

Chapter 312

Now in their half-shifts, Daemonikai and Vladya tore through the woods, breathing loud, breathing deep. The night's air howled past them, a blur of dark trees and shifting shadows.

They were no strangers to long runs. Over the years, they had pushed their endurance to its limits, testing themselves against time and terrain. But this was different.

This time, their women were in danger.

They had been running without pause for hours, not even slowing to drink. Their bodies screamed for rest. Vision swam, limbs burned. Yet they could not stop.

"Let us cut through the Dark Woods—it's shorter," Daemonikai said, veering left.

"Yes, but more dangerous." Vladya followed. "Wild animals and ferals lurk there."

"We take what we must."

Plunging into the forest, the call of wolves rose in the night. By the time they reached the heart of the woods, Daemonikai smelled them and tensed. Ferals.

Beside him, Vladya tensed too. Slowing their pace, they readied themselves for battle.

A low growl slithered through the trees.

Flickers of movement.

Within seconds, ferals surrounded them. Their hungry, glowing yellow eyes peering from the undergrowth.

Beasts lunged.

Daemonikai and Vladya moved as one, their backs pressed together.

Going for the throat, the heart, the spine...weak points to save them a lot of time. Claws and fangs met flesh. Fast. Brutal.

More ferals poured from the treeline, their numbers endless.

They were being hunted like a feast in a famine.

Daemonikai hesitated.

Seven centuries ago, he would have slaughtered them without a second thought, but that was before he became one himself. Since his return, he had not ordered a hunt for ferals as was customary.

Tonight, however, the stakes were too high. The last thing they needed was to lead a pack of bloodthirsty mad beasts back to the fortress.

So they killed.

Heads fell. Blood splattered against the ground. Bone snapped beneath their hands.

The fight stretched long, the road still endless before them.

Daemonikai forced himself to focus on the battle even as impatience course through him.

Emeriel was alone.

Going through heat without him.

He had promised her—sworn to her—he would be there when it happened.

That broken promise burned worse than his deprived lungs, the battle wounds. She would be in so much pain.

A claw raked his back, that pain snapping him back to the present. Snarling, Daemonikai whirled and ripped the feral's spine in two.

Fists dripping with blood, he lunged for another feral.

I am on my way, Little star. Hold on for me.

I beg of you.

.....

Madam Livia was overwhelmed.

Aekeira writhed on the bed, sweat-drenched body arching, sobbing and clawing at her own skin, begging for any kind of relief.

Across the room, Emeriel rolled on the ground, holding her lower belly in a vice grip, crying brokenly in raw agony.

Outside, chaos raged: the kind only the scents of females in heat could summon.

Thankfully, Lord Ottai stood as the ultimate barrier against the Urekai males falling into their base instincts, circling like vultures on a battlefield. Their snarls and growls echoed beyond the chamber door.

Occasionally, Livia watched through the window to keep track of events, and today, she had witnessed a new side of Lord Ottai.

He fought to hold them back, wielding his authority like a relic, keeping the vultures from tearing through the door. Using his Alpha Will on those who dared to push forward, sending some stumbling back, and others dropping to their knees.

Beside her, Amie was shaking, wringing her hands together, on the edge of panic. "Madame, what do we do?"

"You promised! You promised!" Emeriel's wail cut through the room as she twisted on the floor, her tear-streaked face turning upward. "Daemonikai, you promised you would be here. You swore...I would not suffer!"

Forcing herself to stay calm, Livia moved to her, while instructing Amie. "Here, help me. We need to determine if hers is a full heat or a mini."

"Princess Emeriel is in so much pain," Amie knelt beside her. "Surely, it must be full heat."

"She has also been on suppressants for longer than anyone should ever. This could be a mini coming on too strong."

Livia crouched beside Emeriel. "Hey, Princess..."

Her head snapped toward Livia, glazed eyes begging. "Make it stop..." Trembling, breathing loud. "Please, Beloved... make it stop. I'm on fire."

"He will be here soon," Livia said though she had no way of knowing if it was true. Signaling Amie to move behind Emeriel and hold her arms, she added. "Stay still for me, alright?"

She nodded weakly, tears streaming down her face. "Will you make it stop?"

"Yes, I will."

"Okay, okay..." Her body trembled as she forced herself to stay still.

Livia parted Emeriel's legs and worked two fingers inside that tight slippery space. A choked gasp replaced the small pained sounds, back arching violently as she orgasmed, mouth falling open in a silent cry.

Livia was going to feel for swellings—any sign that her womb would descend, marking this as a full heat, but the sudden orgasm told her all she needed to know. This was a mini heat.

Releasing a slow breath of relief, she withdrew her fingers. Also if it were a full heat, just like her sister, Emeriel would not tolerate touch.

"More..." Emeriel's wrecked voice pleaded. "Oh, please—more."

Livia hesitated. In the past, when Emeriel had lived as a boy, Livia had never thought twice about relieving the princess's pain whenever the heat waves came. But things were different now. She belonged to the Grand King.

As much as she wanted to help Emeriel, the last thing she needed was King Daemonikai storming into this chamber half-mad with need, scenting her on his woman, and tearing her head from her shoulders.

A wrenching sob snapped Livia from her thoughts.

"Oh... it is coming, it is—" Emeriel's words dissolved into a heart-destroying scream. Her body raised, every muscle locked tight, toes curling against the floor. Hell, there was no way she was not suffering cramps as well.

"Please, help her, Madame!" Amie shouted frantic, her thin arms straining to keep the thrashing princess in place.

A heavy thud sounded as someone fell. Livia's head whipped toward the bed.

Aekeira had rolled off the other side. More pained cries filled the room.

With a resigned sigh, she reached between Emeriel's legs again. "Shh, little one, it will be alright." Inserting her fingers again, this time seeking the Syren gland, she pressed firmly.

Choked moans spilled as the tension in Emeriel's muscles starting to dissolve. Her limbs loosening, her toes unfurling.

"Yes... yes, thank you," she spewed the whimpers of relief, moving her hips, seeking Livia's fingers.

Pressing harder against the swollen gland, Livia released the pent-up liquid, the pressure. Emeriel shuddered, thrashing so hard her arm caught Amie in the eye.

The girl cried out, instinctively letting go to clutch her face, which only made things worse. Now free, Emeriel's arms flailed wildly, striking Livia on the cheek and Amie on the shoulder.

"Amie!" Livia snapped.

"Sorry, Madame!" Wincing, she quickly grabbed hold of Emeriel again, restraining her.

Resuming her work, Livia ruthlessly massaged that demanding, hungry gland until Emeriel's body convulsed with another release. Her eyelids fluttered wildly before she finally went limp, collapsing into Amie's arms.