

“Did you miss me?”

The cat leaped away on its merry way but she—she was struck by a thousand sensations. The words that met the air sent a chill down her spine, like electricity and fire dancing across every nerve. An undeniable heat, the awareness of her heartbeat, and an insatiable, uncontrollable desire she would never admit to with words. Something in that moment cried out inside her, and she knew all too well as her hands instinctively grazed the faintly glowing lust crest. Even without a conscious thought his words—or rather the threat of his inevitable words to come made her eyes widen and her body freeze like the most honest of prey. Yes, even if she hated to admit it, a simple word had brought her, the former hero to such a shameless display. Attraction oozed to her features, flushing her face and causing her legs to quiver together in both embarrassment and as some instinctive desire to feel some kind of friction. Half of her brain prayed and swore she hoped he wouldn't notice, that damned demon king whose words alone could do this much.

“N-no..”

Her words came out like a whimper, as her breath drew short and sweet. The audible thumping of her heart made it feel like if she saw him it would end her in some way—as if something crucial would break, change, in some dangerously alluring way. Hearing him close the distance behind her she dared not to move. The sheer anticipation of how he would touch her and the slight sound of his breath was enough to make her wince.

“Oh? Is the hero frightened of something?”

His fiery hands wrapped elegantly around her waist causing her to voice to escape, the shock making her hold her breath and close her eyes. The fire between her thighs itching to be noticed, every nerve ending, every single fiber of her thoughts melted to a carnal desire for one thing she was so very well acquainted.

Sex..

Her imagination betrayed her with devilish possibilities of what he would do next—but was cut short by his fingers trailing up and down her crest. His other hand snuck upward as she dared not open her eyes. Somehow, her plan had backfired, as the only sensation she could focus on was anything and everything he decided to touch.

“Hmmfh..”

She opened her mouth to make some kind of excuse but instead no words came out, only a breath. She was half thankful—half rueful that his fingers that teased her crest refused to go lower, as if to imply that she would wish for it. No, it was much worse than that, the slight growl in his laugh proved to ask was much too small a price. He wanted her to beg for him. Like an

animal, like a sow lost to a heated lust. Even if she wanted it, her pride would never admit to it, never— but even so, something, anything had to be done or she would lose whatever mind she had left holding her back from such a pitiful fate.

“Nngh..no..”

His hellishly warm breath drew close to her ear in what she could tell was a smile without even looking. She pressed her eyes shut tighter—seemingly summoning his sharp fangs to graze against her ear in a way that forced a yelp out of her, a yelp of pure pent-up desire to be his.

“Haaa...nnnn”

The will to fight back faintly grew distant in the numbing arousal that assailed her senses one after the other. His scent—god how she could feel it, the additive distinctly masculine scent, almost as if she could taste how much he wanted her.

“You can’t hide it, my sexy little Frey.”

His words pierced her like a blade through the heart and cunt all at once. She clenched without meaning to, her own body betraying her as she could feel a dampness growing that made her bitterly aware of her state.

“Turned on doesn’t really fit such a situation, now does it?”

“N-ngh!..no..”

His teeth trailed down to her neck as she held her breath again looking for some kind of escape or excuse to escape. Almost as if he read her mind his arms sealed her fate, holding her with a powerful embrace where her legs had given up. It was an embrace of pure claim— as if he was proclaiming to her that she belonged to him. Her body had long since submitted to the far too attractive man she refused to admit she wanted more than anything.

“You might not be honest..”

Hanging in every word she instinctively moved her hips grinding against him in some desperate attempt to scratch the itch of wishing for something to fill her. His body moved against her as she could feel him slowly grow harder. Somehow, the awareness of knowing it was her doing—that she was the one making him this way made a powerful feeling erupt from deep within. She bit her lip and gave way to the seemingly tantalizing waves of pleasure that pulsates through her nethers. Her moans escaped despite her dregs of dignity trying to hold back.

“Your body sure is honest, isn’t it? Cumming from just that? You’re so adorable Frey...mmn”

His needy thrusts against her still lingering orgasm was filled with intensity and desire. So much so that she could feel him twitch even through the clothes. The heat of his body only edged her further down the pit of desire that numbed any hope of evading the intense and ever-growing need for him.

