

Chapter 19

EMERIEL

The beast climbed onto the bed. Its red, intimidating manhood pointing straight at Emeriel.

She whimpered trying to squeeze her legs together, but the beast growled angrily. Emeriel froze.

When the beast came closer again, she scrambled up and got down on her hands and knees, her body shaking with fear and the fever of the heat coursing through her veins. She grabbed the skin near her vaginal folds and spread them apart, presenting to the beast.

It howled loudly.

Emeriel jerked, but did not break her position. She felt naked. All her intimate parts exposed and vulnerable for the beast's use. Her opening quivered, licking liquid and clenching at nothing.

A cold nose pressed against her womanhood. She yelped with surprise. A hot tongue licked her core thoroughly.

Oh heavens, oh heavens, oh heavens!!! The beast has its face against my privates. A horrified scream rose to her throat, and Emeriel swallowed it. What if it takes a bite? Or sink those huge fangs into my skin!

She whined, biting into the soft bedding to keep from making another sound...or doing anything that would anger the king beast.

Growls rose from its throat as it licked her there, over and over again. Slurping loudly, hungrily, as if it was starving and she was food. And it could not get enough.

Its tongue was not human-like. It felt forked and seemed to have spikes. Emeriel was numb to any sensation being licked by this beast would have evoked.

She was too frightened, too hot from the heat, and simply too everything else to feel whatever pain it might have caused. And for that, she was quite grateful.

Paws grabbed her, spreading her legs even wider, holding her there. It licked her areas even deeper than before. Tongue circled around her opening, drinking all the wetness there as if it was dying of thirst. The beast purred like a mellow kitten snacking on its favorite meal.

"Please," Emeriel cried, squeezing her eyes shut, waiting for the inevitable. It would take a bite out of her at any moment. No one savored food this long without taking a bite.

Pushing its tongue into her opening, the beast pressed down, and an unexpected flood of pleasure swept through Emeriel.

Her eyes snapped open, going wide.

The beast did it again, its forked tongue pushing into her opening and swirling it around.

"Noo...!" she yelped, trying to pull away. But its grip tightened on her thighs, holding her down effortlessly as it licked inside, sucking all of her wetness from the very source into its mouth.

Ooooooh, godsss, what was it doing!? Emeriel shrieked inwardly, freaking out at the unnatural response of her body.

But her fright didn't stop the pleasure. It grew, spread, overcoming the numbness.

Her heat had dulled too. The beast's actions had somehow calmed the persistent hotness.

Its forked tongue pressed against a gland inside her, making her see stars. She squealed, trying to pull away.

The sensation was too intense. So pleasurable it was almost pain. Surely this feeling was not normal. It simply could not be.

The beast purred, pressing hard against her gland again.

The tight feeling inside her dissolved into millions of ecstasy as Emeriel came with a scream.

A gush of liquid flowed from her as she released. The beast drank it all. Greedily. Its tongue worked fast and enthusiastic inside her virgin body.

It's too much! Emeriel felt as if she was going to come out of her own body.

Fortunately, the pressure of that forked tongue began to ease and slowly came to a stop.

Thank heavens—

Something even more enormous pressed against her opening.

"No, no, wait!" Emeriel started to move, but the beast snarled.

A hand gripped her small arm, two of those sharp claws digging into her skin. Emeriel screamed as her skin tore, and blood began to trickle down.

But the beast just held her still, not even attacking. Oh, by the sky, I'm going to die!

Emeriel tried to hold still as the beast mounted her; looming over her from behind. Its body covered her, his manhood pressing again...

"Please, you c-can't fit," she cried, trying to close her legs, but the beast's hold was too strong.

That organ pressed harder, relentless, till his tip barreled inside.

Emeriel screamed. Pain and dull pleasure rushed through her body. But, the harder it pressed, the more the pleasure faded, and the pain became more profound. It hurt badly.

As if that wasn't enough, the beast applied more pressure, trying desperately to get inside completely, but her virgin body fought the invasion. Emeriel sobbed.

The beast snarled in anger. As if she was deliberately keeping him out.

Its movements grew rougher, more forceful.

"You're going to break me in two," Emeriel wailed, writhing. "Please, stop. Oh heavens, help me!" she cried out in desperation, feeling the intense pressure building inside her.

"It burns. It b-burns." Can it hear her? Emeriel was not sure, but she pleaded anyway. "Please, be gentle with me, I beg of you. I'm not keeping you out, I s-swear it!" She said frantically, "It's just, I've n-never done this before...!"

Another angry snarl. Then, a particularly forceful thrust that drove its member deeper into her untrained body, ramming its way halfway in.

An agonized, high-pitched scream tore from her throat. Emeriel clawed at the sheets in an attempt to evade this excruciating pain, but to no avail.

Another hard thrust. And another. And another.

Her vision faded into a blur, the room alight with the sounds of her screams, her whole body quaking. By the time his phallus was fully seated inside her, Emeriel was on the verge of passing out.

Every inch of her privates felt as though a searing-hot spike had been driven deep inside. A colossal, scorching inferno of pain.

Tears streaming from her eyes, she shook like fragile leaves in the wind. So full. Everywhere hurts.

Fully inside, the beast purred with apparent satisfaction. Then, it was moving, its phallus plunging into her body.

Emeriel yelped with each thrust, hurting beyond measure. Too much. It is simply too much.

Eyes rolling back in her head, she passed out cold.

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