

# **FeralHeart Chapter 11 - Chapter 11**

## **Chapter 11: Chapter 11**

I floated in endless darkness.

Time held no meaning for me here, space was but a word.

My five senses told me nothing.

Yet, I knew that I was.

I existed...

... because I thought.

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My thoughts were like a wayward breeze blowing through the Void.

I thought...

... but I had nothing to think of.

So, I searched, the gusts formed of my ponderance converged into a gale that swept across the infinity that was the nothingness and I found it, a word that meant speed in the old language.

How did I know it was from the old language?

I wondered.

I knew because I remembered.

My memories were a river of stars suspended in the firmament...

... each star a record of an experience in my life.

As I pored over the memories of my life, some made me laugh, some made me cry...

... and some ignited the white-hot flame of anger.

I thought, remembered and emoted...

... I planned for my future.

I set my resolve.

Suddenly, I could feel my physical self again. Something warm and wet was wrapped around my flaccid penis, eliciting a reaction.

The warm and moist entity continued its tender ministrations on my now erect member while slender fingers gently massaged my balls.

Starbursts of pleasure lit up the Void with their brilliant light...

Except, the 'Void' wasn't empty anymore.

Mountains and plains, rivers and seas, volcanoes and geysers and a breeze that blew through it all under the stars.

It was all painted white by the light, making it seem unreal.

Suddenly, the warm and moist sensation faded only to be replaced by something dry trying to painfully force my penis into itself.

Pain gave the world definition as shadows came to be, contrasting the light.

And I knew what I saw was my own inner world...

... my mindscape.

\*sob\*

A familiar sobbing sound jolted me out of my meditative state and my eyes snapped open.

I saw a naked Deimos straddling me, her shoulders shaking with her sobs as hot tears splattered down onto the bandages on my chest from her downturned face.

I sat up gingerly, wincing as my newly set arm and rib bones protested the movement even though they were splinted tightly.

I patted her head comfortingly with my working left hand and she responded by carefully wrapping her arms around my neck and burying her face into my neck, mindful of my injuries.

Her wracking sobs shook my body as I caressed her hair comfortingly.

The silly girl had tried to wake me up with sex as she often did... but she was emotionally fraught and hadn't been aroused enough for penetration to be pleasant for either of us.

In her vulnerable state, even this small failure had set off the waterworks.

I sighed. She probably blamed herself for my injury despite it being the fault of Vita's divine will.

"Shh, baby, don't cry. I'm fine. Mother will fix me right up and I'll be up and about soon. Hmm?"

"Masteer. I was so scaared. I had no control and... and I just bit into you and I could taste everything a-and I was too busy suppressing the magic and then I screamed at my body to stop... it just wouldn't stoop. Aanh haaanh!" she began crying even louder, devolving into full blown wailing.

I felt flustered. I had no idea how to handle her in this state.

I grabbed her hair, pulled back her head and stopped up her mouth with mine forcefully, shocking her into silence.

As I explored her mouth with my tongue, I could feel that her gums were scratched and inflamed from excessive brushing. My mind trembled. Poor girl.

Breaking away, a trail of silvery saliva connected our lips as I looked into her watery green eyes.

"Where's Phobos? Let's talk this through together, yeah? Remember the time when I rough-handled her hair during sex and she didn't talk to me for a week? You just came and put your foot down, pulling our ears and making us sit down and talk it out... it's because there's three of us that our relationship functions, yeah?

"I'll tell you what... why don't the two of you put on a show for me? It's been a long time since you've had some fun with just you girls, right? So, have at it and when I'm aroused and you're wet, we'll try again. What do you say? Hmm?"

Throughout my speech her eyes had been growing brighter and brighter and by the end, I could feel her juices moistening my shirt where she straddled my hips.

I laughed out loud and patted her buttocks. "That's my little slut. Wet already."

She gave me a watery smile. It was like the sun shining through the clouds after a rainstorm.

Suddenly, her eyes widened and she exclaimed, "Phi-Phi said she'd be in the cells!"

Both of us looked into the other's eyes. It looked like we weren't the only ones affected by the incident.

I cracked into a smile, "Then we'll have to go and get her, won't we? How else will I get my show?"

With a happy peal of laughter, she bounced off me and hurriedly dressed herself and helped me pull up my pants.

Supporting me by the arm, she brought us towards the cells.

Suddenly, the world spun around me as my legs were swept away from underneath me.

For a moment I felt weightless before tightening my arm around her neck for support.

"Master, you're too slow, ya."

A breeze blew against my hair and to my great mortification, I realized that she was running down the hallways with me in a princess carry.

"Put me down!" I squawked.

"Nope. Ha-ha."

I could only pray that nobody noticed us...

Who was I kidding... by the end of the day, I'd probably have an addition to my long list of derogatory nicknames:

Mars Felidae: Princess Charming, the Rider of Women.

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Once upon a time in a Bestia tribe a boy was born.

He was named Adam and he was the son of the Chief with his wife.

The Chief was lascivious and had a number of maids he kept at his beck and call to sate his lust.

When he was just born and his mother unconscious from the ordeal:

The first midwife exclaimed, "He has no tail."

The second midwife pointed out, "His ears aren't like ours."

The third midwife yelled excitedly, "He has no teeth!"

The first midwife interjected, "Idiot! Which new-born has teeth?"

The exclaimed together, "Hominum!"

The Chief spat out disgusted, "Useless!"

So, they switched him with his son with one of his maids.

The maid bullied him for being the cause of her having to part with her child.

