

Captive Slave 351

Chapter 351

Author's Note.

Now that I've finally wrapped up this series, it's update season, baby! This author needs to speed things up and finish strong-because vacation is calling, and she has earned it. And you, my incredible readers? You've been so patient... you've earned it too!

So buckle up! Expect frequent updates, back-to-back chapters every few hours, and all the juicy moments as we race toward the end. Let's bring this story to its grand finale over the next few days!

Something dark was brewing in Daemonikai's chest. Something that demanded blood.

In a blink, he moved. One moment he stood on the dais; the next, he was where Zaiper stood. Only to find empty air.

The court gasped.

Zaiper was already across the hall, beside Aekeira seizing her, yanking her from her seat, one arm locking tightly around her throat as he dragged her into the open.

"What the hell are you doing, Grand Lord Zaiper?!" High Lord Jakal shouted, leaping to his feet, several other high lords following.

"Sit your asses down!" Zaiper barked right back. "If not, I will gut her where she stands!"

Aekeira choked back a cry, arms coming up protectively around her belly. Emeriel had gone pale as a ghost.

"You think I fear dying?!" Zaiper spat. "You may kill me, but I'll take her with me! Her and the seed she carries! Try me!" His glare swept the room, stopping on Daemonikai. "I dare anyone to unleash their pheromones on me! I feel so much as a sizzle of it, and I gut her like a fish!"

"We should kill him anyway!" High Lord Belzebob's yellow beast-eyes glowed. "He ended the lives of our people! Our children and loved ones! We kill him now and damn the consequences!"

He wasn't alone; many of the high lords were showing signs of their beasts breaking through. Daemonikai understood their fury and grief, their thirst for justice. He felt it all too.

It pulsed through him, burning away reason. Feeding the growing thing.

Kill him! Damn reason and tear him apart. Start with his eyes and rip them from his skull!

"Daemon, please."@*Ww.ovelworm.com*

Vladya's voice was distant.

Daemonikai tuned him out. All he saw was Zaiper's yellow form. The male was too alive. Too breathing.

Break the hands he used to betray and shatter the legs that carried him to treachery! Beat him with his own flesh! Make him choke on his own screams! KILL THE TRAITOR!

Daemonikai took one step to lunge.

"My sister! Beloved, please don't!" Emeriel's frantic, pleading voice stopped him.

Anger came. Why? Why was his female protecting this vile thing?

Not him, her sister, a different voice in him, not of rage but of reason. Her pregnant sister's life is in danger. She carries your best friend's child.

Fuck.

FUCK!

His yellow vision began to clear. The tsunami of wrath starting to retreat. Sinking back... just under the tides.

"The big bad beast gets it under control." Zaiper's laughed. "Considering how mad you are in the head I'm surprised you managed to overpower the voices." His fingers squeezed around the princess's neck choking her. "Who else wants to try?! Call forth your beasts! I'll take her with me!"

"Zaiper! Release her. Now." Vladya's voice was that of his beast, but he did not

move.

"Stand down! Everyone!" Daemonikai roared, infusing the voice of his own beast and his authority as the grand king.

The lords hesitated, rage and bloodlust oozing from them.

Swirling, Daemonikai slammed his fist into the wall, cracks spiderwebbing outward from the point of impact. "EVERYONE! Take your damn seats, now!"

They returned to their places, sullenly, the hall going lethal quiet.

Daemonikai brushed his eyes over them all. "No one attacks the traitor. No one." He turned to Zaiper. "Let her go."

"Now that's more like it." He stopped choking her but still held her captive before him like a shield. "But do you truly think I'm fool enough to let her go until I'm safely beyond these walls? Come now, Daemonikai. You do not honestly think I'm that stupid, do you?"

Daemonikai's hands balled into fists.

Zaiper's laugh came again. "That is the problem with all of you, so filled with weakness. Look at you, Daemonikai. Strong, legendary, Daemonikai. Yet you went feral over a few deaths." He shook his head, clearly disappointed. "Some people die, and the ultimate ruler loses his mind. How is such a male fit to be king?"

He turned his gaze on Vladya next. "And you, Vladya. A single female dies, and you sit on the edge of madness for how long? Ottai-he loses a child and becomes a giant mess inside." Zapier sneered with scorn. "None of you are fit to rule Urai. None of you."

Everyone was dead silent as they witnessed the side of the Second Ruler none of them had ever seen. A darkness hidden under centuries of pretense and camaraderie.

"This is why I wanted to be the sole ruler." Zaiper lifted his chin. "I would have led this kingdom to greatness, taken our kind to the next level." He bared his teeth. "But that disgusting old hag had to open her mouth and ruin everything."

Not First Ruler but Sole Ruler.

How long has this been decaying under my nose?

