

Captive Slave 391

Chapter 391

EPILOGUE A

That night, Daemonikai slept, and saw them.

Standing at the river's edge were his sons-Myka and Alvin. But unlike in the past, they weren't sad. Their eyes no longer carried the weight of guilt or sorrow.

No, his sons were smiling, waving at him.

Daemonikai ran from the opposite shore, water parting in soft ripples as he crossed, and when he reached them, he pulled them both into a tight embrace.

"Father..." Alvin whispered hoarsely. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Daemonikai pulled back, his hands firm on Alvin's face, forcing his boy to meet his eyes. "It was never your fault, and I'm sorry you left the world believing it was."

He turned to Myka. "I'm sorry I told you to protect everyone else. I should've told you to save yourself first. Maybe then, you'd still be-"

"It's alright, Father," Myka interrupted with a smile. "I don't regret protecting Mother. Or our people. I'm a protector, just like you, and I'm proud of that."

Behind them, a crowd began to form. His people were watching from a distance. Some familiar, some not, but he knew in his heart they were all his.

Daemonikai raised his voice, addressing them all. "I brought your killer to justice, and I made sure he suffered. I know most of you have no memory of how you died, but perhaps some of you stayed behind because you felt something was wrong. Something unfinished." Emotion clouded his throat. He cleared it. "Today I tell you, the male who betrayed our people, who caused your deaths, is no more. So I ask you now, go. Rest. Be at peace. When you reincarnate, may you be Urekai once more, and even if you are not-I pray you find love, joy, and purpose. You will not go unjust again."

The spirits lowered their heads in unison.

"Your Grace," they murmured as one.

Daemonikai bowed back, blinking furiously against the tears burning behind his eyes.

When he looked up, many of them were smiling, some brushing away tears of their own. And then they turned and began to walk. Into the woods, toward the other shore.

He turned back to his sons. "And you two..." he said, voice thick. "Remember all I taught you. Just because you're here doesn't mean you become idle figureheads."

The tension dissolved into laughter.

"Yep, that's the way it's done." Daemonikai grabbed them both by the backs of their heads, pulling them close one last time, resting their foreheads to his shoulders.

His face contorted, trying to hold the grief in.

But when he stepped back, he was smiling again. "Until we meet again, my boys." "Goodbye, Father." They waved at him.

"Take care of your family," Alvin said. "Myka, Mother, and I are happy now, so please... be happy too."

"I am now," Daemonikai whispered. "I love you both, more than you'll ever know. And you'll always be in my heart. Go now. Rest."

They smiled, vanishing.

His eyes snapped open.

Darkness. His chamber. His bed. Alone.

The tears came. Hot and silent, trailing down the sides of his face, soaking into the pillow. He let them fall.

He had finally seen his sons, finally got to say goodbye. They were at peace. The bed dipped beside him.

Warm arms wrapped around his body, pulling him upright, and he turned instinctively, folding into the embrace of his mate. holding her tight, silent.

"Bad dreams?" her voice was soft.**WW**(w).nOvel**WO**r @.cô**m**

Daemonikai shook his head. "No, they were good dreams. The best of them. I finally got to say goodbye."

Emeriel pulled back, searching his face, then gently cradled the back of his head, pressing him against the warm cushions of her breast. "I'm so happy to hear that."

He stayed there for a moment, basking in her scent, in the calm beat of her heart. "Thank you," he murmured. "For making my life full. For coming into it when you did. You breathed life back into me."

Her hand stroked his hair. "Always."

"How are the little ones?" he asked after a moment.

"Sleeping." Emeriel smiled. "I just fed them. Madam Livia is with them now."**WW.novelWO**r**m**.**Com**

"Yeah?" he mused, already picturing their peaceful faces.

"Yes."

He shifted, nuzzling her breast again, voice dropping lower. "There's one mouth left to feed."

She chuckled softly. "Bloodfeed? But... your bloodhost came yesterday."

"She did."

Her name was Yevia-a

three-hundred-year-old bonded female, mated to the love of her life and mother to a strong youngling She wasn't noble-born, but she was respectful, well-mannered, and carried herself with dignity. Their feeding sessions were calm, impersonal, exactly what they were meant to be.
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Unlike Sinai, Yevia had never attempted to manipulate the bond, she respected him, and most importantly, she honored his female. Feeding with her was peaceful. That was all Daemonikai ever wanted.

"But no," he said, fingers digging into his woman's soft ass. "I didn't mean bloodfeeding. A different kind of feeding."

"Oh..." Her breath caught-that soft tremor of desire slipping into her voice.(w)**W**(w).**novel**(w)σŘ**M**.**Com**

"Mmm." He growled low in his throat, lips brushing the curve of her breast. "Do you want me, my star?"

"So much," she whispered.

He leaned back against the headboard, settling comfortably, eyes dark with want as he tugged her forward.

She climbed into his lap, straddling him, her breasts swaying before his face.

Body relaxed, gaze intense, he coaxed her forward until she straddled him, her breasts directly in front of his face.

Daemonikai released one from the confines of her garment, baring it to the moonlit room. "Hold it out to me."

"Daemon," her voice held a shy mortification. "You know my milk flows..."

"Of course I do." He had avoided doing this, denying himself the taste of her like this, even when they made love, but six months was

enough. "I've wanted this. Fuck!.net"

ached for it." His fingers flexed against her hip. "Feed us."

Her lips parted, breath shaky. "As my Beloved commands," Her palm cradled the

swell, guiding it to his lips-

And he latched on.

Fuck. His taste buds exploded.

Decadent, warm, rich, sweet. Did everything about her have to ruin him so completely? It was as if every inch of her was made to bring him to his knees.

His mouth worked fast and greedy, her soft hitches loud in the silence.

As he sucked, one hand slid down to cup her backside, fingers kneading, teasing. A spank made her jolt, her flesh jiggling under his palm before he soothed the sting with a caress. Tracing his hand along her spine, over her hip, then back up again, trailing the curve of her neglected breast, pinching the nipple until it pebbled.

Lower. Over the quiver of her soft belly, down to her drenched core.