

## Chapter 60

All eyes turned to the beast—from the lords to the privileged, down to the slaves. Everyone remained still, terrified. No one moved a muscle. No one screamed.

The grand lords remained standing, their expressions wary, prepared to defend their people if it came to that, even if it meant sacrificing their own lives.

The beast strode into the Grand High Court, its steps majestic. A low rumble emanated from its throat, causing the ground to tremble under its weight.

Its massive tail wagged menacingly, as if seeking to strike into someone.

Emeriel fought the urge to wet his pants, standing alone at the very center of the court, exposed like a sacrificial lamb. He quickly averted his gaze.

Why was it here? Emeriel appreciated the interruption, but wouldn't a thunderclap have been better than facing this magnificent creature so far from its cage?

He couldn't believe he voluntarily went to the beast all those times. He'd fed that mouth. Emeriel couldn't fathom how he had ever brought his delicate fingers so close to those terrifying fangs.

King Daemonikai's beast prowled toward the center of the court, right in front of Emeriel, whose eyes widened. Its yellow eyes pierced through him, as if staring into his very soul.

Oh gods, he was going to die! Had the beast spared him all this time only to reserve him as a public feast?

But the beast moved past him, positioning itself between Emeriel and the onlookers. Then, it raised its head and roared into the sky.

Whimpers filled the air, accompanied by the scent of urine. Mingled with overwhelming terror.

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GRAND LORD VLADYA

Grand Lord Vladya was utterly perplexed. What in Urae was happening here?

The beast turned around, surveying them all.

The Urekai lords and attendees understood instinctively what was required of them. Despite the obvious terror clawing at them, they know the language of alpha beasts. The silent yet clear signs of dominance, the demands for submission.

Any wrong move, any challenge, and they knew they would be perceived as either prey or a threat. And there was no surviving that.

As one, the Urekai bowed their heads, tilting them to the side, exposing their necks.

A show of utter submission to the dominant alpha beast they had unknowingly provoked.

The beast's guttural grunt rumbled through the hall as it began circling the grand roundtable. Claws scraping against the stone floor with a soft, chilling rhythm, its movements fluid and quiet.

It wasn't just surveying—it was assessing. Sharp gaze flickered over each lord and lady, marking them one by one as if deciding which to devour first.

When it stopped, the room seemed to hold its breath. It turned sharply, fixing its yellow eyes on the grand lords.

Grand Lord Ottai and Vladya bowed their heads, tilting them to the side, baring their necks, even as their inner alpha beasts raged within them. However, Zaiper defiantly stared at the beast.

"What in Hades do you think you're doing?" Lord Ottai hissed, glaring at Zaiper.

"You're wasting your time, Ottai. The second ruler is not a fool, nor is he a child. If he decides to play with fire, there's nothing you can do about it," Lord Vladya muttered under his breath, giving Zaiper a bored look.

Zaiper cursed under his breath before reluctantly joining them in the submissive position.

Suddenly, the beast was in front of them. Despite being larger than most, it moved with lightning speed. It let out a low, threatening growl, grabbed Zaiper by the throat, and lifted him off his feet.

Shocked gasps filled the air as the beast snarled into Zaiper's face, digging its claw deep into his skin, drawing blood.

The scent of Zaiper's fear permeated the air, subtle but present, only the grand lords smelling it.

Vladya snorted. "Coward."

Ottai gave Vladya a pleading look, urging him to stop.

Fortunately for Zaiper, the beast released him, dropping him back to his feet. This time, Zaiper hastily bared his neck without hesitation, fully submitting.

But the feral beast wasn't satisfied.

It sent a burst of aggressive pheromones through Zaiper, aiming to provoke Zaiper's beast into challenging him. Even in their feral state, Urekai beasts enjoyed the thrill of the fight, to dominate, so they always sought to provoke.

Zaiper grunted, struggling to contain the energy and resist giving in. Pinpoints of pain crawled through his body, but he held still.

Finally, King Daemonikai's beast huffed, turned, and walked back to the center of the court.

Zaiper breathed a sigh of relief, while Vladya smirked at him, causing anger to flush Zaiper's face.

Vladya ignored him, focusing his attention on the beast. He was worried. The need to kill must be overwhelming. Who would be the unlucky victim?

Even if they all took their beast forms, rolled over on the floor, and showed their bellies in the most humiliatingly submissive behavior, there was no way the feral would leave the court without taking a few lives. That was simply the way of a feral, and they all knew it.

This time, the beast circled Emeriel.

The boy's eyes widened, and he quickly bared his neck. But, instead of leaving it at that, the imposing feral buried its nose in the little prince's neck, breathing in deeply.

It emitted a purr like a satisfied cat. Then inhaled deeply once more, as if it wished to draw every trace of the boy's scent into its lungs.

Surprised murmurs filled the air.

What was happening here? Was it the boy's blood? Did it smell that enticing to the beast? Did it want to drain the boy dry?

Pulling back, the beast's massive head tilting as it studied the boy. Then, slowly raised one enormous paw.

It was about to deliver a blow that would end that boy's life, wasn't it?

But instead of striking, the beast hooked its claws around Emeriel's waist and lifted him effortlessly off the ground.

A startled squeal escaped the boy as his feet left the floor. He whimpered softly, but fortunately for him, but he didn't struggle. The boy's small form looked impossibly fragile against the feral's broad chest.

The king beast turned, eyes sweeping the crowd one last time. As if daring anyone to challenge it...?

No one did.

Steps majestic, the beast made its way out of the court, each step oozing lethal grace.