

FeralHeart Chapter 15 - Chapter 3

Chapter 15: Chapter 3

The sun rose over the Boris lake giving it a rosy tint. A light breeze picked up, creating shallow ripples on the water surface.

Situated in the central part of Felidae territory, close to their estate, it was frequented by the members of the clan due to its tranquil atmosphere.

Today, the cool gust reached the bank of the lake and ruffled the hair of a young couple who were stationed there, hand in hand.

Deimos tucked her dishevelled hair back behind her ear before reaching up to adjust Mars' crimson locks. His right hand was still in a splint and she was unwilling to release his left hand from her grasp for even a second.

It had been two days since her awakening and his injury was healing fast with the combination of his mother's healing sessions and intercourse with her. His body was even growing stronger from the back coupling of Vita's divine power he received through their bond.

Her eyes met his, the crimson irises seeming to catch flame in the carmine hue of the rising sun.

She couldn't help but be a little infatuated by the cordiality in his line of sight. Flustered, she released his hand and turned her back to him.

Kicking off her shoes, she lightly skipped on top of the thick wooden stakes that fenced off the boundary of the lake. The lake was cordoned off into three parts.

The part they were at was reserved for the members of the clan and their guests, a private stretch of lakefront. It was empty today, allowing them to enjoy this world of two people.

In the central portion of the lake, extensive fishery was carried out as Boris Lake was the largest body of freshwater in the vicinity.

The opposite banks were open to the public for their morning walk and recreation.

The regularly placed thick wooden stakes, made of logs cut from trees and truncated to waist height, were connected to each other by sturdy ropes. They were intended to prevent children from straying into the waters and the flattened tops of the logs provided seating.

Deimos skipped lightly from stake to stake, currents of air lightening her and making her seem to glide in the interim of leaps.

The dawn radiance illuminated her summer frock, outlining her lithe and petite figure against the sunlight. Its crimson hue, making her blush indistinguishable.

Mars followed behind her, almost jogging to keep up as his eyes appreciated her celestial form.

Midway between jumps, twirling around to face him, she came to a stop on the next pillar. Bending forward with her hands clasped behind her back, she brought her face near his, her eyes taking in the sight of him.

His eyes drifted to the deep gully revealed by her posture in her neckline. She smiled with self-satisfaction at his reaction and when he looked up and caught her expression, he couldn't help but feel a bit awkward.

She bent further forward and bit the tip of his ear gently. Licking it lightly, she could feel him shudder from the unexpectedness of the action. She noted, yet again, that his ears were rounded and hairless unlike Phobos' or her own.

She mumbled around it, "Master, you don't need to feel awkward when you look at my body. Rather, I'm really happy that you find me attractive. The day you stop giving me these reactions, I'll know I've lost my charm. That would be sad, ya?"

Her hot breath blew into his ear along with her words, making them seem much more sensual than they should have been and she noticed the budding bulge in his pants.

Without waiting for his response, she drew back and skipped away, her clear laughter reverberating in the crisp dawn air.

Suddenly, with a blast of wind, she jumped much higher than all previous times and deftly divested herself of her beige summer frock, her bellyband and her loincloth, tossing them in his direction.

While he snagged the articles of clothing from the air, clearing his line of sight, she had already landed on the next pillar. Except, she was in her Feral form.

The gentle breeze ruffled her short, white fur, speckled with dark brown as she narrowed her vibrant green eyes at the water surface.

As soon as the ripples from the gust subsided, returning the surface of the water to tranquillity, her form blurred.

Mars jogged up to the fence with her clothes in his arm and looked out upon the lake.

Circular ripples spread from where her paws touched the water as she darted over its surface, the wind sustaining her and amplifying her speed.

Striking out with her forepaw, water splashed as she batted a large fish out of the water and her jaws snapped shut on it, all without even slowing down.

Curving her path on the water, she traversed a large circle on the surface of the lake as she turned back towards the shore with the struggling fish in her mouth.

Her form was an epitome of grace and agility as she leapt ashore, pouncing onto Mars who had been watching her, mesmerized, knocking him flat on his back. The clothes in his hand scattering by his side.

Red eyes locked with Feral green as boy and beast stared at each other.

Her eyes morphed, as did her face and body as she returned to her Bestia form, straddling him, naked as the day she was born. The still struggling fish clamped tightly in her mouth.

