

Captive Slave 388

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Chapter 388

Daemonikai delayed just outside the dungeon corridor until he heard Zaiper's first blood-curdling scream. Only then did he walk away from the dungeon hallway. He soon stopped hearing them. Almost a regret.

He had instructed the guards to move Zaiper to the deepest, most fortified cell to keep his torture from disrupting the tranquility of the Citadel. But now, for the first time, he wondered about the wisdom of it.

Reaching his bedchamber, the scene greeting him caused him to pause.

There on the couch, Emeriel sat in sleep's soft embrace, holding their son, Daesovxscar, against her chest. His small mouth had slipped from her breast, milk dotting the taut, dark nipple still exposed to the cool air. Her arms held him close, even in sleep.

Daemonikai's mouth went dry.

He was not a male to steal his youngling's food—he had never done so before— but in the past few days, the thought had settled into his mind like an unsealed scroll. It was all he thought about.

"Your Highness," came a soft whisper behind him.

He turned to find Livia in the doorway.

"I came to check if Princess Emeriel was done feeding the young prince, so I could bring in the little princess."

"Is Heraxiolia fussy?" he asked.

"No, Your Grace. She sleeps."

He glanced once more at his Soulbond and son. "Hold off from bringing her for now. My female sleeps, she needs to rest."

Livia inclined her head. "Of course. They keep her awake all night." She turned to leave.

"Livia." **www.NovelWorld.com**

She looked at him expectantly. **www.NovelWorld.com**

"I've never said this before, but thank you for everything," Daemonikai told her in a quiet tone.

"Caring for my beloved long before she ever became mine. Protecting her, and her sister. For still watching over her to this day. I see and appreciate it truly. If you ever need anything, come to me. I will make it happen."

Livia's eyes glistened, and she bowed her head, swallowing emotion. "Thank you, my king. I don't know why, but from the first day I saw her—they—they grew on me." She looked back toward Emeriel and the baby. "I'm grateful I never fought those feelings. I'm happy things turned out the way they did."

Daemonikai nodded slowly. "When the humans are set free, I sincerely hope you choose to stay. You will always have a life here."

Livia smiled, touched. "I'll give it thought, Your Grace."

"Who knows... you may have dormant Syren traits waiting to be awakened by a compatible male."

Livia laughed aloud. "Hopefully not. I've seen what the princesses go through during their heats. Even if it's for a worthy cause... it's a lot. I wouldn't wish that on myself," she added. "Plus, I am too old for such chaos."

"At sixty-eight? You're quite young. If you do have dormant Syren traits, and you bond with your mate—your body will begin aging backward. In a few years, you'll return to your youth."

"I heard about that." Her cheeks warmed. "I'll be happy with whichever the gods choose to bless me with—human, Urekai, or any other species. And if I don't receive that gift... I'll still be okay. I've lived this way for so long. It's what I know, so I'll be fine."

Daemonikai watched her disappear around the corridor before turning into his chamber and quietly closing the door behind him.

His female stirred.

He walked soundlessly to her, careful as ever, lifting their son from her arms. The little one murmured softly but didn't wake. As Daemonikai gently laid Daesovxscar onto the bed, Emeriel stirred again, her lashes fluttering.

He'd noticed this pattern—a habit she'd developed. No matter how softly he lifted the child, her body always sensed the absence. It was sweet this bond of hers, but it also saddened him. She needed rest more than anything.

"Daemon?" she murmured, rubbing one eye. "You've returned."

"I have." His voice was soft. "Come, prettiest star. Lie down with me."

He stood, extending his hand. She moved toward him—into him—sliding her arms around his neck, pulling him down until his cheek rested against her shoulder.

Just like that, the tension in him dissolved, and he relaxed into her hold. She always knew.

She knew how hard it had been for him to face Zaiper again. Choosing to step into that cell, confronting the one who'd caused the darkest years of his life, to ask

why.

He knew what Zaiper would say, yet **www.NovelWorld.com**

he wanted to hear him say it

anyway. And he had confirmed it.

for the throne. Every betrayal, manipulation, and dark magic exchange... every life taken, all in the name of greed and blind ambition. Content belongs to FindNovel

And I had been blind to it. Ignoring the signs, dismissing the undercurrents, undermining how far one is willing to go for power.

Never again.

"Punish him however you see fit," Emeriel's voice was a whisper in the silence. "He deserves everything he gets and more."

"Oh, that much I know." Daemonikai nuzzled her neck, breathing her in. "I have

big plans for him, but I'll spare you the details. His name isn't worth stirring the sand beneath your feet let alone your ears."

He slipped his arms beneath her,

lifting her effortlessly, her legs curving around his waist without hesitation. He carried her to the couch, sat, and held her there. Body pressed to his chest, her heartbeat slow and steady against his own.

"Sleep, young princess," he whispered. "I've got you."

"But Hera..."

"Can wait. You're tired." He patted her back, keeping his voice soft enough to induce sleep... even as he added the slightest hint of command. "Close your eyes and sleep for me, Riel."

"Okay," she breathed, already drifting.

He buried his nose in the crook of her neck, one arm wrapped around her waist, drinking in her scent. Surrounding himself with her. It soothed him, always had.

This was his sanctuary, his victory. Not the throne. Not the war won. Not the kingdom saved. Her.

Even as her breathing deepened and her body went lax in his hold, he stayed like that, unmoving.

Holding her.

For a long, long time.