

Chapter 132

A thrill of excitement shot through her. With light and shy caresses, she touched her own breasts, something she had never done with such intent before. Always, they had to be wrapped up and hidden away.

Now, under the weight of his gaze following her every move, she ran her hands across her breasts. Fueled by her deep-seated desire to please him, she cupped them, presenting her bosoms to him as if they were sacred offerings to the gods.

Her movements were innocent and hesitant, her face painted with a deep blush that cascaded down to her neck.

Here," she whispered, her eyes downcast. "For you, Your Grace."

The king snarled, attacking them.

His mouth worked ardently—licking, laving, and sucking—each motion a rite of devotion.

Emeriel sobbed as he alternated his attentions between her breasts, lavishing them with a force that left her crying out breathlessly.

As pleasure pulsed through her veins like a powerful current, tension spiraled within her. Her own breaths were thunderously loud in her ears as her fingers clamped onto his shoulders, nails digging into his flesh.

In a torrent of cries and shudders, she fell over the edge, her legs buckling beneath her. But his strong hands were there, lifting and supporting her weight.

"Such a good girl," he praised.

With an obscene pop, he released her red, abused nipples before neatly rearranging her clothing with hurried, graceful movements, restoring her modesty. "Such a good girl," he praised.

Satisfaction surged within her, a warm, heady feeling that made her glow.

But no sooner had he secured her tender breasts back under her garments, his head snapped up, alert. His ears twitched, attuned to a sound only he could perceive.

"Herod is on his way."

Amidst the silence of the forest, save for Emeriel's ragged breaths and the distant hooting of owls, the king gently lowered her to the base of the tree, his face mere inches from hers.

"I must be on my way," King Daemonikai's eyes held a tenderness she had never seen before. "This was not my intention when I sought you out for your scent, young princess. Forgive me."

I am yours. "There is nothing to forgive." Emeriel drank in the sight of him. She could gaze into his eyes forever. "Are you sleeping better now?"

He shook his head, his expression turning grim. "I do not sleep. But some hells are preferable to others."

It was the same cryptic answer he had given her in the garden. A pang of sadness pierced her heart.

"You cannot go without sleep forever, Your Grace. Even beings as resilient as your kind have limits."

He simply stood, a towering figure silhouetted against the moonlit sky. With one last, lingering look, he disappeared into the night.

"Emeriel?" Lord Herod's voice called out, moments later emerging from shadows. "There you are. I hope I didn't keep you waiting long."

"Not at all," Emeriel managed a sad smile, shaking her head. As she walked off with Lord Herod, she looked back for another glimpse of her king.

But he was long gone.

Three days later,

The sisters moved through their daily routine with practiced ease. Aekeira tended to the livestock in the ranches while Emeriel nurtured the gardens. Their duties often intertwined, allowing them to work side-by-side.

After a refreshing dip in the nearby stream, they retreated to Emeriel's chambers, the air thick with the scent of lavender and chamomile.

"I am off to Lord Herod's," Emeriel said, standing patiently as Aekeira secured her chest binds. "I promised to assist with his ledgers."

"Very well," Aekeira tightened the knots. "Just remember to return early. Madam Livia wishes to inspect all the slaves tonight."

"Ouch!" Emeriel winced as a knot pulled too tight.

"Sorry," Aekeira murmured, adjusting the bind. "Is it better now?"

Emeriel nodded, a hint of discomfort still etched on her face. Even with the adjustment, her breasts still ached. Remembering what the grand king had done to them, her cheeks flushed.

Clearing her throat, she asked, "Have you seen Hansel since that night?"

"Yes, thankfully. Turns out he ran for help after those... those men took me. But by the time he returned..." she shook her head.

"I still find it difficult to believe Lord Vladya saved you," Emeriel said, her voice hushed with awe. "He killed all those men to protect you."

Aekeira scoffed. "I doubt it was solely for my sake. His beast is nearly out of control. He likely sought the thrill of the kill."

"Oh, please. He spared your life, did he not? Lord Vladya may be intense, but I believe he possesses a tenderness for you, though he would never admit it"

"You speak nonsense, dear sister," Aekeira retorted, her disbelief evident. She finished securing the bind and took a step back, critically surveying her work. "There. All done."

Emeriel beamed with gratitude and embraced her. But, as Aekeira returned the gesture, an inexplicable wave of revulsion washed over her, causing her to instinctively recoil.

Her sister's touch felt... wrong. Unsettling. What was once comforting now stirred an unfamiliar unease within her.

"Em?" Aekeira's voice was a gentle murmur against her shoulder. "You just stiffened. Are you well?"

Emeriel nodded, quickly pulling away from the hug. "Just a little sore from all the work."

The discomfort lingered as she made her way to Lord Herod's estate. Upon her arrival, the guards, who typically offered polite nods, now openly stared at her. Their gazes lingered a moment too long.

One soldier even inhaled sharply as she passed, his nostrils flaring.

Entering the study, Emeriel found Lord Herod hunched over the familiar massive worktable filled with parchment scrolls, leather-bound books, and a steaming goblet of tea.

As he raised his eyes and caught sight of her, his face brightened. "Emeriel, you're here."

"Greetings, My Lord," she replied with a respectful bow.

"Spare me the formalities and get over here," he dismissed, adjusting his spectacle. Lord Herod peered at a scroll. "These figures refuse to align. I know not if it is my own error, but I want you to take a look at—" He paused abruptly, his head snapping up. "Emeriel, your scent..."

She stopped short before him. "What's wrong? I'm on suppressants today."

"You are?" Lord Herod's nose twitched, his nostrils flaring. "It's not working then, because I can smell you. A lot." He paused, a look of confusion crossing his face. "And you smell... different. I cannot quite place it, but there's something new."

"Really?" Emeriel frowned. "Maybe I miscalculated the dosage today or something."

Lord Herod's eyes narrowed. "Or your heat cycle is here."