

Chapter 301

"Let me say this again, in case you have allowed your mind deceive you into thinking otherwise: You had a sexual relationship with Evie and me. No more, no less."

Sinai was hurting, her body shaking. Tears filled her eyes.

"I admit I got possessive, that's why you had to end things then—I admit it! But I can be better now. Let's rekindle what we had." She stepped closer, desperate. "Fine, I admit you belong to the human princess; I acknowledge that, alright? Emeriel is your Soulbond, I'll accept that! B-but you can still be mine too...!"

"You are my bloodhost. Nothing else," he stated firmly.

"I know what happened two weeks ago," Sinai's words tumbled out in a rush. "If you were with me, I would have handled you better than Emeriel did. I wouldn't have screamed the way she did. Ravensshadow would've never known something was wrong!"

Sinai lifted her chin, confident even as tears fell. "I could take you that way. I'm Urekai, Daemon, with my own beast. I'm stronger than she is. I could've done better—"

"Ten of you couldn't do what half of her can," Daemonikai snapped, furious.

Sinai recoiled.

"Ten of you will never be as strong." he repeated, slowly, throwing more blows. Eyes burning into hers. "You will never be half the female Emeriel is."

Punching through her heart. Her lungs.

Sinai struggled to breathe. "How could you... how could you say that to me?"

Closing the distance he had between them, Daemonikai growled, deadly. "The next time you dare compare yourself to her, I may truly snap your neck. Have some respect for mine." His gaze hardened further. "And that's what she is—mine."

Sinai's lips parted, but no words came. The fist had stopped punching; instead, it now dug into her wounds. Now, her tears flowed freely.

"Wipe those off," he ordered curtly. "I do not care to see them."

With trembling hands, she swiped at her tears. How could he be so heartless to a female who have served him for millennia...?

Crossing his arms over those broad chest, his gaze bored into hers. "Don't think I don't know you used to delay my feedings when I was feral, to coerce Vladya into giving you the lands in Crystal Waters."

Blood drained from her face. How did he know that!?

"W-what? That's not true! Who told you such ridiculous lies?"

"You did," Daemonikai's tone did not soften. "After I broke out of the forbidden chambers in bloodlust, killed our own people, and Vladya threatened to punish you...that was when you came to feed me! You confessed it yourself."

"You remember...?"

"Everything. You really did not think I would regain consciousness, did you?"

She averted her eyes with shame and guilt.

"Now, you dare stand before me to act like you have feelings for me?"

Sinai sniffled. "I really do—"

"If it weren't against the law, I would have you drained every few days and stored away, so I do not have to see your face. An almost good reason to wish for war."

She flinched. All this just so he would not feed from the source?

"Now, feed me."

"Daemon... I didn't mean—"

"Feed me in the way of old," he commanded, his face carved out of stone. "The less time we have to do this in the future, the better."

Swiping at her tears again, Sinai complied, going ahead to undress.

After the feeding, Sinai sat alone on the bed, her body humming with unfulfilled desire. She wouldn't touch her aching nipples or throbbing clitoris. Would not even let her grind against his strong thigh to find her release. Instead, he kept the feeding cold and impersonal.

Desperate, she'd used her own hands to get herself off, but even as she reached her climax, it didn't feel like she had.

But that was okay.

Wiping her tears, Sinai glared at the closed door. Daemonikai needed her.

No matter how much he pretended otherwise, acted as if he didn't want her—he. Needed. Her.

Always would.

Sinai smiled. He could never get rid of her.

As she rose and dressed languidly, she felt untouchable. Like the queen she was always meant to be.

She just finished dressing when the door opened, and two soldiers marching in.

"We were instructed to escort you back to your cell, Mistress," one of them said.

Just like that, the dreamy haze of bloodfeeding and orgasm disappeared.

"What?! No, no, you can't mean that!" She scrambled backward. "Tell my master I need to speak with him—!"

The soldiers took her arms, their grips firm as they began to drag her from the room. She struggled violently, her bare feet sliding against the floor.

"Daemon!" she screamed. "Please! Don't let them take me back there!"

Two days later, in the earliest hours of dawn, Grand Lord Vladya stood outside the Grand King's bedchamber, pausing at the door.

Inside, Daemonikai stood still at the center of his vast chamber as his attendants worked to dress him in his full ceremonial attire.

Vladya observed quietly for a moment, noting the cold, distracted look in Daemonikai's eyes.

It was the same distant expression he'd seen far too often in recent days. A sharpness that concealed something else.

Vladya's gaze flicked to the crown resting on the polished table nearby, its gold and crimson gemstones gleaming in the faint morning light.

"Someone has decided to wear his crown today, I see," Vladya said, stepping inside.

Glancing briefly at him, Daemonikai's tone left no room for conversation. "A proper attire for a formal ceremony."

To his servants, he ordered. "You may leave."

They quickly bowed and filed out without a word.

Vladya crossed the room, resuming the work the attendants had left unfinished, adjusting and tying the last of the ceremonial robes.

"You look majestic, Your Grace," Vladya remarked lightly. "And tired."

Daemonikai's lips twitched faintly, though not into a smile. "I haven't been getting enough sleep."

"You barely ever sleep enough but always manage to look refreshed." Vladya pointed out in an easy probing tone. "I think Something is on your mind."