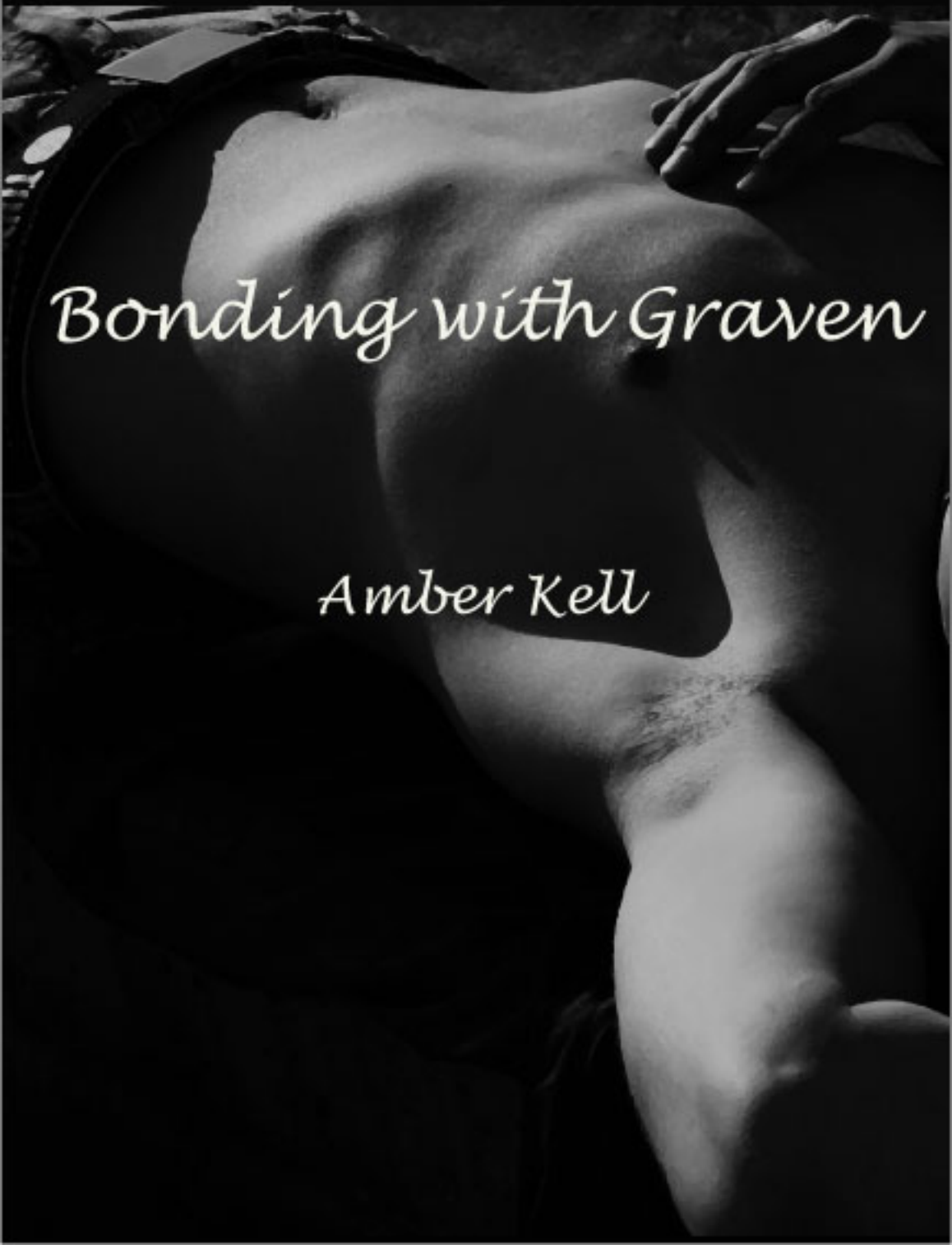


*Literary Road presents  
Sexy Nips*

*Bonding with Graven*

*Amber Kell*



Bonding with Graven

Amber Kell

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## Bonding with Graven

Steerl didn't know what he expected to see at the castle of the vampire prince, but this wasn't it. Where were the blood-soaked walls and drained bodies lining the walkway? It was anti-climatic to see caramel veined white marble covering the floor and strong healthy men standing as guards.

Forced by his father to accompany his sister, Delilah, he walked through airy hallways glancing with surprise at the numerous priceless objects scattered with artful precision. Not the cold cave-like walls he had imagined in his dreams.

So far it was an easy, if unsettling, assignment. It was difficult to protect his sister from unwanted attention while wearing a veil covering his face. Attention she was unlikely to get in the middle of the vampire prince's palace but it was the job assigned to him and he took his responsibilities and his sister's safety seriously.

He glanced at Delilah in her black captia garb and felt her knowing eyes watching him from beneath the veil. The captia, a traditional full body scarf worn by marriage petitioners, swathed her head and body in black silk. Although the fabric was transparent enough to see to walk, it didn't allow a great deal of head movement. Steerl's outfit was almost the same except his scarf ended at his shoulders and he wore a pair of black flowing pants made out of some silky material he didn't recognize and a fitted black shirt.

Clothes his father presented to him that morning and insisted he wear out of respect to the royal family's traditions. All the escorts he saw in the crowds around them wore the same garb so he suspected his politically savvy father knew what he was talking about. As he understood it the clothes he wore were to prevent distracting the prince from the prospective brides. Bare flesh was enticing to the vampires and they didn't want anything distracting the senses from finding the proper mate.

Few people had Steerl's affection like his beloved sibling. With her blue-black hair and tall form Delilah favored their shared father, while Steerl took after his petite golden mother. There was only a hair's length difference in their heights which made it easy for him to match his stride to Delilah's as he escorted her in slow smooth steps so she wouldn't stumble in her heels. As well as he could, through the black veil, Steerl scanned the people on either side of the walkway.

"Relax baby bro, no one is going to jump me."