

Chapter 86

AEKEIRA

Aekeira stirred from her slumber, a weight pressing upon her. Even before opening her eyes, she knew Grand Lord Vladya had joined her. Her body tingled with warmth, her body becoming aroused, even as dread filled her. Swallowing nervously, she looked up at him.

"Aekeira," he uttered in a guttural groan. He appeared livid, though that was nothing new. But this time, he looked...tired too. Not physically exhausted, but mentally burdened. Aekeira struggled to find the right words to describe it, but tiredness seemed to fit.

"Your Highness," she whispered. Now in close proximity to him, Aekeira forced herself to look beyond the fear that always clouded her perception of this male and truly observe him, Marilyn's words echoing in her mind.

Knowing what he had endured helped Aekeira see him as more than just her captor, slave master. More than just a heartless grand lord, and tormentor. She saw him as any male. As flesh and blood.

She wanted to hug him. Even if he would likely strangle her for it, Aekeira still wanted to hug him anyway. This must be what people mean when they say one was playing with scorching fire.

"Do not look at me like that," he growled, his voice sharp.

"Like what?"

"Like..." he seemed to search for the words but gave up. "Just don't look at me like that."

Like I want to embrace you and ease your pain? Aekeira had always been compassionate. It was her and her sister's strength as well as their doom.

Ever since she had learned about his struggles, she had thought about him more times than she cared to admit. Living a long life was one thing, but living it in misery was something else entirely.

He leaned down and pressed his nose against her neck, inhaling deeply. A rumbling growl escaped him, sending shivers down Aekeira's spine.

"You smell so good," he grumbled. "You should not smell like this. No one has the right to smell like this."

Aekeira opened her mouth to speak.

"Don't," his voice muffled against her neck. "Do not talk." Pulling back, he rose above her and undressed.

In quick, jerky movements, he pulled Aekeira's nightdress over her head. His claws slipped out, slashing the fabric, leaving her nude before him. His eyes devoured her naked form.

Aekeira let out a shameful whimper, aware of what he saw. She was so drenched she could feel her own pool of moisture.

"Whore," he uttered, his voice low and deep. Devoid of the usual aggression. "Sweet, little whore."

The insulting word aroused Aekeira more. Her head rolled to the side, her eyes tightly shut.

His body came over hers, hands gripping her thighs, spreading them wide. His manhood probed her entrance, once, twice, and then, it was in.

Aekeira cried out. The usual pain was there, but dulled. And pleasure. Sharp, intense pleasure.

His body covered hers completely, his hands encircling her throat. He withdrew and thrust back in, again and again.

He wasn't as rough as he had been in the past, and Aekeira couldn't fathom why. She didn't dwell on it. Her body felt full and strange. A sigh escaped her lips as he rocked into her.

"So good," he sounded wrecked, his grip tightening around her throat. "Why do you feel so damn good? I could stay inside you all week and not tire of you."

The lack of air was doing something to her, heightening the strange pleasure she was already experiencing, leaving her feeling lightheaded. In a good way.

Aekeira moaned. Time slipped away. She reveled in the weight of his body on top of hers. The intoxicating pleasure coursing through her. It was there, just below the surface, tingling and trickling through her.

Maybe, just maybe, it might be better this time. Bearable.

But his movements ceased. Lifting one of her legs, Lord Vladya positioned it above her head, angling her hips before plunging deep once more.

He was deeper than ever before, each stroke sending shards of pain through her body. The pleasurable feeling slowly dissipated, replaced by a harsher, unpleasant sensation.

"Oh, please," Aekeira sobbed, her body writhing in discomfort. But there was no escape. The sensations washed over her like a tide, relentless and unyielding.

And with each powerful thrust, he bumped against her cervix, prodding it, causing sharp pain to sizzle through her body.

The new position allowed for direct contact, and his phallus relentlessly surged in and out of her, repeatedly hitting the mouth of her womb. It was excruciating.

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GRAND LORD VLADYA

Lord Vladya heard the sound of a girl screaming, but it felt distant, as if coming from afar.

An overwhelming urge had taken hold of him, unlike anything he had ever felt before.

The powerful need to enter the deepest part of her, meant for him. Her most sacred place. Vladya had never experienced anything quite like it. The need was irresistible. All instinctive.

He tried to fight it, but even he recognized a lost cause when he saw one.

His Urekai instincts had mistaken Aekeira for a syren. Capable of full heat. Capable of opening to accommodate his organ in her womb.

With each unsuccessful attempt to enter her deepest core, frustration coursed through Vladya. Why would his female deny him this way? Why would she not let him in!?

"Let. Me. In!" The words spilled from him in rage, his movements erratic, his thrusts vicious.

"I can't...!" Her screams pierced the night, high-pitched and agonizing. "Please, I can't!"

"You can, you do not want to." He snarled angrily.

"No, no, please, I really can't!" She sobbed, tears spilling, head shaking from side to side, "I really can't, please. Have mercy, it hurts a lot."

Of course, she couldn't. Aekeira was not in full heat. She was no syren. She was not his.

So, what in the world was happening to him? Why wouldn't his body, his almost feral mind, take that freaking hint and stop?

Summoning all his willpower, Vladya managed to slow down his thrusts. His beast roared within him, fighting him to keep going and give them what they needed.

What in the name of all that is holy was going on?

Vladya stopped completely. Disregarding the headache that split his skull and the tumultuous waves of anguish washing over him, he withdrew from her warm, tight heat.

Her legs came together and she curled into herself protectively, crying and shaking like a leaf.

Seeing her in such a state hurt him deeply. Perhaps it was because, this time, Vladya had not set out to make it hurt, all his actions had been purely instinctual. He had no idea why his heart was squeezing the life out of him.

"I am sorry," he blurted out. But seeing how distraught the girl was, he doubted she had heard him.

He rose, willing his erection to go down. Then, completely ignored it as he put on his garments, and silently walked away. Arousal still pulsed through him like a relentless drumbeat, his throbbing cock felt hard as granite, begging for release. But Vladya was done for the night.

This time, he was not driven by a thirst for her blood, but a profound yearning to fill her womb with his seed until her belly swelled up.

Either the feral madness was taking hold more rapidly than he had thought, or the human princess was truly some kind of witch.

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