

## Chapter 255

LADY ADISSA

He stepped out of the chamber, letting the door close behind him with a quiet thud, leaning his head against it.

“How is he?” Lady Adissa asked as she approached. She tried to keep her panic at bay, but the tremor in her tone betrayed her. “Is he doing any better?”

Razarr shook his head gravely. “He’s waiting for you inside.”

Lady Adissa’s stomach churned. “But… has he eaten anything at all?”

“Not since yesterday,” the head soldier replied, his tone grim.

Her heart sank. Grand Lord Zaiper is in the blackest of his moods.

Oh, heavens.

She gripped her gown so tight her knuckles turned white under the strain.

No one knew what had caused his dark mood, though speculation circled around the Grand King’s visit to Greyrock the night his Soulbond was attacked.

Since that night, her master had fallen into one of those depressing, aggressive ways that rarely came, but when it did, was downright terrifying.

And since then, Lady Adissa had known no peace.

“Please go inside,” Razarr said, his voice softer now. “He is waiting for his bloodhost.”

Her legs felt like lead, but she forced them forward, the door creaking faintly as she opened it. Stepping inside, she shut the door behind her.

Tonight, the chamber had very little light, shadows stretching long across the walls.

Her master stood by the window, his hands clasped behind his back, his rigid frame outlined by the faint light of the moon.

He didn’t turn when she entered. The calm before a dark storm.

Adissa hesitated, instinct screaming at her to tread carefully. Nights like this were not new to her, but she dreaded how they usually ended.

Would tonight be any different?

The thought almost made her snort. She was asking the wrong question. The right one was… Are you prepared for this?

“Master, you sent for me.” She bowed.

“Feed me in the ways of old,” came the command, low and precise.

Lady Adissa’s hands moved to the ties of her gown, slipping them free, the air cool against her skin as she shed every layer.

The fabric fell away, pooling at her feet. Completely naked, she knelt before him, tilting her head to the side. She closed her eyes, bracing herself for what was to come.

Lady Adissa did not hear him approach, but suddenly, he was there, crouching in front of her. Then came the sharp sting of his elongated fangs piercing her neck.

Arousal slammed into her. She moaned, her body betraying her even as her mind fought to stay aware through the flood of pheromones.

You must keep your head. You must not lose restraint. Please, do not lose control.

But the more lord Zapier drank, the harder it became to think. His elixir coursing through her veins… it dulled her thoughts, replacing them with potent lust, her thighs trembling as she grew so wet.

His fingers trailed over her back, lingering at the curve of her waist before moving to cup her breast.

He plucked at her hardened nipple, pinching it lightly, teasing it between his calloused fingers, and she whimpered, sparks of pleasure shooting through her.

“Please,” Adissa begged, clutching her trembling thighs. “I… I am to be in my bondmate’s bed tonight. Please, My Lord… not tonight.”

A rush of new arousal swam her, making her burn with unbearable need, her master pumping her with a fresh dose of his elixir.

It was too much, Adissa felt like she would die if she didn’t feel him inside her.

Her thighs parted, seeking relief from the ache. His hand was already there, his fingers sliding along the sensitive skin of her inner thigh before plunging into her.

“Goddess,” Adissa cried, her back arching helplessly. Oh gods, I never win this battle.

Fighting him was useless. She’d learned that long ago. Her master always took what he wanted.

And tonight, she realized with a sinking heart, would be no different.

He finished feeding and rose to his full height, towering over her. “Bend over the desk,” he ordered, his voice hard as stone.

“Your Highness…” she started, tears in her pleading eyes.

“You were mine before you ever became his,” he snarled, his face inches from hers, his eyes burning with dark fury. “Do not make me repeat myself. Go to the desk and give me your back. Now.”

Tears streaming down, Adissa walked to the desk on trembling legs, bending over its polished surface.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she bit her lip, stifling her sob as he plunged into her. His grip on her hips as bruising as it was possessive.

She clung to the desk, tears spilling freely.

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GRAND LORD ZAIPER

How dare you challenge me? You may be strong, Zaiper, but you are no match for me. You will never be.

The memory of Daemonikai’s words burned like a toxin in his mind. Teeth clenched, Zapier thrust into Adissa’s body, trying—and failing—to lose himself in her sweet pussy.

The physical pleasure was there, but his mind refused to quiet.

Daemonikai had humiliated him.

There may have been no audience to witness his disgrace, but it didn’t matter. The shame cut just as deep.

Zaiper had been reduced to the most degrading of positions—short of rolling onto his back and exposing his belly like a dog submitting to its master. And it had happened in his own home.

He hadn’t been able to look at himself in the mirror since. Hadn’t recovered, couldn’t forget it.

His pace quickened as he drove into Adissa’s trembling body harder, faster. Her whimpers and muffled sobs filled the room, fueling his fire. Healing the raw edges of his pride.

I am Zaiper. Second Ruler of Urai.

A male of power, of dominance. I hold sway over everyone in this kingdom—save one. I am not weak! I am not nothing!

For millennia, he had trained tirelessly to surpass Daemonikai in strength. Yet no matter how hard he tried, no matter how much blood he spilled, it was never enough.

That male had been sick, his body wracked with poison, yet still, he had effortlessly subdued him.

And not just subdued, he humiliated him, crushed him like an insect in a battle for dominance, leaving him trembling and cowardly… in his own territory.

If it could even be called a battle. More like a beating.

Zaiper’s eyes closed, stroking harder, moving in harsh, punishing thrusts. He focused on the physical act, the wet sound of flesh meeting flesh, the way Adissa’s body shook underneath him. It was bliss.

But even as he came, he was unfulfilled. No satisfaction, no relief. Only a deeper emptiness.

Pulling out, he straightened, tucking himself back into his clothing. “You may return to your bondmate now, with my semen dripping from your cunt every step of the way.”

She gave a strangled whine, her sobs growing louder as she straightened shakily. Shame written all over her as she gathered her clothes and walked out.

Zaiper watched her leave, a small satisfaction stirring in him. I still have power. I still have control over many.

And I will rise again.

If there was one lesson this humiliation had reminded him, it was the importance of discretion. Daemonikai must never learn the truth of his family’s demise.

He must never know.

Zaiper would be smarter, more careful, more calculating in his plans and their execution.

There were countless ways to bring a male like Daemonikai to his knees without issuing a direct challenge. Zaiper had done it before, after all.

And he would do it again. Daemonikai would pay for his arrogance.

By the time I’m done with him, he will hit rock bottom all over again. And this time, he will not survive.