

Captive Slave 361

Chapter 361

Hours later, Daemonikai sat in the reclining chair of his bedchamber, freshly washed, freshly bandaged, and clothed in clean linens. Faiwick had done a thorough job—curbed the bleeding, cleaned the wounds meticulously, and stitched them with care. The pain remained, but the worst had passed.

Daemonikai's eyes were closed, though sleep remained out of reach. The voices had quieted for now, but his head throbbed like the devils. Still, the silence and solitude served him well. He would take whatever peace he could find.

He was still furious with Vladya. That had not changed, and he'd already made a mental note to plant a well-deserved punch in the male's gut the next time they crossed paths.

But truth was truth.

Vladya was right.

The thirst to kill was becoming impossible to ignore. And the more he fed that hunger, the closer he got to Madness Land. He knew the path, had walked it before. After Alvin died in his arms, after he found Myka and Evie's lifeless bodies, he'd begun to spiral—going from zero to ninety. But what had pushed him over the edge then were the killings that followed.

He'd tasted the blood of his enemies, and he had given in. Fully.

Taken his beast form, he'd massacred every human soldier in sight. The sound of their bones breaking, their screams ringing in his ears... those had been the last coherent things he remembered before he tumbled over.

Now, he was teetering there again. And the hunger for slaughter was back.

Sheer will was no longer enough to hold him steady. He needed to satisfy his basic instincts soon.

A knock came and his door opened without waiting for a reply.

Daemonikai opened his eyes to find Emeriel standing there.

"I heard you returned," she said quietly. But her gaze flicked immediately to the bandages, worry following. "My King..."
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"I'm fine." He extended a hand toward her. "Come here."

Her steps were slow as she crossed the room toward him. He watched her in silence, his possessive instincts stirring. Seven months into her carrying, her belly was high and full—rounder even than her sister's, which made her self-conscious. But Daemonikai thought she looked sexy. Good enough to eat.

As soon as she was within reach, he caught her hand, tugging her gently into his lap. He settled her against him with careful hands, one large palm sliding protectively to her belly.

"What happened?" she asked. "Did you find him? Did you fight and he escaped? Is that why you're bruised—and why he isn't here?"

Daemonikai shook his head once. "We crossed feral territories. Fought packs of them." He caressed her belly. "But I'm fine now."

Her hand lifted, resting on his chest. "And your mind?" she asked. "The voices?" "Quiet."

He did not tell her how loud they had become of late. How difficult it had been to hold the bloodlust at bay. She didn't need that weight.

"What about the dark mage who wove the spell?" she asked next.

"It's as if he vanished from the face of the world." Daemonikai forced calm into his tone. "The only thing we know is that he's still within Urai. The borders are locked down—none can cross without my knowledge. But he remains hidden."

Emeriel's lips thinned.

"The Mage King suggested we use magic to find him," Daemonikai went on. "He can weave the spell... but it would require me to be paralyzed for a full month."
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Emeriel was already shaking her head before he finished.

"I said no," he told her. "I will not be crippled and bedridden while enemies roam free in my kingdom."

Daemonikai reached out, smoothing a stray strand of her hair back to join the others. "So I will stick with the plan I have." His fingers lingered a heartbeat longer than necessary. "Find Zaiper first. Once I have him, finding the sorcerer will be simple."

"I agree." Emeriel's long lashes lowered, shadowing her gaze. "So, I've been thinking..." when she lifted her eyes again, there was resolve in them. "I wish to feed you properly."

He opened his mouth, but she held up a hand.

"Hear me out, she said. "I hate

out

knowing you're starving. That you aren't feeding as you should. I a your Soutbond, Daemon. Three years ago, my blood saved your life. Dark magic or not, that truth remains. My blood still means something—because I am yours. With or without our bond, that doesn't change."

In the past, he would have refused outright, without question. He hadn't forgotten the healers'

warnings that taking blood from her at an advanced stage could cause her discomfort. But what he'd neglected to remember was the rest of their counsel. If she found it comfortable, if she chose it, then it was not only safe but vital.

"I've been taking plenty of vegetables," she said, smiling faintly. "And the safe herbal concoctions the healers prepared for blood fortification. I can do this."
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And gods help him, he wanted to.

He craved her blood with a hunger that was an ache in his fangs. He missed it. Missed her—the rich, potent taste of her sliding down his throat instead of the teasing sip or two he had allowed himself these past months.

His throat worked around a hoarse word. "Alright."

She blinked, clearly surprised. But she recovered quickly. "Good. How do you want me?"

On your back, on your knees, bent over the edge of the bed, standing against the wall-gods, Emeriel. I'll take you any way you'll let me.

Fuck, his dick was doing the thinking instead of his fangs.

These days, he tried not to stare when she walked by—tried not to watch the sway of her hips, the bounce of her breasts in her loose dresses, her wobbling ass. He averted his eyes when she beamed. Looked away when she flushed or was being shy. Tried not to look too hard when she was wearing nightclothes, or anything at all, really.

Suffice it to say everything about her turned him on. Daemonikai was in a perpetual state of arousal around her. It was more torture than being hung upside down and branded with scalding iron.

He wanted to throw her legs over his shoulders and pound her into the mattress.

You can't do that to her in this condition, his rational mind reminded him.

Damn. Fuck. That was right. But shit, he still wanted to have her.

Daemonikai had once scoffed at drunken lords who jested about needing intercourse so badly they begged to just put the tip. He'd thought them pathetic fools.

But now, he totally understood.

Hell, at this rate, even if he could only get just the head of his cock inside her, he would thank the gods and die a happy male.

Because he could make it work. The way he wanted her, he could find release

from just having even the smallest part of him nestled inside her.

Yeah, he was pathetic, horny, and obsessed.
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Not to mention completely and hopelessly hers too.