

Chapter 172

Aekeira moaned. His kisses did not stop, trailing down her collarbone and along her spine, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

By the time his fingers withdrew, Aekeira was shaking, teetering on the edge. She gripped the sheets, bracing herself as his hardness nudged her folds.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she waited for the hard slam, but he entered her slowly.

Aekeira cried out as he opened her up. Inch by inch. Stretching her, filling her.

Yet, he kept gliding in. How much more of him could there possibly be?

"Hell, you feel..." Lord Vladya broke off in a stuttered breath. "You feel so good wrapped around my dick." With a final thrust, he filled her to the hilt.

Aekeira buried her face in the mattress, panting. Overwhelmed. It felt... good.

How could something that always hurt, like swords forged in Tartarus, be this pleasurable? As sweet as the nectars of the gods.

Lord Vladya leaned over her, covering her with his body. "Okay?"

She would have scoffed if she was capable of it at that moment. Since when did he need her permission to move?

"Y-yes," she gasped, her cheeks heating up. But she wanted. Aekeira pressed her hips back against him desperately.

"Someone needs it badly," he drawled, then straightened. He withdrew, and plunged back in. Again. And again. And again.

Aekeira couldn't control the moans spilling from her throat. She was full, almost to the point of discomfort. Yet, her pleasure mounted with every stroke.

"You are not a Syren," he rasped, pulling out and plunging back in. "You weren't made for this." His words were punctuated by another slow, deliberate thrust. "Your body wasn't made to take my dick, to wrap around me so tight, and squeeze me like a snake," he growled, fucking harder with maddening control. "You weren't made for this. You weren't made for me."

Leaning in closer, the grand lord gripped her hair, pulling the loosened knot. "So, why." He ground his hips blatantly, his hardness pressing deep, and Aekeira whined. "Tell me why." He brushed his lips against her ear. "Do you feel so goddamn good?"

Aekeira cried out, fighting battles words couldn't explain. Pleasure attacked every nerve she possessed. His words took time hitting home, but when they did, they lit her up from the inside. He enjoyed her body that much...?

His thrusts quickened. The rhythm became faster, more insistent, sending shockwaves of sensation through her. Aekeira was in ecstatic heaven.

Never, ever, had she ever thought it could be like this. Feel like this.

Lord Vladya leaned over her again, his chest pressing against her back. One hand gripped her hip with bruising force while the other braced firmly on the sheet above her head. He moved even harder, faster. More demanding.

Aekeira's mind went blank, pleasure surging through her like wildfire. It consumed her, coursing through every nerve in her body.

Deep in her belly, a tension began to coil, tightening with every stroke. Pushing her closer to the edge...

"I wish you were a Syren, Aekiera," he whispered against her skin. "I would unleash on you. I would fuck you so hard, no one else would ever compare. I would ruin you for any other male."

"Lord Vladya," she whimpered, her toes curling. Unbelievable swarms of sensations caused a riot in her. Aekeira's vision blurred, body quaking.

"Ukrae." His pace faltered. "I need to ravage you from the inside. Fill every hole you possess with my seed until it leaks from those gaping holes."

The gods... His mouth! Aekeira held the sheets in a death grip, hiding her flushed face against the sheet as flesh liquid leaked from her.

"I need to be inside your womb. So badly, it almost hurts to fight it."

She froze. The cloud of lust and pleasure lifted a bit. Memories rushed back, vivid and sharp, of the last time he'd had that instinct with her. It had hurt so much.

Panic surged. I have to get away...

"No. Don't." The grand lord's hold on her hip tightened, stilling her struggle. The kiss he pressed to the top of her head was soft. "I will fight it. I can fight it."

Picking up the pace again, he slammed into Aekeira so hard she yelped.

"You will not get away from me," he gritted out, driving into her with another brutal thrust. And another. Each one harder than the last.

Ecstasy tore through her, unrelenting, flooding her senses as if the pleasure had never ceased. Until thoughts disappeared again, and all she could feel was him. Everywhere.

"Oh gods, oh god, ahhh," she let out a song of unintelligible words, wrecked on his fat dick.

He took her like an animal. The sound of skin slapping against skin was loud, and harsh.

Oh, she was definitely going to feel him for days after this.

That coiled tension deep in her belly wound tighter and tighter, until it finally... snapped.

Aekeira screamed as she shattered, convulsing. The force of her release so powerful it felt as though she were tumbling through the air, weightless and lost in bliss.

But Lord Vladya didn't slow. His moves became primal, each thrust almost feral. She heard him groan loudly, but it sounded distant.

Her orgasm stretched on, impossibly long, her body quaking beneath him as wave after wave of sensation fried her brains to a puddle. Gods. Gods.

Lost in the ocean of sensations, everything she felt was amplified. Devilish gods. Holy souls of the spirits.

Aekeira had no idea how long she floated, but by the time she regained her senses, his weight was pressing her down into the mattress, pinning her flat on her stomach. His chest heaved against hers, his breath ragged and uneven.

She hadn't noticed him coming, hadn't felt the familiar burn of his semen as it coated her insides. But now, she felt it. Thick, not-so-warm, dripping out of her in slow streams.

Absolutely filthy. But that was okay, Aekeira liked being filthy for him.

As she fell asleep, her love shone radiantly in her heart.

I love you, Lord Vladya.

I might never be brave enough to say it aloud, but just as the ocean never dries up, what I feel for you, will probably exist... forever.