

Sound travels well in the demon tower. Voices ring across rooms, and anything out of place could reverberate through the floors on quiet nights like these. Once a strategic design to monitor intruders, it has since become a hole of exposure that broadcasts our actions in ways unwanted. Fortunately, there's not a single soul here tonight aside from Vel and I.

Through wide windows and cold, soft air, moonlight coats all I can see in a porcelain shade; pale, gentle, majestic. There have been nights like these; many here, all unforgettable. Tonight, however, we share our lives, our flesh, our love, not just as lovesick partners, but as **wives** as well.

Tonight, our bedside clothes match the same way our wedding dresses did. Tailor-made just for us, the fabric wraps around Vel's figure and accentuates her figure, just her silhouette could make me drop, her legs coated in sheer stockings that glisten in the light, her chest hugged by a corset so close to her chest that I can't wait for it to go. I'm sure I look great too, judging by how eager she seems to be. Basking in the moonlit glow sitting on her bed, the stillness of the night brings out *everything*, the only thing I'm wearing quietly getting soaked. My thoughts race, surging from topic to topic. Replaying in my head, the marriage that still feels like a dream, long after it's happened.

It's just senseless anxiety, but I can't help but feel nervous. That nonsensical void of thought where the worst happens and one day I wake up to find this was all a dream, alone yet again. As much as I hate it, the thought still plagues me from time to time.

All that is quieted when her corset drops, muffling the falls of all else she removes as she strips naked. She's as ravishing as she always is.

The scars only serve to emphasize how strong she is. Guiding my eye from her hips to her bust, the smooth grooves of muscle and bone marked by the pain she suffered when she saved me, all those months ago... I wonder if she still thinks about it, at least as much as I do. Guilt taints anticipation as I get up without thinking, rushing to hug her.

Sobbing on her shoulder, my arms wrapped around her. As my heart beats with a million emotions, I can't discern the emotions flowing through me. A hand on

my head, Vel draws me in closer as we press together in a frozen silence. Untold minutes pass, and I unwrap myself from her, taking in her figure. Everything about her is so firm, yet so soft. Her smile a gentle reminder that everything will be okay, with a reassurance I could never find in myself. I've been fortunate enough to be the one closest to her, to behold and to feel things nobody else will ever get to. I could never get enough of this.

She leads me onto the bed, guiding me by her hand as I tip onto the mattress, falling, tumbling onto the soft velvet sheets with her. Her on top of me, hoisted above by her arms as her gaze, her scent, her hair drop onto me. Trapped between her biceps as every motion coats them in undulating waves of shadow and light. She smells like flowers; a bouquet that grows and envelopes me as she lowers herself for a kiss. Meeting her halfway, we sink deeper into each other, her horns brushing up against my hair.

Her tongue is so soft. Our lips pressed together, I focus on the pillowy sensation of our mouths meeting, our tongues dancing as I take in her breath and the drops of spit that flow down. And it is gone all too soon.

“Wha- Vel!!”

“Hush.”

She pushes herself back up, her silhouette marking the scar on her cleavage, her bust traced out in the dark. I stare at a mound on a mound, the deep pink of her areola gently sloping towards the center that gets ever smaller as she recedes from view. Smaller and more distant still as she recedes and finds *just* enough space to lie down on her stomach, her head is aching close between my legs as she looks up at me with a warm, mischievous smirk, a single nail caught on a strap of cloth, tearing down the last defense between her and my throbbing pussy.

“There's a stain covering the entirety of your slit, Malori. That won't do.”

And with a flick of her wrist a single tug is all it takes for her to reveal *everything*. Smooth, without a hair in sight, my clit throbbing at pace with my heart, beating loudly. Precious seconds pass as the suspense makes my blood rush to the surface, the erratic speed of my pulse only calmed by a kiss placed delicately close to my vulva, just *barely* far enough to be on my thigh. Then another. The sound of sucking, the rumble of her throat, the warmth of her lips making me crane my neck up, as the effort squeezes a whimper out of me.

She looks up right into my eyes as her tongue sticks out; the last thing I see before I tilt my head up in a mix of pleasure, shock, and relief as she stops toying with her prey and begins to devour her. Her hands on my thighs keeping them apart, the heat of her palms demanding my focus until I feel her tongue on the base of my slit. Her horns stand at the edge of my vision, twin peaks that sway and thrust and weave, a glimpse of her silver hair teasing her actions just out of sight.

