

Chapter 128

"Send for the cleaners," Zaiper instructed Razarr, who lingered by the door with the dead girl draped over his arm. "These sheets need changing."

Humans were disappointingly fragile. None has been able to handle a little knife play. A mere simple cut from her neck down to her belly, and she was already dead. Making the sex a bit boring and the feeding quite messy.

Rising from the bed, Zaiper submerged himself in the warmth of the waiting tub, allowing the water to envelop him. How had he returned from a feral state?

Urekai had roamed the earth for millions of years, they were too old for new miracles, especially ones so annoyingly inconvenient.

Of all the countless males who had succumbed to the madness over the ages, why did this one, the very one he had longed to be rid of, have to claw his way back from the brink?

"Fate, you bitch. I thought we were friends," he grunted, over the gentle lapping of water.

A knock at the door announced Razarr's entrance. "Do you require anything further, My Lord?"

"Get in here."

Razarr approached, halting at the edge of the tub.

Zaiper's gaze flicked open. "I mean, in here."

Wordlessly, Razarr shed his clothes, revealing a sculpted physique Zaiper could not help but admire. The head soldier eased himself into the tub, causing the water to ripple and overflow as their bodies pressed against each other.

"Investigate the days preceding Daemonikai's resurrection. Leave no stone unturned, including the night our assassins were slaughtered. There must be some detail we have overlooked."

"As you wish," Razarr affirmed. "And the boy?"

Zaiper's brows knitted together. "What about him?"

"We may be underestimating him," Razarr divulged. "I believe he may bear a connection to the grand king's return. There is something... different about him. He is not merely a hapless human, luckily favored by a mindless beast due to his scent. He means more."

The second ruler hummed thoughtfully. "You may be onto something."

"It would not hurt to keep a watchful eye upon him. I could assign someone if it pleases you," Razarr offered.

"Do so," Zaiper replied. "However, let it be at a later time." Zaiper's voice turned lowered seductively. "For now, get over here. I need to put those sexy lips of yours to work."

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EMERIEL

Emeriel kept her back to him, fearing if she turned her body might betray her yet again.

"You're out with your male, I see. Enjoying the festival?"

I am yours, her heart cried out. "Yes, thank you for asking." Leave now. Leave, leave, leave. "If you'll excuse me, Your Grace, I must be on my way."

The words felt like lead upon her tongue. All she wanted was to stay, to bask in his presence. To be held in his arms.

"I-I need to hang my lantern," she stammered, taking a hasty step forward.

"Walk with me."

The command, softly spoken, rocked her to the core. It was an invitation, but also a plea, as if he, too, was fighting himself. Asking against his own better judgment.

"You can refuse, Galilea. It is alright," King Daemonikai added, his voice a caress. "But I would like it if you walked with me."

Refuse? How could she resist when every fiber of her being longed to be near him?

Tears surged in her eyes. This was torture. Exquisite, agonizing torture.

"It's not right, Your Grace," she choked out. "I am betrothed to the High Lord of Agriculture."

"Yes, you are right," he agreed. "You belong to another. It's not right for me to request your presence for a walk, alone in the dark."

He understands. It hurt, but Emeriel was glad he—

"Still walk with me anyway."

Oh, light-gods. Emeriel bit her lips.

She shouldn't.

Every moment spent with him brought her full heat closer, she really should not.

It's just, his pull was too strong for her. How does one resist something that feels so right?

Emeriel's body practically shook with the effort not to turn and walk into his arms. She clenched her fists, gritting her teeth.

Time stretched into an eternity as she stood there, frozen, a war waging within her soul.

Finally, the grand king moved. Distancing himself from her. His retreating footsteps almost silent in the night, each one a stab to her heart.

"I owe you an apology, young princess," his voice drifted back to her. "I should not have asked. You made the right choice. Enjoy the rest of the festivities."

Then, silence.

He was gone.

You did the right thing. Well done, Emeriel, you made the right choice.

He would go to his bloodhost. Mistress Sinai will let him in, eager to fulfill his every desire. She would give him that false smile, lure him in and undress for him.

Emeriel let out a distressed whimper.

Still, she knew she should let him go. Distance meant a delay of her heat, and Emeriel could use all the delays she could get. She had done the right thing.

So, walk away, her thoughts whispered.

But she could not.

She was weak. She wanted this male. Needed him, like the very air she breathed. How could something so right be wrong?

With a sob, Emeriel turned and ran after him. Her feet pounding the forest path, her lungs burning with each desperate breath.

She spotted him ahead. His black robes blending with the shadows, the streak of bold white on either side of his hair shimmering in the moonlight.

Emeriel sprinted towards him, and without hesitation, she threw herself at him, wrapping her arms tightly around his waist.

He did not flinch, nor stumble, as if he had sensed her. His voice, when it came, was a growl that did things to her insides. "Galilea."

The way he said her name, the way it rolled off his tongue, was pure magic. How does one resist that?

"I... I want to walk with you, Your Grace," she cried softly, against his back.

A guttural sound, somewhere between a sigh and a growl, escaped his lips. King Daemonikai turned, and their eyes met.

His was a deep, swirling emerald, while hers was a bright blue, brimming with unshed tears. The pain in her chest eased, replaced by calm.

Who needed to worry about the future when the present was so addictive?

"I really, really wish to walk with you," she repeated, her voice gaining strength. "I wish to walk these dark woods with you. Please, take me with you."

A deep growl escaped his lips, and in a blink, he moved pressing her against a towering oak tree, his body a wall of heat against hers.

Then, King Daemonikai's lips crashed onto hers.