

Captive Slave 356

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Since opening her eyes three days ago, Sinai's only thought had been to regain the strength in her legs and flee as far and fast as she could, before the investigation caught her scent.

It was still hard to believe the Oracle had revealed so much. Sinai had the stars to thank that the old crone had fallen into a critical state before she could speak Sinai's.

Frankly, considering the magnitude of what had come to light, it was a wonder the Oracle still lived at all.

"Should I pack your coin box?" Nora's voice cut through her thoughts.

"Yes, pack all of them. Even the one I saved centuries ago. Get a larger box if you must."

Nora turned, blinking at her in surprise. "But that is a great deal of coin, my mistress. Why would you need such a ridiculous amount for—"

"If you don't want me to decorate your face with a dozen slaps, you'll learn not to question me unnecessarily. Since when do you take liberties with me, Nora?"

Nora dipped her head and quickly turned away. "I-I apologize, Mistress. I'll pack the coins right away."

Sinai said nothing, watching her work with narrowed eyes. She didn't know how long she would be gone. Perhaps years, perhaps forever. She needed enough wealth to live comfortably, and she would need every resource she could muster to search for Lord Zaiper.

She needed to find him. Just didn't know if he would be in any of his hideouts or the secret caves.

Zaiper.

It was still difficult to believe that Razarr was dead. How was the lord coping with it?

For all his ruthlessness and wickedness, Sinai knew Zapier had cared for his head guard. Hell, they went back millennia.

Razarr had been the only one Zaiper kept by his side through every rise and fall, through every turn of the centuries. The only constant.

Sinai felt a bit of satisfaction at Razarr's death. It was fitting that Zaiper should finally experience pain. After manipulating her into carrying out his schemes and leaving her to rot in a dungeon for months, it was only fair he should suffer.

Limping to the window, she suppressed a painful wince with each step. Below, soldiers swarmed the courtyard. The entire garrison of Greyrock had been arrested and subjected to investigation. The fortress was in chaos. I need to be gone before it all comes crashing down.

Now, as for what she was leaving behind... Her Daemon.

No. King Daemonikai.

For the first time in centuries, Sinai found no satisfaction in calling him hers. That male had nearly killed her.

She had only been awake for three days in the last two weeks, but the nightmares still came, dragging her back to that night... the longest night of her life.

The only reason Sinai had survived was because she'd forced herself to shift- using the last of her strength to take her beast form and hold it through most of the night. Her beast had taken the brunt of it, and even then, she had felt every harm, every tearing wound, every horror. When she finally woke again as a female, her body had borne the ruin of it.

A shuddered wracked through her. Her right arm was still broken, she was missing

a toe, and the was swelling along her jaw wasn't fully gone. The one time she found the courage to look in the mirror, three days past, a stranger had stared back at her—a female who looked as if she had fought four wild lions and lost. She hadn't done so again till today.

Is this what Emeriel went through?@ww.ÑO@e⓪Worm.com

Sinai refused to believe it. How had Emeriel survived? How had she remained so strong?

She could no longer deny the truth. Daemonikai would never be hers. And now, Sinai was certain she no longer wanted him to be.

At least Zaiper-dark and depraved as he was-still had his mind intact. Sinai had never thought to value something as simple as sanity in a man, but hey, better late than never.

Time to join hands with Zaiper fully.

"Make sure to pack my pickspin," she said over her shoulder.

"Yes, Mistress."

When the maid finished, Sinai turned to her. There was still one last thing to handle.

"Nora."

"Mistress."

"Listen closely. If anyone comes asking about me, or demands to know where I am, you will tell them I went on a trip to relieve stress. Never, under any circumstances, reveal how much I packed for this journey or how desperate I was to leave. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress! I understand."

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"We've been here three days, Your Highness. The Grand King's elites are out looking for us—we're being hunted like dogs. We cannot afford to stay in one place this long." Kady's voice came from the door.wwW.nσVeℓWorm.cm.cmm

"Close the door from the other side, Kady," Zaiper growled.

Silence.

He heard no footsteps. No shift of weight upon the stones.

"Get out."

Finally, movement. The faint scrape of boots. Then the low groan of the hinges as the door swung shut.

Zaiper opened his eyes, the familiar darkness greeting him. The small chamber was lightless again, just as he preferred it.

He closed his eyes once more.

Light brought reality, and reality was the last thing he wanted to face.

Perhaps if he stayed here, in this place where shadow masked all things, he could pretend. Just a little longer, he could pretend none of it had happened.

His secrets hadn't been dragged into the open, he hadn't lost his throne, and he wasn't the most wanted fugitive in all of Urai. He could pretend he wasn't skulking through caves and abandoned hovels like a lowlife thug, waiting for the cover of night to keep moving to his most fortified hideout.

Perhaps, in this dark, he could still believe Razarr was just beyond the door, waiting for his command.

He had not watched Razarr die. It was merely a trick of his mind—a cruel hallucination. A delusion conjured by exhaustion to toy with his cold heart, degrading him to be like all those weakling males who felt emotions for others.

Zaiper laughed when villages burned, smiled as younglings died. Found humor in the shrieks of pregnant females as they bled out in childbirth. He was not one to feel these things.

So yes, the darkness could stay.wwW.(n)σVeℓWorm.COM

And when light finally came, Razarr would be there, silent and stoic in a corner, waiting on him.

Razarr was not dead.

He could not be.

So why, in all the blasted hells, is this filthy, makeshift pillow beneath my head damp with my tears once again?

High Lord Herodis's mood significantly improved when he received word that Princess Emeriel awaited him in his study.

But as he pushed the door open with a smile on his face, a large, commanding figure leaned against his desk, shrinking the room around him.

Now that Herod thought on it, the message had only said he had a visitor from the Citadel.

"To what do I owe the honor of your presence, Your Grace?" Herod greeted, inclining his head in a deep, formal bow.

"Herodis," Grand King Daemonikai straightened casually. "I came to speak with you. But I'm not here to address Herodis Duonavaar. I'm here to speak with Gustazlion Herodis Dragaxlov."