

Chapter 321

The wet, obscene sounds filled the chamber, growing louder with each sharp snap of his hips.

Ruthless. Unrelenting. Inescapable.

Dragging her through mini orgasms and aftershocks, wringing tiny broken sobs from her with each stroke, even as she quivered and sobbed beneath him. Yet he did not stop.

Because she could take it. She was his. This was what she needed. And he was all too happy to give it to her.

But then... the hunger came again.

Urekai males followed an unwritten rule: do not bloodfeed during heat sex.

The coupling was already too much. An overload of sensation. Throwing in bloodfeeding on top of it? Cruel.

The urge almost never came during heat.

Almost.

But now, it did.

Fucking hell, it did. Clawing at him like a feral defending its territory.

Daemonikai had no idea if it was because of her messy heat hormones failing to condition his rut properly, or the events of the night—the danger, the helplessness he had felt earlier—but the urge to possess her with his fangs was there. And it was strong.

Gums aching, fangs throbbing, saliva pooling endlessly no matter how hard he swallowed.

"Your body should be outlawed," his growl was as animalistic as his thrusts. Slam. Slam. Slam. "Too fucking addictive."

"Mercy! Please! More. Oh gods. Enough. More—"

Daemonikai chuckled darkly, watching the delicious contradiction spill from her lips.

"My sweet, indecisive little slut..." he drawled, dragging his tongue over his teeth. "Make up your blissed-out mind."

"Oh goddess...!"

She could not. She would not. She was ruined. Ravaged.

So he kept going. Pounding into her even as more slick gushed from her loosened body, making the wet, sloppy sounds all the more obscene.

"I cannot stop," his own voice sounded wrecked. "Just a little bit more." He was obsessed with this body. "Cannot have enough."

His eyes remained locked onto her enticing throat. That pulsing vein...

He was starving.

And she was right there.

His fangs elongated, and with a grunt of surrender, he sank them home.

She yelled. It rose in the air... and cut off. Everything in her went slack.

In seconds, every active muscle, every trembling bone, every tense fiber in her body melted into the sheets. His Riel—sweet, devoured, bewitching little princess—was out like a light.

Devil's sticks, perhaps I should not have done that. Her blood trickled down his throat like a hot, rich ambrosia. The delicious food of the gods.

Daemonikai's roar of pleasure as his cock exploded was muffled against her neck. He pumped into her, release jetting out in thick, powerful ropes, filling her up so deep. Spilling yet again into that pulsing loosened mouth of her abused womb.

His body fucking shook. His breathing loud. His mind blanking to white noise.

Then, he collapsed on top of her. For the briefest moment, all strength left him, and he felt as weak as a newborn while he struggled to steady his breathing.

And when he finally pulled out, his semen dribbled from her, thick and plentiful, threatening to spill onto the sheets—

A feral snarl tore from his throat.

Riding on pure instinct, he seized her limp thighs, pressing them together, tilting her hips upward to keep every last drop of his cum inside her.

None must drip out!

Mine, mine, MINE!

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Moments later, Daemonikai emerged from the bathing chamber, feeling calmer and satisfied. He draped himself in one of Vladya's loose, comfortable garments.

He stopped by Emeriel's bedside. Her mini-heat should be abating by now, but Daemonikai did not want to take any chances. Pulling the blanket over her, he tucked it gently around her shoulders.

Then, watched her. Sweeping his eyes over her delicate features for a long while to ensure she was truly at peace.

When he was satisfied, he finally stepped out and headed for the living room.

Vladya stood by the window, a glass in hand, staring outside. At the sound of Daemonikai's footsteps, he turned slightly, glancing over his shoulder.

"Is Aekeira asleep?" Daemonikai asked as he approached.

Vladya nodded. "She has had a long day... and an even longer night."

"Emeriel too."

Standing beside Vladya, both of them stared down at the courtyard below.

Blackstone was alive with celebration all night and into the morning. Firelight flickered across the cobblestone streets, the sounds of cheering, music, and dancing.

The city pulsed with joy. The people were rejoicing. The news of their ruler's Soulbond had spread like wildfire.

But, Daemonikai remembered the terrifying events of yesterday and sobered. "Those sisters may be human, but their wills surpass even a Urekai's. Ukrae truly blessed us with the strongest women."

"He did." Vladya swallowed, fingers tightening around his glass. "I keep thinking about the day Ottai and I acquired them. There are twenty-one human kingdoms, and yet, somehow, Navia was the one we chose to bestow our presence upon. The one we demanded a princess from."

A wry smile tugged at Vladya's lips. "I bought Aekeira, and her little 'brother' bravely told me if I did not take him as well, he would always try to cross the Great Mountain just to reach his sister."

Daemonikai let out a quiet huff of amusement. That sounded like his Emeriel, alright.

Vladya sighed, swirling the amber liquid in his glass. "Who would have thought the decision to angrily acquire these women would change the course of our lives? That we would find the greatest treasures in a land ruled by the very species we despised most?"

Daemonikai shook his head. He, too, was amazed by it all.

"Fate truly cannot be interfered with," Vladya mused. "That bitch. I always thought she hated me, yet she knew exactly what she was doing all along."

Daemonikai glanced out at the firelit streets, at the people dancing, laughing, raising their cups in celebration. "Everyone is happy about this." He lifted his chin toward them. "Look at them."

Vladya did.

Daemonikai turned to him, then slowly opened his arms.

Vladya threw him a side-eyed glare, then looked away. "I am not a youngling. I do not need hugs."

Daemonikai refrained from rolling his eyes. His famous last words.

So he waited, patient as ever.

A beat passed.

And then Vladya barreled into him, clasping him with a force that even Daemonikai had not expected.

"I have a Soulbond, Ancient One," Vladya said, voice hoarse.

Daemonikai relaxed into the hold, clasping him just as tightly. "Congratulations, V.D."

Vladya wasn't the only one who felt a knot in his chest loosen. He felt an overpowering relief.

For his friend, for this moment, for the way Vladya's world had suddenly, unexpectedly righted itself.

Finally, Daemonikai saw color in a world that had once been nothing but black and white.

And it made him—completely, immensely—happy.