

Chapter 123

He remained rooted to the spot, his naked body a tantalizing display of beauty, masculinity, and raw power.

She moaned as her eyes fell upon his impressive length. The king was a big male everywhere.

The sheer size of his hardness sent a jolt of desire through her body. Her core wet, throbbing with anticipation. Her senses alive with the promise of pleasure.

"Your Grace?" she coaxed, leaning forward and extending a hand towards him. "I know you are hungry. I can sate your hunger, you know I can. Take me."

His emerald eyes flickered towards her outstretched hand, but he made no move to accept it. Nor did he take a step closer.

Confusion clouded Alviara's features. Why was he hesitating?

The storm of lust in his eyes spoke of deep sexual hunger. His body was taut with barely suppressed desire, and he looked savage with want. So, why was he not taking what he so clearly wanted?

Well, she was not the most sought-after courtesan in Urai for nothing.

Alviara rose to her hands and knees, her backside raised in a seductive arch. She reached back and parted her cheeks open for his gaze, offering herself in complete submission to him and his inner beast.

He snarled, finally moving. Only not towards the bed.

The grand king began to pace. Restlessly.

Tension radiated from his rigid shoulders, his expression darker than a storm with each stride.

For the first time in a very, very long time, a cold tendrill of fear snaked down Alviara's spine. This was nowhere near the reaction she had expected.

What was going on here?

EMERIEL

He's not yours.

He is not yours.

You have no claims to him.

You'd better not cry.

Emeriel's hands clenched her garments so tightly her knuckles turned white. She slammed her door shut and collapsed onto the bed, curling into a fetal position as tears came. Unbidden. Uncontrollable.

Her heart ached with a sharp, persistent throb. So what if there's another woman in his bed? He does not know about you, and he is not yours. Get a hold of yourself.

But the words were empty platitudes. A sob tore from her throat, hot tears spilling onto the pillow. Her hands trembled as she wiped them away.

She had been content just by being near him. Even sitting silently under those intense, watchful eyes, she had felt so complete.

His mere presence filled a void inside her so well it was frightening. Then, that Urekai maid had to go into heat. Now, King Daemonikai was forced to sate his body.

On her way back to her room, Emeriel had witnessed guards coupling like animals with whoever they could find. Urekai maids were pinned against walls, human slaves taken without finesse.

The Southern Wing had turned into a chaotic breeding ground.

She wiped away another traitorous tear, trying to banish the image of the grand king entwined with that beautiful, elegant Urekai visitor.

The thought of him bending the female over, taking her body with his—

Another sob escaped her lips.

The door creaked open, revealing a stoic soldier. Then, in a tone that brooked no argument, he said, "The grand king summons you to his residence, Slave. Do not keep him waiting."

ALVIARA.

Who were they waiting for?

The grand king paced the room. His movements so tense and agitated he was practically stomping from one end of the room to the other, sweating profusely from attempting to maintain control.

Alviara could bet a headache was pounding like a war drum in his skull. She was utterly confused, but the fierce scowl on King Daemonikai's face forced her to keep her mouth shut.

The door opened, and the boy was ushered back into the room.

The grand king's pacing ceased abruptly, tension visibly draining from his body.

"You s-sent for me, Your Grace?" the boy's voice trembled. His eyes red-rimmed and puffy as if he had been crying, widened as he took in the sight of stark-naked King Daemonikai and equally naked Alviara.

A flush spread across his pale skin, creeping up from his neck to his cheeks, and he quickly averted his gaze.

King Daemonikai was suddenly all over the boy's personal space. He pressed the boy against the wall, His large frame dwarfing the boy's as he dipped his head, nuzzling the delicate skin of his neck like a contented feline. A deep purr rumbled in his chest.

The grand king pumped out pheromones like crazy. So heady, thick, and compelling that even Alviara whimpered. Her mind growing hazy, throat bared instinctively in complete submission.

"My king," the boy moaned, going limp in the stronger male's embrace. The moment stretched, charged with pure lust, tension, and surrender.

Finally, the king pulled away. "Get on the bed. Lie down," he ordered, his voice husky with desire.

The boy hesitated, a flicker of panic in his eyes.

Why panic? Alviara wondered. Is this not what he desired? The boy clearly harbors some kind of affection for their ruler.

But in the end, he obeyed. The human boy moved towards the bed and laid down beside her, his body rigid, but his eyes held arousal.

As he settled in, Alviara noticed something odd. The boy had no scent.

Huh. So he was one of those strange ones.

Shouldn't his lack of scent be vexing King Daemonikai? Shouldn't he be repelled by the boy instead of drawing him close?

"Now, you." King Daemonikai finally looked at Alviara. "Lay atop him, your back to me."

She did as told, positioning herself between the boy's thighs, her core pressing against him. The boy wasn't even hard, Alviara noticed with a pang of sympathy.

The king finally joined them, his hands strong as they parted Alviara's legs, and he pushed into her.

Alviara couldn't suppress a moan. The heady scent of his pheromones, combined with his touch, sent her desire spiraling.

As he began to thrust, his intense eyes remained locked on the boy's face. Each powerful thrust pounded them into the bed, rattling the frame. He might be inside her—Alviara could feel the force of his movements and the pleasure coursing through her—but she was not the one he was truly mounting.

The boy's face was flushed, blue eyes dilated with lust. As the king's pace grew hard, so did the boy's musk. An erotic, intoxicating smell that thickened heavily in the air.

Then, the grand king practically folded Alviara in half as he leaned forward capturing the boy's lips with his own.

The human cried out. Not wanting to suffocate, Alviara twisted her upper body to the right, allowing the king to rest half atop her. This gave him better access to the boy and allowed Alviara to breathe easier, while witnessing everything unfolding.

The kiss was raw and filthy. King Daemonikai devoured the boy's lips, his hips snapping forward, fucking into her like a savage animal.

Alviara's new position was not entirely comfortable, but it was tolerable. She was far too enraptured by this unexpected threesome.

Yet, at the same time, the pleasure was becoming too much for her to remain still. She needed to climax. Alviara began to move her hips. That was when she noticed it.

Wetness.

The boy beneath her was very wet. Clearly aroused, but there was no sign of an erection. It wasn't the boy's muscles or bones pressing against her chest, but tightly bound breasts.

The boy was actually a girl.