

## Captive Slave 368

Chapter

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Emeriel was crying now, but laughing too, the sound a mess of both.

Her male did not care. He kissed her all over her face, frantic and unrestrained. "I can feel you," he murmured between kisses.WWW.nⓈV(s)ℓwo(r)m.c@©

"I c-can feel you too," she choked out, her hands roaming, trying to touch him wherever she could reach.

"Your scent... Ukrae, your fucking scent..." His sniffing grew loud, frantic, crazed. Rubbing his nose and mouth along her neck, her shoulder, her breasts. "I knew you smelled good, incredible, but now-gods, the seven gods-your scent is amplified. What the—"

He growled, then purred, vibrating against her as his phallus stiffened once again, hard and hot behind her.

"I need to have you again. I can't... gods!" One strong hand lifted her leg as he lined himself up again, and with a jerky thrust, he was inside her once more.

She gasped, nuzzling her head against his chest. The feeling... it was out of this world. Beyond words and comprehension.

"I'm too deep," he rumbled, holding her tightly. "Do you feel discomfort? Should I pull back?"

"No," she managed through the rush of sensation. "You feel... so good."

"Fuck... fuck." His hips moved uncoordinated as if he couldn't help himself. Pulling her back into him, resting her head on the bed only to bury his face in her neck. There he stayed, breathing her in, his hips moving in short, hard thrusts, his breath harsh against her skin.

One of his hands cradled their child, the other laced their fingers together.

Feeling each other's emotions was something else entirely. His were crazy. Wild. Intense.

And for the first time, Emeriel saw herself through his mind's eye, and what she saw stole her breath. She had always known Daemonikai was intense. But this? She had never imagined it.

His love, hunger, and need. It was all-consuming.

He kept breathing her in, scenting her, his tongue dragging over the tender skin of her neck, raving at it with every driving thrust inside her. Tears of immense joy and disbelief fell again.

I am this beautiful to him?w@.m@vℓlW0#©.c(s)M

His reverence for her body, his obsession. He wants to live inside me.

"It's alright," he growled into her throat. "Look all you want, my star. My shields are down. See everything. Words were never my strong suit, but I've always wanted to show you how I see you. What you are to me. How you feel to me." His teeth scraped her skin. "Look all you want, and fucking unravel for me as you always do. Only this time... do it knowing how addictive I find you."

Her climax slammed into her. She shook apart in his arms, breaking with a raw cry.

"Yes," he hissed, his strokes deeper, savage. "Come apart knowing your presence, your pleasure, your body... is my moonlight festival." His lips hot on her skin. "Clench around my cock knowing how well I eat that shit up."

Her cries rose, wild and high, her face flushing deep red.

"Fuck, you're soaking me, Emeriel," he groaned, teeth gritted. "Your sweet little cunt is giving me a goddamned bath. You sexy little sea nymph."

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GRAND KING DAEMONIKAI

She enjoyed the verbal filth. His prim little princess-this was her truth. Daemonikai had always known, but now he felt every sinful thrill his filthy tongu@evoked inside her. And gods, was it adorable. The way he shyness and wickedness tangled

together. The way her pleasure

flourished under his words.

He kept his pace strong, drawing out her climax, lengthening it until she could

barely breathe. Then his fangs dropped, sinking home.

She wailed, her emotions exploding through their bond.

Fuck, fuck! Shit! No wonder she passed out so easily when he took her like this. It was overwhelming.

She was so overloaded. Daemonikai had always known she was sensitive but feeling it firsthand was something else entirely. No wonder she was a constant screamer, and prone to fainting. She was super sensitive to even the smallest touch.

He was humbled, lucky, and so gods-damned proud. Just how many of her were there in this world? Only one, and she was his. Mine.

He needed to stop primal and possessive thoughts like this. They did not help his logical mind, sending his instincts into overdrive.

His logical mind knew he'd

exhausted her. He was insatiable,

and she was seven months(w)W@.nOvℓlW0R#Ĉ(s)m

pregnant. He should rein himself the fuck i be gentle, careful, and less animalistic. But his instincts wanted to take. To keep going. He had missed her. These excruciating months outside her should go into history as a form of torture.

And now he was inside her again, Daemonikai just wanted to stay the fuck there.

Was that too much to ask?

Growling, he plundered her so damn good. He wanted to fuck her through the night into sleep and

wakefulness. To bury himself sonet

deep in her, he'd need a freaking map to find his way out. To keep breathing in her scent until the world faded, until they both faded. And when he was done, she'd wear his scent for weeks. She'd stink of him so much the entire kingdom would think he pissed on her.

Fuck... he wanted to piss on her to mark his territory.

With a groan, he pulled out his fangs. "gods, Emeriel," he said wrestling with his caveman instincts.

No wonder their kind were called savages. Stripped of that tiny logic they possessed, they were just their primitive beasts. He sank his teeth in again, resuming his feeding as his hips pounded harder, flesh slapping flesh.

And the flood of her emotions crashed into him until it wrung an orgasm out of him so fierce, he nearly blacked out. He came with a roar, joining her as she shattered once more before him.

Their cries echoed through the chamber, their bodies shaking together, drowning in one another. They came down together, his arms wrapped around her, both trembling as their bond pulsed. And within seconds, Emeriel went boneless ,slipping into sleep.

Daemonikai did not pull out of her. He couldn't. He needed the connection.

If he was going to battle his primitive side and pretend to be more male than beast, the least he could have to keep him sane, was this.

He drew her flush against his chest, careful of her belly as he settled them both. One large hand splayed protectively over the curve of her stomach, the bond between them thrumming like an ancient drumbeat. Beneath his palm, he felt the faint flutter of life. Their child.

Daemonikai's fingers traced small, reverent circles across her skin. Amongst all the others, he could spend an entire week like this, simply holding her and feeling their child move.

This was what Zaiper had nearly stolen from him, what he had planned to take?

He would scour every shadowed corner of the earth to find that evil's reincarnate, and by the time he was done hunting, throwing everything he had into the pursuit, even the ground Zaiper stood upon would turn against him. Daemonikai buried his face into Emeriel's neck, breathing in her scent, allowing the sleep he had denied himself for days to finally take him. "I love you, Emeriel Galilea Evenstone."