“Ah..nmm.. P-please..”

The pains of the day, the ire of the gods, nothing could reach her brain. Her eyes finally opened, and her expression burning with shame that only fueled her arousal more, she stared at him in a long passionate gaze. He was too perfect, too attractive that it hurt, that it made every breath come quicker and her heart swell. Words were no longer enough—no she needed to taste his lips again, to taste the forbidden and tantalizing lips which she loved and hated so much all at once. The softness of his lips cascaded her mind like a nail through the coffin of any will to resist. Out of the corner of her eyes, she could see their reflection. His hands gripping her in a blanket of warmth and feeling. The cute need of his thrusts and the intimidating bulge and the feeling of it stretching her insides. Breaking from the kiss a trail of drool messily fell across her breasts as he grabbed her by the chin.

“Good girl.”

Something about the words made her shiver and her tongue slack. She was defeated in such a humiliating way but it felt so damn good to lose so beautifully. To fall was so devilishly enthralling even if it was only because of the crest. She didn't care in the slightest and timidly reached down to cradle his bulge, his muscular and sculpted body now smelling of sex and sweat, only cementing her end. She could smell his arousal more than anything, something about the strength of his sent nearly sent her on to her second orgasm right then and there.

“I—nnn I need you.”

Her broken words escaped as she dared to look him right in the eyes. To her surprise—he took to the words with a look of cute shock, as if she confess her love for him. She took that brief moment of confidence to relieve his cock from his clothes and fall to her knees as her quivering legs finally gave way. She looked up from her new perspective of the lewd scene in the mirror. She felt some competitive joy in seeing him feel shocked or caught off guard— and so her plan had begun.

“What are you—fuck..”

She lewdly followed her instincts and began licking up the lower side of his raw cock. The taste was his scent magnified a millionfold and the most satisfying addictive flavor she had ever tasted. Her fingers greedily played with her clit making sure he could see in the mirror every detail of her shame—showing it off like a lewd sopping wet trophy. She wanted him to want it—to need it more than anything. If she was going to be so madly needy of him, then he would have to suffer every bit as much.

“Mm..mmnfmm..”

The lewd sounds of her tongue lapping up and down his cock had rewarded her with trails of pre escaping his gorgeous and salty tip. She paused for a moment to see his expression— it was every bit as cute and sexy as she hoped as he couldn't hold back how much he wanted it no matter how he tried. The idea of servicing him had a familiar sea of pleasure wash over her pussy. The aching caused her lust emboldened mouth to cusp over his cock muffling her moans in the lewd display. Her eyes met his whenever his eyes opened between his moans. The taste of pre drove her mind deeper into the pit of lust as her fingers dug into herself making sure he could hear all of the noises.

Taking the plunge— she impaled her mouth all the way onto his impressive shaft letting her tongue savor in the taste of his balls while the satisfying fullness in her throat made her feel a sense of pride of how lewd the two looked in the mirror.

“Fuck..mmmmm.. yeah... just like that.. you're so fucking good..so fucking good..suck that cock, baby.. mmm, that's my good girl..ngh..”

His hands greedily grabbed her hair making her deep impalement on his cock all the more satisfying. The tinge of pain and the overwhelming pleasure made her eyes roll and another much stronger orgasm begin to take hold. She was his and wanted with everything she had to taste his cum and the thought had sent her far over the edge.

His cock began to throb as she went up and down on it, licking and greedily sucking the full length of his girth-ridden shaft. His beautiful moans grew more ragged as her muffled one's reveled in his pleasure with a seething pleasure of her own, the throbbing cock slowly came out of her mouth as he plunged it all the way in once more— this time keeping it there in a lewd lesson of complete and total submission once again.

“You'll take it all, won't you? I wanna see it in your mouth. I want to see my girl drowning in my cum. Won't you baby..mmm”

The want and almost begging in his voice made her almost reach climax again, if not for the urge to hold back, to edge herself until she could cum alongside him in a single burning moment.

