

Chapter 17

EMERIEL

"At least try to sit down, Emeriel," Madam Livia said, as she had countless times before.

Emeriel ignored her. He felt as if he were being torn apart from the inside.

Resisting the overwhelming urge to rip off his garments, keeping his body still fully clothed despite the discomfort. Instead, he paced back and forth, his breath coming in heavy pants.

Sweat poured from his feverish body, his trembling limbs unable to find relief. He walked unsteadily on shaky legs, his breasts aching and yearning to be freed from the constraints of the tight binds.

His intimate areas were soaked, his clitoris swollen and throbbing. Emeriel fought the urge to lay down, spread his legs, and touch himself until he climaxed. The urge was all-consuming, but he fought hard, his fingers twitching with the effort.

Another contraction struck, this time, the intense pain was so sharp it ripped through his belly.

Emeriel screamed. Agony coursed through him, tearing at his belly from within. His vaginal passage convulsed and clenched, aching for a release that wouldn't come. Burning, as if it were engulfed in flames.

Frozen in place, Emeriel let out another piercing cry, as pain clawed at his womb, his tear-filled eyes fixed on the ceiling above as a terrifying growl echoed nearby.

It jolted Emeriel out of his painful haze before the spasms had even subsided. He frantically scanned his surroundings, startled by the sound. That growl sounded dangerously close.

A glance at Madam Livia confirmed it wasn't just his delirious mind playing tricks. The older woman had leaped out of bed, instantly on high alert.

"What is happening?!" Emeriel cried, his voice filled with desperation.

Another growl echoed through the air, even closer than before.

The blood drained from Madam Livia's face, her gaze fixed on the door. "The beast. It is approaching."

"What?!" Emeriel barely had time to process the information before the door burst open. Behind it stood the most terrifying creature he had ever seen.

It was the beast of his dreams.

Standing at least seven feet tall, the beast towered on its hind legs. A thick black mane framed its head, its brows furrowed over piercing yellow eyes. Its massive paws were adorned with long, razor-sharp claws that could easily tear through anything in its path. Its bronze body was muscular, covered in fur, its broad pectoral muscles clearly defined.

Even his dreams hadn't prepared him for its sheer size. Emeriel felt lightheaded, paralyzed with fear.

It stalked into the room, its movements graceful and predatory, and Emeriel caught sight of its lengthy tail.

Covered in sharp spines resembling a nightmarish saw, the very tip of the tail appeared as a pointed dagger. It swung swiftly and unpredictably as the beast prowled.

The beast circled Emeriel, and he remained as still as a statue while it leaned in and sniffed his neck.

Then, it emitted a long, satisfied purr.

In that moment, Emeriel knew he was in grave danger. The beast had come here...specifically for him.

But why!?

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EMERIEL

The beast sniffed Emeriel once more, emitting another low rumble that sent shivers down Emeriel's spine. He whimpered, overcome with fear.

"Do not move, Emeriel," came the familiar voice of Lord Vladya, causing Emeriel to snap his head in that direction. Lord Vladya and Lord Ottai stood at the doorway.

They had bewilderment, surprise, and wariness on their faces. Behind them, Emeriel glimpsed his panicked sister, attempting to peer past their towering figures.

"W-what is happening?" Emeriel's teeth chattered uncontrollably.

"Walk out slowly, Livia," Lord Vladya instructed in a low tone, so as not to draw the beast's attention. "Very slowly."

Madam Livia exited the room in silence, following the instructions carefully, but stayed by the entrance. At the door, Lord Ottai positioned himself in front of her, shielding her.

"Why would it pursue the boy?" Lord Ottai cast a perplexed look at Lord Vladya. "It sniffs him as if he is in heat."

Lord Vladya shook his head. He had no idea.

"W-what's g-g-going on?" Emeriel stammered, as the beast pressed its firm body against his back.

Its paw-like hands gripped Emeriel's lower belly, pulling him closer. Emeriel felt something hard poking his lower back.

The organ felt gigantic. Intimidating. There was no way it could fit inside him.

"H-help me, please." Emeriel implored them.

"Em!? Oh, Em!" Aekeira cried, struggling to move between the two men, but Lord Vladya firmly held her back. "Let me go, I need to reach my brother!"

"You cannot. If you get too close, both of you will be killed," Lord Vladya warned Aekeira. "No one comes between a Urekai beast and its prey. It would be suicide."

Turning his attention to Emeriel, the grand lord's eyes softened a bit at the sight of helpless tears in Emeriel's eyes and his trembling body. "Listen carefully, he began. "The beast has chosen you, little prince. I have no idea why, but it has."

"No, pl-please—"

"Your chances of survival would likely increase if you don't resist." The grand lord continued. "If you fight or pull away, it will become more aggressive and will harm you severely. Its instincts are on high alert. Even if it bites, scratches, or claws at you, try your best not to fight back or trigger the hunter that sees everything as a threat to be torn apart."

"Oh, Light above!" Aekeira sobbed, her hands pressed firmly against her mouth, her eyes wide with horror.

"If the beast enters your virgin ass without proper preparation, it will tear you apart. Your only hope now is to arouse it enough so that it releases a copious amount of precum, which you can use as lubrication to ease the way. Present to him. Do not forget, present to him," Lord Vladya repeated firmly.

Emeriel could sense another wave of heat coming, but he fought hard to suppress it. The presence of the beast seemed to have momentarily calmed his heat, but the underlying prickling sensation remained...just beneath his skin.

"May your gods protect you, but we must leave. The beast cannot sense our presence, or it will attack," Lord Vladya took hold of Aekeira and began pulling her away, practically dragging her as they moved away from the door.

Lord Ottai shook his head, pity clear in his eyes. "Do not resist, do not fight. Hope to hell your blood does not entice him. The beast must not drink from you, or it will drain you completely dry. May your gods be with you," he added before turning and following Lord Vladya.