

Chapter 66

GRAND LORD VLADYA

Vladya stiffened. There was no way he would think or discuss her. So, he maintained his silence.

"That girl must be too good, huh? For you to mount her. Repeatedly. I know you don't do humans, let alone unwilling ones, so it kind of baffles me, is all. She must be really sweet."

Lord Vladya remained silent, refusing to dignify Zaiper's words with a response.

Zaiper grinned, clearly enjoying himself. "So, are you done with her?"

Yes, Vladya was done with her. He had already made that decision, and intended to stick to that resolution this time.

"Because if you are, I'd like to pick her up. I want her to scream for me this time."

"I'm not done with her. Keep your paws away," Vladya retorted, without giving his words a thought. What in Ukrae...?

"Well, that is a shame. I can't wait to carve that pale skin up. She'll look good in designs, don't you think?"

Vladya ignored him, mostly because, for some reason, his anger flared unexpectedly at Zaiper. The urge to strike Zaiper for saying that surged within him, causing a wave of confusion. Something was definitely wrong with him. It was time to leave.

A memory struck him, and he halted in his tracks. "When you mount humans, do they become wet for you?"

Zaiper snorted dismissively. "Those creatures? Only if you put in the effort to arouse them. I never bothered. They remain as dry as a land cursed with famine."

Vladya had never bothered to 'arouse her' either, and she certainly didn't harbor any affection for him. So, where did all that moisture come from?

"Do you experience thirst as well?" Vladya questioned.

"Thirst?" Zaiper raised an eyebrow. "You mean for their blood? Are you referring to bloodlust? No, I don't experience it. I only indulge in their blood for amusement, or if I wish to drain them to death. Why do you ask?"

Vladya shook his head, dismissing the conversation.

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EMERIEL

Emeriel watched them. A sinking feeling gnawing at the depths of his gut as he witnessed the mistress's actions. The more she lured King Daemonikai's beast, the stronger the unease grew within him.

Get your hands away from him. He is mine!

Emeriel winced, surprised by his own thoughts. Where had that come from?

Nevertheless, the sinking feeling persisted as the beast towered over the mistress, cornering her against the wall.

Emeriel had always been curious about the act of bloodfeeding. Urekai regarded it as a sacred ritual. Now, he watched as the mistress exposed her throat, and the beast's fangs extended.

With a swift motion, the fangs pierced her neck. The mistress let out a momentary cry, her eyes reflecting pain, before transforming into a moan of pleasure.

Emeriel remained transfixed, a mixture of unease and fascination coursing through him. As the beast drank, the mistress's moans grew more intense. Soon, her body began to writhe in raw sexual desire.

Emeriel had overheard a couple of Urekai maids discussing bloodfeeding, mentioning that it can cause arousal as a side effect, some more intense than others. He had never believed it until now.

The mistress appeared completely lost, her eyes glazed over with lust. Her body contorted wantonly as she thrust her hips against the beast's thigh.

She looked more wanton than any Lady had a right to be, and Emeriel seriously doubted she was even aware of her surroundings anymore. Was she aware that he was still present?

"Yes, my darling, just like that. Take more, drink from me," she moaned, throwing her head back.

Why did Emeriel feel an overpowering urge to stride toward the woman, grab her by the hair, and separate her from his beast? Why did this unpleasant sensation inside him intensify as he witnessed this intimate moment?

And when had the beast become "his beast?"

"Yes, my Daemon," the mistress cried out, her voice growing high-pitched. Her movements quickened, her hands clenched at her sides, and her eyes rolled back as she climaxed.

The beast withdrew its fangs and began to retreat.

"No, my darling—" Mistress Sinai reached out for him, but the beast bared its teeth and hissed.

She recoiled, and the beast made its way to its favored spot behind the barricade.

The mistress then turned to Emeriel, a smug and superior look on her face. "That is how you satisfy a male. Only I can provide him with the blood his body craves. If anything happens to me today, he cannot survive. Without a bloodhost, they cannot survive. That is how important I am to him."

The mistress smiled. "The day he sinks his fangs into your pale little neck will be your funeral, for he will drain you dry. And I will take great pleasure in witnessing that." She closed the distance between them.

Pausing, Sinai's tone dripped with malice. "Unfortunately, that may not come to pass. After I'm through with you today, it will take a miracle for you to survive."

"But I have done nothing wrong. Why do you always single me out?" Emeriel glanced up at her, his voice laced with confusion.

Sinai's eyes darkened, anger simmering within her. "How dare you question me?" she hissed furiously, then turned her gaze toward the beast.

Emeriel followed suit. Although the room was dark, after three nights here, his eyes had adjusted considerably.

The beast's yellow eyes appeared heavy with drowsiness.

"Look at that, my Daemon is about to enter slumber," the mistress gloated. "That is what follows after a satisfying feeding from a worthy, healthy source. I have lived for a thousand years, I know how these things work."

She turned back to Emeriel. "As for you, outside with me. Right now."

At this point, Emeriel had no choice but to obey. He followed her out of the chamber, casting a final glance behind to see that the beast had indeed fallen asleep.

Once they were away from the Abyss land, the mistress struck him hard across the face. The slap carried a tremendous force, causing him a lot of pain.