

Chapter 276

It was in her eyes, in the soft parting of her lips, in the way her body arched ever so slightly beneath him.

“What instinct do you have?” her voice carried a slight tremor.

“You don’t want to find out,” he warned. Lowering his forehead to hers, he pressed her down more firmly with his weight, letting her feel his fat arousal. His control was fraying fast. “Fuck, fuck, fuck. Just keep still.”

“No.”

The single word was a lightning strike, freezing every muscle in his body.

Daemonikai’s head snapped back, his gaze locking onto hers with incredulity. “What did you just say?”

“No, I won’t submit,” she breathed. “I refuse to submit.”

“What are you doing?” Daemonikai’s muscles went taut, visibly trembling as he fought himself.

His beast raged inside him, banging against his chest, trying to force a shift. She must submit to us! She is our mate!

“Don’t do this, Emeriel,” he warned. “If I take you this way, it will be... animalistic.”

“Do it.” Her defiance burned as brightly as the blush on her cheeks. “Show me you are my Urekai Alpha.”

His body vibrated harder, desire and restraint warring. He could feel his beast rising, digging its claws into him.

No, stay away from this. You are not needed here—

“Maybe Lord Herod would make a better alpha,” Emeriel taunted. “He’s strong enough to hold me down and give me what I—”

The roar that split his throat was animalistic, silencing the woods around them... and everything became a blur.

He was barely aware of flipping her over and tearing her clothes off. Now, she lay flat on her belly, him pressed over her, holding her hands captive above her head, her face pressed against the ground.

He was scarcely conscious of spreading her thighs with his knees, untying his pants in fast, jerky movements, and plunging into her.

She whined, arching into him and wiggling as she tried to adjust to him, but he gave her no chance.

He fucked her hard, unrestrained, pounding her into the ground.

Every stroke fed his beast, every cry from her lips fueled the pleasure sizzling through him.

“Yessss,” she moaned in a broken cry. “Oh gods, so full, so good, ugh so big—more!” Gibberish spilled from her lips as her voice shifted with every sound—moans, screams, desperate pants. She shuddered beneath him, taking every thrust.

The sex was everything he had warned her about and more. It was animalistic and wild.

He had tried—damn it, he had tried—to hold back, to slow down, but his control was completely burned.

She needed to know, to feel it in her bones and in her soul, that she was his. Made for him and only him.

And I will brand that knowledge into her until there is never a doubt left!

She clenched him like a vice, her scream tearing through the night as she came.

Daemonikai cursed up a storm in a string of vulgarities he would never use on a normal day as his thrusts stuttered.

Her tightness milked his release, strangling him so good, pulling him into a tide of sensation so great he thought he might lose his damn mind.

His hands pinning her wrists tightened as he resumed fucking into her again.

“Who do you belong to?” he growled.

“You!” she cried.

“I. Can’t. Hear. That.” His thrusts were angry punches nailing her Syren glands without mercy with every word. “Who. Do. You. Belong. To!?”

“Yours!” she howled in surrender. “I’m yours! I’m yours, oh gods...!” Each breath was a hiss, drawing out the ssss, her eyes rolling back into her head.

Her surrender should be enough, but it wasn’t. Not for him, and certainly not for his raging beast.

Out! Out! It slammed against his mind, wanting control, wanting to mount her in its own form.

No. I’m NOT unleashing on her in this state. He gritted his teeth so hard they nearly cracked, channeling the wild need into his plunges. He took her harder, forcing himself to focus on her cries and the way her body welcomed him.

Her voice rose again in a crescendo of pleasure as she tensed under him, another peak building fast.

When he climaxed, his beast seized the opportunity, and the shift began before he could stop it.

It wasn’t until he felt the stretch of his hands—now a paw, claws elongating—that he realized what was happening. He fought it, clawing his way back, forcing the beast down before it could complete the full transformation. But he couldn’t fully return to his male form, his beast already holding the upper hand.

Fine, we share her. You and I both, half-shift. Deal?

Deal, his beast purred with satisfaction.

His already well-endowed manhood swelled further in size. But she was a Syren. His Syren.

Her body stretched to accommodate him, though the fit remained impossibly tight. They mashed her hypersensitive glands and overstimulated walls with even the barest of strokes.

His young princess was wailing beneath him, her nails biting into his hand as another release ripped her to pieces.

They may be in the deepest part of the woods, but her screams echoed through the trees so loudly he was certain they carried far beyond the forest’s edge. And it satisfied his primal side greatly.

Until her walls were clamping down on him so tight there was no space left to move. Yet he made shallow thrusts, his growls and grunts mingling with the sound of her cries as he sought his own release again.

And when Daemonikai’s release came again, it annihilated him.

She wrung every last drop of his semen as he shuddered violently, uncontrollably, as though caught in the throes of a seizure...

Sparks danced behind his eyelids like fireworks, his vision dimming until it nearly faded to black.

When his world finally came back into focus, he let out a slow, ragged breath, shifting back into his full male form.

Underneath him, his human treasure lay utterly still, her body spent, her breathing soft. She had lost consciousness.