

Chapter 320

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

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Dearest readers,

I wanted to give you a quick heads-up that I won't be posting for the next 4 to 5 days. I apologize for the break, but I'll be away for a little while due to personal matters.

I haven't really taken time off—longer than a day—since I started posting these chapters, but right now, I truly do need this break. I thought it was only fair to let you all know.

I can't wait to see you when I return.

Sending all my love,

Kiss Leilani

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"Tiara. My dead bondmate."

"Oh..."

"I watched her die, you know." Sadness edged in his tone. "She was cut down by a human right before my eyes. After I recited the Hav'zie de Baah, and nothing happened, the cold crept in. It dawned on me that I would truly lose her. A female who had only officially become mine a week before, after millennia of failed bondings."

"I'm sorry," she wished she could take away his pain.

"I was devastated. Shouting, begging her not to leave. And as she lay dying in my arms, she cupped my cheeks and said, 'It will be alright.'"

Aekeira's heart was squeezing painfully. She pressed a hand to it, trying to quell the ache.

"I told her it would never be alright again if she died." His voice grew hoarse. "I told her, 'If you dare leave me, you are the most wicked being to ever exist. Not the gods, not the humans—you, Tiara.'"

Tears slipped down her cheeks.

A single tear traced down his cheek. "Those were my exact words as I pressed my hands against her bleeding stomach, desperate to stop the flow."

Aekeira felt his agony, as if she had lived it herself. Why did it hurt so much? Why did it feel... familiar?

"Tiara smiled amidst the tears, and told me, 'This is not the end.'"

Aekeira shivered.

"For five hundred years, I did not believe a single word of it. How could I? My world crumbled that night?" The shadow of the past lifted from his eyes, and the present—she—filled his vision instead. "But tonight, for the first time in so long... I remember her word again. And now, they finally make sense to me."

"It will be alright?" Aekeira whispered.

"It's alright now." Another tear rolled down his cheek. "Everything is alright now, Aekeira."

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Hei waited. But nothing happened.

No resistance. No rejection.

Emeriel's quivering sheath remained wrapped around him like a warm, silken vise, pleasure licking up his spine like fire. Pulling back, he withdrew just enough before sliding in again.

Emeriel moaned. A sound of pure bliss, not the pain that had marred her delicate features earlier when he'd tried to get inside her.

She had accepted him. Her body recognized him once more—as him. Their Beloved. Their Soulbond.

Daemonikai's throat went tight. The tension tormenting him all night released like a coiled serpent finally slithering free. He could breathe again.

"Move... I need more."

Bracing his forearms on either side of her head, Daemonikai gave her exactly what she wanted. What her heat demanded. What he had craved all damn night.

His earlier releases had steadied him, allowing him more control. Every stroke he gave her was calculated, every angle...targeted for maximum pleasure. He coaxed the most sinful cries from her.

And soon, he had her soaring into the abyss of bliss.

Time dissolved around them. The dawn brightened into morning behind the heavy curtains, though the chambers remained cloaked in darkness.

There was only them. Only this. Only her.

Inside this cocoon of shadow and desire, he ruined her. Again. And again. And again.

Taking her from one debilitating orgasm to another catastrophic one. It was sensational. It was euphoria. It was pure, unfiltered ecstasy.

Emeriel sang the most erotic melody. "My king, my king, my king—oh, it is so good—ahhh!"

His young princess was in another world entirely, not just from the things he did to her, but also from his earlier bloodfeeding that left her in a state of heady high.

Head tossed back, mouth slack with pleasure, eyes drooping as he bounced her back and forth with his strokes. She was the perfect vision of a sexiest irresistible wanton.

And Daemonikai could not resist slanting his lips over hers and swallowing her cries as he angled his hips and punched in. Deep, so deep that the blunt head of his cock slammed into the spongy mouth of her sealed womb.

A strangled wail tore from her throat as her body arched violently beneath him.

Daemonikai growled, transferring both her hands into the hold of one large palm, pinning them high above her head.

She would not escape. She would take this. And she would love it.

Daemonikai drove shots after shots aimed directly at that delicate door. Punching into it, abusing it, shoving against its sponge mouth again and again.

Emeriel was howling. Hands flailing, but could not escape his hold. Body twisting but could not dislodge him.

He would not have attempted to fuck close to this hypersensitive spot unless he was certain her heat could handle it, and he knew this one could. It has the strength of full heat, instead of the mini it was. So, he gave her sensations that should have been pain but came with blinding pleasure instead.

Her thighs, which cushioned either side of his hips, fell open in helpless surrender as tremors battered her. Her toes curled and uncurled furiously. Her eyes going wide—wider—wider still with each passing second.

Then, the time bomb he was building inside her detonated.

"DAEMON—!"

It was not a scream. It was a shriek.

A wild, desperate, shattered sound—so high, so unladylike, so utterly debauched, coupled with the way she squeezed his cock, he released with a groan. Spilling thick ropes of cum directly to that delicate abused mouth, his cock twitching fiercely as he kept thrusting.

A gush of liquid exploded from between her legs, drenching them both, soaking his thighs and the sheet.

Daemonikai was so shocked his strokes stuttered. "Did you just... squirt?"

Emeriel did not answer. She did not hear him.

His female was completely gone, lost in the deep, endless pit of ecstasy he had shoved her into.

But yes. Even for a gusher like her, she had released an unreal amount.

Daemonikai exhaled, in awe of her, of what he had done to her.

Ukrael. He had never had a female react to his touch the way she did. Not a single one in five millennia came close.

"You truly have no idea how unexplainably sexy you are, do you?" He growled possessively, pressing his lips to her flushed, sweat-kissed skin.

"Too much," she sobbed, whipping her head from side to side. "Please, please—"

"Take it like a good girl, Riel. You know you want to," Daemonikai snarled.

This part was one of his favorites. When he overwhelmed her, taking her beyond pleasure, beyond reason, until all she could do was beg.

Because he would always rather give her too much than not enough. Rather over-satisfy his woman than leave her starving.