

Chapter 63

AEKEIRA

Aekeira was unable to sleep, no matter how hard she tried.

On one hand, she was relieved Em had managed to avoid Lord Zaiper's attention in court and hadn't been forced to undress. On the other hand, a part of Aekeira wished she had undressed if it meant the beast would have stayed away.

Was Em still alive? Was she suffering at this very moment? Aekeira lifted her head, wiping away her tears before resting back on the pillow.

The soft sound of her door handle turning caught her attention. She sat up and stared at the door.

Unfortunately, her chamber lacked a lock. When she'd requested it, she was told as a slave, she had no right to privacy and should be thankful she was not in the slaves's quarters.

Being in the southern wings of the fortress did provide some advantages at least. Unauthorized individuals rarely ventured to this side. So, who would come here at this time of night?"

The door opened and Grand Lord Vladya entered.

Aekeira's breathing quickened, her heart pounding in her chest. She bowed her head and greeted him, "My lord."

He remained silent, his handsome face set to its icy demeanor. This Urekai had two default expressions—indifference, or a frosty scowl.

"Your brother is fine. Wipe away your tears and stop staining the sheets," he said, his scarred cheek drawn down in a terrifying snarl.

A wave of relief washed over her. "Thank you so much. Thank you." She managed to offer a watery smile.

"Do not thank me. I did not do you any favors," he stated flatly.

"But—"

"I am not here because of your cries. I could not care less if you cried yourself to your maker," he calmly explained as he shrugged out of his white robe and hung it on the dressing chair. "But I wanted something else, so I am here to collect."

Oh. Her happiness vanished, replaced by a sinking feeling of dread. Not this again. Not tonight.

"Strip and give me your back."

A knot twisted in her stomach. It was her fault this time around; she shouldn't have offered, no matter how desperate she had been. She had made a promise, hadn't she? She had been willing to trade her body to anyone who could enter that forbidden chamber and confirm her sister's well-being.

Fresh tears welled up in Aekeira's eyes as she rose from the bed and began untying her robe with shaky hands.

Her body went warm, betraying her again.

Aekeira panicked. If only there was a way she could command her body to stop. To stay cold for this man who despised her to the core.

Why did her body feel...almost excited? Eager to be mounted by this male?

Completely undressed, she set her clothes aside and stared up at him.

His eyes darkened with arousal as they roamed over her body. It looked like he was battling himself, fighting against something.

Then, he blinked and scowled. "Get on your hands and knees."

As Aekeira scrambled to get into position, he stood behind her, his hands gripping her hips, pulling her towards the edge of the bed.

He pressed his erection against her, his breath hissing, "The scent of your musk drives me insane."

She whimpered, burying her face in the sheet as she braced herself for the pain she knew would come.

And it did. With one forceful plunge, he entered her, releasing a low growl of pleasure.

Aekeira sobbed, attempting to move away from the burning sensation, but his grip on her waist tightened.

"You're so wet," he rumbled. "You smell like sin. Why do you become so wet for me?"

Amidst the searing pain, Aekeira groaned, ashamed. She didn't know why. But in that moment, she was grateful the moisture eased his entry, making the invasion somewhat bearable.

Again, he didn't allow her time to adjust to his size before thrusting. She felt so full. Uncomfortable.

While he emitted low groans of pleasure, she cried silently.

He took her hard, punishing her with each deep plunge, as if she was the sole cause of his sadness and anger to the world. Aekeira could only hold on for dear life.

When she was beginning to think she couldn't take it anymore, he came, spurting deep inside her. His semen burned, like pinpoints of flames spreading within her.

"Hot. It burns, please," she cried, her body shaking.

"It would, you're not an Urekai female or a syren," he spoke against her neck, his voice sounding slightly different.

Aekeira turned her head and gasped. His fangs had descended, his gaze pinned on her neck.

"Your blood calls to me. Why?" Lord Vladya hissed, struggling for control.

"I-I don't know, Your Highness. Please don't..." It was no secret Urekai drank from humans to kill, draining them completely. "Please, don't kill me."

His body grew tense. His fangs grazed her neck.

For a moment, Aekeira feared he would actually end her life. His breathing quickened, and his grip on her shoulder tightened painfully. He seemed to be locked in a fierce internal struggle.

Time dragged on, Aekeira's fear intensifying with every passing second.

Then, with a grunt, he abruptly pulled away from her. He straightened his clothes, took his robe, and walked out.

Aekeira lay there, tentative, crying softly, unable to move her body for a long, long time.

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EMERIEL

It had been three days but Emeriel remained in the forbidden chambers, unable to leave. Whenever he attempted to, the beast would let out a warning growl.

Emeriel had no understanding of what the beast wanted. It didn't try to mount him or drink his blood. It simply watched him with its piercing yellow eyes.

To pass the time, Emeriel found himself talking aloud, even though he knew the beast couldn't understand him. It was a way to maintain his sanity, otherwise he might actually go mad in this dark, quiet room with only a mindless—somewhat mindless—creature for company.

His sister managed to visit a few times, although sometimes Aekeira was prevented by soldiers. Nonetheless, there were instances when she successfully bypassed them and stood before the metal gates.

As long as Emeriel didn't make any move to approach her, the beast remained quiet. But if Emeriel tried to rise, the beast would straighten and growl.