

Chapter 67

"Yes, I have been meaning to do that for quite some time now," she sneered.

Emeriel cupped his cheek, anger simmering deep inside him. It was one thing to be despised by everyone due to his species' actions, subjected to enslavement and mistreatment. But to be singled out and targeted by this female, despite having done nothing to deserve such treatment, was an entirely different matter.

Mistress Sinai grabbed a fistful of his hair, yanking it viciously. "How dare you get close to the king's beast?"

"You were there," Emeriel's said in a cold tone, his eyes burning fiercely. "You attended court that day. It was he who took me away. I did nothing wrong! Nothing!"

"You did everything wrong. Why is my Daemon fixated on you? A filth like you?" She spat, tightening her grip on his hair.

"You would have to ask him that, and I am not filth. I am of royal blood, Mistress Sinai. A human, yes, but from a pure bloodline of royalty. You call people filth, yet you yourself do not possess a royal lineage, merely the privileges of a favored family." Emeriel locked his gaze with hers. "The filth here, mistress, is you."

Sinai stood there, dumbfounded. Releasing her grip on his hair, she stepped back in disbelief.

"You dare to talk back to me?" Her astonishment was palpable. Unbelievable.

Emeriel calmly ran his hand through his hair, attempting to arrange it as best as he could. "I will not apologize for speaking my mind. I have come to realize that no matter what I do or say, you will always find a reason to blame me, to hurt me. So, why should I hold back?"

"You swine!" Mistress Sinai slapped him once more. Her brown eyes receded, giving way to the dominance of her yellow eyes. "I would tear you to shreds if I were to shift!"

For some reason, this threat did not intimidate Emeriel. He couldn't quite explain why.

Perhaps after spending three days alone with King Daemonikai's mighty and fearsome beast, some of the things that should have frightened him no longer did.

But those slaps, they truly hurt.

His hand moved instinctively, before he could even stop it, and with a resounding crack, he struck the mistress's cheek in return. Emeriel had slapped her back, and he had done so with force.

He didn't know what had come over him. In fact, Emeriel wasn't thinking at all. But as he witnessed her head whip to the side and heard her gasp, he felt a strange sense of fulfillment. Yes, it was undoubtedly worth it.

At least, that was his initial thought until the mistress's claws began to emerge, her eyes turning completely yellow, her body starting to transform.

Oh, shit.

Emeriel thought fast, his mind racing. "Does Grand Lord Vladya and Grand Lord Ottai know that you came here to murder me?"

Mistress Sinai froze midway through her transformation.

Emeriel truly believed she would complete the shift, but to his surprise, she reverted to her full human form. Her eyes blazed with fury. "I am going to kill you."

"You have made that abundantly clear. My question is, do the grand lords know? They journeyed across the great mountains to purchase us, and now you simply wish to kill me without cause?"

"Without cause? You struck me." Mistress Sinai invaded his personal space. "How dare you, a human, strike ME!? As the bloodhost to the king, I hold a great deal of power in this kingdom. You have meddled with the wrong person."

"I did not meddle with you. You struck me twice, I merely returned the favor."

"I will not kill you," she seethed. "But by the time I am through with you, you will beg for death." She called out, "Soldiers!"

Two Urekai soldiers quickly appeared, seemingly having abandoned their posts. "Yes, mistress?"

"Take him and follow me." She marched away.

The soldiers seized Emeriel by the arms and obediently trailed behind the mistress.

AEKEIRA

Aekeira arrived at the fourth wing, slightly out of breath. She cautiously looked around, ensuring no soldiers were in sight. Sneaking a book out of the library had taken longer than expected. As she turned a corner, her feet abruptly halted.

Two soldiers held Em, leading him away under the guidance of a mysterious mistress. Who was this woman? What did she want with her sister?

Aekeira's instinct compelled her to move forward, but she forced herself to stop. How could she help Em? What if her interference only caused more trouble? She was a slave, and the woman was a mistress. There was no way for her to save her sister.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she blinked forcefully to keep them at bay. She needed to think. To come up with a plan. Dammit, she needed to save her sister.

Suddenly, an idea struck her.

Aekeira broke into a run, making her way to Blackstone. At first, it was easy, none of the soldiers stopped her. They must have thought she was one of the workers.

However, when she reached the main area of Blackstone, where Grand Lord Vladya resided, the soldiers blocked her path.

"Please, I must go in. I need to see Lord Vladya," Aekeira pleaded, panting and out of breath.

"You are not permitted in this area, Slave," one of the soldiers sneered. "Leave immediately."

"No, you don't understand. I need to see Lord Vladya. He... umm," she thought quickly, "He is expecting me."

The soldiers gave her a disgusted look. One of them advanced towards her, getting in her face. "How dare you lie to us? Leave before I teach you a lesson," he threatened, shoving her forcefully.

His strength was immense, and Aekeira was thrown backward, crashing onto the floor with a cry of pain. Her buttocks stung from the impact.

Gingerly, she forced herself to her feet and tried again, "No, you don't understand..."

The soldier drew his sword. "If you dare come here again, I swear I will—"

"What is the meaning of this?"

A familiar, deep voice resonated from behind Aekeira. She spun around, a sob of relief escaping her as she laid eyes on Grand Lord Vladya.