

Chapter 219

GRAND LORD ZAIPER.

"I don't believe I heard that correctly. Emeriel did what?" Zaiper shouted.

"From what I've gathered, she disarmed and killed the assassin," Razarr confirmed, his voice steady despite his lord's outburst.

The second ruler stopped pacing and glared at his head soldier.

Razarr met his gaze briefly before bowing his head in deference. The tension in the air could be cut by a knife, but a soft chuckle came through.

Zaiper whirled around. "What in the hell is so damn amusing, Sinai?"

The mistress tilted her head. "Oh, forgive me, Lord Zaiper. It's just... well, that 'tiny human girl' seems to have thrown quite the wrench in your plans." she purred, stifling a giggle he could see.

"I can't help but wonder how lightly she must have touched the assassin's neck to turn his lights off... forever." Sinai echoed his own words back at him, snickering.

Zaiper's nostrils flared. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"It is rather amusing, I won't deny it," she drawled, flashing teeth. "But don't get me wrong, it's also a problem. I heard they have already launched a full investigation. What if the trail leads back to you?"

"Not possible. I was careful," Zaiper growled. "The only one who might know anything is his wife, and she wouldn't dare speak against me. She's not that foolish."

Sinai arched a brow. "Well, I wouldn't be so sure about that." Her fingers idly traced the edges of her well-manicured nails. "When a mother hen is desperate to protect her young, logic and fear go out the window. I've heard the soldiers even rounded up their families, including the younglings, for questioning. Desperation does funny things to people."

"Hmm," Hands clasped behind his back, Zaiper pondered her words. "Then she must be dealt with. Razarr, make arrangements. Poison her next meal. Ensure it's untraceable."

Razarr bowed and left the room.

"I still can't believe that little breeze of a girl managed to defeat my assassin." Zaiper's lips pressed into a thin line. "Pure luck, no doubt, but lately, it seems she has too much of that on her side. I don't like it."

"I told you before, everything is different with that girl since her return," Sinai said. "It's not just her status that's changed. Her strength, her poise, even the way our people look at her now. And especially since she's been spending all her time tending to my Daemon." "

"That's where it ends." Zaiper asserted confidently. "No matter how civilized our people become, they will never accept her mating Daemonikai. Neither would Daemonikai himself. I don't understand why you are so concerned, she's nothing but a minor nuisance."

"And that minor nuisance just stirred up an investigation that could lead directly to you, Lord Zaiper." Sinai's grin widened, all teeth. "Take my advice: do not underestimate her."

"I will waste no time worrying about a mere human girl."

The mistress clucked her tongue. "And make no further attempts on the grand king's life. Let this situation blow over. If you're lucky, he won't recover, and his dying soul will finish him off for you."

"True," Zaiper concede. Then, cast a sidelong glance at her. "You really are a mean little thing, aren't you? I would have sworn you cared for that male."

The mistress had the decency to look guilty. She cleared her throat. "I do care for him."

Zaiper rolled his eyes. "Of course you do."

She shrugged. "So, what's your next move, my lord?"

"What do you suggest, then?" He asked, crossing his arms.

"I think it's time you secure an heir."

Zaiper was sure the woman was joking. He looked at her like she just grown new pair of arms. "Excuse me?"

"The grand throne has always remained stable because Myka was the heir. But with him and Alvin gone, the throne has only Daemonikai left." A smile touched her lips. "His family is gone, his bloodline is empty once again."

Zaiper's brows furrowed as he listened intently.

"You need an heir, My Lord. If Daemonikai dies and you assume the throne, an heir solidifies your claim. Fortify your hold as the undisputed ownership of the throne." Sinai drawled, blowing air at her manicured fingers. "An heir will secure the future of Dragaxlov as the Nil'nhile, and the grand throne will remain within your lineage."

Zaiper...was struck by the brilliance of her suggestion. Why hadn't he considered this before?

Anger vanishing, a wicked grin spread across his face. He strode to Sinai, cupped her face, and planted a filthy, possessive kiss on her lips.

Sinai chuckled through it, kissing him back.

"That," he gave her another noisy kiss. "is a brilliant idea."

"I know," Sinai said, smug. "But don't get too ahead of yourself, my lord. Conceiving the idea is the easy part. The execution is where the challenge lies."

"I know our people do not birth easily, but I must father an heir. I must." Zaiper stepped back, filled with resolve.

The mistress cackled. "Look at that determination."

"I'll have my men discreetly kidnap every girl that goes into heat in this kingdom for me, bonded and unbonded, and breed them all, if that's what it takes. I will be the next and only ruler with a child in this fortress." Grand Lord Zaiper vowed.

EMERIEL

The frostfever struck at midnight.

Exhaustion had finally claimed Emeriel, and she had dozed off into a restless sleep in the armchair, when a jolt snapped her awake. Suddenly on high alert, she followed her instinct, rising and moving toward the bed.

King Daemonikai's color had changed to even more deathly pale. As white as freshly fallen snow.

"My king?" She rushed to his side, grasping his arm. Only to recoil the instant her skin made contact with his.

Unnaturally cold.

"It's the frostfever!" Emeriel screamed.

The door banged open as the guards stormed in, alarmed. "Princess, what's happening?"

"Get Lord Ottai! Fetch Madam Livia!" she shouted. "Now!"

Hands hovering over him, Emeriel was unsure where to touch. As she tried to find some part of him that was warm, the cold seeped into her fingertips, numbing her.

Everywhere was icy. Colder than she had imagined possible.