Her head bobbed in the mirror as he made love messily to her mouth. The thrusting was strong and commanding in stark contrast to the power she had moments before. The feral desire of him to fill her was making every little thrust more carnal and explosive. The mix of precum and saliva was lewdly drooling and dripping from her mouth—no her hole that she gladly offered to him to fuck.

She wasn't anything but a hole at that moment—and that thought was so enticing, so perfect for how she wanted to be. Abruptly his hands which gripped her hair dragged her unwillingly away from his cock—nearly causing her to cry out in distress.

“Say what you want, my little mate. And be clear about it.”

The sting of his vice grip on her hair only made her feel like she was floating. The ecstasy came out in words as she felt another wall of her inhibition fall to pure uninhibited lust.

“P-pleas..e.. I- I want you to cum in my mouth.. I want to taste y-you..”

The drooling mess of a girl was once again greeted by the hot throbbing cock pressed lewdly against her face.

“Mmmm.. you can beg better than that can't you?”

Her rebellion couldn't even begin to deny her words of blissful defeat once again.

“U-use me however you like. M-my body is yours, p-please let me service you..nnn.. I want you to make me know w-who I belong to...p-please..”

She could feel a chill run down her spine— one of awareness beyond the lust that she just gave him even more power. What's more, it felt so beyond good to lose even more. The insatiably strong male scent made her relish in the moment before he decided her fate, her greedy huffs of his scent fueling her fingers torturing her clit.

“Fine, then don't spill it and don't swallow it. Do I make myself clear?”

Her poor little pussy clenched at his dominance and power over her, the slightest details of him washing over her as she nodded like a puppy eager for her treat. Her greedy lips spared no moment in wrapping around his manhood and savoring it more than before. His texture—his taste, she worshipped every little detail of his cock slowly and passionately. Every time her eyes trailed to the mirror she couldn't help but see herself as any different than a bitch in heat—only that would be a sore understatement. She was whatever he wished her to be, whatever would please him. Her tongue wrapped around his cock, servicing—no feasting on his cock in savory circles. Looking up for approval in his moans and rough grip on her head as he returned to his feral thrusts using her throat as his own personal onahole.

The praise and torrents of pre cum only fueled the feral sucking of his cock. The twitching returned as before, only this time she welcomed it twice as much. Her sloppy moans and drooling lips relentlessly devoured his cock as if it were what she was born to do—her singular purpose. His tensing muscles pulled her once again from his cock but this time she knew it was too late as her reward was now. Her instincts made her stick out her tongue so desperate to

catch his load of salty delicious cum all in her mouth. The first stream of milky liquid came out in a torrent fully covering her tongue. The flavor made her drool in satisfaction as the second twitch brought much more spraying against the back of her throat. The musk of his scent and bittersweet taste of his cum came in several more torrents one after the other until she hardly had any more room in her mouth for anything but his thick and creamy seamen. Wringing the last of his cum from his cock he made her suck the rest out despite her more than already full mouth. The lewd expression only worsened as she obediently sucked out every last drop. He lifted her up proudly as she struggled to not swallow— if only to have his seed inside her.

“Show me.”

She obediently and lewdly opened her mouth to proudly display the sea of thick milky cum that ruthlessly glazed every taste bud in her mouth.

“Mmm now hold it there for now. Don’t spill it. You still have places I can fill with more.”

His hands roughly grabbed her by the cunt lifting her to her tiptoes— nearly making her cry out and spill the precious cum in her mouth. He sat her firmly on top of his cock where she rested for a moment with her legs and pussy quivering in fear and anticipation. She wanted it— no she needed it inside her more than anything. She wanted him to mess her insides up so badly that nothing could ever fix her. The alluring temptation of being ruined by him was everything to her at that moment. She would have cried out begging him to take her, if not for his seed messily stuffing her mouth.

“Your eyes are begging so earnestly, what happened to that pride hero? Or have you finally fallen for me?”

*S-shut up, I- only want your body.. r-right?*

The twisted thoughts melted into the way he thrust—grinding his throbbing shaft against her begging little hole. Her clit greedy for more friction made her hips move against him in a sopping wet display of unfiltered, unhindered sex.

