

Chapter 167

The grand king didn't say a word, his watchful eyes on her, expression guarded yet filled with undisguised curiosity, and something else...

Aekeira pressed closer to her feral, to hide from his piercing gaze.

"Mine!" Lord Vladya repeatedly in an angry roar, taking a threatening step forward.

King Daemonikai finally looked away from her, glancing at his friend. His expression softened. "Yours," he intoned, crossing his arms behind his back. "She is yours, V.D."

Lord Vladya gave a satisfied grunt, turned and lifted her into his arms. He stomped to his bedchamber, and slammed the door behind them, shutting the world out.

GRAND LORD VLADYA

Vladya surveyed the sight before him, satisfied. Aekeira lay bound to his bed, naked, tied securely by the ropes that held her wrists to the headboard, her legs spread wide for him.

Her skin glowed in the dim light. She was breathtaking.

The voices in his head roared, but he forced them into the background. Lust clouded his mind, his dick so hard it ached. He wanted to bury himself deep inside that warm heat calling out to him.

But first.

Vladya moved to the dresser, rummaging through the drawers until his fingers closed around the familiar handle of a sturdy whip.

He had fantasized about this moment more times than he could count, imagining how it would feel to finally wield it against a skin. To simply let go and watch the beautiful trails of blood.

Aekeira made a small sound, her wide eyes trailing his every movement. Fear was there, but also... trust.

And those lips. Full, pouty, and painted with a deep red that seemed to beg for his dick.

The whip could wait.

Vladya let it fall to the floor with a soft thud, his focus shifting entirely to her. Climbing onto the bed, he positioned himself beside her, his face hovering inches from hers. His hand shot out, gripping her hair, holding her head in place, he crashed his mouth onto hers in a kiss that was filthy, raw, and utterly unrestrained. He took her thoroughly, pouring his frustration, his hunger, his need into it.

He devoured her mouth, showing her how he would soon take her body, swallowing her gasps.

When he finally pulled away, her eyes were glazed over, lips red and swollen. The tension drained from her, leaving her pliant beneath him. Vladya couldn't help but growl softly.

Aekeira was unbelievably sexy. The sight of her now, at his mercy and so aroused, did things to him. Wicked, wicked things.

And he needed to fuck that mouth.

Undressing quickly, his clothes fell away one by one until Vladya lay naked beside her. Rising above Aekeira, he straddled her face, his fingers slipping beneath her head to cradle it, lifting her.

"Open," he ordered softly.

Aekeira blushed a fiery red, parting her lips. Slowly, he fed her his manhood, groaning as his length disappeared into the warmth of her mouth.

He pushed deeper, and she choked a little. Vladya didn't ease up, staying there, forcing her to feel him in her throat and adjust to him. Aekeira couldn't take all of him, but he didn't mind.

When Vladya mounted her, he would make sure she took every inch. For now, he was content.

Pulling back a bit, Vladya allowed his shaft to slip out to the tip, hovering just above her parted lips. Then, he pressed forward again, captivated by her mouth stretching wide to accommodate his fat dick, the flushed color of her cheeks, her soft little chokes, and those wide brown eyes. He was entranced. Addicted.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth now." Arousal and need pounded through him. "I will wreck your throat, fast and hard, push your limits, and probably get carried away. But if it becomes too much, if you can't handle it, yank your bound hands twice. Do you hear me?"

Aekeira hesitated, then nodded.

Pulling back, he slammed into her again. And again. And again.

Vladya fucked her mouth the way he had always wanted. His greedy eyes took in every detail of her face. His hand buried in her silky hair tightened as he pushed further in until he was buried in her throat. Fuck!

Aekeira gagged, her eyes watering.

"Take it," Vladya hissed, pleasure coursing through him as he felt her throat constrict around him. "Come on."

Thrusting harder, faster, he watched tears well in her eyes, spilling over her cheeks. Her nose flared with each breath, her body writhing beneath him.

Sensation flooded his entire being. It didn't feel as he had hoped. It felt better.

The damned voices in his head had gone quiet, his beast humming with satisfaction.

Vladya couldn't help it, so he took, and took, and took. His breath became ragged, thighs shaking with the force of his hunger. His balls pulled tight. Fuck, he was about to release.

Releasing her hair, Vladya stroked her forehead tenderly as he fucked in again. "I'm going to come in your mouth. Swallow every last drop."

The flush on her face traveled down to her neck. So adorable.

With one final thrust, he held himself deep, feeling her soft, muffled cries vibrating around him. Vladya's hand drifted lower, grazing over her breast, pinching her nipple.

A tremor moved through over her body, her throat tightening, sucking, on him. The sensation sent him over the edge.

Vladya spurted with a low, drawn-out moan, tensing as he emptied down her throat, utter bliss cascading through him. She swallowed as much as she could, and when he pulled back, the rest splashed over her face, neck, and hair.

Seeing her covered in his semen was a whole new level of satisfaction. Aekeira was so hot.

He caressed her cheek, and whispered, "Good girl."

It didn't escape Vladya's notice that his voice was still deeper than usual, his instincts more beast than male. But for the first time in days, Vladya felt better. Hell, he felt better just by having Aekeira here with him.

Rising, he stepped off the bed, standing at the foot to survey her again. Her musk hung heavy in the air, but the sight of her dripping womanhood from that angle was even better.

"Looks like someone enjoyed having her throat wrecked," he drawled, staring pointedly at her swollen clit, rosy peak nipples, and trembling thighs.

Aekeira whimpered shyly and squeezed her eyes shut.

Chuckling, he arranged a wet cloth and wiped her face, hair and neck clean, before he picked up the discarded whip.

Aekeira's eyes snapped open, that look of dread returning.