

## Chapter 151

HIGH LORD HERODIS

Herod lay beside his sleeping mistress, sexually sated, tuning in to the blessed silence coming from the cottage. Emeriel had screamed for hours on end, but now, he was glad to hear the sounds of pleasure.

He was relieved Emeriel was finally experiencing the first full heat she deserved, with the one male in the entire universe she was made solely for. To think his letter had not even reached the fortress before her mate traced her scent here. Soulbond truly was the whole package.

Despite the bleak and doomed future, Herodis was glad she could have this moment of bliss.

The fire at the barn had been a harrowing ordeal, taking the entire day to extinguish. News of the Grand King's departure had reached him upon his return, his heart aching when he learned Emeriel had been left alone for a time. But thankfully, Grand King Daemonikai had returned to her side.

"If your mind still wanders so deeply, then I must have done it wrong," a soft voice purred, breaking the silence.

His mistress had awakened, her eyes sparkling with seduction.

Herod offered her a gentle smile. "Do not fret over it, Gailyn." She was very pretty, her features soft even though she had a will of steel.

"Of course I will worry about it." Sultry eyes with a hint of challenge and purpose met his before she began to trail a tantalizing path down his body.

Herod sighed, his organ stirring with interest.

Gailyn had become his mistress two decades ago. A distraction from the grief and pain that had engulfed him like the fires of hell itself.

In those dark days, he had indulged in reckless behavior and sown a lot of wild oats—Gailyn was one of them. Herod was grateful to have moved beyond that tumultuous phase, but Gailyn had remained.

After he had ceased feeling as though he would die every day, his need for her had diminished. But when one has been shoved into a rut by the sweet, strong scent of a girl in heat whom he deeply cared for, there was never really any other choice, was there?

"Let us try to lull that ever-working mind into sleep, shall we?" Gailyn murmured, her head descending as she skillfully took him into her mouth.

Herod's breath hitched, a tremor of pleasure surging, stealing his breath away. Gailyn's mouth worked its magic, wiping his mind clean.

He closed his eyes, surrendering to the sensations she evoked.

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EMERIEL

Emeriel woke, heat coursing through her body. Her belly twisted with a deep, aching need, her intimate areas swollen and slick, her breasts tight and throbbing. The heat simmered within her, not yet strong enough to trigger spasms, but impossible to ignore. She felt hungry. Ravenous.

She lay facing the wall but rolled over slowly, careful not to make a sound, stealing a glance at King Daemonikai. He was stretched out on his back, staring at the ceiling with his hands behind his head, eyes closed. She couldn't tell if he was asleep or merely resting.

Her gaze drifted downward, biting her lips as hunger blazed in her eyes. Even in its flaccid state, his manhood looked impressive—so large and long.

Emeriel bit back a moan, squeezing her legs together to contain the burning desire surging through her.

I want it so much. I want it inside me.

She glanced back up at his face, his eyes remained closed. Her hands moved of their own accord, reaching out to touch him. Her fingers brushed against the soft, velvety skin of his member, and she held her breath, waiting for any sign that he was awake.

He didn't react.

Encouraged, Emeriel's touch grew bolder. She traced the length of his flaccid member with delicate fingers, marveling at its size and smoothness. As she continued to explore, she felt it twitch, swelling beneath her touch. Growing larger, thicker, harder.

Suppressing another moan, Emeriel's throat grew parched with desire. Her other hand found her nipple, tweaking and playing with it as she continued to stroke him. Rolling the sensitive nub between her fingers, jolts of pleasure coursed through her body, making her gasp. His mushroom-shaped head was large and enticing. The memory of how it had felt inside her earlier made her burn.

And his knot...

A small moan escaped her. It was intense, almost uncomfortable, but she was addicted. His manhood stood proud now, fully erect and pulsing. So breathtakingly beautiful.

She stole another glance at his face. No reaction, eyes still closed.

Surely, she could, maybe, sit on it, right? Could she dare to take her pleasure while he slept, none the wiser? She needed, needed, to feel him inside once more.

Emeriel cautiously rose, moving quietly, straddling him with care. The sheer size of his body made her spread her legs wide to accommodate his broad frame. Settling onto his powerful thighs, a rush of sensation surged through her. The position felt good.

Should she be doing this?

Maybe not. King Daemonikai might wake up disoriented and confused again. Or angry.

The thought of his deep, authoritative voice reprimanding her, all hard and growly, didn't scare her, it sounded tempting. Or perhaps he would adopt that commanding tone of the grand king, stern and powerful. She liked that too.

Emeriel recalled his controlling voice as he ordered her to show her breasts to him in the woods, triggering a fresh wave of wetness. She began to grind against him, low moans and sighs of pleasure spilled from her lips, breaking the silence of the cottage. Gazing down at his handsome face, her affection for this male made her heart swell.

He was so incredibly stunning it was almost too much to behold him so close, so vulnerable in sleep. A fierce possessiveness took hold of her.

He is mine. Mine!

All her inhibitions were gone. She felt bold, horny, and reckless.

Rising once more, she positioned herself over his erect member, her breath hitching as the tip brushed against her swollen entrance. Slowly, she lowered herself onto him, his head parting her slick folds.

A cry spilled from her lips as the enormous head pushed into her slick entrance. The sensation was overwhelming, a delicious stretch that made her feel complete. She could almost cry at how good he felt.

His eyes opened.

Emeriel froze, her breath catching in her throat. The grand king's eyes were sharp and alive, pinned on her with a hot, intense, burning gaze.

Caught.