Her eyes firmly faced the mirror— aching and hinged on every little movement he made. His cock grew closer and slowly pressured against her twitching pussy. It was begging as much as she as he slowly lifted her and pressed his tip against her entrance.

“How much do you want it? I wonder..”

He slowly began to push her weight down against his massive shaft. The sting of pain and agonizing pleasure wrapped around her senses causing her to bite her lip and her eyes to go wide. Though strangely and incredibly frustratingly he stopped just one inch inside her.

“One. Mmm you’re so tight baby..so fucking good..ngh..”

His cocky began to slide slightly further into her reaches, making her cum on the spot, her twitching body being embraced by his strong arms. His fingers found their way to her clit causing waves of pleasure and the orgasm to crash against her twitching body like a tsunami. Her muffled moans and the whispers of praise numbed her mind and caused torrents of greedy desire for more. More of his cock— more of that intoxicatingly addictive fullness of his shaft forcing her all too sensitive cunt to submit in instinct and earnestly.

“Two.. yeah.. that’s it baby you’re doing great.”

His rough shallow breaths and low rumbly growls were pressed firmly against her ear as he nibbled greedily. Her bitten lip and smothered moans erupted into a torrent of pure bliss and panic as she squirmed on his cock even as it slid much deeper this time.

“Fuck... mm in the end I guess I was the one who wasn’t patient. Then I might as well give you your reward..”

Her eyes widened as she saw him grab her hips— their now naked bodies so lewdly reflecting. She could see and feel what came next but she knew—that next impaling thrust would ruin her beyond fixing. The panic was perhaps her sanity slipping or the fear of too much pleasure, but nothing could stop what was going to happen next.

He thrust upward fully burying his shaft in all its entirety all at once. His cock firmly kissed against her womb in a way that mixed pleasure and pain perfectly like a fine mixed drink. Her tiptoes lifted from the ground as she was lifted fully by his thrust dangling off his cock like a true onahole. One gaze into the mirror only made her clench and twitch more than her mind-shattering orgasm already had. His moans had taken their toll as she had leaked cum and saliva out of her mouth shaming her best attempt once more.

“I thought I told you to not let a drip escape..a pity.”

Forcing her legs up behind her head he forced her head down—so close as his cock slid slowly out of her, the distended bulge now poking out visibly adding to the raunchy and feral display. His moans made her feel accomplished but the intensity of her punishment only made her messy moans and enthralling obsession with his cock all the more to the forefront. The new position made her look in such a way even a succubus would blush and shy away. She existed to be filled by his seed—she needed it. The intense drive to please him granted her another orgasm even as he mercilessly manhandled her ladyhood. The raw nature of his thrusts was matched only by his sexy growls that bit into her ears. The whispers of words were said, praise and degradation but the words didn’t reach her in that state. Her senses had become nothing

but the intense feeling of being so full and feeling so good— she had already lost her mind. She was his hole to fill, his woman to breed or take or ruin.

Feeling his thrusts increase and his cock throb made her eyes widen and her endless hell of orgasm to stop for just long enough for her to realize how big the next orgasm was going to be. She knew only one thing in that moment—when he came there was no going back. No going back to normal, no going back to anything but into his arms. Nothing else mattered, nothing else existed— only a need to feel that feeling of losing so fantastically to such a strong and virile male. Her folded shameful pose was placed against the ground where her cunt faced the air and her legs and head balanced her delicately against the pounding of his cock. The lewd liquids of their fucking splashed into her face making her even more aware of how fucked she was. He looked right in her eyes with each feral thrust, never once breaking eye contact. Her own gaze drifted off toward the ceiling for a moment summoning his growl.

“Look at me. Don’t you dare look away when I fill you..”

