

Chapter 139

GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

Daemonikai could barely think, pure lust coursed through his body. Have to be inside her.

He slammed the door of the cottage closed with a resounding thud. Lowering Galilea to her feet by the sturdy wooden table, he pinned her against it, her back pressing into the rough surface.

"Yes. Want you. Want you. Please." She was quivering, eyes glazed over with a mist of untamed arousal, her body slick with sweat.

Mellow Hades, but her scent...

The air was thick with it, potent and heady, like the richest incense, weaving through his senses and ensnaring him completely. All he wanted was to bury himself deep within her until the claws of this hunger was sated.

"Please." Galilea arched against him, impatient and desperate, grinding her ass against his hardened dick, until he felt like he would burst in the confines of his clothing. "I need it, I need it."

Daemonikai forewent any further undressing, hastily freeing his aching member, his skin tingling with anticipation. He positioned her just as he wanted, her back to him, spreading her legs and stepping between them. Aligning himself, he pushed in.

"Yesss," her drawn-out moan was that of pleasure and relief. "Thank you. Give me more, please."

He gave her more, pulling back only to drive back in with even more force. Galilea enveloped him warmly, her inner walls fluttering, clenching, drawing him in deeper.

He leaned forward to whisper to her ear. "So wet. I will fuck you loose and sloppy. By the end of your heat, your body will only know mine."

"Yours," she whispered, her eyelids fluttering closed in bliss. She moved with him, meeting each of his thrusts.

Need clawed at Daemonikai. Unrelenting. He slammed in. "You will take so much of my cum, your belly will swell with it."

"Yes, please. Harder."

Gripping her hips firmly, Daemonikai set a punishing pace. Once, twice—each thrust more powerful than the last. Galilea responded with keening moans, the old table creaking and groaning under the force of his thrusts.

She tensed and locked up, sobbing through waves of pleasure as she reached her peak.

He didn't slow, plunging into her relentlessly through her orgasm. The sound of their flesh slamming together echoed, each thrust deeper and harder than the last. Her body squeezed him tightly, her cries rising in pitch, filling the cottage. Each muscle contraction sending ecstasy through his gut. It felt so good to be buried in her like this.

As she began to descend from her high, her body beginning to relax, he teased her swollen Syren gland with his tip.

"Oh..." Galilea whined, a rush of liquid coating his shaft.

Daemonikai applied firm pressure, mashing his girth harder on the gland. She jerked in response, convulsing, and launched into another climax. Her cries now loud and unabashed, her voice growing hoarse with each sob. It was music to his ears, and he could not get enough.

Thrusting hard and fast, he continued massaging her gland, each thrust eliciting more cries from her, groaning as more liquid coated his member, dripping out, down her legs. Her orgasm seemed never-ending, and Daemonikai hated that he couldn't see her face. Her voice broken and breathless, she sounded utterly wrecked.

"You take me so well, little princess," he growled, lifting her leg, placing it alongside her torso on the table, leaving her standing on only one foot as he thrust back in. His position allowed him deeper penetration. "Be prepared. You're going to take so much more."

Her climax finally began to ebb, Galilea's body relaxed heavily as she rested her cheek on the table. Eyelids fluttered open, then closed, her expression dreamy and utterly spent. She looked sublime, and completely open. A vision of disheveled beauty. Submissive.

"You like feeling me inside you?"

"Yes, a lot," she said, her voice a tender caress. "Missed it. Missed you."

The girl was so out of it. Daemonikai cared not that it was mostly the heat saying this, something inside him felt satisfied. She wanted him, missed him. He fought to control his own climax, to extend the moment. To savor the feeling of being inside her.

He continued to thrust, aiming to push Galilea over the edge again. Her hair was a mess, sticky with sweat, tangles of it framing her face. Daemonikai swept some strands away, captivated by the sight of her flushed cheeks and lips slightly parted as she came undone once more. Her teeth captured her lower lip, her eyes fluttering shut, fingers digging into the table for support.

"Too much," she gasped, panting heavily. "I can't..."

"Sure you can," he assured her, his voice deep and strained as he slammed in. The amount of control he was exerting not to give in and empty inside her was phenomenal.

Galilea took everything he gave, body quaking before his, broken moans spilling from her lips. Her womb had not descended, and although Daemonikai knew he could reach it if he angled just right, he refrained. Her body was not ready yet.

Instead, he squeezed her soft, plump rear, admiring the way it wobbled with each hard thrust. His fingers trailed the smoothness of her skin, the texture so familiar and yet endlessly fascinating. Each mewl, moan, and touch from her felt...oddly familiar.

"Hell, hell, oh, I think I'm going to..." her voice quivered as she squirmed on the table.

Daemonikai stopped, making her cry out in protest. He guided her to the bed and bent her over it. Seeing her in this position...heavens.

As if aware of how crazy she was driving him, Galilea arched her back, lifting her butt. She reached back, parting her cheeks. "Take me, please."

He snarled, his instincts flaring. Fuckfuckfuck

He wanted to devour her whole. To bury himself deep within her, coating her womb with his sperm while she came over and over again. Damn it, he wanted.

Daemonikai slammed home, increasing his pace, plundering her with raw strokes. Purely instinctual. Her cries grew louder, shaky...frantic, clawing at the sheets.