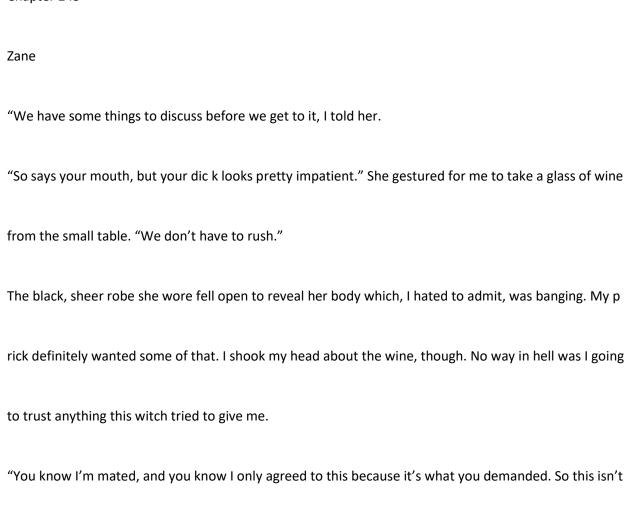
## His Beta 245 Chapter 245 Zane



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."



"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 fuck, 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.



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