

Captive Slave 341

Chapter 341

She knocked once.

Shit. Sinai needed to tamp down her anticipation, excitement, and relief.

Who would have thought that just when she was about to surrender, Fate would choose to smile upon her?*Ww.W.NovELwOrM.com*

It'd been so long since she'd received the message that, at first, it had failed to register. But when it did, she had flown from her bed and readied herself with a speed she'd not thought herself still capable of.

And now, she stood before the chamber where the soldier had escorted her to, clad in one of her finest, most enticing nightrobes. One that clung to her body like a second skin, cut to reveal more than it concealed. Easy to slip from the shoulders. Easier still to discard entirely.

For effect, she had bathed herself in the oils of meccai leaves to deepen her blood's scent. Making her more tempting. Divine.

"Enter."

Sinai walked inside and quietly closed the door. The room was dark with only the flicker of a single brazier near the bed.

Daemonikai stood by the window, arms crossed, his back to her. "Take off your clothes. Get on the bed. Present to me."

Good news never sounded better. Nothing sounded better.

Her arousal lightning fast, as she slipped the thin straps from her shoulders. It pooled at her feet.

The temptation to ask what had changed was strong.

Not long ago, this same male had looked her dead in the eyes and told her he wanted nothing to do with her. So what had changed?

Sinai bit down on her tongue. She would not ask, would not ruin this moment with foolishness. Not when she had come so far. She was so close.

Whatever it was that shifted in him had brought him to her, and she would not risk shattering it.

For the first time in longer than she could remember, she stood bare before him— and it had nothing to do with feeding him in the ways of old. This time, there was no Evie stretched seductively across the bed, stealing the moment from her.

No, tonight was just the two of them.

She climbed onto the bed and settled herself as ordered. Arching her back, she offered herself to him. Open. Ready.

"All yours," she purred.

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GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Grand King Daemonikai left the window to stand behind the female presenting before him.

He had chosen Sinai for a reason. Two birds with one stone. Satisfy both lusts- sex and blood-in one act. Efficient. Necessary.

Yet, he was at war with himself.

As he walked to this chamber, he'd dreaded doing this, but now standing behind Sinai, staring at her body and everything she was offering him, nothing prepared him for how repulsed he was feeling.

Yes, he knew he didn't want this, Emeriel was all he desired, but he didn't expect to feel so...nauseated.

Sinai was ready for him. Wet and open. Body arched, legs parted...every inch of her beckoned him to take. Yet his stomach had turned inside out, and his skin crawled.

And Emeriel's bond with him was dormant, yet he was feeling this way. This was going to be harder than I'd thought.

He stripped in silence, casting his garments aside. "Come to me."

Sinai uncurled, crawling closer before rising to her feet. She walked to him and stopped just in front of him. It was she who leaned in first, lifting her chin as she pressed her lips to his. The kiss was more a claim than an invitation.

Daemonikai let it happen. He palmed his soft cock, stroking himself roughly out of necessity than pleasure.

When was the last time I needed to do this to ready myself? Far too long.

He cupped Sinai's breast with his free hand, squeezing it, his thumb flicking over the nipple in slow circles.

He closed his eyes, waiting for his mind to conjure something-anything-that would help. He searched for those sensual memories that had once driven him to lust. Whenever he had to do this in a distant past, it was always Evie's memories. So he tried that.

Nothing happened.

He Conjured up all the best ones with her, every fevered memory that could have gotten him fired up in the past. Still nothing.

He dropped the pretense, and allowed himself drift to who he actually wanted to think about.

Memories of his time with her flooded his mind. Both as Emeriel and Galilea.

Every fierce coupling, every tender lovemaking. Every whispered laughter, pleas, and desperate cries.

Daemonikai pictured her face as she reached the peak of pleasure. Her screams as she pushed her limits. Her scent, her taste. The feel of her wrapped around his cock.*Ww.W.NovELwOrM.com*

He hardened, rising from near-limp to full, aching arousal as he let himself drown in her.

"Yes," Sinai moaned against his mouth.

The voice jack-knifed him. It sounded wrong. All wrong.

Shut your mouth, he snarled inwardly, forcing himself to ignore it. He walked her backward to the bed, followed her down and covered her body with his own.

"Yes, touch my breasts," she whispered again.

And just like that, the illusion was shattered.*Ww.W.NovELwOrM.com*

He was back in the present, to the female who was not his Soulbond.

The desire he had scraped together fled in an instant. Gone, like footprints before

a desert wind.

"You don't need to do it out of desire; do it out of duty. Do it for us."

So, Daemonikai gritted his teeth and tried harder. He thrust forward.

But couldn't breach her.

He just... could not.

His body refused, his instincts roared against it, and his beast whimpered low and sick, cowering in a corner of his mind. His belly was churning, he wanted to vomit. "Here," Sinai reached between

them, taking him in hand. "Let me guide you in." Daemonikai pulled back.

"No."*Ww.W.NovELwOrM.com*

Sinai blinked in surprise. Her hand fell away as he rose to his feet.

"This cannot happen. I apologize for this, Sinai, it was a mistake," he said flatly, reaching for his clothes. "I will have thirty gold coins sent to your chambers in the morning as recompense for this insult." He tugged his tunic over his head and began tying the cords of his trousers. "But hear me now. You will never speak of this to anyone. Am I clear?"

Sinai struggled to swallow her disappointment as she nodded stiffly. It was a generous offer-more gold than most would see in a lifetime. But it was not what she wanted right now. Not what she had hungered for.

He paused as he finished tying his waist cords. "Am. I. Clear?"

She dipped her chin once more, the motion jerky. "Crystal, Your Grace."

Daemonikai turned from her and walked away without a backward glance.

With Evie, he had at least been able to take other females. But with Emeriel... he not only hated the thought of it with every last drop of his blood-every part of him rebelled against it.

Fuck.

He needed to find another solution. One that worked. And even if it was unpleasant, so be it.

Daemonikai would bear it-anything but a repeat of what had happened tonight.