Slowly, her tongue presses against the waves and ridges, her tongue tentatively exploring my depths, mixing ourselves together in a swirl of pink coated clear, ending right on top as she stops at my clit, before lowering herself slightly, and pressing on inward.

The breaths I let out tell all. I put a hand on Vel's head as my moans make themselves known, a wordless plea to continue as she does, pushing in deeper as she toys with me, her tongue pressing firm as it dances inside me and my hips twitch forward, ever hungry for more. Every passing twitch and flutter shakes off my inhibition. No worries about how I look, if she's enjoying herself, if I smell. She holds me with such warmth and dedication that I can't care about anything else.

I let myself go, melting into the moment as her tongue and her lips whisper a bliss that makes itself felt. I can't see her from where I'm lying, and I start dwelling more and more on how *she* must be feeling; how her head shifts every so often, her breath between my legs, the sounds of soft wet movement that reminds me that her saliva and my drool between my lips are mixing, that she's *tasting* me. Despite being just out of reach, it kind of feels like I'm pining for her.

There is a warmth to how she does it, a silent conversation between how she and I; a flick of her tongue, I gasp; a probing reach forward and my body tenses, the muscles between my legs tightening, clenching, inviting her to *please* come deeper, deeper still. Time measured in breaths and heartbeats, and it's over before I even realize. I let out a huff.

"Wha... Vel?"

"Mhmm?"

Propping myself on my shoulders to sit up, I'm speechless as soon as I see her. Her gaze piercing, her lips coated in a clear, crystal splatter spreading to her cheeks and chin. A thin, delicate line runs from her mouth to my clit, which I hazard to guess is just as pink as her blush, a shade painting surrounding her face, from her ears down to the top of her breasts, tight under her weight. Her lips turned upward, she gives a teasing nod and a smirk, knowing full well between us that she's in

charge. I'm struck with how easily she could overpower me; grab me like a ragdoll and make me her plaything. Even like this, especially like this, she is beautiful.

With a swing of her arms she slides up to my side, laying right next to me as I gaze at her, the light twinkling off the sweat and the shine of her face, vast and brilliant as the night. Putting a hand on my cheek, she caresses my face and I see she thinks the exact same.

"You're **gorgeous**." Her voice ringing through the silence in the room, she guides my face closer to hers as she whispers, so close that I can feel the rumble in her voice. "Clean me up. I want you to know how good you taste."

Without a word I do as she says, my tongue traveling from the sides of her lips to her cheeks, my clit throbbing as we share this quiet moment together, as she pokes out her tongue gently, sneaking in a quick kiss. The scent of our lips intoxicates me, as she gives me another kiss on the cheek, telling me I'm a good girl. My heart races and my breath is erratic, as she smiles with a gentle, closed grin.

"You haven't cum yet, have you?"

I shake no in response.

"Aww, poor thing~ You're so cute and needy, maybe it'd be fun if you spent the whole night like this. What do you think?"

An anxious thrill runs up my body, and I fail to respond.

"Tonight more than ever, I want you to know that you're my most prized possession. Your needs, wants, desires, I'll take care of it all. All you need to do is speak. Okay?"

The blood rushes to my cheeks as I smile and nod.

"For now, let's let our bodies take the lead."

Lain next to her, my anticipation and joy are uncontrollable, shaking me with a gentle, steady rhythm from the beating of my pulse to the quiver of my lips. She leans closer and closer still, an arm outstretched to invite me. I inch closer, about to raise my head level to hers to position myself for a kiss, as her other hand gives a firm, gentle press downward, guiding me to her cleavage, still looking upward as I feel the soft push of her bust on my chin. As I lay hugging her, looking up and urgently, *desperately* needy, a warm maternal reassurance coats her voice. "You know what to do, don't you?"

I give a nod, my lips grazing the soft curves of her areola, feeling with my tongue before finding the soft dappling of dots and bumps that circle her nipple.

Gently, I tease it out and suck on it, feeling it grow ever so slightly as I make Vel moan. As she goads me on to keep going, that I'm such a good girl, and so much more in so few words, I rarely get to hear her so lost in pleasure, and I follow the fluttering sound of her voice, every split-second detour and tiny flick echoed out through her. She places one hand on the back of my head, sliding the other one between us and-

I squeal when her claws brush against my thigh, biting down in shock. Vel moans out a quick apology, pulling back and retracting her nails before sliding her hand back down. Her tail wraps around my leg, holding onto me in a firm, pulsating grip, her other arm underneath me in a half-embrace.

