

Captive Slave 362

Chapter 362

"The w-way you're looking at me..." Emeriel squirmed, shifting her weight from foot to foot.

She stood before him now, waiting for him to tell her how he wanted her. And her cheeks had flushed an utterly endearing shade of red.

"And how is that?" Daemonikai drawled, though he already knew. Gods, he knew.

"Like you would..." she faltered, lowering her gaze. "Like you're imagining being... in-inside me."

"Huh. That is startlingly accurate."

He watched as the flush deepened, spreading down her throat and over her collarbone. "Oh." She stared at her feet. Or tried to. He held back a smile and rose to his feet, loving the way her chin tilted up to find his face. "I will teach you how to bloodfeed in the ways of old."

Her lips parted in a soft breath as he reached for her, unfastening the ties of her gown with a gentleness that belied his lust. Bare, he guided her to the center of the room.

"Kneel."

She lowered herself to the floor. He circled her slowly, letting his eyes roam over the curve of her spine, the way her hips flared. His beast grumbled, restless and eager beneath his skin.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked at last.

Her head bobbed in a nod. "Yes."**WWw.NeVeℓW@rm.COм**

"Good." He took her wrists, drawing them behind her back, holding them loosely before easing her head to the side, baring the vulnerable line of her throat. Then he stepped back to admire her.

And gods help him, he nearly groaned aloud.**WWW.NeVeℓW@rm.COм**

Daemonikai had seen this position more times than he could count, but seeing her like this? Fuck.

He ran his tongue over his aching gums. His fangs lengthened, straining for her pulse.

"Is this alright?" she whispered, halting and unsure. "Do you... need something else from me?"

Did she ask these questions intentionally, or was she truly that naive? Did she not know what the double entendre was doing to his poor, starved cock?**WWw.NeVeℓw@R(m).coM**

"This is fine." Hunger rippled through every hoarse word. "Close your eyes, Riel."

When she did, he silently recited the old rites in his mind and moved behind her. He lowered his head to the pale column of her neck, inhaling deeply as his fangs elongated further, sinking deep into her skin.

She cried out, body shuddering. She tried to pull her hands free, but he caught in one of his own and held them fast, keeping her in place. He drank.

Ukrae, her blood. Heavens in hell.

He could not hold back the low purr rising from deep in his chest. His restless beast preened like a great feline, rubbing its head against his ribs lazily.

Daemonikai closed his eyes again as he enjoyed the ambrosia. Already his body felt warmer where he had been cold. Stronger.

Emeriel made small, throaty moans, shifting where she knelt, her hips rocking. Her musk broke out in the air like the sweetest scent. He didn't miss the slick sound when she moved, the shiny sheen beneath her where her legs were spread.

He reached underneath her to feel, and now he was growling. She was making a mess. Dripping like a leaky flow tap.

So, he stuck his finger into the

source, making her gasp. She was really wet but had become really narrow without a visit from his fat, hungrydick for so long. But he settled for stroking her with @single finger, gliding along her inner walls. Such smooth, velvety skin of pure liquid.

"Yes," a wobbly, drawn-out moan. "You fill me up so good."

Dearling, it's only one finger. I haven't even begun to fill you. I wish I could. Fates,

I really need to.

He kept drinking, kept stroking. Her body sang for him as he coaxed more of those sinful sounds from her throat.

Emeriel's breathing turned ragged. Her body quaked as her pleasure rose. He could feel her clenching around him, could hear the hitch in her voice as she tumbled over the edge with a sharp cry. Her legs shook where she knelt, hips pushing back against his hand even as he held her still.

The blood slowed, lessening to a trickle, but he didn't want to stop. He drank greedily, even as her cries grew louder from prolonged release. Then softened as it waned. But when he heard the faintest sigh of discomfort, he knew he had to stop.

Reluctantly, he withdrew his fangs, his beast whining in regret, licking the wound closed. No, they weren't full, but they were better. As if he had fed from eight feeders instead of one. And only she could have done that.

"Sorry, dearling," Daemonikai murmured against her skin.

With how sweet her blood tasted, he doubted he would ever feel full. If she were a bloodhost, he'd likely spend entire days overdrinking from her until he developed

a sickness for it. It was probably a mercy she wasn't. He'd have a blood problem for certain.

She was still shaking, muscles soft and lax, her head lolled back to rest against his shoulder.

Daemonikai rose, lifting her, steadying her on her feet first, and adjusting her stance. Then he slid one hand beneath her thigh, the

other bracing her shoulder, hojet

her effortlessly. Settling himself back into the chair he'd risen from, he adjusted her on his lap-part to make her comfortable, part to also relieve the sharp pressure in his raging hard-on.

Her lashes were heavy as they fluttered. Her expression languid, soft. And then she smiled-wide, foolish, dazed.**www.©@Veℓ@oRM.coм**

"Oh, you smell so good," she said, her words slurring. She hiccupped. "Have I... ever told you that?"

High as the stars.

Daemonikai chuckled low in his chest.

"And you feel really good," she added, the dreamy quality in her voice growing.

"You don't know how hard it is... going all these lonely months without the taste of your manhood."

And her filter was gone. Completely vanished.

Good to know it wasn't only her heats that loosened her tongue.

"It's been really hard?" he asked, curious despite himself.

"So hard," she confided, leaning in slightly. "I'll tell you a secret... but you can't

share it with my beloved."

His brows lifted. "Tell me."

"Sometimes in the dark of night, when he's away, I part my thighs and touch myself." Another hiccup. "I pretend it's him."