

Chapter 20

MERILYN

A heavily pregnant Urekai woman paused at the entrance to the corridor leading to the chambers of the Grand Lord of Blackstone. She turned to her male companion. "I shall continue from here."

The male, a Urekai high lord and her bondmate, looked at her gently. "I understand. I will wait for your return here. Go and answer your master's summons."

She gave him a soft smile before continuing down the corridor, the faint sounds of celebration still echoing in the distance. When she reached the sturdy oak door, she knocked once and waited calmly.

"Enter, Marilyn," a deep, familiar voice called from inside.

Merilyn stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. Bowing respectfully, she greeted, "My lord."

Grand Lord Vladya, who stood facing the window, turned to glance at her over his shoulder. A small smile touched his lips as he looked at her.

"No need for formalities tonight." His eyes softened warmly. "Even heavy with child, you are as beautiful as ever, Merl."

A soothing smile spread across her face as she stepped further into the room. "I am not sure if that is a compliment, Vlad. I look like a watermelon. Had you called me seven months ago, you might have seen me in a better state."

"You look stunning now. Besides, I am sure Henry keeps you quite busy."

"Never too busy to nourish my master," she replied firmly. As she approached, he wrapped her in a warm embrace and kissed her forehead tenderly. "Henry and I worry about you, my lord."

"Do not worry. You have your baby to think about. Have I told you how happy I am for you?" He pulled back, his eyes holding a rare gentleness reserved for his bloodhost. "You and Henry worked so hard to conceive, and now the little one is here."

"Three hundred and eighty-four years," she corrected with a soft smile. "It is hard to forget when one counts each day with so much hope."

"I understand. So, you need not worry about this grumpy old male. I have simply been busy, that is all," Vladya assured her.

Merilyn let out a sigh. "You know that food can only give temporary energy and is never enough for alphas. You need blood regularly. Why risk turning feral when I am always ready to feed you? I am just a few miles away."

That was Merilyn. Always caring, always concerned, always doing her best to care for him.

Lord Vladya felt true joy knowing she carried a child after so many years of trying. She would undoubtedly be a wonderful mother.

"Daemon once went five years without feeding and stayed in control," he reminded her.

"But he came dangerously close. Only drinking from Grand Queen Evielyn—even though her blood could not fully sustain him—kept him sane during that time. The terrible headaches nearly broke him, and his health suffered greatly until he finally called for his bloodhost." Merilyn's smile faded into a worried expression. "You do not have a bondmate, dear Vlad. You cannot keep living like this. I do not want anything bad to happen to you."

Merilyn finally took notice of her surroundings. Her eyes widened as she caught sight of a still figure lying on blankets at the far end of the spacious chamber.

A human female?

EMERIEL

Emeriel woke to a heavy weight pressing down on her. Pain shot through her body, especially in her lower region.

The beast's deep growl brought the memories flooding back. The beast is mounting me!

"Please, that's enough, it hurts so much," she sobbed, trying to move, but the beast growled in warning. Its shaft sawed in and out of her, as if it wanted to own her inside. Emeriel could no longer feel her heat, but the beast clearly wasn't done with her.

Its manhood pressed against that strange gland inside her, massaging the swollen spot.

A wave of pleasure like nothing she had ever felt before washed over her. The beast stabbed her there with its thick organ, particularly hitting that gland over and over again.

A scream ripped from her throat as an orgasm tore through her body, shaking her with its intensity. Her body clenched tightly around the thick shaft, milking her from within.

The beast let out a deep, pleased groan. It's pace quickened.

When the orgasm drained out of her, Emeriel was completely exhausted.

The feral creature pulled its length all the way out, only to slam it back in, hitting a bump deep inside her that made her see red. And, this time, not in a good way.

Emeriel wailed, her fingers clutching the sheets. Again and again he thrust in, hitting the same spot deep inside her that simply hurt.

Tears welled in her eyes and spilled down her cheeks with each hard thrust of its merciless dick.

"By the lights, I'm going to die tonight," she sobbed.

The beast was trying to penetrate her womb, but since she was not on full heat, the spongy mouth of her cervix stayed sealed shut.

Either the beast had no idea or he simply did not care. It thrust into her ruthlessly. Mercilessly. As if it wanted to batter its way in.

"Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods," she wailed, writhing beneath the mighty beast. As a syren, her body would open to accommodate his size without being torn from within.

But without proper preparation and gentleness needed to ease a syren into heat sex, Emeriel was simply in agony.

Even as her syren gland desperately pumped out more fluid, her body hurt as if she were being boiled in scalding oil.

A loud roar ripped from the feral's throat, stilling as its semen shot into her body...coating her insides, filling her up. Triggering another orgasm from Emeriel.

Without any warning. Devoid of pleasure. Just an overpowering and inexplicable feeling that flooded her senses. It was surreal.

Emeriel squealed, trying to scramble away from the onslaught of sensations. But the beast roughly pulled her back, pinning her down with its paws, forcing her to take it all. Every last drop.

She wailed. Shrieked. Screamed.

When the beast finally withdrew its member, Emeriel's arms gave way, and she collapsed onto the bed, her head spinning.

She had no strength left in her, and there was a pool of semen where she lay. Weakly, she turned her head to gaze at the beast. Relief flooded her as she saw the beast pulling away.

Oh, thank heavens. It's all over.

But when the feral creature rose, it grabbed Emeriel's legs and dragged her toward the edge of the bed before hoisting her up by her midriff.

Surely, he can't want more...

"No, no, no," Emeriel struggled, flailing unable to find a foothold. The beast carried her halfway across the chamber, and as quickly as it had begun, it abruptly ended. Her knees met the cold, hard floor, and her hands instinctively reached out to maintain balance.

When she sensed that hard, rugged body behind her once more, and felt that enormous member nudge her sore privates, a sense of dread settled in her belly.

Light above, the beast is not done with me.

Oh demons, I'm going to die tonight.