

## Chapter 317

"I am afraid so, Your Majesty."

His eyes slipped shut. He did not speak or move, only sat there in silence.

Merilyn had the sudden urge to reach out, to offer some small measure of comfort. But she was not foolish enough to touch a male fighting against the pull of his rut.

"I am so sorry, Your Majesty," she said softly.

He barked out a laugh, devoid of humor. "Why? It's not your fault. I'm the monster that brutalized my woman."

Merilyn turned her gaze to the sleeping princess. Even now, despite the potion's effects, she was restless. Her breaths came unevenly, her small body shifting now and then, letting out pained cries.

"Can anything be done?" he asked in the quietest tone.

"Yes, actually." She lifted Emeriel's head, resting it on her thighs.

King Daemonikai's head snapped up, his hand falling away from his face. "What is it?"

"You must reintroduce yourself to her body."

His brows furrowed. "How?"

Merilyn exhaled. "It will not be easy."

Impatience flashed across his face. "Tell me."

"Your semen. And a great deal of it." Merilyn could feel the heat creeping up her neck, but she cleared her throat and pressed on. "You must spill outside of her and then... reintroduce it with your fingers. Encouraging her to swallow, will also help. You need to do whatever is necessary to bring yourself to release as many times as possible, and introduce into her body. Through your semen, her body may recognize you again."

King Daemonikai mulled over her words before muttering, "I am not the kind to climax quickly."

She had already deduced as much.

"That is why I said it will not be easy," she replied. "Yet you must find a way to make it possible. Do whatever you must. Keep these instructions in mind, and more than anything... simply be yourself."

"Listen to her body, notice even the smallest details... Then listen to your own and simply be yourself," he muttered.

Merilyn tilted her head. "Huh?"

"The Oracle. Those were the words she spoke to me. She claimed that to be the only way I could help Emeriel during this heat."

Merilyn considered this, then gave a slow nod. "That makes sense."

Then, she rose, carefully easing the princess's head back onto the pillows. Emeriel shifted slightly but remained in a deep, troubled sleep.

"I will take my leave now," Merilyn said, pulling the covers over her naked form. "She will not remain asleep for long."

"You know a great deal about this," the grand king assessed her closely. "It has happened to you."

Merilyn's finger clenched in the folds of her skirt, her eyes going toward the closed door.

King Daemonikai followed her gaze. "It was with Vladya, was it not?"

"After our bonding ritual failed." She admitted, looking away from the door. "I could not believe it was over—just like that. After everything we had endured."

She gave a sad, fleeting smile. "Those were dark times. While trying to deal with the heartbreak, I went on heat suppressants. Vladya... he was an even greater mess than I was. And let us just say—our intimacies then were for all the wrong reasons, and they reflected that."

"When I went off suppressants six months later, my next heat with him was... a challenge." She shook her head, pulling herself out of the memory. "I daresay he has forgotten entirely. It's over a millennial ago, after all. But some experiences, a lady does not ever forget."

King Daemonikai nodded.

"I am delighted he has found happiness. That we both have. Our future was so bleak then... and now, here we are." She gave a soft chuckle. "And now I am rambling. Forgive me, Your Majesty—I will leave you to your duties."

"Thank you, Merilyn."

She dipped into a graceful bow and took her leave.

....

Minutes after Merilyn departed, Daemonikai remained lost in thought, pondering all she had said while watching over Emeriel's restless sleep. He should have awakened her by now, but after the turmoil of the day she had endured, he lacked the heart to rouse her.

His rut had finally loosened its hold on him, granting him the clarity he needed to steady his thoughts and determine his next course of action.

Emeriel stirred. "My Beloved..."

That name, coming from her lips, always did something to him. For a name he had heard countless times over the course of his long life, there was something uniquely beautiful the way it sounded coming from her. Everything with her felt new, different.

"It burns... I am burning," she cried, rolling restlessly to the side.

From beyond the chamber walls, Aekeira's cries of bliss rose again. Daemonikai's senses, amplified by his rut, picked up every detail. The wet sound of skin meeting skin, the murmured filth of passion.

He forced himself to tune them out, focusing solely on Emeriel.

Rising, he shed the loose pants and climbed into bed behind her. "Hey, little princess," He turned her gently, rolling her to face him.

Her eyes opened slowly, pinching in confusion as they darted about the room before settling on him. The tension eased from her face.

"My king," she breathed, relieved.

Daemonikai kissed her, his lips claiming hers with a tenderness that belied the fire burning within him.

He pulled her flush against his body, his rock-hard cock pressing against her belly. Within seconds, she tensed, making a throaty whimper as her heat returned.

"Open your legs for me," he said against her lips.

Her thighs parted obediently, and he found the swollen bundle of nerves, pressing firmly against it.

She gasped, hips jerking.

He kept kissing her, tongue ravaging her mouth with the same intensity he planned to show her sweet, aching core when she finally let him in.

His free hand wrapped around his thick, throbbing cock as he rubbed and flicked her clit, swallowing her moans.

After a long day of tension and a night of unfulfilled rut, he could already feel his first climax building. Any other time, Daemonikai might have tried to stave it off, but not now.

Now, he welcomed it. Let it build as he played her body like a finely tuned instrument.

She came at the same time he did. His release spilled across her stomach, warm and thick, streaking downward to her womanhood.

Daemonikai let out a slow exhale, a bit of tension easing from his body. Scooping up the pearly seed, he pressed his hand to her opening. It remained sealed tight like sinful lips clamped shut to hold back confession.

He massaged the sensitive area, spreading his release over her in slowly, deliberately, as quivers wracked her body.

Wrenching her mouth from his, she panting. "Please... I need... I need you inside me."

Daemonikai did not tell her he could not. Instead, he distracted her by kissing her again while smoothing every drop of his release to where it needed to be.

When he pulled back, her hazy eyes blinked up at him, clouded with want. The heat wave was there, enough to make her restless, but his touch was keeping the worst of it at bay. That was all he needed.

"I really need your..." Her voice wavered as her gaze flickered downward to his dick. "Please, don't make me beg... Daemon, I t-truly need it."

"And you shall have it, young princess, I promise." He cupped her cheek, tilting her face toward him. "But only if you will be a good girl for your king."