

## Chapter 44

Aekeira swallowed hard, her throat dry as if she had swallowed shards of glass. Why would he even ask when the answer was as meaningless to him as a whisper in the wind? He doesn't care for her answers at all.

"I don't want Lord Zaiper," she whispered, her voice defeated.

"Liar. You called out for him. You stripped for him." Lord Vladya's hand parted her legs and caressed her wet area. His eyes darkened, and he looked positively furious. "Now, you're aroused for him? In. My. Chamber?"

Aekeira's mouth opened. But this time, she slammed it shut before a word could escape. She would rather die than admit she was actually aroused for him. For this cruel devil before her.

"Humans are disgusting. And with every less human in the world, Urekai is happier." He did not shout. In fact, there was no indication of the storm brewing inside him in his voice.

It was all calm and quiet. Deceiving.

"All I think about when I see a human is how to make them suffer. How to kill and maim them. I never acted on it...they are not worth the time, and effort. But you..." The gray part of his eyes had almost disappeared, until Aekeira believed she was staring into the eye of his beast. "How dare you invade my thoughts? You have no right to be there."

So many absurd accusations. Aekeira had no idea what she had done that was so wrong.

Heavens, he is as insane as the grand king.

There should have been two beasts locked up in the forbidden chambers because Grand Lord Vladya was just as mad. Fear kept her paralyzed against the wall.

"Yes, that's right. The smell of your fear is intoxicating. Much better than your desire." He shoved a finger into her.

Aekeira cried out. "Please." Her body still hurt from what they had done to her earlier.

The hand on her neck tightened, restricting her airflow. Lord Vladya's finger thrust relentlessly inside her, and Aekeira whimpered, tears streaming down her face.

In the next second, he released her, picked her up, and threw her to the other side of the chamber.

Yelping, she braced herself for impact on the floor, but she landed on the large bed, bouncing once.

The next second, he was in front of her, climbing onto the bed. His hand flipped her onto her stomach, then pinned her down, her cheek pressed against the bed.

His legs in between hers forced her open, and his hard body loomed over hers. Aekeira felt a sharp prod, and before she could brace herself, he forcefully entered her.

"No...!" A scream tore through her throat as excruciating pain tore through her lower body.

He shoved himself in, despite her body being unprepared to accommodate him. Aekeira screamed and writhed, begging him to stop, but Lord Vladya only pressed down on her. Ruthlessly. Relentlessly.

Until her body finally yielded, taking every inch of his organ.

Aekeira nearly lost consciousness, her vision flickering in and out from, from the agonized sensation. It felt as if her internal organs shifted to make way for him.

She hurt everywhere. Like he started a wildfire inside her, and kept adding tinder.

Her high-pitched screams filled the air, her body trembling beneath his forceful assault.

He delivered shallow thrusts, each one aimed at penetrating her deeply. Stoking the flames in her higher and higher.

"Please stop! Please!" Her body twisted beneath him, but he effortlessly restrained her, setting a fast pace, his hardness powering into her in a savage motion.

GRAND LORD VLADYA

Grand Lord Vladya knew he was causing her immense pain, but in that moment, he couldn't bring himself to care.

They say a man's soul holds his conscience, and now, he realized they were right.

He had no soul. His conscience was truly dead.

Pleasure was the only sensation he experienced. Intoxicating pleasures that overwhelmed his senses. Her body gripped him like a vise, warmth surrounded him.

His primal beast lurked just beneath the surface. Pushing. Lord Vladya suppressed that part of himself. He did not want her dead...yet.

Resisting the urge to kill her was possible. However, what would have proved more challenging was fighting his beast's desire to inflict pain. So, he did not even try.

Pulling back, he raised her hips, pressing her upper-body down so that her buttocks were raised high in the air.

Their primal nature loved this position, and coming from the princess, it went straight to his head. He lined himself up to thrust back in.

"Ouch," she sobbed, vibrating all over. She gripped the sheets so tightly they ripped beneath her fingers.

"Make her present to us."

Vladya stilled. The urge was overpowering. He clenched his muscles tightly to resist that temptation.

No, he did NOT want a human girl to present to him. Where the hell had that come from?

"Unleash on her."

No, that would kill her. Vladya gritted his teeth. He entered her tight opening and resumed taking her. She was not enjoying this—he knew that.

Yet, her channel was wet. Not much, but it was there nonetheless. She'd dried up repeatedly, but her body still produced more liquid to accommodate him.

He focused on the sensations, forcing himself to block out his primal instincts. It wasn't easy, but the feel of the girl helped him concentrate.

Wet and so warm, he felt so good buried inside her.

If she can take the feral, she can handle us. Unleash on her.

At this point, Vladya was uncertain if it was his beast channeling those thoughts or if it was all him. His thoughts. His primal instincts.

A few seconds later, with better control over his primal urges, Vladya leaned down, his hands wrapped around her throat as his body enveloped her small form.

He thrust back into her vigorously, fucking her ruthlessly and without mercy.

She twitched and shook against him. Her screams pierced the night, echoing through the darkness.

And as the night wore on, the voices in his head grew louder.

Unleash on her.

Unleash on her!

UNLEASH ON HER!