

Chapter 33

GRAND LORD VLADYA

"I was beginning to think you had fallen victim to some strange ailment that hinders your ability to attend to court matters," Lord Zaiper remarked casually withdrawing his dick from the girl lying on the table. Turning her body around, he thrust back inside.

"I have been occupied." Lord Vladya briefly glanced at Zaiper's actions, pursed his lips, shook his head, then proceeded toward his throne. "You are disgusting."

"Don't take your foul mood out on me this fine morning," Zaiper smirked wolfishly. "I was craving something different."

"Do you fuck dead bodies now?"

"She isn't dead. Just drugged into sleep. I've been craving them motionless for a while now. You know, to add a touch of excitement. And I never deny myself what I crave."

"Where is Lord Ottai?"

Zaiper pumped his hips repeatedly and smacked the girl's buttocks letting out a groan of pleasure. "I have no idea. He is running late. Probably getting some from Morina."

"Don't you tire of sex, Zaiper? Unlike others who occasionally take breaks, you have been incessantly engaging in it for the past four millennia."

Thrust. "One does not grow weary of one of life's greatest pleasures, Lord Vladya." Thrust. Thrust. "Not when there is such an array of choices available. I can never understand individuals like you who desire bondmates, or those like Ottai who have remained bonded for centuries. I would rather have variety than stick to one."

At that moment, the door swung open and Grand Lord Ottai entered the chamber. "What did I miss?" His gaze fell upon Zaiper, and he scowled. "Too early for these antics, Lord Zaiper. Are you now engaging in necrophilia?"

Zaiper rolled his eyes. After a few more thrusts, he climaxed into the motionless body. He cleaned himself and signaled for one of the guards to remove the slave. Then, he straightened his attire and made his way to his own throne.

"Very well, gentlemen," Zaiper said. "Now that the tardy ones have joined us, let us commence the day."

That night, Emeriel shed the physical disguise that had concealed her true identity as a female, lying in her bed. Now, she was simply Emeriel, the princess turned slave.

Clad in her night attire, she gently massaged her breasts, seeking relief from the ache that had formed from being confined all day long. Thoughts of her sister's words weighed heavily on her mind.

Emeriel did not regret becoming involved or making those Urekai buy her too. She did not regret being here, together with her sister.

But Aekeira had been right. There really was no salvation for them in Urai. Being treated like mere trash was truly their fate now. No miracle was going to happen.

The harsh reality settled in, and Emeriel felt a sharp pain in her chest, unrelated to the discomfort in her breasts. Determined not to succumb to tears again, Emeriel forced herself to abandon such thoughts.

In its place, the thought of tomorrow's duties consumed her. Emeriel had caught snippets of conversation among the slaves. Whispers about the work assignments being reshuffled once more.

Someone would be unlucky enough to be assigned the cleaning duties of the floors that led to the forbidden chambers.

A shiver ran down her spine. Oh, Heavens, I hope it won't be me.

The mere idea of being near the beast again terrified her. A lot.

Sleep. I need sleep.

Turning to her side, she willed her eyes to close. Fortunately, exhaustion soon took over, and slumber embraced her, thinking perhaps they really should try running away.

Dreams invaded Emeriel's mind.

The beast pinned her against the wall, nudging her legs apart, and thrusting into her body. Emeriel cried out, powerless to do anything but take his savage thrusts.

His paws roamed her body as his monstrous manhood plunged in and out of her narrow, slick entrance, nailing her to the wall with the force of his slams.

And it felt so damn good, she saw stars. "It's so good. More..." she cried out.

Pulling away, the beast shifted her position, turning her to face the wall. Bending her over, he plunged all the way in, eliciting a scream.

He was so deep she could feel him pressing against her womb, battering her insides with relentless, punishing thrusts.

Waves of intense ecstasy crashed over her, forcing screams of pleasure from her lips.

And the beast did not stop there.

He took her again and again, his thick, throbbing member driving her to the brink. The pleasure was overwhelming, a flood of sensations that seemed never-ending.

He ravaged her like a creature possessed, making her release endlessly. And yet, the beast was not satisfied. He would take more. And more...!

Emeriel jolted upright, gasping for breath. Sweat drenched her body, and her disheveled coverlet lay discarded, evidence of her restless movements.

Her body burned with an unbearable heat, consumed by arousal so intense she feared, for a moment, that she had fallen into heat again.

The ache was unbearable. It felt as if she might die without relief.

Pulling the covers back over herself, she removed her undergarments, a loud moan escaping her lips as her fingers made contact with her swollen, throbbing clitoris.

So wet. Soaked and pulsing.

Her body begged for the beast's forked tongue to lick her to oblivion, like it had that night...

To flick, to suck her aching clit until she wailed her pleasure to the heavens.

"Gods...!" she cried out, the mental image transforming the fire in her into an unquenchable inferno.

Her fingers worked desperately, stroking herself as her body arched off the bed, pleasure surging through her. She bit into the bedding to muffle her cries, overwhelmed by the intensity of it all.

Her inner core felt painfully empty, craving to be filled. Slipping a finger inside herself, she let out a cry of bliss.

The hungry clenching of her inner muscles around her digit startled her. So tight, as though the beast's monstrous member had never ravaged her.

What if he mounted me again? What if he craved my body once more, needing to penetrate me, to claim me in the most primal way? What if he spread me open and breach my body—

A shocked cry tore from her as she tumbled over the edge of ecstasy. Sensation after sensation coursed through her body, leaving her trembling and her channel fluttering around her finger. The waves of pleasure seemed never-ending.

When Emeriel finally opened her eyes, she felt weirded out. Tears welled up, even as exhaustion took hold and sleep beckoned her once more.

She felt betrayed. By her traitorous mind and her own body.

What in the name of the heavens was wrong with her? How could her body want more of that beast?

Lights above, I'm a freak.