

## Chapter 47

GRAND LORD VLADYA

Grand Lord Vladya gazed out into the night, his arms crossed as he stood at the center of the tower of Blackwood. His mind wandered far from his present location.

His mood remained as dark as ever, though he refused to analyze the reasons behind it.

Frankly, his moods had rarely been sunshine in the past few hundred years, so he believed there was no specific cause.

It absolutely had nothing to do with what transpired two nights ago.

He had lost control of himself. When he recalled half of the things he had said, it made him grimace.

Vladya refused to believe that the person who had raged because the human princess undressed for Zaiper was him.

So what if the girl was attracted to the second ruler? It should mean nothing to him. He didn't even like the girl, so what the hell was that?

The fact that she had captured the attention of every male in court, their eyes greedily taking in her naked form, shouldn't have upset him so much.

As he battled the need not to unleash on her, he had almost succumbed to a beastflare.

He snorted at that thought. Accidental shifting was for young Urekai coming of age, not for an ancient like him. He was three thousand eight hundred years old, for Ukrae's sake.

So why in the fires of hell did it almost happen? He had fought against the shift...and had nearly lost.

Anger flared up inside him. Aekeira. It was all because of her.

What was it about the little human that made him lose control?

Vladya took a deep, calming breath, suppressing the anger. One would think that after making her pay for daring to invade his mind, he would feel a sense of calmness, but his mind was in chaos.

Nights in Urai was always beautiful, but tonight, the stars were few in the sky, and the moon was unusually barely a quarter.

But whenever a quarter moon appeared more frequently, it could only mean one thing—the Eclipse Moon night was near.

And, on that night, Daemonikai's beast would be killed.

His chest tightened, as if a hand had reached into his chest and squeezed to strangle him.

You have been preparing to let go for ages now, Vladya. You're running out of time to make peace with it. It's time you make up your mind.

Silent footsteps approached from behind and halted near him. "My lord, I have gathered information about the unknown person who has been feeding the grand king."

Lord Vladya spun around. "Who is it?"

"It's the young prince, Emeriel. He was assigned to clean the floors, but he took it upon himself to feed the beast. However, yesterday, he was not assigned there, and yet, he went over and fed the beast."

Emeriel?

Lord Vladya had never considered the boy. Perhaps a soldier or a Urekai maid, but never the human prince who had every reason to run away from the beast.

And, he had done it twice now. But why?

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, your highness."

Lord Vladya dismissed him. Alone once again, his thoughts whirled. Was there some sort of connection between the beast and that boy, that he was missing?

There was no other reason for the boy to be so brave as to bring his hand close to a feral beast's mouth. And it would take bravery.

He had been there that night when the beast had singled the boy out to mount—Emeriel's fears had been real.

The thought of mounting brought his mind back to Princess Aekeira. Much to his annoyance.

In the light of day, he had stared at the girl's unconscious form, as prickle of conscience had stirred within him.

He was not that kind of person. Yes, he abhorred humans, and he was never lenient with them when it came to work or punishments for poor performance, or disobedience. But he was not the kind to forcefully mount a female.

Ottai had not exaggerated, Urekai females fell over themselves to get to him. He could have just about anyone he wanted.

Yet, that was the problem, wasn't it?

He could have anyone, but in the past few weeks, he had desired no one but her. Not his beast. Him.

He had lost control with her, and every ugly part of him that he had hidden came out, rearing their ugly heads.

It was a good thing he had satisfied his lust and rid himself of her. Now, he was back in control, and could concentrate on other pressing matters.

Wanting a human was simply unacceptable.

Vladya would sooner kill a human than allow them to have that sort of influence over him.

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EMERIEL

Emeriel awoke in the middle of the night, feeling feverish and restless.

Her body quivered with tremors, and painful cramps clenched her belly. She cried out, gripping her abdomen tightly.

Oh no, oh no, no, no, no, no! She was in such a state of arousal that the need to spread her legs and relieve herself with her fingers was overpowering.

However, Emeriel had learned from experience that giving in to the urge would only intensify the heat.

In a panic, she sprang out of bed and hurried towards the door. The midnight silence enveloped her as Emeriel embarked on a search for Madam Livia.

Surely, there must be some herbs or remedies to make this heat go away. There has to be!

Emeriel was aware that her thinking was not rational. If there was an herb, wouldn't Madam Livia have already provided it to her?

But in her panicked and desperate state, Emeriel couldn't entertain rational thoughts. She had to escape the confines of her room rather than lie down and endure the torment of her heat.

A contraction seized her and she cried out, doubling over in pain.

She tried to stifle her cries, not wanting to alert the soldiers. Panting heavily, she squeezed her eyes shut, waiting for the episode to pass.

When it finally subsided, tears streamed down her face. The ache was all-consuming. Her entire body felt ablaze with desire.

"Prince Emeriel?"

The familiar voice reached her before Amie came into view. The girl hastily adjusted her clothes, and through Emeriel's blurred vision, she noticed the red marks on Amie's face as she approached and touched her arm. "Are you alright?"

Her skin crawled and Emeriel jerked her arm away.