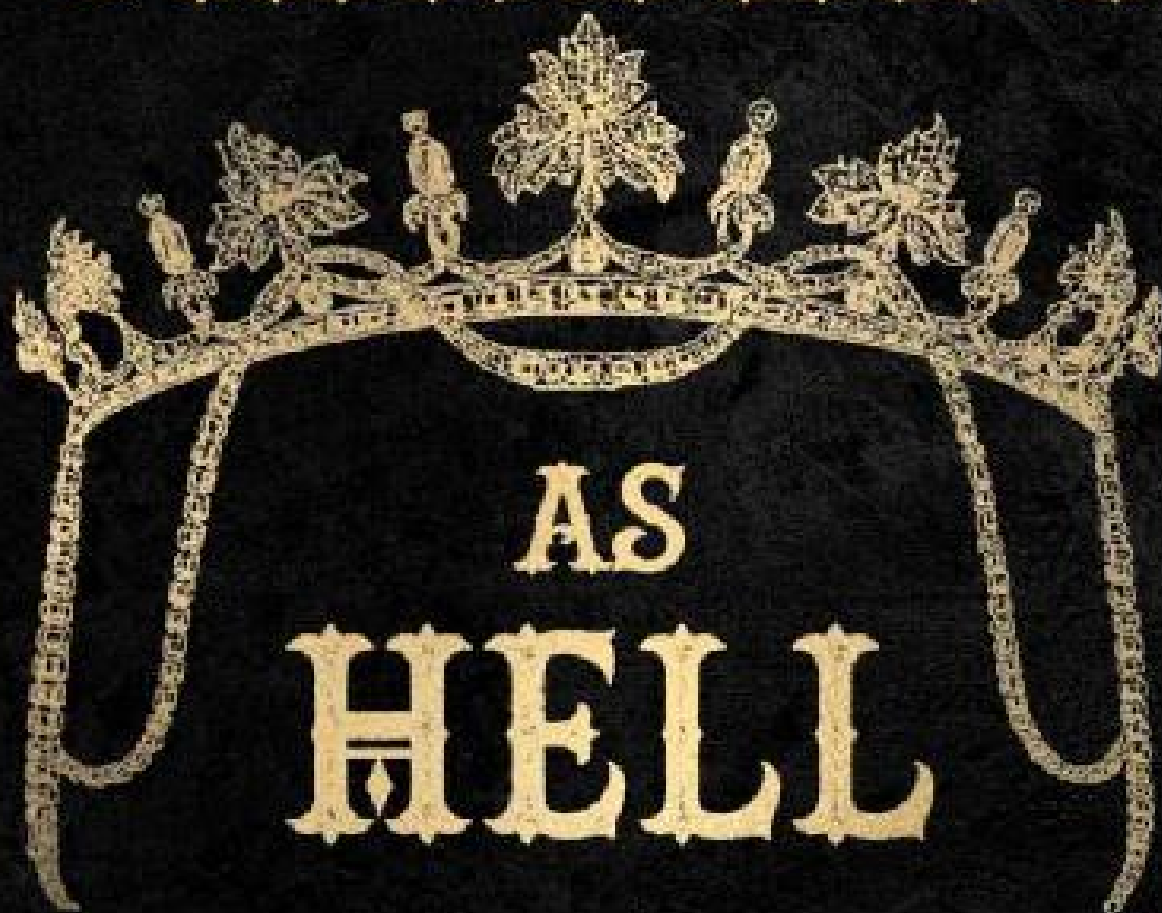


SARAH BLUE

CHARMING



AS

HELL

# CHARMING AS HELL

SARAH BLUE

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# SPOTIFY PLAYLIST



Heathens - Twenty One Pilots

Maniac - Conan Gray

Hayloft - Mother Mother

Mad Hatter - Melanie Martinez

DONTTRUSTME - 3OH!3

THAT BITCH - Bea Miller

Funhouse - Pink

Bang Bang Bang Bang - Soho dolls

Daddy Issues - The Neighbourhood

Fat Lip - Sum 41

Break Stuff - Limp Bizkit

Crazy Girls - TOOPOOR

Heads Will Roll - Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Players - Coi Leray

Big Energy - Latto

Freak - Sub Urvan, REI AMI

Bloody Mary - Lady Gaga

INFERNO - Sub Urban, Bella Porch  
Out of My Mind - B.o.B, Nicki Minaj  
Blood In The Cut - K.Flay  
X Got' Give it to Ya - DMX  
Everybody Wants To Rule The World - Lorde  
Nightmare - Halsey  
Paint The Town Red - Doja Ca  
AMERICAN HORROR SHOW - SNOW WIFE



# CONTENT

Please be advised that this is my darkest book in this series thus far.

For a full list of the content in this book please go to my website.

[Content List](#)

*To the girls who have done something a little crazy in a time of distress... it's okay, they deserved it.*

*P.S. Josh, did you know LinkedIn notifies you when someone constantly looks at your profile? You're in your forties, it's time to grow up you fucking loser.*

*P.S.S. Your information on case search gave me a giggle. Go fuck yourself.*

## PREVIOUSLY ON THE CHARMING SERIES

If you haven't read *Charming Your Dad* or *Charming as Hell*, it is recommended to read in order, though it's not necessary.

Forgot what's been brewing in *Hallowsdeep* and *Hell*? I've got your refresher right here. All the information below brings you to our current timeline for Mara's book.

Dax and Blair are safely in Hell after Mara possessed Blair in an attempt to find a form that could hold her demon spirit. Luckily for us, daddy Lucifer was able to give Mara her own body and make Blair the perfect little witchy-demon hybrid. Unlucky for Mara, Blair might be harboring some ill feelings for being body snatched.

Lucifer and Lilith are currently hiding their relationship from the masses, but flaunting their love around the manor and its residents.

There are angels who are not pleased with the current management in Hell and have been making attempts to change the current tides. Remember our ratty little friend Beelzebub? He's still lovingly locked up in the pits, where Lilith consistently tortures him for killing her sister.

Kas and company are MIA after a little altercation with the archangel Michael. Things are brewing between Heaven and Hell and Mara joining Hells ranks might just be the edge Hell needed for the inevitable brewing war.

# PROLOGUE

## MARA

*Mara Age Fifteen*

**B**ible camp is bullshit.

Well, my whole life has felt like bullshit, if I'm being honest. It's always felt like there's something inside of me begging to be released. Something dark that is just lying dormant, just wanting to claw its way out of my flesh and finally be let free. I have this deep yearning to be my own person, to finally let whatever this is inside me take over.

But it's hard to be an individual when I'm surrounded by a bunch of freakishly zealous camp counselors and a hoard of horny teenagers who think touching themselves is a sin. Summer camp is worse than being at the orphanage, by far. Right about now, I'd basically cut off my right hand to be back home instead of sitting around this campfire.

At least at Saint Joseph's Home for Wayward Children I can hide; I can sit in a corner and be the weird feral girl everyone thinks I am. At camp, I'm expected to participate in activities, and unfortunately, the indoctrination is cranked up to level one hundred for whatever reason. Something about the summer heat must make the fear of eternal damnation increase tenfold.

*Idiots.* We're all fucked, no matter what. There's nothing after this life. We die, and then we're gone. There's no point in this stupid charade. We should just be able to live our lives how we please because we only get one.

I pick at the cracked and chipped nail polish on the tips of my fingers as we sit around the campfire. We aren't telling any spooky or creepy campfire horror stories; no, it's much worse. They want us to go around in a circle and talk about how we feel about God.

"Mara, what are you grateful for? What abundance has our Lord given you?"

"If I'm being honest, Marge, I'm not feeling much love from the big guy upstairs." Marge is in her late forties and is a total die-hard Jesus-Freak. The woman is nice enough in front of people, but it's fake. Apparently, practicing what you preach isn't a lesson Marge learned when she attended bible camp herself. She pushes her short blonde hair from her face and tries to control her frustration with me before speaking.

"Surely, that isn't true. You have a home, you have food, and friends."

My so-called "*friends*" hate me. For a bunch of people who are supposed to be one with the holy spirit, they sure love putting me down every chance they get. I'm used to being called names, left out of every activity, and generally treated like a pariah.

But at the end of the day, I'd rather be true to myself than conform to what these people want from me. I know I'm meant for more, and in two short years, I'll age out. I'll be able to experience the world the way it was meant to be explored, with an open mind and complete freedom.

"I have food and somewhere to live... you're right, Marge," I state, placating the hypocrite.

Marge clears her throat and looks at me with discomfort. "Right. How about you, Paul?" She ignores my little outburst and continues asking the same question to all the other pathetic little orphans who came to this camp. We're supposed to be grateful because they took us in by the kindness of their hearts even though our parents didn't want us.

You're not allowed to be upset over your circumstances; gratitude and subservience are the only emotions you're

allowed to feel. I'm a crotchety, ungrateful little shit in their eyes, and I wear the title proudly.

You would think the treatment of my peers and counselors would be the worst part of camp? Nope, it's absolutely the singing. It's dark in the woods, and the fire crackles in the center of the circle as they sing some horrific song about their God and how all-knowing and generous he is. I'm not sure what I believe, but I certainly don't buy into God being all good. If that were the case, why would I feel like this? Why were we all abandoned by our parents? What type of God would allow all the suffering that happens in the world?

Nothing can be that black and white.

The song trails off, and there's an overwhelming sensation of irritation and warmth tingling up and down my spine. I've felt off lately, but this sensation is unlike anything else. It feels like I want to scratch my skin off.

My irritation levels have also peaked, every little thing getting under my skin deeper than it did before. I've been able to tolerate the orphanage and camp for most of my life, but now all I want to do is scream.

My thoughts have been getting darker and darker with each passing day of suffering. It should scare me—the things that I think about—but they don't. I find myself welcoming the darkness with eager arms.

Anything is better than living my life the way I am now.

I leave the fire and walk through the woods. A few twigs snap under my feet along the path, some of them digging into the soles of my shoes. They're raggedy hand-me-downs, and I can't wait for the day I can buy some of my own, something that is finally *mine*. My life, my belongings, where I live... none of it is truly mine. Maybe it's vain to want things that are mine and only mine, but I can't help wanting more than this basic existence I've been "*blessed*" with.

The summer night air is humid, but a cool chill tingles on the back of my neck, making me turn around.

“Mara!” Marge barks my name in a demanding tone, forcing me to pay attention to her.

“Yes, Marge?”

“Your behavior during circle time is unacceptable. You need to participate in bible study, song, and group sessions.” I roll my eyes, and before I can even blink, her hand strikes my face. “We give you shelter, food, clothing. Do you know how many children wish they could go to a summer camp? You’re an ungrateful little brat. And that simply won’t do.”

The ensuing slap doesn’t even phase me at this point. I’ve grown accustomed to pain... at least, it feels real. Pain makes me feel more alive than anything else in my life does. I just stare at Marge and blink at her; maybe she’ll hit me again in frustration.

This woman who is supposed to be a Shepherd of wayward sheep is actually a wolf in sheep’s clothing. She doesn’t care about me, love me. No, she only cares about how she looks to others. She wants others to see her as a devout, loving person; she couldn’t be further from that. I can’t help but smile in her face, the irony not lost on me over the whole situation and the hypocrisy of her actions and words.

“I’m sorry, Marge. It seems like the Holy Spirit isn’t with me tonight,” I reply, which only enrages her further.

Her hand strikes my face again, the slap cracking through the summer night silence, and I take the smack proudly. She can hit me all she wants; I know my non-reaction will just piss her off further.

“Sister Julie is going to have to deal with you.”

“I’m shaking in my boots, Marge.” She grabs a fist full of my dark hair and drags me through the woods. Twigs snap beneath our feet as frogs bellow by the creek; it’s honestly quite peaceful. Her grip on my hair is painful, but the tightness of her fingers against my roots makes me feel rooted in reality. It reminds me that I’m real, that I’m still alive.

But when she yanks at my hair and shoves me to the ground, something snaps into place inside of me. The caged

animal that's been wanting to see the surface is finally coming out to play. I want to smile, but my body convulses. It's not painful, and despite my body's reaction, whatever is happening to me feels rather peaceful. *I wonder if it's the end.* I'm not sure if I'm happy or sad about dying. I guess if I have to go, at least I won't suffer anymore. But I won't lie about being disappointed that I'll never get to truly live. Maybe it just wasn't in the cards for me. Maybe I wasn't deserving of a full life. *Isn't that some shit.*

Marge looks down at me wide-eyed, I suppose in horror, thinking maybe she caused me to have a seizure. My mouth opens wide, and it's like I can finally breathe, even though my body is begging for air.

“Stop it, get up!” she yells at me like I have any control over what's happening.

The skin that's confined me withers away, and I'm left whole.

*Or maybe not.*

I look down in horror at my limp, pale body on the cold, hard ground. Marge looks down at me with fear written over her features. Maybe this is some sort of exorcism or out-of-body experience. Whatever it is, it feels good.

The darkness surrounding us should terrify me, but it gives me some comfort as I look at my lifeless body on the ground. Marge is screaming dramatically, and I just want her to shut the fuck up.

If I'm a ghost, than this is seriously fucked up that I'm stuck on this plane, having to continue being around these people. The beginning shock of seeing myself dead, or what I presume as dead, wears off, and I realize that I'm not completely lacking a form.

I'm not a ghost, but I'm not quite sure what I am.

I'm most definitely *not* a person; I'm not even shaped like a person. I'm basically a cloud of imposing black smoke. There's a large rock next to my body, and I go to touch it, but I seep right through it. Everything feels confusing, and my



instincts drive me to attach myself to something. Even though I have no clue what I am now, a survival instinct takes over me. I need... *shelter?*

There's a fear that ripples through me, and an eerie sensation of delusion consumes my senses. It's like I can't think straight, and nothing feels right. I need something... I need to make this feeling stop. Madness is starting to fill my mind—do I even have a mind anymore? I need it to stop.

Marge is doing a very weak job of trying to resuscitate me. I focus on her lackluster motions when suddenly I hear a *thud-thump, thud-thump...* like a heart beating. *Her* heartbeat. How the hell can I hear someone's heartbeat? How can I hear at all?

It's almost as easy as breathing, the way a tendril of my smoky form glides over to Marge, and I slip inside her mouth. Her wretched noises cease completely, and the next thing I know, I'm looking down at my new form. I'm no longer smoke. Instead, I've taken over Marge's body, and when I see my old, lifeless body, it's through Marge's eyes.

There's a tingling sensation, and I assume that's Marge's way of telling me she's still here with me, but I ignore her completely. It's odd being in her body; I hate it, but my instincts demanded that I do this. I needed something to latch onto. I'm not sure what would happen if I just stayed in my smoky form, but I can't imagine it would be good. I really felt like I was about to spiral into something wholly evil. Marge wouldn't be my first choice, but it's all I had to work with.

I'm not sure who or what I am anymore. But I know with Marge's full adult body, more options have opened up for me. I look at the fifteen-year-old girl I used to be; I was pretty, at least, I thought so. I push back the dark hair I once called mine and kiss my cold forehead.

I say goodbye to the person I was because there's no time to mourn or panic over the situation. All I can do is move forward. So that's what I'll do, even if I now have to walk in Marge's hideous sneakers and have a hideous half-bob haircut. I'm definitely not going back to the camp. There's a weight

around my waist, and I dig around into Marge's fanny pack, finding her ID, credit cards, and car keys.

With her—my—car keys in hand, I jog with purpose to the parking lot to find Marge's old Chevy Malibu and unlock the doors. I've never driven before, but I figure it out quickly enough before finding myself at some shitty diner in the middle of nowhere.

I order a ridiculous amount of food and eat. No one seems to notice that I'm *other*; that this isn't really me, that I'm wearing someone else's face. I'm not sure that this feeling of not belonging in this body will go away or if I'll ever have answers on how this happened. All I know is that for the first time in my life, I feel free.

I look at Marge's reflection in the back of the spoon I'm holding and grimace. I wonder if there's a way to switch bodies. Maybe hop into someone who is hotter, less cunt.

A man slides into the booth across from me, he's got to be around Marge's age. He's unattractive but confident as he sits across from me and folds his hands on the table. His clothes are plain, just a black shirt and jacket. His face is covered in pockmarks from having acne or picking at his face, and his dark blond hair has streaks of gray and could use a good washing.

"Um, did I say you could sit down?" I ask; it's weird to hear Marge's cringey mom voice.

"No, I don't suppose you did, Mara," he says, making my eyes go wide. I have to make a quick decision: do I lie or stick to the truth and hope that this man has some answers?

"How do you know my name?"

"I've been following you for a while now," he states.

"Well, that's not creepy or anything."

He shakes his head, and the waitress brings him a coffee. She gives me a reassuring look, letting me know if he's creepy they will take care of it. I give her a nod in recognition. Marge absolutely has pepper spray in her fanny pack, and I wrap my hands around it as the man continues to speak.

“I didn’t know when or how you would manifest. It’s good that you were this young,” he says, looking over Marge’s form. *Ew, does he think Marge is hot?* I’m going to throw up if this creepy old dude thinks he’s getting some with Marge’s body.

“Manifest what?”

“You hold so much power, and you don’t have a clue. I’m here to help you, guide you.”

I look at him suspiciously and eat a few more bites of my food before responding. “And why should I trust you?”

“Because I know what you are, and I can help you harness that power.”

“Why should I believe you?”

“I guess you don’t have a reason to. But I know who your father is, I know where you belong.”

“And where’s that?” I ask him.

“On the throne of Hell,” he says in a monotone response. I can’t help the laugh that slips out of my mouth, and I cover it up quickly.

“Yeah, okay. I don’t even know your name, why should I believe anything you say?” I sass before digging back into my food. This guy is fucking crazy, but I guess the fact that I took over my camp counselor’s body is just as crazy as everything he is saying.

“Because I can help you harness your power. Help you get revenge for having to suffer this pathetic human existence for so long. Your greatness hasn’t even begun to be tapped into. You’re powerful, and I can make you stronger.”

“Why would you want to help me?”

“Hell is in need of a new leader, and you’re the rightful heir.”

My laughter can’t be contained at that point, and a few people at the rundown dinner give me some strange looks.

“Yeah, okay, I’m what? The Devil’s daughter? Okay, buddy, you can move along now.”

“Have you had dark thoughts? Have things happened around you that you couldn’t explain? Like maybe how you ended up in your camp counselor’s body. I don’t see anyone else around to help you. Whether you believe me now or not, I’m your only option.”

“I don’t even know your name,” I reply, swallowing thickly, thinking he might be right. I didn’t have another plan besides getting away from camp and my previous life. He seems to know what I am, as far-fetched and ridiculous as it sounds.

“Beelzebub. And don’t worry, Princess, you can trust me.”

So, with no other options, that’s what I do. I trust the first person who might be able to give me some guidance on what I am and how I got here. I just hope it doesn’t wind up biting me in the ass.

# CHAPTER I

## MARA

### *Present Day*

It's been nearly a decade of living in other people's skin, but now I have my own true form. I'm corporeal again; this is me, this is *my* body. I've gone through countless bodies, and if I'm being honest, I lost count a long time ago. The last few didn't last long at all. They couldn't hold my power... well, except for my sister, Blair's body.

Her body was the closest thing to home I'd ever felt, but now... now I feel complete. I do have some guilt over almost killing Blair, though it wasn't my fault, truly. Her boyfriend, Dax was the one to stab her—me—with a knife and bring us to Hell.

Luckily, it all worked out. Blair and her boyfriend seem completely fine. I met daddy dearest, who gave me this sick new body, and now I'm being ushered around a gorgeous mansion.

Honestly, I don't think life gets much better than this.

I feel better than I have in my entire life, except for the tension wafting off the company escorting me down the hallway. Dax makes it apparent by standing between Blair and me. I apologized already, what else does she want? My bare feet feel cool against the obsidian tile floors as Lilith breaks the silence when we reach a black door with gold filigree along the trim.

"Mara, this is your room. If you need anything, please just let me know," she says.

“You’re really pretty and nice. Are you my... um... stepmother?” It’s probably a stupid question, but she is pretty, in an ethereal way. Plus, I need to know the lay of the land here. Lucifer—my father—all but apologized for never finding me and declaring he loves me, but I’m not sure if I can truly trust him. Or anyone else in this place, for that matter.

“Heavens, no. But we can talk more later,” she answers with a smile, opening the door for me. I go to open my mouth to speak to Blair, but she still seems pissed. I guess I shouldn’t blame her, but it’s all one big misunderstanding. I’ll win her over and make things right.

We will, in fact, be best friends like I promised.

A best friend sounds amazing. I never had one when I was an actual person. And then when I had to possess people constantly... well, it’s just hard to keep friendships when you’re constantly changing your meat suit.

I thought Beelzebub was my friend, but now I’m not so sure. He was right about a lot of things, but the way my father spoke to me, I couldn’t help but believe Lucifer’s words. Then again, I felt the same way about Beelzebub before too. Maybe I should stick to the policy of making people earn my trust instead of giving it out freely. Auto-trusting people only seems to bite me in the ass.

“Let me know if you need anything. I think it’s best if you stay here for the night. We can do a tour after breakfast tomorrow,” Lilith suggests with a polite enough smile. I nod but don’t say anything else. My thoughts are running a million miles a minute, and it’s nice that the only voice inside of my head is my own.

At least, I think so.