The naughty sounds of skin against skin met a descent of moans echoing through the rather public of which they made their love. The twitching of his cock began fiercely again deep inside of her but his thrusts continued with a beastly growl. All at once, he tensed up, his arms pulling her into him as his throbbing cock threatened to empty all of his seed he had left. She held her breath, tensing her legs as the thought of it crashed her woefully over the edge, this time causing her to helplessly squirt as his first spray of thick cum filled her. The second load was more intense, though she could no longer tell what felt better— the thick hot cum filling her or the mind-breaking orgasm which milked him even more. The next spurt came with a love bite so hard it drew blood from her neck leaving her mouth agape as cum and saliva escaped shamelessly with her moan. The final spurt truly filled her up as his cock and the endless cum now deep inside her seemingly filled every crevice and space within her bruised and claimed vagina.

The afterglow of the orgasm hit just as hard as the start—her body reaching its limit as he remained proudly inside her. So warm and oddly comforting as he collapsed over her wrapping her in a sweaty embrace that smelled purely of sex with a hint of love.

His eyes glistened with the intensity and purpose of a dragon gazing intently at his treasure and that somehow made her pathetic state feel even more satisfying. The tempo of their breathing matched up perfectly with the tune of their hearts beating against the other. They were animals, satiated and feral even now. The itch—the fever of desire simmering to a throbbing hot mess of feelings and realization of what happened. Her eyes broke from his as she dared to rest her head on his shoulder being enveloped by the drumming of his breath—the comforting sounds of his heart as his hands refused to leave her inferno of intense afterglow. One look betrayed that he was longing—lingering in such a state all the same as she. This summoned a hidden smirk



across her features even with the cum and saliva still dripping from his shaft buried all way inside her still.

She wanted desperately to say something but no words bubbled up to the surface. She was drowning in him—his everything bringing far too much comfort that it was unfair—beyond cruel to her slowly returning awareness.

“Frey..”

His voice growled out with a sexy rumble causing her to grip him harder. For some reason the many retorts she had been imagining just moments before faded to a rather ironically calm and gentle response back.

“A-Abaddon..”

His audible smirk followed kisses across her collarbone that felt like warm coals on a winter day, a feeling she dared not break from just yet—no matter what her crying pride demanded. Another kiss— this time threatening but not forced. The mutual lack of restraint refused to allow the other to sober from the connection that burned between her legs. It was a comforting fullness—like somehow feeling him where no one else could be was like a drug in a far too normal way. That normal was what scared her—the threat that her resistance would be slain outright at that moment caused her to rise off of him—jarring her weak body up his cock. With a growl he let her—but her legs as stable as pudding fell her right down to meet his balls again with her clit.

“A-ah—“

His growling smile betrayed everything she needed to know as her throbbing insides ached to have him more—begged to have more attention.

“Hmm? If I didn’t know any better—because I can’t see the look in your eyes right now—but.. I’d bet anything **they’re begging again.**”

Her body betrayed her right then turning afterglow and throbbing to a desperate—instinctual grinding against his shaft which fit so perfectly inside her. Although she refused to admit it—the action spoke far too loud for her to escape him. Her feeble attempt to be free—overwhelmed by her body, her nerves—her every little detail begging for more attention. Why did the shame feel so incredibly good? No matter how many times the question reverberated with her throbbing clit she couldn’t escape from the truth of her actions slowly teasing him.

“I-ah..it’s not what it—“

He grabbed her lying mouth and punished her with his tongue—invading and pleasantly violating her senses. The taste of his saliva was mixed with his cum still lining the recesses of her mouth—the deep heartbeat both above and below was once again stealing away her will to

think or do anything but him. The growl as he broke from the kiss made her shudder—more so than the rest because it came with an extra layer of threat and warning that stirred her heat into the forefront in ways that only pure danger could.

“Careful princess— liars will get punished.”

His threat and promise were crystal clear— and her body heeded with a taunt. Her hips now gently but melodically pumping her exhausted—obsessive desire for more even with the throbbing pain which gloriously melded into something new—something so very addictive and intense. She dared not move aside from her hips as she snuck peeks toward him as his growling masculine visage clashed against her plump curves in tandem. No matter how much her semblance of pride wishes the argue with her—there was absolutely no use in denying the irrefutable fact. Yes, they were suited to the other in some devilishly decadent addiction that was spoken without words—carved by their subtle movements that came so naturally.