

Chapter 334

Daemonikai stood outside his chamber, alone with the healer.

"So, uhm, I know you have had children before, but you may have forgotten some things." she began carefully. "It is my duty to remind you of them."

Daemonikai gave a small nod, signaling for her to continue.

"First and foremost—rest. While she must remain active, she also needs plenty of rest. It is essential for both mother and child."

He listened intently.

"Sexual intimacy is very important during this period. Your semen is needed to help keep both the mother and child healthy. Even when the pregnancy progresses into the later months and becomes uncomfortable for her, you will still need to find a way to make it happen," she added matter-of-factly.

Daemonikai winced. A significant obstacle lay in their path. Emeriel was not ready yet.

"If you are... well endowed," The healer's cheeks colored slightly, but she remained professional, "she may not be able to accommodate you as she once did. That is normal. Listen to her and adjust accordingly. Reaching her womb, or even near it, will cause discomfort, or outright pain. Avoid that, but you may..." she cleared her throat, "if she is climaxing, you may coat the surrounding areas with your... uhm..."

Daemonikai lifted a brow.

"Your semen." the healer regained composure. "As for feeding... unless she finds it pleasurable, avoid drinking from her. As she is not a host, the experience will start to cause discomfort once the pregnancy advances. If you must take from her, do not drink much—only sips. And ensure you flood her with pheromones before and during."

He gave a short nod.

The healer glanced at the chamber door. "I will have my apprentice deliver the herbal mixtures she will require. Ensure she avoids stress, and eats well."

He stored every instruction like scripture as she went on and on.

Finally, when she had covered all grounds, did she bow and take her leave.

A throat cleared behind him. "I wish to speak, Your Grace."

Daemonikai turned, and regarded Faiwick. Then, waved a hand of approval.

"It is essential you satisfy the basic instincts. Sexlust, especially. We must prevent another feral episode at all costs."

Daemonikai's heart sank. What if I lose control and attack her again?

He growled, banishing the thought as soon as it arose, "I cannot allow that to happen."

Faiwick regarded him. He was one of the few who knew of his madness' return... what happened with Emeriel.

"You truly cannot, Your Majesty," the male said gravely. "Something must be done. Even if it means taking other females to bed."

Daemonikai gave him a sharp, lethal glare. "Never."

"Your Majesty..."

"I feel no desire for another," he said, voice cold as iron. "Even the thought of it enrages me."

"I apologize, Your Grace, but you may have to, especially as she is unable to engage in intimacies." Faiwick grimaced. "It is all for the greater good. If you were to have another episode, you would greatly endanger her life—"

"Shut the fuck up, Faiwick," Daemonikai gritted out. "I would never endanger them."

"I apologize, Your Majesty." His eyes lowered. "It is my duty as her healer to remind you. I believe we both want what is best for her and for the little one."

Daemonikai's jaw locked so damn hard it ached. He looked away.

"At this point, you must do everything in your power to avoid anything that might remotely trigger an episode," Faiwick cautioned quietly. "In the meantime, please stay away from bad news, intense strain and excessive worry."

Daemonikai merely nodded once.

When both healers finally departed, he was left alone with his thoughts. His work was cut out for him. Challenges lay ahead, but he pushed those concerns aside. One step at a time.

For now, nothing would dim his joy, extinguish his happiness nor taint the euphoria in him.

I am a king with an heir once more. My lineage continues.

I am to be a father again. Who would have thought?

His knees were weak. But he moved in a trance, returning to his bedchamber. Emeriel was awake.

She was seated upright, embracing her sister who was grinning. Their foreheads pressed together as they whispered and laughed.

Then, Emeriel raised her head, and looked at him. She smiled, shyly.

Daemonikai's chest felt free as he held her eyes.

"We will leave you two alone," Vladya said.

"But Em and I were just—" Aekeira began.