

Chapter 152

EMERIEL

Emeriel's gaze held the grand king's like a mouse caught in a trap. When did he awake? How long had he been watching her?

What should she do? Stop and move from him?

Emeriel whimpered. She didn't want to stop.

Her hips moved on their own, grinding against him, because she couldn't help herself. Emeriel fucked her hungry channel with just the tip of his head, letting out a throaty moan as the pleasure built within her.

"Look at you. Such a little slut." His voice was low, seductively reproachful. "You don't even care if I was asleep. You want it so much you were willing to steal it. Is that not the truth, young princess?"

Shame mingled with shyness, washing over her. Eyes lowered, Emeriel gave a jerky nod, her cheeks flushing with heat.

"You are ashamed, yet it doesn't stop you from moving." He smirked. "Stop."

"Please..." she cried, desperately grinding against him. Oh, so good.

"Stop, now."

It took every ounce of her willpower to obey. Emeriel stilled, her eyes watering.

"Good girl. Look at you, practically shaking with effort to hold that position without sinking down. You want it so much."

"I wa-want it," she whispered, her voice quivering with need. "Please, let me have it."

"What do you want?" King Daemonikai watched her like a hawk, his gaze sweeping over her flushed face down to her spread legs... zeroing in to the very point where they were intimately joined. His eyes darkened. "Say it, Galilea."

"Your man-manhood," her murmur was so low it was almost incoherent.

"Beg for it."

Emeriel let out a soft whine, her arms sweeping across her face as she hid her eyes in their crocks, shaking her head.

He chuckled, obviously enjoying her struggle. "If you want it that badly, Galilea, then beg for it."

Her blush deepened, spreading across her face like wildfire. "Please, I need your ma-manhood in-inside me."

"Then go ahead. Take it all in. Every inch of it."

Every inch? Emeriel wasn't sure of that, but her eagerness drove her forward. Withdrawing her arms, she resumed her descent, letting out a soft, shuddering breath as, inch by inch, she took him inside.

Her inner walls stretched to accommodate his impressive girth as she took him deeper, hands splayed across his broad chest for balance. A moan escaped her lips, louder this time, as she felt him fill her completely.

"Yes. Take it like a good girl." His voice was even deeper, like distant thunder.

So big. So full. Emeriel was in heaven.

But as he reached deeper, he hit a sensitive bump, and she stilled abruptly. A sharp thrill of pleasure shot through her as his tip pressed against her cervix. Her womb's mouth.

The intensity of the sensation made her gasp, ecstasy so poignant it was almost too much. And yet, her male wasn't even halfway in.

"It has descended further. Your heat is at its peak." The king's green eyes flooded with pure hunger. "You're so aroused I bet you must be dripping from behind too."

Emeriel squeezed around him, her inner walls clenching and releasing as his words made her hunger spike even more. She was so wet she couldn't keep track of which of her openings produced the moisture.

He shifted slightly, lifting himself. His hand ventured behind her, exploring a part of her that was untouched, fingers brushing against the tight, puckered entrance.

"Hades, you are soaked." A growl filled with deep hunger, like she'd never heard before, emitted from King Daemonikai's throat. His hand massaged the hole, rubbing and circling it gently in a rhythm that sent sensations tingling down her spine.

"So sloppy and loose. You are so hot." He surveyed her with eyes that seemed to devour her whole. His body was no longer relaxed. It was tense...coiled with a restraint that hinted at the fierce control he was maintaining.

"Take more of my dick, darling. Take it into that tiny little hole of yours. I want to feel every wrap, every muscle, as I fuck into your womb and coat the deepest part of you with so much cum your belly swells up."

Emeriel fell over the edge. His graphic, filthy words, combined with the deep penetration caressing her cervix, and his hand massaging her forbidden region, made Emeriel come so hard she was soaring through the skies with pleasure.

A throaty moan escaped her lips, her mouth hanging open in a silent scream of ecstasy. Her internal muscles clenched tightly around him, provoking a deep groan from him.

As the intensity of her climax subsided, Emeriel felt the strain of her prolonged position. Her thighs ached, her muscles trembled with the effort of maintaining her hover. As she began to lift away, strong arms encircled her waist, halting her retreat.

"We are just getting started. Down, young princess. Sit on it," his drawl commanded.

Emeriel's breath was shallow, cheeks burning with a rosy flush. But gingerly, she lowered herself again, taking him into her quivering body. The king went deeper, nudging her until she felt pressure in her cervix.

He gave a firm thrust, drawing a soft mewl from her as he opened her up. His arms held her waist, urging her down, burying himself deep in that small, fluttering scared place.

Emeriel's eyes watered at how good it felt. Her breaths came in ragged gasps, fingers clutching at his bulging chest, seeking something stable to hold onto against the feeling.

"It feels...feels..." Good-great-intense-amazing.

By the time she fully seated herself upon him, Emeriel was shaking again, teetering on the verge of another orgasm. She had never taken him this deep before. Looking down, she shifted slightly and could see the outline of his manhood pressed against her lower belly.

"Move." His voice strained, the wild look in his eyes made her hot. How much could she test his control? Did she even want to? Emeriel wasn't entirely sure.

"I ca-can't," she managed to gasp out. She felt utterly full. Stuffed to the brim. The intense pleasure hummed just beneath her skin like a charge.

King Daemonikai's hands gripped her hips, holding her firmly in place as he took control, moving beneath her. His strokes long and slow.

Each thrust made her gasp. With every glide into her descended womb, the sensations that flooded her were beyond words. Emeriel wasn't sure she could describe them as pleasure. They were more than pleasure, yet not pain. Simply...more.

A part of her—a distant part of her—was embarrassed at her loud, uninhibited cries. Like that of a seasoned whore. But Emeriel couldn't help it, the pleasure was too strong.

"You enjoy getting stuffed with my dick?" he groaned, punctuating each word with a firm thrust.

"Yesssss," she hissed, sweat beading and rolling off her skin.

He changed his angle abruptly, pressing against a particularly sensitive spot inside her, and Emeriel arched, nearly catapulting out of her own skin.

His manhood in her womb stroked her so good, touching glands Emeriel never knew existed. She chased that sensation, grinding against him so his hardness hit her sweet spot so well.

Her moans filled the air as the tingling of an impending orgasm grew more profound with each passing moment. "I'm going to..."

King Daemonikai stopped.