

Chapter 256

PRINCESS EMERIEL

She screamed when Grand King Daemonikai breached her body. Arching beneath him, Emeriel tried to escape the harsh pain tearing through her, but there was nowhere to run.

Her fingers scratched his to let go, pushing, struggling. "It really hurts," came out broken and shaky.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said guiltily, kissing away the tears trailing down her cheek.

He pull out, just held himself still above her, tensed with restraint. "I'm all in now. It will stop hurting soon."

It was the kind of pain that came from driving a burning knife into an open wound. But gradually, it began to fade.

She felt his tension, the effort it took him not to move, to give her time to adjust.

"Move. I'm okay now," she croaked.

He rolled his hips slowly, careful not to hurt her further. Subtle moves to test her readiness.

Opening her eyes, Emeriel looked up at him, couldn't stop watching him. The passion in his expression, the care he took with her.

She was greedy for the sight of him, this male who was buried deep inside her. Her breath coming in short gasps, her thighs twitching.

His slow thrusts gradually gained momentum, not rushed but with purpose. She felt stuffed to the brim with every glide of his hardness. Her body trembled with every move.

"Damn..." he grimaced, pleasure and restraint on his face. "You feel so damn good. No one has a right to feel like this."

Emeriel wrapped her legs around his waist, drawing him closer. The lingering dull pain was still there, but it no longer mattered. The pleasure hadn't truly begun, yet she couldn't get enough of him.

"Good?" he asked with concern.

"Perfect," she whispered, her voice soft but sure.

To ease his worry further, she rolled her hips against his, meeting his thrust. "Give me more of you. Take me the way you want."

He swore under his breath as his hips jackknifed, and his rhythm shifted, faster, more forceful now.

Each stroke hit every sensitive spot in her, stirring rippling pleasure. She couldn't contain the cries spilling from her lips, her body arching to meet his.

Look the way we fit, My Grand King. We were truly made for each other.

He pulled back, his hands uncurling her legs from his waist, forcing them apart, holding them wide as he plunged into her, fast and hard.

Her release came instantly and she cried out "Daemonikai," as it crashed over her. An unexpected rush that left her gasping and arching her body off the bed, as he fucked her through her climax and into the next. His ruthless pace pushing her to new, unexplainable heights.

Her screams pierced the night. Loud and high-pitched. Ripples of sensation rolled over her, floods of ecstasy drowning her.

Time slipped away, becoming meaningless as Emeriel surrendered herself fully to the insatiable pleasure he gave her.

The whole fortress can hear me. Yet, Emeriel was unable to control the sounds she made as she unraveled in his arms.

At some point, she found herself on her hands and knees while he hammered into her from behind.

The growls and wild snarls she had come to associate with his pleasure mingled with her moans. Her Beloved couldn't get enough of her, just as she couldn't of him.

"Ohhhh," she cried, her words dissolving into incoherent gasps as another wave of ecstasy dragged her under, her body convulsing.

Yet the grand king didn't slow. His strokes never faltered even as she thrashed beneath him.

At one point, Emeriel was barely conscious from all the orgasms he'd pulled from her. She barely registered him moving her, positioning her at the edge of the bed, spreading her limp legs apart before burying himself deep once more.

He didn't let her catch her breath. He made true of every threat, making her feel devoured.

"Daemon... ahhh, Daemon." Deep down, she knew she shouldn't be calling him that, but somewhere along the endless hours of the night, she couldn't remember why.

His name became her litany, spilling from her lips like a prayer, over and over as he drove into her, taking her through every inch of the mattress.

"I know I should let you rest," he growled, his voice rough with hunger as he pounded into her. "It's your first time, your body doesn't need this much strain. But for the life of me, I can't seem... to get... enough of you."

He folded her in half, pinning her legs against her chest as he angled himself deeper. "You're so sweet. Fuck, too sweet."

The next thrust hit her gland so perfectly, so deeply. Emeriel gasped as the pleasure increased beyond her capacity to take it.

And then it happened. She saw stars—literally.

Bright, twinkling stars exploded behind her eyes as a cataclysmic orgasm barreled into her. She screamed his name so loud she half-expected the windows to shatter along with her, then she burst into tears.

Fat drops trailed down her cheeks as she cried through this release.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she asked when she could breathe again.

"I'm sorry, Beloved." He didn't sound apologetic in the least.

"Please, Daemon...stop. You make me feel too...much!" Emeriel sobbed, her head shaking weakly from side to side.

"Feel it all, Riel," he commanded, his hips rotating against hers, drawing out every sensation. "I want you to feel every single emotion I evoke in you on this bed. Feel them so you never forget. Feel them so you never hide from me again."

"Too much, Daemon," She was drowning in the sea of ecstasy. "I feel... I feel... It's too much," Emeriel gasped, her hands pushing feebly at his broad chest, but it was no use. He was immovable.

"Fuck, you are so hot," Daemonikai groaned into her ear. "I think I have just discovered a new hobby in my old age. Making you come."

He's destroying me from the inside out. How will I ever recover from this?

"I used to think watching fireworks explode in the sky was mesmerizing," he rasped, his tongue tracing the shell of her ear, sending shivers through her overstimulated body. "It's nothing compared to watching you explode over and over again in my bed."

Gods. The greatest... magical gods!

"Have to give you more," he growled, pulling away just enough to adjust her.

One of her legs was thrown over his shoulder, opening her up before slamming back into her with the same brutal, punishing pace that picked her apart.

Somewhere between one orgasm and the next, Emeriel might have passed out.

She wasn't sure when it happened, but when he finally roared his release, the sound was distant, muffled, as though it came from another chamber.

He really fucks like the beast he is. Her mind was a haze of pleasure, her body too spent to respond.

And then it was over.

He gathered her boneless body into his arms. Arranging her just the way he wanted, cradling her against his chest, his strong heartbeat a steady rhythm beneath her ear.

And when he pressed his lips softly to her hair, the tears came back. Dropping like an overflowing stream without a dam.

"Shh," he soothed her quiet cries. "Sleep, Riel, it will be better in the morning."

I am undone, from the inside out.

How will I live without this? Without him?

The first light of dawn was already filtering through the window. Emeriel watched it, crying silently, satisfaction singing in her body as she did what he asked... and fell asleep.