instructed.

Latina tried to focus her strength in one place and released it all to push the baby out. "There! Keep doing that. It's coming out," Seth smiled, trying to encourage her.

"Hmmppp! Ahhhh!" She inhaled deeply and with all the strength she could muster, she pushed. Latina smiled when she heard the baby's cry. "Thank you," she whispered, knowing that the baby helped her succeed. In the last second, she felt it moving out on its own. She didn't even felt the pain when her opening was ripped once again. Since the moment when it did, her precious angel was crying.

"It's alive!" Seth shouted in glee but zipped his mouth when he saw Latina glaring at him. He scratched his head and went back to wiping the baby using his coat. It wasn't like there was something else he could use anyway.

"Do you wished my baby to be dead?" She kept glaring at the boy while forcing herself to get up. Surprisingly, the pain that she felt while laboring was slowly fading. 'It must be because of this ring,' she thought, glancing at the ring on her finger.

"I wouldn't dare!" Seth responded. "This is the first time I ever saw a baby fresh from the oven," he bit his tongue when he realized what he said. "What y wanted to say was... a baby… a

newborn baby, hehe. Oh! And I don't see those dangling things between the legs so it must be a girl." He wrapped the baby with a red cloth he found. It was clean and had no lingering smell, so he decided to use it. "Do you want to carry her?" he asked as he poked the baby's cheek. Latina slapped his finger away and carefully lifted the baby.

"I've never felt so happy before," Latina's eyes sparkled in tears when she saw a little life she had in her arms.

"Victoria. You shall be called Victoria," she whispered.

Chapter 58

The blue sky was suddenly covered by thick, humongous clouds. Even the proud sun left no trace of its light. Thunders roared above as flashes of lightning crossed in the dark sky. There was no sign of rain or a storm coming. It was more like a bad omen befallen on earth.

“It’s a bad idea to leave the cave,” Seth said while stopping Latina from leaving. After she gave the baby a name, she started to get panicky.

“No, we should leave immediately. I could hear them coming. It’s dangerous if they find out about Victoria,” Latina argued. Hugging the baby in her arms, she walked out of the cave. The wind was strong, but she made sure that her baby was safe.

“Who are they? If you want to leave then we should head back to the lord’s mansion,” the knight suggested.

“It’s Sebastian, and he’s not alone,” Latina turned around to face him. “He’s being chased by a pack of wolves with their alpha,” she added. She was shocked when she saw a huge boulder rolling in their direction. Any second and it will hit them for sure. “Run!” she yelled and rapidly skipped to the side, successfully avoiding the danger.

Seth didn’t hesitate to use his own body as a shield in case it was too late to dodge. He cursed under his breath when he saw more rocks coming their way. Grabbing Latina who was taller than him, Seth jumped in a higher place, securing the mother and her child’s safety. The cave was no longer visible down below due to strong gusts of winds coming from different directions, crashing each other. It almost covered the place.

“It’s too late, they’re near.” Fear could be heard in Latina’s cracking voice. She took a glance at her baby, giving her a gentle peck on her forehead and wrapping her carefully. “Listen to me Seth,” Latina started. The determination was sculpted on her face. “You have to leave with Victoria first. Bring her to a safe place, away from anyone else. You should not let a single soul know about her real identity. It should remain a secret unless she’s strong enough to defend herself.” She handed the baby to the boy who was still confused about her words.

“Away from anyone else? Where would that be? And what about you… if we’re going somewhere, you should be coming with us.” Seth held Latina’s arm. “You can’t just shoo me away with your baby. I’m here to protect you… both of you.”

Latina pursed her lips. “I can’t go with you. The alpha could probably sense my presence. He must be out to kill the lord. If I run away, he’ll follow my scent, he’ll either use me against Sebastian or do something else. I can’t let him find out about Victoria. You should have felt it too. When the sky turned dark, you should have felt that strong aura rising from the ground. If it wasn’t a demon then what would it be? I’m not sure what’s going on yet but I won’t wait until

I find out about it before putting my daughter's safety first. So please," her eyes were already filled with tears. She had a feeling that she would never see her precious daughter again once they depart. "Make sure to run as fast as you could. Find a place to hide. It's not impossible. I mean there should be places other than the empire. Whatever happens, you should protect her," she held his cold hands while looking directly into his eyes. "Please, you have to leave now. I'll cover for you," Latina concluded without hearing out what the boy would say. She created a wall of fire. The soft yet sharp sounds she heard were getting louder as it drew closer. "RUN!"

