

Chapter 50

"Attempting to leave with us is impossible," Madam Livia continued. "It would mean the beast breaking free and our blood staining these walls. Besides, your relief is only temporary. You still need to endure this heat. If your legs brought you here, then your body has chosen the beast for its satisfaction. And I can only advise you to follow your body's lead."

Another terrifying growl echoed behind them. Emeriel glanced at it, her fear evident. "I have no idea what I was thinking," she whispered, helplessly.

"I have my speculations, but the truth is, I also have no idea what is happening. What I can tell you is that your mini-heats are becoming more frequent and intense. It won't be long before your first full heat comes. You must find a way to come clean with one of the grand lords before that happens," Madam Livia said.

"Because on that night, every Urekai male in this fortress will be able to smell you. And they will all come running, consumed by the desire to mount you. They will challenge and fight each other, and in these situations, they fight to the death. Then, countless males will mount you over the course of the three days it would take to sate your body. Now, imagine their feelings when the haze wears off and they discover your deception."

Emeriel swallowed tightly.

"Imagine what they would do when they find out that they killed each other because you were reckless enough not to protect them by telling them the truth about your gender?"

Emeriel couldn't fathom it. Just the thought of that scenario filled her with panic. What would she do?

She opened her mouth, but her eyes widened comically. "It's happening again. Please hold me tight."

Madam Livia and Amie held her tightly, but nothing could calm the storm raging within her.

The storm came, taking her away, the burning wave cresting inside her. She writhed and cried out as the storm broke repeatedly, until she was drenched in sweat...wailing, begging to be mounted.

"Shh," Madam Livia whispered in her ear, gently rocking her through the agonizing ordeal. "I'm here. I've got you."

Emeriel clung to the head maid, whimpering. They led her away, but Emeriel had no awareness of her surroundings. Every step was painful. The storm raged and broke within her until Emeriel lost all sense of time and place.

And when she finally came out the other side of that wave, she was inside the forbidden chambers, rocking on her hands and knees, ass in the air, crying for her beast.

She heard the growl first. Followed by the overwhelming heat of a massive presence surrounding her.

The beast was behind her, and Emeriel didn't bother to fight it. Not anymore.

She spread her legs wide, lowering her upper-body to the ground, her knees pressing into the hard surface. She grasped her pussylips and pulled them apart, presenting to the beast. Offering herself.

The beast let out a primal roar that echoed through the chambers. In the next moment, it was mounting her.

As its manhood nudged her, Emeriel was ready to be taken. With one powerful thrust, its organ penetrated her drenched body.

She screamed, overwhelmed by waves of pleasure and pain. The tension in her muscles snapped as she came, convulsing uncontrollably.

The storm of sensations intensified as the feral creature relentlessly and forcefully ravished her.

It hurt, but unlike the last time, the pain brought a strange pleasure. The intense agony of the heat lessened and transformed into pure pleasure.

She felt stuffed. So full.

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. A cold nose pressed against her neck, taking a deep inhale.

The sensation sent shivers through Emeriel's body, her nipples aching, her breath quickening. She could feel another orgasm building within her.

A low rumble emanated from the beast's throat. Its sharp claws dug into her skin, pulling her closer as it continued thrusting in and out of her.

An irresistible urge overcame her, a relentless need pressing within. Emeriel surrendered to it, and the words poured out.

"Oh, my Beloved. You feel so good inside me. Yes, just like that," she cried out. Embarrassment flooded over her. Where had those words come from?

The beast practically purred. Plunged in twice more, before pulling back and rising. Then, it lifted Emeriel into its arms.

She yelped, her eyes wide with fear. What was he doing? Was he going to tear her apart?

The beast took her behind the metal barricade—its favorite place, pressing her against the wall with its large body.

His domain. The feral beast had brought her to its sacred domain.

Emeriel had read that an Urekai beast was territorial about its domain, and anything entering without an invitation would be devoured. Yet, it had brought her there.

With a snarl, it entered her again, and all coherent thoughts vanished from her mind as another orgasm ripped through her.

"Yesssss!" Emeriel sobbed, riding the crest of pleasure. Desperately holding on for dear life.

His phallus pressed firmly against that swollen gland inside her body, no longer moving, and her eyes rolled back into her head.

Shockwave after shockwave of ecstasy cascaded through her, leaving her feeling lightheaded. She was fearful of passing out.

Once the waves subsided, the pounding continued. The beast angled her hips and thrust deeper into her relentlessly, into her oversensitive body. The pleasure waned, replaced by increasing pain.

"It hurts," she cried out, but of course, the feral couldn't hear. The bane of being taken by a feral. It rides on pure instincts.

Sniffing her neck, it intensified its thrusts, going harder. As if it wanted to batter its way into her womb. With every plunge against that sealed entrance, its low growls turned into angry grunts.

He wanted to take her in the most possessive way a Urekai would take a female in heat.

"I'm not in full heat, it won't open for you!" Emeriel screamed, writhing in agony, her hands clawing at the wall.

Yet, the beast effortlessly held her close, trying to force her to open for him. As if it thought that if it took her hard enough, her womb would let him in.

Did he scent those other male's scent on her? Is that why he was desperate to take her in every way?

The beast delivered a particularly forceful thrust, ruthlessly pounding against her closed cervix, violently pressing her forward into the wall.

Emeriel screamed, tears falling down her cheek. She was going to pass out, wasn't she?

Gods, she shouldn't have come here.

But who was she kidding? She never really had a choice.

Even delirious with the agony of heat; her body, mind, and soul had brought her here.

And if it were to happen again in the future, they would likely bring her here once more.

As if they know something she didn't.

As if they know something she did, but didn't want to acknowledge, she thought as she passed out cold.