

Captive Slave 390

Chapter 390

Zaiper's screams rolled down the dungeon corridor, bouncing off walls as Daemonikai sawed through his leg with a cutlass-whistling a slow, melodic tune. Blood sprayed, splashing onto Daemonikai's robes, forming a growing puddle.

"This blade's gone dull," he said conversationally, examining the edge. "Get me the dagger."

A guard handed it to him from the wall of instruments, so much polished steel behind them.

Daemonikai discarded the cutlass with a soft clatter and resumed with the dagger, slicing deep into muscle and tendon, never missing a beat in his whistle.

"Please! AHhhhhh!" Zaiper howled. An animal sound, born of unbearable pain.

Daemonikai sawed clean through until the leg detached entirely. He lifted it, holding it up like a prized relic.

"I hope you don't mind if I keep this," he said casually, inspecting the severed limb. "It's a clean slice. Unfortunately for you, it won't regenerate considering I've taken the entire limb. You'll have to forgive me. I got carried away."

He smiled faintly. "But don't worry, I won't let you die. What's a leg, really? You can do without it."

Zaiper was barely conscious, his breathing ragged, eyes glassy and unfocused.

Daemonikai tilted his head. "He didn't hear that, did he?" He shrugged. "Guess I'll make the decision for you then."

He waved the leg in front of Zaiper's face before tossing it aside like a useless stick.

"Binding cloths. Now," he ordered, wiping the blade on his sleeve. "We can't let him bleed out. His life is very important."

"Please... just... let me die," Zaiper croaked, voice no louder than a whisper.

Daemonikai chuckled. "Now, why would I do that?"

He pressed cloth to the stump, sealing it tightly. Zaiper writhed, screaming again, but the binds held fast.

"I still need you functional. We've got four more ferals waiting, and they're not exactly known for their patience." His voice lowered. "You really have no idea what it feels like when your instincts go unmet. But I do. It's agony."

Zaiper spat. "You're a monster..."

Daemonikai looked up from his knotwork, smiling faintly. "One you created. You wanted me mad, didn't you?" He tied the last knot viciously, and Zaiper howled again.

"Oh, Zaiper... if you knew how hard it was to control the kill-and-destroy urge, you'd have mercy on me. But thanks to you," he said, straightening with a sigh. "I get to release some of that pent-up energy." He gestured toward Zaiper's mangled body. "There. All nice and done."

The male was nearly unrecognizable now. But Daemonikai couldn't take full credit—the ferals had torn him apart with claws and teeth. One pair had gone so far as to rip his intestines out, and Daemonikai had personally stuffed them back in before ordering him stitched up. Nice and clean.

He smirked. "What can I say? I'm having fun."

He crouched again. "Now, let's try this once more. Where is the dark mage?"

"I-I can't—" *ww.nóvEIl@orm.c(ó)m*

"Wrong answer. Bring me the battle hammer."

Zaiper's head lifted instantly, panic flashing in his blood-crusted eyes. "No, no, no, please—"

Hammer handed to Daemonikai, he raised it without hesitation.

"I'll tell you! I'll tell you-I"

"Too late," Daemonikai drawled. "You may tell me after."

BANG.

Zapier's femur shattered.

The scream that followed wasn't human. It was something less. Something ripped apart from the inside out.

Daemonikai blinked slowly. "Hm." He struck again.

BANG.

This scream, Daemonikai could not describe, but it was the best music yet. However, it cut off at a high tone...

Zaiper had passed out.

Daemonikai stood, peering down at him, lips thinning. "What sort of alpha passes out under such little pressure?"

He turned to the guards and they shook their heads, disappointed.

Daemonikai clicked his tongue, giving Zaiper's shattered leg a light kick. "Hey. Get

up. You can't just check out mid-session, it's rude."

No response.

"Water," he said, flicking blood off his fingers.

The door opened, then closed. Moments later, a guard returned with a steaming bucket.

Daemonikai dipped his fingers in, frowning. "Hot, but not scalding. What kind of nonsense is this?"

"I apologize, Your Grace. They're bringing hotter water. Do you wish to wait?"