With a heavy heart, Seth held Victoria firmly in his arms. "Take care," he mumbled before dashing at full speed. Latina nodded her head, glad that she was able to have a glance at her baby for the last time. "Take care of my daughter," she whispered.

Booogsh

Latina shook off her thoughts away and focused on the enemy before her. Her wall of flame was as sturdy as the strongest metal. The only disadvantage was that the impregnable fire was only for defense. She could only avoid the attacks, but she couldn't land one. When the beasts realized that she was hard to deal with, they went on to chase after the fleeing knight. 'You wish,' Latina thought and put her defenses down to counter an attack. A smoking ball of fire hit her targets who fell on the ground at the same time. Her breathing halted when she felt a familiar calloused hand, caressing her skin.

"Here you are," Mathew purred on her ear. "I've been looking for you, darling." He covered Latina's eyes with his hand, letting the fire burn his skin. "I'm sorry but I have to kill a demon right now and I don't want you to see how brutal it would be," he murmured.

"Dream on," Latina heard Sebastian said. She couldn't be wrong. It was the man to whom she offered her everything. In a swift motion, gentle yet firm hands embraced her while at the same time, the hand that covered her eyes flew on the ground.

"You don't have the right to touch what's mine. You can try and I'll be glad to cut your limbs over and over again until you realized how pathetic and weak you are," Sebastian landed on the tip of a rock. He lifted her chin and stared at her before claiming her lips in front of the bleeding alpha. "Latina belongs to me, not to anyone else," he said proudly after the kiss. His tone was calm but the hint of possessiveness was overflowing.

"She belongs to you? You treat her like an object. Why would you think she'll choose you?" Mathew sneered, swinging his newly generated arm.

"The answer is simple," Sebastian pulled Latina closer to him. "She loves me," he smirked. For the first time in his life, he felt so light despite being in front of the enemy who was serious about killing him.

The alpha snickered. "And I love her but you don't. She deserves someone better," he shifted to his wolf form. The remaining member of his pack joined him. He led their battle cry and as for

the rest, they followed. Their howls echoed in the mountains and throughout the nearby plains. “Let’s settle this, demon. Whoever wins will have the right to claim the prize.”

“Beast, there’s no room for negotiation. Latina was mine and will always be mine,” Sebastian tilted his head to the side. “You talked about treating her like an object yet you have the guts to decide her as the prize. If that’s the case, I would not lose this battle.” He pulled away from her and took off his coat and loosened his tie.

“As for my sister, you'd better return her as well,” Mathew murmured. He glared at the vampire lord.

“ Your sister? What made you think I have her? I don't have enough time to deal with trivial stuff,” Sebastian responded which made the alpha confused for a bit. He took the chance to test the waters.

Latina hadn’t seen Sebastian using his power before but she pained quite a lot when he altered her memories. The rocks started to float in the air regardless of their sizes. Sebastian tittered as the boulders moved in the enemies’ direction. The wolves went busy evading every rock. That was when something popped inside Latina’s head. “It was you,” she mumbled, glaring at him

“What?”

“Nothing,” Latina sighed and checked on their enemy only to find them mostly squashed by the heavy rocks and skewered by tree branches. Her eyes twitched when she saw the alpha standing alone. Its white fur remained pure without a speck of dirt.

“Tsk!” Latina’s attention was back to the man beside her who clicked his tongue in displeased. “Good. You won’t be hailed as the king of the alphas unless you’re too weak,” the lord said and jumped from the tree after telling her to stay right there.

“And here I thought you won’t go down to face me or I have to drag you myself.”

