

## Chapter 131

Cruel fates and their cruel jokes.

"Why am I not surprised?" he growled, his gaze fixed on the stars scattered in the sky. "Even as my life's journey nears its end, you still find new ways to torment me."

He rose to his feet, the garment clutched in his hand, its smell a lingering reminder of her. A memory flashed through his mind.

Her gentle hands, smoothing the fabric over him, her expression a mixture of tenderness and concern. "I do not want you to go feral," she had whispered to him. "I hope you feel better when you wake."

Then, she limped away, favoring one leg. As if each step was agony.

Guilt twisted in Vladya's gut, a sharp pang digging in his chest. He had hurt her, again. Yet, she showed nothing but kindness to him.

His thoughts snagged on a troubling detail, and he stilled. How had she known about his declining sanity?

But then, considering how she had always borne the brunt of his increasingly animalistic behaviors, it would not have taken much for her to connect the dots.

I don't want you to go feral. I hope you feel better when you wake.

Her words, spoken with such tenderness, disturbed him. What kind of person was Akeira?

He had never met a female like her before. Could someone truly be that compassionate, especially towards him? To the monster he had become?

Vladya harbored no illusions that she could possibly feel anything but disdain for him. After all, she had only known the broken, twisted version of himself, not the Vladya of millennia past. The one who had believed he could find love, have a bondmate. Have offsprings. The one who laughed and loved freely.

Instead, she knew only the monster he had become. The cold, unfeeling, sadistic creature who reveled in pain and destruction, who hated nearly everything that breathed. The one who took her body without consent, devoid of a soul, teetering on the edge of madness.

Why, then, was she so kind to him? What game was she playing? How could someone who had endured such hardships, still possess such a pure heart?

Even tonight, she had given her body to him, knowing fully well the brutal nature of his desires. She had taken all that he had to offer, knowing she was dealing with more beast than male. Yet, she had encouraged him. Held him. Comforted him.

She had shown no resentment.

Vladya glanced at the garment in his hand. What sort of human was Akeira?

The question gnawed at him, a persistent itch he could not scratch. And for the first time in an eternity, he felt something stir in his dead heart. A flicker of warmth amidst the cold wasteland of his soulless chest.

EMERIEL

Emeriel whined, her senses overflowing, hyper-alert to the kiss. Just like the night before, King Daemonikai's kisses rocked her to the core.

She was beginning to realize that, unlike his calm demeanor, there was nothing calm about his kisses. They were stormy. Intense. Hard. Consuming.

His hand firmly around her neck, he tilted her head to the side and devoured her lips, sucking and licking with fervor. His tongue thrust home, another moan escaping her lips.

Emeriel's fingers dug into his clothes, pulling him even closer. The kiss seemed to stretch on indefinitely, as if time and reality had dissolved into nothingness.

At last, he broke the kiss, his tongue tracing a path along her neck.

"Your scent is addictive," King Daemonikai said in a rough tone.

His scent captivated her as well. Though lacking their heightened senses, Emeriel associated a unique, masculine smell. It was distinctly his own, and it drove her crazy.

Strong hands explored her body, gliding slowly from her neck downwards. They kissed again as his hand rested upon her left breast, caressing it with a touch that was gentle yet demanding.

Her nipples were hard, hungry. A sharp hiss escaped her lips as he explored them, his fingers transitioning from a feather-light touch to a more defined pressure.

Apart from slave master Boris, none had ever touched her breasts before. The unexpected surge of pleasure that flooded her when he touched her nipples was startling, coaxing a deep, throaty moan.

"Pretty, little thing," he groaned into her ear, his breath hot, sent shivers down her spine.

"Touch me, please," she whispered into his mouth, her voice trembling with need.

"I am, young one. But I am also attempting to apply control."

Had she spoken aloud, rather than merely in her head?

Emeriel bit her lip, her body alive and shaking with hunger. He had yet to fully touch her, yet she already felt a dampness in her undergarments.

"Please, touch me?" Rational thought abandoned her. Emeriel simply wanted for everything she could receive from him. Her hands, trembling, hastily attacked the fastenings of her clothing.

"Galilea," he growled, his voice strained with restraint.

She hurriedly pushed aside her garments and chemise, revealing a pale, plump breast to the gaze of the grand king and the moonlight above. "Please, please," she could only utter, shyly.

Emerald eyes locked onto that creamy flesh, raw hunger burning in them. The king's hand reached in, withdrawing the other breast.

He merely gazed, as if capturing every curve and contour in his memory. Emeriel's head leaned back against the tree, her eyes squeezing shut as he looked.

"You are beautiful," he murmured. With a noise of surrender, his head descended, and his mouth caught one straining rosy peak.

Emeriel cried out, arching her back. Her hand tangled in his luxurious hair, marveling at its softness. King Daemonikai suckled her, driving her wild with every tug and nip.

Ohhhh... So it could be like this?

Emeriel squirmed, her soft cries rising into the night. His mouth was insistent, every tug sending jolts of pleasure straight to her core. She felt as though there was a direct link between his mouth and her womanhood, every pull tightening the knot of desire inside her.

Soft, nearly inaudible groans came from him, vibrating against her breast. She was dripping, making a mess in her undergarment.

King Daemonikai pulled back, taking her right breast into his mouth. His fingers poked, pinched, and prodded the left one.

"It feels... it feels," she cried out, writhing. Sensation coursed through her, only heightening with every hard tug of his mouth.

He pulled back, his eyes dark with lust. "Offer them to me,"

"I don't..." Emeriel faltered.

"Touch them. Hold them out," a soft command, his voice filled with hunger.