

Chapter 318

"I will, Your Highness." She nodded eagerly, hungrily. "Your wish is my command."

"Good. Now, come here." He guided her where he wanted, maneuvering her until she was face-to-face with his arousal.

Gripping the thick length in his hand, he held it out before her. "Open your mouth."

Her lips parted instantly, though confusion flashed across her face. They had never done this before. He doubted she had even heard of it.

Her innocence had always been intoxicating, made him possessive. Made him want to ruin her in every way imaginable.

Daemonikai slid his thick length past her lips, watching as her tongue darted out, giving the swollen head a hesitant lick. The shy exploration sent a low groan rolling from his chest.

"Suck on it, sweet Riel," he ordered, pressing deeper.

She gagged a few times as he stretched her, but she did not pull away.

Then she tasted his precum and made a needy, breathless sound that made his cock twitch.

Daemonikai had no idea if it was the heat driving her, but his little star was eager now, lips stretching wider as she let him push further, deeper, guiding his cock into the tight, wet cocoon of her throat.

Fuck.

The sight of that refined, prim little lips swallowing his manhood as though she had done this a hundred times was pushing him closer to the edge than the act itself.

Daemonikai kept control, taking his time, watching for the signs. How deep she could take him, when she needed to breathe, when she struggled and when she craved more.

And all the while, her tongue was learning him, flicking over the sensitive ridge of his cockhead every chance she got. Teasing him, tracing the pulsing veins along his shaft as he moved in and out of her mouth.

Soon enough, heat coiled in his abdomen, his balls pulling tight, pleasure building until he couldn't hold back any longer. With a low groan, he spilled deep into her throat, shaking like some untried youngling getting his first taste of a female's body.

The first burst of his release hit the back of her throat, and Emeriel coughed, instinctively trying to pull back but kept his hand tangled in her hair. Holding her right where he wanted her as he groaned, spilling deep. "Take every last drop."

Her teary eyes fluttered up to him, and she nodded in obedience, relaxing into his hold.

Damn. Her submission, her trust.

Does she have any idea what she did to him?

Times like this, he was grateful their kind always released in abundance. Of course, the irony was, even with that, it was difficult to impregnate their females.

But right now, none of that mattered. Not when he was watching her throat work to swallow him down, feeling the desperate way she clung to him and knowing the work his semen was doing in her body.

His hungry eager kitten soon sought more, lips clamping tighter, eyes half-lidded in pleasure as she sucked greedily. Her tongue lapping, her mouth slurping with an eagerness that had his dick on a constant hard-on, fire in his veins.

And the night stretched on.

Session after session, she took him and let him use her mouth as he pleased.

But the longer he held back from giving her what she needed most, the longer her hungry pussy remained painfully empty, the higher her heat rose. A slow-building tsunami.

She grew restless.

Shifting against him, small frustrated sounds slipping free.

At times, her hand drifted between her thighs, jerkily trying to touch herself, but the relief she sought eluded her and frustration followed. A sound of dissatisfaction, and her hand fell away once more.

The need clawed at her, harsher, deeper.

Tears slipped from the corners of her eyes as she sucked him down, humping the sheets in urgent, futile friction, frantic for something more as he released once again into her throat.

She began to weep. Cries of misery vibrating his length, her lust-filled blue eyes pleading with him to put an end her suffering.

Fucking Ukrae. Daemonikai could no longer do nothing.

"Come here, dearling." Pulling her up, he gathered her quivering form in a full-body embrace. His lips brushed against the delicate curve of her neck.

At once, saliva filled his mouth at her intoxicating scent. His tongue darted out, licking the heated skin, before his fangs sank home.

She cried out, arching so hard. He shoved his thigh between hers, pressing blatantly against her depraved clitoris as he drank.

"Yes... oh yes, oh yes, Daemon, Daemon—ahhh!" She undulated wildly against his leg, riding it for all she was worth, her cries dissolving into high-pitched moans.

Daemonikai released pheromones, pumping her full of it.

Emeriel went wild in his arms, bulking, convulsing, scratching, and pinching him with the intensity of her pleasure. He held her firm through it all.

And when she peaked, dissolving into a shuddering, wailing climax, he still held her.

Pleasure licked up his spine, and he was spilling again, his seed jetting in thick, hot spurts.

Dawn flickered through the curtains, bathing them in its light as he worked those drops around her much-softened entrance.

Then, he worked two fingers inside. A pleased growl rumbled in his throat as the stubborn walls parted for his digits.

"Fuck, you feel really good, my little star." He decorated her inner walls with his release.

She made small throaty sounds as he coated her syren gland. And then, at last, he rolled, rising over her.

Grasping her beneath the knees, he bent her legs upward, angling her body until her hips were tilted, her ass arched, leaving her open and ready.

His gaze locked onto hers. "Open your eyes, Emeriel. Look at me."

Her lashes fluttered.

Slowly, those brilliant blue eyes opened, heavy-lidded, dazed from heat and exhaustion.

"You will let me in." His cock nudged her entrance, not pushing inside, just teasing, massaging her there. "I do not care if our bond never emerges again, but hear me now and hear me clearly. You are my Soulbond. You belong to me. You were made for me."

"Daemon..." She blinked slowly, nodding.

"Look at me. Your body and soul are mine, just as mine are yours. Do you understand?"

Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, soft as starlight, washing over him with more love than he deserved.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice barely a breath. "I hear you, my king. My Beloved."

Daemonikai braced himself to be rejected once more as he pushed in. To feel her body resist him, to be forced out again.

But she opened for him.

Wet and tight, her inner walls held him close, pulling him deeper, inch by inch. Welcoming him, not shutting him out.

Daemonikai let out a low, ragged groan as he buried himself to the hilt.