

## Chapter 153

Emeriel nearly sobbed with frustration. Without a word, he rose, keeping her close. Their bodies remained joined, Emeriel clinging to him like a tenacious spider. Each step sent a jolt through her core as he crossed the room.

Reaching the sturdy chair, the grand king sat down, pulling her down onto his lap and leaned in closer. "Start moving."

All Emeriel's instincts said obey. And she did, her hips already moving. Rising and falling, her hands clung to his broad shoulders for balance, biting her lip at the exquisite feel.

His fingers wove through her hair, capturing a handful in a firm, yet gentle hold.

"So sexy. So hot," his tone caressed her skin as much as his touch.

A bashful heat bloomed across her cheeks, and Emeriel ducked her head to hide her flush, burying her face in the harrow of his neck. Moving rhythmically, she savored every contact... every slide.

"You feel really good," she confessed shyly into his neck, the warmth of his skin against her lips making her heart race. Her heat thrummed in her, but without its brutal waves Emeriel felt as if she were soaring through the heavens.

The room filled with her moans mixing with his occasional low groans. Her orgasm built again, imminent and inevitable, her belly tightening as her cries grew louder.

A thick finger suddenly prodded her back entrance, pushing in. Emeriel whined, shock and stark pleasure swarming her.

"You're drenched," his voice was gravel with raw lust. "Tight, yet loose with heat."

Withdrawing his finger, Emeriel heard the soft command. "Open."

She lifted her head, her face even more aflame to see the glistening finger he held to her lips. Surely, he didn't mean...

But he did. The king's green eyes masked with desire held silent purpose. Emeriel didn't think she could blush harder than she already was, but her face and neck grew even hotter. Heart racing, her lips parted to accept the finger.

Surprisingly, sweet, clear liquid burst across her tastebuds. Moaning loudly, she licked his finger eagerly, chasing more of that flavor.

King Daemonikai pulled his finger out, moving it behind her again.

"Ohh," she wheezed as two fingers plunged into her. Repeatedly, they matched the rhythm of his powerful thrusts into her virginal canal.

Words failed her. If Emeriel had felt full before, she couldn't even begin to describe what she felt now.

Tremors rocked her sweaty body. Her muscles clamped down, locking tight for a few seconds before she shattered into a million pieces.

Emeriel was screaming and screaming, the release shaking her very soul. Rocking her entire being. Capturing her heart and soul in its grip.

King Daemonikai kept moving, as she heard a loud groan, his manhood expanding. He filled her completely as his knot grew, pressing and mashing against every nerve ending inside her until stars exploded behind her eyes. Without coming down from the first orgasm, she was thrown into another.

Yelling as it crashed through her, her fingers dug into her beloved's skin. Oh....! Emeriel's brain shut down, her entire world narrowing to the sensations threatening to kill her.

"You're doing good, my slutty little princess. Taking me so well. Fuck, look at you..." The king's hand ran soothingly down her back, but Emeriel could barely feel it amidst the attack to her senses.

As he released warm ropes of seed directly into her womb, triggering another powerful release, Emeriel must have lost her mind for a while.

When awareness returned, his knot locked them together already. He was leaning against the chair while she was slumped over him, their breath coming in heavy gasps. Her body still jerked from the aftershocks, so hypersensitive that even the air brushing against her seemed too much. Her own release had created a river on his thighs.

She hoped he wouldn't move; Emeriel wasn't sure how much more she could take. And yet, he did. Hips rocking repeatedly, his knot tugging and gliding against her hypersensitive, overstimulated walls producing feelings like mini-orgasms that wouldn't stop.

"Please...!" she sobbed when she couldn't take more, shuddering badly and clawing at his shoulders. "Oh, please!"

A hint of a smile tugged at the corners of King Daemonikai's devilishly handsome face. "I know there's still one more release I can draw from you, darling."

"I can't... please, I can't take anymore," Emeriel cried, her muscles clenched so tightly they began to cramp.

"If you're going to steal my dick while I sleep, make sure you can stand all I give you while I'm awake, dear Galilea."

Paying her no heed, he moved... a slow, languid roll of his hips flooding her with raw, harsh bliss. She hissed, squirming against him, but there was nowhere to go. He gave her no choice but to endure it.

Whimpers slipped from her throat as the tension built. Eyes rolling back into her head, Emeriel came soundlessly, fingers clenching and unclenching, legs twitching uncontrollably.

The edges of her vision shimmered white, the world blurring around the edges, and as she slipped into darkness, a thought lingered.

My beloved is one hell of a beast. In more ways than one.

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MISTRESS SINAI

Mistress Sinai couldn't shake her restlessness.

Rising from beside her lover, she reached for her clothes. Her Daemon had been away for days, word was he was helping a female through her heat. Sinai could understand; It wasn't unusual. Yet, the uneasy feeling, the sense that something was wrong, refused to leave her.

"Are you alright, darling?" Daryl's voice broke through her thoughts.

"I'm not sure," she admitted. Sinai needed Daemonikai to be wholly hers, yet every day, it felt as if he was slipping further away from her.

"You can always come back to bed..." Daryl suggested, a hint of seduction in his tone.

Sinai dressed quickly and stepped outside for some evening air. The nagging feeling persisted—something was wrong; she could feel it.

Ureikai imprinted very deeply, which was why their anguish knew no bounds when they lost a loved one. The pain was excruciating. And Daemonikai was still grieving, and as long as the pain persisted, he wouldn't consider a future with her.

She needed to give him time—years, perhaps even centuries. But ultimately, he would be hers alone. There was no one else for him. Eventually, this male would belong to her, all she had to do was patiently wait for him to mourn, heal, and finally open his arms to her.

Yet impatience gnawed at Sinai. Is waiting truly the answer? Why did it feel like her male was slipping through her fingers once more?