

Chapter 122

Nothing. There was no scent.

Daemonikai's frustration morphed into a growl, his agitation mounting. He tilted the boy's head aside and rubbed his nose against his skin, searching for any trace of a scent.

A soft whimper escaped the boy. The faint smell of fear filling Daemonikai's nostrils snapped him back to his senses.

He released the boy, stepping back. "I apologize. I'm not always so... uncontrolled," he muttered, pressing a hand to his temple.

The boy's chest heaved with ragged breaths, his eyes wide and glassy. He caught the faintest smell of musk. A familiar one too, tugging at the edges of his memory. Where had he caught this scent before?

"Why do you seem familiar to me?" he demanded, his voice a low growl. "And I do not mean your features alone. I despise closeness and invasion of my personal space, especially from strangers, and more so from humans. Yet, you do not trigger my defenses. Why?"

The boy swallowed hard and shook his head, unable to speak.

Daemonikai did not expect any responses. Even his own words sounded absurd to him. He retreated another step, putting more space between them.

"What is your name?" Dameonikai asked, his voice softer now.

"Emeriel, Your Grace," the boy answered, his voice barely audible. "My name is Emeriel."

Emeriel. Even the boy's name was a soothing. What was happening to him?

First, an undeniable attraction to a betrothed princess, and now, a male?

In five millennia of existence, Daemonikai had never once been tempted by a male, regardless of species. Urekai were known to swing both ways, but he had always been strictly drawn to females. Until now.

The boy's mere presence made him more aroused. His erection strained painfully against his pants, demanding relief. His hands itched to touch the boy, to bend him over and—

A growl rumbled in his chest, snapping him back to reality.

Daemonikai was not about to explore new urges at this stage of his life. He was too old for such youthful experiments. Far too set in his ways. He should dismiss the boy and be done with it.

"Follow me," he turned towards the door. Even though the boy was scentless and human, Daemonikai could not bring himself to let him go. Not yet.

The boy should be kept far away, especially on a night like this. But something about those sparkling blue eyes and his delicate, almost ethereal features made him want to stick the boy to his side. It was messed up.

In his bedchamber, Daemonikai entered, but the boy hesitated at the threshold, his eyes wide with apprehension.

"Come in."

Emeriel obeyed, stepping into the dimly lit room. A wave of satisfaction washed over Daemonikai at the sight of the boy within his territory.

His presence here, in Daemonikai's private space, calmed some of the raging restlessness within him.

With a fluid grace that belied his inner unrest, Daemonikai shed his outer robes, reducing his attire to a single, sheer robe clinging to his powerful frame. He then reclined on the expansive bed, his gaze pinned intently on Emeriel.

The boy's cheeks flushed pink, his eyes darting nervously around the room, deliberately avoiding Daemonikai's steady stare.

Even the boy's air of innocence and elegance appealed to him.

"Take a seat there," Daemonikai nodded toward a set of plush, upholstered chairs near a large window. "I am expecting company. Until she arrives, you will stay."

"As you wish, Your Grace," the boy murmured, obediently moving to the indicated chair and sitting down, his posture rigid and formal.

Daemonikai lay on his side, propped up by one elbow, watching Emeriel with a scrutinizing expression.

The boy squirmed, shifting uncomfortably in the chair.

What am I doing? Daemonikai questioned as he lay back against the pillows. He should be alone, jerking himself off for a quick release while he waited for Alviara. That would dull the ache and make the hunger bearable.

Instead, he lay here with a throbbing headache, consumed by the presence of a human boy who did nothing more than merely exist within his sight.

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MISTRESS ALVIARA

Mistress Alviara entered the bedchamber gracefully upon receiving permission. She dipped into a deep curtsy, her voice smooth as silk. "Long live Your Grace."

"Rise," the grand king's tone was a velvet rasp.

As she straightened, Alviara took in the sight of the ultimate ruler rising from the bed. He was as breathtakingly handsome as ever, his aloof demeanor radiating power and dominance.

Alviara was the owner and manager of one of Urai's most renowned pleasure houses and had seen countless males over her thousands of years in business. They simply did not faze her anymore.

She loved sex, had built her life around it, but very few males impressed her anymore. The grand king was one of them.

"I was overjoyed to hear of your return, Your Grace," she purred, her tone professional and respectful. Alviara was many things, but foolish was not one of them. "Would you like me to undress now?"

"Undress and get on the bed," King Dameonikai instructed, his voice devoid of emotion. A beat of silence, then a command that sent a jolt through Alviara. "You may leave now."

Huh?

Alviara's eyes darted, and that was when she noticed the figure seated on one of the plush chairs.

A small, delicate human boy with an aura of vulnerability. Very pretty, too.

The boy rose, dipping his head in a silent farewell before slipping out of the room. But not before Alviara caught a glimpse of his face and the look of hurt etched onto his delicate features.

Huh. A flicker of curiosity sparked in her eyes.

Alviara undressed with practiced grace, revealing her naked form to the grand king's gaze. His eyes swept over her with a detached disinterest that she didn't take personally. She looked great, and she knew it.

King Daemonikai simply had eyes for only one female, his grand queen. Alviara would never have shared their bed were it not for Queen Evielyn.

"You're here because I want to try something different. I have never had a threesome before, and I wish to know what that is like," the queen had confided over a thousand years ago, throwing hesitant glances at her bondmate, who had looked clearly disinterested but willing to indulge his queen.

That had been Alviara's first night with the royal couple. Every few centuries, the queen would summon her, and she would join them in bed. It was never a big deal; Alviara was always up for it.

But the king had never summoned her personally... until now.

The call was nothing personal though, Alviara knew that. The news of the maid who had gone into full heat had reached her ears.

For an unbonded male, especially one who had been mated for so long, it must have been challenging.

Alviara settled onto the bed, parting her thighs invitingly. "All yours," she murmured, her voice a silken caress.

But the grand king made no move to join her.