

Captive Slave 386

Chapter 386

"You've no idea how fun it was. Playing you like a puppet, note by note, from the sidelines, with you none the wiser. It was... exquisite." His grin was unrepentant. "But don't blame me too much, Daemonikai. The real culprit was your pride. You believed yourself invincible. Too strong to be touched, too feared to be challenged. And because of that arrogance, you gave someone like me the perfect opening."

He let out a wheezing cough of amusement. "The Dragaxlovs have always sought the throne, but the Naelzharoth was too powerful. My grandfather shared with me that it was his lifelong dream to sit on the First Throne, yet every minor scheme he attempted to wrest it from your grandfather failed. I was a coward, you see, just like the rest of them." Zaiper sighed. "Even at a hundred, I knew I was different from those spineless relics. I knew I would achieve great things, and I knew you would assist me. Your casual dismissal, that prideful superiority... always a Naelzharoth, viewing the rest of us as beneath you. You never even regarded me as a threat. And that's why I won."

Daemonikai's silence lingered.

"I took your family and savored every second of your roars that night," Zaiper continued, enjoying himself. "When Evielyn begged me to spare her son, I watched the light fade from her eyes as I buried a blade into your firstborn. You can't imagine the thrill of watching him struggle for breath. And watching your precious queen bleed out before me..." He closed his eyes, reliving it. "That memory alone overshadows the pain in my body now. It was art. One of my greatest creations."

"You went mad, and I rejoiced," Zapier purred. "Five hundred years without you was paradise. Would have remained so if I'd managed to get that bastard Vladya and that son of a bitch Ottai to help kill you off. I think that was my greatest regret... I should have tried fucking harder. But can you blame a male? I never saw your return coming."

"But you did come back," he spat. "Same self-righteous, superior swine, dripping with power like the gods hand-fed it to you. You stormed into my home, humiliated me with your Alpha Will, and strutted around like a fucking sun god. I bet you enjoy throwing around how fucking powerful you are. I didn't enjoy that, but you know what I did enjoy?" The smirk was back. "Her screams that night."

He heard it a nearly silent intake of breath. At last, a response.

Zaiper's heart soared. Oh, the fun he was having.

"I bet you don't remember it. Mother Nature tends to be thorough like that- especially when it comes to protecting the mind. But don't worry. I'll give you a little recap." He smiled. "You were merciless. Brutal. Her screams shook the strongest of towers as you tore her apart for your own pleasure-sawing through raw wounds and bruises just to satisfy yourself. All. Fucking. Night."

Daemonikai didn't flinch.

Zaiper went on.*wu(w).nóVΞlwORM.c©m*

"She passed out from the pain, from the sheer misery... and still, you didn't stop. You, who claimed to care for her, who called her your heart, your mate, your radiant star-you made her suffer until her body broke beneath you. Again. And again. And again." Damn, his good eye was stinging. He blinked hard to clear the sweat. "Honestly, I'd be amazed if the two of you ever manage to get intimate again without her reliving that night."

Silence.

"I never did enjoy how even as misfortune backed you into a corner, you still never looked my way." Zaiper's voice tightened. "Hurt my pride, I won't lie. But every time one of my plans worked, every time you remained blissfully ignorant- made it worth it."

"You want to know why?" the grand king said, tone mild.

Zaiper blinked. "Why what?"

"Why I never looked your way. Why it never occurred to me that you were the one pulling strings."

Zaiper narrowed his eye. Why does he still sound calm? He should be seething, unable to control this violent retaliation!

"Because you were nothing but a rat. A coward not worth my attention. A squeaking scheming little thing too afraid to face me like an alpha, so you crept in shadows, clawing and fretting from the dark." Daemonikai's voice was clear, unshaken. "You couldn't challenge me for the First Throne. You didn't dare. Not with your tail tugged between your legs every time I so much as acknowledged your presence." *WwW.n(o)VΞ(l)©o©m.c©m*

Zaiper's face twisted.

"You went to such great lengths to mask your petty little tricks," Daemonikai said. "Because deep down, you knew what you were. Not a rival. Not a warrior. But a sewer rat, terrified of the lion's gaze."

Shame sliced through Zaiper. Rage rose in him, but he had no words to wield it.

"Why didn't I look your way?" I

Daemonikai's voice dropped lower. "Because you never ranked high enough on my radar to matter.

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Naelzharoth, but the feeling was never mutual. We simply didn't care enough to return it. I gave you too much credit," he said softly. "I assumed-even with our history-that you had at least a shred of honor. I didn't know your cowardice ran deeper than the blood in your veins. That was my mistake, and I take full responsibility for that. But tell me, Zaiper," his voice was a smooth drawl. "How does it feel to have lived for five thousand years seething with hatred... for a man who never gave you a second thought?"

Zaiper couldn't hold back a snarl. That asshole...!

"How does it feel to have nurtured all those wicked dreams, only to fail every*ww(w).n©vΞlwó©m.(c)©M*

single one of them?"

Zaiper's chest heaved in rapid, shallow bursts. Every breath hurt like fire scraping

down his lungs, but he couldn't stop.

Daemonikai slanted his head. "How

does it feel to be nothing but a dangling sack of shame-strung upside down in a cage-watching me, alive, whole, and undefeated?" He smiled. "I have a new family now. A son and daughter with my blood. A kingdom at peace. And a mate-the same one you thought you broke-waiting to receive me with open arms as soon as I walk through the door."

Zaiper despised the mental images the words created. He tried to shut them out

but couldn't. The pain in his body, numbed by his momentary high, was fast

returning.

"How does it feel, knowing you'll die in this world without ever once sitting on the First Throne? That you'll leave this life without so much as smelling the power of sole rule?"

Don't let him get to you, do NOT let him get to you. Don't react. Don't give him the satisfaction.*w©w.nv©elw©Rm.c©m*

"How does it feel knowing that every move you made, every scheme you set into motion, was for nothing because the gods have given back everything you took from us? I have a Soulbond and two strong, amazing younglings. Vladya has a Soulbond, too, and an heir. Ottai's female? She is with child, did you know?" "Shut the fuck up!" Zaiper roared, thrashing violently, the chains rattling like wild thunder, biting into his flesh.

Daemonikai only raised a brow. "Oh. I forgot to mention you were probably wondering what the celebration was about last night. Well, Vladya got his soul back. The final ritual succeeded yesterday."

Zaiper screamed again in rage, fury, pure animal madness. He fought the chains like a dying beast, writhing as if his hatred alone could break steel. I'll kill him! I'll tear his throat out with my teeth!

Daemonikai reclined back in a relaxed pose, watching with disinterest as if Zaiper was merely throwing a tantrum.