

Chapter 141

A searing heat in the pit of her stomach ripped Emeriel from the depths of sleep. She stirred, a gasp escaping her lips as her lower belly clenched in a painful spasm. It was happening again.

Her eyes darted around the room in a frantic scan, stopping as she spotted Daemonikai's large form seated in a chair by the corner, his head resting against the high back, eyes closed.

"Please, I need you," she whispered, biting her lips.

His eyes snapped open. They blazed with an icy fury, pupils narrowed into slits. Emeriel recoiled at the sight.

"Your Grace?" Her voice was tentative. Cautious.

He growled. Green eyes locked onto hers, but there was no recognition in his eyes. Only a burning rage that made her blood run cold. Another growl, deeper, more menacing than the last, came from him.

"Human," he spat the word like a curse, loaded with disgust.

Emeriel shrank back further, the pain of her heat momentarily receding.

His hands clenched into fists, his breathing ragged and uneven. "The scum of the earth. I am going to kill you all. Every. Last. One."

Surging from his chair, he moved with anger and grace, and in a few strides, was upon her, his hand closing around her throat, cutting off her air supply.

It was so unexpected that Emeriel froze. She couldn't breathe. And his hands only tightened.

"Dae-Daemonikai," she choked out.

Vision blurred, spots dancing before her eyes. And because her luck sucked, the next wave of her heat crashed over her.

A scream tore from her throat, muffled by his hand. Trapped in her constricting airway. The pain was excruciating. All-consuming. A thousand times worse by the lack of oxygen.

She writhed and bucked. Hurts so much! Emeriel screamed in her mind, her vision fading to black. Lost in the abyss of pain, she was vaguely aware of the pressure on her throat easing. She gasped for air, her lungs burning with the sudden influx of oxygen.

Distantly, she heard the sound of ragged breathing. A soothing voice murmuring unintelligible words.

More screams.

The wave of pain continued its brutal assault. Sawing at her insides, holding her captive. Her body twisted and contorted as if possessed. She felt lightheaded. But just when she thought she couldn't endure another second, the pain began to recede.

It left her trembling and weak.

"I am sorry, Galilea," a familiar voice whispered.

King Daemonikai's hand was gentle now, caressing her cheek, his eyes searching her face with concern. Tenderness.

Emeriel's eyes, teary and strained, met his. She lay on her back, him atop her. His other hand entwined with hers, his body nestled between her spread legs. He was inside her again.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly, remorse in his eyes. She nodded, her throat tight with unshed tears.

The grand king stroked her gently. Languid. "I lost my head for a moment. Almost killed you." His gaze fell to her neck, a frown marring his features, likely seeing the bruises Emeriel knew were forming. "I could have killed you."

"I'm fine," her voice was hoarse. Pain and relief mingled. "Please, do not stop. It hurts."

"I won't," he said, catching the tear falling down her cheek. His touch gentle as he picked up the pace, giving her what her body so desperately craved.

His member, so big and hard, touched her in all the right places. His strokes steady and precise, soothed and stimulated, guiding her from one trembling climax to another.

"Yes, yesss. Just like that," Emeriel cried, her words tumbling out unchecked as she clung to him, riding out the cresting waves taking what was left of her breath.

He targeted her most sensitive spots with unerring accuracy. Cramming his length against her swollen, sensitive nub and holding tight. Her cries turned into a scream, her legs locked around him, as he pounded her there, over and over and over again.

"So good," she wailed, losing herself in the sweetly brutal tide of sensations. Violent, spasms of pleasure. Time lost its meaning as she spiraled into another staggering climax. Riding the tides of another heart-stopping, mind-blowing release.

Emeriel's eyes rolled back into her head. Her fingers clenched in his firm grasp, head shaking frantically from side to side. Her inner walls squeezing and squeezing around him.

"Fuck, you are strangling my cock."

Emeriel was beginning to come to terms with the fact that her beloved had a very filthy mouth. In another situation, she might have been embarrassed, but now she could only let out a needy moan. Eyes closed, her face etched with the blatant ecstasy he was giving her. Heavens, he feels so good inside.

His movements faltered. Pulling out, he flipped her around with her back to him, positioning himself behind her before plunging back in. Each thrust striking her overstimulated flesh still quivering from the aftershocks of climax.

Only when Emeriel began to yell, "I've had enough, I've had enough," her voice breaking as she begged for mercy, did he finally let go.

He came with a roar. His large frame tensed, then locked in place, as spurts of warm cum flooded her inside.

Emeriel came again with a weak, tremulous cry. Body languid, tears streaming down her face.

His knot grew, locking in on her oversensitive walls. Emeriel sobbed, the sensation so exquisitely intense it skirted the fine line between pleasure and pain.

So good it hurts. Hurts so good.

"I know," he murmured, his face buried in the crook of her shoulder. His breath was warm against her neck as he drew a lungful of her scent inside him. "I know, sweet one."

She had said it out loud then. She really had no filter during heat.

His weight was massive, but Emeriel did not say a word—it felt good. Even if she was half-afraid any movement from him might trigger another out-of-body experience, and she really wasn't sure she could handle any more. So, she remained still, basking in the afterglow of being mounted within an inch of her life.

Until his voice broke through.

"I think it will be better for another male to see you through your heat, little princess."