

## Captive Slave 344

Chapter 344

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Daemonikai found Vladya in Blackstone's training grounds. The clang of steel rang out over the open yard over shouted commands, and the dull thud of boots. ㉔w(w).ñó(v)(e)ℓw0r㉔.ç0m

When Vladya sighted him, he signaled to Yaz, who immediately continued giving instructions to the soldiers, before striding toward him.

Something in his face made Vladya wary at once. "Are you well?"

"When am I ever?" Daemonikai turned on his heel and began to walk. "It's coming again, soon. Tonight."

Vladya did not ask the usual, Are you sure? "I'll have Yaz prepare the chamber."

"The voices have been relentless," Daemonikai ground out. "This one will be stronger."

Vladya stopped. "Daemon."

He halted as well, turning to face his old friend. There was no mistaking the pity in Vladya's eyes.

"How do you bear it?" Vladya asked at last in a low tone. "It cannot be easy. Knowing your pregnant female believes you are bedding others, sick with sorrow over it. Enduring the voices at every hour. Fighting to separate their lies from truth. Being unable to let go and truly enjoy the child you have always longed for because you are terrified of hurting it. Investigations crawling at a snail's pace, the Oracle's absence from Urai."

Daemonikai said nothing. The clang of weapons and barked orders filled the quiet stretching between them.

"I don't know how much longer I can do this," he revealed in a fractured voice. "Every day feels like I'm walking a blade's edge, one step away from falling over completely. The urge does not stop at blood and sex, Vladya, I want to kill and destroy. I want to ride into one of my villages and burn it to the ground just to hear dying screams."

Vladya listened without flinching. No judgment, only understanding.

"Perhaps Zaiper was right. Perhaps I will always be the Mad King."

"Zaiper is a bastard, and if he is truly behind this, we will nail him!" Vladya hissed.

"Has there been any news on him? That male is more scarce these days than sapphire gemstones."

"None," Vladya answered grimly. "Unfortunately, our investigators have found no ties to dark magic. No sightings of him meeting with mages, no travel to Mysticaria, but the investigations continue. Questions are still being asked." Daemonikai suppressed his frustration. None of this was Vladya's fault.

"I have an incredibly beautiful, softhearted female carrying my life within her," Daemonikai said quietly, staring out into the horizon. "Yet all I can manage is to keep my distance, because when I'm near her, the voices scream for me to hurt her. One moment, I swear I would die to protect her, the next, I imagine throwing her against the nearest surface, bending her over, and fucking her into oblivion for days whether she wanted it or not."

"You are aware it has worsened because you have not satisfied Sexlust in four months." Vladya's lips thinned. "You are starving yourself, Daemon. Even without feral hovering over your head, no Urekai should starve their instincts for this long. Why not try harder with Emeriel?"

"She's not ready."

"And you know this, how?" Vladya countered. "You told me you stopped initiating months ago. How would you know if she's ready if you no longer try?"

"You're not the one who has to hold her when the memories come," Daemonikai snapped. "Not the one who hears her apologize as if she's to blame for what you did. It's not you who has to watch her walk through the halls for days afterward like an empty shell."

"I understand, I do, but do you truly think those memories only come to her during intimacy? You really believe she's not in pain now?"Ŵww.noVèŁw.rŘm.c0m

Daemonikai looked away.

"If you want her to heal from this, you need to take the first step. She needs you to make her whole again. You both need that." Vladya glanced toward the soldiers training on the field. "I worry for you both. In her condition, she should be getting your seed often. You should be fucking her every chance you get, preparing her body for the birth of your child, as the connection forged during intimacy aids with delivery. She is carrying a Urekai, Daemon. It's essential."

"You are right," Daemonikai admitted. "After tonight's episode, I will try again. Perhaps... do something different. Maybe take her to the cottage, we had good memories there."

"That is a wise idea."ℓw㉔w.n㉔(v)elw㉔r㉔.c0M

"Something has to give. We cannot continue like this."

A brief hush settled upon them.

Vladya broke the silence. "About the missing females in heat, there's been an update."

Daemonikai was not particularly interested in that right now, but he waved him on.

"An eyewitness has come forward. According to him, he saw men dressed in black, dragging a female from her dwelling at night. It was the

last time she was seen," Vladya said. "He claimed the female's scent was strong-he believed she was approaching full heat." swnovel

"Can he identify any of the males if he sees them again?"

"That is our next step. I have already given the order to bring him in." Vladya

nudged Daemonikai, his chin tipping slightly. "Look."

Daemonikai followed his line of sight.

Across the field, just beyond the plantation rows, Emeriel and Aekeira had emerged, each carrying a hand basket filled with fresh vegetables. Their heads bent close together as they spoke. Laughter floated to him on the breeze, clear and bright as birdsong. swnovel

Daemonikai's tipped ears perked up as he tuned into the sound. Watching her like this-carefree, at peace, radiant in a loose dress dancing around the roundness

of her belly-eased his headache a bit.

"I have been thinking."

Vladya gave him a sidelong glance.

"If I'm cured of this madness, and our bond is not restored, Emeriel and I will do

the bonding ritual."Ŵww.noVe|W0rm.c(ç)M

Vladya scoffed, surprised. "You would?"

His eyes remained on Emeriel. He would never tire of seeing her this way... completely carefree and happy. He would do anything to capture that happiness for her forever.

"If we are no longer Soulbonds, then I will make her my bondmate. Ukrae may be the master of cruel jokes, but he's a fool if he thinks I'll ever let her go. Bond or no bond, she's mine."

That night, Vladya watched his friend through the narrow window, behind the thick warded glass. Inside the chamber, Daemonikai snared and roared, those yellow eyes infuriated.

He thrashed, Sweat streaking his bare chest, muscles straining. He fought wildly, though the heavily fortified prison ensured no sound could@scape. His teeth were red with his own blood where he had bitten down on his tongue, again and again. swnovel

Vladya's hands fisted. He hated watching this agony play out with no relief in sight. Suffering endless lust through the long, dark hours of the night until his strength failed and he was emptied. Until the madness ran its course.

On nights like this, Vladya rarely found sleep. Many others could never truly understand the demon Daemonikai battled or how close it was to destroying him, but Vladya did.

He knew the fire they were playing with was starting to burn hotter than they could contain.

Each episode was worse than the last. Each time, Daemonikai became more erratic and violent. Yet, there'd always been one small comfort that was constant.

No matter how vicious the madness became, the episodes had never lasted longer than twenty-four hours. He would collapse, sleep, then wake, exhausted but sane. Twenty-four hours was always the limit.

Until now.

This time, Twenty-four turned to thirty-six, Daemonikai remaining feral.

To forty-eight.

Then seventy-two.

Three excruciating days, and the grand king of Urai was still chained, still lost.

A cold dread filled Vladya as he stood behind the window on the fourth day, watching the beast quietly seated at one corner, watchful but exhausted, eyes still without recognition.

Is he completely feral now? Have we lost him once again to madness, and only this time, there is no return?