‘They’re going to kill each other. If I try to stop them, there’s no guarantee that both of them will keep their words when it comes to fighting and call a truce. What should I do?’ Latina clenched her fists. She had decided. ‘If I can’t stop them then it’s better to join them. I only need to defeat them both to put an end to this mess.’

The sound of gnashing claws and clashing fangs was intimidating. Latina was speechless when she saw the men fighting in front of her. Her plan to join was swept away. How could she just jump between the raging fight of two powerful monsters?

An enchanting demon who moved as fast as the wind. A flick of his finger meant danger to his opponent. With his fangs as his blade, it pierced and torn his enemy to pieces in a second. The sinister smile on his lips was never leaving his face as he spits the flesh he bitten off the beast.

And there was a beautiful ferocious beast. Behind those white and fluffy fur, hiding an extraordinary strength. Within its gentle face, there were deadly fangs hidden inside its mouth that could paralyze any victim with its potent poison.

Watching them was a goddess-like lady who came back from hell. Her eyes turned scarlet as her thirst for the demon's blood in front of her grew stronger. She craved for his blood, and she wanted to have it, eagerly.

Chapter 59

The elders were almost done subjugating the beasts' intruders in the capital. The potion that Claudia made helped them a lot, although, the number of casualties was more than what they expected. Those who can heal others started to spread out to help. One person came to their mind when they found out a lot of survivors but were severely injured. Rupert Millavo. The only person that could treat all the injured at that moment, should be him. Aside from learning medicine, he was known for treating patients with a hundred percent chance of living. After he captured the main threat and the mastermind behind the beast's attack, Cisto went to the hospital to check on the doctor. He was expecting Rupert to be tending to the patient and couldn't believe it when he saw him fighting against an alpha.

"Oh, this redhead was here all along then?" Cisto muttered when he recognized Rupert's opponent. They were battling in the air. The enemy had the upper hand. He initially wanted to stop the fight and lock the werelion, so they could focus on helping the survivors but there was something in Rupert's eyes that he couldn't set aside. It was grieved and anger. 'Why would he took all the trouble to fight against an enemy whose way beyond his league?' That question remained in the elder's head until he remembered something. 'Claudia... where's Claudia?' he looked around the building and found no trace of the lady. The two were still busy with their fight. He took the chance to sneaked inside. The broken glass on the window caught his attention and there he saw a fresh drop of blood. He bent down, proceeding with his investigation. The taste of blood was different, if he was right, it should be Claudia's blood. The blood of each clan differs in taste and smell. When he tasted the blood, he knew it was from a Lachouves. 'Did something happened to her?' He stood up and felt a faint hint of magic in the air. 'This... it's witch's magic. No, it's different.' Cisto was alarmed.

"Ugh!" Rupert groaned. The alpha clawed him on the side. His flesh was ripped apart and some fell on the floor. "Bring back Claudia!" he yelled. His body glowed and in an instant the damages he took disappeared in thin air. His strength increased while he thought about the reality that Claudia would never return. "I won't forgive you!"

Cisto was surprised. He felt the enormous pressure surrounding Rupert. The doctor looked completely different from whom he used to be. Just in one strike, Rupert blasted the whole building. His enemy who took a direct hit fell on the ground but was barely harmed.

"You overestimated yourself," Leo mumbled. He growled. It was his favorite attack since he could easily defeat his enemies with just a growl. His plan backfired when the heavens roared. The dark clouds that covered the blue sky were divided into half. A bright light descended from the heavens as a group of people with white wings on their backs appeared.

"The holy celestials," Cisto muttered. The bright light was overwhelming, forcing everyone to prostrate themselves.

"A word from heaven," one of them spoke. "Stop this meaningless war if you don't wish to perish. All of you!"

The earth rumbled and the sky was filled with golden bolts of lightning as the thunder continued to roar.

Meanwhile...

In the northeast region of the empire, the fierce battle continued.

