

Chapter 138

Herod grabbed a quill and parchment, scribbling a hasty message.

I apologize for the insolence of this late-night request, Your Grace. But a matter of utmost urgency has arisen. I implore you to grace my estate with your presence this evening. I await your arrival.

The Lord of Agriculture.

Herod rushed outside, the parchment clutched in his hand. Under the oak tree, he whistled sharply.

Within moments, a sleek messenger bird swooped down, landing on his outstretched arm. Herod attached the message to its leg. Watching the bird take flight, he whispered a silent prayer, hoping the message would reach the grand king early. Hoping the ruler would honor his request.

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI.

Daemonikai was no longer hunting for Vladya.

He knew the truth with every fiber of his being as he raced through the woods in the dark. His instincts had taken over. That nagging feeling had forced its way to the surface, overpowering his will.

He ran, not with purpose, but with desperation.

There was no destination in mind, and could not pinpoint the exact location he was headed. Yet, it didn't matter. He could not resist the pull. He did not want to.

He had never felt like this before. This compelling urge to be somewhere. A force that overrode his very strong concern for his missing friend.

The world blurred around him as he raced through the forest, his powerful legs eating up the distance.

Finally, he skidded to a halt at the gates of Herodis's estate, his chest heaving. The sudden stop jolted him back to a semblance of rationality. What was he doing here?

He, the grand king, trespassing on another Alpha's territory under the cover of darkness? Daemonikai had executed people for less.

Logic dictated he turn back. Head back to the woods and continue his search for Vladya. Yet, he could not.

His legs were moving forward, and with a guttural growl, Daemonikai announced his presence at the gates.

The response was immediate. Sound of locks disengaging filled the air, followed by the creak of metal hinges. The gates swung open, revealing a line of guards, their heads bowed in deference.

Daemonikai took a single step onto the estate—and a scent slammed into him, nearly bringing him to his knees.

A scent so sweet, so potent, it crashed over him like a tidal wave. Mine!

Mine, mine, mine!

The same scent had haunted his dreams. Only this time, it was much, much stronger, and smelled so much better. Holy Ukrae. Holy hell.

Someone roared, the sound suspiciously close, before he realized it was coming from him.

Everyone raised their hands in surrender. Necks bared for him. But it was not enough.

Possessiveness gripped him like a vice. Daemonikai wanted to kill. He wanted to destroy every male who dared to even breathe her scent. Another roar ripped from his throat, echoing through the night.

"Your Grace, please calm yourself," a familiar voice pleaded, cutting through the haze of his fury.

Daemonikai whipped around, his vision blurring at the edges. Rage and raw arousal warred within him, consuming him.

"Your Grace..." the voice was closer now, pained, desperate.

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HIGH LORD HERODIS

A flood of needle-like pain spread through Herod's body as the grand king pumped out pheromones like crazy—in heavy, super-aggressive bursts. Practically broadcasting his dominance, through his stance and demeanor.

King Daemonikai saw all of them as a threat standing between him and his female.

Herod recognized the unmistakable signs of an Urekai in a rut. But this was no ordinary rut.

The sheer power of Daemonikai's pheromones...their raw, untamed strength, spoke of a bond far deeper than mere attraction. If Herod hadn't known before, he knew now, Emeriel was truly Daemonikai's soulbond.

If the grand king shifted now, they would all be dead. Herod fought to project an aura of calm, desperately hoping to appease the enraged alpha.

"Your Grace, please," Herod's voice was strained.

That message couldn't have reached the fortress this fast. And if Emeriel had called to him, the urgency would have triggered a shift, and his beast form would have arrived instead of the man.

So, how had the grand king arrived so quickly?

Another blast of pheromones washed over him, forcing several soldiers to their knees. Some roll onto their back...showing their bellies in the most humiliating way an Urekai could ever submit to another.

It worked, to a degree. The savage glint in Daemonikai's eyes dimmed slightly, replaced by a cold, calculating rage.

"Mine," he growled in a possessive rumble Herod would have sworn shook the very earth. The grand king's previously feral beast was so close to the surface that Herod couldn't imagine the kind of control the male was exerting to stop a forced shift.

"Give her to me. Now," King Daemonikai snarled in a tone that was purely animalistic. Taking a menacing step forward, his eyes bore into Herod's. "You have what belongs to me, Lord of Agriculture. Give. Her. To. Me. Now."

"She's in the cottage," he choked out, raising his hands in surrender while fighting the suffocating powers of that last blast. "All yours. She is ready for you."

All of a sudden, a sound echoed in the distance. The unmistakable sound of a door bursting open, followed by the frantic patter of bare feet on stone.

Herod's eyes widened as Emeriel raced towards them.

The girl who had struggled for hours to escape had finally found the motivation she needed. The scent of her soulmate.

The grand king's head snapped up, his gaze zeroing in on the approaching figure. Emeriel was naked and unashamed as she barreled into him with the force of a charging bull.

Any other male would have been knocked to the ground, but Daemonikai stood firm, his arms encircling the trembling female.

"You're here," she sobbed against his chest, her body clinging to his. "I have been waiting. It hurts so bad...Please, make it go away...Beloved. I need you so much."

Herod winced inwardly. Beloved.

If she was lucky, that word would be lost in the haze of rut, and Daemonikai would not remember it afterward.

The grand king pulled back slightly, his broad shoulders shielding her nakedness from the prying eyes of the soldiers.

"Mine," King Daemonikai stated in a possessive tone that brooked no argument.

"Yours," she cried softly, trembling. "I am yours."

The grand king gave them all a last thunderous glare, before he lifted her effortlessly, and stormed towards the cottage.