Daemonikai didn't answer. He simply lifted the bucket and poured the contents straight into Zaiper's ear. *©(w)ww.N(ó)vEIl@ww@r(m).Com*

The male jerked violently, coughing up water and blood.

Daemonikai smiled, pleased. "You really shouldn't faint like that. It's absolutely disrespectful."

"Daemon... please, have mercy." The voice was barely audible, strangled between shabby breaths and pain.

Daemonikai paused, staring down at

the broken male before him. "Mercy." He let the word roll on tongue. That's one word I have does it *Ŵww.n@veIworm.c@m*

never heard before. What are t

mean?" He kicked the bound mangled stump of Zaiper's leg.

Zaiper shrieked in pure torment. "I'm sorry..." he gasped, tears leaking from swollen eyes. "I shouldn't have done the things I did..."

"Oh no, don't start ruining the mood now." Daemonikai crouched again. "It's only been a month, and you're already giving up? I had such lovely plans for us. I want us to be like this for a long, long time."

"Please..." Zaiper coughed, shuddering. His skin was pale, he could barely lift his head.

"You know, our people are

petitioning for your death." Daemonikai sighed in exaggerated drama, "They want you gone. Past tense forgotten... they want you to disappear into history. I will give that to them. Eventually." He stood upright, rolling his shoulders, stretching. "But when that time comes, Zaiper, there will be barely a flicker of life left in you."

Zaiper let out a broken sob. "I should have never... killed your family."

Daemonikai grasped the hammer again. "Correct." Stepped forward and raised it again. "Now. One more time. I'm aiming for your knee this time. Where is the dark mage?"

Zaiper spilled everything about the mage like running water. Names, rituals, locations, summoning spells, traps, weaknesses, hideouts. He coughed out every secret, every layer of protection, every binding charm.

When he was done, trembling and sobbing, Daemonikai smiled in a smugly victorious way. "There. That wasn't so hard, was it?"

Zaiper cried in earnest. Full, broken bawl of sorrow, tearing from him like a dying animal's last breath, because deep down, he knew what had just happened.

He'd given away his final card. His last shred of leverage. This wasn't just pain, it was surrender.

A bitter, soul-deep admission that Daemonikai had won.

Not that Daemonikai needed the validation-his victory had been sealed long

ago. But watching Zaiper break... watching him acknowledge it? That was just the perfect finishing touch.

Daemonikai wiped his hands on a cloth and turned away. "My work here today is done. Get the next two ferals ready."

"No! Please, no!" Zaiper wailed.

A guard hesitated. "Your Grace... he may die. His body's failing, and he needs to bloodfeed. Perhaps a few days to recover?"

Daemonikai turned back, staring down at the trembling shell of what used to be

an alpha.

He considered.

Then smiled. "Nah, he'll be fine. Bring them in."

Zaiper screamed as the guards moved, but Daemonikai didn't look back.

The cell door closed with a final, echoing thud. *wwŴ.f(í)v(é)LworM.cómm*

Six Months Later

The largest arena in the capital was

filled to bursting. Every citizen of

Urai, every human who had remained, every allied kingdom. emissary was present. All gathered

to witness a moment long

awaited the execution of Urai's greatest traitor.

Zaiper Dragaxlov was wheeled into view in one piece. Kind of.

The soldiers had stitched him together. Limbs held with crude thread, skin rotted

in places, black with infection. Flies buzzed at his face. His body stank like decay. But at least he still breathed.

His eyes were hollow, sunken deep into his skull. His once-muscular body was

reduced to a crawling echo of ruin.

"Do you have any last words?"

"To everyone... I'm... sorry... for... what I did."

His voice was hardly audible. Daemonikai had severed his vocal cords, and he ended up coughing up a storm. Perhaps they hadn't healed right? Oh well. The executioner positioned his blade and performed his job. A clean severing. Zaiper's head tumbled down the stone, rolling like meat down a butcher's block. The crowd exploded in cheers and praise.

And right there, before everyone, the story of Lord Zaiper Dragaxlov came to an

end.