

Chapter 91

Oh gods...! Emeriel's eyelids squeezed shut, every muscle in her face clenched in a fierce battle against her instincts.

She felt cradled in the beast's arms. Protected.

The beast adjusted its thrust, driving deeper, and Emeriel sobbed through the pain. Would a day come when he would take her in human form? Would the day come were being in its arms would be purely pleasurable?

Mere pipe dreams, all of them. The beast would be killed soon. Any day now.

Tears filled her eyes. "It's okay. Don't stop."

This time, the beast didn't go searching for her cervix, much to her relief. Something in her encouragement seemed to soothe his agitation. As if it, too, could sense her newfound composure, her genuine eagerness to please. Something shifted – the tense lines of its body softened.

And when her second orgasm hit, a primal wail ripped from her throat. Her body, already a trembling wreck, finally gave out. Arms limp, she crumpled forward.

Let him drink! Feed him! A voice screamed inside her.

But you could die, Emeriel. Another voice cautioned. Your body will not replenish the blood; You're not a bloodhost. It'll drain you dry, and you will die.

Feed him anyway. You know you want to. You crave it. The compelling voice countered.

Emeriel whimpered, her knuckles whitened as her hands fisted. A war raged within her. To give in or resist?

But you know you want to, a new voice, softer, whispered.

With a choked sob, Emeriel surrendered. Muscles straining, she heaved her upper body up, bracing her back against his knee for support. With trembling hands, she gathered her tangled hair, exposing the delicate curve of her neck. Her bare throat pulsed in the dim light, a silent plea.

"I offer my blood to you, My King," she breathed, her voice barely louder than the rustle of her own breath. "Take it."

The beast's roar filled the air, a guttural sound vibrating through Emeriel's bones. Its massive form trembled, whether in anticipation of the feed or a primal struggle against its own nature, she couldn't tell. Its head drew closer from behind, breath caressing her ear.

A searing pain began in her neck as a single, razor-sharp fang scraped her flesh, leaving a burning welt in its wake. Then, it sank in deeper.

A jagged scream tore from Emeriel's throat as blinding pain ripped through her. She gasped for air. Fought to breathe. Her nails dug into her palms.

The beast didn't attempt to penetrate her with the rest of its fang—just that one tooth. It drew her blood in with small, measured sips.

Emeriel felt more than heard when he came. spurts of warm sperm coated her insides and trickled out of her.

A wave of pleasure suddenly consumed her, triggering yet another release. She didn't make a sound. She couldn't.

The overwhelming sensation held her captive. Her eyes squeezed into slits, a chaotic blur of motion, while her body convulsed repeatedly, as if she were having a seizure. Maybe she was.

It was too much. Simply too much.

Finally, she slumped forward. Her vision swam, shapes and colors melting into one another. Sound lost meaning. Her body, sluggish and heavy, felt like a stranger to her.

Aftershocks rippled through her, her vision going dark around the edges.

And just as her senses faded into darkness, she felt the fang withdraw from her neck.

MIXED POV.

That night, the news of the beast's escape and killings spread throughout Urai, plunging the people into terror. The savage way the feral creature tore through one of their own without reason intensified their fear.

Chaos descended. Men shifted, assuming their beastly forms, standing guard outside their homes to protect their families. Slave masters, their faces etched with a fear they'd rarely shown, scurried back to their dwellings, their hearts filled with wariness after witnessing the fate that befell their colleague.

The high lords of Urai convened an emergency meeting at the grand high court, led by the grand Lord, to discuss the situation.

Meanwhile, Aekeira rushed to Madam Livia, begging the older woman to go with her to the fourth wing to check on Emeriel.

Madam Livia agreed without hesitation and accompanied Aekeira. Upon arrival, they found Emeriel unconscious, carefully laid out in the corridors, just as before.

With practiced hands, Aekeira worked quickly. Breasts bound, breeches pulled on, then, working together, they lifted Emeriel. Aekeira's strength strained under the weight, but fueled by desperation, she pressed on. With Madam Livia's steady guidance, they navigated the corridors and returned to the western wings.

In court, Lord Zaipei's voice rang out. "Fear gnaws at Urai. Chaos reigns, and tonight, we grieve a life brutally ripped from us." He paused, dramatically. "To save our people, the feral must die. Fortnight is too long – we act in two nights."

A ripple of surprise washed over the court.

"I will commission the finest experts," Zaipei continued. "They will work day and night on our weapon. Every resource, and every ingredient will be ready. In two nights' time, the beast will be dead."

THE BEAST

Within the forbidden chamber, bathed in the crimson glow of its recent feast, the beast lay sated. The taste of blood still lingered in its mouth, savoring the flavor as it basked in the afterglow of its carnal desires fulfilled.

The beast's body shuddered. A ripple a strange metamorphosis surging from within.

Paws contorted, bones shifting with sickening snaps beneath fur.

Claws became blunt nails. Hindquarters elongated, warped, and reshaped.

The wild mane of black flowed and twisted, strands morphing, shimmering... and falling to frame a face not animal, but hauntingly human.

Yellow eyes burned. Then flickered, fading to the startling green eyes of a man.

For one breathless moment, the beast was gone. In its place, a naked man lay.

Large, powerfully built, and strikingly handsome.

Grand King Daemonikai.

Then, as abruptly as it began, the change reversed.

Power drained, energy seeping away like sand through fingers.

The man convulsed, and the familiar fur and fangs returned.

Exhausted, the beast fell asleep.