

## Chapter 300

Fruits were brought in on polished trays—juicy grapes, ripe figs, slices of sweet melon—and Sinai munched on them with unabashed pleasure.

When it was over, she stood before the tall mirror, her reflection finally resembling the female she used to be. Her gown was a masterpiece, woven from the finest silks and subtle jewels that caught the light. Her hair styled to perfection, cascading down her back in sophisticated waves.

Tears pricked the corners of her eyes. I have missed this.

After today, not only will she be free again, but she will take back what was hers.

The soldiers returned.

“The Grand King is still in the hunting grounds with the noble lords of court,” one informed her. “You are instructed to wait here for his return. You are not to leave this chamber.”

Sinai didn't mind. Reclining on the plush cushions of the bed, she made herself comfortable as she waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Sunset turned to dusk. The golden light streaming through the windows faded, replaced by shadows and the flicker of candlelight. Sinai's eyelids grow heavy. Eventually, she succumbed to sleep.

“Hail to His Majesty the First! The mighty and supreme sovereign ruler of Urai, His Grace, Grand King Daemonikai.”

Sinai jolted awake.

A second later, the door burst open, and he walked in.

Scrambling out of bed, Sinai straightened herself hastily, smoothing her gown before dipping into a deep curtsy. “Your Grace.”

She didn't know what she had expected after everything she'd heard—the rumors of his failing mind, of sickness and instability—but what stood before her now was not a broken Daemonikai.

He was as he'd always been. Tall, regal, and imposing. Dressed in a finely tailored black robe, he exuded that power and dominance she had always adored and feared.

“You look tired, Your Grace,” Sinai said softly, carefully.

“It has been a long day,” his response was clipped.

Walking to the window, he rested against the ledge, arms crossed and stared out into the darkened night.

Sinai shifted uncomfortably. She had waited months to see him, yet now, standing before him, she felt wrongfooted.

His voice was sharp and direct. “I am here to feed.”

“I have missed you so much,” Moving close, her voice wobbled. “I was rotting in that hellhole—forgotten. Neither a check-in, nor single visit from you...”

“You would not be in that hellhole if you had kept your hands clean.” His voice was ice. “How could you even think to attempt the murder of my Soulbond?”

Tears spilled down her cheeks. “It wasn't my intention to hurt you, Your Grace. It's just... she's human. Their kind—”

“She is Emeriel,” he snapped. Turning his head slightly, those eyes like molten steel met her. “Her identity is Emeriel Galilea Evenstone. A Syren. My destined mate. Attacking her for any reason whatsoever cannot be justified.”

He was truly angry.

Was her tears not working? There was no pity in those eyes.

“But I have paid for my sins!” she sobbed, her voice desperate. “I'm not fed properly, I don't get baths, and I do not sleep well in that freezing, rotten cell. You took away my freedom! My blood overloads me because my master won't drink from me! Don't you think I've suffered enough?”

“Have you?” he asked flatly. “Do you feel sorry? Do you feel remorseful?”

She nodded frantically. “Yes, I—”

“Anyway, that is not why I'm here,” he spoke again, indifferent. “Today, I feed. And after that, you return to your cell.”

Sinai's blood ran cold.

Her lips parted in disbelief as she stared at him. “S-surely you don't mean that.”

Hard eyes met hers, unblinking.

Panic seeped into her soul. “You c-can't do that to me again, I'm your bloodhost!”

“Which is why you haven't faced the maximum sentence for your crime.” He stated bluntly. “Fifty lashes with a hot spiked whip. Three days without food or water. Public humiliation and degradation. Ten years in the dungeon.”

Sinai's hand flew to her mouth, staggering back a step. “You were going to make me face that...? Because of her...?”

Grand King Daemonikai laughed. Cold and humorless.

Sinai's tears dropped faster. How could he be so unfeeling?

“Only two months imprisoned, and you are complaining? Consider yourself lucky you are my bloodhost, Sinai.”

Unholy ruins. At this point, he may really send me back to that rotten prison.

Sinai's knees hit the floor. “Please, Your Grace,” hands clasped together in plea. “I will never repeat my actions again. Please, temper justice with mercy!”

Finally, her master straightened from the window, crossing the room in slow, unhurried steps. Reaching her, he bent down, his face close to hers and curled his hand around her neck, lifting her from the floor as he rose to his full height.

“I am showing mercy.” He said in a low, calm voice. “You have not been tried in court, I have not sentenced you, consider me at my most merciful.”

She gasped for breath, clutching at his wrist, her feet barely touching the ground.

“But make no mistake, Laelsainai, your punishment is far from over.” His grip tightened, forcing her to meet his unflinching gaze. “Once we are done here, you will return to your prison. That is final.”

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Grand King Daemonikai released his hold on Sinai's neck and stepped back.

Mistress Sinai staggered back, her breath shaky as her hand flew to her throat. Her wide eyes followed him as he retreated a few paces.

“Why do you harden your heart so much against me?” she cried. “It's me—your Laelsainai. Have you forgotten how it used to be between us? We had something beautiful, Daemon. Those two hundred years together...” Her voice dropped, softer. “Our sex was always explosive. You can't deny that.”

“Our time together only happened because Evie wanted us to explore that way. If not for her urging, I would have never gotten intimate with you sexually.” His tone grew sharper.

His words were punching blows. And he wasn't done.