The Return of her lover: Part 1

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The Daughter of the High Demon Lord is alone when her lover returns home.

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Itwas a little frightening to be walking alone at midnight, but I was a big girl, I could handle it. Hell, I was 19 and the heir to the demon lords throne, that meant I shouldn't be afraid of the dark right?

“Wrong,” I muttered to myself.

A rock being skittered across the asphalt made me jump and turn in fear. There was nothing behind me except the empty road and a couple street lights. All the houses were dark and looked comfortably tucked in their little coves.

“Comfortable, psht, right,” I grunted, “As if anything is comfortable or safe in this world.”

I started walking again and looked up at the red moon. It sure seemed brighter tonight. Maybe the elders were watching out for me? Doubtful. Being on the side of Markal had its downfalls, one being hated by the elders, or “gods” of this realm. I was shaken from my thoughts as a leaf crackled behind me. I resisted turning all the way around and sent out waves of my aura, warning away any lower, malicious creatures.

“Oh Samara, so *brave*,” a deep, dark voice snickered.

I ducked to just barely be missed by a large fist. I managed to pull myself up and saw a figure walking from between the trees. His large stature made me very wary. I was only five feet and three inches, he had to be over six and a half feet, almost seven.

“I'm six foot eight to be exact,” he said.

“So, you read minds?” I asked.

“Ah, poor girl, still haven't learned to read a person's energy,” he scoffed.

I cursed silently to myself and felt out for his aura. Sure enough I found it, cold and brash. It was colder than mine, which was a sure sign of him being far more powerful than I.

“The name's Kyota,” he said.

I gasped and stepped slightly closer. He lifted his head and the moonlight lit up his features. I slowly took in the familiar, sun kissed flesh, complete with a strong jaw and large, glimmering eyes the color of wet earth; His nose standing prominently perfect on his face. He reached out a hand and I hesitated. What if this was not truly the Kyota I knew years ago?

“Your first boyfriend was your father's best friend,” he said. “Me.”

Instantly, it hit me how sweet his voice sounded in my ears. I ran forward and was yanked against his chest. His scent engulfed me, smothering me with nostalgia.

“Samara,” he murmured.

“When did you get back? Does Markal know? Have you spoken to him? Are you hurt?” I managed to splutter.

I knew I sounded like an idiot but I was too over-burdened by my emotions to care. He let out a soft chuckle and pulled back to gaze at me.

“I'm fine, and yes, I've spoken to him. The mission was a success, and I got back six hours ago. I've been in a gathering of the lower lords,” he explained.

I nodded and stared more at him. Two years I had been without him; two very long and painful years. I rested my palm on his smooth cheek and he smiled.

“So, a lot has changed in two years,” he murmured.

“Yeah, I'm taller, and I'm stronger, and I've completed my rights of passage,” I replied, stepping back.

“That's very good to hear,” he said softly.

I saw the hesitation in his eyes right before I was smashed against him. Our lips meshed painfully and teeth gnashed but it was the most perfect moment. I felt our auras begin a battle and I was, of course, over-whelmed. He growled gently and yanked my hair hard, making me stumble back. I bit my lip and waited for him to make his move.

“Tell me you want this,” he growled huskily.

“You don't need my consent, I'm a grown woman,” I replied, smiling.

“I know I don't need it, I want it,” he muttered.

I nodded and felt the saliva thicken in my mouth in anticipation.

“I want this, I- I want you,” I whispered.

I hit a tree face first and dug my nails into the bark feeling him against my rear.

“You sure have grown Samara,” he rumbled.

“As have you Kyota,” I replied playfully.

It was completely obvious where his interests lay with me as I felt his rather large member pressing against me.

“All the better to please you with my love,” he whispered.

His fingertips grazed my skin as he slipped his hands under my shirt. It kindled a fire inside me, causing my body to twitch gently. His breath gently caressed my scalp as he leaned his head close to mine. It felt natural to raise my arms and allow him to remove my clothing, as if we were meant to do this.

“Turn,” he ordered huskily.

I did as told and he hooked my pants and panties in his thumbs, yanking the cloth down hard. I winced and he smirked.

“Turn to the tree and spread them,” he said.

I gave him a sly smirk and turned, bracing myself against the tree, spreading my legs. I heard him shuffling around behind me and the expectancy was nearly killing me. I couldn't stifle my gasp as his hands grabbed my ass hard.

“So big, it's amazing,” he growled.

