

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 101

Danika heard king Lucien swallow. "I need...."

"Whatever you need.... Take me... Take whatever you need..." She whispered, caressing his shoulder with shaky hand.

"I do not understand the things you do to me...." He trailed off, sounding confused and angry at the same time.

Then, he slid down a bit, angled his head and took her rosy nipple into his mouth.

The same moment, his hand raised her thigh wide apart and he shoved into her in one deep plunge all the way to the hilt.

Danika screamed at the unexpected move and tears burned the back of her eyes. All of a sudden, she felt full. Too full.

And it burns. It burns so badly that she began pushing at his shoulders, pained whimpers tore from her throat. Wet eyes pleaded with his.

He pulled back, pulling out of her completely when he saw how much he'd hurt her. It took so much from him to be able to pull away completely because of the incredible feel of her tight body clamping hard on him.

She breathed a sigh of relief and gratitude when he pulled out, but at the same time, she felt bereft from the separation of their bodies.

His mouth on her breast began moving, and she felt each tug of his lips on her lower belly. He didn't try to penetrate her again, instead, he focused his ardor on her plump rosy-tipped breasts.

Slowly, the burning sensations disappeared, replaced by a throbbing of longing. Wetness coated her womanhood, her m***s interrupted the silence of the night. Her m***s, and the suctions of lips.

His eyes were closed, his cheeks moving as he alternated between both globes. Her hand held his head to her body, her head thrashing on the pillow.

"Oh, please...! Please...!" Her body felt too hot. She was mindless for him now, she pushed her lower body towards his in silent pleas.

He finally let go of her red puckered nipple, and buried his face on her neck. His hot breaths fans her neck, his breathing hitched as she felt his phallus nudging her again.

She couldn't help stiffening.

"Relax... Relax for me, Danika." His voice was hoarse.

"I'm trying...! I'm trying." She whispered against him when the request/command penetrated her haze.

His lips buried at her throat as he began to work his hardness inside her. Short, fierce thrusts that opened her and stretched her.

She gasped at the invasion, her hand clutching his broad back. Her inner muscles protested, fisting his hardness so much, he g*****d.

He kept his thrusts short but hard and fierce until he was able to slid the last inches inside, seating himself fully inside her.

"Oh..." She breathed, feeling him so thick and hard, wedged deep inside her until there was no boundary between pain and pleasure.

"I want to loose myself in you, Danika. Can you take me?" He breathed to her ear.

Danika wasn't sure if she could, but she nodded anyway, her love for him driving her deeply under. Even if it's momentarily, she wants him to loose himself to her.

It doesn't matter how painful it might be.

Something in his words...in his expression, tells her that this night wouldn't be happening again anytime soon.

"Yes..." She whispered in affirmation.

A shudder worked through his body. Then, he leaned up and took her lips into a fierce k**s as he began moving. Slow at first. Then, he picked up the pace.

Within moments, he lost all control.

He rock his h**s into her quickly— pulling out to the tip before slamming back home. Her body jerked each time he hit her center, which tightened her up and squeezed her phallus.

He's only slightly aware of her tongue in his mouth because his hardness feels too glorious. He thrust into her harder, and she threw her head back and broke their k**s.

She g****s loudly, and he took the opportunity to lean back a bit and grab both her h**s in his hands.

“Hold on to me.” He growled.

She makes a little noise in her throat that almost sounded like a squeak, but she obeyed—gripping his forearms with her hands and wrapping her ankles around his calves.

The headboard slammed the wall soundlessly as he moved rhythmically and his manhood claimed her femininity.

Each push was fast and deep—almost violent as he grunted and bottomed out in her, burying himself balls-deep with every thrust.

She went from crying out to wailing as he pounded her and pounded her until there is sweat running down his back and into his eyes from his hairline.

She feared that he’ll break her in half. This time around, he might truly break her in half.

Danika wondered how it’s possible that a man who rarely talks and always so emotionless, can be such a wild lion in bed?

He hit her dead-center and she sobbed incoherent words, her head thrashing on the bed. Her hands gripped him tighter with each pound of his h**s.

King Lucien ran his hands up her sides and focused on her breasts. He loved the way they feel in his hands—perfectly round globes of soft skin and pebbled nipples.

He pulled at them, and wants to suck on them more, but he liked the pace inside her way too much to temper it.

Pleasure was zinging through his body. More than he’d ever had in as long as he can remember.

And he only wanted to pound her harder. The urge rode him hard.

Suddenly, he needed to take her from behind. It’s a need that was already driving him badly.

He pulled out, and she whimpered under him as he got up on his knees and wrenched her hands from his arms.

“Get on your hands and knees,” he snarled. “Spread those legs for me.”

His voice is quiet, but his tone still made the words an order. His tone was deceptive. A complete contrast to the fierce urge riding him.

