

Chapter 89

The girl was weeping softly now, but she gave a nod in response.

Boris lowered his head, taking one of her nipples into his mouth. The girl cried out and shoved at his head. "No!"

Boris forced his hand between her legs, parted those soft, creamy thighs, and shoved a finger inside her.

Emeriel cried out in pain, squirming under his touch.

"Hold still!" he barked, and she complied. Boris kept his finger there, even as her entrance clenched around his invasive digit, trying to keep him out. "Gods, have you never had anything there before?" he murmured, his eyes glazed over. "That's snugger than anything I've ever been in before—and I've been in a lot, by the way—and it's merely a finger." His dick dripped precum, aching within the confines of his shorts. "You're going to feel so good on my dick."

"Emeriel!?"

Master Boris froze, his heightened hearing catching the distant call. "Someone's calling you. An older woman. Who the hell is that?" He pulled back, his frustration mounting.

Emeriel opened her mouth to scream, but Boris clamped a hand over it. "Don't you dare," he hissed. "I will kill you before she gets here. Who is it?"

"It's probably Madam Livia," Emeriel mumbled through his fingers, a defiant spark in her eyes. "The head maid."

"Why would she be looking for you?" Boris lowered his hand. "Do you think Amie told her? That wretched whore, I'm going to kill her. "

"No, I do not think it is Amie. Grand Lord Vladya may be looking for me."

No. His luck couldn't be that terrible, could it? "No. If Amie did not betray us, then that wretch calling is unaware of your presence here. Do not make a sound. She shall leave."

"But if the Grand Lord is searching for me, others may come. And if I delay in answering his summons, it will raise suspicion, possibly leading to an investigation. It is too dangerous, Master Boris."

Indeed, it was dangerous, dammit. Boris really wanted to mount this girl. But not at the expense of his own life. There would be another opportunity, right?

"Very well," he pushed himself away. "Dress quickly and leave. But I expect to see you here tomorrow night. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," she said, reaching for her chest bindings. Her hands trembled as she pulled on her clothes.

"I have used scent suppressants so no one can detect my scent on you. You better not tell anyone."

"I won't."

Boris did not believe her. There was a fire in her eyes that should not be there.

He closed the distance between them. "If you breathe a word of this to anyone, I will deny it all. I'm the slave master, you are a mere human slave. No one will believe you."

"And even if they do, I will manipulate my way out, and then I will expose your secret to the world. After you are gone, your pretty sister will have my attention. She will pay dearly, I will make sure of that."

The fight left her eyes, gone as if it had never been there.

Her shoulders slumped, and her defiant chin lowered. Tears welled in her eyes. "I won't tell," she breathed with a sigh of resignation. This time, Boris knew she meant it.

EMERIEL

Moments later, Emeriel left the barnhouse and joined Madam Livia, whose steps almost reached the barn.

"My deepest apologies, Madam Livia. I was out at the—"

"We have been searching for you for a long time. Lord Vladya summons you. Go and answer to him. We shall talk afterward." Madam Livia took Emeriel's hand, leading him back to the fortress.

When Emeriel arrived at the forbidden chambers, Lord Vladya was inside, his arms crossed, watching the beast. A flicker of displeasure crossed his face as Emeriel entered.

"Where have you been?" Lord Vladya demanded, his voice sharp as a blade.

"I..." Words eluded him.

Emeriel had been furious with Amie after the betrayal. How could she do that to him? But after hearing Boris's threats, he finally understood the difficult position the girl had been in—a suffocating place with no choice but to do whatever she was told.

He had to think of a lie. "I—I," Emeriel began, but his words were swallowed by a thunderous roar echoing through the stone walls.

Emeriel jumped at the unexpected sound, and Grand Lord Vladya froze. They both turned their heads to look at the beast.

King Daemonikai's beast had broken free from its restraints and was now standing next to Emeriel. Its nostrils flared, sniffing the air.

Another roar erupted, louder and more ferocious than the first.

"What's going on?" Emeriel was far from proud at the way his voice shook.

"I do not know. Remain still." Lord Vladya's gaze never left the beast stalking in a circle around Emeriel. Its spiked tail twitched, poised to strike. Its massive chest heaved with ragged breaths. "He is agitated."

The beast surged forward, invading Emeriel's space. Massive, clawed hands gripped his shoulders, and sniffed deeply again. The beast snarled, its hot breath washing over Emeriel's face.

"It is your scent. This is dangerous," Lord Vladya snapped. "A scent on you is provoking him. The beast might tear into you just to get rid of the offending scent."

"He c-could kill me?"

"Of course, he can. It's instinct, and he's feral. Two bad combinations." Lord Vladya edged closer, remaining as non-threatening as possible. His head tilted to the side as he covered the distance and sniffed Emeriel. "I smell nothing unusual."

Emeriel cried out as the beast's fingers dug into his shoulder, drawing blood. The feral took another sniff, raised its head to the sky, and howled.

"By the heavens, this is very bad. What have you done, Emeriel? Who touched you?"

"No one! I was merely by the river—"

"Do NOT lie to me. Who touched you!?" Lord Vladya's voice thundered.

The blood rushed from Emeriel's face, leaving him ghastly white. He had never seen Lord Vladya raise his voice, and the fury directed at him now chilled him to the bone.

But if he talked, Master Boris would hurt Aekeira. Emeriel bit his lip until the metallic tang of blood filled his mouth. He had to hold out.

"Emeriel. Who. Touched. You?" Lord Vladya barked once more, his voice like whiplash.

"I cannot tell!" Emeriel's voice broke into a scream. His body trembled like a leaf in a storm. Eyes downcast, he choked out, "I can't!"

The beast unleashed a guttural bellow that shook the room.

Lord Vladya shifted. In a blur of muscle and fur, the angry man was gone, replaced by his beast form. As magnificent and terrifying as the feral.

Emeriel's bladder threatened to betray him as he forced himself as still as a corpse, not daring to even breathe.

Lord Vladya's beast stepped closer, and took a deep inhale, nostrils flaring. Then, he reverted to his human form. "A Urekai male. The scent is distinct, yet familiar. What is his name?"

"Boris," Emeriel confessed at last. "He is a slave master."

The beast retreated, releasing Emeriel. Then, it lunged at the oak door, shattering it with terrifying force. Metal locks snapped like twigs. In seconds, the forbidden chambers lay open. The beast was gone.

Grand Lord Vladya looked at Emeriel. "He is going after that scent."