

Chapter 18

Only Madam Livia remained.

"Please, d-don't leave, Madam Livia. I-I'm scared." Tears trailed down his cheeks. He didn't want to be left alone with the beast. The thought alone filled him with overwhelming panic. "Don't leave—"

Another wave of spasms washed over him, and he cried out in agony.

The beast snarled, then raised a massive paw and with two swift motions, like an X, it tore Emeriel's clothes—both his outer and inner garments—leaving them in tatters on the ground.

Emeriel cried out, his eyes wide with horror, expecting to find himself torn and bleeding. But, to his relief, it was only his clothes that lay in shreds. He stood half-naked, the binds still around his chest.

The beast snarled again, slashing at the bandage and ripping it from his chest. Emeriel's breasts spilled out, full and achingly aroused, his nipples standing erect.

In the same manner, the creature turned its attention to his breeches, and reduced them into shreds. Before long, Emeriel stood completely nude, vulnerable to the hungry gaze of the beast.

The beast lifted him off his feet and hurled him onto the bed.

"I will step out of sight, but I will be right outside," Madam Livia's voice sounded distant.

Emeriel's entire being buzzed with a mixture of arousal and fear, his attention entirely on the beast staring at him as if he were a fresh meal to be devoured.

Why is my body so attuned to this feral?

The beast's manhood stood erect and heavy, curved at the tip. Red, angry, and glistening with precum.

Although Emeriel was afraid of the intimidating weapon before him, a rush of liquid flooded from between his legs, coating the portion of the bed beneath him.

Seeing himself so exposed, with his feminine parts laid bare, it was difficult for Emeriel to perceive himself as male at that moment. So hard for him to view himself as the disguise he had lived his entire life.

Plump breasts, elongated and sensitive nipples, a bare vagina, and a swollen, glistening clitoris—all he saw was the female he truly was.

A terrified, aroused female who was about to be mounted by the most feared beast in Urai.

The gods help me.

GRAND LORD VLADYA

Standing at the outskirts of the southern wing, Lord Vladya gazed up at the starry night sky.

Ottai had departed to join the festival, but he had chosen to remain behind. In the distance, the sounds of merriment reached his ears, as his people reveled in the festivities. It brought him some peace.

These days, it takes a great deal to bring happiness to their people. Centuries may have passed, but the horrors that had befallen the Urekai on that fateful night remained etched in their memories.

Time was fleeting for them, so they did not easily forget the losses they endured. Thus, whenever they managed to find joy in anything, it was welcomed.

Vladya was troubled. Why had Daemonikai sought out the boy?

True, the boy emitted an unusual scent. An incredibly enticing one, faint yet present. Almost like the scent Ukerai females have during mini-heat.

Such a thing was impossible. Vladya dismissed the thought.

But still. Why would the beast single out the boy? It was highly unusual for a feral Urekai beast to seek out a specific individual. Their minds simply did not operate in such a manner.

"By the gods. Please, Lord Vladya, I beg of you!" The female's sobbing voice came from behind.

Vladya ignored the human princess. In the wake of the recent events, the girl's fear of him seemed to have taken a back seat. Her concern for her sibling had become paramount. The princess had followed him persistently since he departed the chamber, beseeching him to return and rescue her brother.

The girl dropped to her knees before him. "I am willing to do anything. I shall pay whatever price you demand. Please, save him!"

Vladya spun around to face her. Whether it was the festive atmosphere, the throbbing headache pounding at his temples, or the recent encounter with Daemon's beast, he couldn't say. But, for some reason, he found himself unable to summon the anger that usually surged within him in the presence of humans.

Perhaps it was because he understood the need to save someone dear to you, knowing deep down that you cannot save them. Perhaps it was because he knew what it felt like to love someone dearly, the desire to shield them from all harm.

But all he felt now was weariness as he regarded the once-human princess. Her face was swollen, streaked with smeared makeup, tainted red by grief, and dampened by tears.

"Aekeira, you cannot save him now. You can only hope that he retains even the smallest flicker of life when the beast is finished with him." He told her yet again.

He had uttered those words repeatedly to the stubborn female, yet they yielded the same effect. She cried louder, staring at the path leading to her brother with longing, commencing her plea once more.

The young slave girl whom he had sent to Livia's chambers returned, bearing a potion with her. "Here it is, my lord."

"Give it to her," he gestured to the female kneeling before him. Then, to Aekeira, he ordered in a calm tone, "Drink it. It shall help you calm down."

"No! No, I do NOT wish to calm down! I want to save my brother, I—"

"I cannot help your brother if you don't take that potion, Aekeira," he interjected, his tone steady.

The girl's brown eyes widened and she quickly accepted the potion, consuming its contents. "Will you help Em?" Her voice was small, filled with hope.

"Yes." In a way, it was not a lie.

Vladya had no intention of going in there to rescue the boy. But, if the boy were to scream, his sister might act rashly, endangering herself, and her brother, as well as half the people in Ravenshadow tonight. That was something he could not allow to happen.

Within seconds, the princess's eyes grew heavy, her head drooping dizzily. The next moment, she was fast asleep.

A soldier hastened forward. "I will take her away, my lord." He bowed, preparing to do so.

"No." With just one word, the soldier halted instantly. "I will take her."

Lifting the girl into his arms, Vladya took a step forward, but stilled. A wave of hunger crashed over him. It was subtle, yet surprising.

He did not feel any attraction towards humans. Hatred was the only emotion he had harbored towards their kind for a very long time. And that was how he wanted to remain.

But as he walked out of Frostfall, and into Blackstone, questions flooded his mind.

Why had the beast gone after that young human male? No matter how hard he pondered, he could not fathom a reason for it.

Daemonikai had never shown interest in males during his lifetime, and even if he had, it would not be sufficient reason for his feral to seek out one single male.

Could the boy be Daemonikai's Soulbond?

He snorted. Why would I even entertain such a thought? Vladya would have chuckled if he were capable of laughter. The idea was so preposterous it bordered on the absurd.

Soulbonds were incredibly rare. So rare, in fact, that many believed them to be extinct.

Only a handful of bondmates in his time had been Soulbonds, and Vladya had lived for nearly four thousand years.

And a man simply a bondmate to another male. It was just impossible. Right?

Even if, by some miracle, the boy were a syren and Daemonikai's Soulbond, it still would not explain why the wild beast would recognize him. The beast was feral now. Mindless. Devoid of thought.

Ferals were known to even kill their bondmates and offspring. So, what in the name of Ukrae is happening here?