

Captive Slave 387

Chapter

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"Yes," the male continued coolly. "Vladya feels whole now. The male you always mocked for being cursed, then took away his bondmate. But she returned to him, not merely as a lover who may be compatible with him, but as his fated mate." Daemonikai's lips twitched. "Then there's you. Hanging here like a carcass in my dungeon. With a dead lover, no heir, no legacy. No throne."

Zaiper's scream tore from deep within his soul. "DON'T YOU DARE TALK ABOUT HIM!"

"Who? Oh you mean the dead lover?" Daemonikai smirked, adding with a drawl. "I never did tell you, did I? Just how good it felt to kill him."

Zaiper struggled even harder. One leg jerked so hard, causing the chain to snap taut, nearly dislocating him, but Zaiper didn't care, writhing and snarling like a feral.

"His spine snapping in two as it struck my knees... that sound... it stayed with me for months. It had a better tone than even the harp."

"Fuck you, Daemonikai! I'll fucking kill you!" Zaiper was out of control, spitting rage with so much venom. He hated how casually Daemonikai spoke of Razarr's death. And worst of all, he couldn't do a damn thing about it.

Tears stung his eyes. Helplessness devoured his burning limbs. "I should have killed you when I had the chance, back when you were struggling with soul death!

I should've ended you and damned the consequences!"

Daemonikai threw his head back and laughed.

That amused sound made Zaiper taste bile.

Finally, the male took a deep, calming breath before lifting a brow. "Have you forgotten? You tried, but my female killed your assassin. As for not doing it yourself... well. That's just one more regret to carry to your grave, isn't it? It's going to be a full one, Zaiper."

Zaiper shook, physically vibrating with rage and shame. The unwanted tears came again, burning his good eye.*wWw.m0vΞlw(◊)rm.čom*

"Tell me, how does it feel knowing Kristoff's son will sit on your throne? Knowing he was under your nose the entire time, and you never knew? How does it feel to know our people are happy again? That the humans you manipulated-used like a pawn to take the fall for your plans-fought for us on eclipse night? They protected our younglings, standing for our lands when we could not." He leaned in. "How does it feel knowing, once again, Naelzharoth wins?"

"Stop talking!!" Zaiper roared. The chains clanked, rattling fiercely as he pulled against them with all the force he had left. "Stop talking right now!"

"Easy, Zaiper," Daemonikai said. "Don't let your heart give out on me just yet. This is only the beginning. Your life is my price, and I'd hate to lose it before I've had my fun."*wWw.flævℓ.Ⓢ(◊)rm.co(ᵐ)*

Zaiper panted like a rabid dog on its last leg.

"So before we get started," Daemonikai continued with indifference. "Wegai, cut him down."

The metal gates creaked, footsteps approaching. Then the slash of a blade through chain.

Zaiper fell like dead weight, landing with a jarring thud. Pain shot through every inch of his body as he lay there, breathing hard, every part of his body screaming. The chains on his wrists remained, but his legs were free.

The soldier stepped back into position, silent.

"There's a saying, who lives by the sword, dies by the sword. And me? I believe in an eye for an eye. Or several," Daemonikai said. "I've spent a great deal of time in madness, Zaiper. And during that time, I've realized-we've been unfair to the ferals. We kill them on sight without a second thought, not giving them a fair chance, not making an attempt to save them. But not anymore."

"Where the fuck are you going with this?"

Daemonikai smiled, the kind that didn't reach the eyes. "If we're to begin testing a way to treat feral, if we want an antidote someday, we must begin somewhere, don't you think? For instance, let's say..." he drew it out as if actually thinking about it, "...satisfying their basic instincts. And you, Zaiper... you are our first and only experiment."

It took a moment for the meaning to reach Zaiper through the fog of pain.

Then ice rushed through Zaiper's veins like a torrent. He was so stunned, so utterly horrified, he couldn't even speak.

"Bring in the two ferals."

"No..." Zaiper managed to croak. "That's low. You don't mean that."

And there goes that laughter again.

"Oh, Zaiper. You spent an entire monologue describing how much you enjoyed listening to my female scream just thought-how poetic would it be to see how much you enjoy your own?" A beat of silence. "Let's see how well you enjoy being on the receiving end."

Then-he heard it.

Chains. Clinking, dragging, echoing through the corridor. Coming closer.

"Your first two are here." Rising, Daemonikai moved to the doorway. "There are eight more, held in chains, just for you... waiting for their turn. You satisfy them, you heal, you get another set. Rinse and repeat until all ten are done."

All semblance of pride and finesse abandoned Zaiper in a single, crumbling breath. "Don't you dare give me to ferals! You know what they'll do to me! That's barbaric! There are some things you just don't do to

to an alpha! Some lines you don't cross as a ruler the people look up to! Daemonikai!"

Daemonikai snorted another laugh. "You are kidding, right?"

"Please don't do this. Torture me however else you see fit but-"

"Oh, don't be in such a rush. That will come in time. Just relax and enjoy the show

as you always have." With that, Daemonikai walked through the iron doors.

"Daemonikai! You bastard...!" Zaiper shouted, voice climbing in raw panic. The ferals were dragged in.

Zaiper scrambled, trying to push up, trying to move. But his weak, shaking, useless body betrayed him. He couldn't lift himself. He couldn't escape.

The two sedated feral beasts were dropped unceremoniously to the floor, their bodies limp, features slack.

Zaiper watched with shallow breath, eyes wide.*WwⓈ.NoVèℓwⓈR.m.c0m*

Then the soldiers poured a thick, glistening liquid into their mouths, and quickly hurried out.

"Don't you dare leave me with them! Come back-COME BACK!" Zaiper screamed.

The cell door slammed shut behind them, the lock engaging.

Silence.

Then growls reached his ears.*www.N(◊)V(e)LwOrⓂ.C(◊)m*

Low at first. Then rising. Hungry. Alert.

Zaiper's eyes slowly, dreadfully, moved from the door to them.

Two pairs of inhuman eyes stared back at him-glowing, wide, and awake. They

looked at him the way a starving wolf looks at a wounded rabbit.

His own beast whining within him, sensing unfathomable danger. The worst kind

of danger.

Both ferals rose.

Zaiper shook his head, hard. "No... no, no, wait!"

They pounced on him.