It was black against white. The vampire lord continued his blazing strikes. His loathe grew stronger when the alpha showed no fear. With the dark smoke surrounding him, the curse which he was good at amplified as his eyes turned crimson. He was too fast for his opponent who chose to stay in one place. The clean, white fur of the wolf was not just for a show. It absorbed all the blood demon's assaults and purified all the miasma coming from the vampire's curse. The alpha grinned when he noticed the agitation in his enemy's face. He was glad that the lord had finally taken the battle seriously. They were both enjoying their heated fight when Latina interrupted. She jumped in between them, landing on her, she squatted. Bending down, her palms were pressed on the ground. Her fangs were dripping in her blood. And on her lovely face, madness was painted.

"Latina!" Sebastian's voice came out louder than Mathew's when they both called her at the same time. They hissed at each other and drifted their sight on the lady. She lifted her head and glared at the wolf. Her sharp gazes pierced through the alpha's heart. After seeing what Latina did to his rival, Sebastian threw his head to the side and stuck his tongue out, mocking the other. His smug face was wiped away when he felt Latina's presence behind him. The vampire lord shivered when she grabbed his neck. Her presence was filled with malice and the hatred she emitted through her touch was beyond menace.

After Latina had given birth, she felt better as if nothing happened. She was indeed fine, thanks to the ring she found inside the sacred cave. It saved her life and the baby from danger. But that was all the ring was for. It could keep her moving no matter what happens, though it didn't mean that it would keep her stomach full all the time. The monstrous Latina in front of the men who fell for her was her true nature. She was born a vampire and will always be. Her thirst for blood would never stop yet could be sufficed.

"Go ahead," Sebastian mumbled. He could tell from her looks. Latina wanted his blood and his blood will only be the one that could satisfy her.

She forcefully dragged his neck down to her mouth from the back. Her nails pierced through his skin, making him bleed. The sweet fragrance from his oozing juices hyped up her appetite. She was no longer thirsty, instead, she felt worse. The urged to stab the man in her arms to make him bleed endlessly got stronger as she sniffed the aroma of the red liquid flowing out through his wounds. Drawing her parted mouth to the spot where his vein was most visible, she punctured it with her fangs. Her eyes rolled heavenwards as she continued to slurp his

blood like it was the tastiest beverage she ever had. Pulling him closer with her arm, she tilted his head to the other side, showing his yet bitten part of the neck. She kissed his skin before digging holes in it. A smile curved on her lips when the blood gushed out of his white skin. Latina licked it slowly, wiping the juice with her tongue. Once done, she buried her fangs again. With her eyes closed, she sipped more. "Aha!" she exclaimed after quenching her thirst. "Thanks for the treat," she whispered to him before letting him go.

Mathew was horrified as he watched the lady he sought to be with him for the rest of his life, preyed on the vampire lord who was on par with him earlier in the fight. So many questions started to pop inside his head. 'Would I be able to accept her after what she had done? She's a vampire, so what? Drinking blood is one of her necessity.' The alpha tried to forget all the lingering questions since he knew the answer but refused to accept it. His eyes darted on the vampire lord who didn't struggle for once while being fed on. He kind of felt sorry for him who fell on the ground, barely moving. "Right, you're also one of those demons who live for blood," Mathew said, laughing. He shifted back to his human form, naked. "And even after seeing you like that..." he walked closer to Latina who was quietly watching him while he drew closer to where she was standing. "I'm still certain that it's you whom I've been looking for," he was sincere while saying those words. His green eyes drifted from her bright orbs down to her glistening lips. "Latina, please be mine."

Sebastian's ears perked when he heard the alpha's voice. He coughed. Latina did him good. It was only several hours since she had his blood in the Wyslien kingdom but the lady's craving was endless. He waited a few seconds before he grabbed Latina away from the alpha who was about to kiss her. "Eh, sneaking while I'm not looking? Not allowed," the lord shook his head. He cupped Latina's face and scolded her. "You can't just let anyone kiss you when I'm unconscious. I didn't let you drink my blood so you'll have the energy to waste on some trash."

Latina's face turned red. She wasn't letting Mathew had his way. She was waiting for a perfect time to attack the alpha. If she needed to choose the victor between the two, she would pick Sebastian. There was no more argument about that.

"You're still alive," Mathew smirked. "Why don't we continue?"

