

## Captive Slave 354

Chapter *wuW.N(1)W(1)om*

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She shifted, and he raised his head, allowing her the space to move. Sliding from his lap awkwardly, down between his open legs, Emeriel straightened to her

knees.

"What are you doing?" he asked, a little uncertain. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes." She reached into his loose trousers pulling him free.

Understanding dawned in his eyes and they narrowed.

Her mouth watered. "Will you let me?"

This had been on her mind since her last heat. She had enjoyed it then-perhaps a little too much. Whether that had been driven by instinct or her own desire, she still wasn't sure. But she hadn't gathered the courage to ask him for this again. Until now.*W(1)N(1)om*

His eyes assessed hers. "Are you sure?"

Let me help dispel the cold. "Yes, please." It was the first time Emeriel had ever seen him truly flaccid. And even now, in this state, he did not appear small.

He guided her head forward and Emeriel took him in.

The feel of him, the stretch of her jaw-it was all familiar. She drew back a little, lips gliding along his length, pressing a tentative kiss to his head. A timid flick became several bolder strokes as she grew more confident.

Soon, she took him back into her mouth, deeper this time, braver, until he nudged the back of her throat.

Gagging once, Emeriel withdrew only a little to steady herself. She swallowed, prepared herself, and dived down again, calmer, more determined.

He hardened quickly as she worked him, swelling in her mouth, filling her. Each pulse beneath her tongue gladdened her heart, giving her more confidence. She closed her eyes, pouring all her focus into making him feel good. Lips tightened. Tongue pressed firmer.

With every groan, she moved with more passion. Every shiver in his breath in the silent, darkened study, made her tingle.

When he tried to pull her away, Emeriel held firm, ready. His release came with a deep grunt, and she swallowed as he spilled into her throat.*w(1)N(1)om*

She didn't let go, drawing out every last shudder, every pulse, until there was nothing left. Cleaning him thoroughly, moaning greedily, she eased him through the sensitivity until he hissed.

Only then did she pull back, feeling flushed and warm, gazing up at him with seeking eyes.

His expression had softened; some of the tension drained from him. He cupped her cheek. "Good girl."

For you, Beloved. Always. Emeriel mewled, content. Resting her head on his thigh, staring at his half-hard length.*w(1)N(1)om*

And because she couldn't help herself, she leaned forward and mouthed him again.

"Fuck," he breathed in an uneven tone. "You really do love sucking me off, don't you, Riel?"

She hummed softly, lips around him, eyes drooped... content. She nodded, refusing to let go, even to answer.

Daemonikai hissed again from the overstimulation but made no move to stop her. His hand returned to her hair, tangled in, and rested there. "One of the most alluring aspects of you is how you transform from my straitlaced princess into my naughty little vixen."

Her eyes fluttered open, a blush flourishing high on her cheeks. Yet she smiled, lips curving around him even as she continued her slow, languid motions. Sucking, tugging, rolling him on her tongue until his hisses quieted and he relaxed

once more.

With a moan of sheer eagerness, she swallowed him down again, going straight for seconds. Taking him even deeper.

Time dissolved around them.

By the time he was emptying down her throat again, and she was greedily draining him a again, her knees ached from kneeling, and her jaw throbbed from the effort. At last, reluctantly, she let him go.

He reached for her at once, pulling her to her feet, wrapping his arms around her waist. He guided her onto his lap again with careful hands, looking at her with satisfaction, pride, and... wonder.

"You are so full of surprises."

Emeriel hid her face against his neck, mumbling. "You do not think me... wanton?"

"Oh, I think you very wanton," he drawled, flicking one of her aching, sensitive nipples with a teasing touch that made her shiver. "But your wantonness destroys me in the best of ways. I enjoy your debauchery, my slutty sexy princess."

She relaxed against him, letting herself sink into the safety of his embrace. One large hand stroked down her back.

"Thank you for being here in Urai, in my home and in my life." He tipped her face up and kissed her forehead. "You make everything... bearable."

"I'm deeply saddened by what happened. I'm sorry about your late bondmate, Alvin, and Myka," she said. "You had a wonderful family, and I'm so sorry someone as evil as Lord Zaiper took them from you in such a brutal way."

"Thank you," he said. "Never in my life did I think a day would come when I could think of them like this, and it wouldn't feel like knives and fire. That it would feel... almost bearable."

She understood.

Two years ago, if this truth had come to light, it would have destroyed him to the extent of driving him fully feral again. Look how far we've come, my Grand King.

"I can't believe Lord Zaiper almost got away with this, walking free for centuries, untouched. No one the wiser," Emeriel said, with anger.

"Riel," Daemonikai said after a moment.

"My king..."

"Can I tell you about my boys?"

The tears slipped free again, leaving warm trails down her cheeks. She nodded,

her voice thick. "Please do. I would be honored to listen."

And so, he did.

Hours later, they lay together in his bed.

Daemonikai cuddled her from behind, his body a solid wall of warmth. Emeriel stared ahead, stubbornly awake despite the heaviness pulling at her lids.

She had listened to him for hours as his memories spilled free, and he spoke of

his deceased family, laying them-himself-open before her.

Now, she felt raw, split apart by his pain and all he had shared.

"Your boys sound like wonderful young males," she whispered at last, truthfully, each word scraped painfully from her throat. "Thank you for telling me."

He had found in her a safe place to set them free. Trusted her with his sorrow and their good memories, not bearing them alone. For that, Emeriel was grateful. Even if it left her aching, she was glad. Because he was healing. "Lord Zaiper must never get away with what he did," she said with conviction.

"I will die first," Daemonikai stated. "I will hunt him down, and when I have him, I'll show him no mercy. I'll not grant him an easy death-that's why I let him walk free in court. He doesn't deserve the easy way out." His breath stirred her hair as he spoke. "I owe it to Evie, my sons, Vladya, Ottai, the Oracle... to my people. I owe it to myself, to you, and the new life we'll bring into this world."

Emeriel nodded, her fingers finding his. She laced their hands together, brought it up, and kissed his knuckles.

"I was searching for evidence, however minor, to hold him responsible for messing with my mind, unaware it was just the tip of the iceberg. I will capture Zaiper Thoryk Dragaxlov, Emeriel."