

## Chapter 145

EMERIEL

Emeriel could hear the moans of anguish in the air as she rode another wave of excruciating pain.

It felt as though an iron fist clenched around her organs, squeezing tighter, twisting, and crushing without mercy.

Tears streamed down her face, forming a pool where she laid. She'd pounded on the door, begging anyone within earshot to end this torment, before the next surge had thrown her to the cold, hard floor, tearing through her.

It felt like a hundred galloping horses were trampling and leaping within her lower belly.

It hurt so much. Surely, this pain was not normal.

Her stomach convulsed violently, and she retched, the taste of bile sour in her throat. Expelling the contents of her stomach, Emeriel continued to vomit, again and again, each one leaving her weaker, emptier.

So much pain.

A vague figure hovered over her, lips moving soundlessly. Who was that? Was she finally meeting her creator?

Emeriel hoped so. Blinking, she struggled to focus, but her vision swam.

Her senses dulled, fading into numbness.

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GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Nearing the cottage, Daemonikai was gripped by a growing unease. The absence of sound was disturbing. Concern twisted in his gut. Was she dead?

A shudder went through his frame. For the first time since his return from madness, he felt so much pain in his heart that wasn't from his grief.

Dread he had not known in ages, filled him. But when he pushed open the door and stepped inside, staggering relief replaced dread. She was alive.

But the state Galilea was in, twisted his gut. Vomit surrounded her, her vacant eyes, and endless spasms wracked her small body. The girl had gone into heat stroke.

"Oh, little one. I am so sorry. I should never have left." He knelt beside her, his hand reaching out to touch her knee.

She whined, recoiling from his touch.

The rejection felt like a sharp blade twisting in his soul. Her movement was sluggish, muscles slack with exhaustion. His beast growled, pained by her suffering.

I know. I feel the same.

He should never have left. The irony didn't get past him. He had left to avoid succumbing to his instinct to kill her, and in doing so, had nearly caused her death.

Daemonikai rose, shedding his clothing until he stood as bare as the day he was born. He lay beside her, pulling her trembling form against his own, despite her body's feeble protests. Holding her close, he surrendered to the raw emotions surging through him.

"Fear not, darling. I am right here, by your side," he cooed, rocking her gently. "I am profoundly sorry. I should never have left."

Another violent spasm seized her. Merciless. Brutal.

Her exhausted body jerked, mouth opening in a soundless scream before she dissolved into whimpers, fresh tears spilling from her unseeing eyes.

Heavens. The pain in those sounds reached deep within him, resonating with emotions he had long suppressed. Emotions he had locked away behind impenetrable walls in a desperate attempt to cope with his own grief.

Yet here she was, dismantling those barriers one by one, each cry tearing at his defenses until they crumbled, leaving him raw and exposed.

Daemonikai was helpless, he couldn't mount her until the heat stroke passed, or his touch would be excruciating for her.

He settled for touching her, running his hands repeatedly all over her face and arms, letting her body become aware of his return. He whispered words of comfort, telling her how strong she was, how beautiful she was.

Galilea slumped against him. She no longer tried to get away from him, so he pulled her closer, cradling her,

"You're alright. Such a strong little one. Are you here with me now? I'll wait as long as it takes for your return, my strong one." He kept coaxing her, rocking her gently, as one would soothe a troubled youngling.

Gradually, the heat stroke waned, and the deep red marks on her skin began to diminish. Her eyelids closed, then fluttered open, revealing blue eyes that slowly regained focus.

"Your Grace," she whispered, hoarsely. "You came back."

"I should have never left." He pressed a tender kiss to her forehead, unable to believe the strong relief that washed over him. "Come, let us rise from this floor together, shall we?"

Tears filled her eyes, and she nodded weakly.

He rose and lifted her. She was featherlight, weighted nothing, yet felt so good in his arms. Her soft skin and delicate curves fitting perfectly against him.

There was no time for a bath as the waves would return soon, really soon, if he was not inside her, knotting her.

Laying her on the bed, he tried not to let his eyes linger on her alluring naked body. On her breasts rising and falling with each breath. Her scent was distracting as hell—intoxicating and heady. Daemonikai was breathing too hard, struggling against the tremendous urge to spread her legs and thrust into her until she howled his name. To hold her open and stroke against her—

Focus. You are stronger than your rut.

Daemonikai wet a washcloth, the cool water dripping onto his hand, setting to quick work of cleaning her up, lapping the cloth against her skin.

"Give me your manhood, Your Grace. I beg of you. I have need of it." She moaned weakly, eyes glazed with lust.

Galilea parted her legs so every part of her was exposed to him, her core wet, glistening. Her musk had become even thicker, almost choking. "Give it to me, please. I cannot handle this pain, it is too much."

"I shall give it to you, sweetling."

"Please." Her breath came in short, shallow gasps. "Please. I need it inside me."

Daemonikai cursed as the breath was punched out of him, his rut skyrocketing tenfold. Lust pumped into his system like wildfire spreading through a dry forest. His manhood so hard it hurt, and hurt, and hurt.

Throwing the washcloth aside, he covered her with his body, his weight pressing her into the mattress. A growl erupted at the feel of her body, her soft curves fitting perfectly against him, her scent enveloping him. Ukrae.

She was small, and so delicate-looking, yet somehow, the girl fit. Not only did she feel so good in his arms, but she fit him in all the right places. As if she was made for him.