

Chapter 329

Lowering her onto the bed, he straightened, intent on moving away, but her fingers closed around his wrist.

"I would like to sleep beside you tonight," she murmured.

His body tensed. "Emeriel..."

"Please. You will not lose control in the night. It is just for tonight." A pause, then even softer—"I miss waking up to my Beloved."

Daemonikai's throat worked. How could he refuse, when he shared the very same hunger?

"Please," she whispered again. "Only tonight."

"Very well," he groaned, defeated. "Only tonight."

As he stepped away to undress, she shifted onto her side, resting her cheek on her hands. Her eyes followed him as he pulled his tunic over his head, unfastened the ties at his waist, and shed the rest of his clothing, leaving only his loose-fitting trousers before turning back to her.

She had not looked away.

Daemonikai smirked. "Do you like what you see?"

A dull red flushed her cheeks, "I do, my king."

Chuckling under his breath, he slid beneath the covers, drawing her into his arms.

She made a soft, unashamedly needy sound, clinging to him with the tenacity of an octopus. "Thank you... I like this."

Daemonikai closed his eyes, drawing in a deep breath. Her scent filled his lungs, and he let himself savor it. Let it sink into his very bones.

"When was the last time you bloodfed?" she asked softly.

"A while ago," he admitted. "Worry not, I am not overly hungry, but I shall visit my bloodhost first thing tomorrow."

"I do not like that you must feed from Mistress Sinai," she grumbled into his chest. "She is such a bitter female."

He released a breath. "She was not always so. As a youngling, she was fierce but... not unkind. But when she came of age two millennia ago, she became a rebellious half-adult. Always getting into trouble. Once, she ended up killing a female."

Emeriel gasped. "She killed someone!?"

"Mm, and was banished from Urai. But matters were complicated, with her being my bloodhost. She pleaded for pardon, claiming she had changed, and in time, she was granted clemency. And for a long while, I believed she had, for she ceased stirring trouble."

Emeriel shook her head, tracing patterns against his chest. "So her atrocities did not begin today."

"Unfortunately, one cannot choose their bloodhost," Daemonikai murmured. "If it were possible, I would have rid myself of Sinai long ago."

"Yes, I know." Emeriel lifted her head, shifting her hair to one side, baring her neck for him. "I wish to bloodfeed you tonight."

Heat pooled low in his gut. His cock perked up in interest.

"You know that is not a wise idea, Riel."

"In the past, I was able to bring you back through feeding you," she told him. "It may help with the... mindlessness."

"As my Soulbond," Daemonikai reminded her in a gentle voice. "Now our bond is no more..." he loathed uttering those words. "Also, there's the lust."

She stared pointedly at his chest and moistened her lips. "I do not mind the lust."

"Emeriel." His voice held warning.

Her eyes finally met his. "It's just, I hate that the last intimacy between us was the cloudy memory of my heat, and before that was... that night."

"I do not wish to rush you. I am prepared to wait as long as necessary."

"I want you to rush me," she surprised him by saying. "I wish for us to bridge this gap between us, for if we do not try, we may never move past what happened."

She was... right.

How could they ever overcome the barrier that now lay between them if they never made an effort to push through it? How could they reclaim their sexual and bloodfeeding intimacy if they hesitated at every turn?

Tempted as fuck, Daemonikai's fangs pricked against his tongue. "I do wish to drink from you," he confessed, hunger seeping into his voice. "Your blood calls to me. Always."

A deep flush spread over her cheeks, and she ducked her head.

Daemonikai smiled, tilting her chin up with two fingers. "It is fascinating that, after everything we have been through, you still grow shy over the littlest things." His thumb traced the heat on her cheek. "Hard to believe."

Without breaking eye contact, he shifted, sitting up against the headboard before gripping her waist and lifting her onto his lap, making her straddle him.

Her pussy hovered a mere breath away from his aching cock. The nearness of it, the maddening temptation, fueled his hunger tenfold. Gods, even the barest shift of her hips got to him.

Emeriel settled one hand on his shoulder, and swept her hair aside with the other. Once again, she exposed that smooth, vulnerable throat for him.

Daemonikai's fangs lengthened in response, and his mouth fucking watered.

Leaning in, he pierced her neck.

She gasped, going tensed. Then, melted against him.

He drank carefully, keeping all his senses alert. Attuned to her for any sign of discomfort.

But she pressed closer, digging her fingers into his skin.

The rich flavor of her blood played havoc with his senses. It was the finest elixir. Warm honey laced with ambrosia, with notes of sugared almond, and something deeper...something wholly hers that no other blood had ever possessed.

He groaned, holding her waist tighter.

"Oh..." Her head lolled, body growing heavier.

Daemonikai caught her, sliding a hand beneath the back of her head to keep it from rolling. Her breaths grew uneven, hitching slightly, chest rising and falling faster.

Heat travelled through his veins, his cock pulsing in response. Straining against his pants. Aching with lust.

He squeezed his eyes shut, fighting the rush of arousal that slammed into him. Dieties, he had missed her.

"I feel so hot," Emeriel whined.

Daemonikai let out ragged breaths through his nose, his restraint wearing thin with each second. He could feel the dampness seeping through her underthings, pressing against him. Her slick soaked through the thin material, and fucking hell, it was right there, teasing, tempting—

By the time he withdrew his fangs and sealed the wound, his control has packed up and left, and she was trembling in his arms.

In a blur of movement, Daemonikai rolled them, pinning her under him in the sheets. She panted, breathless, her eyes dark with heat.

Her legs opened for him, thighs shifting to accommodate him. Her nightgown bunched up, pooling around her hips.

Daemonikai exhaled heavily, grinding his cock to her core, nudging at her opening—

She went still.

Eyes glazed with lust stared at him, but did not see him.

"Are you alright?" he asked in a heavy voice filled with desire.

She did not answer at first.

Daemonikai curled his fingers around the sheets beside her head, keeping his body hovering over hers but not moving. Instead, he waited for her 'go ahead'.

It was difficult. Downright torture, yet he held still.

"Yes, I'm fine." She said at last, but there was a slight tremor to her voice. "Do not stop."

Daemonikai hesitated. Then, pushed forward, just a little.

She cried out, squeezing her eyes tightly shut.

His chest constricted. "Emeriel..."

"I-I will be fine," she gasped, sucking in deep, shaky breaths. "Just... g-give me a moment."

She was fighting the demons you gave her.

Something went cold inside him. Guilt rose like a living thing, wrapping its claws around his ribs and sinking deep. Her small tremors of desire have turned to real shaking.

Daemonikai swallowed against the heaviness in his throat and leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. "Take all the time you need."