

Chapter 283

"Pick a safe word," Vladya spoke up at last in a resigned tone, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

The chamber hushed, all eyes turning to him.

"If you are going to do this, you will need a safe word. I will be out here. If you say it—if you scream it—I will come in there and pull you from his grasp, no matter what."

Emeriel let out a sharp, pained cry.

Daemonikai had done something to her, but no one could see what.

Still, she stared up at him, cupping his cheek with a trembling hand. "It's okay, dearest." Her voice was soft, full of love. "I'm right here. I'm all yours."

Aekeira shook her head vehemently, her shoulders shaking with sobs "Em, please!"

"Keira. That's my safe word," Emeriel said, her attention remaining on him. "Promise me you would not come in, no matter what you hear. Promise me you would not enter unless I use the safe word."

A muscle ticked in Vladya's jaw. "I promise."

Daemonikai shifted fully into his beast form then, his erection huge and ready, glistening with precum. He lifted Emeriel, throwing her onto the bed, and his massive body following instantly,

Vladya moved to the door and closed it firmly behind him.

Aekeira went berserk, throwing herself at him. "No, no, no, no! What are you doing!? I need to get to my sister!"

Vladya kept his emotions under tight leash, responding calmly, "He is already in beast form, Aekeira. It has begun, there's nothing we can do at this point."

"There's nothing you can—and you call yourselves rulers!?" Aekeira screamed. Pulling away from him, she whirled around to face all of them. "You call yourselves powerful!?"

Ottai reached for her. "Aekeira—"

Scrambling out of his reach, she faced Vladya again. "You can't get in there and save a girl from one male!? My sister is in grave danger and—" she shoved him hard, "Move, I will do it myself!"

He did not move an inch.

"Get out of my way!" She screamed, beating at his chest with her fists. "Move before he starts—"

Emeriel screamed.

It was a tone so high-pitched, so painfully loud...it was downright heartbreaking.

Aekeira turned ghostly white.

Another scream rose again, just as piercing and raw as the first.

Anger fled from his female, replaced by pain so visible it downright twisted Vladya's heart.

Her knees slammed on the ground. "P-Please, Vlad." Rubbing her hands together in a desperate plea. "I w-will do anything you want, just make him s-stop."

Vladya's chest grew even heavier. It was the past all over again, when the beast mounted her sister and she could do nothing to stop it.

"P-Please, huh? Do it for me." Aekeira looked so hopeful, her face wet with tears and sweat.

Vladya turned away. "Zaiper, disperse the people and shut down Blackstone. No visitors until further notice." He paused. "Ottai, take Aekeira away."

"What!? No!" Aekeira shouted, looking at him with absolute betrayal in her tear-filled eyes. "No, you can't do that!"

"Should I put her to sleep?" Ottai mouthed at him, his face grim. "She cannot be awake for this."

Inside, Emeriel screamed again, and Vladya, even in his soulless state, felt her pain like a dagger to the heart.

"Yes," he answered.

Ottai moved forward, lifting the thrashing Aekeira into his arms as she kicked and screamed.

"No! Let me down! How could you do this to me, Vladya!?" she wailed as Ottai carried her down the hallway. Her voice grew distant, fading into silence.

Now alone, Vladya's hand clenched on the doorknob as another earsplitting scream echoed through the air.

He could also hear the unmistakable sound of flesh meeting flesh. Hard thrusts that were impossibly fast.

Leaning against the door, Vladya squeezed his eyes shut. I hope to hell her body produces enough moisture for this, and she never dries up for even a second.

"How could this happen?" he groaned quietly, anguish leaking from his voice. "Does this mean his mind was never fully healed from feral? How could this happen?"

Inside, the beast let out a particularly high, deep grunt—a sign of orgasm.

The princess's screams dissolved into high, shaky cries. Even in her agony, his semen triggered her release.

For a few seconds, there was blessed silence.

Then the strokes began again. Hard and fast, without relent.

And so did her screams.

Time stretched painfully.

At a point, Emeriel's screams cut off abruptly, even as the relentless thrusts persisted. Vladya knew she had lost consciousness.

Thank the gods.

He slid to the floor, resting his head against the wall as he tried to breathe evenly.

"Is he still at it?" Ottai asked with dread as he approached.

Vladya didn't answer, knowing Ottai's sensitive hearing could provide the answer.

Ottai paled. "It's been three hours."

Three hours? Vladya glanced at the far window. The sun had indeed set.

"Her screams have stopped. What if she's..." Ottai trailed off, swallowing hard. He suddenly looked every bit his three thousand years.

"She's not dead. Just lost consciousness again."

"How can you tell?"

"I'm older, and I'm the one descending into madness soon, my hearing is off the charts." Then, with a bitter chuckle, he added, "Although the madness part...it seems Daemonikai beats me to it yet again."

"Don't even joke about it, the grand king is NOT feral again," Ottai hissed, sitting beside him. "He is not!"

Vladya did not say a word. Knowing that beneath all that anger is fear. And uncertainty. Ottai was trying to convince himself.

"How could this happen?" Ottai palmed his face as his voice broke. "He found happiness again. He was truly happy. Feral symptoms show when one has no joy, no colors left in their world. Or when something sudden and tragic shoves them into it. Daemonikai experienced none of these things. So how... how could he lose his mind again?"

"I don't know, Tee. I really don't," Vladya said hoarsely. "My theory is... maybe he never truly healed from it."

"What if it's dark magic?" Ottai said. "What if someone did this to him?"

Vladya shook his head again, not knowing what to say. At this point, it could be anything.

Ottai spoke again. "But dark magic leaves traces, right?"

"It does. if it were dark magic, a huge sacrifice or exchange much be involved for such the ritual of this magnitude to go through. Death would be involved." Vladya looked away. "So far we have not heard anything."

"I pray she remains out for long." Ottai shook his head, staring at the closed door behind him. "Vladya, she is not even in heat. Emeriel does not have the hormonal boost to help with her sexual appetite, stamina, or bodily fluids!"

Inside the chamber, a female pained cry was heard.

"She's awake again," Ottai winced. "Ukræ, that poor girl is awake again..."

Emeriel's screams began anew. Cutting through the night's quietness like thunder.

Loud. Broken. Raw.

Vladya pressed his palm against his throbbing head. It was going to be a long, dark night.

One, he had no idea how it would end.