

Captive Slave 363

Chapter 363

These visuals... Hell on a train, they weren't good for him. Heaven on a blade.

Her smile was dreamy and sweet. "I pretend it's his fingers, and it feels really good to get them inside and imagine it's him."

Daemonikai swore under his breath.

This was cruelty. Pure, unvarnished cruelty.

And it was glorious.

Pleasure trickled down his spine as his throbbing cock got friction, rubbing against her side. When had his hips begun to move?

"And his dick..." she giggled, covering her mouth like she'd said something scandalous. "That word is funny. Dick. Dick. Dick."

He let out a sound that might've been a growl. "What about his dick?" He needed to hear the rest.Www.ñOvéIwoRm.com

"Oh, it feels... A. M. A. Z. I. N. G." She spelled the word out slowly, her closed eyes flapping as though she could see the image clear in her mind. "It's the only one I've had, you know. His dick. But ohhh, even I know it's one of a kind."

Daemonikai cursed again, this time in a low, rough voice. He was going to come. Right there. Just from this.

The way his body was moving on its own, grinding against her as if he were some rut-drunk male starved for release. Her voice, her praises, her downright dirty tongue-all of it was too much. He was close.

"But it hurt me, you know," came as the softest whisper.

His hips stilled.

"His dick. Something I like so much that brings me so much pleasure... brought me so much pain, too." A lone tear slipped from her closed lids, trailing down. "And somehow... my mind fixates on that."

Daemonikai swallowed thickly, his chest growing heavier.

"I want to feel it again, you know. I think about how good it feels... and I anticipate how good it's going to feel. But when he tries to enter my body, all I see... all I feel... is how good it didn't feel. That night." Another tear followed the first. "I wish I wouldn't think of that night. I wish... when my beloved tries to enter my body again, all I can think about is how good it feels. How much I want to feel him again." Her brow furrowed. "Oh, and that our bond returns. I think of that too."

Now she grinned and the animation on her face stole his breath.

"I have wished upon the stars over and over," she confessed in a bright, low tone. "I prayed, promising Ukrae and the moon goddess we would do better this time. We would cherish the bond, and we would never blame it for any misfortune."

Daemonikai had made those same promises. Whispered them to the stars and to the silent gods who no longer answered him.

"I miss feeling his emotions. Being able to call out to him in times of trouble. I miss feeling him in here." She pressed a hand to her chest, hiccupping. "And I refuse to lose hope, our bond will return. Oh, I feel very excited just thinking about it." She bounced her hips in enthusiasm.

Daemonikai stiffened, trying to hold her still. "Wait, Emeriel"

But she kept moving, rolling her body as if to wiggle free. The movement dragged her against his dick with far too much friction, and the sensation pushed him unexpectedly over the edge.

His release was dull but still dragged a deep, pleasured groan from his chest. His semen spilled thick between them, soaking her side, dampening his robes.

"I think I just peed," she whispered, a bit sheepish. "My bladder's been funny lately... sorry."

Daemonikai barked a laugh he couldn't help, shaking his head. "You did not pee, sweetling. Wrong wet place."

"Nooo," she insisted in a hazy hum. "Not that wrong. See?" She reached between her legs, gathering her slick and cum. Holding her hand up for him to see, she grinned. "Look. Wet."

"That's not pee-ugh." No point arguing with a drunk. Giving in to a different craving, he curled his fingers around her wrist, brought her hand to his mouth, and ran his tongue slowly over her fingers. "Mmm, delicious."

She wrinkled her nose, opening her heavy-lidded eyes just enough to give him a sleepy glare. "You're disgusting." Her lips twitched. "But I love you anyway."

"And I love you. Since you're letting me off the hook..." He guided her hand back between her thighs,

coaxing her to gather more of honet

moisture. Then he drew her fingers back to his mouth, lashes lowering as he licked her fingers thoroughly clean. "Even better."

"But I hate your control sometimes," she said out of the blue, eyes sliding shut again.

He allowed her hand to fall, licking his lips. "Why?"

"I wear the barest of things, say really naughty things... I show you my breasts, and my butt." She gave an exaggerated pout. "But you won't take me. Sometimes I wish you would just... pin me down andwWw.NoV@Lw@rmm.c@M

ravage me. Throw caution to the

wind."

Daemonikai's jaw hung open. I knew all those double entendres were no coincidence, damn it. And all that fucking 'harmless' teasing...?wWw.nov@lWwrm.čô@

He hadn't known she wanted for that; he'd thought she wasn't ready. But all this time, she'd been begging him to mount her.

"And then, when you're done... and you come inside me... it'll drip down my legs," she went on, dreamy again. "And I'll have to walk around the bedchamber with your seed running down my thighs."

She sighed wistfully.

Daemonikai couldn't believe such thoughts came from his pristine little mate. He loved that imagery. A lot.

"I feel so sleepy," she murmured.

He watched as sleep came for her, softening her features.

He lowered his head, brushing his lips against her nose. "It doesn't matter if our bond doesn't return,

we'll perform the bonding ritualet

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would rather have you as my bondmate, go through the rites and vows... than not have you at all."

She was already asleep, her breathing soft and even.wWw.ñôVEIw@rM.Com

It's high time you feel me again inside you, my horny radiant star. Tonight, I will

give you what your pregnant body craves so much.

I will make it happen, and this time, I will take steps to ensure we see it through to

the end, even if I have to do something I'm not particularly fond of.