

Captive Slave 370

Chapter 370

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Grand King Daemonikai was in a good mood.

When prepared for court, he'd leaned down to kiss a sleeping Emeriel on the cheek before leaving. Whatever remnants of exhaustion remained in his body were dulled by her scent and their reawakened bond.

When he stepped into the court corridors, Ottai took one look at him and beamed wide. "Congratulations."

Soon after, Vladya joined them, looking relieved and equally pleased.

Daemonikai wasn't sure what had given it away-whether it was the ease in his muscles, the subtle satisfaction clinging to his every step, or the unmistakable calm that had settled over his presence-but they had both seen it. They knew his instincts had been sated, that his bond with Emeriel had returned.

"You have no idea how glad I am," Ottai's voice carried emotion. *Www.NoVéllWorm.COm*

Daemonikai snorted. "I think I do, actually. It's written all over your face, Ottai." He turned to him. "How is Morina?"

Ottai grimaced. "Full heat recovery is a bitch, but she's doing better now, thank Ukrae. I hate seeing her in pain."

"Don't we all," Daemonikai murmured, clasping Ottai's shoulder.

As Ottai walked ahead into the court, Daemonikai glanced over at Vladya wearing a sheepish look, unusual for him.

"Look, I want to apologize for the other night," Vladya said. "For the way I spoke to you. I shouldn't have "

"Aekeira really has you by the balls now, doesn't she?" Daemonikai arched a brow. "Since when do you apologize for being a brat?" *WwW.No(v)éLLoŘM.(c)om*

That did it. Vladya relaxed, rolling his eyes. "I'm trying to be mature, and you're ruining it." *Www.NoVéllWorm.COm*

"There's nothing to apologize for," Daemonikai said simply. "Truth is, that night I wanted to deck you. And I probably would have, if I'd woken up this morning the same male I was when I walked into Frostfall two nights ago, but I'm not. What you said... it was the push I needed. And I'm grateful for that."

Vladya's eyes lit. "So, the bond is really back? You can feel it?"

"I can." Daemonikai smiled, placing a hand to his chest. "Right here."

"You left it open? You're not shielding?" Vladya chuckled. "That's not very responsible of you, Grand King Daemonikai."

Hearing his own past reprimands thrown back at him wasn't the most enjoyable experience—but Daemonikai owned it with a grunt. "Give me a damn break. I haven't felt this bond in ages."

Tradition dictated a Urekai never left their bond open outside of private quarters- whether with a partner or bloodhost. In public, shielding was required. Leaving it open meant exposure, feeling your bonded's emotions in real-time could easily distract from court matters and other daily obligations.

"You'll have to shield once we step into court," Vladya reminded.

"I know. It's only still open because Emeriel's sleeping."

"I understand," Vladya waved off. "I was just messing with you." Then he grew serious.

"Congratulations, Daemon. I know how much this meant to you."

Daemonikai gave a silent nod, mouthing a soft thank you. "When your rituals are completed, and your soul is restored, you'll also get to feel your bond to Aekeira in its fullest, pulsing, purest form. Everything you've been missing... it's only a matter of time."

"Only a matter of time," Vladya echoed, though quieter. "We just have to pray the Oracle survives. The ritual can only continue if she does."

Daemonikai gave another solemn nod. The Oracle was still fighting for her life. Bringing Zaiper's sins to light had shattered seventy bones in her body. The first and most extreme case of its kind. Some had already lost hope, but Daemonikai refused to give up. *www.NoVéllWorm.COm*

He had summoned the oldest and

most skilled healers, the best shamans across Urai and beyond For two months, they had tried every method: treatments, blood rituals, and enchantments. But still, her self healing abilities had not activated. Without that, her bones would remain unhealed, and she could not survive.

A week ago, one of the elder shamans had formally requested permission to perform the Happy Repose ceremony-a ritual meant to ease a soul into the afterlife.

Daemonikai had denied it.

He would not surrender her to death. Not yet.

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Aekeira was in the gardens when she saw her.

She dropped the watering can the moment Emeriel stepped through the archway.

"Em? I've been waiting for you! I needed to show you "

But before she could finish, Emeriel walked straight into her arms, pulling her into

a tight hug, as close as their protruding bellies would allow.

"Keira," Emeriel whispered into her sister's neck, "I'm so happy."

Aekeira's arms circled her instantly. "Oh, honey..."

"Everything is okay in my world again." Joy made her voice shake.

Aekeira pulled back slightly, hands cupping her sister's face, a wide smile breaking across her features. "Oh my Gods, Em, you have no idea how happy I am to hear that." She blinked rapidly. "So you were able to...?"

Emeriel's radiant smile answered everything. "Oh yes." She was glowing now, utterly beaming. "Last night... and this morning. Keira, it was beautiful. The most beautiful."

A relieved laugh burst from Aekeira as she pulled her in again. "You don't know how worried I've been these past few months. I didn't want to pressure you or speak on it too much, but Gods, Em... I was afraid. That maybe you two wouldn't overcome it. That you might go through this whole pregnancy without that intimacy, without that closeness returning..." She held her tighter. "But it happened at last, I'm so glad. You two are back, stronger than ever."

Emeriel clung to her. "And our bond is back," she whispered to her sister's shoulder. "I feel him again, Keira. I feel us."

Aekeira's arms tightened, voice choked. "Then all really is right in your world again." She kissed Emeriel's temple. "Congratulations, my dear sister."

"Thank you..."

Lacing their fingers together, Aekeira tugged her. "Forget working today, let's spend the day relaxing, celebrating this miracle. Just you and me."

Emeriel laughed, her heart full. "Oh, sure. Okay."

Both of them walked hand-in-hand from the garden, souls light and spirits lifted, to

enjoy this joyful day.