She complied immediately, whimpering a little as she moved up on her knees and her hands gripped the sheets. Her body was shaking.

He grabbed her h**s and slammed his thick organ back inside of her. Her a*s was fabulous, and he dug his fingers into the soft flesh as he moved.

She's f*****g tight this way, and every time he slammed up into her, she cries out and her womanhood tightens up.

He closed his eyes for a moment, tilt his head back, and focused on the feeling of her wrapped around him as he plunged deep into her.

When his eyes opened again, he looked down to where his organ was sliding in and out of her for a minute, but the sight was too disturbing, he had to close his eyes or he'll release.

Instead, he lean over her back and slide his hands up her sides and around to grip her breasts. He pulled at her nipples—not hard at all, but enough to make her body jerk with a little more stimulation.

She m****d, clawing on the sheets. He took one hand and placed it on the back of her neck.

With just a little pressure, he guided her head to the pillow and wait for her to turn her face to one side before he leaned in with a little more weight, holding her there.

He kept slamming into her so much, her back bowed as a scream tore from her throat. His phallus was an iron-hard length of agony and ecstasy plunging inside her now.

His hands gripped her h**s, almost bruising in their strength as he pounded her so hard and fast she swore he would batter his way into her womb.

And he's already there.

Each stroke he hits at the mouth of her womb until the small opening caused a different sensation at the broad head of his shaft.

"King Lucien...!" She yelped as shards of painful pleasure overwhelmed her.

She shrieked with each plunge of his h**s and push of his hands on her h**s for her to meet his strokes, driving him harder, deeper, feeling her release begin tightening in her womb with each thrust.

“Damn you.” he g****d, pushing her flat on her back, his legs inside hers.

Most of his weight held her down as he continued slamming into her body. She was crying out, sweating, and practically shaking.

The thrusts inside her were rough, primitive. He pulled her to her hands and knees, and took her just as hard. So hard they shook the bed, shafting inside her as she began to fly.

As though he pierced her spirit and set it free with the exquisite pleasurable pain ripping through every nerve ending in her body. Even the air around them seemed to obey his will.

It caressed her exposed flesh, licked at her nipples as she fought to hold herself in place, breathed over her sweat-dampened skin until the pleasurable pain became overly much to bear.

“King Lucien....” Her wailing cry was desperate, shocked, as rapture began to flame around her.

“Heavens, Danika...” His voice was guttural, so rough, so deep it was animalistic.

The familiar unbearable pressure began in her womb this time, it was too overwhelming and unbearable, she began wailing and thrashing beneath him.

But, he didn’t pull his punches, slamming into her harder as he felt his release barreling its way towards him.

And then, it happened.

Suddenly, she felt every muscle, every bone in her body lock in place as something began to swell inside her womb.

This wasn’t pleasure. It went beyond ecstasy.

Her vision turned dark and she began to shudder, deep hard tremors shaking her body as she felt her release begin to pulse through her.

The muscles of her inner flesh tightened, swelled, trapping him inside her.

She heard his agonized, shocked g***n, then felt her womanhood ripple as her release reached its height, milking his flesh, stroking him until she felt the hard, heated pulse of his semen inside her.

He was growling behind her, whispering something as his body jerked and shuddered against her own.

Danika lost all the energy in her body and collapsed beneath him, unable to maintain the strength in her arms or any part of her.

Her cheek pressed into the sheets as she fought the agonizing tightness in her inner body.

Something was happening inside her and the pressure of it was hurting her. She doesn't know what it is, and it scared her.

Her muscles spasmed with each furious spurt of seed King Lucien released, and each shattered male g***n at her ear.

"Danika." He lay against her back, his voice tortured. "Sweet God. Danika . . ."

She jerked with the hard spasm that tore through her at his voice, then his own dark g***n at her ear.

King Lucien doesn't know what was happening to her. He'd never seen anything like it. She'd released violently before, but never like this.

For a moment, it prickled him that his demands from her has truly harmed her badly? But, he dismissed the absurd thought as soon as it came.

"Easy..." He found his hand caressed her back gently, soothingly. "It's okay."

"My king... My king... My king..." She was crying, whispering his name, her eyes was closed.

She wouldn't stop jerking with each claw to her womb.

"It's okay." One hand smoothed her damp hair back as the other slid down her h*p, her thigh. "You're okay."

One last shuddering tremor racked her body before she felt exhaustion swamp her. True exhaustion.

Her breath shuddered from her chest, and softly, gently, darkness closed around her. Her breath evened out and consciousness began lost to her.

Remeta was sleeping in her mother's bed in the servant's quarters where she'd brought her into, after she'd fell asleep in Danika's bedroom.

A smile crossed her sleeping features. "Prince is here..." She whispered in her sleep.

Followed by a slight sad frown, she added. “But, will Prince stay...?”

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