

Chapter 124

She stopped moving, her head clearing a little. Baffled, Alviara took a closer look at the pretty boy. His features were delicate and smooth, long lashes framing his almond-shaped eyes. There was subtle hints of femininity in his appearance.

It wasn't until this moment that she truly focused on the nuances of his musk. While arousal scents are not inherently gendered, his possessed a delicate sweetness... a faint floral undertone that differed from the sharper, more aggressive scents of most males. It was faint, but they all are. Alviara could only discern this because she knew what to channel for.

King Daemonikai hit a particular sweet spot inside Alviara sending waves of pleasure through her, making her cry out. Her thoughts jumbled and fizzled out as she became lost in the moment.

Alviara would contemplate this discovery later. But for now, all she could focus on was the potent sensation coursing through her body.

She rotated her hips in a circular motion, grinding her swollen nub against the boy's—the girl's.

A moan slipped from the boy's—girl's—lips, which the king swallowed as he continued to ravage them, thrusting them into the mattress.

Alviara lost herself in the moment, dancing to the tune of pleasure ignited within her body, even though she knew they had likely forgotten her presence. The way he kissed the human, his arms possessive on the girl's body, though baffling, was simply hot.

Reaching her climax, Alviara arched her body, crying out in ecstasy.

King Daemonikai broke the kiss and buried his nose into the girl's neck, making loud sniffing noises. Letting out a frustrated growl, he sank a fang into her neck.

The girl came with a long, drawn-out moan.

Her body coiled tight as a shudder wracked her frame. The pretty human would have arched right off the bed if Alviara's weight was not holding her down. Convulsing, her fingers gripped the sheets tightly.

She's hot. Smoking hot.

No wonder the grand king's touch was greedy; he couldn't get enough.

Alviara was a healthy female who made her living through prostitution. Although she preferred dick, she occasionally swung the other way, and right now, she nearly wished to kiss the climaxing girl, just to swallow some of the sexy cries she was making.

But Alviara did not have a death wish. Whatever was happening here was not meant for her to be a part of.

Alviara could feel the girl's wetness seeping through her own clothing, mingling with Alviara's.

A Syren, then. An average human would not gush that much.

King Daemonikai sipped from the human, and the girl's cries escalated to a high pitch, her face contorting with pleasure. Her eyes were closed as her body trembled uncontrollably.

As their ruler withdrew, a glistening trail of blood marked the path of his bite. His serpent-like tongue slithered over the wound, seamlessly sealing it as if it had never been breached.

His hips lost their steady rhythm. The grand king began to thrust wildly, pushing harder and faster as he approached his climax. His movements became frantic, driven. Alviara could not hold back her moans.

Each thrust of his thrusts was more intense than the last until he finally reached the peak of his desire.

Moments later, Alviara swiveled her head back, ignoring the twinge of discomfort, and observed as awareness returned to his eyes.

He took in their position; the way Alviara was folded awkwardly underneath him, and the girl beneath them blinked blearily, her legs still spread wide. A strange expression crossed his features, his intense gaze lingering on the girl.

But he was quite heavy; Alviara could barely breathe.

"Ahem," Alviara cleared her throat, squirming. "Your Grace, if you wouldn't mind... It's rather uncomfortable."

The moment broken, he shifted, rising from the bed. His face was a mask of cool indifference as he cleaned himself and slipped into his robe

"I apologize for any discomfort," he said, his voice once again devoid of emotion. "You may leave. Both of you."

The girl quickly rose, her movements jerky, her cheeks flushed, and fled the room.

Alviara cleaned herself quickly, dressed, and followed suit. Outside the chamber, she scanned the corridor for the girl but found it empty.

Turning the corner, Alviara spotted the human slumped against the wall at the intersection leading away from the Southern Wing. Her clothes were disheveled, her ponytail askew, her eyes closed as if in pain.

"You know, don't you?" the girl whispered, looking utterly tired. "Go ahead, tell me how I play such a dangerous game. Tell me how I will be executed for it."

Alviara met her gaze. "It is no business of mine."

The girl's eyes opened slowly, glancing up at Alviara. "Are you going to tell him?"

"No, my dear. As I said, it is none of my concern. I am merely relieved to finally understand why I, Alviara Myxxx, the most sought-after courtesan in Urai, presented for a male so aroused he might as well be in a rut, yet he remained unmoved." She clicked her tongue. "It nearly bruised my ego, I must admit. But then, it has nothing to do with me and everything to do with you. You are the grand king's Soulbond?"

The girl did not deny it. Silence hung heavy in the air.

Alviara stumbled back, a gasp escaping her lips. "You... you do not deny it, then? You are the king's..." She could not bring herself to repeat the word.

A curt nod was her only response.

Alviara's composure momentarily shattered. Her eyes widened, and her hands flew to her mouth as she panted heavily.

A Soulbond? Impossible. They were the stuff of legends, whispers of a long-forgotten past. Mere myths, long since faded from existence.

Yet, as she studied the girl anew, free from the haze of lust that had previously clouded her vision, it did not seem so far-fetched.

The human possessed an otherworldly beauty befitting the destined mate of a king. A subtle strength in her delicate frame, and... a hidden fire smoldering beneath the surface of her silvery eyes. Dormant. Unexplored.

Not to mention the attraction she had witnessed in there, between them. It burned like lava, untamed and fierce.