

## Captive Slave 340

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Chapter 340

"What?" Perhaps it was just the headache interfering with his hearing.

"Please, do it for me. For yourself. For our child." She took his wrists into her hand, looking so tired.

"I have no intention of doing that, and I will not have you speak of it again." His voice was steely now, his spine taut. He pulled away from her. "This discussion is over. Go to your room."

"Please, hear me," she whispered.

"Emeriel," he snapped, furious. "Go. To. Your. Room."

She flinched. For a moment, he thought she might protest. But she stood, her cheeks damp, her hands shaking as she dried them.

Daemonikai looked away. He didn't like seeing her this way, yet he could not bring himself to soften. Angry, yes, but underneath was despair.

Is this what our life has come to?

His Soulbond thought herself so broken, she believed the only way forward was for him to take another female to bed-just to keep the madness at bay. Daemonikai might have laughed, if his chest didn't feel so damn heavy.

She sank to her knees before him. "Please, just listen."

"I won't listen to any more of this nonsensical-" He stopped himself. Took in a deep breath and forced his lungs to expand fully before he released it.

"These past months, I've allowed myself to be bound whenever an episode threatens," he said, calmer now, though no less firm. "I've learned to read the signs before it happens. And I am perfectly willing to be chained-locked away in the Forbidden Chambers, if that's what it takes." His green eyes held her blue ones. "But hear me, and hear me clearly. I have no desire-none-to be with another female. I want no other. It's you I want. Your body. Your soul. All of you. And I'm willing to wait for as long as it takes you to find your way back to me regarding intimacy."

"Daemon, please...?"

"I'm not doing it," he snapped. "And, frankly, I'm really pissed you would make such a request. Go to your room."

Her shoulders sagged.w(w)w.n.vE1w0©mm.c0m

Then, she placed a protective hand on her belly. "I really apologize, Your Grace. It's just the thought of harming this child frightens me greatly. And you fall into that state again... the thought haunts me. Why choose the cure over prevention? Why wait for you to lose control when something can be done to stop it? Why risk losing you completely to feral when it could be managed? Until we find out who did this and how to undo it, we still need to do all we can to survive this."

Daemonikai's throat worked around a bitter answer, but it did not pass his lips. He had never resented her sharp mind, until now.

Because she speaks the truth.

He had sworn to protect her, to do everything within his power to safeguard the life they had created together. Yet here he was, torn between reason and emotion -choosing irrationality and his own feelings over the truth. He knew he needed to sate his most basic instincts or risk endangering his fragile, new family. And he hated that truth and himself for the choice he was facing."

"You don't need to do it out of desire; do it out of duty." She wiped her tears, sniffing. "Do it for us."

Daemonikai closed his eyes. But her voice followed him into the darkness behind his lids.

"Start tonight. Do not delay it. Do not overthink it. Just do it... please."

MISTRESS SINAI

While the rest of the Citadel slept, Mistress Sinai lay awake in her bed, staring at the darkness above. Enjoying the luxury of her quarters was incredibly amazing. But she was very sad.

Only yesterday had she been released from that wretched prison cell she had begun to think she would never leave. She did not know if it was the result of the endless petitions sent in her name or the joy of the pregnancies. Perhaps both. A handful of prisoners had been granted freedom too. The real reason mattered little... she was back.

Back in her domain. Back in her silks and perfumes. Back where every servant bent the knee when she passed.

Sinai had not realized how much she would miss these simple luxuries until they had been stripped from her.

And so, in the hours since her return, she had basked in the sunlight on her terrace, squandered good coin on wines and spices, and indulged herself every pleasure she had taken for granted.wW(w).NovE1w0©rm.c0m

But when night fell, the darkness returned with it.

Now she lay in her bed, staring into nothing. Her body cradled by silk and feather down, yet she may as well have been shackled in that cold cell. Sleep did not come, and she was incredibly sad.

Was it time to give up? Daemonikai will never be mine, will he?

Never did she imagine she would ask herself such questions. Yet in recent days, it was all she asked. It was misery at its peak, and it hurt her pride to entertain such notions. To think she had been outdone by a wretched human.

Centuries of waiting, of scheming, of devotion... all for nothing. Daemonikai had chosen another. And now, she was carrying his child.

Emeriel had in her belly, the heir Sinai had longed to give him herself.

She fisted the sheets, stubbornly refusing to shed tears. This was no longer a contest she could win through seduction or cunning smiles. No, Daemonikai was building a family again. One that would stabilize him yet again, and bind him away from her.WwW.N.vE1w0©Ew(c)rm.c0m

Perhaps it was time to give herself over, wholly and without reservation, to the Second Ruler.

If she could not have Daemonikai, she could have something else she'd always wanted just as fiercely: the crown. The title of Grand Queen. And together, they might bring Daemonikai to his knees.

For if Sinai could not have him, she would gladly see him die. No one else would have him. No one.

A sharp knock rattled the door.

"Mistress," came a soldier's voice.

At this hour? She scowled at the ceiling before answering. "What is it? Leave me

be. It is far too late for this nonsense."

A brief hesitation. "The Grand King summons you."

She bolted upright.

"The message is to come... prepared."