

## Chapter 90

EMERIEL

"Follow me," Grand Lord Vladya called over his shoulder, before he rushed after the beast.

Emeriel hurried after him, his heart in his throat. Part of him felt a sense of relief. The beast had noticed that scent. He was going to hunt it down.

But Emeriel was terrified as he ran to keep up with Lord Vladya's long strides. Fear of the unknown gripped him. Oh gods, the slave master would reveal Emeriel's secrets tonight during the confrontation, wouldn't he? Shout it across the land so everyone, including Lord Vladya, would hear that Emeriel was, in fact, a girl?

He stopped to scratch his arm, as he'd done three times already. Emeriel recognized the signs of his approaching heat cycle early this time. He was about to go into heat again.

Head raised to the sky, he whispered, "Please, let it be a mini-heat, not a full heat."

Despite his racing heart and his hands slick with sweat, Emeriel ran as fast as he could, catching glimpses of Lord Vladya as he turned corners, still tracking the beast's scent. His training in Navia kicked in. If there was one thing Emeriel excelled at, it was running. He was swift on his feet.

He heard Lord Vladya send a soldier to the eastern wings to fetch Grand Lord Ottai. Screams rose in the distance, rising above the pounding of Emeriel's pulse. Chaos spread like wildfire through the village. Soon, a small crowd trailed behind, their voices a loudness of terror and curiosity as they wondered where the beast was headed.

By the time Emeriel caught up with Lord Vladya, he was breathless, and they had ventured quite far from the fortress. They stood before a small hut not far from the tavern, where another gathering had formed. Grand Lord Zaiper had also arrived, completing the assembly of grand lords. And there, in front of the hut, stood the beast.

A strangled cry, laced with raw terror, ripped through the air. "What is going on—Holy Krae!" Master Boris's voice reached Emeriel before the male stumbled out of the house. The slave master's face was drained of color, eyes wide with a primal fear as he took in the sight of the raging, panting beast in front of his home. Never had Emeriel imagined he'd witness such stark terror contort Master Boris's features.

Master Boris's gaze whipped through the small crowd with frantic desperation, finally landing on Emeriel like a hawk seizing its prey. "You wretched creature! You betrayed me? After I explicitly warned you not to?"

Oh, to hell with this. He was done fearing him.

Emeriel glared daggers in his direction. Do your worst, stupid fool.

"Fine then!" Boris raged. "I am delighted that everyone is here, for I shall reveal—"

The beast loomed over him, lifting him off the ground with a single, powerful hand. The feral ripped Boris's shoulder off, then the other, leaving the slave master's arms dangling uselessly.

The sound of rending flesh and crunching bone echoed As Boris screamed in agony, his limbs torn from his body.

Gasps of horror filled the air, faces contorted in terror.

Yet, the beast was not done. The slave master's legs were next; a wet, meaty sound followed as they were torn from the torso.

The beast swiftly severed Boris's head from his shoulders, raised it high into the air, and let out a victorious roar, before tossing it aside. It landed with a sickening thud, rolling to a stop in a growing pool of blood.

The people erupted into screams, running for their lives. Their shouts of terror reverberated through the night as they scattered in all directions. In the aftermath, only the grand lords remained, their faces pale, their eyes reflecting the shock and wariness.

"We must fight the beast now. Let us shift!" Lord Zaiper told the others.

"Not yet," Lord Vladya snapped. "If it has no intention of attacking, and we assume a fighting stance by shifting, we would be provoking it."

"Lord Vladya is correct. What if our actions agitate it further and force it to engage? We would be endangering our people," Lord Ottai added.

"Do you two not hear yourselves? Why would a feral not engage us—oh..." Lord Zaiper's words died in his throat as he saw the beast turn and walk away.

It stalked towards Emeriel and stopped. A hush fell over the assembly of grand lords as they watched the beast touch the boy's face in a gentle caress. In a move that defied all logic, the feral scooped the boy up, and placed him upon its hunking shoulder, then lumbered away. Back to the towers of Ravenshadow.

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Emeriel held her breath, rigid as stone, as the beast entered the forbidden chambers and came to a halt. He lowered her until her feet touched the ground.

After Witnessing the way in which he'd killed Master Boris, fear clawed at Emeriel's insides. A relentless, icy dread seeping back into her bones.

Before she could contemplate her chances of escaping through the open doorway, the first wave of heat contraction hit her.

Pain speared through her, dropping her to her knees. A scream, raw and animalistic, ripped from her throat.

The beast's claws slashed at her clothes, shredding them away. This time, Emeriel helped, quickly pulling away the tattered remains of her clothes until she lay naked and vulnerable on the cold floor.

The door gaped open. Soldiers might charge in, the grand lords might return. Any moment, she might be discovered and her secret exposed.

Yet, Emeriel couldn't bring herself to care. The dangers distant, muted against the raging storm within her.

Her traitorous body wanted to be mounted. For the first time, she craved it. Not due to the mindless compulsion of her heat, but a deep, need to feel him inside her. Around her. Everywhere.

For the last time.

To surrender completely. The realization struck with the force of a blow. There was no impulse to fight, no instinct to flee.

Worse, another urge twisted within her. To bare her neck, to offer her blood to the beast.

The intensity of which she wanted to feed him was terrifying. She froze. Where had that urge come from?

Instincts drove Emeriel, she dropped to her knees and presented to the beast. "Take me, please."

A loud snarl echoed behind her, followed by a nudge of his phallus. Emeriel waited, knowing what to expect. This time, she freed her mind and surrendered to the experience.

"It's okay. Do it," she whispered. A gush of wetness drenched her core, spilling out.

The beast entered her.

A sob escaped her lips. She felt a mixture of fullness, discomfort, pleasure, pain, and a sense of rightness all at once. Emeriel took his strokes, her body shaking.

The intensity of her heat gradually calmed to a dull ache. The beast's arms found leverage, one planted on the ground, the other digging into her hips. Its movements were rough and forceful, causing her ponytail to loosen, her luxurious hair cascading down around her.

Deep grunts of pleasure rumbled from the beast's throat. Its phallus pressed against her syren gland. Emeriel cried out as an unexpected orgasm crashed over her. She panted through it as the world spun, her thoughts drifting like leaves in a storm.

Offer your neck. Allow it to drink from you. Do it.