*No, it’s definitely just one voice.*

I’ll need to keep my wits about me in Hell. After all, we’re all demons. I mean, I knew I was a demon before, and I’ve come across many during my time on Earth. But there’s no doubt in my mind that someone could attempt to hurt me in some way. Eventually, I’ll build up allies, but right now, the

only person I can trust is myself. *Trust no bitch* is the new motto. I've somehow survived all this time by relying on my instincts, and that's exactly what I'm planning on doing now.

I'm also planning on having some serious fun.

Too much time has been wasted hating my life or just surviving. I'm so ready to finally live, and if playing nice is what gives me the opportunity to actually figure out who I am, and to enjoy it, then so be it.

I'll be the spawn of Satan that everyone wants me to be. Playing the obedient, eager to learn, and semi-sane daughter will be easy as cake.

Especially since I'm now hot as fuck.

There's a full-length mirror made of gold in my massive bedroom. I drop the sheet I was wrapped in and take a good look at myself.

"Damn," I mumble. Don't get me wrong, I definitely possessed some hot women back in the mortal realm and had a ton of fun. But having my own body? My fingertips glide down my chest, and the sensation feels tremendous. I don't even touch myself in a sexual way, just as a way to learn my new form.

Each sensation feels a million times more significant than any touch ever did when I was in other bodies. I still have the dark hair I remember as a child, and my eyes are a light blue, unlike Lucifer's and Blair's—another way I'm different.

I might be whole again, but part of me knows I will never truly be what either of them wants. There's no point in even deluding myself into thinking I'll meet their standards, it's just not who I am. I feel like the spare of the family, the daughter who was forgotten and went mad on Earth. It's clear that my father's love for Blair goes deeper than what he will ever feel for me. I shake the thoughts from my mind, which are getting muddled with my memories of being a disappointment—no matter what form. If I stay on this trajectory of thinking, I know resentment is going to bubble over the next time I'm in their presence instead of yearning for a connection.

The only person I need to worry about pleasing is my-fucking-self, and that's what I'm going to live by. This body is a gift I only ever dreamed of. The plan had always been to possess Blair's body and take my rightful place on the throne. I'm not sure if I still want that title, but I'm not opposed to it either.

Forgiveness isn't earned in a day, and a lifetime of suffering can't be swiped under the rug just by Lucifer calling me darling or telling me he loves me.

*Pfft, I've never had someone tell me they love me. How do you know he isn't lying?*

He's definitely lying. He doesn't even know me. How can he love me? I don't even truly know me, nor do I love myself. So, how can someone else?

I stop those thoughts and look back into the mirror. *Maybe I could learn to love myself.* In order to do that, I need to figure out who I am first. I'm certainly not going to figure that out by standing naked in front of a mirror or staying in this room all night.

Rules were meant to be broken, and I'm far too energized to sleep. I think it's about time I see what Hell has to offer, anyway.

I open a door to my left, which is a massive closet filled to the brim with clothes. I have no idea who they belong to, but seeing as they have deemed this my bedroom, I've decided they now belong to me. The selection is vast, and I'm grateful that I actually get to choose what I want to wear. Sometimes, the people I possessed wore the ugliest, cheapest clothes.

Every outfit in this closet is lush, expensive, and unique. They definitely aren't fucking hand-me-downs, and the thought makes me grin. The styles range from elegant to deliciously slutty. Since I know little about Hell and what people wear, I go with something simple, grabbing a black bodycon dress that clings to every inch of my new frame.

I finger-brush my long dark hair and find the tallest black heels I can find in the closet. With the heels on, I'm nearly six



feet tall, and I feel unstoppable. It might have more to do with having a body that's actually mine versus the clothes, but I'll give them some credit too.

I wince as my heels click against the hard floor, but when I crack open the door and peek out, I don't see a single soul in the hallway. I go the opposite way that I came when we left my father's room, and as quietly as possible, I walk down the hall. There are so many doors that I lose count. It feels like the hallway is nearly endless, but after a while, I can hear voices, and I finally reach the end of the corridor. There's clearly some sort of magic set on the entrance, and I swear I can almost see its glimmer. But there's something inside of me that senses its familial nature. It lets me leave, and when I test it, I'm fortunate enough to be able to walk right back in.

This section of the manor must be off-limits to everyone else in Hell. It shouldn't make me feel special, but it does.

*Fuck, I'm pathetic.*

What does it say about me that all my father has to do to make me feel somewhat important is to allow me unlimited access to his home? I know my standards should be higher, but the fact is, I have no baseline. I can't even say that the bar is in Hell because, currently, it's where I live. The mortal phrase makes me laugh to myself before the reality of my situation sinks in. I don't know what it means to be loved or to be someone's relative. I'm not even sure how to be a person... well, to be a fully-formed demon, I suppose.

I somehow feel overwhelmed yet under-stimulated at the same time. The mental checklist in my head is daunting, yet my flesh is craving touch and exploration. My body's instincts are what's driving me at the moment. This all-consuming need to be touched and held in my new body drives me to explore the manor. I don't truly know who or what I'm looking for, just that when I find them, I'll know.

I continue my path towards the voices until I reach a ballroom of sorts. It's dark, black, and opulent. The room is lit by candles on black sconces, and demons wander around the room, all dressed like they are from different eras. I observe

from a distance and watch as pairs drift off to dark corners or portal completely out of the room.

Most of the demons in the room are relatively attractive, and I wonder if that's by design. Or, possibly, my father only allows the ridiculously good-looking to step foot in his manor.

Poor ugly demons, they must feel so left out.

I throw that theory out the window when a plain-looking blonde woman with absurdly white teeth sidles up in front of me. She's flanked by two other women who aren't anything to write home about either. They aren't ugly, but they aren't what I would call attractive, either.

"I didn't realize the Lord had made another demon corporeal," the blonde snarls.

I don't really feel like talking to her, so I point to my mouth and shake my head like I can't speak. The woman rolls her eyes and scoffs.

"He really is scraping the bottom of the barrel these days," she says. I change my hypothesis over to the idea that my father matches the demon's appearance to their personality.

I make a note to kill her someday. It's too early to be coming in and killing people, especially on day one. I think I'm already on thin ice. Plus, I don't have a weapon on me that could take her out at the current moment, either. It's a pity, truly.

She and her friends continue on as I observe the room until I get bored and continue down a hallway to the left. I don't feel any additional wards when I open a door; it doesn't make a sound, but I quickly realize that it's someone's bedroom.

It's nowhere near as nice as mine, but while it might be simple, it still exudes the same wealth and luxury as the rest of the manor. The sheets are black, and there's a stained glass lamp lit by the bed.

Like I own the place, I sit on the mattress and look at the open book on the nightstand. It's in an old language I can't decipher, so I place it back on the nightstand.

The scent in the room is rich and masculine. I can't help but find it comforting. It reminds me of this one guy I met in California; he told me he could make me into a star. Unfortunately, I took that opportunity to possess his body instead. It was quite nice being a rich white man for a few days. His mind was too weak to house me for too long, but he smelled incredible. I'm about to roll around in the sheets and embed the scent into my memory when the door opens.

The man who opens the door is tall, built, and sighs loudly. He doesn't immediately look at me or speak, he just removes his leather jacket and tosses it on the chair in the corner before removing his boots.

"I told him I didn't want a whore," he mutters, annoyed. His accent isn't something I can pinpoint, but it does something to me. Almost as much as his dark jeans clinging to his thighs do. I even like his dark shoulder-length hair. It has a messy curl to it, and I can picture tangling my hands in it and gripping it hard at the roots. He looks like he would like that. I bet messing around with demons is far more fun than any human I had on Earth.

It hits me then that I've never had sex as *me*. It's always been in another form, and it never felt entirely enjoyable when I was possessing others. I decide I need to have my first sexual experience in my true form as soon as possible.

"I'm not a whore, but if that's what you're into, I can certainly play one," I offer, crossing my legs and planting my hands on the bed behind me.

That's when he finally looks at me, his intense brown eyes boring into mine. His jaw ticks, but I don't miss him looking at my long legs while licking his lips.

"Get out," he grumbles, grabbing the hem of his shirt and tossing it over his head. He's absolutely ripped, having the body of a warrior, and his shitty attitude even does it for me.

*He would be the perfect demon to pop my corporeal body's cherry.*

I stand from his bed, and the man watches me intently as I take a few steps towards him. He doesn't stop me as my hands touch his abdomen and slide over his chest. "I don't think you want me to leave," I say softly, and he glares down at me.

"I've never seen you before," he counters, tilting his head inquisitively. Well, he didn't ask me to get out again, so that's progress.

"Do you know every demon?"

"Yes."

"Mmm, clearly not," I tease.

His abs flex under my touch, giving away the fact that he's clearly not as unaffected by me as he wants to be. His fingers wrap around my wrists in a bruising grip.

"What do you want?" he demands. Oh, and he's paranoid, just when I thought he couldn't get any more attractive.

"What everyone wants, to feel good. To have a few moments where all I can think about is how my body feels," I say, getting irritated. I'm looking incredibly hot, and still, he denies me. It makes me want to torture him a little bit. No, patience is important; plus, he's pretty. I can't help that I want him so badly. He should be mine.

"He sent you, didn't he? I told him I was fine." His grip tightens, and he pushes my hands away from him.

I roll my eyes and walk back to his bed. I'm not sure what this demon's problem is, and I don't really care. I just want someone to touch me. This new body needs a serious test ride.

With more aggression than intended, I flick off my heels and unzip the back of my dress, sliding it down my curves until I'm completely nude.

His eyes don't leave my body, and it fills me with satisfaction as I stare back at him.

"You can either help me get off or watch," I tell him, hoping that he doesn't turn around and storm out of the room. He just blinks at me, like I'm the one acting crazy here,

although he's the one with a gorgeous naked woman in his bed and hasn't done anything yet.

I won't let him make a liar out of me, so I do exactly what I threatened. I leisurely glide my hand down my chest and stomach until I reach where I'm wet and eager to be touched. I barely make a full circular motion around my sensitive bundle of nerves when his hand wraps around my throat, and a wicked smile takes over my face.

## CHAPTER 2



I told Lucifer that I was fine, that I didn't need companionship, nor do I have any issues convincing a woman to warm my bed. But yet, he sends me a woman he knows I can't resist. Or someone else who knows me well enough has sent her here to what? Gather information on me? The idea makes me smile briefly, as if, after all these years, a pretty woman would be the thing to make me crack.

I'm a devout warrior of Hell and a humble servant to the king of Hell, himself, Lucifer. If he has sent me this demon as a gift, then to not accept would be like slapping the man in the face.

I know for a fact that I've never seen the crazy woman who is now lying naked on my bed. Not only because I make it my business to know every demon, corporeal or not, but because she is simply unforgettable in her own right.

Lucifer tends to make his demons beautiful. Why wouldn't he? The best way to lure unsuspecting souls is by making demons pleasurable to look at. But this woman is beyond the beauty of most of the demons in Hell. Beyond her physical attractiveness, the only other thing I know about her is she has no issues breaking and entering, along with the fact that she is very forward with what she wants.

I haven't been with a woman for a few months now; I haven't wanted to. There's something that happens in immortality that makes you numb. I've had rough patches before where I wonder what's the point of living forever. I've never voiced these thoughts around other demons, mostly out

of never wanting to show weakness. I thought perhaps that Lucifer felt the same as me at some points, like immortality is too long, but then Lilith came back into his life, and now he seems... happy.

Is my Lord attempting to give me the same happiness he's found?

Surely, a single woman can't change how a man feels about his mortality.

Instead of wondering what her presence means and if it's a gift or a test from the king of Hell, I just give in.

In two easy strides, my knee pushes against the bed, and I wrap my hand around her throat, giving it a gentle squeeze. Her lips curve into a mischievous smile, and it pisses me off.

My hand tightens around her throat, but her smile doesn't fade even as her face blooms a bright pink.

I don't trust the little psychopath, no matter how pretty she is.

"Who sent you?" I ask her, wondering if it is true that Lucifer didn't send her. What if she was sent here by one of my enemies?

She opens her mouth to speak, but she can't get a single word out with the grip I have on her throat. I push a piece of dark hair off of her face and take a moment to look at her clear blue eyes.

"Who sent you?" I ask again, this time loosening my hand on her neck enough so she can speak.

"Uh? Me? I was just walking around opening doors, and yours was the first one I opened. If you're not interested, I'm sure I could find another willing participant," she taunts. Her hand glides down my chest and fists my length outside of my pants. "It feels like you're willing, though," she comments, enunciating each word with a squeeze.

"Who sent you?" I ask again, squeezing her throat.

"Fine, fuck. Lucifer sent me; I'm a gift," she rasps out, and I loosen my grip on her throat.

“Why would he do that?” I ask her skeptically.

“Maybe because you’ve been such a good boy,” she teases with a laugh and plops down on the bed. Her dark, wild hair is splayed on my pillows, and I like it far more than I should. “My offer still stands... are you watching or joining?”

“Do you have any weapons on you?” I ask her, and she laughs again.

“I don’t know. I’m pretty naked, but you’re more than welcome to do a more thorough search?”

I look over her naked form and this time I really take her in. Every inch of perfect skin is completely exposed to me and laid out like a feast for my pleasure. I decide that no matter why she’s here, I’m going to enjoy this feast before me. I lean down over her on the bed, crowding her space, needing to feel her, taste her, make sure that she’s real.

I lick her smooth stomach, circling my tongue in her navel, and she arches her body towards my face. My hands grip her hips roughly, holding her where I want her, and she doesn’t fight against my hold.

I’ve been in Hell long enough to sense when a demon is powerful, and as my tongue touches her flesh, it’s like I can taste her strength. I can tell that it wouldn’t take much from her to turn the tables and have me pinned down on the bed instead. But she doesn’t. The little demon lets me explore every inch that I want. The noises she’s making just from my touch against her skin has me eager to see how she’ll react when I play with her more sensitive parts.

Surely, she can’t be real. Or she’s lying about being sent here by Lucifer? My built-in paranoia and confusion don’t know how to handle how this escalated so quickly. My mind quickly shuts off when her fingers tangle in my hair, sharp nails digging into my scalp.

“Focus,” she commands, her strength showing as she directs my face to her breasts. I eagerly place the soft, tender flesh into my mouth, sucking and licking her small nipples. “There you go. That feels so good, don’t stop.”



She isn't pressing me for information; she doesn't even seem interested in what's in my room. Her sole focus is just on feeling good—on me making her feel good.

Maybe, for once, I can truly be selfish. I can take what I want and not worry about the aftermath. She came to me and laid herself out for the taking. I don't give a shit why she's here, whether a gift from Lucifer or a spy from our enemies. I'm taking what I want.

“Tell me what you want, little demon?”

“Whatever you can give me,” she rasps as her back arches off the bed.

“I think I want you to be my sweet little slut. That's what you came in here wanting, wasn't it? For me to use you like I want to?” I ask, more so wanting to call her bluff, but she surprises me.

“I'll be whatever you want.” Her wide, blue eyes stare at me, and her full lips separate as she licks them.

“I want that pretty little mouth on my cock. You aren't going to disappoint me, are you?”

She just blinks at me. “How do you want it?”

I can't help but grin. “You sure you're not a whore?”

“Only for you,” she replies in a breathy voice.

“I feel like that's something a well-trained slut would say.”

She rolls her eyes. “You're really starting to ruin this moment for me. Am I going to suck your dick, or am I going to find someone else?”

I smack her thigh, and she sighs... *in pleasure?*

“Get on your fucking knees then,” I demand as I quickly take my cock out of my pants. She grabs the waistband of my trousers and pulls them to my ankles.

There's no pause in her movements. She slides off the bed, completely naked, taking her place on her knees between my spread legs. Her un-painted nails drag down my thighs, making the muscles twitch.

She kisses my knee and looks up at me with an innocent look.

“I’ve just realized something,” she states sweetly, dragging the palms of her hands up and down my thighs.

“What’s that?” I ask her.

She digs her nails roughly into the flesh of my thigh and stands. Her breasts are nearly in front of my face as she leans down to whisper into my ear. “I bow for no man... let me know when you’re ready to get on your knees for me.”

With impeccable demon speed, she dresses, wipes her mouth, and shakes her head at me. “Maybe this is a lesson in how to treat a lady. I came in here with the intention of blowing your mind,” she chastises, laughing at her own joke. The smile on her face is cataclysmic as she cackles.

“Who are you?” I ask dumbly.

The grin she gives me is wicked and full of promise, but she just shrugs her shoulders before speaking. “See ya around, slut,” she says instead of giving me a name or any information.

The only thought in my head is that I might have just fallen in love.



I was raised on punctuality, and I imagine it’s one of the qualities that made Lucifer select me as his right hand. My mother was from the Kingdom of Hungary, and my father was from Ghazni. My mother died in childbirth, and I was raised by my brutal father. I don’t have resentment for the man, he made me strong. I fought alongside him at the age of twenty-four during the Battle of Chach, and that’s when I died.

Lucifer was building his own army in Hell, and luckily for me, he saw greatness within me. He didn’t treat me like my father did, which was surprising. You would think the ruler of Hell would be more evil than a simple man who was hungry for power on Earth. While Lucifer can have his moments and

isn't one to give out second chances, he is mostly a peacemaker.

I've never admired anyone the way I admire Lucifer. It's a gift to be someone he holds in high regard. Not only that, he trusts me fully, and I'd never do anything to break that trust.

While immortality has been dragging lately, I'd rather be serving a purpose than to not exist at all.

As I do most mornings, I head to his library, where he is waiting for me. When I enter, I spot him rubbing his temples and looking worse for wear.

“My Lord?”

“Ah, Toth. Take a seat.” I do as I'm told and take a seat across the desk from him.

“There is much to discuss, but right now, I need a favor from you. You're the only person I can trust to teach her about Hell and our structure while also making sure she is battle-ready.”

I furrow my brows together as I look at the king of Hell. I've done tasks for him that aren't violent or covert, but this sounds odd. And who is he talking about, who is *she*? “My Lord?”

“My daughter Mara is safely in Hell. I need you to make sure she is well-protected and battle-ready.”

The door opens, and the woman from last night walks in, a huge grin on her face as she gives me a finger wave and holds her hand out for me to shake.

“Hi, I'm Mara,” she greets, rendering me speechless.

Lucifer speaks for me. “Mara, darling, this is Toth. He's going to be your teacher. He's going to help you understand Hell and work with you on your skills now that you're fully corporeal.”

“So lovely to meet you,” Mara says sweetly. She turns to her father. “I'll see you both at breakfast then?”

“Yes, we'll be there shortly,” Lucifer replies.

As soon as Mara leaves the room, I'm finally able to open my mouth. "Lucifer, are you sure I'm the best person for this?" I don't normally question him, but it's better than saying that I saw his daughter's entire pussy last night, and it's all I've been able to think about. I thought that I was into meek little demons who would bend to my will. But the way she dug her nails into my flesh and called me a slut... well, that's hard for a man to forget.

"Lilith is strong, but I need someone with more experience in battle and in Hell. Lilith just came back to Hell and still doesn't fully understand everything. Can I trust you with my daughter, Toth?" he asks with an arch of his brow.

"Of course you can, sir." I bow my head in submission. I don't want Lucifer to become suspicious of me. If there is one thing Lucifer and I have in common, it's our paranoia and how hard it is for us to trust others.

"Mara is strong, I can feel it," he says.

"Excuse me for asking, sir. Do we know who her mother is?" He looks at the ceiling and rubs his chin. Without a doubt, he doesn't have a clue. I remember those years; Lucifer was as promiscuous as they come when he was trying to create an heir on Earth. I've always wondered why he wanted it so bad. But after seeing the way he looked at Mara, I get it.

He wanted a connection that can't be explained.

Or maybe it's something about Mara? I can't help but feel this magnetic pull towards the unusual demon. Is it because of her power? Or how she treated me like no woman ever has before? Or is it something simply within her essence?

"I do not know anything about her mother. She told me she spent her childhood in an orphanage," he explains. If I hadn't known him for a thousand years, I wouldn't pick up the guilt in his expression, but it's certainly there. He shakes his head, and his expression goes back to neutral. "Finding her mother is the last item on my list right now; we have bigger problems."

"Michael?"

“The angels as a whole, I fear our attempts at delaying a war are for naught.”

“Are you sure it’s not just a few rogue angels?” I ask.

“I think they were preparing Mara to take my position in Hell. I love her; she is my daughter, and I will have no one treat her any less, but I need you to keep an eye on her, Toth. If you suspect any loyalty to Heaven, that is something that must be squashed.”

“Has Beezlebub said anything else?” I question, knowing how much Lilith enjoys torturing him.

“No, and it’s important that Mara does not see him. I worry about the hold that rat bastard may have on her. Mara is not to know about his imprisonment in the pits.”

“I understand, sir,” I say.

“Thank you for your discretion,” he responds, bowing his head, letting me know that I’ve been dismissed. I bow my head in return, and as I’m leaving the room, he speaks again. “I appreciate having someone I can trust completely by my side,” he comments, not wanting a response. I take in his words and leave the library.

I cannot let his daughter burrow her claws into my soul and destroy what took a thousand years to build. It took me centuries to figure out my purpose, and making Hell run smoothly keeping order in this realm is my meaning. A small feral demon, no matter how pretty, isn’t going to ruin this for me.

I’ll do my job, but beyond that, Mara will mean nothing to me.

## CHAPTER 3

### MARA

Making people uncomfortable shouldn't bring me as much joy as it does. But the fact is, I quite enjoy watching people squirm. Toth's face when he realized who I was—priceless. It also makes me want the paranoid demon even more.