Her voice comes out barely a whisper, any louder and it would devolve into beautiful half-formed moans, ruining what little composure she wants to project, if even for a moment. "Come now, you'll have to try harder than *that*." Feeling her hand below trace out a slow descent closer to my pussy, I look up and make sure she sees me before I puff my cheeks in an attempt to pout.

"Fuck, you look so cute beneath me." I feel the tip of her finger circling my vulva, as her tail uncurls around me and forces itself in-between my thighs and leaving me wide open, its tip traces fine, delicate curves on my back as I feel its, warm, smooth body rub against my slit. I'm so close, I know she can feel me *begging* for it but still wants to keep me teased and on edge. It's not fair, it's so not fair, and I let out these frustrations by pinching my teeth into her soft, milky skin, pulling my head back and sucking until I can feel my cheeks meet the sides of my tongue and her breast, pushing back as my teeth slide off the her curves, till they meet at the base of her nipple. No matter how much I try to get a reaction from her, beneath the moans and whimpers she doesn't say a word, her tail only slowing down while pressing harder, leading to *agonizingly* close calls where I'm *almost*, **just about** to cum, but not yet. I could almost scream from the pleasure. Two can play at that game.

I clamp back down and grind against her tail, my hips moving, *searching*, **hunting** for any sort of stimulation. I can feel the drool of my pussy dripping onto her tail as it teases me, sliding through the length of my vulva before halting to a stop, inching out of reach when I try to move on my own, before splashing back onto me mid-motion, catching me off guard. All I can think about is how much I need to cum, her breast muffling my moans as they become louder and more desperate, my pleas becoming louder and more primal as they buzz from my throat

to my tongue, my ears focusing on every faint click, drip, and slap coming from below me. I'm so cumdrunk that I can barely even focus on Vel's voice.

"...hold me tighter, I want us to cum together."

I let out a muffled, confused reply, and with an almost guilty pride she places a hand on my head and guides it down, showing her legs spread as well, the love between our legs spilling over and mixing onto her tail, pleasuring us both. She holds me tighter as she brings her hips closer to mine, the thrusting and sliding of her tail becoming more erratic and more intense as I *finally*, **finally** feel the waves of pleasure flooding through my body, and this must be what Heaven feels like. I can't describe it no matter how much I think about it, save for the fact that I was holding onto Vel for dear life, and in her arms I was safe.

When I came to, we were still in each other's arms, the world a warmer, more mellow place. I melt into bed, feeling myself sink in as I come back to my senses. The sheets feel so much softer, and every rise and fall of my chest a slow, deep flow of relief. Vel lays right next to me, and as cliché as it may be, I can't believe how lucky I am to be this close to her, right next to her, forever and always. I'm torn between an overwhelming laziness and yearning for her touch, as I wriggle towards her to cuddle in a comfier position, sliding through cooling sweat and skin.

Vel looked at me and smiled. "How are you feeling?"

It takes a while for me to think of anything to answer, words failing me.

"...I can't move my legs."

She raises an eyebrow, the corner of her lip twitching up in that telltale sign she's trying to hide a smirk.

"Are you...sure?" An uneven blend of concern and pride shows through her voice.

I gesture below, trying my best to move it in any way at all, a kick upward or a slow rise of my thigh, *anything*, but whatever I try results in them twitching in place, with barely a rise at most. Staring at myself for a couple seconds, I realize that there's a faint glow at the base of my stomach, a small triangle of light that gives off the same color as my charm. Vel can't keep her eyes off of it.

"You're not feeling any pain, are you?"

"No, I'm fine! Aside from being unable to, um, walk."

She nods in response, still staring at the mark that's appeared on me, before reaching out to caress it, as if her fingers were grasping for a gentle, immaterial lifeline.

"...I see."



She's so pretty even like this. Entranced, staring at what's just appeared on me. Staring at her as she stares at me, I wonder if she's ever had anything like this happen to her. I certainly haven't.

I prop myself up to see what she sees, and the moment my eyes focus, I realize why she can't take her eyes off it.

There's an intricate network of curves, swirls, and lines, the sigil of a womb right above where I can only assume the actual thing is, inside me. The lines remind me of brushstrokes, as if this was painted on me as a brand or a mark, or to show what my body would be a vessel for, what it's ready to **become**. The thought of it makes my head flutter, and I don't need anything else to know that Vel's thoughts are much, much the same.

My hand meets hers, and after a few seconds of endless thoughts and rumination, she finally comes to her senses and looks up, meeting my gaze.

"A-apologies, Malori. This is just a bit... overwhelming."