She held the tail of the creature which was making a last-ditch effort at survival, withdrew it from her mouth and slammed its head on a nearby stone.

It flopped once, twice and then, lay still.

Throughout the process, she kept her gaze locked with his. Leaning forwards, her white hair curtained down around his face as her breasts pressed against his chest.

The light of dawn shone from behind her, through her white tresses, wrapping her pretty face in a sanguine halo. The blood from where her fangs had punctured the fish dyed her lips red. She leisurely stuck out her pink tongue, licking it off, the sight causing his blood to flow to his loins.

Cupping his face with both her hands and staring deep into his eyes, she said, "Master, the Wind is just like one's thoughts: unfettered, free. Like a recalcitrant child, it can't be forced, or it will throw a tantrum. If I tell you not to think of a flying pink elephant, that's just what you will think of."

The tip of her nose touched his and they could feel the the other's breath, hot with arousal.

"Like thoughts, the wind needs to be guided. You need to be its friend not its master. Then it will lend you all its power. The very same power that can turn the mountains in its way to deserts and raise the sturdiest of trees by their roots. You need to relax, ya?"

Led into synchronized breathing by the lilting cadence of her voice and the swirling lights he could see in the depths of her eyes, Mars grew tranquil under her. Muscles he

had kept tightened without even knowing, relaxed and started protesting their strain by flooding his brain with a tingling pain.

The pain was a comforting one, indicative of his body beginning its journey towards recovery.

The light in her eyes seemed to grow even brighter and he couldn't look away from her mesmerizing gaze when she sat up slowly, maintaining eye contact. "Master, the wind is free and for it to accept you as its friend, your innermost feelings must be free too. When you want to skip on the fence, you should. When you want to catch a fish, you should."

With deft hands, she freed his erect member from his pants and with a comfortable moan, let it slide into her moist entrance.

"And when you want to make love," hiking up his shirt and supporting herself by her palms on his chest, she moved her waist in a figure of eight, rubbing her genitals along his abs, leaving a trail of moisture on his skin, "you should."

She saw her own eyes reflected in his and the growing brilliance in their depths and she knew what it meant. Moaning with reckless abandon, she relinquished all rational thought and immersed herself in the pleasure of the moment as she looked into his eyes and swayed her hips, moaning as her erect clitoris rubbed against his skin, sending shivers up her spine.

From her words and tone, Mars understood what she wanted to convey.

Despite his bravado, he hadn't been confident in overthrowing Bruno in the upcoming competition. After all, trying to overcome the disparity of lacking magic by pure body tempering and martial arts was an extremely difficult prospect, especially since Bruno's body had a much stronger foundation compared to his, what with his Siberian Tiger bloodline.

But after Deimos' unexpected early awakening, he had found hope. Hope for a boost in strength that would tip the scales in his favour.

Sitting up by purely relying on his abs, careful to avoid his splinted arm, he wrapped her hair around his left wrist and pressed his forehead to hers. Staring into her eyes, he got onto his knees and then stood up with his member still buried deep within her, touching the entrance to her womb.

Her vaginal walls convulsed around him as she wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist.

Walking towards the fence, each step eliciting a sensuous moan from her and a comfortable grunt from him as his engorged member dug deeper into her. Setting her buttocks on the flat surface of a stake, he pounded into her with wild passion.

A wind picked up around them as Deimos' eyes glowed an arcane blue, even as the both of them drowned their worries in the depths of their lust.

Her mana began to evolve.

The wind howled, growing from gust to gale, reflecting the rise of their excitement and her growing strength.

The marking on the back of his left hand itched as a connection formed between them and a warm breeze seemed to blow into his mind from her, growing in power and speed until it reflected the storm around them.

Streams of dust from all around were sucked into the swirling winds as were thin tendrils of water from the lake, turning the miniature hurricane dark, blocking the red sunlight out from where the two of them consummated their relationship in the calm eye of the storm.

With a primal roar and a sensual yowl, they reached their climax simultaneously, the hurricane exploding outwards in a shower of wind blades that utterly disintegrated several of the wooden stakes and scored deep furrows into the ground in a wide radius.

Tier 2 wind magic: Blade Edge Hurricane.

Deimos had broken through.

Bright blue wind mana blew within Mars' mindscape.

He had too.