

## Chapter 14

Without warning, two sharp fangs sank into Sinai's skin, and the beast began drinking from her. Pain shot through her body, and she hissed in response.

The beast did not flood her with elixir to numb the pain or ease the discomfort, as Daemonikai would have done if he were in his right mind. Instead, the beast simply took, over and over.

Her heart raced, pumping more blood to meet the beast's unending hunger. This was the key difference between a bloodhost and any other host: a bloodhost's body constantly produced an endless supply of blood to feed their master—no matter how hungry their master were.

As the beast fed, it released pheromones that wrapped around Sinai, and a pleasurable sensation began to spread through her body. Her whole being burned with searing lust, the pleasure growing inside her.

Even after two millennia, she had never grown used to this feeling. At this point, Sinai knew she never would.

The sensation was simply too powerful, too addictive, and at times, the orgasm she experienced while feeding her male surpassed even sexual pleasure.

"Yes, yes, my dear," she gasped, her hips moving involuntarily, grinding against the beast.

With jerky fingers, she lifted her gown and began rubbing her clitoris, stimulating her own pleasure. Her core was wet, her body aflame with sensations.

The beast continued to drink from her, as she pleased herself, and as she built towards her climax, her fingers penetrated her channel fucking inside it.

She moaned loudly, peaking the pinnacles of pleasure, her back arching. Seconds afterward, the beast withdrew.

Its tongue licked the wound twice, closing it. Then turned and began to retreat.

"Darling..." She reached for the receding figure, but it growled in warning and stomped away from her.

Anger surged within her, though she fought to conceal her reaction. She despised it when Daemonikai behaved this way.

Even now, as a wild beast, he pulled away from her. Sinai hated it!

But she knew more than to remain here, when her company was unwanted. Outside, Sinai glared at the metal gates.

"You are mine. I am your bloodhost, the sole provider of nourishment you depend upon. Only I can feed your body with the blood you require," she said smugly. "Even Evielyn, your beloved bondmate—may her soul rot in hell—could not fulfill that role, no matter how badly you wanted her to."

Sinai let out a bitter smirk. "You will forever be mine, Daemon. Forever."

EMERIEL

Emeriel paced nervously in his small room in the slave quarters, his mind filled with worry. The fortress buzzed with activity as the Urekai prepared for their moonlight festival.

Even the slaves, whose lives were filled with hardship, seemed to look forward to the festival with a hint of joy. But for Emeriel, the absence of his sister was unbearable.

It had been more than a week since he had last seen Aekeira. The pain of not knowing how she was tore at his soul.

Madam Livia had only told him that Aekeira was confined to her chambers, giving no other details. Emeriel yearned to see his sister and make sure she was safe.

He had not heard any screams at night since then, giving him hope that Aekeira had not been taken to the beast again after that first time.

But how long could he hold on to hope? What if it happened tonight?

Emeriel looked toward the door, his thoughts racing as he considered his choices.

As a slave, he was expected to attend the festival grounds and serve drinks to the guests.

Maybe I could quietly sneak away to the southern wing? Surely, a quick visit to check on her would go unnoticed.

Determined, Emeriel stepped out, closing the door softly behind him. Leaving the slave quarters, he walked with purpose, mimicking someone on an important errand as he headed into the main fortress.

Thankfully, the grand lords would already be busy at the festival grounds, lowering the chances of running into anyone.

Walking through the familiar halls, Emeriel soon reached the path leading to Aekeira's chamber. When he reached the door, he carefully tried the handle. Relief washed over him when he found it unlocked.

With a hopeful smile, he stepped inside...only to be met with an empty room.

Confusion crossed his face as he called out for Aekeira, searching every corner, even the storage area.

She was nowhere to be found.

Emeriel's heart raced, anxiety surging through his body as he left the room. Where could she be?

As he retraced his steps back toward the servants' quarters, Emeriel's eyes darted around, scanning his surroundings. When he reached the crossroads where various paths in the fortress met, he stopped.

Instead of heading to the servants' quarters, his feet carried him toward the fourth wing. Without realizing it, he was following the route that led to the forbidden chambers.

But just before he reached the intersection of the Abyss land, Emeriel froze again.

What in the underworld am I doing here? He knew the punishment for being on this side of the fortress without permission would be severe.

He turned to leave, but a movement caught his eye.

Aekeira.

She stood alone, wearing regal attire that showed greatly the princess she was. It mirrored the dress she wore on that fateful first night.

Aekeira was heading toward the haunting hallway leading to the forbidden chambers.

"Keira?" he whispered, his voice resonating softly against the desolate walls.

Aekeira turned, eyes widening in surprise. "Em?"

"Oh, thank the Lights! It's really you!" Emeriel exclaimed, rushing toward her and enveloping his sister in a tight embrace. "I tried so hard to believe Grand Lord Vladya when he claimed you were alive, but it was still difficult to sleep at night, Keira. By the gods, I am overjoyed that you're alive —"

"No, you mustn't touch me!" Aekeira suddenly shouted, panic in her voice, as she pushed Emeriel away. "Do not touch me."

Hurt flashed in Emeriel's eyes. Aekeira had never pushed him away like this before. "Keira?" he whispered.

"I would not feed him your scent again," Aekeira reiterated, her voice trembling. "Please, do not touch me."

"Scent? Feed who? I do not understand," Emeriel confessed, his mind struggling to understand her words.