

Chapter 319

PRINCESS AEKEIRA

“You have to take my knot,” Grand Lord Vladya's voice was strained as his release neared.

Aekeira barely heard him. Her entire world had shrunk to sensation, to pleasure, to him. Every stroke sent her spiraling into euphoria, drowning in bliss so deep. She felt drunk on him, yet he did not bloodfeed from her.

She had long since lost count of how many times he had sent her over the edge. How many times she had screamed her pleasure for the world to hear.

Distantly, she heard his deep groan as he climaxed atop her, spilling his warm and thick release inside her.

But instead of the usual burn Aekeira had learned to live with, it sent her plummeting into yet another shattering orgasm. Tearing a broken cry from her throat, making her gripped the sheets as her sensitized body writhed and shook with pleasure overload.

Barely had she recovered before she felt a new sensation.

Aekeira gasped, her dazed mind struggling to process it. A stretch. No, an expansion.

Her eyes blinked open. “What is... what is...” Even her voice sounded slurred to her own ears.

“My knot.”

Already she could feel his penis growing, stretching her open, pulsing thicker inside her.

At first, it felt full. Blissfully full. But then, it kept expanding.

And soon, full became too full. Uncomfortably full.

"This is not normal. I-I do not think I can..." Her breath came in short, panicked gasps.

"You can," Vladya soothed her, threading his fingers through her hair. “The first time is always uncomfortable, but I promise, you will eventually love it.”

She clenched around him, trembling. Torn between pleasure and the sheer impossibility of how much more he was forcing her to take.

It kept growing until she was certain it would split her in two. Tears pooled in the corners of her eyes, slipping down her flushed cheeks.

“Such a good girl,” Gently, he kissed away her tears, warmth and pride in his voice. “My sweet little Keira, you take me so well. I am so proud of you.”

His praise sent a different kind of heat into her, a glow that settled deep. Made her want to please him. To take everything he gave her.

So biting her lip, Aekeira panted through the pressure, her thighs quivering as his knot grew massive. And just when she was sure she could not take another inch, just when she thought she might break... it swelled to completion.

A perfect, locked fit.

"I did it." Her breath shuddered out in a disbelieving whisper.

“I never doubted it,” Vladya brushed his lips over her damp temple. “You did beautifully well, sweetling. Hell, Aekeira, you feel so damn good on my knot.”

He shifted—just a little.

Oh. Aekeira gasped, shocked at the sudden burst of pleasure searing through her nerves. Eyes going wide, her lips parted in a moan.

Vladya stilled, a wicked smirk playing on his face as he did it again. A slow, shallow grind, his swollen knot pressing firmly against something new, something devastatingly sensitive inside her.

Sensations exploded through her. Aekeira keened helplessly, body clamping down on him while she convulsed in overstimulated bliss. Too intense, too intense...!

“Please,” she gasped, her hands shot down, gripping his firm ass, holding him still. “Don’t move, please.”

Even the tiniest movement was too much.

The wicked Vladya chuckled low, knowingly. "Alright, sweetling. I will not do that again. But I still need to move us into a better position."

"I do not mind your weight on me."

Vladya exhaled, brushing a loose strand of hair from her damp forehead. "Yes, but it will become uncomfortable if we remain this way for too long," his arms tightened briefly around her before he shifted their position, rolling them onto their sides so they faced each other. "We do not know how long my knot will take to go down."

A hush settled between them. Aekeira fought to stay awake, though sleep pulled at her, her eyelids fluttering open and closed. But through the fog of exhaustion, she caught his gaze.

He was watching her again with that same piercing intensity he always did—but now, something was different. As though he was seeing her anew.

Her lips parted. "My lord?"

“You are my destined mate, Aekeira,” he said at last, his voice laced with quiet wonder. “I am still trying to wrap my head around it.”

Now the haze of heat had momentarily lifted, reality struck her like a lightning bolt.

She was a Syren.

Created for him. Made for him.

And he was hers. Well and truly hers.

Tears burned her eyes.

"There were so many signs..." she whispered. "I was merely too terrified to hope. And even when I allowed myself to, I only wished that we might be compatible enough to become bondmates after the ritual under the moonlight. I hoped for the skies... and I was given the heavens.”

A sharp breath left him. Over the past few months, Aekeira had seen glimpses of his softer side, but she had never seen him like this. Vulnerable. Stripped bare.

Never had she seen his eyes glisten.

"Who would have thought that I, Vladya Theriozydovkar Skyvaktó, the male with the highest failed bonding record, the most cursed in Urai, would have a Soulbond?"

"How could you call yourself such things?"

"Because those were the names the people gave me, little bird." His lips curved, even as he blinked hard, clearing the sheen in his eyes. "Over the centuries, they found their way to my ears."

Aekeira’s heart ached for him.

“Now, who would have thought?” he mused, stroking her hair with the lightest touch.

She pressed closer, until their noses brushed, until his breath mingled with hers. "I love being yours.” Drowning in this enigmatic male who had become everything to her. “My heart feels so full." As full as my body.

"Who would have thought," his voice almost lost to the quiet, "that I would begin to experience true happiness after giving up all hope of ever feeling even the slightest joy?" His thumb brushed over her lips. “For the first time in five centuries... I believe her.”

"Who?" she asked softly.