The mental list for why I should seduce Toth includes but is not limited to: him being a very hot ancient man, his penis is huge, I like the way he smells, and I would very much like the loyalty that he gives to my father to be mine.

One way or another, I will crack him. The fear he holds won't come from my father's disapproval but from mine. Anything short of complete devotion to me is unacceptable.

I'm not sure if my long game is to take over Hell or not. Only time will tell. Right now, I'm feeling the right amount of cozy, but it doesn't hurt to start gathering a devout horde of impressionable idiots in the meantime.

One never knows when you might need an army after all. Lilith pats the chair beside her with a smile, and I eagerly sit next to her. She's the first one in the room, and so far, I can admit I like this demon. I'm not sure if her kindness is genuine, but I decide I will treat it as such until she proves otherwise.

“How was your first night?” she inquires.

“Very comfortable. I think making Hell my home will come naturally,” I reply, and she smiles.

“I felt the same way. Earth never truly felt like home, but as soon as I came here, I felt settled.”

“So you and my dad, that’s a thing?” I ask, not caring if it makes her feel uncomfortable.

“It isn’t public knowledge, but yes.”

“Doesn’t that piss you off?” I ask her, and she grabs her mimosa, taking a deep sip.

“Sometimes,” she admits quietly.

“If I were you, I would tell him I needed to be paraded around this place like my pussy was pure magic.”

Lilith slightly spits out some of her mimosa and laughs.

“Maybe I’ll do just that,” she says, cementing my first feeling towards Lilith. I have no desire to kill her. We can be friends.

My father enters the room, tilting Lilith’s head and placing a chaste kiss on her lips. He looks at me like he doesn’t know what to do or say to me—*story of my fucking life*.

Instead, he takes his place at the head of the table and looks at the door before turning around and snapping his fingers. Multiple demons who look like they haven’t seen the sun or a clean pair of clothes in quite some time come out of hiding to fill our plates.

“What did these poor suckers do to get this job?” I ask, and my father’s lip tilts.

“That’s Harvey. He abused his power and did despicable things to many people, young and old. That’s John, he assassinated Abraham Lincoln. We can’t forget Margaret, and her war crimes are longer than the Bible.”

“Seems just,” I reply, and he nods his head.

“I like to rotate them out every now and then. Send them to the pit and give them a reprieve from serving me.”

“The pit? Can we go see it?” Lilith and Lucifer both share a look. Immediately, I want to know what is in the pit and how soon I can go.

“I plan to show you everything in Hell, darling. But first, it’s important that you learn your abilities and the history of Hell. Not to mention, I need to figure out how to announce you and your sister to all of Hell.”

Like she was summoned by the man, Blair and her boyfriend walk into the dining room and take their seats next to each other. Blair glares at me before sitting down, and I try to give her a polite smile.

Do they make greeting cards with baskets of chocolate-covered fruits that say, ‘I’m sorry for possessing you and attempting to fuck your man’? *I doubt it.*

“Blair—” I start, but my half-sister interrupts before I can get my apology out.

“Why lie to me? Why not tell me when I was old enough what I was? Do you know how miserable I was up there? How I didn’t fit in. Did you know my mother and her coven tried to sacrifice me to Mara?” she rants, giving me a harsh stare.

Like this magical bitch is the only one with parental issues. Try losing your whole body and having to possess people to survive. At least she knows who her cunt of a mother is; I’m still a half-orphan, I suppose.

*Can someone be a half-orphan?*

But I don’t want to rock the boat. It’s clear to me that since my father knew about Blair far longer than he knew of me there is a connection there. I’m not sure if the word is jealousy, but there are definitely some strong feelings over how she is speaking to him and how my father is letting her treat him.

But I need to lie low. I don’t know who I can truly trust. I’m hoping that Blair can be someone I can eventually build trust with, but I’ve already made her hate me, so apology it is.

“I am really sorry about that, Blair. Now that I’m in my corporeal body, some of my thoughts are a little more clear,” I say. It’s a lie. I knew what I was doing, and I don’t regret it—mostly.

“Oh, like when you took over my body and were going to fuck my boyfriend and move us to an arctic tundra?” It really



was a solid plan. Dax is attractive now that I look at him. But he doesn't seem fucked up enough for my liking—pity, really.

“Yes, that would be a time when I wasn't thinking clearly. It was confusing for my mind not to have a vessel, and I had Beelzebub in my ear telling me lies.” More like... *I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for your strength and your meddling demon daddy.* But since everything worked out far better for me than I intended, it's best to act like I was out of my mind.

*I'm normal now—obviously.*

“His soul has already been destroyed,” my father announces, taking a sip of orange juice. He seems annoyed with the banter, and I really wish he would take my side, to tell Blair to stop being petty. Maybe when we find my dead-beat mother, he'll destroy her soul too. The thought shouldn't make me feel as giddy as it does, but seriously, who fucks the head honcho demon and then drops their kid off at a Catholic church? It's fucked up.

Blair has fucking everything; she had a dad growing up, she has her magic, she has a devoted boyfriend and cousin, plus her own business. And let's not discount that she's had a body that has been completely hers this entire fucking time.

I had no parents, no direction, no one who put me first.

*Maybe that feeling from earlier was indeed jealousy.*

“Why have children at all?” Blair interrupts, and Lilith and I take a sip of our drinks at the same time. It's a solid question. She gets one point for giving our dad shit, even if I feel like I'm the one who should really be holding the inquisition here.

“I know you don't want to hear this all right now, but I do love you. I would do anything for you and your sister. I thought that by letting you live your life out on Earth, I was doing the best thing for you. If people knew I had offspring living in a different dimension, they would see you as my weakness, and I couldn't allow you to become a target.”

“Why did you come back for every birthday, then?” Blair demands, and I take it back. *This witch got birthday gifts and*

*visits and is still complaining?* Yet, I keep my mouth quiet. It's time to observe, look like an obedient daughter. The one who is grateful to be in Hell and be like my oh-so-powerful daddy.

"I needed to make sure your body could hold your demon half. So every birthday, I bestowed my favor on you so that you would be safe," he explains. Fair point, considering I lost my goddamn body, yet no one gave a shit... besides Beelzebub.

I don't like how complicated my feelings have gotten since becoming corporeal. I kind of miss the general madness and not having to care so much. Right now, it feels like I could drown myself in all of the emotions I'm feeling. It's confusing, sickening, really.

"But not for Mara?" Blair asks, and I look down. I don't want her to see my insecurity over the fact that she's clearly the favorite.

"I didn't know. I would like for you to stay in Hell with me, Mara. So that we can get to know each other better." I smile at Lucifer. The first part of my plan, making Hell my home, has been achieved.

"Blair, I would like you to stay as well. But I would understand if you are not ready for that. Either way, I would like to show you how you can embrace your demon side. I believe there are some things I can do to permanently make your body able to handle both the witch and demon inside of you." How about no, send her back to Earth with her demon boy toy. It's time for me to get the time with my father that I deserve.

"I don't have my magic right now," Blair admits, and I have to hold back a smile. I obviously already knew this. It's why she was easy to possess. But is it wrong that I just don't want her to have anything better than what I have?

"You what?"

"The council—" Blair starts.

"Fucking cunts," I hear my father mutter, and my eyebrows rise. "I'd like to show you my eagerness to be a

better father by getting your magic back.”

Suddenly, Blair and my father are gone. Dax looks uncomfortable as he downs his drink from across the table and begins to eat in silence.

No one knows what to say. At least we’re not talking about how I tried to possess Blair anymore. That has definitely gotten old.

“So, what’s your favorite thing to do in Hell?” I ask. Dax looks like he would rather crawl into a hole than answer me, but Lilith is polite enough.

“I enjoy the Black Lake. The banquet hall in the manor hosts some fun parties, as well as some other clubs right outside of the grounds.”

“How do you get there?”

“Mostly portalling,” she replies.

“I haven’t done that in this form yet,” I say with honesty, but I know it won’t be a challenge. If anything, portalling while possessing a human is the true test of skill.

“We can work on it this evening if you’d like.”

“I’d love that,” I tell her with a smile, and Dax clears his throat awkwardly. It doesn’t take long for Blair and my father to reappear in the formal dining room. She’s all shiny and new and perfect. Her and her stupid boyfriend embrace, and my dad talks about how much he loves us and wants us near him.

*Time to act like the stupid little girl acting for forgiveness.*

“Blair?”

“Yes?” she asks.

“I would like to spend some time with you too. Not right now, but maybe after I’ve been in this body a few days?” Father wants his two precious babies to get along. Well then, I’ll play the part beautifully.

“As long as you don’t hurt me or anyone I care about, I think that will be fine.” I simply can not make that promise, so I divert to a different topic.

“Lilith is going to teach me how to portal today!” I say excitedly, and my father’s smile widens. *Yup, that was the right move.*

Blair looks at me skeptically, but eventually, she and Dax leave Hell.

Lilith and I go over portalling, and I master it almost immediately. She seems impressed but also concerned.

“What now?” I ask her.

“I think your father wants you to train with Toth.”

I make a noncommittal noise in the back of my throat. “What should I do in the meantime?”

“Um, you can read. Your room has a T.V. though we only get three channels,” Lilith suggests.

“When can I leave the manor?”

“Hopefully soon,” she says, but it doesn’t reach her eyes. If they think they can keep me locked in here like some sort of prisoner, they have a rude awakening headed their way. I’ve spent too much time being hidden, locked in a life that wasn’t mine. I won’t stand for it. I’ll give them the benefit of the doubt, but only for so long.

I head to my room, and it takes me a while to figure out that the T.V. comes down from the ceiling, but eventually, I do get it.

There are only three stations: T.L.C, Vh1, and Lifetime. Out of my three options, I turn on T.L.C. and I’m immediately hooked. The show is about this woman who loves to dance so much that she’s trying to teach young children to be great while the mothers of the dancers are constantly on her ass.

Tabby Leigh Stiller immediately becomes my icon, and to my absolute excitement, I realize that the show Dance Mums is the only thing playing for the rest of the night.

## CHAPTER 4

### MARA

I have a daddy-daughter date at the Black Lake. *What does one wear for that?*

On the one hand, I want to be Lucifer's favorite daughter, and his approval means everything to me. On the other hand, I still kind of want to take the whole joint for myself.

To say I'm torn is a complete understatement, and I think having this one-on-one time will change the tide.

I'm walking down the hall nervously, feeling both eager and uncertain about how this conversation is going to go. I haven't been to the Black Lake, so I can't portal there. My thumbnail is about to be a nub if I don't stop tearing it to shreds with my teeth.

"Where are you going?" Toth's voice startles me, and I look up at him.

"Black Lake."

"I can portal you there," he offers, no emotion in his tone.

"Thanks."

He tilts his head, holding out his hand, and I eagerly take it. Before I can even exhale, we're by the Black Lake. The water is almost an inky black, and I swear I see a tentacle slip through the water.

I kind of want to jump in and explore.

"Don't go in the lake," he warns, interrupting my thoughts.

“Oh, you’re no fun.”

“There are thousands of chained souls at the bottom,” he says.

“Oh, sick,” I gush, bending down toward the water. Toth holds a fist full of my shirt so I don’t fall in and just patiently waits for me to finish examining the water. “I’m meeting my dad for a picnic.”

“I know,” he says.

“Of course, right-hand and all.”

He doesn’t respond, and I take my time looking around the area. I can just see the manor in the distance. The surrounding grass is all half dead, and the sky is gloomy and overcast.

“It’s beautiful here,” I sigh quietly.

“It is,” Toth agrees, looking at me and clearing his throat. “I’ll leave you and Lucifer to it.”

“Toth?”

“Yes?”

“You’re kind of cute when you’re not being a dick.”

He rolls his eyes and disappears into thin air.

I don’t have to wait long for Lucifer to appear; I take a deep breath and let him speak first.

“How are you feeling with your new body?” is the first question he asks, and I find it to be thoughtful.

“It’s amazing. Thank you,” I say, giving him a small smile.

“I can’t apologize enough for everything that’s happened, Mara. I didn’t know. If I had known about you, I would have taken care of you,” he reassures, and I still don’t know if I can fully believe him.

“Beelzebub told me a lot of things about you that I now know are lies. I don’t know Blair yet, but I’m hoping she forgives me for the whole possession thing and joking about sleeping with her boyfriend.” He grimaces, and I shrug my

shoulders. I don't feel that bad about it, but it sure as Hell would have made my life easier if I hadn't possessed her. "But it's clear she thinks you're a good dad, even if you lied."

"I've gotten caught up in a few lies over time. Ones that I regret deeply, I want to do better, be better." At least he admits he's a liar. It catches me off guard.

"That's all I can ask for. Honestly, this is the first time I've been able to think clearly in years." Also a lie, I've always been a great thinker.

"You like it here?" he asks me, and that's something I don't have to lie about.

"Oh, yes. It's very cozy and creepy but in an expensive way."

"I think you should start training then."

"Training?"

"Learning all the facets of your power, what you're capable of, and how to handle your corporeal body," he says, expanding on what he meant by training.

"I handled myself perfectly fine on Earth."

"I don't doubt that. But I would feel better if you were properly trained in defending yourself and learned more about the history and inner workings of Hell," he urges.

"Like a protégé?"

"Exactly like that."

"You're not fucking with me, are you, Satan?" I ask him. Does he really mean it? That he wants me, not Blair, to be his successor?

"Definitely not fucking with you," he replies, raising his hands in mock surrender.

"But you don't even know me," I counter, feeling like maybe he's tricking me. Beelzebub always said that Lucifer was great at manipulating and making people trust him.

"But I want to," he repeats softly.

“You’re definitely not what I imagined.” Which is the truth; the picture Beelzebub painted for me is nothing like the man in front of me.

“Oh?”

“I thought you were going to be this big hulking asshole who eats souls, rips people’s hearts out with his bare hands, and crushes people’s hopes and dreams.”

“I may do some of those things, but not for the people I care about,” he says, clearing his throat.

“And how long is that list?”

“A list of three,” he answers, and I swallow. *Could I finally have a family?*

“I can definitely live with that. And actually, I think ripping people’s hearts out is pretty cool,” I jest, feeling slightly awkward at his confession.

“Maybe I can show you sometime?” he offers, and it’s the first time I feel truly seen.

“I’d love to! I also want to explore Hell more, get a feel for the place.”

“I’d like to wait until you’re more settled and have more time training with Toth if you don’t mind.”

“Are you sure Toth should be the one training me?” I ask. It’s the perfect opportunity to torture the demon and make him want me even more.

“Yes. He and Lilith are the only people I’d trust with something so important.”

“I’m sure I could learn something from both of them. I want to live in my own body with a sound mind and never let someone take advantage of me ever again.” I mean it; I’m still not sure if everything Beelzebub said was a lie, but I know I will be no one’s weapon.

*I’m my own weapon.*

“No one will ever second guess the Princess of Hell ever again,” he promises me, his eyes turning a soft shade of pink.



It's at that moment that the tide sways, and I know exactly where my loyalties lie. *Mostly.*



It's training day. *Finally.*

Now, I could live my life as the happiest demon sitting in bed and watching Dance Mums, but the only thing better than that is torturing Toth with sexual innuendos and letting him know that I'm stronger than him.

I've decided to break him, for no other reason than the fact that I can.

"Lilith said we don't need to cover portalling," he states as I walk into the room, which is pretty simple. It reminds me of the rec room at the orphanage. A simple blue mat in the middle, but this room has targets and weapons lining the walls, which is significantly more fun.

"Nope. Don't start with the easy stuff, either. I have been tormenting people on Earth for nearly ten years as a demon, you know."

"I don't doubt it," he mutters.

"That I was tormenting people?" I smile. "I love that you aren't threatened by a powerful woman, Toth. There's so much toxic masculinity in the mortal realm."

He groans and shakes his head. "Daggers or swords?" he asks, completely ignoring my compliment.

*Well, isn't that just completely inconsiderate.*

Instead of chastising him, I grab the set of five daggers and toss them at the target on the opposite wall. Each one lands perfectly in the center of the target. He places his hands on his hips and looks at me like I'm a marvel. The look he gives me is acceptable, and I decide that I forgive him for being a dick earlier.

"Daggers aren't going to be a problem," I deadpan.

“And hand-to-hand combat?” he asks.

“Hmm, I’m not sure. We should practice. But you know, it’s pretty hot in here.” I grab the hem of my shirt, slowly dragging it over my torso and over my head. Toth’s eyes immediately lock on my chest. The only thing preventing me from being completely naked is a black sports bra. “Aren’t you hot?” I ask while I pull my hair up into a ponytail.

He clears his throat and grunts before turning away from me. He’s wearing a black t-shirt that clings to his back and arms perfectly, along with loose black pants that don’t show off his ass. *I haven’t had a good enough look at it yet.*

“Have you been in many fights?” he asks me.

“Only in the human forms I possessed on Earth. Lost a few good meat suits pushing their bodies to the limit.”

“Now that you’re fully corporeal, your strength will be nearly unmatched. You’ll heal from nearly all wounds except for those made by magical blades.”

Annoyed, I cross one arm over my chest while picking at the nails of my opposite hand. *I’m fresh in Hell, not a complete idiot*, I want to yell. “I’m well aware of magical weapons, thank you,” I snark with a tilt of my head and a forced smile.

“Listen, your father tasked me with teaching you. That’s what I’m fucking doing.”

His posture is stiff, and I swear I can see a vein throbbing at his temple—I want to lick it... or make it explode.

“Part of being a good teacher is understanding the baseline of your student,” I taunt in a sweet but condescending tone.

“I’d rather be in the fucking pit,” he mumbles under his breath, making me smile. Torturing Toth is quickly becoming my new favorite hobby. I’ll call it *tea time* as code. He’ll never know.

“Are you going to show me your moves or what, warrior daddy?”

His eyes go comically dark as he puts on some music and takes his stance. I don't bother copying him; instead, I just act bored. Maybe I'm just wanting to piss him off enough so he'll choke me a bit, take me down to the mat, and finally go down on me. It would definitely be a more productive use of his mouth, that's for sure.

I still haven't taken this body out for a test run, and a part of me regrets walking out on Toth. Could you imagine if we actually did fuck, and he had to act like he had no clue who I was? The idea makes me laugh, but just knowing how attracted he is to me and how much he hates that little fact is enough to keep my ego pleased.

"You can be strong, but if you only ever go on the offensive in a fight, there's a chance you could be taken down. Angels travel in groups most of the time; even if you find yourself hand to hand with one, more than likely, there's another nearby."

"Seriously? We're worried about angels?" They've only been friendly little pests to me. I don't see them as much of a threat if I'm being honest.

"There are some very powerful and old angels that wouldn't hesitate to destroy the devil's daughter," he warns, and as hard as I try, I can't hold back the bubble of laughter that escapes me.

"What?" he asks as if my reaction to that statement is odd.

"Nothing," I deflect, shaking my head. It's only that the angels wanted to defeat Lucifer and put me in his place. If I wanted, I could easily gain contact with them and carry on with the plan.

However, after my tender moment with Lucifer, the chances of me doing that are low... *but never zero*, a voice in my head adds.

Apparently, Toth is done with talking. He's quick on his feet, and he lunges at me, putting me in a chokehold. I let him because it's kinky and fun. I even press my ass against his crotch as he holds me.

“You really should learn some foreplay, Toth,” I tease, and he groans, gripping my throat harder to the point where I can’t breathe. I smile as I wrap my fingers around his forearms, flipping him over my head and making him land viciously on his back.

The air whooshes out of his lungs, and he stares at me, unblinking. I can’t tell if it’s frustration or lust written on his face. Wanting to know for sure, I sit on his stomach and grab his wrists, confining them over his head.

“Let me know when you’re ready to accept the fact that you’re into me and you like a powerful woman,” I say as he blinks at me.

“Crazy isn’t my thing,” he replies, shoving me off of him with more force than needed. I land hard on my ass, the jarring pain skittering up my spine. I swear I see some concern flash across his face until he’s back to being stoic all over again.

“I think I’ve made it clear I can handle myself with a dagger or if someone touches me. Is there anything else on the docket for today, professor? Or can I go be someone else’s crazy problem for the day?” I ask sarcastically.

He inhales deeply through his nose and closes his eyes as he searches for a single ounce of patience. “Lucifer wants you to understand the ins and outs of Hell.”

*Interesting.*

I felt like Lucifer was holding back with me slightly, but the fact that he wants me to really know the lay of the land is intriguing. He told me I was on a list of three and that he truly wants me to be a part of Hell. I’m just going to have to take his word for it.

I roll my hand in a continue-on motion, and Toth breathes out heavily again. “I guess let’s start from the beginning,” he says, and we both take a seat on the mats. “If most of your knowledge is from Earth’s Christianity, you got it all wrong.”

“A bit of Earth knowledge and Beelzebub,” I correct him.

“Rat prick,” Toth grumbles. I shrug my shoulders, and Toth tilts his head at me but doesn’t comment. “Lucifer is not

a fallen angel. Technically, he's still an angel, but he is also the first demon. Becoming the king of Hell was a punishment from God, but in the beginning, he wasn't intended to be here for eternity. By sending him here... well, she made him what he is, what Hell has become."

"You admire him?" I ask him softly, and he nods his head. I don't even comment on God being a woman; Beelzebub already told me that tid-bit of information. Heaven seems to be in a complete scramble to get their shit together with no leader at the helm.

"He's not all evil like the stories portray. He can be hard, but he is just. This job, running this realm, isn't easy, and he does it despite the sacrifices he's had to make."