"Sur— Latina!" Sebastian shouted when he saw a sword of lightning coming from the sky. It was aiming directly at Latina. He mustered his strength and speed to protect her. In a split second, Latina fell on the ground away from him while he took the hit from the sky to save her.

"Sebastian!!!"

"Latina de Llava. Your existence disrupted the order of peace in this world. You were supposed to undergo the tribulation. The heavens have ordered to strike you with lightning as a trial and this man had saved you. You were allowed to live a life you wanted from now on but only when you are with this man," said the man in white garments. He had wings on his back and was protected by a warm light. "Remember, your presence will continue to ruin those around you

unless you are together with the man who saved you. The war has ended. Go back to where you belong and think not about disturbing the peace. This is not the time of war yet, for a real war has yet to be decided."

Chapter 60

The nightmare was over. Thanks to the holy celestials who stopped the war that almost caused the empire's destruction. They distributed healing potions to those who were injured and with the gods' blessings, they were able to revive those who were killed. But the said revival of the dead was only for humans who were involved in the dispute between the vampires and beasts. Ezekiel, the messenger of the gods and goddesses, had to wipe the memories of the bloody war from the human's mind, to protect the peace. He believed that if humans knew nothing about the existence of other races among them, as long as the blood and beast tribe avoid causing conflicts to one another that will harm the mortals, they could live their daily lives without fear.

Ezekiel was meticulous when doing his job, it was almost a complete perfection like nothing happened if not for the bloodstains that could be seen here and there. It made the people in the kingdom wonder about what could have had happened. The destroyed buildings were fixed and there were no traces of any damages around, causing more confusion to them.

Mathew Solic and his men were forced to withdraw back to their kingdom, though the beast tribe was not satisfied with the outcome. The king of Wyslien was left with no choice but surrendered against the holy knights and followed what they were told. He was aware of Ezekiel's strength, to begin with. His whole tribe would probably not stand a chance. With a heavy heart after a complete defeat, Mathew zipped his mouth until they arrived in the kingdom. The war was his complete loss. First, Latina chose to stay by Sebastian's side. After what he had done to her, her feelings were never swayed. Second, Azrene was not found anywhere in the empire. The white alpha vividly remembered when Sebastian told him that he had nothing to do with his missing sister. Finally, despite decreasing the number of vampires, the noble and stronger ones weren't killed at all. Instead, they easily wiped most of their warriors.

Just like the beast tribe, the blood tribe was unhappy about the holy celestial's intervention. Although they live quietly with humans for a long time, the vampires always wanted to crush every beast if possible. They loathe them as much as they were abhorred. There's no specific reason why. After living alongside humans for several centuries, the blood tribe has proven that they could get along well with the other race except for the werewolves, werelions, weretigers, and other species of the warm-blooded savages— as they called them. And there was another problem, Sebastian was severely injured by the werewolf alpha when he was protecting Latina. The vampire lord took quite a lot of fatal blows and was on the brink of death. The elders were panicking when Cisto rushed for Rupert's assistance. For them, it was fine losing hundreds of kinsmen than losing the one vampire lord. To make things worse for their tribe, Rupert remained in shock for a long while. No one could blame him after he witnessed how Claudia was slaughtered before his eyes.

"GET BACK TO YOUR SENSES!" Cisto yelled while shaking the grieving doctor. "You may think that Claudia is dead but haven't you noticed? Nothing turned into ashes in the spot where she was attacked, there was only blood. She must be alive somewhere, don't forget that she's a Lachouves."

Rupert was taken aback by the elder's words. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw his friend laying down on the bed, almost lifeless. "What the heck! Get anyone who could help. His wounds aren't recovering on their own instead they're getting worse!" No one could tell how many people nearby that Cisto yanked to where Rupert was to assist the doctor.

After losing Marco, Rupert realized how the boy was a big help. He thought that the lad was not a human after all. Sadly, the boy went missing before he found out what he really was.

A part of his mind kept on telling him that Marco might be from other races who pretended to be human to spy on them. Deep-down, Rupert wished that his mind was telling lies. He proved himself wrong when the boy came back a month later with Claudia, who was safe and sound.

