

Chapter 314

Grand Lord Vladya knew what to expect.

As he raced through the endless stretch of woods without pause, pushing beyond his limits through the day and into the night, he knew what was happening...after all, the Oracle had told him.

And yet nothing could have truly prepared him for this sight of Aekeira. Bent over, shaking, her body wracked with the pains of heat. Her scent was thick in the air, so potent it made his head spin.

Seeing her like this—seeing himself in a rut—drove reality home.

Aekeira was in heat.

A Syren.

And he—Vladya, the male who had spent centuries drowning in loneliness, despair, and misery—had a Soulbond.

All those endless nights of unanswered questions, making peace with the idea that he would live and die alone, slipping into madness with no one to tether him...his fated mate was beside him all along.

A female born for him.

Destined for him.

Created to be his.

His woman. His mate.

Aekeira.

Frozen in place, too caught between shock and realization, Vladya only stared as Daemonikai hurried past him.

"Emeriel...", he murmured.

The girl, wrapped around her sister, face buried against Aekeira's forehead, heard his voice and lifted her head.

Her tear-streaked, swollen eyes staring blindly in his direction. "D-Daemon?"

"It is me, darling." Hunching, he gently untangled her from Aekeira and lifted her into his arms.

She instantly latched onto him, legs wrapping around his waist, fingers twisting into his hair.

"I'm so sorry you had to go through that alone." Daemonikai's voice was filled with deep sorrow.

"You promised..." Emeriel let out a broken sob.

Guilt carved into Daemonikai's features. "I know I did."

She ground of her hips against his stomach, letting out a moan of sheer relief. "Oh, that feels so good."

With a sigh of regret, Daemonikai stilled her movements with gently hands on her hips.

She whimpered in agony at the denial.

Finally, Vladya forced his pinned feet to move. And once he took that first step, the rest became easier.

Within seconds, he was beside her, kneeling and reaching for her. "Aekeira."

She flinched, a quiet whine leaving her. Eyes remained closed.

She did not acknowledge him. Did not even seem to hear him.

"I think she may have slipped into another heatstroke."

Vladya glanced at the head maid who'd spoken from where she stood, head bowed respectfully.

"She has been in and out of it all night," Livia said.

Now he felt even worse. The thought of her suffering so much—of her body breaking over and over again under the strain because he wasn't there—gutted him.

Daemonikai's voice broke through the chaos in his mind. "I cannot take my girl out of here with her scent this high in the air," he said, shifting Emeriel in his arms. "We will need to use your adjoining chamber."

"Okay." Vladya barely registered his own response. His gaze still on Aekeira.

Turning to leave, Daemonikai hesitated. "Right now, you are all that girl depends on, V.D." His voice was a low reminder. "I know this is too much to take in, but every thought, every haze—push them far, far away until she has made it through her heat, nothing else exists."

Vladya nodded. He was right.

Daemonikai left with Emeriel in his arms. One by one, the others followed. Madam Livia. Amie. Lord Ottai. Until, at last, the chamber cleared out, leaving Vladya alone with Aekeira.

He stripped off his tattered, bloodied clothing, letting them fall in a heap on the floor. Lowering himself to the floor, he lay beside her, his touch feather-light as he brushed a strand of damp hair from her face. "My sweet, beautiful young princess."

She did not stir.

"The Oracle told me to look for a sign." His voice was a rasp. "I should have known it would be something so big, so undeniable, that when it came, it would be impossible to miss."

Aekeira whimpered.

Then her mouth parted in a silent scream as another heat wave took her away, body convulsing, fresh tears leaking from the corners of her closed eyes.

Vladya felt helpless. He could do nothing until she came out of the heatstroke.

"I am so deeply sorry, my dearest." He patted her hair. "I will carry the regret of this day until the end of my days."

Lying beside her, he waited.

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Grand King Daemonikai laid Emeriel at the edge of the bed, quickly stripping off his clothes.

"Please, Beloved... I cannot wait—" she sobbed, her hands clutching at the sheets. "Please, hurry, I need you inside me."

"I know, little princess." He smoothed a hand down her thigh, lining himself up. The scent of her heat was maddening, a call deep into his bones.

Positioning himself against her entrance, he pushed in.

Or tried to.

Her muscles clenched tightly, resisting him. Her entire body went rigid.

Frowning, he applied more pressure, forcing a deeper push.

"Ngh—!" Emeriel yelped in pain, suddenly pushing at his chest, frantically shoving at him. "Take it out! It burns—oh gods, it burns!"

At the same time, her muscles slammed together, clamping down so tightly his entire body seized up.

Daemonikai barely held back a snarl of pain. He had no choice but to pull out.

Emeriel's shaky legs slammed shut, fresh tears leaking from her wide, terrified eyes.

His stomach dropped like a stone.

Her body rejected me.

It was like a dash of cold water had been poured over him. Like something inside him cracked open, bleeding.

Emeriel was in heat, aching, desperate, burning for relief, and yet... her body refused him.

"What is happening?" her shaky voice came, breathing heavily as she cried through the heatwave. "Why does it f-feel this way? I need you inside me so much."

Daemonikai could not believe this. Could not accept it.

"Here. Let us try again." He grasped her knees, spreading them apart once more, leaning down to press a searing kiss to her lips.

She tasted of salt and fire, of need and pain. He swallowed her cries, felt the shuddering tremor of her body, the tension gripping every inch of her.

Sliding his hand beneath her quivering thighs, he lifted her hips slightly, adjusting her against his aching length.

"Shhh," he murmured against her lips. "Let me in, dearest. Let me help you."

He pushed in again.

Emeriel sobbed into his mouth, wincing.

"Please... it really hurts..."

Daemonikai stiffened. "Forgive me, dearest, but I have to get inside to soothe the fires of your heat."

She cried harder.

His hands held her steady as he pressed forward, forcing her locked muscles to open for him.

And they did.

For a brief, incredible moment, he was inside her sweet body. But then, she tore her mouth away and screamed.

Her body snapped shut around him once more, her walls clenching so violently, strangling his cock, that his breath hitched in pain.

Then, just as quickly, her body shoved him out, locking him out. Again.