"Coming to Earth and getting a bunch of women pregnant, letting them raise the kid or drop them off at an orphanage doesn't seem like a sacrifice," I sneer sharply, and it's the first time Toth gives me a soft expression. I might be on the road to forgiveness with Lucifer, but I am planning on holding this grudge for the rest of my existence.

"If he knew about you, he wouldn't have let you suffer. Beelzebub was sent to see if he had any other children, and he lied to Lucifer."

"You're sure about that?"

He sighs and scrubs his beard. "Listen, I can't act like I know what it's like to be formless like you were. But I saw Lucifer's face when he found out you were alive. He was destroyed."

"And Blair?" I ask him, feeling combative.

"She is half-witch, meaning half mortal. What was he supposed to do? Bring a child to Hell?"

I look away and scoff. "I guess not."

"I'm just saying, give him a chance. Likely, what you know about him is an embellishment or defaming of the truth."

"I don't even mind the violent and evil stuff," I say with a smile, resting my cheek on my knees and looking at Toth. He

finally gives me a smile back and shakes his head.

“I suppose you wouldn’t. Neither do I.”

“Let me guess, you were a soldier?” I ask, and he nods.  
“How long ago?”

“A millennium ago.”

I whistle and shake my head. “I knew I had a penchant for older men, but fuck.”

“You’ve got to stop flirting with me,” he commands sternly.

I grab one of the daggers with supernatural speed and put Toth on his back, holding the dagger to his throat. He doesn’t look afraid. Just as I expected... he’s excited.

“No can do. You’re just too cute,” I tease, nicking his throat just enough to bleed.

“See you tomorrow, professor,” I say, swiping the blood from his neck and wiping it on his shirt. *He’s just too much fun.*

I drop the dagger unceremoniously on the ground with a clank before leaving the room and heading back to my bedroom.

A shower and a Dance Mums marathon sounds like a dream night to me.

## CHAPTER 5

### MARA

The requirements of being an evil mastermind are as follows: make sure everyone underestimates you, take in every piece of information as you can, and trust no one.

So imagine my surprise when Lucifer takes my advice, makes Lilith his fucking queen, and now they are leaving me here to my own devices while they go on a honeymoon of some sort. He's definitely not turning out to be the evil dictator I've had in my head all these years. In fact, I'm starting to kind of like him; it's concerning.

And the fact that they trust me enough to leave me here... frankly, I'm baffled.

I should probably take this time to grow their trust and be a good, responsible demon daughter.

But as much as I love Dance Mums, I need to get the fuck out of this house. There is so much of Hell to experience, and I've barely been able to scratch the surface.

Plus, I've basically only been able to dry hump Toth during training sessions. I am down bad for some action, and if Toth isn't going to lay down some serious demon pipe, I'll find another more eager and willing volunteer.

"You're sure you can handle this?" Lucifer asks me, and I have to stop myself from rolling my eyes.

"A few days lurking around the manor without stumbling upon you two fucking like rabbits? Yeah, I can handle it." Lucifer crosses his arms as he looks down at me. This time, I

do roll my eyes and list off his rules. “Rule one, do not leave the manor unless accompanied by none other than the fearless warrior, Toth. Number two, feed the cat. And number three, try not to kill anyone.” I cross my fingers for all rules except number two. *Of course, I’m going to feed the fucking cat.*

Lucifer nods his head and sighs, giving Toth a look that says he needs to keep me in line. He doesn’t have a chance in Heaven in confining me. He can try, though. *Oooohhh, me, Toth, and chains... that would be a fun weekend.*

“If you need us, summon me immediately,” Lucifer instructs.

“So dramatic, it’ll be fine. It won’t be like any of the coming-of-age teen movies I’ve watched recently while being trapped in this extremely gothic, yet somehow cozy, creepy mansion.” Lifetime network isn’t as good as Dance Mums, but when it’s a repeat episode, sometimes I switch stations.

Lucifer sighs and leans forward. He wraps his hands around me, and I’m struck still for a moment. I’m not sure I’ve ever been hugged before. I let the foreign sensation sink in and wrap my arms back around my father. I decide I quite like hugs. No, I like fatherly hugs. If anyone else tries to hug me, I might stab them.

“Seriously, have a good time. I’ve got it covered,” I whisper, and I almost feel guilty over the fact that I’ll be breaking all his rules. Instead of letting this goodbye get too sappy, I make a joke and smile at Lilith. “I’ll give you ten bucks if you can remove the stick up his ass during this vacation.” Lucifer gives us both an irritated look as Lilith laughs.

“Come on, Satan. We’re going on vacation,” Lilith cheers before she and my father portal out of Hell.

“You’re going to be an absolute fucking nightmare, aren’t you?” Toth questions, looking at me, his expression filled with suspicion. I wish I didn’t find his paranoia so hot.

I blink and give him puppy dog eyes. “Nope, I’ll be an absolute angel.”



“Even worse. Let’s go train.”

Perfect, let’s tire him out so he can’t chase me around later... wait, no... actually, that sounds pretty fun. We’ll put a pin in that idea for later.



Toth is preoccupied in the banquet area with some demon that has an issue of some sort, and it’s finally presented the perfect opportunity to leave the manor. I quickly go into my father’s room and feed Lilith’s cat, Doom, who is supposed to be a prick, but the small black cat is only adorable to me.

I’ve heard that Blair has a snake. Clearly, I need a pet. If it’s something all the powerful women in Hell have, then I need my own. I’ll make sure to bring this grievance up with my father when he gets back from vacation.

If Toth had given in to any of my advances, I would have no problem lounging around the manor with him this entire weekend, but he hasn’t. And a demon girl has needs; a demon girl with a brand new flashy body has even more needs.

It’s not even just the fact that I want a connection with someone outside of the manor. It’s the fact that, for the first time, I’m left to my own devices without a watchful eye. As much as I want to fully give in and be the spawn of Satan that everyone wants me to be, I need to know for certain everything he’s told me is the truth.

I’m not sure how I can tell, but I just know my father is lying about Beelzebub, and I’m ready to get to the bottom of it. Seeing as Beelzebub is the one who supposedly lied about my existence and maybe possibly groomed me to work with the angels to overthrow Hell, I can understand why my father wouldn’t want me in contact with him. But Beelzebub was all I had for so long, and even though everything he filled my mind with is turning out to be lies, I would still like to confront him personally.

I just need solid evidence of who I can trust, where to go from here. Is it so bad that I just want someone I can

completely depend on who will never let me down? *Maybe it's impossible.*

Focusing back on the task at hand, I realize I have a bit of a problem. I have no issues with portalling itself, but with portalling you have to picture your destination, and I don't know my way around Hell. I can visualize the front gates, though. I can see those from the window in my bedroom.

I portal to just outside of the gates and start walking, portalling as far as my eyes can see. It takes me a while until I reach the city. Toth and Lilith gave me a rundown about souls and blah, blah, blah. This town is boring, and all these 'people' look creepy as fuck.

I'll probably come back here at some point, but I know the adventure I'm wanting isn't here. The answers I want aren't in the city.

It takes more walking than I would like, but I'm finally on the outskirts of where the souls live, and I see the massive, creepy-as-fuck building in front of me.

*Bingo.*

My boots slap the pavement as I walk right into the pit of Hell and begin exploring the halls. It's very sketchy here, in the best way. There's blood splatter on some patches of the walls and the floor. There's a plethora of weapons in some of the rooms that I poke my head into, while others are filled with lifeless bodies. I can't help but be drawn deeper and deeper into the pit. It's like something or someone is beckoning me, and my confident steps take me down some stairs. The temperature grows hotter the further down I go, and the light becomes more scarce. I can see my hand in front of my face, but that's all. There's a flicker of light about ten feet ahead, and when I take another step, I hear a deep, delicious voice.

"You don't belong here, little princess."

"I think I do," I say into the void with complete confidence.

"Leave," he grunts.

"Mmm... I think not."

There are loud, heavy footsteps that come closer and closer to me. When the owner of the voice reaches me, I have to tilt my head all the way back to see his face. His strong body is smeared with blood, and his masculine face is handsome in a brutal way. His white-blond hair is in a bun and speckled with blood. I swear his ears are pointed, but his face is too far away from mine to tell. He's the biggest man—being—I've ever been around.

I'm immediately intrigued and turned on. This is exactly the type of demon who should pop my corporeal body cherry. *Sorry for your loss, Toth.*

"You shouldn't be here, princess," he reiterates, and his dark, deep voice does something to me. Something similar to the cute way Toth tries to boss me around. But this one... he's deadly, and I like it.

"I've got a better idea," I suggest, putting a finger on his rock-hard abdomen. Toth doesn't like to play, but maybe this huge beast of a man will be more fun. I'm not sure if he's calling me princess because he knows who I am or if it's a cute, little pet name for me. If it's the latter, then I may actually be in love with him already. "I'm going to run through these halls. If you catch me, I'll do what you say."

He grunts, and I think he's going to tell me to fuck off, but the only thing he says in his deep timbre is, "Run then, little princess."

I don't have to be told twice, and I let my feet carry me through the unknown halls. My hands stay out in front of me so I don't bump into any walls as I run deeper towards the center of the pit. My skin is covered in condensation, and the heat of the pit fills my lungs. It's refreshingly ashy and spurs me on to run faster.

I'm sure my boots are covered in blood and whatever other substances line the floor of the pit, but I don't care. All I care about is feeling alive and pushing this body to its limits.

My heart races, I'm sweating, and besides the thundering in my ears, the only other thing I can hear is the giant's echoing footsteps behind me. He doesn't say anything while

he hunts me down; he doesn't taunt or make any promises of what will happen when he inevitably catches me.

The hallway I'm in is so dark that I worry about its ending, so I quickly make a sharp right turn, and I'm met with stairs that spiral. I take multiple steps at a time, and I'm grateful I'm going downstairs instead of up. Both of our steps ring out loudly in the tight stairwell, and a giddy excitement swells in my chest.

*What will he do to me when he catches me?*

Will someone finally touch me the way I've always wanted? Even before I was corporeal, I wanted to experience true intimacy and affection. I suppose I did to some degree, but it wasn't my body, it didn't feel right.

I want him to catch me, and I'm sure he wants to ensnare me just as bad, but I can't let the game end so quickly.

Finally, I spot a door after going down a few more flights of stairs, and I hastily swing it open. It groans loudly and resists, but with my strength, I easily enter the room. It's a large room; it almost looks like an enormous med bay. But when I look around, I realize there's no escape.

Our game of cat and mouse is coming to a close, but it's not over just yet. The large predator hunting me is right on my tail, and with nowhere left to run, I simply hide. Crawling under one of the makeshift triage tables, I lie on my stomach and tuck my limbs close to my body so no part of me is visible.

It's hard, but I temper my breathing, even though it feels like ash is filling my lungs.

My newly created heart drums against the disgusting floor, and I realize that before this moment, I'd never truly lived. I've never felt an adrenaline rush this intense, one where my whole body is buzzing. I think I might easily become addicted to this feeling.

I hear the door creak once more before seeing his boots as he starts to pace around the room. He takes his time. He's

toying with me, and I love the idea of being his plaything, being at his mercy.

While I like being in charge—more like *love* being in charge—the idea of also being with someone who puts me in my place is intriguing.

He doesn't speak as he walks around, prolonging our little game. I just watch his extremely large feet walk around to each bed. Until he reaches mine. He pauses, and I wonder if he will just continue on to the next bed, but then a massive fist comes into view and clenches around my hair, forcing me to crawl out from under the bed.

*How deliciously humiliating.*

## CHAPTER 6



Lilith, being one of my closest allies, had already informed me that Lucifer had two daughters. One is a half-witch and has already settled down with Daxaddon. Then there is Mara, the heir apparent, Princess of Hell.

She shouldn't be the object of my affection, pursuing the ruler of Hell's daughter is a fool's errand. Well, consider me a fool of great proportions because as soon as I saw her in the pit, I knew I would make her mine.

She strolled in here with unparalleled confidence like she owned the place. Then, the sweet little demon heiress wanted to play a game. Who am I to deny her anything she wants?

This is the most fun I've had in a long time.

I love the pit; I enjoy Hell, but keep mostly to myself even though I have a few trusted friends. However, I've had nothing that truly excites me—until now.

I've toyed with her through the whole encounter. I could have easily just snatched her right from the beginning. But I wanted her heart racing, a sheen of delicious sweat to coat her skin. But most of all, I wanted her wet with anticipation, adrenaline, and desire.

My years of loyalty and dedication to my realm have finally paid off. The little princess will be my reward.

As soon as I entered the room, I knew exactly which bed she was hiding under. I could practically hear her heart beating against the linoleum.

We haven't used this room in quite some time. This is probably one of the more fucked-up torture rooms we used to use. We would place multiple souls in here and basically make them torture each other. Luckily for me, the souls realized if they did nothing, then they'd get a reprieve from torture, and Lucifer shut it down. So, I still have a job and get to torture the most depraved souls every day. I lead a good life, a nearly whole one. Except for the pieces that have been missing... this need to love something outside of myself.

If you would have asked me a few centuries ago, I would have told you I was undeserving of such affections. But now, after my years of service, I absolutely deserve something good, something completely mine.

I've made my little princess wait long enough. And while I fully intend to spoil her, she also needs to understand that she's *mine*.

My fingers lace and clench onto her long, dark hair. She whimpers as I drag her out from under the gurney. She doesn't complain, and it's not fear in her eyes when she's fully out from under the bed, it's desire. Mara doesn't push my hand from her hair or push me away. She licks her lips and looks up at me.

"What are you going to do now?" she taunts, and a feral smile takes over my face. The rules were once I caught her, I could do whatever I wanted to her. While I want to explore every inch of her, claim her brutally, she also needs to understand my undying devotion and desire for her. I know I just met her in person, but my obsession began the first time Lilith spoke about her.

There's plenty of time to get to know one another—all of eternity, to be exact. So, right now, she needs my claim on her. She needs to understand that we're meant to be, so I'm strategic in how I handle her.

I'm going to worship her... violently.

With little effort, I take her by the waist and find the cleanest bed. While it's still less than ideal, it will do. I'm not wasting a second longer.

She laughs as she bounces on the mattress.

“Fuck, yes!” she cheers. “I’m so excited.”

She’s simply adorable. I can’t hide my smile over her excitement. It’s like she was created for me. I’ve waited many years to find someone who could fit so perfectly with me. I’ve, of course, been interested in others, but it’s been a long time since I’ve acted on my carnal urges. But this little minx makes me ravenous.

“What now?” she asks, blinking at me. Her bright blue eyes turn purple for a moment before switching back. It’s absolutely precious.

I spent too much time thinking about catching her, not what I wanted to do once I had her. I don’t answer her with words. I just grunt and grip one of her boots, tugging it off her foot before doing the other.

She’s perched up on her elbows on the mattress as she watches my movements. “I don’t want to be treated delicately,” she says to me sternly.

*Noted.*

I grab the hem of her leggings and tug them down to her knees. She bites her lip and arches her eyebrow at me like she’s questioning if I can give her everything that she wants.

She’ll never need to doubt our compatibility.

Instead of pulling her leggings the rest of the way down her legs, I push her thighs to her chest and tug on the waistband of the material, stretching it behind her head. The material is stretched to the max behind her neck and holds her legs wide for my viewing pleasure. She falls onto her back and gasps as she realizes the position I’ve put her in. Her hands immediately go to her thighs, holding her legs back and making the position more comfortable.

Her pussy is front and center as I have her wrapped up in her limbs. Her body is mine for the taking.

I could easily slip my massive cock right inside of her, and there’s nothing she could do. I could take her as many times as



I wanted, fill her with my cum repeatedly so she understands my claim on her.

But I refrain.

I need her coming back to the pits, begging for my attention, cock, and time.

She is a princess—my princess—and should be treated as such.

My eyes leave her glistening cunt to take in her face. She's so eager for it, and it makes me want to make this good for her. I put my wants to the side and instead drag two fingers down her clit to her entrance, gathering her wetness and spreading it around her soft, warm pussy.

“Oh fuck, that feels better than anything I've ever felt before.”

My brows furrow, and I look back up at her. I simply arch a brow at her and am pleasantly surprised that she can already read me so well.

“No, this isn't my first time, but it also is. I've never been touched in this body.” Her face softens like it was hard for her to admit that.

“Oh, princess,” I reply in a gruff tone as my palms push her thighs further into her body and my mouth descends on her needy pussy.

One of her hands leaves the crook of her knee and roughly grabs at the bun in my hair. I groan against her cunt as I devour her, my tongue lapping up every drop she gives me.

“My clit,” she pants, yanking me by the hair and pulling my face where she wants my mouth. I obey her demand and suck the small bud into my mouth, flicking it with my tongue. “That's it. Fuck. Don't stop.”

Her legs tremble, and I can tell that the strain of her legs being confined is starting to get to her. I take pleasure in her pushing her body past its limits. I want her boneless, so exhausted that I have to carry her around after I give her pleasure.

I wish I could fuck her and eat her out at the same time.

Since I can't use my cock, I remove one hand from her shaking thigh and add a finger into her tight, little cunt. Hell, I'm going to have to train her to take my length. The thought excites me, and I use my other hand to undo my pants so I can touch myself while I eat her out.

Her thighs tremble uncontrollably and resist the stretch of her leggings, which are straining against her neck.

I've finally got my trousers down and begin to stroke myself as my tongue works her clit, and my fingers curl inside of her.

"Are you touching yourself?" she asks breathlessly, and I grunt in agreement. Her pussy clenches around my fingers, and I realize I might not last long. I've not touched another like this in centuries, and even when I did, it was never as good as this.

It spurs me on, and I speed up, doing everything faster. My fist wraps around my dick tighter, the suction on her clit gets harder, and my fingers fuck in and out of her more rapidly.

She's helpless to my touch as she holds her shaking legs, and her head thrashes against the bed.

"Please. Please," she begs me for release, and it's music to my ears. The sound of the gurney shaking is rhythmic as I fuck my fist and her pussy at the same time. Her cunt grips my fingers, and her cum drips down my hand as she finally breaks.

Her contorted body seeks the ability to be let free, but I press on, her body tightening like a coil around my fingers as she explodes. Her muscles are tense, and her eyes are watery when she opens them to stare down at me.

"Okay, that's enough."

I growl lowly and continue licking and sucking every last drop of her essence. She moans loudly with each lick, and I lock away the sounds deep in my memory.

“I want to see you finish,” she demands in a breathy voice. My lips part from her center, and I see the gratification in her eyes as she watches her cum trickling down my chin.

She’s attempting to grip the waistband of her leggings and move them off of her neck.

“No,” I command in a stern voice, and I watch her throat bob. I switch hands, jerking off with the one I used to finger her. With my cock covered in her, I finally find my release. Stroking myself roughly, I let go and let myself cover her pretty pink cunt with my cum. The white streaks decorate her beautifully, and I want nothing more than to rub it into her skin. I put my cock away before releasing her of her confines.

She sighs loudly when I pull the waistband from the back of her neck, and she can finally stretch her limbs. I help her stand on wobbly legs and slide the stretched-out material back to her waist. My hand roughly cups her pussy until I feel the wetness soak through the crotch of the material.

“Mine,” I tell her.

She gives me a beaming smile. “I think if I’m going to be yours, I should at least know your name, big guy.”

“Elvor,” I answer her.

“Elvor,” she repeats with a smile. “Fitting. Well, Elvor, if you’re asking to court me, I approve. However, you must know that I’m not a one-guy kind of girl. I have a lot of time to make up for, and I plan on pushing this body to the fullest.”

I tilt my head at her and consider her words. *Could I share her?*

The initial idea angers me. I’ve been so patient; I’ve waited so long for a person who would suit me... and now I need to share her? I’m unsure.

“How about this? If I like someone, I’ll tell you first, and we can talk about it?” she offers. “My name’s Mara, by the way.”

“I know,” I say.

She tilts her head at me and looks me up and down. “Strong but silent type. I like it. So this is the pit, huh?” she asks, and I nod my head. “I’m—”

She doesn’t finish her sentence because Toth slams the door open; he looks furious as he takes in the room and the state I left Mara in. She’s a disheveled, gorgeous mess. Pride in making her look that way swells in me. I take a protective stance in front of Mara as the demon takes a deep breath and looks at the ceiling.

Mara taps me on the back. When I spin to face her, she nearly reaches my pectorals. I find her small size adorable. “He’s someone I like.”

I grunt in response. *Toth, really?* I do my best not to judge my new lover’s tastes.

“Seriously, you ran off to the fucking pit? You need to come back to the manor right fucking now,” Toth chastises her.

An animalistic growl rumbles in my chest, but Mara places a placating hand on my arm.

“It’s okay, Elvor.” She faces Toth and puts a hand on her hip. “The manor is boring. Excuse me for wanting to live a little.” I watch with pure masculine pride as Toth looks down her body and notices the pool of release at the apex of her thighs. I can see his irritation and jealousy, it’s delicious.

“Let’s go. Now,” he demands. Mara rolls her eyes and faces me.

“Maybe you could come by the manor tomorrow? You can start your courting that way,” she suggests hopefully. I give her a nod, and she fists my shirt, tugging me down so she can place a chaste kiss on my lips. “See you around, big guy,” she murmurs against my mouth before leaving me.

Toth tries to grab her arm, and she tugs it away from him. It makes pride swell in my chest; I watch her ass swish in her leggings on her way out.

What courting gift does one give the Princess of Hell?

