

## Chapter 275

MISTRESS SINAI

“You have a visitor,” a soldier’s voice called out, resounding down the corridor.

She shot up from the ground, her heart racing. Sinai moved so fast she nearly stumbled as she hurried toward the barricade. “Who is it? Who—”

Grand Lord Zaiper came into view, walking with his usual air of superiority as he approached her cell.

The excitement of seeing him was so great Sinai found herself bouncing on her feet.

“Yes! Yes! I knew you would come for me!” she exclaimed, her voice high with relief. “What took you so long? I’ve been rotting in here!”

“Is that how you greet your ruler, Mistress?” Zaiper drawled, an arrogant smile curling his lips as he stopped in front of her cell. His eyes swept over her, taking in her disheveled state. “Well, well, well. I must say, this place does not look good on you.”

“Stop with all the pleasantries, My Lord, and get me out of here,” she grumbled, her tone laced with frustration. “I miss my bed, a proper bath. This place stinks. Please, get me out of here.”

Zaiper tilted his head. “Surely you cannot be that naïve, Sinai. You and I both know I can’t release you. Daemonikai is the one punishing you. I might have been able to intervene if it were Ottai or Vladya, but not the Grand King.”

Sinai gritted her teeth, hands curling into fists at her sides. She knew that already, but the reminder made her venom spill. “Oh yes, I forgot. You don’t have that much power. Daemonikai will always be the ultimate leader.”

The smile vanished from Zapier's, replaced by an icy fury. “How dare you.”

Damn it. She needed to tread carefully. This male was her only chance at freedom. “I apologize, My Lord. I was not thinking straight.”

“I am half-tempted to order the guards to give you thirty lashes of the whip.”

“No, please!” Sinai clasped her hands together in a pleading gesture. “Forgive me, I beg you. I’ve been here for weeks—my sanity is dwindling. Please, the greatest second ruler, you must do something to get me out of here.”

Zaiper exhaled slowly, his lips curling into a sneer. “I will excuse you just this once because of your situation. But the next time you speak to me like this—” His hand shot out, grabbing her neck in an iron grip and slamming her into the cold metal bars. “—I will kill you with my bare hands.”

Pain shot through her skull, her vision swimming. She forced a strained, nervous reply from her lips. “Thank you, My Lord. Your benevolence is astounding.”

“Idiot.” He released her with a flick of his wrist as though discarding trash, dusting his hands off dramatically.

“Please, what is going on out there? Has anything been said about me in court?” Sinai sucked in a shallow breath, gingerly touching her neck as she tried to regain her composure. “Where is Daemonikai, and why hasn’t he come here?”

“Ah, ‘your Daemon’ is currently away from Ravenshadow on some lover’s bliss relaxation of sorts,” Zaiper said, his smirk returning like it was never gone. “It’s been three days now, but who is counting?”

“WHAT!?” Hot jealousy rushed through her, twisting her insides. “First of all, she is NOT his woman!”

“I’m afraid she is,” Zaiper replied smoothly, his amusement barely concealed. “Oh, I forgot to mention—it’s official now. He announced their courting and publicly claimed her. She is now recognized all over Urai not only as his woman but as his destined mate.”

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GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

The tension in Grand King Daemonikai’s body was nearly unbearable as he gave chase. No, as he hunted.

This wasn’t merely pursuit, he didn’t run at full speed to end the chase quickly. He stalked her, keeping close enough to track her every move but far enough to draw out the delicious hunt.

His mate was light on her feet, and he took immense pride in that. The way she moved, her agility and speed—it made the chase exhilarating, feeding the predator roaring inside him.

The downside was, his dick was so hard he could probably split a log with it.

The longer he hunted her, the harder it became to control his instincts. That primal urge screaming at him to catch his prey, throw her down, and tear away her clothes. To bury himself in her body, to rut into her until every creature in the forest heard her screams.

Clenching his teeth, Daemonikai fought the drive. He couldn’t—wouldn’t touch her. Not yet.

It was torture. Absolute agony. But he was determined to be the mate she deserved, the kind who put her first, not his own carnal desires.

What he hadn’t anticipated was how difficult that would be.

For a male who prided himself on his iron control born of more than age, Emeriel pushed all his limits. He couldn’t stop thinking about her body. The sway of her hips, the perfect curve of her ass, the enticing swell of her breasts beneath her clothing... and the thought of that sweet, addictive paradise waiting between her thighs...

Fuck. Resisting her over the past few days had nearly driven him to the brink.

Suddenly, she changed direction, bringing him back to the present. He lost sight of her.

But only for a brief moment.

She was crouched behind a tree, her eyes scanning all directions, searching for him.

The soft evening light filtered through the trees, illuminating her as she tried to steady her breathing. He was close, yet she couldn’t see him.

The skills he’d mastered in battle served him well now, allowing him to blend seamlessly into the shadows.

She must have sensed him, though, because she shot to her feet abruptly and took off running again.

A growl of pure lust rose in his chest as he surged forward at a fast, blurry speed, his hand shooting out to seize her waist, lifting her and throwing her to the ground.

She yelped with surprise and began struggling. But he was already on top of her, pinning her down with his weight.

“Caught,” His voice came out a guttural growl, dripping with lust.

Hell's balls, he was more out of control than he’d realized. His next command confirmed it.

“Submit.”

Her eyes widened. “Your eyes...”

“What do you see?”

“Yellow. Pure beast.”

“It’s the hunt,” he rasped. “I’m fighting for control. Stay still, Riel.” His chest rose and fell rapidly, every muscle tight. “Don’t move. At this point, I can’t control what I do next.”

He expected fear. Not... desire.