

Chapter 51

MISTRESS SINAI

Mistress Sinai rose from the bed, completely naked, and began untangling her hair. She sat in a chair, gazing at her reflection in the metal mirror.

"You are so sweet, Sinai. I wish we could do this more often," the male figure reclining upon her bed uttered, his eyes tracing her every movement.

"You are over a thousand years old, Daryl. You should not have such a large appetite anymore," Sinai said in a bored tone.

The Lord of Trade, chuckled. "I'm still as young as ever. How is it going with acquiring the land beyond Crystal Waters?"

"He still refuses to release it." Sinai's veins pulsated with anger. The thought always upset her.

Grand Lord Vladya did not want to give up that land to her. Her Daemon might be the love of her life, but even she had accepted the fact that he was no more.

It was only Lord Vladya who clung on. And Sinai had to suffer the consequences. "I want that land to be mine already."

"Perhaps you should consider presenting your case to Grand Lord Ottai and Grand Lord Zaiper, as he suggested? Maybe one of them will support you and help convince him."

Mistress Sinai snorted. "Let's face it. Lord Zaiper may be the second in line for the throne after my Daemon, but everyone knows who the people respect and fear more. Who they would choose as their king if given a choice. Whose words are treated as gold and must be obeyed."

She turned and looked at her lover. "Even if Lord Zaiper and Ottai side with me, they cannot force Lord Vladya to relinquish the land if he doesn't wish to."

"True," Lord Daryl conceded. "And there are rumors that even Lord Zaiper himself fears Lord Vladya because Vladya is much stronger. If a duel were to determine the next grand king, Lord Zaiper might lose."

All of this was of no help to Sinai. Why did it have to be Grand Lord Vladya who was Grand King Daemonikai's best friend? Why not Zaiper?

Then, acquiring that land would have been easier for her. All she would have needed to do was sleep with Zaiper, and it would be hers.

With Vladya, it was even more difficult. That lord had no hobbies, no particular interests. Nothing.

And he was selective about his bed partners.

Males in Urai would do anything to be with Sinai. They love her. But not Vladya.

Sinai had tried for over two hundred years to seduce him, but all her efforts had been in vain. Why must he be the best friend?

Moments later, she emerged from her chambers fully dressed, with her two handmaidens trailing behind her. Frustration still hummed through her as she made her way out of the fortress on her way to the market.

People bowed and made way for her as she passed.

"I need to purchase that trending silk today. I don't care if I have to buy it with gold coins," she snapped at her handmaidens.

"Yes, my lady."

"Oh, if it isn't Mistress Sinai," a voice emanated from behind her. Familiar. Irritating.

Sinai pivoted to face her intruder. "Mistress Gaille." Both women inclined their heads in acknowledgment. "What brings you to this part of town this morning?"

The exasperatingly beautiful mistress offered a smile. "I was on my way to the market. My lord has bestowed upon me a generous number of coins this morning. Ukrae bless his heart, I don't know what to do with such extravagant gifts."

Mistress Gaille was one among many mistresses of Grand Lord Zaiper, but regrettably, she was his favorite.

Sinai abhorred the manner in which she always 'smiled' while boasting about it. "I am certain he bestowed similar gifts upon your fellow mistresses, Gaille."

The lady's grin broadened. "Never to the same extent as he does upon me, Sinai. Is that not true, ladies?" She turned her gaze towards her two personal handmaidens, who nodded with great enthusiasm, their expressions utterly blissful.

Sinai barely refrained from rolling her eyes. I have no time for this. "Well, I bid you a pleasant morning, Mistress Gaille. May fortune favor you in the market." She raised her elaborate gown slightly and took a step away.

"Wait. Have you heard the latest rumors circulating within the confines of Ravenshadow?" Mistress Gaille interjected with her usual chirpy tone.

Sinai should have known there was something amiss in that smile this morning. She resisted the urge to turn around and face Mistress Gaille directly. "What rumor has caught your attention?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Ah, you are unaware. It seems the charming human prince has been tending to your beast. And here is the intriguing part... the beast has been eating."

Sinai blinked once. Confused, her mind struggled to understand.

"Yes, you heard me correctly." Mistress Gaille laughed. "It is common knowledge that Grand Lord Vladya ensures King Daemonikai is fed, but everyone knows his beast doesn't have an appetite for food. As you know, ferals only crave blood. However, it appears that this human prince, who was assigned to clean the fourth wing, has somehow managed to feed the beast."

Sinai went very still. Then, whirled around to face her.

"Not only has he remained unharmed, but the feral has been consuming the nourishment willingly. It raises questions, does it not?" Mistress Gaille paused, pretending to ponder. "Could it be that the feral has developed a fondness for the boy? Is such a thing even possible?"

No, that could not be true.

Anger surged through Sinai's veins. That boy! How dare that boy get close to her Daemon?

Suddenly, she regretted not whipping him severely that day. She regretted not whipping him to the point of death.

"Furthermore," Mistress Gaille continued, "the beast does not even recognize you when you approach for a bloodfeeding. It is only because you are its bloodhost, and it instinctively detects your presence, that you survive each encounter. If you were not its host, you would surely die when you go close. Yet, this human prince has repeatedly approached and fed the beast."

Mistress Gaille exhaled, shaking her head, her expression a mix of intrigue and disbelief. "I wonder what that means?" With that, she turned and walked away.

Left alone, Sinai seethed with blistering rage. That boy? To her own Daemon?

Sinai spun around and strode away, abandoning her plans for the market as she made her way back to the fortress. A different purpose in mind.