I have a great deal to think about, and I always do my best thinking when I torture others. I automatically walk through the halls and make my way to my favorite prisoner.

My father, Drugon, the previous king of the fae realm and the man who killed me nearly four-hundred years ago.

I shove the door open, and it smashes violently against the opposing wall.

“My least favorite son,” he spits in greeting. He’s tied to a chair, and I haven’t let him clean up since the day he died, which has been nearly two decades ago.

“You reek, you disgust me! You always were such a disappointment. What does Lucifer even see in you?” he sneers. I’m not sure what his angle is... that he will goad me into finally ending his pathetic existence, perhaps?

As I always do, I start with his fingers. I grab a pair of pliers and sit down on my rolling chair as I grip his middle finger, breaking the digit at the knuckle. He shouts and grimaces; the noises are comforting to me.

*Is a finger a good courting gift?* No, probably not.

*Flowers?* No, that’s too pedestrian for a hellion like Mara.

*A weapon?* Yes, only the finest will do.

I stand suddenly, kicking his desecrated finger to the other side of the room and putting the pliers down. I look around and wonder if I should put him in a new cell. This one seems far too nice. Not enough mold on the ceiling. The amount of blood and body fluids is a nice touch, but he needs to struggle to breathe.

“Like I said, weak. Finish what you started!” my father yells at me. I simply shake my head, slapping him hard across the face.

I have far more important things to do than torture a pathetic fae.

## CHAPTER 7

### MARA

Toth's portal is not as soft as it was the other day when he took me to the Black Lake.

“What the fuck were you thinking?” he asks me as he pushes me against the wall. His hand wraps tightly around my throat as the back of my head bounces against the wall.

“Which part, not wanting to be here with you? Or seeing what Hell has to offer?”

“You never should have gone to the pit by yourself. It's fucking reckless. What if something happened to you?”

A grin takes over my face. “Awww, are you worried about me, Toth?” I tease, wrapping my hands around his wrists. “That's really sweet for an ancient demon; it really makes a girl feel special.”

His hand leaves my throat like I burned him, and I sigh in frustration. Elvor is simple. I barely spoke to him, and he realized how amazing I am. His eagerness to court me was absolutely charming.

He didn't seem keen on sharing, but I'll open his eyes to the wonders that enjoying more than one person can bring. Not that I've experienced it before, I just know it's going to be awesome.

Plus, I needed to be upfront with Elvor, seeing as I have devious plans to make Toth mine. I haven't even seen all the other demons in Hell that might be at my disposal. How am I supposed to agree to monogamy when I don't know all my options?

“You promised your father that you wouldn’t leave the manor.”

“I also promised myself that I was going to have the most fun possible in my new body, and I can’t do that cooped up in this mansion.”

He does the cute little thing when he’s annoyed with me, where he pinches the bridge of his nose and breathes in deeply.

“Things in Hell aren’t stable right now. You can’t just go roaming around without an escort.”

My anger sizzles, and I push against his chest—hard—forcing his body back against the wall.

“Technically, Elvor was my escort around the pits. He showed me so much,” I argue angrily. “Do you want to see? Hm?” I taunt him, and he shoves me back.

“Just go to your fucking room,” he tells me, his anger fueling him, just as it is me.

“Of course, we wouldn’t want the Devil to come back and be upset at his little bitch for failing him,” I spit out. His hand flies out, coming back around my throat, and he presses me hard against the wall. His face is so close to mine that just another inch, and we’d be kissing.

“I’m no one’s bitch,” he snarls at me, and I smile, provoking him even further.

“Could have fooled me. Such a good little servant for your lord, aren’t you?”

He squeezes my throat tighter, and his deep brown eyes sear into mine. He looks like he wants to say something else but breathes through his nose audibly and speaks through gritted teeth. “Go to your room,” he demands.

Yet, he doesn’t let me go.

“You could serve someone else, you know? I would make you feel so fucking good while you worship me,” I throw out, staring at his face.

His scent is masculine and thick. All I want to do is to be wrapped up in it. But the stupid man just won't give in. Until his devotion to me surpasses the loyalty he has to my father, this will never work.

Maybe he just needs some incentive.

"Elvor was so generous with me, you know? Didn't even ask for me to get him off. Just rendered me immobile and ate my pussy like he wouldn't live another day unless he tasted me."

"Enough," he angrily growls. Yet, his hand doesn't tighten on my throat, nor does he let me go.

"I told him I couldn't be tied down to one demon, just so you know. I've got to explore what makes me happy. You want me to be happy, don't you, Toth?" I whisper huskily in his ear.

His body presses against mine, and I can feel how much he wants me, that he doesn't want to hold back. His hand glides from my throat so that he can grip my chin, his fingers digging into the flesh of my face.

"Go to your room and clean up your mess," he says, letting go of my face roughly, the back of my head hitting the wall so hard that it dents the drywall.

I scoff and dust myself off before stomping to my room. Toth's foul mood has squashed my elation after being with Elvor.

I'll just have to work harder.

I have a feeling that Elvor showing up to the manor with gifts and flaunting our relationship will help. Not that I'm using Elvor for the sole purpose of making Toth jealous. Elvor belongs to me now, not that I know much about the giant man. Hopefully, the next time I see him, he has more than just a few words to say to me.

*What if he can't say more than five words at once?* I decide it doesn't matter. He's sweet, fun, and attractive. Plus, I can do the talking for the both of us.



I don't worry about Toth telling my father about my little outing, either. What is he going to do, ground me? The thought is ridiculous. My wild nature needs to be put to use, not squandered here in the manor.

I realize then that I've always had a purpose—a goal to work towards—and right now, I have nothing but my inner schemes to eventually rule Hell and enjoy this body.

Maybe I need a job. I plan on bringing this up with Father Hell right away.



Lilith's and Lucifer's return to Hell is... interesting.

Of course, Toth snitched on me. Not a surprise. I'll just have to work harder on getting him to want to please me as much as he seems to want to please my father.

“So, you had a little field trip, I hear?” Lucifer starts. He's sitting behind his desk at his library, and I'm sitting on the loveseat across from him. His library is comforting in a way; the smell of old books and the rich, dark textures of the room have a cozy hue to them.

“I did,” I say matter-of-factly. No point in lying now.

“You met Elvor?” he prods, with an arch of a brow.

“Yes, he is courting me.”

Lucifer looks contemplative for a moment. “Is that what you want?”

I think about telling him I want Toth too. Toth is so devoted to this being in front of me, but I bet if I told him I wanted Toth for myself, he would just gift him to me. It hits me then how hurtful that would be to Toth, so I refrain. I'll just have to break him in over time.

“Yes. I also would like to do more than sit on my ass all day.”

Lucifer steepled his fingers and brings them to his lips. It almost looks like he's praying, and I have to hold in a giggle.

"Are you aware of our issues with Heaven currently?"

"Well aware," I answer snidely. Lucifer doesn't like my tone one bit. I swear I watch his jaw tick as he exhales dramatically. I watch as he composes himself. I guess my years of being abandoned outweigh my shitty attitude.

"It's too much of a risk."

I roll my eyes and unsheathe one of the daggers I stole after a weapons lesson with Toth. During the lesson, he explained that it has the ability to kill an angel or a demon. I slice the palm of my hand and hold it up. We both watch as the skin knits back together and the blood dries. It tingles, but it doesn't hurt.

"Can't die, remember? If there's anyone you should be sending out to wage a war for you, it's me."

"You're still learning."

"Am I? You won't let me leave the manor, yet I'm supposed to be understanding the inner workings of Hell. I'm strong and smart; I don't need my hand held like a toddler. I'm stronger and more powerful than any other demon you've made corporeal. It's time you start treating me like it."

The left corner of his mouth tilts, and he nods his head. "Very well. You have full access to Hell. I won't treat you like a child."

I sit up straighter, lifting my chin slightly. "Thank you."

"So, I'm guessing I'll see Elvor around the manor more often?" he asks.

"Yes, along with others, more than likely," I say, and he rubs the back of his neck and clears his throat.

"I just wish you to be happy. It is not uncommon in Hell. I'll trust your judgment in whom you decide to spend your time with," he says, swallowing and looking away like he wants to change the subject. "There is also the matter of your

coronation and what your duties will be as the Princess of Hell.”

“How am I supposed to one-up Lilith’s coronation?” I ask with a smirk, and it’s the first time I see Lucifer’s face heat. I’m grateful I wasn’t there to see what he and Lilith did when he crowned her his queen.

“Right, well,” he clears his throat. My ability to make powerful demons uncomfortable is a serious skill set. “Why don’t you think about what you want for the event. I know Lilith is more than happy to let you plan it.”

He flips through some papers on his desk, and I’m not sure if I’m being dismissed or if he feels uncomfortable, so I stand and leave.

“I’d like to have a family dinner on Sunday,” he says gently, and I smile.

I gasp and clutch at my chest. “On the Lord’s day of all days?”

“Depends on which lord, darling. Can I count you in?”

“Can Elvor come?”

“Of course,” he says. I give him a curt nod and leave his library.

I guess Hell is my oyster... now that I think about it, I have no clue what that phrase means. All I know is that I’m finally ready to spread my hypothetical wings. I don’t even feel like I have any nefarious intentions, either. I’m liking Hell, Lucifer—my father. Now, I’m ready to get to know the rest of its inhabitants.

I’m close to portalling out of the manor when Lilith approaches me.

“Elvor is here to see you,” she informs me with a smile on her face.

“Oh, he is?” I ask, feeling giddy over the fact that he’s following up on the promises that he made me.

“He’s special. You have to promise me that this isn’t just a fling,” Lilith says.

“I’ll be honest, I don’t really know him. I like him. He’s courting me.”

Lilith nods her head and looks around the hallway. “I kind of had a feeling you two would hit it off. I was planning on introducing you after Lucifer, and I got back, but it seems you did that yourself.”

“He told you what happened?” I ask, wondering if Elvor shares more candor with Lilith than he does with me because that just won’t do.

“No, I just assumed, based on the fact that he’s here to see you.”

“Right,” I say, eyeing up the pretty blonde demon. “How close are you with Elvor, exactly?” The question is both for myself and Lucifer. If she’s dating my man, we’re going to have problems. If she’s stepping out on my father, the king of Hell, she’ll have even bigger problems.

“Oh, heavens no, it’s not like that. He has always been a good friend to me... I just want to return the favor.”

I take the risk in believing her because, so far, Lilith has been the most welcoming to me in Hell. I won’t deny that I’ll continue monitoring the pretty blonde, though.

Lilith and I walk together to the foyer, where Elvor stands. Now that we’re not in the dim light of the pit, I can see how truly striking he is. His white-blond hair is pinned back in a bun, like before, and I can now confirm just how pointed his ears are. They’re adorable. His eyes are even bluer than mine, almost crystalline. His face has a few scars, but nothing that distracts from how truly handsome he is.

I thought I made him out to be larger in my memories than he truly is, but now that he stands before me, I realize he’s just as big as I thought he was.

“I’ll give you two some privacy,” Lilith offers before leaving.

Elvor pulls a beautiful sword from behind his back and hands it to me. It's clearly old, and the craftsmanship is impeccable. The blade is clean and sharp, and the hilt is ornate with gold roses.

“You weren't kidding about a courting gift, huh?”

“I'm a man of my word,” he states. I smile, loving that I get to hear his deep voice. “Can we go?” he asks, looking around. I wonder if he's nervous about others hearing his deep voice.

I grab his large hand and hold the sword in the other as I lead him through the hallways. Once we get to the wing with our private rooms, I realize that Elvor cannot pass the boundary.

“What the fuck?”

Taking a gamble, I use the sword to prick my finger. Elvor's eyes widen, and his face nearly goes green. But when the blade doesn't kill me, and I can drop a few drops of blood on his hand, he finally breathes.

With my blood on him, he can pass the threshold, and we continue to my private quarters.

As soon as I shut my door, Elvor descends on me, his large hands grabbing my palm and inspecting the wound that has already disappeared.

“That sword can kill a demon,” he states, awed by me.

“Oh yeah, those don't work on me.”

His eyebrows furrow, but he doesn't ask me any further questions. I put Dance Mums on as background noise, and we both sit on my bed.

“So, you don't like to talk much?” I question him.

“I was taught to be seen but not heard. It is something I can work on for you if you wish.”

I squeeze his hand, and something hopeful simmers inside of me. “I want you to be comfortable. If you don't enjoy talking in front of other people, that's okay. But I think when

we're alone, I'd love to hear you talk. I want to get to know you better."

The giant man blushes, and it does something to me. How can he be so massive and scary but also the cutest human on the planet?

"I'll try. This is new to me."

"It's new for me too. I've never had a boyfriend before," I tell Elvor.

"Me either," he replies.

I tilt my head at him and smile. "Would you like one?"

He shrugs his shoulders, and with my newfound freedom in mind, I hop off the bed and head to my closet. "How do you feel about going out tonight, having a little fun?"

"Where you go, I follow," he declares.

"You know, Elvor, you're the perfect man for me," I say, stepping between his legs where he sits on my bed. I let myself explore his face, touching his cheeks and chin before gliding my hands down to his shoulders. "Who are you most loyal to?" I ask him.

Without hesitation, and with this only being our second meeting, he answers with complete sincerity. "You."

I grin and cup his face as I reward him with a kiss. For a man so large and imposing, you would think he couldn't do soft touches, but he surprises me. His hands land softly on my hips, and he holds me closer. We had only shared that one soft kiss after Toth ruined our fun before. This one is more exploratory.

I think I could spend all day kissing Elvor, but right now, there's a lot of Hell to explore and fun to be had.

He groans in displeasure as I break the kiss.

"Is there a good club in Hell?" I ask.

"Yes," he responds simply. I go to my closet and grab three dress choices. I hold them by the hanger as I come back to my room and stand in front of Elvor.

“Which one?” I ask him, not having any clue what the dress code is at places like this.

“Purple,” he answers, and I grin. I shed all my clothes right in front of him. He takes in my body, spending most of the time looking at my tits. I suppose he didn’t get much of a preview during our last escapade. *He deserves a reward.* Before putting the dress on, I stand before him naked.

“You can touch and kiss for a few minutes, but then we have to go.”

He looks at me and blinks dumbly a few times before cupping both of my breasts. He looks at them in awe before his mouth takes turns licking and sucking each breast and nipple. It has me riled up, and I almost wish I didn’t have other plans for us.

He has my left nipple tightly suctioned between his lips when I step back. The sensation of pulling away is both painful and pleasurable. My tit leaves his mouth with a soft pop, and Elvor licks his lips, his gaze never leaving my chest now that they have a sheen of his saliva on them.

“More of that later,” I promise him. He gives me a look of irritation, and I point my finger at him. “None of that. We’re going hunting.”

He raises his eyebrow at me and stands. I dress quickly, and once I do a double take in the mirror, I decide I’m pleased with my outfit. Elvor holds his arm out to me, waiting until I give him a signal that I’m ready.

His portal is gentle, and I quickly realize that he’s portalled us directly into the club. Tonight is going to be a Hell of a good time.

## CHAPTER 8

# JUDD

S ometimes, I wish I could kill myself for a second time.

Not that I entirely meant to the first time, but I knew the potential risks of what I was doing in the mortal realm.

I'm supposed to be one of the lucky ones. I'm a corporeal demon who spent little time drifting around Hell formless. Lucifer saw something in me and decided to give me a job, but I can't decide if I would rather just be listless in Hell.

At least the drugs are good in Hell.

They have always been my crutch in any setting. Feeling anxious, weed, feeling bored, coke, feeling ungrounded in reality, pop some E and really disassociate. It wasn't healthy on Earth, and it sure as fuck isn't healthy now.

I feel like drugs make me interesting, it's why most of the demons in this club even bother to speak to me. It's all I'm good for. None of them seek out any additional friendships with me, not that I make myself seem open to anything like that.

Having friends was the same way on Earth, and when I think about it, I feel depressed. The fact that I'm probably sixty-something years old and have yet to have had a meaningful relationship is just sad. My parents thought I was worthless and couldn't have cared less what happened to me. I'd like to blame them for how I ended up; maybe their lack of parental guidance, love, and affection is why I'm such a fuck up.



The only thing I've done right has been not being a complete dick to other people. It's something that all the other demons in here don't seem to give a shit about. I might be useless or unimportant in the grand scheme of things. But I'm not a fucking asshole, and I refuse to let this place take that from me. It's the one thing I can hold on to.

Not that my morality is by any means pious, but I don't truly enjoy being rude to people, and I don't see that changing anytime soon. Unfortunately, it's not a character trait many demons seem to find attractive. The more vicious you are, the more likely you are to find someone to pay attention to you in this place.

If someone gave me attention, I know I'd be addicted right away. I wouldn't be able to stop myself. I've been so devoid of another's touch and companionship for so long. Longer than my immortal life, truly, my whole existence has been a lonely one.

I was an unwanted child of poverty who turned to what I had around me, and it killed me in the end. Now I'm here, filling up space in this Hell hole and wishing that there was something more for me.

Finding a purpose is what I need. I worry that if I don't find it soon, I'll find a way to disappear from all the realms permanently.

Fuck, that's so melancholy, I have no reason to be this depressive. I should be glad that I have a corporeal body, that I can party, that I have some semblance of free will. But something's missing. The same thing that was missing from my life on Earth plagues me now.

No one cared when I died in my mortal life, and it feels like no one in Hell would care if I went missing, either. Maybe Asmodeus would care for a few minutes, more so because I wouldn't be here to give him his fix.

Beyond that, I'm alone, and I only have myself to blame.

I keep to myself. I never put myself out there. You would think after a few decades of being a demon, I would have

learned some basic social skills, but it's only gotten harder for me. I don't know what demons I can trust, and the thought of letting one of them in and then having them ditch me is terrifying.

Fundamentally I know that if I don't put myself out there, then I'm just destined to be alone forever. I know the deeper issue is that I don't feel like I deserve love or think that I can be the kind of partner a demon would want.

I'm different from a lot of the other demons who surround me in this club. I'm not afraid to do bad things, but I'm also not someone I would consider aggressive. So many other demons dominate and take what they want. Is it so wrong that I would rather find someone who takes charge and makes the decisions for me? I worry that most other demons would see it as a weakness.

I don't know why I continue to come here almost every night.

*That's a lie.*

I come here to be surrounded by people because if I didn't, I would just spend my time on missions or sulking in my condemned apartment in the city.

The line of coke on the table taunts me as I look around the club. It's a terrible feeling to be completely alone when you're surrounded by so many people. I just need a change... or something that I can pour all my focus into because I don't know how long I can keep living this infinite, solemn existence.

A new song plays. Hell is currently big on the early 2000s Earth music—I don't hate it. The beat is loud, and demons are dancing provocatively while I sit on the same couch I always do. I almost miss when Lilith was being a menace all those years ago. She was one of the first people to engage with me and help me have fun, but she's with Lucifer now, and I don't want any part of that. Though, I suppose if I did want to end it all, I could ask her to dance with me again. Surely, Lucifer would devour my soul for that alone. The thought is grim, and I shake my head, needing to change it.

*Maybe I should pray.* I laugh at the idea as I think about it. Pray for what, exactly? For someone to finally give me some attention? For someone to look at me and see someone worth something versus someone worth pitying? Even as I think all of these things, I wonder who would want to be with such a pessimistic downer... I know I wouldn't.

I see a hulking form go through the crowd, and as soon as I see his hair and ears, I know it's Elvor. I've always thought he was attractive, but I've always been too reserved to talk to him. The one time I did, he grunted at me, not bothering to speak, so I took that as him not being interested.

It's a surprise seeing him here. He usually sticks to the pit and formal Hell functions. But here he is, parting the crowd like the Red Sea. What's even more shocking is the woman who finally comes into view behind him. He has his hand clasped around hers.

She's stunning.

Her smile is wild as she tugs on his hand and dances. She doesn't dance for Elvor or the rest of the crowd. She's clearly in her own world, closing her eyes and swaying to the beat. She runs her hands up and down her body and ruffles her hair, not giving a single fuck about people looking at her or what anyone thinks of her.

I want to bottle her confidence and drink it till I drown. Just an ounce would empower me to be the demon I want to be.

She throws her head back and laughs as she watches Elvor stand there, unmoving. If anything, he looks like her bodyguard as he scopes the club for possible threats. They're talking, and I wish I was closer to hear what they're saying. They're a beautiful couple. I could easily watch them all day, wishing I was brave enough to have something like what they have.

Suddenly, both of their heads turn my way. I'm too shocked or stupid to look away. I make eye contact with Elvor first, who tilts his head curiously at me; meanwhile, the

woman he's with has a huge grin on her face. She takes his hand in hers and drags him through the crowd towards me.

*Oh, fuck. Are they going to tell me I'm a fucking creep and ask me why I was staring?*

I swallow thickly and try to appear as casual as possible as the woman comes to a stop, standing before me with a smile.

"Is this seat taken?" she asks. I shake my head no, and she sits next to me, with Elvor sitting on the edge. "I'm Mara," she introduces herself, holding out her hand to me.

"Judd," I reply, shaking her soft, small hand.

Did I accidentally pray? Is this some cosmic universe sending me a message right now? I try my best to appear calm and like I can actually hold a conversation with a girl as pretty as her.

"I like your tattoos," she compliments, trailing the pad of her pointer finger down my throat. I try to withhold a shiver, but I can't help it. I can't remember the last person who touched me.

"Thank you. I haven't seen you around here before."

"Well, this body is shiny and new, and it's my first time in Hell."

