

Captive Slave 369

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

Chapter 369

ZAIPER

The dark room burst open as the female barged in. "Until when will you mourn his death!?"

Zaiper glared at her, shielding his eyes. "Shut the damn door. That light hurts."

She slammed it shut with force. "We are running for our lives every single night, and yet you refuse to pull yourself out of this daze you've sunk into! Yes, I understand your loss-but your life is on the line, Zaiper! Get your head together!"

He was seated at the foot of a rickety, filthy bed, lazily sipping from a goblet of blood.

"We need to get to shelter as fast as possible," Sinai said, pacing. "At the rate we're being hunted, we will be caught."

Silence answered her.

Her gaze flicked to the goblet he held. His men had slaughtered enough humans to fill casks, and with the supplies from his vampire allies, his blood reserves would last years. No wonder he was toying with it like it was fine ale, drowning in self-pity rather than replenishing strength.

"Zaiper! Are you even listening to me!?"

"Mm?" He barely looked up. "What were you saying?"

"We. Are. Being. Hunted," she said through clenched teeth. "Every sentinel. the Shadows, Bloodhounds, Stormriders-we are being hunted like marked criminals for slaughter, and you sit here, saying nothing! Doing nothing!"

"You think I enjoy this?" Zaiper snarled, rising. "I had to run last night butt naked, ambushed in my sleep. I barely escaped. I've been crawling through cities, caves, underground passageways like some rat-do you think I enjoy this?" With a hiss of fury, he hurled the goblet at the

wall.*WwW.n0v3lW0r.com*

"Then stop wallowing in misery and lead! Take command before you get us both killed!" Sinai's voice rose. She was too scared and furious to soften her words now. "I thought you said you didn't love him."

"I do not feel such petty things!" he sneered.

"Good. That's very good. Now dust off whatever grand emotion it is you are feeling, and act like the male you claim to be." She crossed her arms. "How far are we from this shelter you speak so highly of? Is it truly worth the risks we take every night?"

He didn't answer her, calling for the guards, ordering a bath drawn, stripping off the foul clothes he'd worn for days.

That appeased a little bit of Sinai's anger. Finally.

She hated to admit it, but she was beginning to regret following him. At the time, she'd been too scared of being found out, and once she had outed herself, it was either flee alone or go with Zaiper.

But she had vastly underestimated how hard Razarr's death would hit him.

If Zaiper wasn't roaming the shadows like a ghost, he was locked in some

windowless room, brooding in silence, sipping blood like wine. So much for a male who claimed to feel nothing. Daemonikai had truly gotten to him.

Still, at least now, he was moving. Taking action. Bathing.

Small steps. But steps nonetheless.

Sinai sat on the edge of the bed, arms crossed, watching him. "Open the curtains and windows," she ordered one of the guards. "Let some light and air into this crypt."

Zaiper didn't protest.

She took that as a win too.

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PRINCESS EMERIEL

Emeriel woke to the adoration of his lips on every part of her body. His lips touched everywhere, without hurry, like a male who was ready to spend eternity learning her. Each kiss was a brand, a silent vow against her skin.

She stretched with a feline smile, back arching into the sheets. "Good morning, dearest." For the first time in moons, she'd slept deeply like a baby, wrapped in his safety*(www.n0v3lW0r.com)*

His mouth paused on the swell of her belly, his exhale hot against the bump. "Have I told you how fucking beautiful you are like this?" his voice gravel with devotion, "Heavy with my child, sprawled and sated just for me?"

She laughed, her fingers threading through his hair. "You're rather handsome too."*www.n0v3lW0r.com*

"Thank you, beautiful Beloved." He crawled up her body, his shadow swallowing her whole, until his lips found hers. It was the softest, sweetest of kisses. A contrast to the hard length pressed against her thigh.

Her arms locked around his neck, a moan vibrating between them as she kissed him back. She wanted him just as much as he did her. Already, her body thrummed for him again. Those long, empty months without him inside her had left her ravenous, desperate to relearn every inch of him.

"How do you feel?" His teeth grazed her bottom lip. "Sore?"

"No." Her nails scored his shoulders. "Please, let's go again. I need to feel it's all real. Need to feel you again." Pulling back, she rose to her knees. Body bent, she presented to him. "Take me."

"Fuck." The growl that left him was

hunger and eager need. He was

already moving, lining himself up, his manhood bumping her entrance in a taunt. That's my sweetheart." He pushed in slowly, watching her spine bow, savoring the choked gasp she made as he stretched her. "Anytime. Anywhere. Ask, and I'll serve."*www.n0v3lW0r.com*

"Daemon..." She shoved back against him, her walls fluttering around him like a plea.

He gripped her hips, thrusting once-deep, possessive. "Even if I'm in court. On a battlefield. Fuck, in the middle of an earthquake—" Another snap of his hips. "Call for me, and I'll be here to sate you. To your hungry little body...and mine."

"Oh gods," Her fists twisted in the sheets. "You too. Whenever, however, you w- want me "

"Shh." He fucked into her harder,

cutting her off with a stroke that

made her see stars. "Don't finish that thought, sweet Riel. It's like tossing a starving dog a bone." His pace turned hard, each

with a groan. "I'd aban Punctuated

everything-meetings, wars, my own fucking name-just to live between your thighs." Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. "I'll become useless to society."

She melted beneath him, her moans pitching higher as he angled deeper. He

makes me feel like the most desirable female in the world.

Closing her eyes, her world narrowed to this: his skin against hers, the slap of flesh, the way his breath fractured when she clenched around him.

Their bond pulsed. Humming with energy, charged.

"Look at you..." His voice fractured, hips stuttering. "Fuck."

Emeriel glanced back. He was watching their union, mesmerized by the way they moved together. The slide of his hardness in and out of her, glistening with her arousal.

"Such a beautiful sight," he groaned, his rhythm slowing to a torturous drag. "Watching myself disappear into your pretty pussy. If I could paint, I'd have this scene framed, hanging above our bed-fucking masterpiece. You're art, Riel. Perfect, obscene art."

The words alone sent shocks through her. His thrusts had slowed to a near- maddening pace, yet her pleasure climbed higher, tighter, fed by his mouth. His words were as intoxicating, as arousing as his touch.

"More, dearling?" His fingers dug into her hips, possessive.

"Yes, please."

His strokes picked up, turning brutal.

Each snap of his hips carved her

open, claiming her in a way that went beyond flesh. She took every inch, greedy, desperate, arching back for more. He wasn't just

g her addicted to sex he was making her addicted to him. To the stretch of his arousal, the growl in his throat, the way he owned her.

Had it really only been yesterday she struggled to take him? The thought was laughable now. How had she survived without this for so long? Without him? "Ohhhh," Her moan broke apart as he leaned forward, hands slamming against the headboard, caging her as he plundered her. Godsss... so good.

She surrendered completely, letting the sensations drag her under. Her climax hit like a storm-violent, overriding—her back bowing as she sobbed into the sheets, fingers twisting helplessly in the fabric.

And through it all, he held her there, buried to the hilt, his breath hot against her

neck as he whispered:

"Mine. Always mine."