I smile, and she knows she's forgiven.

"Well, seeing as I'm able to walk, I suppose I'll get us some water to make sure you're not overexerting yourself."

Coming back with two jugs each bigger than my head, I wonder if that may be a bit too much since I don't feel *that* thirsty. The fact that me and Vel each empty one without putting it down drowns out any doubt, the water flowing down in big, parched gulps. I think about the crest and what it means for the rest of the night. It's a type of demon magic Vel told me about, unheard within human society. It affects her too, since it was made specifically for making love, not war. There are a bunch of different effects, but the most important thing, the only important thing tonight, is that both libido and fertility are amplified, many times over. We both know what that means, and can see the excitement showing **all** over our bodies.

"Are you ready, Malori?"

I reply with a silent nod, my lips pursed as I scramble to find the words. I've prepped, I've trained, me and Vel wouldn't do this if I wasn't *absolutely*, **completely** ready. But I still have my doubts, even though I know well enough I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Vel readjusts to stand firm by the side of the bed. Putting a hand between her legs to obscure her vulva, a white light starts emanating, peeking out between her fingers, with every motion moving forward revealing more and more of the cock she's growing, till she's satisfied with the length and moves her hand away, the light fading as it begins to match her skin tone.

Staring at it, I'm left speechless as a mixture of fear and lust overtake me. Last time I tried to handle her, I ended up naked in the church. The pleasure so blinded me, the agony, the raw joy of being entirely at her mercy that in the whirlwind blur we made together, I pushed even harder, activating my charm and goading her on, that 'there's no need to hold back'. I could feel her nails on my skin, her teeth marking me all over, signs of her love, coated in sweat and cum, my vision clouding. I cried out loud enough that I'd been heard throughout the tower, but as tears streamed down my cheeks, dripping onto the sheets or flowing into my mouth gasping for air, I knew with my entire body that they were tears of joy.

It'll be in me again. But on the other hand, it'll be IN me again. Its smooth, scaly ridges glistening as precum shines off each gentle slope, bend, and curve, *glowing* dimly with mana. I almost want to reach out and give it the love it deserves, but my libido tests my patience as I look up at her and **beg** her to put it in. I'm sure this is a normal amount of excitement to feel.

She gets on top of me, her eyes widening with excitement as her mouth opens ever so slightly, the barest hint of her teeth peeking out. From the strength of her grip to the twitch running down her spine, it's obvious she's trying her hardest to restrain herself, and seeing her composure fray is a special kind of pleasure.

"Vel, you're **really** pent-up, aren't you?"

I swear I could see her eyes narrow.

"To be honest, Malori," her voice lowers, getting more hushed with each word.

"The only thing I can think of, is *ravishing you **on the spot.***"

With that, she slides her cock over my vulva, both of us dripping wet and silent. She slides its length over my clit, letting me feel every bump and curve, my moans goading her on.

She steadies her hand, placing her cock right on the edge of my labia, the tip embraced in its kiss as she looks up, right to me, a twitch on her lip and I feel her filling me in, breaching through my pussy and breathing out as she feels me welcome her cock, enveloping it with love as I tense and relax in response to her. I crane my head to take a look, and I see the bottom of my belly bulging out, the length between her legs fitting snugly between me. Vel's voice approaches a whisper, low sultry tones oozing from her words. "Look Malori, you're taking me so

well~” As she slides in some more, the waves of my skin on hers hypnotize me until she fits the entire length, and my womb mark starts to brighten. A wave of what I can only describe as warm, inviting lust runs through me, and for a split-second every part of me felt aroused, from my lips to the peaks of my nipples to my throbbing clit.

“Vel, did you feel that too?”

The sudden blush on her face, more shocked than anything else, tells all.

“I did. It was... a pleasant surprise.”

“So the womb mark *does* affect you...”

“That’s only natural. It is a piece of demon magic, after all.”

She leans in for a kiss, muffling our sounds together. Pushing me back so I lay flat on the bed, she puts a hand on my chest, feeling up my breasts, sliding across the curves of my skin, her palms, fingertips, the spaces between them all grazing and kneading my body as my body responds, waiting to accept her; a squeeze here, a pinch there. I’m *aching* to have more, when she whispers, fingers playing with my breasts as her voice tugs on my heartstrings:

“I’d *love* to see what else we can feel together.”

