

Chapter 121

"Oh, Ukrae, oh Ukrae, please mount me. Somebody, please...!" the girl cried, her voice broken and desperate. She lurched to her knees, and—

"Do not do—" Daemonikai's warning died in his throat as the girl grabbed her cheeks and presented to all of them.

By the scents of Hades. Growls rumbled through the air. Followed by a new wave of arousal so thick it was nearly suffocating.

The males surged forward, their eyes burning with raw hunger.

"Don't you dare," Daemonikai barked, his voice a thunderclap of authority. "Control it! All of you!"

Their grand king's forced restraint warred against his urge to mate, a force stronger than nature itself. Cries of pain and frustration rose, muscles strained, and bodies trembled.

Then came the moment Daemonikai dreaded most. He opened his senses further, inhaling deeply.

Two of the males were in a rut. Urekai alphas only entered a rut for females they cared deeply for. Out of all these males, two had formed a bond with this girl.

"You and you, stay." Daemonikai pointed at the two. "The rest of you are dismissed. Go and sate yourselves with willing, clear-headed females."

Slowly, reluctantly, the soldiers dispersed, leaving only the two alphas behind.

Daemonikai knelt beside the trembling girl, his touch gentle as he cupped her cheek. He lifted her chin until her red, hazy eyes met his. "Who do you want amongst these males?"

The girl looked barely a hundred years old. A mere child by Urekai standards. She whimpered and nuzzled against his palm.

It was no use. She was too far gone, her body wracked with pain and need.

"You two can share her heat with her," he said, rising, his voice stern. "Be gentle. Do not hurt her. Take care of her."

"We will, Your Grace," one replied, his voice thick with lust.

"Thank you so much, Greatest Majesty," the other added, his gratitude evident.

Together, they lifted the girl and disappeared into the night.

Daemonikai watched them go, a flicker of worry in his eyes.

"If they went into rut because of her, they will take good care of her," Ottai's voice was low and reassuring as he drew closer. "You know trying to keep either male away would have resulted in a fight to the death. You did the right thing."

"I know," Daemonikai replied, turning away and starting back towards the fortress.

Without his bondmate to diffuse the effect of the heat, he was vulnerable. Arousal throbbed in his veins, every muscle coiled tight. He could barely think straight.

He needed to sate this lust. Fast.

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

How does it feel being faced with this without the mated bond?" Ottai's voice carried a weight of genuine concern.

It was agonizing. Daemonikai's frame was rigid, his movements nearly mechanical as he fought the overwhelming arousal. His steps unsteady, his senses overwhelmed. "I am fine."

"Well, I am not," Zaiper drawled, his voice thick with unmasked hunger. "I need to bury myself deep inside a slave, or ten, right now." He stalked off, leaving Daemonikai and Ottai alone.

"How do you really feel?" Ottai asked softly.

"It has been thousands of years. I had forgotten how hard and intense this used to feel," Daemonikai admitted, his voice strained.

"Yeah," Ottai agreed. "I do not feel it as strongly because I am mated, but I feel enough to know how difficult it is for unbonded males. Vladya is fortunate to be out of the fortress tonight."

"He is."

"I am taking Morina the first chance I get," Ottai growled, his voice heavy with desire. "Need to be deep inside her, wrapped in her scent and surrounded by her." He stopped abruptly, his eyes widening as he realized the implications of his words. A flicker of guilt crossed his features. "I am so sorry, I—"

Daemonikai waved away his apology, shoving the grief rising deep down. "It's okay, Ottai." He offered a faint smile. "Go and be with your bondmate."

"You cannot go to bed like this, and you know it. Suppressing it is nearly impossible, and you will only end up with brain-splitting headaches. It will help you sleep better," Ottai insisted.

Again, Daemonikai's thoughts drifted to the betrothed princess. He gritted his teeth.

Why did he keep thinking about the human girl? It was uncharacteristic of him.

But Ottai was right. He had been highly exposed to the female's heat scent tonight. There was no sleeping it off, no suppressing it.

"Pick out some of our females and lose yourself in them. Evie would not have wanted you to suffer. You know that," the fourth ruler added softly.

Daemonikai released a sigh, the headache already beginning to throb behind his eyes. "Send one of your men into town to call Alviara, would you?"

"Of course," Ottai said, relieved.

Daemonikai entered his residence, agitation radiating from him like heat from a furnace. His skin felt tight, his own body conspiring against him.

His eyes fell upon the boy standing in the corner, and his steps faltered. In the chaos of the evening, Daemonikai had momentarily forgotten about him.

There it was again, that unsettling lack of scent.

In his long life, he had encountered individuals from various species who had no scent. It was unusual, but not unheard of.

Yet, there was something peculiarly disturbing about this boy's lack of scent that unsettled him deeply. The distraction had been enough to disrupt his focus during dinner, prompting him to ask the boy to remain behind.

What was it about this boy that troubled him so?

"Your Grace," the boy greeted with a respectful bow.

The sound washed over Daemonikai like a cool breeze. A surprising ointment to his agitated body.

His inner beast stirred, ears perked with interest. Something about the boy's tone... it sounded familiar. The boy reminded him of Princess Galilea.

Daemonikai's legs moved before he could think. In a flash, he had the boy pinned against the wall, his nose buried in the crook of his neck.

He inhaled deeply, the boy letting out a startled gasp.