I feel so socially inept. *Where do you go from here? Should I offer her drugs?*

"Anyway, I think you're cute," she states, her hand sliding down to my arm, where she holds it up to inspect it. "Elvor thinks you're cute, too."

I blink at Mara and look at Elvor. "He said that?"

"He's the strong, silent type. You'll get used to it. Do you want to dance, Judd?"

"Y-y-you want to dance with me?" I reiterate. *Is this some sort of fucked-up trick?*

"Yes, Elvor doesn't like to dance. But he would like to watch us dance together."

I look over at Elvor and raise an eyebrow at him.

“Go,” is all Elvor says, tilting his chin for me and Mara to go to the dance floor together while he spreads out on the seat and watches.

“This isn’t some fucked-up game, right?” I ask Mara.

Her dark, perfectly shaped eyebrows scrunch together as she looks at me. A small tilt of her lips and a shake of her head puts me at ease. She leans forward, keeping her hand on my forearm.

“Judd?” she says my name so seductively that a shiver travels up my spine.

“Yeah?”

“We’re going to dance together. I want to be wrapped up in your tattooed arms, pressed against you, with your hands running along my body while I dance, and Elvor is going to enjoy watching. Can you be a good boy and do that for me?” she whispers suggestively in my ear.

*Is this like Make A Wish for Demons?*

“Okay,” I reply, dumbly.

Mara leans down, kissing Elvor’s cheek before taking my hand and dragging me out to the middle of the dance floor. I look back at Elvor for reassurance, and I swear I see him mouth the words *have fun*.

My heart is racing in my chest, and the music is pounding in my ears. My palm is hot from her touch, and when she lets go, it feels like a loss of epic proportions. Fortunately, her hands slide up my chest and rest on my shoulders as she moves against me to the loud beat.

Her hand glides from my shoulder to the nape of my neck, tugging until my ear is against her lips.

“Touch me, Judd,” she demands, and I do as she says. My one hand rests on her hip as the other holds her by the back of her head like she’s holding mine. Her hair is soft, and she smells amazing. I want to be closer to her.

Her grip on my hair tightens, and she shifts herself so that our legs are between each other. My thigh is extremely close to her core as we sway to the music. She's so carefree and happy, unlike so many demons I've had the displeasure of surrounding myself with.

She's like a sliver of sunshine in Hell, and I can't help but want to be in her orbit in any way she'll let me.

I look over to Elvor to make sure he isn't about to rush over here and kill me for touching her. It's quite the opposite, actually. His eyes are laser-focused on where Mara and I are connected while we dance. But what's most shocking to me is that his eyes aren't solely glued to Mara's form. He's looking at me too. He isn't just watching either; he's enamored. Elvor isn't an easy man to read, but even I can tell that he's enjoying what he's seeing. I don't know if it's just the way I'm dancing with Mara or if there's something else there.

I'm stupid for even thinking that. Of course, he's just turned on with the way Mara is moving. He's never shown me any interest before. Even if Mara spoke on his behalf earlier, until he actually speaks to me, I won't believe it.

"Stop thinking so hard," Mara says to me before spinning herself around so that her perfectly pert ass is now moving against my crotch.

It takes my brain a solid minute to figure out what's happening, and I nearly want to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming.

"Judd, I really don't want to have to tell you to touch me again," she chastises. It's not frustration in her tone but humor, and I'm thankful as I place my hands on her hips. One of her hands goes back to the nape of my neck as she dances against me.

I'm not sure what comes over me, but I want to please her, make this good for her. I need to prove to her that I'm not a piece of shit and that I'm not some fucking loser she needs to take pity on. There's something about this demon that makes me want to be more than what I already am. I know it's ridiculous, that she just tugged me on the dance floor and is

showing me the attention I've been thirsty for. But it's more than an instant attraction or the straightforward personality that allures me to her. It's like her soul's essence is wrapping around me and tugging me close. I welcome it with open arms.

This is *the something* I needed to latch onto so I don't disappear.

I lock eyes with Elvor as one of my hands trails from her hip, up between her breasts to where I lock my fingers around her slender throat. Elvor's blue eyes flash, and Mara pushes her perfect ass harder against my embarrassingly hard cock.

She rests her head on my shoulder and it's pathetic, but I feel worth something in this moment. Like I'm not the demon people pity or avoid. I'm someone worth dancing with, worth knowing, worth... *wanting*.

There's something feral within me that would do anything to have Mara make me feel this way constantly. Anything is better than the numbness I've been living with. I need an adventure, and fuck if this woman doesn't radiate absolute chaos.

Mara grips my hair fiercely, and the music stops. She spins around, and there's a light sheen of sweat on her forehead. A dark piece of hair clings to her skin, and I tenderly move it with two fingers.

She smiles at me like I'm someone special, and I don't know how to react. I don't even get a second before Lisa and Tina decide to interrupt. The trio of their squad, Autumn, was recently killed by Lucifer himself for disrespecting Lilith. It's a shame he didn't just take out all three.

"Oh look, Tina. Judd finally got someone to take pity on him, enough so that they would dance with him," Lisa snarks.

Mara turns quickly and tilts her head at Lisa. "I don't think we've met."

"She speaks. I thought she was mute *and* stupid," Lisa snickers to Tina, and they laugh.

The smile that takes over Mara's face is menacing and cold. "That's right, that's how I know you. My father killed

your plain little friend. What was her name, Judd? Fall... Harvest... Pumpkin?"

I swallow and ignore the father part for a second as I reply, "Autumn."

"That's right. Your friend Autumn was the dumbass who got herself killed for disrespecting my family. Would you like to join her?"

Lisa blinks at Mara stupidly.

"It was my mistake. I apologize," Lisa backtracks.

Mara takes a step forward, crowding Lisa's space. Mara is taller than the other demon by a good few inches.

"Talk poorly about anyone I care about again, and I'll cut off your fucking head and hang it like a disco ball in this club as a message to anyone who thinks they can cross me or my family," she threatens before taking a step back and smiling. "Love your dress, by the way," she gushes with a smile before grabbing my hand.

Lisa and Tina look absolutely mortified as they scurry away like rats.

Mara is terrifying, beautiful, and not afraid to take control. I was already intrigued, but now I know she's what I've been wishing for. She could ask me to jump, and I would ask her how high. I'm still stunned stupid when she drags me back to where Elvor is sitting.

"Okay?" he asks her quietly. She kisses his cheek and sits down, crossing her legs.

"Oh, we're fine. Someone just needed to be put in their place. Did you like watching us dance, big guy?" Elvor nods his head. His gaze stays on Mara for a moment before turning to me. He looks over my body quickly, then sits back, throwing his arm on the back of the couch. I don't miss the fact that his palm is extremely close to my shoulder. If he just moved an inch, he would be touching me.

"I did," Elvor confirms, making Mara giggle.



So much has happened in the last few moments. I feel like I have whiplash.

“Can we circle back to something real quick?” I ask Mara. She gives me a soft look. She doesn’t look at me the same way she does Elvor—not in a bad way, just different, maybe gentler? Like she already knows that Elvor and I are nowhere near similar and that we need to be handled in different ways.

“Of course. What’s up?”

“Your father is Lucifer?” I ask, and she nods her head.

“Is that going to be a problem for you?” she poses the question like the mere thought of it bothering me would irritate her.

“I’m not sure,” I reply honestly.

She clicks her tongue and shocks me by standing up, only to straddle my lap. The slits of her dress allow her to spread her thighs wide, and a vast amount of her smooth flesh is exposed to me.

Mara trails her finger down the side of my face until she reaches my chin, where she grabs it roughly, forcing me to look at her.

I’m in a nearly dumbfounded state, but I can’t help myself from gliding my hands up and down her thighs. Her skin is so smooth and perfect. I regret saying anything to upset her, but I can’t begrudge that it put me in this position with her on top of me. I should just give her whatever she wants. It’s odd, but there’s this nagging part of my brain that’s telling me I’m hers now, and I better get used to it.

“I get it. He’s the all-powerful King of Hell. You seem sweet, Judd. I like that about you. You could be my sweet little thing. The one I count on for late-night talks and gentle touches; I think everyone needs a little tenderness in their lives. I would take such good care of you. But that would require loyalty. I need your devotion to me to outweigh your fear of my father.”

She scooches closer against me so that her pussy is pressed tightly against my crotch. She looks over to Elvor, whose hand

finally touches my shoulder.

*Holy fucking shit.*

“So what’s it going to be? Are you going to let fear get in the way? Or do you want to get to know me and Elvor a little better?” she asks with a devious smile on her face.

“I’m not afraid,” I tell her. It’s a total lie. I’m just trying to be brave. The thought of what Lucifer might do to me, knowing I’m involved with his daughter, is terrifying. But I come to the conclusion that I either get to experience whatever it is she’s offering, or Lucifer destroys my soul. Either way, it’s a win-win for me, right? Wasn’t I just contemplating an end to my eternal existence? Plus, if she is the reward, then any risk I have to take to have a chance at this *is absolutely worth it*.

“Then it’s settled; you, me, and Elvor are going on a date.”

“Okay,” I reply.

As the word slips from my lips, I realize that I feel like I finally have a purpose after all the years of surviving in Hell alone. Maybe I can be more than Hell’s local drug dealer. The way Mara looks at me ignites a fire inside my chest. This yearning for more and something beyond a lonely existence. I don’t know how someone can make you feel so many things in such a short amount of time, but I’m not going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

She looks to Elvor and then to me.

“Um, how do people communicate in Hell?” For the first time, I don’t feel like I’m the clueless one in this trio, and I give Mara a devious smirk, finding her all too adorable.

“We don’t have phones or anything like mortals, so mostly in person or portalling to one another,” I answer her.

“Boo, do phones work in Hell?” she whines with a pout.

“Sorry, afraid not,” I tell her, my hands sliding up to grip her waist, never wanting her to leave from my lap.

“Well, you and Elvor will just have to pick me up tomorrow at eight, then. I want to be courted. You two plan the date,” she tells us, and surprisingly, we both nod our heads. “

Elvor, portal me home, please.” I don’t know how exactly to court the daughter of Satan himself, but I know that I can’t fuck it up. I haven’t felt like this—ever. This instant, easy attraction isn’t something that’s ever happened to me before, and I know I’m lucky. Lucky, she sought me out and that she’s taking this chance on a low-grade demon. I’m not going to fuck it up, not like I’ve done the rest of my life.

He stands and holds out his hand to her. She regretfully leaves my lap but kisses my cheek before standing to her full height.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” she asks for confirmation.

“I’ll see you both tomorrow,” I reply, and she grins, bumping her hip against Elvor. Without another word, they portal away, and I wonder what the fuck I just got myself into.

## CHAPTER 9

# MARA

I think I'm pretty good at pretending that I don't have any insecurities and like I have my shit completely together.

But I'd be lying to myself if I said that I wasn't worried about tonight. It's my first real date. There's no hiding behind simple flirtation, and there's no escaping real conversation. What if Judd and Elvor realize, after getting to know me, that I'm not that great? Or maybe they won't want to share because I can't hold enough of their interest? What if they want someone who is softer and sweeter? I'm still exploring who I am, but purely sweet isn't me. I mean, they're demons; they would want someone equally hellish, right?

*Ugh, stop with the negative bullshit,* I tell myself and tug at my hair. I can't get it to cooperate. Usually, I would let the human I possessed be awake when self-care needed to happen. I haven't had to do my own hair since I was fifteen. This curling iron is hot as shit, and every time I try to do a strand of hair, it comes out wonky.

There's a light knock on my door.

"Come in."

Lilith opens the door and gives me a soft smile. "Want help getting ready?"

"Please," I plead, sitting down at the vanity as she comes around and takes the curling iron in her hand before getting to work.

"Are you excited about tonight?"

“Yes, and maybe nervous.”

“You have nothing to worry about. Elvor and Judd are probably the nicest demons I’ve met since I’ve been in Hell,” Lilith reassures.

“You know Judd too?”

She takes a section of my hair and curls it, not answering right away. “I don’t know Judd as well as I know Elvor. Really, when I think about it, I don’t know Judd well at all. But I know him well enough to know he’s a decent demon.”

“You think I deserve someone decent?” I ask her, confused. *Wouldn’t they think I deserve the most evil and brutal demons Hell has to offer?*

“Of course you do. It’s hard to line up what you learn on Earth about Hell to what actually goes on here. It took me a long time to grapple with my morality. We’re not all bad, hardly anyone is. Plus, we’re not confined to the mortal code of morals, so what would be considered decent there versus here is always going to be different,” she explains.

“I’ve always thought of myself as inherently evil.”

“No one is *inherently* evil, not even the spawn of Satan,” she says sweetly as she works on the rest of my hair. “Do you know where they’re taking you?”

“Not yet,” I reply, and Lilith nods her head.

“Anywhere they take you, I’m sure the three of you will have an amazing time,” she says.

“Lilith, is it strange to be with more than one person in Hell?” I ask.

“Not at all. Honestly, monogamy is probably the outlier in Hell. Whatever feels right to you, listen to that instinct. You have eternity to find out who you are and what you want out of your existence. Don’t worry about what anyone else thinks,” she encourages, finishing up my hair and placing a hand on my shoulder. I’m not sure what instinct takes over me, but I lightly squeeze her hand and smile in the vanity mirror.

“Thank you, Lilith.”

She squeezes my shoulders and gives me a warm smile. “I’m always here for you, Mara,” she replies, squeezing my shoulder once more before she leaves. I’m glad she left when she did because the emotions running through me are foreign and strange.

This affection I have for Lilith sinks into my rotting black heart and takes root. For now, I’ll let it fester and grow, but the thought of caring for someone who isn’t devoted to me is still asinine.

I wear a simple black, cocktail-length dress. I figured it would work for any place they are taking me to. I get giddy wondering if Elvor planned the date or if he and Judd worked together to plan our outing.

The sexual connection between the three of us will be easy, I have no doubt. The real fear lies in actually getting to know each other, and if that will make or break this little ménage, I’m trying to build. I slide on my shoes and leave my bedroom, walking down the hallway.

My arm is roughly grabbed, and I’m pushed against the hallway wall, a hulking Toth glaring down at me. “Where are you going?”

“On a date, why?”

“With who?” he growls.

“I don’t think that’s any of your business. Didn’t you get removed from babysitting duty?” I ask him with attitude, making him scoff.

“Don’t fuck with me, princess.”

“I tried that, remember? I wasn’t impressed. Now, if you don’t mind?” I attempt to rip my arm out from his hold, but he doesn’t let me.

“Who?”

“Elvor and Judd, if you must know. They’re taking me on a date; they’re courting me. They think I’m special and worth getting to know, not some petulant slut,” I sass back at him. Toth and I have this push-and-pull thing going on between us.

It's amazing how well we can get under each other's skin. As excited as I am for Elvor and Judd to take me out and explore the connection the three of us have, I can't deny the lingering interest I have in Toth.

Maybe since I saw him first, I imprinted on him or something? I can't imagine Hell would have something as fucking stupid as imprinting in play. It's the only thing that makes sense, though. Or maybe I just want to be powerful enough to make Lucifer's most devout follower my own.

"When are you going to stop bringing that up? I didn't know who you were, or I would have never even touched you," he says, and I roll my eyes.

"Then why are you so worried about what I'm doing, Toth? Is it because I'm your Lord's bastard daughter, or is there something deeper going on there?" I rip my arm from his grasp and leave him with that final thought as I head to the foyer.

Elvor and Judd both stand there, awkwardly waiting for me. Elvor because he doesn't seem to know how to act around Judd, and Judd is probably shitting himself over picking up the Devil's daughter for a date.

"Well, don't you two look handsome?" I compliment.

"We got you something," Judd states, and I have to put in actual effort to contain my grin. Gifts aren't something I'm used to, so I will happily receive any and everything my suitors bring me. Judd takes the box from his pocket and opens it for me.

It's a gorgeous beaded rosary with a pentacle at the end; it's all black and goes beautifully with my dress.

"It's gorgeous, thank you," I say. Judd unfastens it and places it around my throat. I fiddle with it for a few moments and look back at both of my dates. "So, where are we headed?"

"The carnival," Judd announces.

"We're going to Earth?"

“Not quite,” he says. Both he and Elvor hold out a hand to me. We portal away as a trio, and it’s so cute I might throw up.

It barely takes us but a few seconds to get to our destination. I look around at the overcast sky that looms with darkness as the night begins to greet us. There’s a black carousel in front of us, blasting carnival music overlaid with screams. I look around and take note of the people milling about, eating food, and playing devious games. That’s when I realize we never left Hell.

“There’s a carnival in Hell?” I ask dumbly.

“Usually around Earth’s Halloween. Elvor helps organize it,” Judd informs me.

“Elvor, you worked on this?” I ask the large man who hasn’t said anything yet. I wonder if that evening in my bedroom was a fluke, or maybe he only feels comfortable speaking when we’re alone.

“He did. It’s not what you would consider a normal carnival,” Judd says, scratching the back of his neck, and I realize that there are more booths than anything. There are only a few attractions. “The carnival is when Elvor selects the worst of the worst from the pit, and the rest of the demons in Hell get to partake in their torture.”

My mouth falls open, and I rush off, moving down the row of white and red tents to find my first game. It’s not a simple target that the demon is throwing darts at. No, it’s three people’s heads.

“Wow,” I breathe in awe. “Elvor, was this an idea of yours?” I ask, and he shrugs his shoulders. Creative, violent, and sweet. What more could a girl ask for?

“What would you like to do first?” Judd asks.

I hear a loud dinging noise and look to my left, where I find dunk tanks. Oh, they are far beyond any normal dunk tank I’ve ever seen depicted in movies on Earth. I automatically walk over to the game, and Elvor nods to the demon in charge of the game, who then hands me a bucket of balls.



The tank is massive, and the soul from the pit sits on the diving board, trembling. “Please, no! I’ll do anything.”

“What were his crimes?” I ask Elvor.

He leans down, whispering in my ear so only I can hear. “The worst kind you can imagine. He deserves worse,” he murmurs. The fact that he answered my question directly doesn’t go unnoticed. Even if no one else can hear him, I can. His voice soothes something inside of me, but his words have a burning rage rising up to the surface.

I look back up at the man on the diving board, and I trust Elvor’s judgment. So when I throw the first ball and hit my target, I watch with absolute glee as he falls from the perch he’s sitting on and lands in the tank.

The result isn’t instant, but as the man thrashes and attempts to grip onto the edge, to pull himself up and out safely, it finally happens. The piranhas that were in the tank strike. It only takes one nip from one of the large fish, but as soon as it does, there’s a frenzy, and they all begin attacking the man. The tank fills up with blood so quickly that you unfortunately can’t see much of the carnage, but it was enough to be entertaining.

If Elvor designed the games, then my new boyfriend is absolutely a psychopath. *I’m so lucky.*

“What next?” Judd asks, and I make my men follow me around to each torturous game. I think my favorite is the water guns. Except you shoot it into a person’s mouth, the first demon to suffocate the prisoner wins. Eyeball darts were also entertaining, and so was whacking their heads with a mallet. Truly, all the games were inspired, but all of the torture has me ravenous.

“Why don’t you go get a table? I’ll grab us some food,” Judd suggests with a smile. He seemed so lonely and lost when I saw him sitting on that couch at the club. But tonight, he’s been charming and sweet. The thought of being the person to improve someone’s mood is heady, and it makes me feel powerful.

Elvor takes my hand as we sit at the picnic table, far from any other demons. “Are you having fun?” he asks me quietly.

“So much fun. Did you design all the games, Elvor?”

“Most of them,” he says with a shrug.

“They’re amazing. I’m so impressed,” I gush, watching him shift uncomfortably. “Are you feeling comfortable around Judd?” I ask him nervously, wondering if maybe the two of them weren’t a match as I thought and how that might affect things. I’m still interested in both of them, but I want them to get along too.

Elvor rubs his beard and shrugs.

“I think he would like to hear your beautiful voice too, you know?” The left side of his mouth tilts upwards, and he looks away. “Plus, this is a date. We’re all supposed to be getting to know each other. We can’t do that if you don’t talk,” I coax softly. I don’t want to push him, but on the other hand, I just want him to open up so badly.

When I first got my corporeal body, I wanted to fuck everything walking around in Hell, but now, as stupid as it sounds, I want it to mean something. All my time on Earth, I felt like I had no bodily autonomy, and now that I do, I want to be smart about who I let in my life and in my panties.

The best decision I made was to not go any further with Toth. His rejection has been stinging lately, and I don’t want to feel like that again. I want the person I’m sexual with to not only ravish and destroy me but treat me tenderly after.

Heavens, I sound like such a naive girl instead of the heiress of Hell.

“I will try, little princess,” Elvor concedes, and I smile back at him.

Night has fully settled over the carnival. The sky is black with deep gray clouds, and a thick mist of fog funnels throughout the carnival. It’s simply magical.

Judd somehow finds his way to our table that’s shrouded in solitude. He brought multiple baskets of fried food, and I dig

in right away.

“So Judd and Elvor, how old are you, anyway?” I ask curiously. Immortality is fascinating in that way. How can I be attracted to men who are older than anyone I’ve ever met on Earth?

“I died at twenty-four, but I’ve been in Hell for nearly four decades, so sixty-something,” Judd replies first with a shrug of his shoulders.

“Six hundred or so?” Elvor questions himself and shrugs. Judd’s eyes are glued on the massive man, more than likely from hearing him speak rather than his age.

