

## Chapter 65

"I have issued an order. Do not defy it, my ass." Sinai mocked as she rummaged through her closet. "As if I'm going to sit idly by while that boy remains there any longer."

Her maids stood nervously, waiting for her instructions, feeling helpless in the tense atmosphere.

Sinai finally found the garment she was looking for: a form-fitting gown that accentuated her curves, particularly the upper part of her backside. After putting it on, she turned to her maids. "The meccai leaves?"

"Here, my lady." One of them handed her a cup of hot tea.

Sinai took the wooden cup and downed its contents in one gulp. Meccai leaves heighten the scent of her blood, making it more tempting. Irresistible.

She settled into her dressing chair, and her maids took it as their cue to attend to her hair. As they styled her hair, Sinai seethed with anger, her hands clenching into fists.

To hell with Lord Vladya's command, he would come around eventually. It's not as if he would punish her because of a mere human, right? That idea was absurd.

As for Emeriel, Sinai had a plan.

She would feed Daemonikai until he was satisfied, enough to put him to sleep. Then, she would take that worthless boy away.

Once she had Emeriel safely removed, Sinai would inflict severe punishment upon him—painful and merciless. She would make him pay dearly.

"Nora?"

"Yes, mistress?"

"Ask one of the slave masters to provide you with three spiked whips, and the crown of thorns. Afterward, proceed to the kitchen and instruct the cook to prepare boiling water mixed with long pepper and chili pepper. Have everything ready in the abandoned underground chamber."

MISTRESS SINAI

Sinai made her way towards the forbidden chambers, her steps resolute and determined.

Upon reaching the imposing metal gates, she fixed them with a steely glare. The gates stood tall once again, all the locks securely fastened.

It seems Lord Vladya had wasted no time in ensuring their fortification. Yet, Lord Vladya had chosen to leave the boy in there.

Were they all expected to turn a blind eye to what was happening? Leave the boy with her Daemon for as long as the mindless beast wanted?

Over Sinai's dead body.

These past few days had not been easy for her. She had barely gotten a good night's sleep, and had almost worried herself to the grave, wondering what in Ukrae was going on.

People like Mistress Gaille taunted her, asking her silly questions like, "Do you think the boy is special? Do you think he possesses the special powers required to bring back the grand king?"

Sinai scoffed. Such thoughts infuriated her to no end.

Yes, she wanted her Daemon's sanity restored, if it were even possible, but there was simply no way that boy would have any connection with that outcome. No way at all!

"Aekeira? Is it you?" a whisper drifted from behind the door. "I have been waiting."

Sinai set to work on the locks. The clanging sounds of metal disrupted the stillness of the air.

"What are you doing!/? You know you cannot enter here!" the boy protested.

Sinai swung open the sturdy oak door and strode inside. The boy's eyes widened in surprise at the sight of her, and she quickly lowered her gaze to the ground.

A growl came from behind Emeriel before the beast moved from behind the barricades to stand protectively behind the boy. Letting out a warning hiss, its tail curled up in the air with its pointed tip poised to strike.

"You would shield him from me?" Sinai whispered, her voice filled with betrayal and hurt. "His kind is responsible for your suffering! They did this to you! They murdered your beloved Alvin and Myka, and yet you keep him here with you?"

The beast did not react. Her Daemon could not even hear her. His tail remained poised, and he issued another warning snarl, while the prince gave her a wary look.

Sinai fixed Emeriel with a firm gaze. "Step away from him. Now."

The boy didn't obey immediately, the pause enough to further ignite Sinai's anger.

She was tempted to strike him then and there, her hand itching to connect with his cheek. But Sinai wasn't foolish, not unless she wanted to die.

Finally, the boy complied. He moved to the opposite end of the room, near the closed window, and huddled there.

Sinai shifted her attention back to her beast. "Here, my darling, I have come to feed you," she murmured seductively, baring her neck.

The feral took a deep inhale and grunted.

It wasn't much of an enthusiastic response, but fortunately, he followed Sinai as she backed away towards the wall.

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GRAND LORD ZAIPER

Grand Lord Vladya was making his way back to Blackstone when Zaiper joined him on his stroll. "Tell me, when do we schedule our next court meeting? We still need to discuss the events of the Harvest Ceremony," Zaiper inquired.

Lord Vladya cast a brief glance at him. "I have a meeting with Azrael, do you not remember?"

"Azrael, who is that? Oh, the werewolf king. I had forgotten about that. What is the purpose of the discussion again?"

"A trade agreement. They seek to establish trade relations with us. This matter has been under consideration for years, and we have deliberated on it numerous times in court. Yet, you seem to forget about it constantly," Lord Vladya pointed out as he continued walking.

Zaiper had never shown much interest in the affairs of the land; it had been that way for centuries.

He shrugged indifferently. "Well, it slips my mind occasionally. Just brief me on the details, will you?"

"They possess the most fertile lands of all the species. If we can reach a favorable negotiation, we gain access to one of their territories while they trade in one of ours."

"Mmm." Zaiper nodded, displaying a newfound interest. "So, the deal seems promising?"

"It does," Vladya confirmed.

"In that case, I hope it proves successful. How long will you be away this time?"

"Three days."

Lord Zaiper grumbled under his breath. "Very well. When you return, we shall convene a meeting. For now, I must indulge myself in the sweet pleasures of a slave's body. Speaking of which, what about that pretty princess? I hear you have been taking your share of her."