

Chapter 103

MISTRESS SINAI

That night, Mistress Sinai, dressed in one of her finest nightgowns, stood before her mirror. The garment, a masterpiece of seduction, hugged her curves, its low neckline and short sleeves revealing tantalizing glimpses of skin.

Meant to entice. Meant to enthrall.

Sinai had a mission. Tonight, she would have Daemonikai in her arms again. Rekindle the flames of their past passion. For the first time in an eternity, he would be hers once more.

A self-satisfied smile graced her lips as she consumed a potion laced with meccai leaves, a concoction that would enhance the allure of her natural scent. With newfound confidence, she turned and exited her chambers.

"His Grace is in his bedchambers." the Urekai maid bowed before discreetly withdrawing.

Sinai made her way purposefully towards the king's chambers, her heart pounding with a mixture of anticipation and nerves. She raised a hand and knocked. "It is I, Sinai, Your Grace," she announced softly.

A moment of silence stretched out, and she began to wonder if he had heard her.

"Come in."

Oh, how she had missed that deep, guttural voice. A surge of emotion welled up within her, the realization that she had never expected to hear it again washing over her like a tidal wave.

She entered the chamber, closing the door behind her. Daemonikai stood before her, clad only in his inner robe, his muscled torso partially exposed. He had clearly been in the process of undressing.

"Leave us," he commanded the manservants who had been attending to him. They bowed respectfully and filed out, leaving Sinai alone with her king.

"What are you doing here, Sinai?" he asked, his voice cool and distant. "I did not request your presence."

"I know, your Grace. I suppose I have grown accustomed to feeding you every now and then, more frequently than you used to, before... everything." She kept her voice a carefully crafted blend of innocence and humility, a skill she had honed over millennia. When dealing with a male like Daemonikai, one had to tread carefully, he could smell dishonesty from a mile away.

The scowl marring his features softened, replaced by a gentler expression. "I haven't thanked you for that, have I?" he said, a hint of warmth entering his voice. "Thank you, Sinai, for the part you played in all of this."

Sinai hoped he never found out that there was a time she intentionally journeyed on a trip for months so she would not feed him, hoping to manipulate Lord Vladya into granting her access to the lands beyond the Crystal Waters. The beast had ended up going on a rampage, killing several in the woods and drinking them dry. And, instead of succumbing to her demands, Vladya had threatened to strip her of a few of her other privileges. She had to give in.

In reality, Sinai had fed his beast diligently over the centuries more out of self-preservation than genuine care, but that had changed with Emeriel's arrival. In her defense, she never thought her male would recover from feral madness.

"Sinai?" Daemonikai's voice brought her back to the present.

"Yes, forgive me," she replied, a practiced smile gracing her lips. "I was lost in thought, reflecting on the horrors of the past centuries. You need not thank me for anything. You are my master, and I would do anything for you."

She closed the distance between them, her movements graceful and deliberate. "May I?" she asked, gesturing towards the pile of discarded clothing.

"You may," the grand king's voice a mere formality.

But, when Sinai's hand grazed his skin, he flinched and recoiled.

She paused. "Is everything alright, Your Grace?"

"Yes," he stated curtly. His jaw clenched tight, and he seemed to steel himself against her touch as she reached for him again.

Sinai skillfully removed his doublet, her fingertips reveling in the warmth of his skin, the firmness of his muscles. Heart pounding in her chest, a thrill coursed through her veins.

Oh, heavens, she got to touch him again. All those muscles... She suppressed a moan, her desire intensifying with every touch.

"I do not wish to bloodfeed today, Sinai."

"You know I would do anything for you." Sinai leaned closer, her voice a seductive purr. "Anything at all. All you have to do is ask. I will fulfill every desire, every need. Your grand queen, may Ukrae rest her soul, is no longer with us. I will do for you all that Evie used to—"

A vice-like grip closed around her throat, lifting her off the ground, Daemonikai's fingers digging into her delicate skin.

"Da-Daemon," she choked out, her hands clawing at his wrist, her eyes pleading for release. "Please."

"Do not ever mention her name again," he hissed, his voice calm.

Beneath that veneer of composure lay a storm of rage. Unlike others who expressed their anger with shouts and roars, Daemonikai's voice became low, cold, and collected when he was truly enraged. Countless individuals had met their death by underestimating the chilling calm.

"I... can't... breathe...! Please!!" Sinai nodded frantically, her eyes wide with terror.

Abruptly, he released her, and she crumpled to the floor like a discarded doll.

"Get out."

Abandoning all pretense of decorum, all the lessons of grace and elegance she had been taught, Sinai all but ran.

Ran like a creature possessed, like the very devil was behind her.

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EMERIEL

Emeriel had finished bathing in the river and returned to his chamber to dress, Aekeira's warning echoing in his mind. His sister was right, of course. This reckless path fate had thrust upon him was filled with disaster.

He was still a human slave, while King Daemonikai remained the powerful ruler of a species that hated his kind. Still disguised as a Boy and a Syren in hiding, carrying the secret of his true identity. And there was still the looming threat of his full heat, and even the challenge of navigating the mini-heats now that the beast was gone.

A sharp rap on the door jolted him from his thoughts. "Are you in there, Slave?"

"Yes, soldier," he replied.

"You have been summoned to Grand Lord Vladya's personal residence," the soldier announced through the closed door. "Do not keep him waiting."