

Captive Slave 384

Chapter 384

Vladya gripped Aekeira's hand, whispering steady encouragements. Daemonikai held Emeriel's tighter as she bore down, the effort wracking her body, her cries guttural.

"Good, Princess-again!"

And they did.

Over and over.

Two males-warriors, rulers, predators-turned helpless spectators as the fiercest fight they'd ever witnessed was waged right before them. A battle of life and death. Of blood and breath.

Then... a cry. A piercing, primal cry.

Daemonikai's head snapped up as the midwife smiled, raising a small blood- slicked bundle. "You have a beautiful boy, Your Grace."

My child.

Joy exploded in Daemonikai's chest. He was smiling so wide it hurt, adrenaline still coursing, euphoria drowning every coherent thought.

"Here." The midwife rose, her own eyes shimmering with tears, and gently placed the child in his arms. She was smiling as if she'd just witnessed a miracle- because she had.

Daemonikai's hands trembled as he gathered his son close. Emeriel looked too exhausted to speak, but her eyes never left the small life they'd just created. Their boy.

"You did it. You did it, my brightest star. He's here."

Then another cry pierced the chamber.

Aekeira's midwife beamed, holding a tiny, wailing newborn. "Your Majesty, you have a son!"[©WŴ.ḡ\(o\)vēlw©ṙṡṡ.com](#)

Vladya's jaw went slack for a heartbeat before splitting into a wild grin. His hands shook as he reached for the child. He and Aekeira stared down at the baby as though they were seeing the stars for the first time.

He kissed her damp forehead. "Thank you... for this gift."

Daemonikai met Vladya's. Both of them smiling, both blinking hard, emotion passing between them in a look that needed no words.

Emeriel looked at her sister. "We did it Keira."

"We did," Aekeira breathed. "We really did."

But a moment later, Emeriel shifted uneasily. "Daemon... something feels wrong

"There's another!" her midwife gasped. "It's coming-Princess, push!"

Daemonikai's mouth dropped open. Another one?

Twins?

Stunned, euphoric, he could barely breathe as he held his son watching his mate bear down again. And then-

Another newborn cry echoed through the air.

"A girl! Your Grace, you have a beautiful baby girl."

In the quiet aftermath, with their mates fast asleep, Daemonikai and Vladya sat beside each other in chairs that had been brought in, each of them cradling a child.

Daemonikai rocked his daughter in his arms while his newborn son slept soundly in the crib beside him. Outside the walls, the celebration had begun-bonfires lit across the city, laughter echoing as the people rejoiced. For the first time on an eclipse moon night, there was no fear. Only joy.

The werewolves remained stationed at the borders, keeping the lands safe. The vampires were scattered or dead. Urekai had endured.

Ottai had visited earlier, holding the babies with reverence before returning to his duties. Morina was unwell tonight, and he was alternating between caring for her and seeing to the night's cleanup.

"Look at them, Daemonikai," Vladya murmured, gazing down at his son with eyes that could barely contain the emotion. "Look at our offspring."

"So small," Daemonikai said quietly. "So incredible."

"I'm going to spoil him rotten," Vladya declared.

A mix between a laugh and a scoff tore from Daemonikai's throat. "You will not.

That's your heir. You do not spoil heirs."

Vladya grinned sideways. "But the second one?"

Daemonikai chuckled. "All bets are off."[WŴ.ṡoVēfworṡ.Ĉôm](#)

"Like you did with Myka and Alvin?" Vladya said absently-then stiffened. The words registered. He stilled. "... Daemonikai, I didn't mean—"

"It's alright," Daemonikai said softly, the smile never leaving his face. "They're not forbidden memories, Vladya. Myka, Alvin, Evie-they were my family. They are gone, yes. But I carry them in my heart every day. I will always remember them. That's what she" -he looked toward Emeriel-

"helped me understand. And I'll forever be grateful."

Vladya nodded slowly. "You're truly in a better place now."

"I am. And you are too."[ŴŴ.ṡovēl©ṙṡṡ.m.ċô©](#)

"I feel like my chest can't contain it all. My heart's so full it might just burst."

Daemonika glanced at him,

thoughtful: "Then perhaps... it's time.

Go back to the mountains. Ask the

Oracle to attempt the final ritual again. This might be the best time for it." , FindNovel

"I'll do just that," Vladya said. "First thing in the morning. I'm ready now."

Daemonikai winced, something sharp twisting in his chest, so sudden and deep it felt like an invisible fist had plunged into his ribs and yanked.

He hissed, doubling slightly.

Vladya jolted. "Daemonikai? What is it? What just happened?"

"My blood bond." Daemonikai rubbed his chest through the prolonged discomfort. "It broke."

Vladya lowered his gaze to the infant cradled in his arms. "She's dead, then." A pause. "I wonder what happened."

Sinai is gone.

As the ache faded, replaced by an unfamiliar emptiness where the bond once pulsed steadily within him, Daemonikai absorbed the truth.

Too bad. I wanted to do it myself.

Rip the blackened heart from her chest and feed it back to her.

At least, that had been... until she betrayed Zaiper and sent the message that ultimately helped bring about his downfall.

But as he rubbed at his chest, he felt a strange sense of fulfillment. Satisfaction, even. Justice. And yet... an unexpected gloom.

He had shared a blood bond with

Ine

Sinai for over two thousand years. Drunk from her. Been nourished by her. As much as bitterness and betrayal had torn them apart, they had once been close as a master and bloodhost. And now... she was simply gone. Her chapter closed forever.

"Don't let the bond fool you into false sentiment," Vladya said, his tone firm. "She

had a hand in some of the most despicable crimes of our time. She got what she deserved."

"You're right," Daemonikai stated.

The door swung open.

Ottai rushed in with such urgency both males rose instinctively.

"Is everything" Daemonikai began.

Ottai barreled straight into him, throwing his arms around him tightly. He kept his

back hunched, careful not to press against the child in Daemonikai's arms. "Careful, you oaf!" Vladya snapped, quickly taking the infant from Daemonikai's arms with all the gentleness of a father.[Ŵṡṡ.ṡōvēlw©ṙṡṡ.m.ċm](#)

Daemonikai stood stiff for a moment, unsure what to do with his hands, before placing one on the larger male's back and the other on his shoulder.

"Ottai?"

He felt the tears soak through his robes in the answering silence.

Daemonikai tried to contain his worry. "Is Morina okay?"

"I had your healers see her on their way out," Ottai said thickly, pulling back just

enough to look at his face. "She's pregnant."

A beat of stunned silence.

"Really!? Ukrae—Ottai, truly!?" Daemonikai exclaimed, voice hushed only by

necessity.

Vladya's eyes widened like twin moons.

"Two and a half years of bonding.

Losing our only fruit. Trying again for

centuries. Giving up. Accepting it would just be us until the end. His voice fractured. "And now... now, my Rina is with child."

Daemonikai pulled the distraught male into a proper embrace, clasping his shoulders, before stepping back and grinning wide.

"A hearty congratulations, Tee. This is incredible news!"

Vladya beamed, too, as he returned the child to the crib, then clapped Ottai's back. "You're going to be a father again. It's about damn time."

The fourth ruler's smile split his face as tears shimmered in his eyes. "Thank you."

For a while, they laughed softly. Clasping hands. Slapping backs. Embracing.

Relief that it wasn't bad news.

Rejoicing that it was finally happening for Ottai.

Overwhelming elation.

Truly, this night-the night that once took everything from them—had returned

bearing miracles.

The eclipse moon of nightmares and loss had become a beacon of rebirth.

A night of good news, of happiness, of blessings.