"H-honey… you're alive!" The doctor was so happy to see his other-half that he left his dying patient alone to hug her.

"Idiot! Look after your patient. How can you call yourself a man when you can't even save me not to mention the poor sick lady on the bed who needs your service now?!" Claudia nagged. She rubbed her temple, "Why do I have to say scold you the moment we see each other again? Goodness!"

"Ah! I could hear your rants again. It's real! You're indeed alive!" Rupert wrapped her in his arms and pulled back afterward to examine her face. He closed the distance between their lips in the instance. It was then when Marco, who was left with the patient realized that he should quit his job in the hospital if he doesn't want to witness their lovey-dovey every day.

At the same time, in front of the gate of the abyssal garden…

"Are you sure about this?"

Latina smiled at the elder. "Hmm… I know that he would love me to stay by his side until he wakes up again." She brushed her delicate fingers on Sebastian's face.

"You know, he… the lord is not dead. But he's currently too weak. He knew that he has to come here for his century-long slumber in few months," Cisto said. He couldn't bear to see Latina's swollen eyes of endless weeping. She could smile but it was a mere curve of her lips edges, it didn't reach her eyes. "He's lucky to have you this time. He would no longer stay in that cold and dark place alone."

The thought of leaving Sebastian on such a place broke Latina's heart. It wasn't her time to slumber yet but given the situation, she decided to accompany her lover. It was Sebastian who protected her. Frankly, she didn't need any protection, but his action was to convey his feelings

to her. Even Sebastian knew how strong she became, yet he still chose to protect her like a precious jewel that was about to be taken away.

“The other elders will complain once they find out that you’ll be gone for a while. I have to go back immediately once you pass through the gate,” Cisto muttered. He glanced at the sleeping Sebastian inside a golden coffin. “The guardians of the abyssal garden will guide you.” He pointed at the floating spirits before facing Latina and placed his hands on her shoulders, “It will be your first time to enter the garden. Always remember, you are no longer alone. Sebastian will be by your side. By the time you wake up again, you will both have each other,” he said gently and patted Latina’s shoulders before letting them go. “I’ll stay here until there’s someone who’ll be responsible enough to rule the tribe appears. Besides, I want to meet the queen. She must be someone that Sebastian could be proud of.”

“You bet,” Latina smiled genuinely for the first time after the war. “She might cause you a headache once you meet her, but she will definitely become the queen among the queens of blood tribe.”

“You sounded so certain about it that it tempts me to find her immediately,” the elder laughed heartily. “I’m sure that Seth is taking care of her. You should look forward to many changes when you’re back.”

“I will,” Latina replied. “Thank you for your help all this time,” she slightly bent down to show respect. “I will never forget it. Stay alive until we meet again.”

“I’ll try,” Cisto replied.

The parting words were over and Latina stepped inside the gate. The entrance remained open, waiting for the guardians to enter together with Sebastian. “Wait!” Latina called when she remembered something. She removed her ring and threw it to the elder on the other side. “Give this ring to my daughter. A century is too long, I failed to protect her ever since I gave birth to her. It will protect her once she wears it,” she explained as the gate closed in.

“Should I let her know that it’s from you?” Cisto inquired.

“No,” Latina responded while shaking her head. “There’s no need for her to know about me. Not at all,” she faked a smile again before the gate completely shut.

“ The Vampire lord has arrived,” a voice announced. The guardians lined up as they showed the way to where Sebastian should spend his hundred years of sleep. “The lady over there, say your name and I’ll show you which way you’ll have to go.”

Heaving a deep sigh, Latina answered. “Latina de Llava.” The guardians started to whisper to each other. They seemed to argue about something until the voice scolded them.

“Quiet! Show the way for the blood queen.”

The guardians lined up and show a different way, opposite to Sebastian's. "Can I join him?" Latina asked worriedly. She was dumbfounded when the floating spirits started to laugh.

"How audacious! The Vampire lord was revered by all while the blood queen was a cursed existence. Guardians, drag this lady away from the vampire lord."

