

Captive Slave 365

That Prince Is A Girl: The Vicious King's Captive Slave Mate Chapter 365

Before she could make sense of that, his mouth was on hers. The kiss was slow at first—a reverent taking of her lips. But as his mouth moved over hers, it deepened, becoming thorough. Her eyes slipped shut, her arms finding their way around his neck. Their tongues danced, beautiful in their intensity, amazing in their feel. Strokes of pleasure and pent-up desire.

By the time he pulled back, Emeriel was breathless, dizzy with yearning. That was when she felt it—a heat at her back. A presence.

A hand settled on her waist.*w@w.n0v3lsw0rm.com*

Blinking through her daze, Emeriel turned her head. Behind her stood a taller figure, and it took her a moment to focus.

"Mistress Alviara..." she breathed, surprised.

"Hello, human princess." The courtesan gave her a warm smile. "We meet again."

Emeriel hoped to the Light-gods she returned the smile, though questions whirled in her mind. Why was she here?

She had met the most sought-after courtesan in Urai only once, two years ago, when a female had entered an unexpected heat, throwing the kingdom into chaos. The Grand King had needed relief, and Emeriel, as a boy, had ended up underneath Alviara as the Grand King had taken them both. That night was

branded in her memory.

Was that what tonight was? Would Alviara be here for him... while I watched? Emeriel's stomach twisted.

"She is not for me, little star." Daemonikai's calm voice cut through, lifting her chin again so their gazes met. "She is for you."*w@w.n0v3lsw0rm(m).com*

Emeriel stared at him. "Me...?"

"Yes," he said, voice soothing, reassuring. "For support. For comfort. Do you trust me?"

There was no hesitation. "Yes."

"Good." He kissed her again, longer this time, until she was once again breathless.

Then his hands moved to her gown, slipping the silk from her shoulders, baring her unhurried to the candlelight inch by inch. Her hair was unpinned, falling over her shoulders in waves. She wasn't sure how to feel about being naked, pregnant, before another... someone who wasn't him. She made a tiny, shy sound, pressing herself into his chest as he finished undressing her.

"You are incredibly beautiful." Daemonikai held her close, his deep voice sending a shiver down her spine. "I have seen you bare countless times, yet I cannot resist thinking it, every single time. Always my first thought." His gaze slid over her with heat. "Isn't she beautiful, Alviara?"

"She is," came the reply behind Emeriel. Appreciative, smooth. "Even more so now that she carries your child, Your Grace."

"Indeed." Daemonikai lifted her into his arms, but as she reached to wrap her hands around his neck, he transferred her carefully into Alviara's arms instead. "Here."

"I'm heavy," Emeriel protested.

Alviara took her weight with ease, giving a low, sultry laugh. "To a human, maybe." She carried Emeriel effortlessly across the room, graceful as a dancer, stopping at the foot of the bed before slowly setting her down. Emeriel's feet touched the floor, and her eyes immediately sought her beloved.

Daemonikai had retaken his seat, lounging back in the chair once more, watching her. But before she could lose herself in him, Alviara nudged her chin gently.

"None of that," a quiet command. "Focus on me. Pretend he isn't here."

Was that even possible? But she drew a calming breath. "Alright."

She still didn't understand entirely what was happening, but her curiosity outweighed her nerves.

"Good girl," the courtesan praised. "You seem tense. Relax."

It was the gentlest command, and yet something in Emeriel's body responded as though it had no choice. The tightness in her shoulders softened. Her breathing slowed.

"Very good," Alviara continued, smiling. "Now look at me and tell me what you see."

Emeriel lifted her gaze fully to the female before her. Alviara was a vision in red and black, a short silk garment hugging every curve of her body. Her breasts were showcased, the soft roundness spilling just over the line of her bodice.

"You look very pretty," Emeriel said, her voice honest.

Alviara's grin was confident and unashamed. I know." She stepped

"I'm a whore of many skills, my, princess. Trained in every art pleasure and practices that bring males and females alike to their knees." Her voice threaded with gentleness. "One of those skills is easing nervous first-timers through their first night with their mates... and helping haunted females find their way back to pleasure, in whatever way they need." She paused, letting the words settle. "Tonight, we'll be trying one."

closer, their bodies almost not

"Oh," Emeriel's breath caught. So that's why. She looked at her beloved.

He gave a nod of encouragement and approval.*w@w.n0v3lsw0rm.com*

"My reputation precedes me."

Alviara's smile deepened as she brushed her fingers against Emeriel's cheek. "Don't worry. You're in good hands." She leaned in to Emeriel's ear. "And if you let

touch you, I'll make sure you feel really, really good."

Emeriel swallowed, her throat suddenly dry, pulse fluttering wildly. She didn't move away.*w@w.n0v3lsw0rm.com*

"I can smell your musk," Alviara whispered. "Absolutely intoxicating." Her tongue flicked out, tasting the line of Emeriel's throat, sending a tremor through her body. "Your scent alone is enough to drive anyone mad with desire."

The female gave compliments freely, and just like her command, they settled within Emeriel. She leaned into Alviara, horny, feeling like she was in a daze. "Thank you."

Alviara held her waist securely. "Will you let me touch you?" the courtesan asked, her voice a sultry promise. "I can do some very wonderful things with my tongue."

Emeriel's lips parted, but she found her answer quickly. "No," she murmured, even as she rested her forehead against Alviara's shoulder.

Gentle hands stroked over her back, never demanding.

"Why not?" Alviara asked, without any offense, only curiosity. "You are hungry, and I can ease you."

Emeriel was quiet for a moment. She did not want to hurt the courtesan's feelings, but she chose honesty anyway. "You're not the one I want."

Alviara hummed, the sound warm and amused. "And who do you want?" Emeriel's lips brushed against Alviara's shoulder as she mumbled, "My Daemon." "Mmm," Alviara said, thoughtful. "Are you sure?"

"Very."

"Good," Alviara said simply.

She stepped back, releasing Emeriel gently, going behind her. "Look at him," Alviara crooned. "Really look at him."

Emeriel did. Daemonikai was seated, watching her, but the air between them sizzled. The hunger in his eyes had become intense. Possessiveness clear in them. Tight control scribbled in every line of his body.

As seconds passed, the raw worship in his gaze became her undoing. She grew even wetter.

"Do you see the way he looks at you?" Alviara asked, her voice low.

"Y-yes."

"Do you see how he holds himself back? Those hands of his ache to be on you.

That mouth aches to devour you. And still... he waits."

Emeriel made a soft, needy sound, pressing her thighs together. Why did hearing

it from someone else make it so much more intense?

"He starves for you," Alviara whispered. "Yet he waits. Do you know why?"

Because he will not take what you are not ready to give."

She'd seen it in his patience these past months, the way he'd held himself back

when she could not give him more. But hearing it from another... seeing it through Alviara's eyes... it was different.

"Give him the word, and he'll be with you. Say it with all your heart. Mean it. No reservations. No fear. No

hesitation." Alviara caressed her neck

arm, raising goosebumps. "No because you feel it's your duty—no one will force you to lie on this bed and give yourself. You do it because it's what you want. Not for his sake... but for yours."

And she was right. Emeriel wasn't doing this to fulfill his basic needs, or to keep

him from losing control. She was doing this because she wanted to. She needed all of him.

So she outstretched her hand. "Please... come to me, Beloved."