

## Captive Slave 367

Chapter 367

"Are you okay?" Alviara whispered, with a thread of honest concern.

"Oh yes," Emeriel removed her arm from her eyes, sounding hoarse and dazed "More than okay." Renewed. Reborn.

"That's great to hear."

Her beloved pulled away, rose and leaned in, hands braced on either side of her. He looked half-crazed with desire.

"Now, take him in your hand," Alviara's voice urged in a sultry order.

Emeriel bent forward as much as her rounded belly allowed, wrapping her fingers around the thick, pulsing length of him. Warm, alive, throbbing with need.

She stroked him once. Twice. Watching his eyes darken, jaw tighten. Breath drag through clenched teeth.

And in that moment, Emeriel understood. This night wasn't just about erasing pain, making her feel safe, or ensuring she wasn't alone. It wasn't even about Alviara's guidance, her encouragement, her presence. It was about this.

Making her see that even with all his power, all his strength, she held all the reins that mattered.*W(w)w.n0Vεlw0Rmm.coMl*

She stroked him again, watching that great body tremble for her. He was staring- no, devouring the view between her parted thighs with those green, savage eyes but he made no move to sate his torturous hunger. He didn't shove her hand aside and try to enter her. She really held the power.*Www.N(s)ϻEŁwÓrm.c(s)@*

With a single word "No"-it would all end. Her consent, her comfort... they mattered to him more than his own pleasure. On some level, she had always known this, but it was the first time in so long she felt it again-body, heart, and soul.

You are not helpless, yet you wish to be. You hold all the cards, all the power, right now, yet you desire to hand them over to him.

Tears filled her eyes as she released him and cupped his face with trembling fingers. "Please, come into me, Daemon."

It was permission. A plea. A surrender freely given.

He had watched her struggle against herself. He had seen it all, yet she still expected his hesitation. But whatever he found in her face in that moment strengthened his resolve.

He shifted his weight and adjusted himself, his crown poised at her entrance. "Put it in, dearest," he said gently.

She twisted and reached down again, gripping him. Tilted her hips forward, tears rolling freely down as she guided him into herself. "Help me," she breathed.

And he did. Rolling his hips forward, he pressed inside until he was seated fully inside her.

Emeriel felt... at peace.

The ghosts were still there like shadows dancing in her mind, but that's all they were now. Shadows. A distant past that no longer had any place in their present, or their future.

Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes as she smiled up at him. He laid over her, careful to keep his weight from her belly, his hand tender as he cupped her face, kissing away her tears.

It was beautiful. Feeling him again like this, stretching her, so thick inside her... it was amazing. Everything felt right again.

"Shhh..." He smoothed back the strands of hair stuck to her temple, tucking them behind her ear.

Her gaze roamed their surroundings again. And...

"Alviara...?"*www.n0vélw0r(m).com*

"She's gone. Her work here is done." Daemonikai kissed her sweaty nose. "How do you feel sweetling?"

"Perfect." She moved, drawing him deeper. "Really perfect."

"That's all I want to hear." His smile was faint, but full of pride and tenderness. "You are perfect, and you should always feel perfect. Heavens, I'm so proud of you."

Her hand trembled where it rested on his cheek. "My king..."

"You are the strongest female I know. I love you so damn much, Emeriel." He kissed another trail of tears from her cheek. "Thank you for this. You have no idea how e incredible this feels-fuck, you have no idea how good it is to be inside you like this again." His forehead rested against hers. "I want to move so badly, but I could stay like this... stay joined with you, not moving, for the rest of the night, and it would be enough. That's how much I've missed you. That's how much I've missed your body, Emeriel."

"I feel the same," she managed, lips shivering. The tears just wouldn't stop.

He began to move-stroking into her, seating himself deeper with every smooth, controlled thrust. "You have become the most precious thing in all the world to me."

Emeriel wept quietly, pleasure rising within her again, her heart feeling too full. Like a goblet filled beyond the rim.

He moved faster, though still

gentle-different from his usual roughness, but no less intense. She felt every glide of his dick, and

surrendered to it, letting the tides of

his love and his bodyer

sweep

away. FindNovel

At some point, Daemonikai shifted them. He laid her onto her side, coming behind her, cradling her belly with his large, warm hand. Emeriel turned her head, and their lips found each other in a slow kiss.

This. This was all she had ever wanted. This closeness, belonging... this sacred connection.

She couldn't put it into words what swelled inside her chest. So she spoke the words she could. "I love you," Emeriel whispered. "I love you so much, Daemonikai."

And as her climax rose, tumbling her over the edge, she gave a keening cry as bliss after bliss rolled through her, claiming her soul, warming her heart.

Her toes curled, hands clutching at the sheets as she rode the ecstasy he gave her without relent.*W@ (w).ñ@ (v)ELwôrm.có(m)*

He groaned low against her neck, emptying inside her, warmth rushing deep. It triggered another release, and she cried out, deaf and blind to the world around her, except him. Just him.

Somewhere in that haze, she felt him moving her again, adjusting their position. When the roaring in her ears faded and she returned to herself, she realized something had changed.

Something... was different.

She stilled, blinking, breath irregular. "Dae-Daemon?" her tone soft and fearful.

Behind her, his body had gone taut. His arm around her belly trembled faintly. He didn't answer.

But she felt him.

His joy. His awe. His gratitude so fierce. His 'is-this-real?'

Most especially, Emeriel felt his love. Pure, real, and a lot. She could feel everything. Every piece of him. There were no shields now, no barrier.

"I can feel your pleasure. Your

happiness," Daemonikai rasped, his breath rushing out as his eyes roamed her face, intense and

Your

shining. His voice was hoarse. love feel you, Emeriel. Our bond is

back."