

Chapter 155

Mortified, she wished for the earth to swallow her whole.

A moment of silence passed before Lord Vladya clicked his tongue, a small smile briefly crossing his features. "Using some uninterpretable choice words, Merilyn suggested I take you far from her abode."

Aekeira could only nod. She agreed wholeheartedly.

Pulling away, breaking their intimacy, his voice went up a notch. "Apologies, Merry. We depart now."

But, upon their return to Blackstone, an urgent summons whisked Lord Vladya away to court, leaving Aekeira to retreat to the solitude of her chambers alone. Her body still tingled with unspent, unfulfilled desire.

Hot, Aekeira shed her clothes, sliding under the coolness of the sheets. But sleep proved elusive.

Tossing and turning, her mind replayed every moment of their encounter—his lips, the feel of his erection against her, the intimate promises whispered yet unfulfilled.

Gods, I need him so much.

Aekeira parted her legs, letting her hand wander down her body for the first time. Maidens had whispered of such acts, but never had she felt the need to explore herself. Until now.

Her fingers found her sensitive clitoris, tender and swollen with need. Aekeira imagined they were his fingers steering the pleasure rolling off her in heated waves.

"Lights..." she cried, closing her eyes.

Shame mingled with arousal as she adjusted, burying her face into her pillow, biting into the fabric to muffle her moans. Her fingers worked faster, flicking, rubbing, pressing her engorged, slippery nub. Each touch fueled by the vivid memory of his kisses. His taste.

The way he had pressed her against that ancient tree in the woods... His teeth sinking into her neck as he brought her to a climax...

A whine slipped from Aekeira as she came, shuddering under the strong waves of release. Her legs clamped together, pressing tightly against her exploring hand as she convulsed.

"Vladya..." she whispered, the name rolling off her tongue like a prayer as pleasure danced over her. Only when her clit became too sensitive did her fingers still. The tide of ecstasy slowly receded leaving Aekeira breathless. Spent.

Awareness gradually seeped back into her consciousness, her eyes fluttering open to the sheets she was biting down on. She was alone, yet it didn't stop the surge of embarrassment.

You touched yourself.

You did so, imagining him.

Do want him that much?

Shame flushed her cheeks, her breathing slowing, her mind racing. I touched myself thinking about him.

The reality of her actions, of her desire for grand lord Vladya settled like a stone in her chest. When it came to him, she behaved like a wanton. Like the slut he accused her of.

Prostitutes at brothels probably have more control than I do.

Aekeira closed her eyes, but she did not fall asleep for a long, long time.

EMERIEL

By the night of the third day, Emeriel was sated.

Sated and happy.

Sated, happy, and worried.

Was there such a thing as too much sexual intimacy?

If so, Emeriel felt they might have set a new record. Was every full heat like this, or was it unique to the first one?

The days had blurred into a continuous fog of pleasure. More pleasure, resting, sips of water, more coupling, sleeping, tender hand-feeding, hurried clean-ups, more heat, and even more sex. Not necessarily in that order.

Emeriel's feelings had fluctuated between utterly sated, ravenously hungry, exhausted, arousal, basking in the afterglow, thirsty, completely passed out, sleeping, and then, more arousal.

She was often only dimly aware when King Daemonikai tenderly cleaned her up, always drifting into sleep when the maids quickly tidied the cottage and replaced the soiled linens. Throughout it all, the grand king was steadfast by her side, always ready to quench the fires of heat whenever she awoke, needing him. Mounting her thoroughly, leaving her begging for more... or mercy.

Like now, he was moving above her. Stroking her womanhood to release the heat, massaging her pleasure centers, fucking her hungry channel and womb. Languidly, Emeriel glanced down at her noticeably swollen belly, filled to the brim with his sperm.

Her Beloved was particular about keeping his release inside her. Making sure none of his seed flowed out. Often, he'd hold her legs up, locking them in place, growling as he scooped any that dripped out back inside her. It was instinctual from his rut, but it always made Emeriel hot.

"Damn," King Daemonikai growled, thrusting in, stroking deep.

Loud, shameless moans came from Emeriel's throat as she basked in the profound pleasure. So indescribable.

Half of him was in her cervix, so sensitive she felt every glide. Emeriel never imagined it could feel this good, this incredible, to be joined like this with another. Witnessing Keira being sexually abused many times, she had never imagined it could actually feel like this.

With the beast, there was always the pain to accompany the pleasure. Never the raw, pure euphoria she had felt these past few days. It surpassed any expectations.

Her thoughts blanked as her climax crashed through her, and she cried out, quivering under yet another peak of ecstasy. He continued stroking, plunging, taking her through the deep waves of her release. Only after it passed did he slow his thrusts, eventually pulling out and coaxing her to turn over.

Emeriel lay on her belly, resting her cheek against the cool, fresh sheet, feeling her beloved's body align perfectly with hers from head to toe. His weight pressed down on her, knocking the breath from her lungs, yet she found the heaviness strangely comforting.

Shifting, he raised his torso slightly. Using his legs, he gathered hers together, holding them firmly closed. Emeriel felt his hands on her, parting her cheeks, before three fingers plunged into her anal region.

Whimpering, she buried her face in the sheets, bracing herself. Worried, yet waiting.

"Do not be afraid, little one," the grand king murmured. "Outside of your heat, I would never seek to mount you here without your express permission. I am well aware of my size and how untouched you are there, it would be painful."

His fingers gently prodded, exploring deeper, sending hot fires cascading through her. "But now, during your heat, your body is not only ready but craving for this. Your heat demands it, making lubricant for you, pleading for your male to come home... here. To claim your every opening, leaving nowhere untouched. To coat his semen in here and mark you."

Emeriel sobbed. Three fingers felt like ten, her pleasure magnified.

He prepared her meticulously, prodding and stroking, pushing her to the brink of insanity. Trembling uncontrollably beneath him, Emeriel was feverish with ecstasy. It was too intense. She craved more.

"Take me, please," her desperate plea was muffled by the sheet.

She tried to wiggle, but he leaned forward, his weight holding her still. He continued to prepare her, slowly adding more fingers, stretching and teasing, until more cries escaped her parched throat. The crescendo built, and Emeriel teetered on yet another orgasm.

Only then did he withdraw his fingers. His familiar hardness poised at her entrance, letting out a drawn-out moan at the sheer pleasure as he thrust home, burying all of him inside at once.