

Chapter 64

So Emeriel conversed with Aekeira from where he sat, often needing to convince his sister that he was fine. Aekeira was a worrywart, not that Emeriel could blame her.

During one of Aekeira's secret visits, she brought several books she had 'borrowed' from the library to help him fight the boredom.

Feasts, plentiful feasts, arrived as Grand Lord Vladya ordered the soldiers to bring meals to the forbidden chambers on a more regular basis. Once the soldiers dropped off the food by the metal gate, Emeriel would retrieve it and bring it inside. The beast would growl, its eyes tracking his movements. But when it realized Emeriel had no intention of leaving, it would calm down.

Emeriel would consume a small portion of the food before offering the rest to the beast, which it always accepted.

Ironically, Emeriel had eaten better in the past few days than he had in ages.

Had the beast truly heard that strange call?

The question bothered Emeriel, weighing on his mind more than he cared to admit. He had no idea what had compelled him to utter those words, but it was an urge that couldn't be resisted.

What was even stranger was that Emeriel understood he was now practically the beast's captive. At its mercy. And yet, Emeriel felt... safe.

A mindless feral—the most formidable predator in Urai—had him confined and under constant watch, but all he felt was protected.

It was a bizarre feeling, bordering on madness really, but it was undeniably true.

For the first time in Urai, Emeriel felt genuinely safe. As if nothing could harm him within those walls.

True, he had no knowledge of what was happening outside those walls, but he had been left alone for the first time in as long as he could remember.

There were no grueling tasks, no soldiers giving him hateful looks, no slave masters tormenting him with lustful gazes, and no mistresses attempting to whip him.

In this place, Emeriel found...peace.

MISTRESS SINAI

Mistress Sinai hurried to the fields as soon as she heard the sound of approaching horses, arriving just in time to see them emerging from the woods.

Grand Lord Vladya, Zaiper, and several other lords had returned from their hunt. The soldiers accompanying them carried an abundance of game, causing the onlookers to cheer and applaud.

As the grand lords dismounted their horses, the soldiers took charge of them and hunting equipment. Sinai eagerly awaited Lord Vladya's approach, practically bouncing on her feet.

"I've noticed you have been spending a lot of time with Lord Vladya lately, beautiful Sinai," Lord Zaiper drawled, smirking and giving them a meaningful look. "Is there something going on between you two that we should know about?"

"Your Highness," she inclined her head slightly, "Lord Vladya and I are simply discussing important matters. Can I borrow him for a few moments?"

"Of course, of course. If he's open to being borrowed, that is," Zaiper replied with a chuckle.

Lord Vladya proceeded forward, and Sinai bid farewell to Zaiper before quickly matching her steps with him.

"You're doing nothing about that boy, Lord Vladya! It's been three days, and he's still there," she stated once they were out of earshot.

Hands behind his back, Lord Vladya maintained a steady pace. The wind gently tousled his long hair, lifting strands off his shoulders.

"I have no intention of taking any action, Sinai," he told her in a calm, composed tone.

Sinai couldn't believe what she was hearing. "But why? That filthy little human is intruding upon my Daemon's territory, and you're doing nothing about it? He is trespassing upon the king's privacy! He has no right to be there!"

"Except the king himself brought the boy there willingly. The boy did not ask for it," Vladya said in a measured tone.

Sinai's eyes widened incredulously. "Why are you defending him? I can't believe this! I thought you, of all people, would support me in this matter!"

"Calm yourself, Sinai." Vladya came to a stop and fixed his gaze upon her. "I understand your perspective, but I believe you are overreacting. I've thought about this extensively." He sighed.

"That boy has proven to have a positive impact on Daemonikai since his arrival. The boy's presence seems to bring out a more rational side of Daemonikai rather than his mindless, animalistic side." He took a deep breath. "Although I cannot make out the exact reason, I have chosen not to dwell on it. If that boy being close to Daemon's beast contributes to the improvement of Daemonikai's state, then I hope to hell the boy remains close to him."

For a moment, Sinai gaped at him, too stunned to speak.

"Are you even listening to yourself? Pardon me, but your words make no sense, Your Highness." Sinai's voice was filled with disbelief. "How could that worthless boy have any influence over Daemonikai? Do you even hear how absurd that sounds?"

"I don't know, Sinai," Lord Vladya appeared unfazed, as usual. "If I had all the answers, I wouldn't waste time thinking so much about it. But what I do know is this—the boy isn't causing harm to anyone. So, I see no reason to interfere."

Sinai's lips parted, her rebuttal poised on the tip of her tongue, but his next words silenced her.

"In fact, I find myself... intrigued by whatever is happening with Daemonikai. And if the boy has any involvement—whether through sorcery or something else—I do not want it to stop."

Her breath caught. For a moment, she could only stare at him, her mind reeling. Intrigued? He was intrigued by this madness?

A pang of betrayal twisted in her chest. His refusal to act, his willingness to let this worthless boy linger around her Daemon, felt like a slap in the face.

"I cannot believe this. Forget it, I'll go in there and drag him out myself." She bowed to him, turned, and stormed off.

"Sinai, do not do that. Don't go in there."

She continued walking, ignoring his order.

"Sinai." This time, his voice grew sterner. Authoritative.

She paused, her posture rigid with anger. "My Lord?"

"Do not go to the forbidden chambers. Do not touch the boy. I have issued an order. Do not defy it," Vladya stated firmly, before he walked past her, and strode away.