

Captive Slave 392

Chapter 392Ww.NoV.L@oRm.(c)om

EPILOGUE B

She gasped as he flicked her clit, over and over again, building tension. Soon she was wiggling, twitching, hips shifting restlessly, seeking more.

Daemonikai was burning, yet his mouth never left her breast. Arousal pounded through him, but beneath it-deeper, hungrier-was peace. There was something sacred, yet utterly obscene about this, in how her breast felt against his tongue, the rich rush down his throat, and the soft sounds she made.

"Mmm." His eyes slitted shut as time dissolved. Her moans grew louder, hips grinding against his thigh, but he didn't relent. Not until her back arched and she came with a cry, her pussy fluttering around nothing.

He switched breasts, sealing his lips around the other nipple, drinking her in as his fingers resumed their torment-circling her clit just enough to tease, not enough to satisfy.

She squirmed, sobbing, her slick painting his thighs. "Daemon... please. Please."

He ignored her. Not yet.

Only when the flow dwindled to drops, then drained into nothing, did he finally release her. Her nipples were red and well-abused.wW.n@VlWOrM.(c)om

Emeriel looked down at him, a vision of wrecked lust-lips parted, eyes hooded, her chest heaving.

"Please," she breathed again.wW.flor(ve)l(w)oRm.COm

"What do you want, pretty princess?" His lips dragged over her nipple, tender yet demanding. "Tell me."

She rotated her hips, using her body to speak.

"Words, my radiant star." His palm pressed firmly against her core, claiming. "This belongs to me."

A breathless gasp. "Yes, it does."

"Mine."

"Yours."

His growl vibrated against her skin. "I love you, Emeriel." He took her mouth in a kiss that was more teeth than tongue-a savage brand of ownership. When he pulled back, his voice was a rough whisper against her lip. "I love you so damn much."

Softness in her eyes, fingers tangling in his hair. "I love you too."

"Now tell me to fuck you, Riel." His cock twitched against her thigh, heavy with need. "My dick is yours. Anytime. Anywhere. I want you to look me in the eyes and ask for what belongs to you."

Her face flamed. "Daemon..."

"Ask for it like you fucking own it." His thumb circled her clit, just once—a taunt. "Like it's yours. Because it doesn't belong to any other female. Just you."

"Fuck me," she blurted out.

"Hell yes," he praised, nipping her jaw. "That's how it's done."

"Fuck my body, Daemon."

"Your pussy, beautiful Riel." He growled. "Tell me."

"Fuck my p-pussy." Emboldened, she arched against him, her voice shaking but

fierce. "Give me the dick that belongs to me."

"Gods, yes! Want me to pound you so fucking hard you scream the whole chamber down?"

More of her wetness pooled on his thigh. "Yes, fuck me so good, please. I really want your dick inside me."

Damn. She was everything-shy and bold, trembling yet demanding. And his.wW.noVlWorm.CoM

"As my Grand Queen commands." In one fluid motion, he lifted her, lined himself up, and lowered her onto his cock.

She sheathed him perfectly, her tight heat dragging a groan from his chest. "Gods..." His forehead dropped to her shoulder, his voice breaking. "Fucking gods."

He moved slowly at first, savoring the glide, the way her breath hitched with every inch. Her hips met his thrusts, their rhythm syncopated, perfect.

"That's my girl," he murmured, kissing her throat. "Now drop your shields. I want to feel you through our bond."

Daemonikai growled loudly. "Fuck." He'd braced himself-but as usual, the force of her feelings swept the balance from his feet.

He kept his up, not wanting her to go into bombardment just yet. Stopping, he rose to his feet, lifting her with him. Pinning her against the nearest wall, he slammed into her hard Hammering into her, each thrust driving her higher, her cries fracturing into breathless "oohs" and "aahs" as he bounced her on his cock.

"Don't bite your lip, sweet Riel," he rasped in her ear. "Our chambers are fortified. Scream for me."

"I'm g-going to—"

"Come."

She fractured to pieces, screaming

his name as her climax ripped

through them both. Her pleasure choked the hell out of his cock, her walls pulsating, and when her second wave hit-triggered by his own release-he carried her through it as she hissed and wailed, thrashing. His arms stayed locked around her, even in the end, when her bones turned to water.

Sated and tangled in their bed, he traced the curve of her spine as she slept. Daemonikai was drowsy himself, but there was still one thing he needed to do.

Sleep comes easier these days.

Ever since he brought Zaiper to justice, the nights had softened. The nightmares were fewer, and the pain of the past, while still present, no longer ruled him.

He sat up quietly, tucking the covers over Emeriel's bare shoulders. He pressed a soft kiss to her temple, then slipped out of the room. The halls of the royal residence were quiet.

He entered the nursery in silence, moving soundlessly. Livia dozed in the rocking chair near the window, arms folded, chin to her chest.

Daemonikai moved past her and stood before the cribs. His arms crossed slowly over his chest as he stared down at his children. It had become his ritual, one he cherished every single night.

Now, with his mind fully healed, he could stand before his offspring without fear of hurting them.

The dark mage was gone, the reversal spells performed, and just as he'd promised, he had nailed the motherfucker to the cross. Put on display for all to witness exactly what happens when someone dares to fiddle with his mind. Daemonikai sighed, content and happy. It had been five months since the voices had vanished, taking the madness with them.

His beast was finally at peace. Some nights, he even curled up with Emeriel in his beast form, and she welcomed him with open arms.

This, right here, brought him great joy. Just watching the new lives he had been blessed with, breathe and sleep.

"I will protect you both and your

mother with my life," he spoke in a

quiet vow. "I will never fail you as failed in the past. The three of you come before my kingdom, before anything. Not a single harm will touch you as long as I draw breath. This is my vow to you, my precious ones."

His son stirred, tiny fists curling by his face before stilling.

Daemonikai couldn't stop his soft, proud smile. His heir, Daesovxscar. The Mighty

One.

Beside him, came soft breaths from Heraxiolia, his daughter. Luminous Star.

Already, he could see Emeriel in her. The same shape of her mouth, the delicate curve of her brows. Heavens help him, he already knew he would spoil her senseless.

Not a strand of her hair would be touched by anyone, he would ensure it. Always.

Standing there, watching his legacy sleep in warmth and safety, Daemonikai's

heart felt impossibly full and overflowing.

He was whole.