“Glad I have a thing for older men, then. You two don’t care that I’ve just been made corporeal, right?”

“Not at all,” Judd says, taking a piece of funnel cake and popping it in his mouth. “I’m a little confused about how you’re Lucifer’s daughter, but only recently turned corporeal, though.”

“My father apparently came to Earth and had a serious hoe phase, knocking up at least two women during that time period. Blair’s my half-sister, her mother was a witch. I don’t know who my mother is. She dropped me off at an orphanage as soon as she gave birth. I’m assuming she’s supernatural since I could hold my human form until I was fifteen.”

Judd rubs his chin in thought and tilts his head. “You had to possess people to stay alive while you were a teenager?” he asks, and as much as I hate to be pitied, I like that he cares enough to feel upset for me.

“I did. So I’ve only had this body a few weeks,” I state, shrugging my shoulders.

“You look beautiful,” Judd says softly.

“You both do,” Elvor adds quickly before turning away.

“Why are you just so hellishly cute?” I ask Elvor, and the tips of his pointed ears redden. “Why do you have pointed ears?”

Elvor doesn't seem ready to talk again, so Judd answers for him. "He's from the fae realm. They live a very long time. Elvor died very young for a fae during a battle in his realm. Isn't that right?" Judd asks. Elvor's ears turn an even darker shade of red.

The large fae man curses under his breath and stands up from the table.

"I'll return," he rushes out in a hushed, almost-whisper as he leaves. In the blink of an eye, he is out of view of the two of us.

"I don't think the big guy knows how to handle attention," I tell Judd and rub his arm.

"I can't believe he actually spoke to me," Judd replies.

"I told you, he thinks you're cute. You do like the both of us, right?" I ask, feeling insecure. *What if he only really likes Elvor?* Why am I feeling like such an attention-crazed, needy bitch tonight?

Judd must sense my insecurity, and then his hand is cupping the side of my face. "You're kidding, right? What isn't there to want?"

"Kiss me," I tell him, and he does. His lips descend on mine in a soft, pliable way. Judd takes my direction and kisses, like he's desperate for me, and I eagerly take everything he's willing to give.

Our kiss only parts when there's an agonized scream coming from one of the carnival games. I look up at his green eyes, and he tilts his head as he looks back down at me.

"Your eyes are pink. They're gorgeous."

I just smile at him and eat my funnel cake. Maybe having two boyfriends is going to be easier than I thought.

## CHAPTER 10



I'm ruining the evening.

Why can't I just say all of these thoughts I have in my head? Why can't I tell Judd that I think he looks handsome tonight or ask Mara more questions about herself?

It's obvious that this date means a lot to her, and I'm fucking blowing it. I promised her courtship; I don't want our first meeting to be all she sees in me. Don't get me wrong, I would eagerly do it again. But I don't want this to be just about sexual attraction, that should be the bonus.

I wish all of our trauma before leaving our realms was left behind with our bodies, but it seems as though those formative years have molded me into the person I am. It's not that I don't like myself or see the value that I hold, I just don't know how to express it.

Vocalizing what I'm thinking or feeling takes a tremendous effort, and I'm not sure what I can do to get better at it. Mara knows that I'm trying. I've said more words to her than I have to anyone since I've been in Hell, but it has been difficult. It wasn't easy to sit in her room and have a simple conversation.

When Judd answered her question about where I was from, I was relieved. Relieved that he could say what I wanted for me. I was also in awe of the fact that he knew my history so easily. Maybe he has been watching me as long as I have been watching him.

I need to find a way to communicate, or these two will surely move to the next level without me.

“Should we do the funhouse?” Mara asks as I reach the picnic table. I just needed a moment to clear my head. Her excitement makes me feel invigorated as I nod my head and hold my hand out for her. She swings her legs out from under the table, taking my hand. “Did you have anything to do with the funhouse?” she asks me.

I lean down so only she can hear. I don’t know why I feel better when she’s the only one who can hear my voice. “Just wait and see, little princess.” She grins up at me, and that’s what makes this struggle worth it. I’ll use my voice more if this is the reaction I get.

I’m not sure why it took Mara coming to Hell to finally get me out of my shell, but she’s worth it. She polarizes me like a magnet. It’s evident that she has the same effect on Judd as well. I’m attracted and intrigued by Judd, but the magnetism Mara has is unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

“Tickets?” the demon running the stand asks. I recognize him as Johnny; he works in the pits on and off.

We didn’t buy tickets, and I’m frustrated that we need to, seeing as I’m the main reason we even have this event.

Mara steps up to Johnny, making eye contact with him. “We don’t need tickets,” she tells him.

“Right, you don’t need tickets,” he repeats in a monotone voice like mortals sound when we use the gift of persuasion on them.

“Did you just bend him to your will?” Judd asks for the both of us.

“What, like it’s hard?” she says, shrugging her shoulders.

“It’s just it usually only works when demons do it to mortals,” Judd replies.

“Oh, well. I’ve always been able to compel whoever I wanted.” Judd and I both give her a look of surprise, and her gaze bounces between us. “Not that I would use it on the two

of you unless you asked me to, of course,” she teases with a wink. “Now, let’s go see what amazing stuff Elvor put in this funhouse.”

She’s far too kind to me as she takes her first few steps into the funhouse. I have faith in her to not get hurt throughout the attraction. At least I built it and know where the dangers are.

Judd leans in to whisper something to me. I have to bend my head down slightly to hear him. “I don’t think even Lucifer can compel other demons,” he says quietly to me, and I contemplate his words for a moment. If Lucifer could compel demons, he definitely would have done so to get information long ago.

“Her mother?” I question Judd, and he tilts his head at me. She’s made it clear she doesn’t know who the woman is. It seems like we need to find that information out sooner rather than later. *Would Lucifer feel threatened if his daughter held more power than him in some way?*

“Maybe? We’ll need to tell her to keep that bit of information to herself.” We both nod, and I take it as a victory that I spoke to him and him alone. I also like that in such a short time, we’ve pledged our allegiance to the beautiful woman who leads us through the funhouse. I don’t know what it is about her that’s like a beacon, and I don’t care. She’s mine... ours. I find the idea of sharing with Judd tolerable. Mara has made it clear she has no problem sharing him with me, either.

The first part of the funhouse is a swiveling floor. It’s unlike any funhouse in a mortal realm because if you fall, you land inside a pit of snakes. Mara laughs as she jumps from one foot to another until she’s crossed the moving floor and is safely on the other side.

Judd is more cautious but makes it across with no problem. I take my time leisurely walking down the middle until we get to the other side.

“One day, I’m going to crack that big, beautiful head of yours wide open. Like, come on, who comes up with this shit?” Mara says excitedly, and I clear my throat, unsure how

to deal with all the compliments these two keep throwing my way.

The hall of mirrors is next, except the mirror doesn't distort your body; instead it shows you your biggest fears. We've had these mirrors for years; I had to have a witch in one of the mortal realms spell them.

You can only see your own fear, not anyone else's, even if they are around you. Mara quickly walks through the maze, as does Judd, and I wonder what they both see. They don't seem afraid, just sad. I look down, already knowing what I'll see.

None of us speak as we reach the part of the house most people hate the most—clowns. Only the luckiest fuckers in the pit get this job in the funhouse. Sure, you're likely to get punched in the face, but it's better than drowning or being eaten alive by piranhas.

The first clown jumps out and startles Mara. She doesn't even hesitate as she punches him right in the throat. He falls to the floor, tears fucking up his makeup as he clutches his neck in pain. She kicks him on his side and shivers.

"I hate clowns."

"Well... looks like there's more for you to deal with then," Judd says calmly. As more of the clowns descend into the room. Mara is quick and nimble, shoving her way through them, punching, kicking, or elbowing all of them to get the fuck out of her way.

She takes a deep breath after we're out of that room and spins to look at me. "Lilith said you were a sweetheart, not a sadist," she sasses, and I shrug my shoulders. *Can't I be both?*

"How many more sections are there in the funhouse?" Judd asks. I know it's just the three of us in here, and I'm getting more comfortable by the second with both of them.

"Two more," I tell them. Judd and Mara both grin at me like I just told them some revolutionary detail.

"What's next?" Mara asks.



I point forward, and she sees the spinning tube. It's not small like a mortal one would be; no, this tube spins faster and is nearly twenty feet long. She isn't afraid. No, absolutely not. Come to think of it, I haven't sensed fear in her once since I've met her. Not when I chased her through the pit or a single moment in this funhouse.

Judd follows, and I just take a moment to watch them in the tube. I guess I expected them to run as fast as demonly possible through it, but they don't.

They're pushing each other and rolling around in the tube-like laundry in the dryer. They're laughing together, Mara clutching her stomach as she tumbles around the tube and crawls over to Judd, who is also laughing over the whole situation. Her dress flips up, and I'm given a gratuitous view of her peachy ass, covered by black lace panties. So I just sit back and watch them have the time of their lives together. The view is breathtaking, and it settles something inside of me.

It's been so long since I've felt this emotion that I almost don't know what it is. It rolls around in my chest, looking for purchase, and I realize what it is—happiness.

Eventually, the two of them have to crawl the rest of the way through the tube because they're laughing so hard and rolling over each other. Sharing Mara with Judd, I decide, is more than tolerable. *It'll be everything.*

I easily run through the tube to catch up with them, where they are still cackling on the floor, their hands on each other's bodies. Their effortless affection is charming to me.

She touches Judd's cheek and smiles down at him. "You alright?" she asks him.

"I'm fine, are you?"

She smiles down at him, and I don't find that it's jealousy that plagues me. It's dark and possessive, like I'm looking down at two people who belong to me. This might be our first date, and everything has moved at warp speed. But they're mine to protect, and it's my job to ensure their happiness.

“I’m more than fine, Judd,” she says to the other demon. I don’t interrupt their moment together, but they slowly part, and Mara immediately makes physical contact with me like she wants to give me assurances that she’s not all about Judd and can have affection for us both.

“What’s the last part?” she asks, and I take her hand in mine. She doesn’t question me. I like how she trusts me because something tells me that despite how easygoing she has been, Mara doesn’t trust easily. I think it has something to do with her asking me for undying loyalty after I ate her delicious cunt.

I sit her in between my much larger legs, and her small hands dig into my thighs as I wrap a hand around her waist and push us down the slide. It’s the simplest and most mortal part of the funhouse. She laughs as we travel down the massive slide. I enjoy every second of her body pressed against mine, and a sense of pride fills me over the way I was able to make her laugh, as if she didn’t have a care in the world.

I know I’m not funny, but I can bring her joy in other ways.

When we reach the exit of the funhouse, her hair is sticking up all over the place from the slide, and I push it down, cupping her face.

She looks up at me in a way no one ever has before, like I’m something special. My massive heart beats in my chest as she lifts up to her tiptoes, and I lean down to place a soft kiss on her plush lips. I want to take it further, throw her over my shoulder, and toss her onto the picnic table we ate at earlier, but I refrain and enjoy the simple intimacy.

She sighs contentedly when our lips part.

“This date has been everything, Elvor. Thank you.”

“Anything for my little princess,” I vow, pushing more of her frantic hair down as Judd comes shooting out the end of the slide with a smile on his face. I haven’t seen him this

happy in all my years in Hell, either. He's usually frowning in some corner, shoving toxins inside of his body.

"I can't believe I never came to one of these," Judd says, and Mara looks at him with sad eyes.

"What should we do now?" Mara asks, not dwelling on why Judd has never come to this event or even recognizing this transcendent effect she has on both of us.

"No offense, but the thought of going back to your room at the manor sounds horrifying," Judd admits, making Mara roll her eyes.

I'm not sure of the temperature of her relationship with her father, but I plan on finding out. I like Lucifer; I think he's a fair leader, but it's clear Mara holds resentment. If she asked me to help her start an uprising, I'd have no choice but to do as she requested.

"Well, where do you two live?" Judd winces, and I know that he lives in the city, in some shitty, bug-infested apartment. Seeing as I basically run the pits and can do what I please, my situation is a bit different.

"My place," I offer, grabbing both of their wrists and portalling back to my quarters.

## CHAPTER II

### MARA

I wish I could truly express how fun tonight was. Not only was it the best date I'd ever been on, even if it was the only date I'd ever been on, but it was the most fun I've had... ever.

When I was in my born body, I never got to have fun. And then when I was possessing people to survive, that's all I did, hopping from one body to the next to stay alive while scheming my next plan. I've never truly been able to sit back and enjoy an experience like this... as me or with people who want to be in my company.

Tonight was magical, and I've never been allowed to just be a woman who has fun before. Judd and Elvor make it so easy. I already knew I wanted to make them mine before the night started, but after this evening, it's clear that they belong to me, and there's no escaping my clutches. I don't feel guilty about it either; they're lucky to be owned by me, and I'll treat them just as sweetly as they do me.

Elvor portals us to his home, and I'm actually quite shocked by the luxury of it. The room is hot, and I imagine it's because he lives in the pits. His bed is massive enough to fit four Elvors in the bed. The sheets are a dark blue, and he has what looks like a homemade quilt on top of the bed. The rest of the room is filled with books, a fireplace, and a deep-set lounge chair.

Judd and I are both taking the room in as Elvor stokes the fireplace while looking between us. I wonder what words he's

trying to gather up, and instead of forcing him to speak, I break the silence.

“Do you have anything to drink here, big guy?” He looks relieved, and he nods his head, going into the attached room.

“I guess I thought he just didn’t like speaking to people, not that he has a hard time talking?” Judd ponders out loud.

“He talks a little more when it’s just him and me. Just give him some time and I’m sure he’ll get more comfortable,” I tell him sweetly.

“Tonight has probably been the best night of my life,” Judd tells me shyly.

“Mine too.”

His eyes bore into mine with a devotion that I’ve craved for all of my life, and I stare right back at him. How long have I longed for this affection and intimacy with someone else? My whole life. I want him to want me so deeply that the thought of not being around me makes him sick. I want him to fall so in love with me that no other person matters even a fraction as much as I do. I’m not sure if he can sense my thoughts or if he just knows what I want.

But when his hand comes up to cup the back of my head, and his lips touch mine, I feel at peace. I have to stop the flood of emotions that try to fill me. All I’ve wanted my whole life is for someone to care about me, to take care of me, and love me.

The way Judd kisses me is both submissive and adoring. He isn’t kissing me beyond any other fact than he wants me, that he likes me, and he finds me beautiful. Our lips part, and I’m impressed when he slides his pierced tongue in my mouth. The kiss is sensual and sweet, just like him.

I can’t believe I came strolling into Hell, just wanting my body to find the dark pleasures of Hell. Not when I can have this, when I can have feelings behind the physical intimacy.

Bats flap wildly in my stomach over the kiss and how good it makes me feel. My hands are on his toned abdomen, and his

stomach flinches. I like that he's nervous. It's clear that Judd wants to please me, and I like that even more.

I want him to be putty in my hands.

His hand at the back of my head tangles in my hair, and I smile against his lips, loving that Judd isn't as delicate as he sometimes seems. His lips turn up during our kiss, and I break away so I can look at his face.

I never knew it could be like this: sweet, playful, and admiring.

I'm memorizing every detail of Judd's beautiful face when Elvor clears his throat. Judd and I both turn to look at the large fae demon who is holding a wine bottle and glasses in his hand.

His voice is low, but when he speaks, his tone trembles down my spine. "Don't stop," he says. Sitting down in his lounge chair, he places the items on the floor and relaxes into the chair. He looks like a fucking king.

Judd blinks a few times, looking between Elvor and me.

"You heard him," I tell Judd plainly, and he crashes his lips back to mine. I don't think I've been the only one starved from the endearment of someone else's touch. The way Judd kisses me is like he needs his lips on mine more than he needs to breathe.

I could kiss Judd forever. I feel so alive and vibrant around him. Judd is just so much fun. He makes me feel special. I've spent so much time feeling different and alone. Judd kisses me like I haven't lived a vast lifetime of loneliness. He makes me feel like a girl who's falling for the bad boy with tattoos and piercings in her teenage years. I feel like I could find who I truly am as a person with Judd and Elvor. Toth still lingers in the back of my mind, though. And I don't know why I want him to want me so badly. I have two men in front of me who will bow down and give me everything.

I shake the thoughts of the brooding, hot, warrior demon from my head and focus on sweet, caring Judd. His hands tangle in my hair, tugging gently, and he makes no attempt to

take this any further. He's just grateful to be kissing me, as he should be.

Elvor's deep voice interrupts our kiss. "Taste her," he instructs, and I swallow as Judd's lips part from mine. Judd looks between Elvor and me, and a wicked smile takes over my face.

"You heard him," I repeat like before, looking back at Elvor, who is lounging on the chair like he doesn't have a care in the world. His legs are spread wide, and at some point, he poured himself a glass of wine. I worried about his jealousy and his capability to share, but as I look into his clear blue eyes, all I see is heat and longing. He's enjoying watching Judd touch me, and I plan on giving him a show.

Judd grabs a few pillows from around the fireplace to make me comfortable and lays me back. He kisses behind my ear and down the column of my throat before pushing my breasts together in the dress and licking the peeking flesh from the top. His tongue ring is cold and welcomed as he tugs the top of the dress down. He's so enthusiastic about touching me that I'm already soaking wet for him.

Judd takes his time, toying with me by grazing his teeth over the edge of my bra before tugging it down completely. He sucks and licks my nipples, and I can't help but push his face harder against my breasts, tugging on his dark hair to move him where I want him.

He is so deliciously obedient.

Judd's hands pull the hem of my dress up to my waist before sliding down my thighs and gripping my flesh. His face moves down to kiss my stomach, licking my warm skin before his teeth bite down on the waistband of my panties and pulls them off.

Once I'm completely bared to him, he stares at my pussy. "Fuck," he mumbles, but he doesn't move. I bite my lip, loving being under his attention. I can't help but look over at Elvor, who now has his massive fae cock fisted in his hand. I lick my lips and throw my head back, taking a deep breath.

They're both looking at me like I'm the center of their whole fucking world. It makes me wetter, and I'm trying to gather my wits about me, but before I can, Judd's lips wrap around my clit, the piercing in his tongue driving me absolutely wild.

It feels so good; I know that it won't take me long to finish. It's different from the way Elvor did, but one isn't better than the other. Elvor ate my pussy like I was his last meal, and Judd eats me out like I'm his altar to worship at.

I watch Judd devour me. He doesn't look up at me for validation, he just grips my hips and uses my noises of pleasure as motivation. I briefly glance over at Elvor, who is stroking himself, and I can't help but think he deserves a reward.

Judd's lips don't leave my core as I summon Elvor with the curl of two fingers. The giant man doesn't hesitate, he doesn't cover himself either. I thought he was huge when he was in the lounge chair; up close, he's massive.

I'm not sure if he will fit inside of me—my pussy or my mouth—but I'm not a coward.

Judd forces a moan out of me, and one hand tangles tightly in his hair while the other grips the back of Elvor's calf, directing him to sink down to mouth level. It's only then that Judd opens his eyes to look up, seeing my expression, and figures out what I'm doing.

Elvor eagerly sinks down to his knees, granting me the ability to easily stroke his cock; although my thumb and pointer finger are nowhere near close to touching. As I explore Elvor's length, some of my focus shifts away from how hard Judd is working me over. He becomes more aggressive with his mouth, thrusting two fingers into my soaking center while he watches me touch Elvor.

"He's such a good boy, isn't he?" I ask Elvor, and he grunts in agreement, looking down at Judd, who moans against my pussy at the praise.



I want Elvor in my mouth, but there's no way I can do that at this angle, and with the way Judd is picking up his pace, sucking my clit relentlessly, I know I won't be able to focus. I just continue stroking Elvor with little finesse. He doesn't complain, and, if anything, he seems completely enamored with my low-grade hand job.

"Make her come," Elvor commands Judd. His deep timber affects the both of us.

Judd makes the most precious noise against my cunt, sucking and lapping like eating my pussy is a reward, and I break. My thighs shake and squeeze tightly around his face, my back arching off the floor while my hand just strangles Elvor's length, unmoving.

Judd licks up everything I give him, and I revel in the adoring feeling it brings me, being the center of his attention and his sole focus. I can't imagine anything more devastatingly perfect.

My clit throbs, but he doesn't let up until I yank on his hair and pull his head up.

"That's enough," I tell him. He looks back down at my dripping pussy like he wants a second helping, like I'm his new compulsion, before looking back up to me.

"Are you sure?"

I arch a brow at him and smirk, loving his eagerness to please me. "I think we should make Elvor feel good too, don't you think?" Judd swallows nervously but nods his head.

Noting his apprehension, I make the first move. I shift to my knees, and my dress falls down to cover me again. I fist Elvor's thick, hard cock and give him a few more tentative strokes. He looks down at me like I'm the most beloved thing he's ever seen.

When I stick my tongue out, swiping it along the bottom of his dick from base to tip, he groans and fists the back of my head. His hand is so large that it feels like he's cradling my entire skull. He doesn't force my head where he wants me

immediately, just letting me know he could if he wanted to—and I like it.

Judd's face is probably only a foot away from mine, and he just watches, still a little cautious about his role. I've seen the way he looks at Elvor, and I can tell he's attracted to him. Their pull to each other isn't as intense as it has been towards me, but it's still palpable.

I'm a little overwhelmed by the size of Elvor's cock, but if he's going to be mine, I'm going to have to figure out how to make this work. I start by licking him like he's my favorite flavor of lollipop before swirling my tongue around his swollen head. His fingers tense against my scalp, and I look up into his eyes. He's loving every moment of this, and I realize that there's nothing I can do that he won't like.

