

Chapter 315

Emeriel's entire body convulsed as fresh waves of heat wracked her, shaky legs coming together once more. But Daemonikai held her knees apart, his eyes narrowing as he examined her.

"Please, do not put it in again," she begged, quivering like a candle's flame in the wind, her head shaking frantically from side to side. "Please, I beg of you."

Her entrance was... closed. Sealed shut. Like a clam protecting itself from invasion.

Daemonikai's breath came too fast, too unsteady. What is this?

Even on the night he took her virginity, she wasn't this closed off. He had been able to get his tongue in there, had fingered her. But now, even his tongue would not make it past the barrier her body had formed.

His mind reeled, confusion warring with deep, bitter rejection.

"Listen to her body. Notice even the smallest detail. Then listen to your own and simply be you."

The Oracle's words echoed in his mind, cutting through the hurt and confusion.

Jaw clenched, Daemonikai pushed the sting of rejection deep inside, forcing himself to think.

This night was not about him. Emeriel was in unbearable pain. And something was very, very wrong.

Her cries had weakened into low whimpers as she curled protectively into a fetal position, staring blankly at the wall.

Daemonikai's heart strangled in his chest. He knew that look.

She is going to stroke.

But that did not make sense. Heatstrokes only happened in full heats. Why is her body reacting like this?

Daemonikai did not know what was happening. He needed help, a second opinion.

Livia was human, only having limited knowledge of this, and Sinai would be more trouble than she was worth.

He turned his head toward the door and let out a roar. "Wegai! Bring me Merylyn. NOW!"

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Aekeira slowly became aware of her surroundings. The fog in her mind lifted just enough for her to register the familiar scent of the room, the warmth of the sheets beneath her—Grand Lord Vladya's bed.

Her body burned. Every inch of her felt too hot, too sensitive, too desperate.

"Sweetling."

Hearing that voice, she forced her heavy eyelids open, blinking away the haze. It was him.

"Are you really here...?" Her voice was parched, hoarse, cracking as she spoke. "I do not know what is real and what is not anymore."

Lord Vladya's gray eyes darkened with something heavy. Regret. "I am very much real. I returned when you... stroked."

Aekeira exhaled shakily. "I am happy... you are here now."

She could feel the fires coiling just beneath her skin, waiting to engulf her again. "Please..." Reaching for him, her nails dug into his arms. "Make it stop."

Lord Vladya hovered over her, caging her in. Aekeira parted her thighs, offering herself, and he plunged inside.

Her moan was long and drawn-out.

Vladya groaned, and dropped his weight, pressing her into the bed, slotting his face into the crook of her neck. He was shaking.

Aekeira's mind barely registered it. The only thing she could think about was how full she felt. Every inch stretched her open perfectly.

"You feel so good." He pulled back, thrusting once, then paused, sounding awestruck. "Ukrea, I can feel your gland."

"Do not stop." She was lost in the sensation of him, in the delicious drag of his cock inside her, in the way pleasure built so effortlessly under his touch. He felt so good, so right.

"You have a Syren gland, dearling." His tongue traced over her skin before his teeth grazed the tender flesh. "Mine."

"Yours." She whimpered, arching up. "Always."

He withdrew from her suddenly, and Aekeira nearly cried at the loss. Clenching around nothing, her core aching with need.

"Present to me."

A shiver shot through her at the command. Obediently, she rose on trembling knees, turning away from him, her upper body pressing into the bed. Reaching back, she spread herself open for him.

"Y-Yours, my lord."

Vladya made a sound like the air had been punched from his lungs. With a feral snarl, his large hands seized her waist, and slamming brutally, he pushed back inside.

The force of it rocked her forward deeper into the mattress.

He was not gentle this time. Fucking her hard and fast like a male possessed, each thrust sending ecstasy rolling over her.

"Yesss—" Aekeira's fingers twisted into the sheets, squeezing her eyes shut. She tried to meet his strokes, but her limbs refused to obey, too weak, too exhausted.

But Vladya covered her body with his. "It's alright, let me pleasure you." His voice in her ear was dark, soothing, sinful. "Just brace yourself and take it obediently, my elegant little whore."

Then he adjusted his angle. And— Shock.

Pleasure unlike anything she had ever known erupted through her.

Aekeira gasped sharply, her body seizing around him. "What was that...?"

Vladya's grin was sharp against her skin. "Meet your new gland."

He angled his hips again, striking that spot—again, and again, and again.

Aekeira saw twinkling little stars as her orgasm barreled into her with the force of a rocket, tearing a scream from her throat. Stealing her breath, her soul, her senses.

But he did not stop. He kept taking her, pushing her from one mind-breaking climax to the next mind-blowing on. She barely recovered from one before he wrenched another from her.

It was exhilarating. Endless.

"Hold onto the bedpost." His voice was a growl.

Aekeira reached up, gripping the wooden post.

Vladya straightened behind her, and truly fucked her within the edge of insanity. Each thrust sent her rocking forward, her knees threatening to buckle beneath her.

"So wet. Demons, the scent of your musk is messing with my head big time." Vladya fucked in. Savage. Hungry. His hands roamed everywhere, greedily.

The pleasure was too much, too consuming, she was barely able to keep up. Bliss ate her up. Sweat poured from their gliding skin.

Her hands gave out numerous times, but each time he forced them back onto the bedpost, keeping her upright, holding her exactly where he wanted her.

Somewhere, in the distant cloud of pleasure, she thought she heard Emeriel's screams.

Pleasure? Pain? She could not tell.

She could barely comprehend anything beyond what her grand lord was doing to her.

And when Vladya ripped yet another climax from her, so strong her head felt light, Aekeira knew she was going to pass out. Her vision blurred, her body going limp as the pleasure overwhelmed her.

And then... darkness.