

### Captive Slave 343

Chapter 343

Daemonikai did not feed from Emeriel. It caused her discomfort, as the healers had warned. And even if he could, the shaman said it wouldn't heal him like it

once did in the past.

"This one is different; it's unnatural," the shaman had told him. "Unfortunately, only the dark mage who wove those threads can undo it."

"These too shall pass," Vladya stated firmly.*www.05ve1w0r0r0r.com*

Daemonikai did not believe it. He wished his faith was as strong as his old friend's, but in these past months, his hope had dwindled to nearly nothing.

He had not satisfied Sexlust in over four months, yet his female believed he was still bedding his bloodhost. Because of that belief, there was a sadness in Emeriel's eyes that never quite left, no matter how bright her smile and how much love shone in her blue eyes.

Tonight, as on so many nights, he was expected to visit Sinai first, then return to her chamber, and hold her while she slept. Whenever Emeriel thought he'd fallen asleep, she let her muffled cries spill.

It hurt Daemonikai immensely that she was going through this pregnancy sad, but they had gotten to a point where he had no idea what to do.

She did not know he'd not touched another female. That the feral episodes still came. Only Vladya and Ottai knew, and only they helped with the measures Daemonikai had taken.

When Daemonikai felt the signs, he went willingly to Blackstone's deepest underground chamber. There, Vladya bound him in chains of reinforced iron laced with toxins, fortified doors locked. He remained there for twenty-four hours until the storm passed.

As far as his people were concerned, their king was whole again. His mind clear as the first light of dawn. As far as Emeriel was concerned, his madness was controlled, because he was satisfying all his basic instincts. Deceptions he wore like a crown of thorns.

While the people feasted, he watched her from his high seat. She added fruit to her basket at the fruit region. A young male hurried forward to take it from her, protective of her as so many had become since the pregnancy and Emeriel smiled at the youngling in gratitude.

Daemonikai's stomach turned inside out.

Is that smile not supposed to be for you? Why does she bestow it so freely on some random male?*Www.No0elw0rMl.com*

He dug his fingers into the arm of his throne, but his expression did not shift.

Human scum. Perhaps she wants them to hold her down and satisfy those pregnancy-driven cravings she has denied you for all these long, lonely nights. The Voice turned conspiratorial. Why not stop playing the righteous king and take what you want? Hold her down and take. Ignore the screams, forget honor, fuck control and screw the little shit in her. Just... take. You have done it before.

Daemonikai shot to his feet and walked. Past the tables. Past the highborn guests. Past the celebrating crowds. Ignoring the startled glances following him. No one stopped him; no one dared. His strides were long, his rage was breathing. He made his way behind the gardens, where no prying eyes could follow. There, out of sight, he leaned hard against the nearest wall and drove his forehead into it.

Growling and snarling, he breathed noisily as his head fell forward again and again.

The pain dulled the Voice, driving it back into the recesses of his mind.

It rarely got this bad, but when it did, it was always a sign that another feral episode was coming. Soon.

On the fifth strike, a hand caught him, sliding between his head and the wall. "Stop. Stop, Daemon."

Daemonikai barely heard the words, but he felt them. Even through his fury and the pounding in his skull, he heard the pain in Vladya's voice.

Daemonikai started laughing. Low, bitter, harsh, blood trickling down from his brow, hot against his skin.

I really hit rock bottom this time.

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PRINCESS EMERIEL

Emeriel looked out the window into the night, willing herself not to tap her foot or pace the length of the chamber as she so often did on nights like this.

She was waiting, when she should not be. She should be asleep. The day's celebration had left her exhausted, but sleep fled from her on nights when her Beloved lay in another female's arms.

I should be used to it by now. It had been four months. Surely, it should not hurt like this anymore.

Yet, it did. Like a burning sword shoved deep into her heart, twisted in and left there.

It's all for the best.

"Look on the bright side," she said into the silence. "He's no longer suffering or in pain. Today he was even celebrated. They all cheered for him, for being free of madness."

A flutter stirred in her belly.

The pain in her chest eased just a little as she pressed a hand to cradle the life growing in her. Recently, she had begun to feel the movements.

Small, gentle kicks, like whispers of wings against her womb. The first time it had happened, she had wept with joy and rushed to tell Aekeira. Her sister had smiled through tears, eager for the moment she would feel the same within herself.

This young one... this beautiful life they had created together brought her comfort, when so little else could. Hope that perhaps, in time, everything might be well again.

Her gaze drifted upward to the sky and its twinkling stars.

Is Mistress Sinai whispering all her love and adoration into his ear right now? Emeriel expelled a shaky breath and tried not to think of it.

Tried.

She is probably reminding him of all your inadequacies. She has a beast too. She can match his appetites in every way and form, not like you. Look at the broken thing you became when he truly unleashed on you. What kind of lifemate can you possibly be if you cannot take what he gives?

A tear slipped free as she stared unblinking ahead.

What kind of lifemate cannot bear the touch of her Beloved? Here you are, starved for his touch, so hungry for it that it's driving you insane, yet when he nears you in that way, you shut down.

More tears trailed down her cheeks.

When he tries to enter your body, you freeze. Wither.*w(w)w.noVellw0r0r(m).CoM*

So inadequate.

No wonder the mistress smirks at you whenever your paths cross. That look of knowing and triumph she gives you is because you're the punchline of a masterfully delivered jest right now.

"Please stop... I beg you." Her shoulders trembled as fresh tears fell. "Why do you lie awake when the world is asleep, hurting yourself like this? Stop doing this to

yourself."

Then, there was the failing vision. The colors that came and went with no cause or reason. Another weakness. Another thing she could not control.

Emeriel had no idea how long she stood there in the dead of night, watching stars she did not really see.