

Captive Slave 366

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He was in front of her before the last syllable left her lips. Towering, crowding her, surrounding her. She breathed him in, feeling a deep sense of longing... not just in her heart, but in her feminine core. Rising on her toes, she kissed him first. She poured her craving and desperation into it. The kiss was fast and a little clumsy, but so full of need.

And within heartbeats, he was kissing her back. He devoured her, and she drowned in it.

Emeriel would never grow tired of his kisses-never lose her addiction to the feel of his mouth, the taste of him, the way his lips moved against hers as though she was all he had ever hungered for.

Cool silk sheets met her back, he lowered next to her, lying by her side, his kisses trailing over her skin. His mouth moved along her throat, down the delicate line of her neck, and lower still... until his lips found her breast and he took her nipple into his mouth.

Emeriel cried, arching into him. Her fingers threaded into his hair, holding him to her. Oh, to feel this again... to have him again.

The sensation was sharper than she remembered, sharp as a hot jolt. She had always been sensitive there, but since her pregnancy, her breasts her nipples- had become almost unbearably so. Tugs of his mouth made her breath hitch, stutter, stop.

She was so aroused she could feel her own slick against her thighs. Emeriel pressed them tightly together again, trying to alleviate the growing ache. Every pull soon turned into maddening torture, for where she needed him most remained blissfully empty.

"I need you." She opened her eyes, pleading. "Inside me. Please."

He stopped, pulling back. "Are you sure?" Eyes searched hers, pupils blown wide.

"Yes." She nodded fervently. "Yes, please..."

So he moved. Catching her legs, he pulled until she slid to the edge, rose to stand at the foot, his eyes drinking her in. He leaned into her, bracing his hands on either side of her, his torso framed by her bent knees. He fit himself between her thighs as though he belonged there and he did. He always had.

But as he lined his hardness to her core, the anxiety came again.

She tried to suppress it as quickly as it came, but it must have shown in her eyes. Daemonikai stilled. Poised but not entering. He merely watched her with that all- seeing gaze of his that had ensnared her years ago and never let go. Eyes that stripped her bare.

"Look at me, love."

The voice startled her. Emeriel arched her head back to Alviara, who leaned over her.

"You are doing so beautifully, taking his touch so well," Alviara's tone was soothing, coaxing. "Don't stop now."wW.Noêlwórnn.Cm

Daemonikai nudged against her, and Emeriel whimpered, going tensed.

"This won't do," Alviara addressed the grand king. "Your Grace, forgive me for this, but it must be done."wW.nnvélwTr@.co(n)

Before Emeriel could question it, Alviara moved. She slid into bed beside Emeriel, snaked a hand around her neck, guiding her forward, and kissed her. Hard.

Every muscle in Emeriel's body locked in place, stunned.

Daemonikai growled in a warning so deep it rumbled through her bones, but Alviara didn't so much as flinch. The courtesan's tongue parted Emeriel's lips, coaxing her mouth open, kissing her with a passion that was consuming.

"Focus on this," Alviara ordered into her mouth. "Endure it. Open yourself to it."

Then Alviara was kissing her again. So much. A consuming kiss that completely took Emeriel over. And for a moment, that was the center of her world. Everything else retreated into the background-fears retreated, anxieties scattered.

Stark pleasure assaulted her senses, making her give a muffled cry.

The kiss broke as Alviara pulled back, her gaze pinning Emeriel in place.

"Tell me what he's doing," the courtesan said softly.

"He is... his tongue is " Emeriel gasped, her head rolling back, eyes fluttering as another moan escaped. "There."

"That's a good girl," Alviara's voice was velvet soft. "How does it feel?"

Emeriel's face burned. She bit her lips.

"Come on... tell me."

"Really... really good," Emeriel confessed, her voice shaking.

"You're taking it so well." The mistress's eyes glowed with approval.

"Yeah?" Emeriel breathed.

"Oh, hell yes." The mistress looked hungry. Predatory. Her eyes

devoured Emeriel. "You are incredibly sexy like this. Lying here, taking his tongue, taking every pleasure he gives-while keeping your eyes on me. Letting me see every single thing he makes you feel. You're an open book, Princess. A

very responsive open book." Her voice dropped lower in a husky purr. "It makes you an addictive little thing.

Emeriel felt everything all at once. Embarrassed. Glorified. Treasured.

She wanted to bury her face in the sheets to hide. But oh... those words made her feel good. Wanted. Seen.

"No wonder our king can't get enough," Alviara added in a whisper made for only her to hear. "I will not either."

Daemonikai's tongue pressed deeper inside her.

"Oh gods....." Emeriel gasped, her body arching, the pleasure crashing through her

anew.

Then Alviara's lips were on hers

again, stealing her cries, drinking them in. The courtesan's hand framed her face as she devoured her, catching every moan, every muffled sound as Emeriel trembled beneath the onslaught of pleasure. Her orgasm coiled, built, and tightened.

Her beloved was merciless, eating her out as if she were his first meal after a famine. Bliss simmered, assaulting her with a ruthless force, frying her brain.

The courtesan broke the kiss to run her fingers through Emeriel's hair in a soothing caress. "That's it. That's my girl. You want to come for him?" Emeriel nodded so vigorously her vision swam, panting.

"Not yet. Hold it in." Alviara ordered, dabbing away the sweat beading on her forehead. "Look at you... so fucking sexy." Her hand slipped down, trailing over Emeriel's shoulder, toward the heavy swell of her breast...

A menacing growl cut through the air, vibrating through Emeriel's core, and she whined.

The courtesan snatched her hand back, pouting. "He's greedy," she said, exasperated yet amused. "If touch you again, my head might end up across the room while my body remains here next to you." Alviara's heated gaze moved to Emeriel's lips. "I'll just focus on what's freely given."

She attacked Emeriel's lips again. This kiss was deeper, filled with hunger and possession, drawing her back under.

With the mistress trapping her voice, Emeriel had no outlet for the ecstasy coursing through her trembling body as Daemonikai worshipped her there. Her orgasm built-closer... and closer-until it peaked.

Wrenching her lips away from Alviara's, she screamed. A pitch that only rose higher as the feelings rose stronger.

"Fuck, that's so hot," Alviara's breathless voice sounded distant, but she was watching Emeriel with ravenous, hawk-like eyes.

She wanted to hide from being seen in such a state, but between shyness and the devastating pleasure Daemonikai was unapologetically unleashing on her, only one force won-and it wasn't modesty.

Reaching down, she grabbed his hair and tugged sharply. "Daemon... oh- please..." Her voice was all sorts of shaky, just like her spread thighs in his death grip. "Please, oh gods, Daemon."

His mouth worked her brutally: tongue stroking, lips sucking, savage growls emitting from him. He licked and raved, feasting like a beast possessed, and her body bore it all.

Defeated by the pleasure, her head slammed back against the bed as she flung one hand over her eyes. She could do nothing but endure, body jolting with every ruthless stroke of his tongue, every decadent pulling suck. He's going to be the death of me.

A soft cloth wiped her sweaty forehead, and Alviara's whisper brushed her ear. "You're so sexy... too harsh?"

"Yyyeeessss," Emeriel hissed, another scream building in her throat. Finally, he slowed. His grip on her thighs loosened, becoming a tender cradle. HiswW.Noêlwórnn.Cm@

tongue grew soft, apologetic, delivering a trail of calming kisses to her poor,

exposed core.

Bit by bit, Emeriel's soul returned to her body. It was an out of body experience but...oh so good. Heavens.