I can feel her voice reverberating into me, her cock sliding in and out, thrusting in a tentative, careful exploration of me. I feel every ridge, every ripple, and I can barely voice out my joy as her tongue bursts in when she kisses me, teasing me with pokes and prods, sneaking in a gentle nibble of my tongue. As she finds her rhythm, my mark pulsating to match, sending *wave* after **wave** of pleasure so deep that I can almost **feel** it in my womb. I can feel her heartbeat speed up; an almost inaudible but throbbing beat picking up the pace in time to the pulse running from her body into mine. Her face tensed in a gaze of focus tempered by pleasure. Her eyes are locked in this half-wide, half-squint that only **I** will ever get to see, and if I stare I can see the cloud of fog leaving her with every breath. “Vel... I wish we would stay this close **forever**.”

Between huffed breaths and pleased sounds, she responds.

“Don’t worry, you’ll always have a part of me with you.”

Faster, faster still, steady now. The feeling of her rearranging my insides is enough to make me *scream*. I unclasp my lips from hers and put my arms around her, pressing her onto me and hugging her, a stream of moans and squeals pushed through my lips squeezed right out of me. Vel responds in kind, gripping me tight

enough that I can feel her nails press against my skin. I sink my teeth into her shoulder, a cross between a moan and a cry rumbling into her skin. This feeling of warmth, wrapped and permeating through my body, overwhelms me, marked by a stream of agape noises.

My clit cries out for attention, Vel's cock filling me inside making fleeting, agonizingly brief touches with it every time it thrusts itself in. I sneak my hand right below hers still gripping on my tit, fingers meeting my clit kissed by the ridges of her cock. I find my sweet spot, and start rubbing away.

Timing myself to Vel's strokes, my fingers tease and dance, and I find myself lost in the motions that my fingers guide themselves through. Time stands still, and I lose track of everything but the feelings of me and her, even our moans and voices mix together. Before I know it, I'm cumming again, belting out a cry of ecstasy. After I come back to my senses, I see Vel looking proud of what we've done together, still deep inside of me.

*"Don't we make **such** beautiful music together, Malori?"*

There is a duet we're making together, pounding in beat as we fill out the harmony.

There's a cloudy kind of bliss that makes it hard to think, with every little thing melting away except for what matters. All I can blurt out are single words, gasps of 'fuck' and 'please' and 'I love you'. But even those don't matter when I can convey so much in breaths, moans, and cries. We melt into a blur. All that matters now is that she's **inside** me, I can feel her pulsing and making me hers, and I'm so proud of how I can take it, my legs, my pussy quivering and tightening as I fit into the shape she's molding me into.

"V-Vel, how do I make you feel?"

She replies in huffed breaths 'Like...like...', straining to get each word out. As she does, I unwrap my arms. The moment I stretch them out above my head, she pounces and pins both my wrists beneath her hand. I let out a yelp and try to wriggle them free, which only makes her press harder into the bed, tightening her grip.

"Like a feast, to be savored."

Her words send a shiver down my spine. There's a gleam in her eyes as she notices me tense up, a sadistic gleam in her eye. She must be fucking me harder,

because my body *d demands* itself to be felt more, struggling in vain against the monstrous, ravenous predator above me, and I've never felt more alive.

Teasing her with pleas for mercy, cries of help, and other acts of pleasure, she responds in kind, sweat dripping between us as we call out to each other, never too close yet always further still. The look on her face makes it clear that she loves seeing me struggle. I'm held down and helpless, pinned on the bed, her forcing herself onto me with all her strength as her hands, mouth, cock, all greedy and taking in as much of me as possible, as she gropes my breasts muttering about how soft they are, I feel her all over, everywhere.

I feel her breath pick up. Slowly, then all of a sudden, her hands grip tighter and her thrusts are less rapid and more like deep, complete plunges in and out of me. Her breath on my ear anticipates her whisper:

“Malori...Malori, I'm about to cum.”

It's not the first emotion I'd thought I'd feel, but a warm joy, a love I could only describe as *romantic*, wells in my heart as I realize my love, the light of my life, is about to give a part of herself to me. Every type of happiness overwhelming me all at once, tears start streaming down my face as my hands lay tight above her back, hugging her closer to me.

“Let it all out Vel, give me all your love. This is the happiest moment of my life, and I want it to be yours too.”

She sinks deeper into me, her arms wrapping around me as well in a tight embrace as she bites on my shoulder, her lips quivering in desperate rapture. I feel her cock inside me twitching and bulging still larger, she cries out and I can feel her deep inside me as her hips thrust more and more, hitting deeper, and deeper, and deeper. I feel a wave of heat rush right over my womb, Vel's cock stuck deep inside of me, pumping me full of cum. The glimmer of mana I feel tells me the womb mark must be doing something, but from the pleasure to the joy to our undying love, it's hard to know exactly *what* it's adding.