"W-wait… I didn't come here to be separated away from Sebastian," Latina spread her arms before the coffin while shooing the guardians away. "I won't go anywhere far from him. You can't make me!"

"Well-said," a familiar deep voice whispered from behind. She knew that voice. There was no mistaking it. It was him, it was Sebastian!

"How dare you ill-treated my beloved? If you won't let her stay with me then I can only stick myself to her," Sebastian pulled Latina inside the coffin. It was spacious inside, like a whole different dimension. "Don't mind those spirits, Sweetheart. They can try separating us forever, but they won't succeed even once."

Sebastian's words were too sweet for Latina. She had so many things to say, many questions to ask, but she had something more important to do. Lifting her trembling hands, Latina cupped his face and pressed her lips on his. Sebastian pulled her closer to him while moving his lips gently against her. The kiss was sweet, full of longing, happiness, and love.

"Welcome back," she whispered.

Chapter **Epilogue**

In the Northern part of the Vacil Empire, there was a specific region where the temperature never rises despite the season changing. The cold was dreadfully unbearable. It was known as the snow paradise for the snow never stop falling throughout the year but for a few, it was accurate to be called the hell's gate.

There was a legend about hundreds of years ago, about the blood demon king who emerged from the snowy ground in the north. His skin was as pale as snow while his hair was the opposite, as it was black like the starless midnight sky. With eyes as clear as the ice, he looked ethereal. Walking in the ice desert, barefooted, his crimson blood tarnished the pure white surface. It was said that he rose from hell to create a world where demons, humans, and other races coexist. He wandered to different lands with nothing but his cursed blood which possessed great power. In his journey, he met people with whom he shared his blood, blessing them with the power it contained. The news spread like wildfire and many families wished to have a drop of his blood.

One day, a holy celestial of heavens came down and gave him a warning. Ignoring the alarm given to him, the blood demon king continued his journey until he discovered the kingdom of fairies. The fairies were known to be the protector of order and were responsible for eliminating any threat that could cause the world to ruin. When the fairy king discovered the

real identity of the blood demon king, he staked his life to caged him in a sacred spell in order to stop the evil lurking within him. Nobody knew what exactly happened to the blood demon king after what happened. Some believed that he was still alive and hiding somewhere while the majority thought that he was sent back to hell.

The tale has been passed down through generations and was slowly forgotten by the young ones as time went by. There were only several races who never neglected the possibility of the blood demon king's sudden arrival. While humans laughed off the topic of the blood demons' existence, their faith would soon cause their downfall.

(Approximately 997 years later after the first appearance of the Blood Demon King) - The Northern Region

It was in the middle of the afternoon and the sun was expected to rise on its highest point but the glaziers and blizzards seemed not to care about the bright sunlight and continued to rampage at their own pace.

"It's about time," a man wearing a black hood said to the woman standing behind him. "The King is coming," he added. The woman nodded her head and chanted a spell to create a barrier around them.

Just like what happened in the legend, the frozen ground cracked and a powerful force emerged from the ground. Time stopped, leaving the ball of energy solely floating in the air. The sphere was filled with powerful elements, packed all together. It slowly landed while the forces inside were dissipating.

"Uwaaah! Waaaah! Waaaah!"

The infant's cry brought back the time and the world continued to move once again.

"What in the world is this?" The man inside the barrier asked his companion when they saw the baby laying down on the cold snow, crying. "Where's his highness?"

The woman dispelled the barrier and walked towards the crying baby. She took off her cloak and used it to wrap on the trembling infant.

"Oh no!" The man exclaimed after realizing something. "This baby appeared just when we're expecting His Majesty! Could it be that..."

"Foolish! How can you call yourself as the loyal servant of the great king if you can't recognize him in just a glance?" the woman rumbled. She brought the baby closer to her and turned around to left the place.

"Thana! Where are you going?" the man who started to get a grasp of what was going on called.

The woman halted but didn't look back. With a dangerous smile on her lips, she answered: "To the Vacil Empire."

The man and woman together with the baby headed to their destination. As they drew closer to the borders of the empire, thunders clapped as lightning flashed, giving them a warm welcome.

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