

Chapter 250

“Since the moment I woke up and saw you naked beside me, I’ve fantasized about a thousand ways to touch you.” He brushed his lips against the shell of her ear, his voice a dark, husky whisper. “The things I want to do to you, Beloved…”

"Please don't call me that," she said shakily, squeezing her eyes shut.

“Tomorrow, I will adhere to this request.” He flicked his tongue against her ear, earning a tremor through her body. “But not tonight.”

Daemonikai walked her back, step by step, until her spine met the wall. Emeriel gasped at the contact.

“Tonight, you are mine. Oh, my dearest…” Leaning in, his eyes burned into hers possessively. “You have held the reins for so long and I let you have them. But tonight, in this room, I will take them back. Just for the night, you are mine to command. Mine to own. Mine to wreck.”

Lust flashed in her eyes, but there was also panic. Her gaze darted past him to the door, looking for an escape.

“There’s none,” he informed her. “You walked in here on your own, Beloved.”

“Yes, but th-this is not—”

“I don’t know what you’re trying to prove to yourself, but I have something to prove to you.” His hand slid up to cradle her cheek as he captured those succulent lips again, sucking on them for a moment, before he pulled back. “That you are mine.”

“Calm down, Daemon—I mean, Your Grace,” she corrected quickly, pressing her hand against his chest.

“Daemon is just fine,” he purred with satisfaction.

She had been clinging to his title like a shield, using it to keep a formal distance between them. No more. “Say it again.”

“Your Grace—”

“Daemon,” he growled. “Say it.”

Dipping his head, he sucked her erect nipple into his mouth.

She arched into him, a long moan tearing from her lips. But she cut off the soft melody as soon as it escaped.

Her defenses are still in place, even here in my arms.

Daemonikai smiled as he swirled his tongue around her sensitive nipple, sucking slowly and without hurry.

I will break through those walls, one by one, and by the time this night is over, I will shatter every barrier she has built until there is nothing left but the raw truth of her heart laid bare.

He pulled at the rosy peak, sucking with strong pressure. Hitched breaths came from her lips, her body twitching involuntarily.

Each sound she made, each slight movement, stoked the fire in him further. Talking had not worked, neither had courting. So now, he would fuck her so damn good, leaving no doubt in her mind that she was his. And she always would be.

Daemonikai pulled back, his lips twitching into a wolfish grin. “I’m going to ride you so hard, wreck your pussy so fucking well you will feel me for days.”

“What—Your Grace!” Emeriel wheezed, eyes rounded like globes.

She looked completely scandalized, face appalled, her cheeks on fire. Cute as a button, my Riel.

“I will taste every inch of you. Here—” he tweaked her puckered nipples, watching as her body jolted at the contact.

“Here—” he brushed his fingers lightly over her clit, making her breath hitch.

“And here—” his touch trailed lower, teasing the opening. The gateway to his paradise. “Heavy on ‘here.’”

Looking into her eyes, he allowed her to see all of him in return. See his naked hunger for her.

“I’ve touched you during your heat, as both a beast and a male. But I’ve never had the chance to explore you outside of it. To truly taste you, to… play,” he drawled, his voice dropping an octave. “So tonight, Emeriel, we play.”

“Can you not b-be so vocal about it? Couldn’t we just, uhm…” She looked every bit the cornered prey, her voice faltering. “Can’t we just have a quick… uh, c-coupling and—”

“Oh, my hardened, innocent Soulbond. We will have sex, yes. But nothing about it will be quick. I’m mounting you all night long.”

Her lips parted to protest, but he leaned in, his tone dipping into a conspiratorial whisper. “And don’t worry, vocals are part of the foreplay. I thoroughly enjoy telling you everything I plan to do to your sexy body. Actions will follow, I promise. Do not be too eager.”

“I’ve not… that is… I’ve never, uhm…” She trailed off, drawing a shuddering breath. Her voice was barely audible when she finally whispered, “You scare me.”

Because he couldn’t help himself, he kissed her again. Plunging his tongue into her mouth, claiming, exploring, and teasing her in a manner that promised more. He slurped her lips the way he intended to suck something else of hers soon.

By the time he drew away, Emeriel was limp in his arms, her eyes glazed over with undisguised need.

“You have awakened all of me, Beloved. The commander, the beast, the king, and the predator. We are starving, and you, my woman, are the feast.” He swept her into his arms effortlessly. “Come and feed us, Emeriel.”

PRINCESS EMERIEL

Coming here was indeed a terrible idea.

She had convinced herself she would call the shots.

A quick, wordless intimacy beneath the covers to satiate the part of her ravenous for his touch.

But King Daemonikai had other plans.

The way his eyes devoured her as he carried her effortlessly across the room made her nervous. Nervous, like she had fallen into a trap of some sorts.

He walked past the bed to his study desk, laying her on it.

“Get on your hands and knees,” he ordered, stepping back.

Emeriel glanced up at him, nerves fluttering in her chest. “Uhhh… but—”

“No questions,” his tone though soft, left no room for argument. “Present to me, darling.”

A quiver rippled through her body. There was always something about his orders that made disobedience feel impossible.

And she didn’t want to resist.

Just this once, Emeriel wanted to let go. To stop overthinking, stop fighting herself.

Tomorrow, she could wrestle with her doubts and fears. But tonight, she would turn off her head and follow her heart.

Taking a resigned breath, Emeriel moved onto her hands and knees on the desk.

The surface was cool against her skin, steadying her as she reached back, pulling her cheeks apart, opening all of herself to his eyes.