

## Chapter 25

AEKEIRA

Aekeira's heart skipped several beats, and panic flashed in Emeriel's eyes as they met his. Emeriel adjusted himself on the bed, fingers trembling as he reached for the hem of his tunic.

"Not you." Lord Zaiper's gaze shifted from Emeriel to rest upon Aekiera. "You. Rise and undress for me."

Relief rushed through Aekeira. Thank the gods, it was not Em.

She rose and began to undress, her movements tense. Completely naked before Lord Zapier, he closed the distance between them, his eyes scrutinizing her body intently.

His eyes stayed on her plump breasts, then lowered to her flat belly before settling on her most intimate area. "Mmh. Beautiful," Lord Zaiper remarked. His hand moved to her womanhood, palming her.

Aekeira squeezed her eyes shut, but remained still as Lord Zaiper explored her body. His eyes held a daring challenge, silently warning her against any wrong reactions.

Emeriel's fist was clenched. Do not react, Em. Reacting would only get you in trouble.

"Such a pretty pussy," Lord Zaiper commented, one hand encircling Aekeira's narrow waist while the other slipped between her legs, forcing them apart. Without finesse, he inserted two fingers inside her.

Aekeira cried out, her eyes watering.

"Tight. Too tight," he murmured approvingly, his head tilting to the side. "Your body recovered quickly after taking our beast form. Impressive." He continued thrusting his fingers in and out, exploring and probing. "Hades, your channel is too narrow. You are going to feel so good on my dick. We will have so much fun."

Aekeira felt sharp, acute pain gnawing at her. Tears flowed freely, and her knees trembled with the effort to remain upright.

"All hail His Majesty the Third! The third sovereign ruler of Urai. Sole leader of the western wings. All hail Grand Lord Vladya!"

The door swung open, and Grand Lord Vladya entered with his characteristic lethal grace.

"Our presence is requested. We must gather at the Court of Duty to address the council," Lord Vladya announced, his gaze fixed on Lord Zaiper.

Lord Zaiper withdrew his fingers, and like a male who had all the time in the world, brought them to his nose and inhaled deeply.

"An earthly scent." A low growl emanated from his throat, his eyes shutting momentarily as he savored the scent, before licking his fingers clean. "Truly exquisite."

Only then did he step away from Aekeira, his attention shifting to Lord Vladya standing behind him.

"I did not want to be interrupted. Damn it, I had plans for tonight," he grumbled, his eyes suggestive as they landed on Aekeira.

"This would not have happened if you had not foolishly decided to spread fear among our people," Lord Vladya growled.

Lord Zaiper's eyes blazed with fury. "Foolishly? Are you calling me foolish!?"

"You heard me right, Grand Lord Zaiper. Or does your stupidity impair your hearing?"

Lord Zaiper got to his face. "You dare insult me? In the presence of these peasants?"

But Lord Vladya simply turned toward the door. "Do not keep the council waiting, Grand Lord Zaiper. If you aspire to be the grand king, at least show respect for the voice of the people. Do not just pretend. And ensure you are punctual for council meetings."

At the mention of "grand king", Lord Zaiper's anger died and a gleam entered his eyes. "I do not pretend," he said indignantly, but Lord Vladya had already departed.

Lord Zaiper glared at the three witnesses in the bedchamber, who kept their heads low, carefully avoiding his gaze.

Addressing Aekeira, he said, "We will continue this later." Then looked at Emeriel. "You are quite a pretty boy. Make sure you heal well."

With his robe swirling, Lord Zaiper spun around and left the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

EMERIEL

By the end of the week, Emeriel's condition had significantly improved. For some reason, an order had been issued granting him a temporary release from his duties while he healed.

This meant no work, no responsibilities, so Amie diligently brought him books to keep himself busy between his meals.

When Emeriel inquired about the unexpected change, Madam Livia remained tight-lipped. "Do you not appreciate it? Would you prefer to work while you heal?"

Naturally, Emeriel was grateful for the reprieve and expressed his thanks to the elderly woman, but she waved it off dismissively.

The reason behind Madam Livia's continuous assistance remained a mystery to him, but Emeriel saw no reason to question her kindness.

Unfortunately, Emeriel did not get to see Aekeira as frequently as he would have liked.

She had been assigned to the well area for the week, tirelessly drawing water and filling countless basins and gallons throughout the fortress.

The silver lining was that the large wells were located far from the northern wings. There was little chance Aekeira would cross paths with Grand Lord Zaiper.

After the awful experience Emeriel would be glad if his sister never encountered him again. Forever.

Aekeira had informed him of Lord Vladya's summons. Emeriel had journeyed to Blackwood, only to discover that Grand Lord Vladya was away on a trip. Since then, there had been no sign or word from the Lord.

However, that was the least of his worries. The beast never left his mind.

Something within him had changed that night. He was not in heat, nor had he experienced it again, but an unfamiliar craving awoke within him.

The mere thought of that night or the beast, made him feel warm inside. Made him wet.

It seemed as though an inexplicable connection had been forged between them while the feral ruthlessly plundered his body, and Emeriel wanted for more.

The very notion was absurd. Horrifying. Utterly dreadful.

He hated being taken by the beast, the excruciating pain still fresh in his memory. The fear and panic of a repeat encounter sent him into cold sweats.

No, he had no desire for the beast's strange attention to be focused on him. No, he did not want to be mounted by the beast again.

And yet, his body craved more.

His nights were plagued by erotic dreams of the beast ravishing him repeatedly, causing Emeriel to wake up flushed, feverish, and teetering on the brink of climax.

Goodness, what was happening to me?