

Captive Slave 378

Chapter 378

It had been four days since the attack.

Thankfully, Vladya, Ottai, and the others had been diligent, ensuring Emeriel was well cared for while Daemonikai himself recovered from the cocktail of toxins that had temporarily brought him down. He had been unconscious for twenty-four hours. And the moment he stirred awake, the first name he had barked was "Faiwick."

The healer had come quickly, grave as ever. "Her body is unbalanced, Your Grace. Her pulse is too strong, too fast. After this long, it should have steadied, but it hasn't."

It was a bitter pill to swallow. "What can be done? What have you done? What more do you need?"

"For now, she requires maximum rest," Faiwick said calmly. "I've given the head maid a list of the herbs she needs and changes in her diet. We're monitoring her closely and working to stabilize her heart rate and body rhythm."

Daemonikai had done everything in his power to ensure her comfort-soft bedding, uninterrupted rest, and constant attendance. Her sister and Amie had been close at hand to care for her, and he had given strict orders that nothing was to disturb her healing.

The herbs and potions induced long hours of sleep. At first, she only woke for minutes at a time. But slowly, each waking stretch lasted longer. Yesterday, when he'd stepped into her chamber, she had been sitting up, laughing with her sister. She'd even had the nerve to complain about how bored she was from being forced to stay in bed.

Instead of relenting, he had Amie fetch books from the library-her favorites.

Progress.

Yet still, Daemonikai's instincts hadn't calmed. Not fully. Faiwick hadn't said she was clear, and until he did, restlessness was his new companion.

So today, he had canceled his trip to the dungeons and left the interrogations to Vladya. He waited instead for answers.ໄໝໝ.໙໐V(e)໑wO໑m.(c)om

Now, with arms locked behind his back, he paced once more across the hallway outside her chamber. He had been waiting far too long for the royal healers to emerge. Faiwick and the rest were inside with Emeriel, and he wouldn't breathe easy until one of them stepped out and told him she was completely out of danger.

Ottai sat nearby, saying nothing, simply watching him wear down the stone floor. The door creaked.

Daemonikai turned in a heartbeat as Faiwick stepped into the corridor, expression unreadable.

Daemonikai was on him instantly. "Well? How is she?"

The healer hesitated. And that was all it took.

Before Faiwick could draw breath, Daemonikai seized him by the collar, lifted him off the ground, and stormed toward the tall window at the end of the hall.

"Daemon!" Ottai gasped, bolting to his feet.ໝໝ.໙໑v໒໑ໝ.໒໐໑໑

Healers gasped behind him as the Grand King leaned out the window, holding Faiwick by the throat, the man's feet dangling high above the courtyard.

"Your Majesty!" Faiwick wheezed, paling as he glanced down. "I beg of you, please—"

"Calm down!" Ottai called, inching forward. "He's going to speak. He will speak, Daemon, just give him a moment."

"Faiwick," Ottai added in a coaxing tone. "I'm sure you're ready to explain what you meant to say, and I'm confident you'll choose your words very carefully, won't you?"

"Yes! Oh, absolutely!" the healer croaked. "Please, I truly hate heights!"

Daemonikai narrowed his glowing eyes, bringing the healer back inside with a grunt, setting him down like he was little more than a sack of rice.

"You hate heights," he muttered. "And you say it aloud. What sort of Urekai does that make you?"

Faiwick straightened, hands trembling as he smoothed his robes, trying to recover his dignity. "The kind who would rather live than fall to his death, Your Grace," he muttered, then coughed. "But... I do have good news."

Daemonikai finally took a step back, chest heaving, beast still pacing in him. He shot a look at Faiwick. "Tell me the condition of my mate and child. Now."

Faiwick, still pale, cleared his throat, avoiding the Grand King's blazing eyes.

"And you will be truthful with him,"

the Fourth Ruler said pointedly.ໝໝ.໙໑v໒໑ໝ.໒໐໑໑

"Forget the glowing eyes and the growling he won't really hurt you." He gave Daemonikai a meaningful glance that said, Do not deck the poor healer, no matter what he says.

Daemonikai let out a deep breath and grumbled, "Fine. The truth."

"There was... no need for all that, Your Grace Faiwick said, adjusting his collar. "The Princess is improving. Her heart rate has stabilized, her pulse is nearly normal. I stiff recommend plenty of rest, but at this point, she can begin easing back into non-strenuous activity."

Something in Daemonikai... settled. The coil of anxiety in his gut released. Warmth burst through his chest-relief, joy. He laughed.

Then, with a strong thump, he clapped Faiwick on the shoulder. "Well why didn't you say that first!?"

Faiwick blinked, startled. "I would dare say, Your Grace, you didn't exactly give me the chance to "

Daemonikai raised a brow.

The healer coughed. "Of course, it was entirely my fault. I... hesitated."ໝ໑ໝ.(໙)໑v໒໑ໝ.໒໐໑໑

"It was your fault," Daemonikai agreed with an easy grin, throwing an arm around Faiwick's shoulders leading him back toward Emeriel's chamber door. "When mates are unconscious and their partners are half feral, speed is always wise, healer."

"I'll remember that, Your Majesty," Faiwick muttered dryly.

Still smiling, Daemonikai released him at the chamber threshold. "That's all for today. Wegai, compensate him. A pouch of gold coins. He's done well."

Faiwick's eyes widened in astonishment. Then his face lit up. "Thank you, Your Highness!" he burst out, bowing repeatedly. "Your benevolence is astounding. Truly, your generosity knows no bounds. Thank you, thank you!" Daemonikai waved him off with amused dismissal, watching as the man and the rest of the healers retreated down the hall, their nervous tension replaced by relief and—at least in Faiwick's case-gleeful greed.

Behind him, Ottai crossed his arms. "Someone who nearly threw our best healer

off a ten-story balcony just minutes ago is now in a very good mood."

"Don't get cross with me, Ottai," Daemonikai said, still grinning.

The Grand Lord rolled his eyes. But he was smiling, too, as they stepped into Emeriel's bedchamber.