The Chief bullied him for being a useless son.

His own mother unknowingly bullied him for being a symbol of her husband's infidelity.

The child who had replaced him, grew up bullying him because he was instigated by the sight of his elders doing so.

Adam was a sad little boy.

He wasn't even blessed with any of the bloodline gifts the other Bestia children awakened.

One day while foraging in the forest near his tribe, he was chased down by a pack of wolves and forced to take shelter in a remote cavern.

In it he found some vestiges of a civilization long past and a book that instructed him in its language.

After two days of prowling around the cavern, waiting for him to exit, the wolves grew bored and left in search of easier prey.

Adam made his way back to the tribe and stumbled upon a remote shelter.

Hungry and tired, he decided to spend the night there.

Pushing open the door, he was greeted by a rank stench.

What he saw there, left him stunned.

Six naked women were locked in cages amidst the squalor.

Scars crisscrossed their bodies and signs of sexual abuse were clearly visible.

When he entered, they looked up at him with apathetic eyes.

He knew then, that there were beings more unfortunate than him in the world.

Over the next year, he spent a lot of time bringing them food and water, blankets to keep them warm and keeping them company to stave off their insanity.

He learnt that they were born with extremely strong bloodlines and correspondingly strengthened magical gifts.

Unfortunately, the gift came with a curse that turned them into mindless monsters.

If they were beaten thoroughly into submission, they reverted to their Bestia form for the duration of three days until their Feral nature reasserted itself.

The Chief had thus ordered them locked away and used as brood mares to birth strong sons with great magical gifts for the tribe while the daughters born were slaughtered.

Adam also learnt their names:

Evelyn the fire kissed.

Naeneve the wind blessed.

Everly the beloved of water.

Evette of the earth.

Genevieve the shadow mistress.

Maeve the light bringer.

He had learnt the old language from the book he had obtained from the cavern and it had struck a chord with something instinctive within him.

Combined with his desire to free them and the growing cordiality between them, he decided to act upon the urgings.

He wrote the names of their gifts upon their skin with his blood and the first contractual bond the world had seen post-apocalypse was formed.

Assisted by the bond, the women were able to break out of their confinement.

Wallowing in wine and women, the Chief had left his magic uncultivated and easily lost his life at the hands of the vengeful women.

After that night of fire and destruction, the tribe was Adam's to rule and he set about reforming it in accordance with his ideals.

He realised that all Hominum had a unique talent beyond the six elements. They could contract any Feral and help them stabilize in their Bestia form while obtaining a portion of their power to help strengthen their body as well as access to one sixth of their magical prowess.

He also found that Hominum could use this contract to join a Bestia couple together.

While a Hominum could withstand six contracts, a Bestia could only bear one.

Thus, he formulated his ten commandments:

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt marry one wife. (Bestia)

Thou shalt marry six wives. (Hominum)

Thine marriage shalt be validated by a covenant.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Thou shalt train as a Tamer. (Hominum)

Thou shalt not turn away a willing couple. (Hominum)

Thou shalt pay a Tamer for their services with a month of thine earnings.

Disillusioned by the concept of tribal segregation and the ongoing witch hunt against women with strong bloodlines, he set about building his empire with the help of his six consorts and an army of Bestia soldiers empowered by their bonds with their spouses, which had been created by the Hominum in his employ.

Soon, he had conquered a large portion of the continent and freed innumerable suffering women, tamed countless Ferals and overseen a multitude of marriages.

He ascended the throne with the reign title, Emperor Regiis I and established the Regiis Empire.

He taught all comers without discrimination and his disciples numbered in the thousands. They spread his ideas and his commandments all over the continent and some even imitated him to form their own empires while others set up their ideal governance systems like republics and confederacies.

It was a prosperous time when hundred schools of thought contended together to develop the continent.

Till today, the Regiis Empire is the largest and most prestigious organization in the Continent bar none.

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Phobos closed the book she was reading and turned it over to view its title: The Tale of Adam and his Six Eves by Tamriel Hawthorne, Bard extraordinaire.

The author was a bit pompous but the best works in the historical fiction genre were credited under his name.

The book spoke of the rise of the Regiis Empire that they were currently in and gave an insight into the social conditions at that time.

The social position of women in society, specially those with strong bloodlines, had been drastically promoted with the advent of Tamers.

If before they were objects of a witch hunt, now, they were highly sought-after marriage candidates as the contract allowed for sharing their power.

She sighed and put down the book and looked around at her bare, cell-like surroundings, a throwback to the pre-Tamer era.

Women who were likely to turn Feral and weren't confident in maintaining control could choose, or be forced, to live in such isolated cells so that even if they awakened, they wouldn't hurt anyone.

It was considered a great shame to have to be put in one as it was indicative of poor willpower.

She would have much preferred to stay with her parents but they were out of station, serving their time in the army and hearing Epione narrate the tale of their love, she didn't want to intrude upon them.

She curled up on the hard bed and sighed again. She was used to the warmth of having two bodies to cuddle with. The sudden solitude was jarring.

It was her turn to be in the middle too.

She buried her face in the pillow.



She wondered how Deimos was doing with Mars and suddenly felt jealous of her. If only she had awakened too...

Her bitter musings were interrupted when Deimos suddenly came barging into the room with a thoroughly mortified and blushing Mars in her arms.

Laughing, she set him down on the bed and pounced on the open-mouthed Phobos.

Phobos had expected the night to be cold and lonesome...

It wasn't...

It was warm...