I couldn't help but blush. Everyone but him made fun of me for my round butt. He increased the pressure as his hands moved lower and lower. He released my ass and I let out a breath, feeling blood flow back into the muscle. I wriggled slightly, opening my legs more, as an invitation. He made no movement and I started to ask him what was wrong when I was shoved to my knees. He spun me around quickly and I looked up at him. His mouth was lifted in a very enchanting smile. I smiled back and something was pushed against my lips. I looked straight again and gasped. He was very large and thick, almost as big around as my arm, and with a length from my elbow to my wrist.

“And I'm supposed to suck this?” I asked, grinning.

“Yes, that's the idea,” he replied.

I wrapped my hands around his thick meat and noticed my fingertips were about half an inch from touching. I shook my head in amazement but parted my lips. I gently found his head with my tongue and swirled it around, taking in his delicious taste. Most men I have tasted have been very sweaty and smelly, almost rotten, but he tasted like salt and something sweet. He grunted quietly as I took the tip in my mouth. It was rather hard working my teeth around his cock, but I managed to fill my mouth. I rested my hands on his muscular thighs and he gripped my hair tightly.

“Go fast, swallow it,” he ordered roughly.

Without a second thought, I began bobbing my head, squeezing his thighs with my motions.

“Deeper,” he growled.

He shoved my head down and I started crying, trying to block the choking feeling over-whelming my senses. He let me pull back for a second, and shoved me back down, going at a speed I alone could not achieve. His huffs and puffs became louder and more labored. I felt his legs shaking and tried to pull away. He released my head and stared at me, panting.

“I don't want you to cum yet,” I whispered.

A devilish smirk overtook his face and I was yanked up. Before I could react, he lifted me to my feet and spread my legs. He dropped to his knees and I couldn't stop a blush. No one had ever wanted me to do more than suck them off. It was rather strange. Even kneeling he was eye-level to my throat. He hooked his arms behind my knees and I screamed as he lifted me up.

“Relax! I won't drop you,” he scolded me.

I hesitated but nodded my assent. He held me on his shoulders and I felt his breath against my nether lips. I felt very strange, yet also arousing. I could tell I was already wet. His dominance over me made me melt, and it was very obvious. He let his finger slide down my slit and play with my fluids.

“You smell delicious,” he murmured.

He looked into my eyes, making me turn red again, and plunged his finger in. I instantly had to close my eyes, the pleasure over-whelming me. He chuckled and I felt him wiggling around. Suddenly he hit a spot in me. I cried out and dove my fingers into his hair. He laughed loudly and muttered something to himself. He began licking me gently and I wanted to cry it felt so good. His knowledge of my body amazed me. He knew exactly where to touch and caress to make me writhe in pleasure. I tilted my head back and bathed in the feelings coursing through my body. The fire in my belly grew greater and greater until I felt like I was going to cry if it didn't break. He increased his speed and growled gently, biting me gently. I cried out, feeling my the dam break, and gripped his head hard, the waves of pleasure washing hard over me.

“Kyota!” I screamed.

He pulled back, grinning like mad, and sat on his haunches.

“Now, come here,” he said.

I knelt and he yanked me onto his lap. I felt the pressure of his meat against me and smiled, spreading my legs.

“Be easy, it's my first time stallion,” I joked.

His eyes literally lit up.

“That will make this all the better,” he muttered.

He laid back and rested his hands on my hips, pulling me down gently. I took a deep breath and steadied myself. The pain tore sharply through me but I didn't make a peep. Proud of myself, I began lowering myself farther and farther. Half way through, I began to feel the pressure again. It was like my insides were being filled to the max.

“They are,” he growled, “Now, are you going to move, or do I have to fuck you senseless?”

I blushed and apologized. He said nothing but I saw the fierce look in his eyes. Gently I began moving. I felt his aura cover me again and the pleasure increased thrice fold. His hands ran up my body and I felt them cup my breasts.

“God, you're so perfect, a perfect handful,” he growled.

He tightened his grip and slid his fingers to my nipples, pulling hard. I let out a whimper and leaned over, allowing him to take one in his mouth. His teeth bit hard and I moaned loudly, the painful pleasure making me shiver. As I moved my hips faster, everything slid into place. Our bodies moved in tandem, our eyes locked, and I saw his jaw tighten. He grabbed my hips and slammed me down hard. I cried out and broke over him, my juices nearly pouring out. He snarled loudly and held me against him, pumping in and out, his cum filling me. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and caught his eye.

“You were barely half way,” he mentioned casually.

“Well, maybe you'll just have to keep training me to ride you,” I replied with a smirk.

He grinned and leaned up. His teeth grazed my skin and he bit hard. I cried out and ecstasy poured between us. I held his head to me and he chuckled, forcing himself away.

“Now you're mine, and we have forever to train,” he said.

“I love you,” I whispered.

I was almost afraid of his reply.

“I've loved you since I first laid eyes on you,” he whispered, pulling me against him to rest.