

Captive Slave 338

Chapter 338

Dismissing the slaves with a slight motion of his hand, they bowed and departed, leaving them alone.

"How do you fare this evening?" he asked as he crossed to her.

"Better than I did this morning." Her voice was better now, too.

He stared shamelessly at her body. Curves that held him captive. Plump, enticing breasts that made his mouth water. The flat plane of her belly where their child grew.

She did not hide from his wandering eyes, but the red dots on her cheeks were spreading.

"You are breathtaking." Daemonikai hoped to hell he didn't sound as hungry as he felt but wasn't sure he succeeded.

She gifted him that lovely smile again. "Thank you."

Lately, the way he desired her body rivaled his crumbling mind, each battling to see which would drive him over the edge first. It was like staring at his favorite meal, yet unable to snack at it.

These days, his life hovered around trying to hold back and fighting himself not to pounce on her at every turn...but fuck, she called to me. Her smile, her scent, everything she did was a beckon that was torturous to ignore.

That, coupled with the healers' instructions, perhaps it was time to try again.

So, he pulled her to his arms. "I'm going to kiss you," he said against her lips.
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"Please," a breathless sound of surrender.

He slotted his lips to hers.

Emeriel melted into him, nakedness molding to his body. His dick, half-hard, brushed her belly as he kissed her, slowly backing her to the wall behind her.

He caged her in, deepening the kiss she returned so passionately, pouring every longing thought into it.

His hand slid between her thighs, coaxing them to part for him. Stroking softly, spreading the growing slick in circles.
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Small sounds emitted from her, sending fire through his blood. She held onto him as he played her body like a masterful musician with his favored instrument. The more he teased and stroked, the wetter she became until she coated his hand.

He slipped a finger in.

"Gods..." she moaned, arching up, going on tiptoe. Her eyes squeezed tight, breathing unsteady.

"You have no idea how fucking good you feel, do you?" he murmured against her throat, biting without breaking the skin. "You're taking that finger really well. Want me to fuck you with it?"

"Daemon," she whimpered, her head lolling against the wall.

"If I can make you come with just my mouth on your breasts, I bet I could give you multiple with just this one finger." He thrust it in deeper. Exploring.

She moaned, parting her legs further for him.
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He felt grateful just being inside her like this. After the way her body had rejected him outright during heat-and now, with her recent struggles with their intimacy— being inside her in any way at all was a damn luxury. One he would never take lightly.

"Daemon, I feel... I feel..." She buried her face to his chest. "... really hungry. I want you to mount me. It's all I th-think about."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yes," she gasped. "I hope we can do it today."

I hope so, too, dearling. I hope so.

Caressing her gland, he kept his touches gentle. Tending to her pleasure instead

of his usual aggressive, you-must-take-it bombardment.

He cajoled her chin up with his knuckles. "Do you like when I touch you inside?" "Y-yes," she panted.

"Then I suppose I shall have to do more of it," he drawled. "Look at me."

He kept coaxing and caressing, tracing and rubbing her sensitive rippling walls.

He worked her so damn good until she was dripping like a faucet, making a mess on the floor.
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All the while, his eyes devoured her, eating up her every reaction. The way her breathing shuddered to a stop before picking up again. The way she huffed out air through her open mouth. Her eyes held his, just as he commanded-yet they were glazed over.

When she was about to come, he withdrew his fingers, and lifted her. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he balanced her against him with one arm, his other hand freeing his erection. Bracing her against the wall, he guided himself to her entrance, sliding into her in a single, smooth thrust.

She went completely still.

As still as the dead.

Every tremor, every soft moan and breathless quiver... was gone in an instant. Her eyes stayed somewhere over his shoulder, wide and empty, as she retreated into her head.

Daemonikai deflated. "Emeriel...?"

"I can't. I can't..."

There was no trace of the hunger that colored her voice moments before, only pure fear.

His desire vanished like a candle snuffed in the wind.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered hoarsely.

Protect.

He withdrew from her slowly, feeling her tightness resist him until his length slipped free, then he held her close to shield her from the threat.

But it was him. He was the danger.

The rigidity left her body at once. Then came the shaking.

She buried her face against his neck, tremors overtaking her, breathing in shudders. Tears soaked his skin.

Daemonikai had no idea which devastated him more. The vivid memory of every cut, every bruise, every swollen spot on her flesh that morning... or this. Watching her relive that night each time he put his hands on her.

Ukrael, grant me this one favor. Just this once.

Help me find the wretch who dared tamper with my mind. One single piece of proof-that is all I ask. Just point me in the right fucking direction.

I, Daemonikai Vipertheriov Naelzharoth, will never go easy on them. They will live and breathe torture. When I am done, they will beg for death but I will not grant it. Chest filled with boiling rage, Daemonikai pressed his face into the crook of Emeriel's neck, rocking her attempting to calm himself as well. Breathing in her scent like a penitent.

I will find them-even if I have to burn this entire city to the ground to do it. I fucking will.

And when I do, I will be their tormentor. Their judge, jury, and executioner.