

## Chapter 130

Aekeira bit down on her lip, stifling her cry. She struggled to breathe, the discomfort too much as Lord Vladya moved in her with relentless, savage thrusts, devoid of gentleness.

He took her like an animal, each thrust more forceful than the last. There was finesse, no tenderness—just raw, unbridled possession. Guttural sounds of pleasure escaped him with every stroke.

Aekeira tried to hold back her sounds of distress, but with each brutal thrust, it became increasingly difficult. She yelped with every forceful movement, tears streaming from her eyes as she clawed at the ground, squeezing tightly attempting to endure the punishing rhythm he set.

"Sexy, little witch," he growled, his voice dark and possessive. "Come on—" he slammed in "—come on, take it."

Then, impossibly, he picked up the pace even more, driving into her with greater force. Pounding so fiercely, uncontrollable screams tore from her throat.

Aekeira was unaware of her own screams...that the piercing wail that rent the night air belonged to her. Lord Vladya ignited a fire inside her womanhood, and each brutal thrust, the flames grew. She burned with an intensity bordering on madness.

"I cannot get... close... enough. Want to fucking live inside you," Lord Vladya growled, grinding into her. Reaching every deep part of her, before he gave another hard thrust.

Aekeira's hands gave out, and she fell against the tree root, dislodging him in the process.

A snarl ripped from his throat. He covered her body with his, his legs kicking hers further apart, and he pushed into her again, resuming his hard thrusts.

Each plunge sent shockwaves through her, a blend of pain and a twisted sense of belonging. His ruthless pace, the raw ferocity of it, allowed no room for anything but the immediate, all-consuming sensation of being claimed.

Aekeira floated, losing track of time. She was uncertain, but she may have even lost consciousness at some point. Though not entirely comfortable, she savored the feel of him this close to her. This raw claiming that hurt more than their past couplings.

A fang grazed her neck, piercing her skin.

Her body jackknifed, a surge of pleasure blindsiding her. Pain mingled with ecstasy, creating an intense, pleasure-pain sensation that was...indescribable.

She wailed, clawing at the ground as an unexpected orgasm was ripped from her.

It was the first time she had climaxed with something inside her, and it was suddenly too much to bear.

"Lord Vladya...!!" she screamed, writhing beneath him. His big body held hers captive, unyielding.

Every nerve in her body felt electrified. Hypersensitive. His bite sent great pleasure through her, mingling with the feeling of him plunging inside her. The forest blurred around her.

He withdrew his fangs and groaned. "Ukrae, you are strangling my dick. Holy hell." His movements faltered, before he shot his release into her.

Broken sobs tore from her as she came down from the intense high.

"Please." Aekeira's mind spiraled, caught in a firestorm of ecstasy. Feeling his warm sperm tormenting her body, the painful flames of his seed, Aekeira felt...consumed. Possessed.

Warmth spread through her. She wanted to be his, fully and completely. Even if it meant surrendering to the feral beast within him.

"That's it, take it all. Take everything," he mumbled, sounding out of it, making short, jerky motions.

Aekeira took it all, trembling from the waves, gasping and quivering. The intensity of it left her weak, and she collapsed beneath him, her body wracked with aftershocks.

Finally, he went still above her and collapsed. His weight grounded her, pressing her into the earth.

She felt his weight, his breath hot against her skin. And peace.

A strange, fragile peace.

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GRAND LORD VLADYA

The forest was hushed save for the rustling of leaves in the night breeze, offering Grand Lord Vladya no clues as to how he came to be there. The scent of damp earth and pine needles filled his nostrils, he was alone and disoriented. Fragments of memory danced at the edges of his consciousness. The Lantern Festival. He remembered the lanterns bobbing in the twilight, the festive air, the laughter of the people...Then, a void.

A blank space where memory should have been.

When a male starts to descend into madness, the woods become his greatest friend. The old Urekai saying echoed in his mind, and Vladya was inclined to agree. These days, his episodes of zoning out were increasing, always leading him to the woods. They said it was the mind's way of familiarizing the beast with its future habitat before the feral transformation. Probably, a blessing in disguise. If these lapses happened within the fortress walls, Daemonikai would surely uncover the truth.

Yet my mind feels clear. Sharper than it has in a long, long time.

The insatiable sexlust that had plagued him, and the constant gnawing blood-lust, had vanished. He felt satisfied. Peaceful. His beast, usually restless and demanding, now drowsed contentedly within him.

He gazed at the moonless sky, at the tiny stars above, searching his memory for clues.

Memory loss. Another sign of an advanced stage of going feral.

He remembered leaving the fortress, walking out of the tower gates, and strolling the square. He remembered walking with Daemonikai and their entourage, dismissing Yaz and his soldiers, needing fresh air. And he remembered...catching a scent. Her scent. Following it.

He recalled being furious at the shy boy talking to her, seeing red when those worthless humans had tried to hurt her, killing them and enjoying it, and then...hunting her. Mounting her.

Vladya grimaced, pushing himself into a sitting position. A garment lay draped over him like a shroud, smelling of pine and jasmine, its warmth radiating against his skin.

She had covered him up. Him, the monster who had taken her body like a savage, more beast than male.

The memory of his uncontrolled desire surged through him. The weeks of suppressed sexual hunger erupted in a torrent of possessiveness and rage when he had seen her with that human boy. All he had craved was to kill the insignificant creature who had dared to trespass on his property. He craved to claim her so hard she would never doubt who she belonged to again. Mark her so deeply no other male would dare even look at her.

Territorial. A feeling he hadn't experienced in centuries. And now, when he teetered on the brink of madness, it reared its head?