Vel's cock pulsates deep inside me, throbbing, *filling* me in as we remain locked in a carnal embrace, and there's a deep joy in being filled, being used until I'm overflowing, her body pressing my soul back to my body and her cum leaking out the edge of my pussy, dripping onto the bed.

We spend a while lying still together, only moving by the rise and fall of our chests. After a while she gets up, and she greets me with a smile and a haze in her voice that's not too different from when she's drunk.

“...that was amazing.”

It was, and I still ached for more, so *much* more. I sat up and stretched, moving around until I was sure my butt was firmly in Vel's view.

"Mmhmm, that felt *great*, didn't it?"

I arched my back, making sure my legs were spread just right. Sliding up a hand between my legs, I followed the trail of cum to my vulva, spreading it wide open.

"Wouldn't you want to do it again, Vel?"

I want her, and I want her to want me too. I want her inside me, I can feel her right behind me, and I hope she wants me too.

Her hands on my sides reassure me that she does. I feel the tip of her cock kiss the soft sides of my entrance before bursting back in, waves of warmth and bliss radiating out from her. I close my eyes, focusing on the feelings, the fullness, the new sensations that being held down like this brings.

She feels even stronger like this, her grip strong enough to mold my body into whatever her will desires, the constant back and forth keeping me occupied as I melt into the trance of flesh. I bury my face in the mattress, pressed into it as it listens to the orgy of flesh we make, and before I know it I feel the back of my head being tugged on, forcing me to crane my neck upwards and to look straight ahead. In the dark ebony headboard, I can make out our reflection in the moonlight, our figures blurred together into a fuzzy, united silhouette.

The only thing I can see with any detail is my face, squinting and panting through the pleasure, perched within the pale outline of the rest of me, joined with Vel, her hair and her horns the only distinct detail as they sparkle in bright, pinprick glints. In this relative lull, I realize that my bladder is full, as well. Vel's thrusting in me nonstop, and as I call out to get her attention, she only gets more and more intense, fucking me harder and harder.

“Vel, wait— I need to—!”

It starts with a trickle at first, stopping and sputtering in bursts with my calls to get her attention, getting more and more desperate. Every attempt to stop the floodgates only makes the stream stronger, until it is abundantly clear that she's noticed, and simply doesn't care.

The pee trickles down my legs, spraying me and Vel in warmth as it pools around my knees and splatters in tiny splashes as Vel continues to thrust inside me.

Gushing out, the pressure by my stomach loosens as Vel lets out a deep, guttural laugh, the closest thing to a roar I can fathom coming from her. Only after she does it again do I realize it's a cry of pleasure.

She pulls my hair harder, like a dog on a leash. In the embarrassment and the relief of just letting myself go, I feel like a bitch in heat, a slave to my instincts.

Everything melts into a blurry, sweaty mess as Vel continues to fuck the life out of me. Minutes melt into hours into days that rise and fall. I can barely recall it all, as we move and shift and fuck and drift from position to position to position. Eventually, I fall asleep.

When I come back to my senses, I notice that I'm laid on top of a fresh towel, still naked, but dry and cleaned up. Vel lies next to me, sleepy but attentive, a hand on my belly. She perks up as soon as she sees I'm awake, a flicker of life shining in her eyes, calling my name.

"Malori! Are you alright?"

Vel brushes my hair off my brow, and the worry she has for me is written all over her face. A blink and a longing stare, and I respond half-awake.

"Oh... I'm alive."

"Yes, you did great holding up there. How are you feeling?"

Content. If there's one word I can use to describe the warm calm imbued in every breath I take and every thought I fathom, it's content.

"I feel **wonderful**, Vel. A bit tired, too."

She inches closer, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. "If there's anything you ever need, let me know." I nod, smiling in response. It's quiet again, and the demon tower rings hollow. There's no telling what time it is, but I *think* this is the third time the sun's risen.

Vel puts a hand on my stomach and pats it like she would a baby. "You know, I think this is the first time a human's ever withstood the full...rigor of dragon mating." Staring at my womb, she says; "I wonder if we'll conceive. I hope we do."

I place my hand above hers, weighing it steady above where our seeds mix. "Well, if we don't get it now, we can always try, try again~"

Right above my womb, my mark glows a bright purple, save for its heart-shaped center, filled completely in white.