

Chapter 272

“No! Go through the back! Save yourself!” The desperate command echoed into the dim silence of the room, followed by sharp, labored pants. “Protect your mother!”

Emeriel’s eyes snapped open to the faint light of dawn filtering through the open curtains.

She turned, her heart clenching as she saw Daemonikai thrashing beside her, his chest heaving, his fists clenched white-knuckling the sheets.

“There are too many of them. I…” His voice broke, raw with helpless panic. “Too many of them.”

“Daemon…” Her hand hovered inches from his shoulder.

The memory of the last time he’d woken from a nightmare beside her flashed vividly in her mind. A moment that had nearly cost her her life.

“Myka, where is Alvin!?” his voice rose again, desperate. “Where is your brother!?”

Her throat clogged, tears prickling her eyes. He was trapped there again.

Reliving the terror of a father failing to save his children. It wasn’t real, but the horror in his voice was clear, cutting through her like a sword.

To hell with this.

“Wake up,” she whispered, then louder, “Daemon, wake up!”

Her hands closed around his broad shoulders, shaking him. “Don’t live through that again, I’m here.”

“How could you tell… the humans about us, Alvin? No matter how drunk you were, you shouldn’t have…” his panting grew louder, frantic.

Emeriel climbed halfway onto him, wrapping her arms around his shaking frame. “Come back to me, please.”

His eyes snapped open, his chest rising and falling fast against hers.

“You’re alright,” she soothed, willing him to believe it. “It’s just a nightmare. You are safe.”

“Emeriel?” His voice was disoriented, his eyes darting all over her face.

“Yes, it’s me.” She adjusted herself to better see his face, her hands brushing the damp hair away from his sweat-soaked brow.

He looked like a man who had clawed his way back from hell.

“Do you still have these dreams frequently? Or is it because of… what happened?” Losing our child.

“Occasionally,” he said hoarsely. “But… I can’t think of this now. I wish not to think about this.” There was a wild, desperate look on his face. “I need to forget. Help me forget.”

“What do you need?”

“I need you. Need to be inside you.” What he was asking for must have dawned on him because horror joined desperation. “Fuck, I apologize. I shouldn’t ask this of you. What am I doing? I—”

“Hey, it’s okay, dearest.” She pulled him closer, and rolled onto her back, parting her thighs. Lifting the hem of her nightgown, she bared herself for him. “Here…”

“No, I can’t use you like this. It’s not fair to you. I—” He swallowed hard, fighting himself.

“I want you to. I’m your woman, My Grand King. Let me take care of you,” she coaxed him, urging him forward. “Use me if it helps ease the pain.”

Conflict warred in his eyes. “I don’t want to hurt you…”

“I’m offering willingly because I want this. Please don’t make me beg. I want to feel you inside me again.”

“Emeriel…” Gratitude and relief softened his tormented gaze.

With a sharp exhale, he moved between her legs, his hands shaking as he hastily removed his pants.

His arousal pressed against her femininity, but he didn’t enter.

Grasping the neckline of her garment, ripping it with one tug, he exposed the soft curves of her breast. Dipping his head, his mouth closed over her nipple, sucking it hungrily.

Emeriel bit her lip, her breath catching. Her breasts still tender.

Yet, she cradled his head closer, holding him to her.

“Yes, I love you so much. My powerful, powerful man.” The murmurs poured naturally from her lips, warmth rising within her. “My Beloved.”

He growled low in his throat, his mouth tugging hard on her nipple while his hand kneaded and pressed the other breast.

He sucked with the enthusiasm of a starving man, making her feel every pull, every strong suction. Sending sharp pulses of pleasure straight to her core.

Emeriel’s desire stirred, rising with every touch… every pull of his mouth.

She was beginning to suspect her dearest had a particular fondness for breasts.

There was something deeply erotic about the sight of him like this. Clinging to her, lost in his hunger, while Emeriel held him close.

Eyes closed, his cheeks hollowed with each suckle, and she couldn’t stop the soft moan slipping from her lips as she tried not to squirm.

Without breaking his focus or releasing her, Daemonikai shifted, raising her leg over his hip. Then, in one smooth move, he entered her.

Emeriel bit her lip hard, trying to stifle the sharp cry rushing to her throat at the discomfort.

“That’s it,” she encouraged. “That’s it, my dear king.”

His hips began to move, slow and deep, his thick length stretching her.

Long, low groans of pleasure rumbled from his throat as he angled himself at an uncomfortable-looking position, refusing to let her go or lose contact.

Emeriel cupped her breast, offering it to him as small cries tumbled from her.

His nonstop suction on her nipple, combined with the steady rhythm of his thrusts, created a sweet agony that left her breathless. The pleasure-pain sensation was almost too much.

She hadn’t expected to reach her peak, but the release came upon her suddenly, without warning or buildup. Rippling through her in soft waves.

Surrendering to it, she let out a long, drawn-out moan, small tremors raking her body.

As she rode it out, Daemonikai maintained the same strokes, the same pull on her hypersensitive breast. The aftershocks turned harsh, her body protesting the overstimulation.

Emeriel whimpered, her toes curling, unsure how much longer she could endure it.

Fortunately, his pace began to quicken, losing coordination in a telltale sign of his own impending release.

Low rumbles from his chest turned into guttural groans, and finally, his mouth released her abused nipple. His lips parted slightly in silent ecstasy as he climaxed.

Jerking inside her, he pushed harder, as if trying to burrow into the deepest parts of her.

His semen triggered feelings like mini-orgasms, and her cries filled the dark room as she clung to him.

Finally, his thrusts slowed, his hands roving over her body, cupping her butt, caressing her back—touching everywhere he could reach.

When the last waves ebbed away, Emeriel opened her eyes.

Daemonikai’s were still closed, his movements sluggish. He was drifting back to sleep.

“Are you alright?” she asked softly, brushing her fingers against his damp hair.

He mumbled something she couldn’t make out, before blindly finding her other nipple and fastening his eager mouth onto it.

His throat worked as he began to suck, even as sleep fully claimed him.

And he didn’t pull out, remaining buried deep inside her.

A tender smile graced Emeriel’s lips. Sighing softly, she trailed her fingers through his hair as her own eyes closed too, a peaceful sleep taking her away.