"And yes. It was me all along. Ah... it feels exhilarating to say it aloud. You have no idea how long I have waited for this." Zapier closed his eyes briefly, savoring the feeling. "Daemonikai mad or dead-either worked. Vladya long gone. Then there would have been only me. But that little human kept intercepting my plans at every turn."

He glared daggers at his hostage, who flinched. "It may even be worth dying here. You're all mad with fury; I kill this one, and Vladya kills me. A quick death. But I get to take her with me. If I rip her open and drag out the seed inside her, tear out her lungs, her kidneys, every last organ—" He licked Aekeira's ear, and she whimpered. "Then perhaps it's worth dying for."

Zaiper's eyes cut across the room to Emeriel. A look pure hate. "Daemonikai is lucky it wasn't you I grabbed. You were the one I was reaching for, but your sister was closer. You would have died on the spot! Damn the consequences and snap your neck in two... I would've died a happy male!"

Emeriel looked pallid, like dead warmed up, but her eyes blazed as she met Zaiper's glare without flinching.*wW.ovelworm.com*

Breathe through it. You cannot jump him. You cannot lose control.

"There's no measure for how much I hate I have for you, human princess," Zaiper said. "Pray I never get my hands on you." He shifted his hold on Aekeira, backing toward the exit. "Now, I'm afraid I must take my leave. It seems my company is no longer welcome. I will leave her by the door once I am safely through it. Razarr! Ready the men. We leave now!"

"You know what, Zaiper? You were right." Daemonikai spoke at last, voice calmer than he felt. "Killing you here would have been a mercy, and that's not what you deserve. I still need answers. How did you do it? Why did you go to such lengths? Why did everyone-including your brother-have to die for your ambition?" His voice was deadlier as ever. "I have so many questions, and I will drag every answer from you before you take your last breath. You will suffer, I'll make certain of that, and my face will be the last you ever see when your death comes." "You'll have to catch me first." Zaiper's chuckle was arrogant, still backing to the great doors. "That's the difference between you and me. You are so easy to catch, but I—I'm not. You know why? Because you are surrounded with weaknesses. If it's not her..." he pointed to Emeriel. "...it's the thing growing in her. Or it's Vladya. Or Ottai. Or our people. So many weaknesses, so many attachments. I have none. I feel none of those things."

Without warning, he shoved Aekeira forward with so much force that she stumbled, falling at a dangerous speed.

Daemonikai was already moving, Vladya just as fast. They managed to catch her before she could faceplant.

Releasing the trembling lady into her male's arms, Daemonikai sprang to his feet. Zaiper already out the door, his soldiers forming a protective line around him.

Daemonikai pumped out so much aggressive pheromone, focusing on a single target... and shoved it all into him.

The male froze, unable to move, as the others continued. He made no sound, body locked, paralyzed.

Daemonikai was beside him in a flash, gripping the male's shoulder, forcing him to stay upright. "Do you really think I cannot hurt you without touching you? Do you truly believe you love no one?"

Zaiper turned with a victorious grin-until his eyes found Daemonikai's hand upon Razarr.

The grin vanished.

Daemonikai pumped pheromones into the head soldier's system, reducing him to growls of agony, making him thrash helplessly, unable to fight back. "Do you really think you'll walk out of here tonight without losing anything?"

"My head soldier? You think I give a damn about him?" Zaiper scoffed, cackling. "Let him go, you deluded mad king!"

Daemonikai smirked. In the blink of an eye, he wrenched Razarr into the air, one hand holding his arm the other his thigh in a horizontal state. He raised his knee and slammed Razarr's back into it, snapping his spine.

"Nooooo!" Zaiper's roar sliced the air.

He lifted Razarr's shattered body again, smashing him a second time. The body folded around the blow, crumpling like wet parchment, before Daemonikai flung the broken body at Zaiper's feet.

Razor hit the ground hard, coughing up dark blood, breath rattling while he struggled to breathe.@*w.novelworm.co*@

"No!" Zaiper dropped to his knees, reaching for Razarr's mangled form.

Another soldier grabbed him, pulling him back. "We don't have time for this, Your

Majesty! The First Ruler will kill us all!"

"Yes, he will." Daemonikai deadpanned*ww@.novelworm.co*@

"Razarr, get up!" Zaiper bellowed even louder as he tried to resist, fingers

scraping uselessly at the stone. "Get up, right now!"

Daemonikai ate up the genuine pain in his voice like a meal, savoring it with great

satisfaction.

Zaiper was yanked back to his feet, forced to retreat. Looking back, as his men dragged him away, crying and shouting like a crazed fool. Daemonikai watched Zapier watch as Razarr took his last painful breath. Zaiper's roars hit the walls repeatedly, so damn painful, so damn fulfilling, as he was dragged into the night.