

Chapter 140

His thrusts rocked her, nearly toppling her over, but his firm grip held her steady.

"Take it. Take it." He couldn't recognize his own voice, so rough and animalistic, as he slammed in over and over again, with a force he would never have used on her outside the throes of a full heat. But she could take it now. Yes, she could.

Galilea screamed so loud it might have reached the heavens as her body deteriorated. Muscles clenching around him so tightly he swore aloud, his climax tearing through him, his growls mingling with her screams.

"Fuck, you milk my essence so well, little princess," he grunted, filling her up with his seed, driving her into another convulsive orgasm.

Galilea's blue eyes went wide with pleasure. Her mouth hung open in a soundless, endless scream, toes curling. Sound of tearing sheets reached him, the fabric she held in a dead grip ripping apart.

"So hot." Daemonikai was beginning to realize how he loved pushing her limits. She was so sexy when overwhelmed, when trying to handle everything he gave her.

He kept moving against her clamping muscles and quivering flesh, drawing out her climax. Her shaking legs turned liquid, and she fell forward. Daemonikai followed, covering her with his body, pounding her into the sheets.

Her stiff posture finally broke. "I... I...Please," Galilea sobbed, eyes squeezing shut.

He collapsed onto her, pressing her body into the bed, rolling to the side taking her with him, spooning her, still deeply buried in her.

"It's not over yet, pretty one," he murmured, his hand caressing her cheek tenderly. "You still need to take my knot," he said, swelling inside her, from the base of his dick.

Her eyes snapped open, panic flickering through them. "It-It's big."

"It will only grow bigger. Have you never taken a knot?" Wait. Daemonikai frowned. "Is this your first full heat?"

She hesitated, then gave a small nod.

A thrill shot through him. He was her first full heat. Her first knot. Primal satisfaction swelled within him. The knowledge calmed him on a level he refused to examine.

She was tensed, struggling to take his growing knot. Daemonikai's instincts softened. His protective, gentle side stirring to life. "Try to relax, little one."

"Big," she gasped again, scared. Her canal squeezed around him, instinctively trying to push him out. "I can't, please..."

His arms tightened around her waist, anchoring her firmly against him as he leaned closer. "You can, and you will. You know you want this."

"I do, but—"

"Then take it." He ground his enlarging knot against her oversensitive body. She released a sharp cry, shuddering with aftershock. "Let me in, Galilea. Now."

Just like that, her resistance melted away, muscles loosening in surrender. She sobbed as the rest of his knot expanded, locking them together.

"Good girl." He caught a tear that escaped her eye, brushing his lips against her throat. "Such a good girl."

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EMERIEL

Emeriel was overwhelmed. Hypersensitive. So, very full.

King Daemonikai had claimed her body, flooding her with torrent after torrent of so much pleasure. He left her breathless, wondering just how much more she could withstand.

The agony of heat had lifted from the multiple orgasms he had drawn from her. Now, finally knotted, calmness settled in her core. The once searing pain softened to a mere hum, a dull ache pulsating quietly just beneath the skin. For now, it was satiated, lying in wait like a dormant storm.

Emeriel felt better than she had throughout the entire day. This night had begun like it would be her last, she'd been sure she wouldn't survive the pain. She used to think she didn't have a high tolerance for pain, but after everything she had been through in life, she'd gotten somewhat better at enduring it. Yet nothing, absolutely nothing she had ever felt, could have prepared her for the agony of full heat.

"Are you alright, little one?"

Grand King Daemonikai. With the fog cleared now, Emeriel felt staggering relief knowing it was indeed him, not just any male. So much relief it nearly brought her to tears.

She blinked rapidly, clearing her vision. Emeriel hadn't cared who it was, as long as they could ease her suffering. Memories of the past few hours were fragmented, a jumble of pain and desperate need. How had he found her? What had happened?

But the questions faded as she basked in the warmth of his arms. None of it mattered now. He was here.

Emeriel was spending her heat with the one male in the entire universe she wanted. She felt a sense of belonging, a rightness to the world, that she had never known before. His strong arms were a safe haven...a sanctuary. Safe. Protected.

"Don't stop holding me. Please," she whispered, her voice raw with need. Emeriel was beginning to realize that a person had no control over what came out of their mouth in heat. She had to do better filtering what she said. But for now, she felt so good, she didn't want to. "I'm sleepy."

"Sleep, then," King Daemonikai said, his voice caressing her skin. "You have a long night ahead of you."

The gentleness in his tone surprised her. A far cry from the cold, harsh words he used to express his disdain for humans. How many others had seen this side of him?

The tender, caring Daemonikai, the one who held her with such care? Emeriel did not know, but she cherished it, pressing her body closer to his, reveling in the feel of his hard muscles against her skin.

"Please, don't leave me." The words slipped out before she could catch them, her eyelids drooping.

"I'm here, young princess. I can't go anywhere until your heat has run its course." He exhaled. "Damn, you feel so good on my knot."

Emeriel meant forever, but this worked too. She got him to herself for three days? Beside her, close to her, inside her? She liked it. A lot.

Drifting off to sleep, his knot locked deep in her, Emeriel found comfort in his arms.