

## Captive Slave 381

### Chapter 381

The bluish-red moon glowed neon above the horizon. That was the beauty of an eclipse moon. It was mesmerizing, celestial... lethal.

Grand Lord Zaiper brought his mount to a halt atop the rise, staring boldly at the eerie sky as the moon cast its ominous light upon the towering gates of Ravenshadow.

"Ready!?" he bellowed.

A deafening chorus of hooves came to a halt behind him. Zaiper turned, eyes sweeping across the battalion amassed in the clearing. A grin stretched across his face.

What a deal he had struck.

Three hundred vampire warriors stood arrayed at his command. His reward for allying with the Vampire King of the South. Tonight, he would see his vengeance come to fruition.

"Tonight marks the beginning of a new era," he shouted, raising his blade high. "An allegiance forged in blood and purpose. Vampires and Urekai, fighting together."

A cheer rose before him.*(w)u(w).noVElwôRm.Com*

"By the end of this night, many Urekai will fall, for the greater good! And though I cannot stand at the front lines, not beneath that cursed moon, I know you, my army, will bring victory to me!"

"Victory is ours!" they roared.

Zaiper's sword sliced through the air. "Three hundred vampire soldiers will strike at the heart of Ravenshadow. Without their Grand Rulers, my people are newborns, vulnerable and disoriented. Tonight, we take what was denied to us!" He turned, pointing forward. "Now go! Storm the gates!"

Steel clashed as the army rushed forward. The grand gates of Ravenshadow were breached in moments. The courtyard was empty.

"Frederick, direct your men south!" Zaiper called to the vampire commander. "Everyone, move south!" Frederick commanded.

The sound of hooves ricocheted along cobblestone as the army poured into the city's heart, spreading like a flood. Soldiers took positions at intersections, flanking alleyways, prepared for ambushes.

"What's going on?" Frederick slowed his mount. "Where are the civilians? Where is-"

A sharp whistling split the air.

Arrows.

Thousands of them.*WWŴ.n@vEl@rRm.co@*

"Ambush!" Frederick's second, Kelvin, roared. "Take cover!"

The soldiers scattered, shields rising, but the arrows came thick and fast. Spears following.

Zaiper narrowed his eyes. "They're putting up resistance, are they?" He kicked his horse forward.

"Let them. I could use some sport." He turned back. "Frederick! Send men underground. I want the Chalice now. If it's not in the vault, check the Vortex Hall. Send a strong unit, they may encounter a Grand Ruler."

Frederick nodded, dispatching his scouts.

Zaiper rode calmly into the southern side. Still, not a soul. His lips curled. Where is everyone?

Shouting came.

Screams. Roars. The chaos of war.

Men came fleeing from the shadows, faces pale.

"Werewolves!" one soldier cried. "The four-legged beasts are here!"*ŴŴw.nOVeI(w)orM.čom*

Zaiper became still as a statue. No, that can't be right.

"That's impossible," he muttered. "Daemonikai would never allow werewolves into our territory on a night like "

But then he saw them.

Charging through the streets-massive, furred forms. Some in full beast-shape, others in half-shifted male form, unmistakable. They tore through the vampire lines like fire through dry leaves.

Blades clanged. Bodies fell. Blood soaked the cobblestones.

Zaiper's soul felt as though it had fled his body. Werewolves? Here? How had they-

A flash of silver. A vampire warrior crumpled before his eyes.

More of his soldiers were being overrun. Their screeches of fury now coated with fear.

"There are too many of them!" Kelvin came galloping up, his face bloodied, eyes wild. "They're not just in the Citadel-they're everywhere. Spread across the kingdom. Every path is guarded!" He pointed a shaking finger at Zaiper. "You said it was just the Urekai. You lied. You led us into this death trap! My people are dying out there because of you!"

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me!" Zaiper snapped, teeth bared. "How was I supposed to know? This has never happened before! Daemonikai would never entrust our people's secrets to another species-especially not to protect them on this night!"

"It's a trap!" Frederick shouted, wheeling on his men. "Retreat! Retreat! We're pulling out! There are too many of them!"

Frederick leaped down from his horse, face twisted in anger. Stalking to Zaiper, his fist smashed into Zaiper's jaw, knocking him off his saddle.

Zaiper hit the ground with a grunt, dazed.*W(w)Ŵ.②oVLe(I)wôrM.Ç@n*

"You bastard," Frederick seethed. "Our soldiers are being slaughtered like livestock-torn apart-because you 'forgot' to mention the four-legged beasts might be here! You've doomed us!" He punched him again once, twice, a third time. "What are you going to do now, Lord Zaiper? How will you take responsibility?!"

Zaiper spat blood, trying to fight back, but the vampire was much stronger. Fucking eclipse moon.

"Get your filthy hands off me!" he snarled, trying to shove the vampire away.

"Kelvin!" Frederick barked, still breathing heavily. "Gather the rest of our men- we're done here. Get them out-"

"You can't leave!" Zaiper wheezed, struggling to rise. "We have a deal!"

Frederick turned, fangs flashing. "Deal. Is. Off," he hissed, then turned toward Kelvin. "Move—before the First Ruler and the damn Werewolf King get here!" But as he turned-

Zaiper roared, tearing his blade free with one fluid motion, driving it deep into Frederick's back.

"Frederick!" Kelvin screamed, galloping toward them-but it was too late. Zaiper stabbed again. And again.

Blood splattered across his face and hands, warm and wet. He leaned over the dying commander, eyes shining with a wild, savage light. "Let's see how you retreat without a spine." He licked the blood from his lips and spat. "Tastes like rotted meat."

Kelvin dropped to his knees beside the corpse. "You... you bastard..."

Zaiper stepped over Frederick's body, sword still dripping. "Listen closely," he growled. "You will not abandon this fight. Even one Urekai life lost tonight is worth celebrating." He leaned in. "And you're going to get me out of here—without a scratch. Or I'll have Kady rip your twin brother apart, piece by piece."

Kelvin's hands clenched into trembling fists. His fangs out, eyes red.

"I will kill you," he said through gritted teeth.

Zaiper smiled coldly. "Get in line. Maybe in two centuries-if you live that long."

He licked a smear of blood from his wrist, just to drive the knife deeper. "What's it going to be, Second Commander?"