

His Beta 245

Chapter 245

Zane

“We have some things to discuss before we get to it, I told her.

“So says your mouth, but your dick looks pretty impatient.” She gestured for me to take a glass of wine from the small table. “We don’t have to rush.”

The black, sheer robe she wore fell open to reveal her body which, I hated to admit, was banging. My prick definitely wanted some of that. I shook my head about the wine, though. No way in hell was I going to trust anything this witch tried to give me.

“You know I’m mated, and you know I only agreed to this because it’s what you demanded. So this isn’t a romantic intrude, Rhiannon. It’s a business transaction. Nothing more than that.”

She rolled her eyes. “Like I don’t know that? You think I’m eager to bed down with one of your kind for kicks?”

“I need confirmation that you’re fertile. I want to be sure you’re going to conceive tonight.”

“And I want to be convinced,” she shot back, “that you are in full agreement to give me a child.”

My throat dried at the thought of it. Eilling her with my seed. Getting her pregnant.

It was all I could think about.

"I promised. Gave you my word."

She gestured at a pile of papers on the table. "You will have no parental rights, but I'm not going to come after you for any kind of support, either."

"I understand." We'd agreed on that back when we first made the arrangement. "You will let me know when you have confirmation that it worked. But after that..."

"After that, you might as well be a stranger," she said. "Your baby will never know you as its father."

Rhiannon c ocked her head, looking me up and down. "And you're okay with that? I thought all of your kind

were fiercely protective of your spawn."

My jaw set. "We are. But we also do what is necessary when it's required to protect our loved ones."

"You really do love her, huh?" Rhiannon shook her head. "Well, that doesn't bode well for you, I guess, since it's so easily exploited. But that's hardly any of my business."

luck."

“This is for tonight only, you understand?” I forced myself to focus. “If it doesn’t work tonight, you’re out

of

“Oh, don’t you worry about that, puppy.” She put her hand on the bulge in my jeans and rubbed it. “The

only thing I need from you tonight is your sperm. The sex is an added bonus. Something tells me you

can f uck like jackhammer.”

1/2

stop

I put my hand over hers, and it took every effort. “If you want me to spill inside you, then you’d better

Slop that. I want to hear you say it out loud. A vow, like the one you made me give. This is the one and

only time you and I will ever f uck, and if you don’t get pregnant tonight, you won’t come back to me

later.”

Her fingers continued to drift up and down the length of my shaft, trapped inside my jeans to the point

of pain. Her eyes narrowed. She tapped the head of my c ock, and I let out a long, shuddering groan.

“F uck,” I breathed.

“Take off your jeans. I want to see you.”

“Vow,” I said, but my fingers were already fumbling with the button and zipper.

My c ock sprang free, tapping my belly when I shoved my jeans over my hips. I took it in my fist. Her

eyes

went wide again.

“Vow,” I ordered. “You don’t get this until we agree.”

“Fine. I vow...” A shimmer appeared in the air between us, one that stank of magic. “I vow that tonight

is the only night we’ll f uck, and if I don’t get pregnant tonight, I can’t come after you again. But I will.

I’m sure I

will.”

I could tell she’d done something to make sure she’d conceive, and the thought of it again shot desire

from the base of my c ock all the way to the head. It throbbed in my fist. “Get on the bed.”

“Ah, ah, ah.” She shook a finger at me. “We need to seal the promise with a kiss.”

“...I don’t want to kiss you, Rhiannon.”

Her expression went dark. "Listen, wolf, I don't want to kiss you, either, but that's how this shit works.

Ancient magic has rituals and rules."

"Fine," I ground out.

I kissed her. Hard. She parted my lips with her tongue, and nipped mine hard enough to draw blood. I

drew

back at the coppery flavor.

"Rituals and rules," the witch breathed. "One of them is blood."

I yanked my shirt off over my head and tossed it to the ground. I toed off my boots. Shoved down my

jeans and stepped out of them.

"Get on the bed," I said. "Let's get this over with."