

Chapter 156

Feeling him there was weird, yet pleasant. Stuffed to the brim. Withdrawing, he plunged in again.

"Yesssss," she panted, "More."

In short, hard thrusts, King Daemonikai owned her in a way she'd never thought was possible. It was almost too much, every nerve-ending was alight with ecstatic bliss.

Her core throbbled, flowing with so much liquid Emeriel was beginning to think she might be a nymph. Only a sea nymph would gush this much liquid, right?

Apparently, even Syrens.

The grand king began a rhythm that had her making incoherent, unintelligible noises and singing like a canary. Loud cries and prolonged moans reverberated through the air, mixing with the filthy slap of skin against skin.

In a distant part of her mind, Emeriel knew she should have felt ashamed. She was a lady, yet here she was, moaning like a seasoned whore. Begging for more of his sweet member. Begging him to ravish her until she was lost in the heavens. This behavior defied every standard of etiquette. It was utterly unladylike.

Yet, shame was the furthest thing from her mind as she screamed at the top of her voice.

The full-heat truly did act as a protective cloak, shielding her from shyness and shame, while unleashing the most wanton part of her. It felt right, to want him this way... unabashed. Uninhibited.

Emeriel was exactly where she belonged, right under this male. Her Alpha. Her Beloved. Mine.

She was his to command. Pinned beneath him, unable to move, taking the strokes he gave, she was his to own. And he did not hold back.

Emeriel screamed, erupting into another blinding orgasm that had her squeezing her eyes so much, she feared they might pop.

He deepened his thrusts, even after she collapsed. Each stroke drawing low, guttural groans from him. Emeriel could listen to those sounds all day. They were a different kind of addiction.

His hand captured hers, pinning them on either side of her head as he lowered his face to hers, his breath mingling with her own, and truly fucked her life away.

"It feels... much," Emeriel gasped, drooling on the sheet. She was wrecked.

"I know, young princess," he murmured, and she felt a kiss on her nape. "I know."

Ohgod. Sogood. Toomuch. Goodgoodgood...!

Another orgasm tore through her, so cataclysmic, Emeriel could no longer discern where one sensation ended, and another began. Her voice rose to a hoarse shout, escalating into a scream so loud it shook the walls.

He plundered her into the bed, stab after stab of overwhelming bliss following every thrust. Emeriel soared through the skies, and swam in the deepest seas, her body twisting and jerking uncontrollably.

"You're doing so well, princess," he praised, brushing the strands of hair from her sweat-dampened face, his face so close to hers, exposing her entire expression to his watchful eyes. "Such a pretty little slut for my dick, aren't you princess?"

The king drove into her like an animal. Like the beast his kind truly was, shoving her into yet another orgasm while she was still in the throes of the last one. Emeriel could only sob helplessly, clenching the sheets so hard her knuckles whitened, taking it all, unable to hide how much she was enjoying it from his probing eyes. The flood became too hot, the air too thin.

And when she finally came down, Emeriel struggled to draw breath into her lungs, nearly dead to the world. Her body turned to liquid, melting into the sheets as he used her like a mere vessel for his pleasure. Like an outlet for his release.

Tonight was their last night together.

Tomorrow, her heat would abate, and the harsh realities of the world would return.

Hot, distressing tears spilled from Emeriel's eyes.

"Don't stop," she cried despite her exhaustion. Despite her sated body, and shaky legs, she whispered, "Take what you need."

And he did just that, capturing her lips in a deep, soul-searing kiss that left her emotions even more raw than before.

Oh heavens, let this night last forever.

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As dawn painted the sky with its first delicate strokes of light through the curtain, Emeriel lay enveloped in the warm, solid cocoon of her beloved's body.

His knot had deflated, but his manhood was still buried deep inside her virginal core. Though Emeriel could barely feel any part of her body, she didn't try to withdraw, instead turning her head to watch him sleep.

His breaths were deep and even. Over the past few days with her, he had rarely slumbered, staying awake even after their long, marathon couplings, while she passed out. Thank the gods, he was sleeping now.

Her heat was beginning to fade, lingering just beneath her skin, but the fog was clearing. She could already feel the soreness setting in, her limbs too tired to move.

Come morning, my heat will be over. He will leave. This closeness might never happen again.

My future is bleak at best. I face either public execution or private slaughter, depending on which grand ruler discovers my secret next. I wish I could bottle this moment and store it up forever.

Swallowing the ball of emotions, Emeriel squirmed closer, nestling deeper into his body. It hadn't been long since their last round of sex, and despite her muscles aching and sore, Emeriel began to move slowly on his member.

One thing Emeriel had realized during these days in bed with him was that his organ never fully softened. Even after release, knotting, and deflating, it remained hard, always ready for more. She didn't know if it was due to the rut or just his nature.

If this insatiability was truly his nature, can I handle him outside of heat? Will I ever have a chance to be with him in my clear mind, without the fog of heat clouding the experience?

Pushing the thought away, she focused on the sensation humming through her with each slow grind of her hips, swallowing her moans. Gazing at him, she committed every detail of his features to memory.

Raising a trembling hand, she ghosted it over his closed eyes, soft hair, and plump lips. Never had she imagined a male could be both beautiful and powerfully masculine, yet her male effortlessly embodied both. Mine.

"You are all I want to see when I wake in the morning," Emeriel whispered, her voice thick with unshed tears. "All I want to see before I go to bed at night. If you wish for me to help you burn the human world, I will set the fires myself. If you wish to torture the kings yourself, I will join the armies sent to gather them. Anything you wish for, I will do, if it would alleviate your pain even a little. I will burn the world with you, if it means I will have you by my side."

Her sore muscles protested too much, forcing her to still. She blinked away her tears, greedily wanting to see him clearly for as long as possible.

She was intoxicated by this male... enamored by him. "You slept with Galilea, but it is Emeriel who will remember. Who will cherish this until the end of her days."

Burying her face in his chest, Emeriel cried herself back to sleep wondering what their future held.