

Captive Slave 376

Chapter 376

Vladya's primal instinct was all over the place as he stormed through the Blackstone grounds, hunting for Aekeira.

Emeriel was already in the care of healers, and the specialists had arrived to treat the toxins used on Daemonikai. He had waited long enough, just until he knew the healers had arrived, but it'd taken everything in him to stay that long.

Every part of him screamed: Find her. Reassure yourself she's safe. It could have easily been her.

The clanging of those thoughts sent his beast into a near-uncontrollable frenzy. His people scattered at the sight of him, parting quickly as he stormed through. Some tripped, others bowed and scrambled away. They saw his face and didn't ask questions.

He followed her scent to the library.

He shoved the door open, the wood slamming into the wall with a force that rattled the hinges.

People gasped as he barged in. A few scholars were seated at the long wooden tables, others browsing the tall shelves, flipping pages.

"Aekeira!" he barked.

The librarian hurried toward him. "Your Majesty! it's an honor to have you in the library. The Princess is "

"Get out of my way!" Vladya strode past. "Aekeira!"**wwW.n0V_eLW0r_m.cOm**

She stepped out from one of the far corners, a book in hand and a bright smile on her face. "My Lord, you're-oo!"

He'd grabbed her by the waist, pressing her back to the nearest shelf, shoving his face into her neck. Loud sniffing noises. Really loud sniffing noises.

"Vladya...?" she said in the gentlest tone, worried. "Are you alright?"

"Just keep still." Fuck, he couldn't stop growling. Sniff, sniff, sniff...!

Her scent drowned him, every inch of his being, until all he could smell, all he could breathe, was her.

"I'm here. I'm right here," she mumbled against him, melting into him. Her hands went around his neck, pulling him closer. She understood how much he needed this. Somehow, she always did.

Scenting her wasn't enough. He needed more. His instinct demanded more. Fuck.

"I'm trying to control my..." He spread his palm over her protruding stomach. They were fine. His woman, his child-they were fine. "Fuck, Aekeira, I'm trying so hard... it's not working."

"It's okay. You don't have to try so hard." She stroked the back of his neck. "I'm here. I'm fine. Maybe if I say it enough, that big bad beast of yours will calm down."

"I don't think it's going to hit home until I've buried myself inside you, released in you. Watched my cum drip out of your pretty little pussy, trailing down your legs."

Her breath caught. "R-right here?" she squeaked.

"Right here. Right now."

"B-but this is a public library!"**Ww@.n0V_eLW0r_M.CoM**

Her scandalized tone made him even harder. Vladya vibrated with how hard he was struggling.

"I know. But I want you anyway. I have to take you." He turned and roared. "Get out. Now!"

The room exploded into chaos-shuffling footsteps, hushed gasps, the sharp slam of the door as the last person fled.

In a blur, he turned her toward the shelf, hiked her dress up, and tore her underthings until her perfect ass was bare. He kicked her legs apart, bending her forward. "Hold on to the shelf," he growled. "Hold tight."

Then he lined himself up, nudged her entrance and slammed into her.

Aekeira cried out as Vladya buried himself to the hilt, her body clenching around him like a vise. That warm, tight heat sucked him right in like a portal. Fuck, she was wet. Thank the gods. Patience was a luxury he'd burn for her later; but now he just wanted to fuck-and fuck hard. To claim. To brand himself so deep into her, even his mind would finally believe she was safe.

He dragged his cock out slowly-just to watch her shudder-before slamming back in. The shelf rattled as Aekeira gripped it hard, his good girl. The slap of skin, her panting, her wetness... fuck.

Gentle. Remember, you have to go gentle. Deities, that was hard.

He nipped her ear. "You want me to go gentle, sweetling?" "Th-this is okay-"

Thank the gods. Relief was sharp as lust. He drove deeper, savoring the way her walls fluttered around him. "My little princess is dripping." He kissed the salt from her shoulder. "I can hear it-your moisture dripping to our feet. You love taking my cock that much?"

"Y-yes."

"Of course you do." His thumb dug into her hip. "So much you're messing up the library floors."

The shameful little whimper of lust and mortification was music to his ears. She pressed her forehead to the book spines, hiding her undoubtedly flushed face, even as her hips moved back to meet him.

"None of that. Be a good princess and relax." He held her hips still, his moving forward repeatedly to meet hers. "Just keep still and take it obediently."

"Vla-Vladya," she mewled.

"Yes, princess mine?"

"Someone-someone could walk in-"

"I know. That's why your body's clenching like a fist." Another kiss to her shoulder. "You're drenching the whole gods-damned archive with your musk, embarrassed at the thought of being caught. Your scent is thick... choking, because someone could walk in and see the elegant princess with her clothes bunched around her hips, impaled on Her Majesty's dick in a public library-and she's loving every moment of it."

A sob tangled in her moan.

Thrust. Thrust. Thrust. His body curved over hers like a dragon hoarding treasure. "Worry not, my pretty whore," he breathed into her ear. "If anyone dares walk in here and see you like this, I will gouge their eyes out and feed it to them." A growl. "The chief librarian's standing guard just outside that door to make sure that doesn't happen."

"H-he can hear us?!" she cried out.

The wet slap of their bodies answered first. "Oh yes. Let him hear how well I fuck you, how good I make my woman feel. Let him choke on it."

"Vladya...!" She tried to burrow into the shelves as if the books could swallow her whole.

He chuckled darkly, the sound vibrating against her skin as she clenched around him, pulling a groan from his chest. "Fuck, you feel too good."

He shifted the angle he had been avoiding to prolong the moment, stimulating all her pleasure zones. She was crying out, moaning loudly. He loved every sound she made, but still... he couldn't resist riling her further.

"Shh," his tongue traced the curve of her neck. "You might want to keep it quiet. Unless you want the whole kingdom to hear how well you take me." Muffled cries followed-she was biting her lips, trying so hard to stay quiet. More obscene, wet sounds echoed beneath them as slick dripped to the floor. "That's it, princess." His hips snapped forward again. "You take me so well. Remember this. Every time you come here, every time you reach for a book— remember how I bent you over this shelf and railed your hungry little body."

A full-body shiver. "O-oh gods—"

"Not the gods, Aekeira," Vladya groaned, pulling out just enough to make her whine before slamming back in, hitting that spot inside her that made her go crazy. "It's not Ukrae fucking you through the shelves, causing all these books to scatter and fall. It's me. Say-" stroke "My-" A deep, dragging thrust. "Name."**www.n0v_eLw0r_m.c0m**

She came screaming it. A loud, high-pitched cry she couldn't hold back. Hands shaking, legs giving way, sobbing as the sensations ripped through her. But Vladya held her up-an arm crossed over her chest.

He slowly lowered them to the floor, never pulling out, turning her onto her side so he could own her deeper from behind, plunging into her blissed out, pregnant body. He made sure to lay her beside the slick mess she made, so those crossed eyes would thoroughly see the puddle she created as he fucked her through the long-standing orgasm.

But damn, the way she was milking him. It was getting harder and harder to hold

back.

"Fuck..." he groaned, her body finally tipping him over the edge. Holding her still

as he spilled deep inside her, pumping her full, as she convulsed with another**©ww.n0v_eL©0rm.c0m**

climax.

She made hitching, breathy sounds of please, please, please, her hand reaching back to grasp his hip, begging him to still.

He slowed. Let the moment breathe. Let their bodies speak without words.

Eventually, he stopped moving, their breathing syncing in the silence.

His instincts had finally calmed.

His beast was quiet now, purring just underneath, basking in the afterglow,

content and sated.

Impaled on his cock, trembling and spent, she was fine.

She was safe.