I stick out my tongue and widen my mouth as far as I can and suck him down inch by inch. The corners of my mouth sting, and I find that I like the burn. I like that Elvor can be sweet and adorable but, at the drop of a hat, can be violent and aggressive too. I bob my head back and forth on his shaft, and only then does the pressure on the back of my head increase as he takes what he wants, using my mouth like he deserves.

"Good girl," he grumbles above me, making me shiver. I've never been genuinely called good. *Could he really think that?*

When I look back over to Judd, I can't help but notice the longing in his eyes. I grip him by his shirt and bring him closer. He doesn't put up a fight at all. When his face is right next to mine, I remove myself from Elvor.

The two men don't seem uncomfortable, just at odds with what to do. "Do you want to taste Elvor, Judd?" I ask him. If he says no or that he's unsure, I won't make him do anything. But when he nods his head and licks his lips, I help him take the first step.

I grab the back of his head, pulling him in for a demanding kiss. Our tongues tangle, and I easily shift us so that the head of Elvor's dick is at the corner of both of our lips. When

Judd's tongue slips out, licking up pre-come from the slit, I know a major step has been made.

That's all that it takes from the both of them. Elvor palms at the back of both of our heads and I can't help but smile as Judd licks one side of Elvor's cock as I take the other.

I feel bad that poor Judd hasn't been touched and take the opportunity to unfasten his belt and unbutton his jeans. His eyes meet mine as we both lavish Elvor's cock, and it's all the confirmation I need as I pull out his length. I'm extremely pleased when I feel a piercing at the tip to match the one in his tongue. Judd moans as I stroke him, and I feel extremely powerful in this moment.

I might be on my knees, but I know that both men would eagerly be on theirs for me in a heartbeat. This is what it's supposed to be like. I want them both to feel as good as they make me feel.

My strokes pick up pace along Judd's dick, and my thumb toys with the piercing at the tip, making him moan. I can tell he isn't going to last long. When I look up at Elvor, it's evident he's nearly on the edge too.

I want him to finish and be pleased with the both of us. So I wrap my lips back around him and take him as deep as I can before he hits the back of my throat. Judd takes to licking and sucking on his balls, and that's when Elvor loses it.

His grip on my hair is just this side of brutal as he thrusts in and out of my mouth, taking what he wants and stretching my lips wide once again. I moan around his length and jerk Judd's cock as fast as I can.

The two demons finish for me beautifully, Elvor coming down my throat with a groan and Judd covering my hand and forearm with his sticky cum.

It's absolutely fucking perfect.

It's clear, however, that neither of them know how to act after doing what we just did. So I'm going to have to take charge, which I will enjoy. I like that they listen to me, taking

direction so well, and have no issues with doing what I tell them to do. Having two boyfriends is going to be effortless.

## CHAPTER 12

# JUDD

Holy fucking Hell.

I had no expectations of what was going to happen tonight. I knew we would have a good time and that I'm clearly attracted to them both.

But I didn't think I would have tasted them both.

Fuck. I feel like I'm on cloud nine, but it's slightly awkward. *Where do we go from here? Is this all they want from me? To be their little play toy and then see myself out?*

I'm not sure how Mara knows, but she must sense my anxiety.

"Let's get cleaned up," she suggests, wiping her mouth. Elvor holds out a hand and helps her stand. I get up easily enough, my softening dick hanging out of my pants.

Elvor appraises my pierced cock, and his gaze meets mine. My dick might not be as large as his—I don't think anyone's is—but mine is dressed up.

Elvor doesn't speak as he leads us to the bathroom. I expect him to immediately attend to Mara, but when he hands me a warm washcloth first, I'm pretty sure I melt into a puddle of goo on the floor. It may just be how fucking hot his apartment is... no, it's definitely being under the giant fae male's attention.

Then he takes Mara by the hips, making her giggle. He's rough with her when he grabs her face, his fingers pressing roughly against her cheek as he cleans her mouth with another

washcloth before slipping his hand under her dress to clean her pussy.

“Such a gentleman,” she jokes, and Elvor just shakes his head. “Are we staying the night here?” she questions before plopping herself on the vanity counter.

“Yes,” Elvor answers. I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to hearing his voice. Even so, I hope he continues to use it more. Then again, if he does, I may not survive.

“I’m hungry,” Mara announces, and Elvor nods, cleaning himself before unceremoniously leaving the room.

She tugs on my hand, bringing me over to stand between her legs, and I clamp my hands on her hips. She smiles at me, and I don’t know what it is about her, but it’s like she can make everything fucked up in my life disappear. Can a person be your salvation? Because I think Mara is that for me. She’s what I’ve been longing for in all of my lives.

“I really did have an amazing time tonight,” she says.

“I did too,” I reply, pushing her hair off of her face. I think back to the date and something I wanted to bring up with her. I clear my throat, and she arches an eyebrow at me. “I wanted to talk about your ability to compel other demons.”

“What about it?” She acts like it’s not a big fucking deal like she doesn’t have an ability that no one has ever seen before.

“Not even Lucifer can compel other demons,” I tell her, and she tilts her head at me.

“Are you sure he just hasn’t shown it to other demons?”

“No, Elvor works in the pits. If he could compel other demons, it would be known. I’ve heard that he can tell when people are lying, but he can’t compel them,” I explain. Her brows furrow as she takes in my words. “You know nothing about your mother?” I ask.

She shakes her head and sighs. “No, Lucifer says he doesn’t know who she is either.”

“You don’t believe him?” She shrugs her shoulders, and my hands rub up and down her thighs. “Why not?” I question her.

“Why should I trust him? He left me on Earth to rot; meanwhile, he was visiting my beautiful, perfect half-sister for every single one of her birthdays.”

“*You’re* beautiful and perfect,” I correct, and her cheeks flush.

She shakes her head and looks at me seriously. “Should I be worried about Lucifer finding out about this?”

“I’m not sure. I don’t know him well enough. What I do know is... different from what I imagine the people he cares about think of him. Lilith trusts him, and I think Lilith is a pretty good judge of character.”

She seems to agree with me somewhat but also seems deep in thought.

“I think we should keep this between us... for now,” she says.

“I agree. So does Elvor.”

“Maybe it’s time to take a trip back to Earth,” she says, and I keep rubbing her thighs in a comforting way.

“You’re sure?”

“I think it’s about time all of my heritage is laid out in the open.”

“Wherever you go, I follow,” I tell her truthfully. The thought of her going back to Earth without me sends a twinge of pain spearing through my chest. As if my body knows it belongs to her and that being anywhere that’s not in her presence is intolerable.

“How do I bring up this plan with Lucifer?” she asks.

Elvor’s deep voice startles us both, neither of us knowing how long he was standing there. “We’re going angel hunting.”

The look that takes over Mara’s face is mischievous. It sounds like the three of us are about to raise a little Hell on

Earth.



Sleeping in Elvor's apartment was... interesting. The heat is something I'll have to get used to, but the comfort of Mara sleeping between the both of us was everything.

It probably didn't help that the whole time, I kept thinking about how I'd have to stand in front of Lucifer while Mara lays out her plan. Elvor seems confident enough to speak to the Devil, but I'm sure as fuck not.

The man is horrifying, and I've only been a demon a mere couple of decades. I hold no power or status in Hell, and I can only imagine his displeasure at his daughter choosing me, of all people, to become involved with. I have no additional abilities and haven't really proved myself in the realm. I don't think I'm a complete fuck up; I've never been called in to meet with him and Toth, so that's something. But I'm sure, as far as demons go, I'm not exactly what Lucifer would have picked out for his daughter.

It doesn't help that Mara is rolling up to the manor wearing the same clothes that she left in, making it completely obvious that there was definitely a happy ending after our date. I want to be respectful to Lucifer, but it seems like pleasing Mara outweighs how the King of Hell might torture me for debauching his daughter.

"Should you get changed before..." I ask sheepishly.

"Pft," she denies, waving me off. "Like I give a shit."

She walks confidently through the halls as she opens the dining room doors. Too many sets of eyes swing our way as she grabs two more chairs and adds them to the table. Of course, Lucifer is at one end, Lilith to his left, and Toth to his right. Daxaddon is also here, with the woman I can only assume is Mara's half-sister. Mara takes the other end of the table and directs Elvor and me to flank her sides. I draw the short stick, sitting next to Toth, who looks at me with nothing but pure disdain.



“Mara, darling. Thank you for joining us,” Lucifer greets. His tone is kind and affectionate towards his daughter, and I wonder why she doesn’t fully trust him.

“Of course, I believe everyone here knows Elvor and Judd,” Mara says by way of introduction.

The woman I haven’t met pipes up. “I don’t. Are you making a lot of best friends in Hell?” she asks Mara.

Mara doesn’t miss a beat, smiling at the woman. “Well, Blair, you didn’t want to be best friends. And no, they’re my boyfriends.” I swear to Lucifer that Toth breaks his fork in half under the table when she says it.

“Well, I’m Blair. Your girlfriend attempted to possess me and fuck my boyfriend.”

Toth looks over to Daxaddon with ire, and I sigh. I don’t care what Mara did previously. Plus, she’s whole now. You can’t blame her when she was body-hopping to stay alive.

Both Elvor and I shrug our shoulders at the same time, and Blair goes back to eating her food.

“Are we done?” Lucifer asks, frustrated with his daughters clearly not getting along.

“I’ve apologized. I don’t really know what else you want from me, Blair,” Mara states with faux innocence. Her sister contemplates her words and tilts her head. Lucifer looks at his other daughter, and Blair shrugs her shoulders.

“I would love for my only two daughters to get along,” Lucifer says.

“I’ll work on it,” Blair replies curtly, and Mara gives her father a smile. It’s then I realize that Mara is playing the Devil for a fucking fool, but I don’t let anything on as I sit there in silence and wonder how I ended up in this twilight-zone-Heaven-scape.

“How are things on Earth?” Lucifer asks Blair and Dax.

Dax shifts uncomfortably, and Lucifer arches an eyebrow at him, all the niceties he extends to his daughters gone. I’ll need to prepare myself to receive the same looks he’s throwing

Dax's way. Dax is a trusted demon who has done great work in the mortal realm; if he gets the cold shoulder, what the fuck am I going to get?

Dax sighs before speaking. "We've had a few run-ins with some angels recently."

Lucifer places his hand over Lilith's and squeezes before releasing her hand.

"Michael is Hell's most wanted right now. Do you need reinforcements?" Lucifer asks.

"Elvor, Judd, and myself could help," Mara offers sweetly to her father. Elvor nods his head, so I do the same.

"That would be wonderful. You can head there tomorrow and help your sister and Daxaddon," Lucifer states.

"We don't all need to work on the case together," Blair argues quickly.

"Don't worry. I've got my own body now. I definitely don't need yours," Mara sasses, looking over with a little spite towards her sister. "We won't get in your way. You two continue your investigation, and we'll start our own. Are all angels fair play, Dad?" Mara asks.

I've never seen Lucifer look more lost for words than he does now as he looks at Mara. I'm guessing she's never called him dad before. He takes a sip of whiskey and places his hand back in Lilith's.

"Angels are all fair game. I ask that you limit subtracting from the mortal population as little as possible. Of course, if you can make some deals for souls, that would be a bonus," he informs us.

"I should go with them," Toth interrupts, and I tilt my head at him. He's hardly looked at Mara the whole time. His insistence to tag along seems unnecessary, and I'm unsure if we want him on this mission.

Of course, I have no doubt we will handle some of the angel problems while we're in the mortal realm, but our main reason needs to be kept from Lucifer.

“That won’t be necessary,” Mara is the first to respond. It’s then that Toth glares at her. Elvor sits across the table from me, staring down the demon and trying to read his intentions.

“I was planning on sending you to look for Michael, anyway. You can search for him as well,” Lucifer says to his second hand.

“Thank you, my lord.”

I swear Mara soundlessly mouths the same words mockingly in Toth’s direction. Ah, so there is something between the two of them. Adding another eternal soul to the mix isn’t my idea of fun, but if Mara wants the asshole, she can have what she wants.

“It’s so nice being able to sit down and have a meal with everyone,” Lilith interjects, trying to cut the tension.

I think the only thing everyone at this table can agree on is the same fondness we all have towards Lilith, so that brings the tension down slightly. I still feel incredibly uncomfortable in this room. *What I wouldn’t do for a joint to just bring the awkwardness down just a little.*

“Elvor, will the pit be able to be sustained in your absence? It’s been a long time since you’ve left the realm.” Lucifer inquires, and both Mara and I look over to Elvor, who just nods his head, which is enough for the king of Hell.

“I can always help out in your absence,” Lilith offers, more than eager.

“What goes on in the pit?” Blair asks, and I see Mara coyly roll her eyes.

“It’s where the most evil souls go to live out their eternal suffering,” Dax answers her in a sweet voice.

“You know, cutting people’s fingers off, torture. The carnival was absolutely inspiring, by the way,” Mara praises, patting Elvor’s arm.

Mara and her sister share a shitty look between them, and it’s clear there are some serious family issues in the royal

family. At least I know where I stand; I'm on Mara's side—always.

“We'll take the western Hemisphere, and you all take the East since there are more of you,” Blair directs, clearly wanting nothing to do with us for this expedition.

“Fine by me. I've always wanted to see Europe anyway,” Mara says, letting it roll off her back.

“I have the utmost faith in both of my daughters,” Lucifer says, finishing his meal. Lilith stands with him as he rounds the table, kissing Blair on the crown of her head before doing the same to Mara. Both of them seem uncomfortable yet longing for the affection of their father. He acts like the rest of us don't exist as he leaves the room.

“I don't need a babysitter, Toth. I have two more than capable demons already coming with me,” Mara spits as her father exits the room, all the manners and niceties flying out the window.

“It's already done. I'll be joining you on your mission,” Toth replies.

This has made everything so much more complicated. *Can we trust him? Do we need to ditch him once we're on Earth?*

“Michael has been tricky to find. The intel is that he's on Earth hunting down Kas, Asmo, and Stevie. The more people we have searching, the better,” Dax says.

“She's hunting your cousin?” Mara asks Blair, who narrows her eyes at her sister but nods.

“Then why are you being such a bitch about me helping? Wouldn't you want as many people as possible helping to end this?” Mara questions.

Blair looks away, and Dax sighs and places a hand on his girlfriend's thigh. Mara rolls her eyes, and so I do the same comforting motion as Dax, trying to be a good boyfriend and all.

Blair faces Mara again. “You're right. The more people protecting Stevie, the better. Thank you.”

“Where are Asmo and company?” I ask. Asmodeus is one of the few demons I made a bond with. I, of course, know about his drama with Kas, and he mentioned a red-headed witch back on Earth a while back.

“We don’t know,” Blair says quietly.

“Then how do you know they’re still alive?” Mara asks a little insensitively.

“Because I put a spell on Stevie. If she were mortally wounded, I would know immediately,” Blair replies curtly.

“Alright then, let’s go kill some fucking angels,” Mara declares with enthusiasm and steps away from the table.

It’s definitely not a true truce between the sisters, but it’s a step nonetheless.

## CHAPTER 13



It tumbled out of me like I had no control over it. “*I should go with them.*” I laugh at myself because I’m so fucking soft in the head.

*What the heavens was I thinking?* That’s the problem, I wasn’t fucking thinking. It’s like my brain couldn’t handle the thought of her being in a different realm than me. That she would be frolicking around Earth with Judd and Elvor while I’d be here, longing for her to come back. It’s so fucking pathetic that even thinking about why I want to go is making me feel sick.

But the words slipped out of my mouth, and I sure as fuck wasn’t going to take them back, not after the Dark Lord agreed that my idea had merit. I wonder what Lucifer’s intentions are for me wanting to go to Earth with them. Hopefully, his make more sense because mine are clearly a cry for help or some sort of psychological break that I’m experiencing.

It is a horrible idea for me to go with them. I really should speak to Lucifer and change my plans, but I know I won’t.

I’ve been attempting to get the beautiful little psychopath out of my head. But it seems like no matter what I do, I keep shoving myself back into her orbit. It doesn’t help that Elvor and Judd are following her around like lost puppies now, too.

It’s not that I’m jealous or that I blame them. It’s pathetic, truly. She’s the heir to Hell. She is above Judd. I don’t have issues with the fae demon, Elvor, but surely Mara could do

better. Someone who is higher in rank and is well renowned in Hell.

I'm a bastard because I'm talking about myself.

There can't be anything between us. There *is* nothing between us. She's out of her mind and Lucifer's daughter. Plus, she's clearly moved on.

A shock tingles down my spine, and I realize I'm being summoned.

*Fuck.*

I immediately portal to Lucifer's library. He's sitting behind his desk, sipping a tumbler of whiskey and leafing through the pages of an old tome.

"Take a seat," he directs me, which I do immediately.

"My Lord?"

"I'm glad you offered to go to Earth with Mara and her... companions."

"Of course," I reply.

"I need you to keep a close eye on the three of them," he says, and I arch a brow at him. He takes a heavy sip from his tumbler and places it back down on the ancient wood of his desk. "It's not that I don't trust Mara. There's clearly more to her than what meets the eye. I fear my daughter doesn't trust me—yet. I don't want to fracture that trust any further, but having you there with her would put me more at ease."

"I'll protect her with my life," I vow to him truthfully.

Lucifer scoffs and shakes his head. "It's not her safety that is my biggest concern."

"No?"

"Just promise me that you'll keep her out of trouble?" he asks, and I swallow. I think I'd rather step in front of a magical sword than promise to tame Mara, but I nod my head regardless.

Orders are orders. And I fear that Lucifer isn't wrong in Mara having alternative motives for wanting to go to Earth. While I don't think all of her neurons are firing off normally, she certainly isn't stupid, quite the opposite, actually.

"I won't let you down," I tell Lucifer.

"I know you won't. Thank you for your service, Toth." He gives me a slight bow of his head, and I take that as my dismissal. I stand from my chair and portal back to my quarters.

*Of course, I can't have a moment of fucking peace.* I take a deep breath before addressing Mara, who is sitting on my bed waiting for me.

I ignore her, acting like her violating my private space—again—doesn't bother me. It doesn't truly; I already know the moment that she leaves, I'll be inhaling my pillow to get a hit of her scent. It's so incredibly disgusting how much I want her. It's been centuries since I craved something so heady for myself. I loathe it and her.

"Oh, silent treatment, cute," she comments with a smirk.

"What do you want?" I demand, my tone laced with irritation.

"Just wondering why you were so adamant on coming to Earth with me and my boyfriends. The timing is... interesting," she drawls.

I take my jacket off and throw my shirt off into the corner of the room. Her pretty blue eyes lock on my chest, and I shouldn't like it the way I do. Lucifer just told me how much he trusts me, and here I am, alone with his daughter and wanting to do depraved things to her.

I'm not even sure what it is about her. She is beautiful, and she knows how to push my buttons, unlike anyone else. But I've had centuries of self-control demolished by this little demon, and I'm not sure why it's her that can do this to me.

"My job, since you were made corporeal, is to teach and protect you."



She scoffs, crossing her legs and pressing her palms against my bed. I almost wish I would have fucked her that first night she snuck into my room. But I think I'd be in worse off shape than I am now if I had truly got to enjoy her.

"I don't know if you've been paying attention, but I don't need protection," she states.

It pushes a button I'm not even aware I had. The one where she thinks she doesn't need me and that I'm useless to her. It's eerily familiar from my human life. Wanting to prove her otherwise, I'm quick to use the blade stashed against my hip to pin her against the bed in a flash.

The blade barely presses against the perfect flesh of her throat. I wouldn't actually hurt her, at least not in a way she wouldn't enjoy.

"Are you sure about that, little demon?"

"You've really got to stop flirting with me if you aren't going to act on it," she sasses back, smiling in my face, even though I have a blade against her neck.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I ask her.

"Nothing is wrong with me," she replies, and it's the first time I feel like I've really hit a nerve with her. "Get the fuck off of me before I make you," she warns. No more cute smile, and I watch as her eyes turn red. I've only ever seen this trait with Lucifer. You don't have to be a genius to realize red usually represents anger.

"Is that what I have to do to get under your skin, little demon? Talk about how damaged and fucked up you are?" I taunt.

She surprises me by pushing her flesh harder against the knife. Blood slides down the side of her neck as she glares at me before a smile takes over her face. It's as sick as it is seductive. The way she isn't afraid of anything and knows she's above all beings. It's addictive, and I want a taste so fucking bad.

"I think I have you beat. All I have to do to get under your skin is exist." She doesn't tell me to get off of her this time.

She uses all of her strength to push me away from her, flinging me against the dresser. I could easily get right back up, but I don't. I let the ricocheting pain along my spine fester as I sit there.

She stands up, straightening out her dress. The small slice on her throat already healed as she walks over to me, her heels clicking against the hard floor. She bends down, takes my blade, and uses it to tilt my chin up.

“As charming as all of this sexual tension is. If you get in my fucking way during this mission, I'll kill you. Maybe I'll have your body taxidermied and sent back to my father so you can sit in the corner of his office and be just as useful as you are now.”

Her words cut as deep as she wanted them to. She drops the blade, and it clanks against the ground as she leaves my room. The door clicks with her exit, and the back of my head smacks against the dresser.

My cock is hard, and that's probably the most fucked-up part of it all. We were violent and volatile towards each other, but I still want that crazy bitch.



Elvor looks like he wants to eat me alive as I approach the group. Dax and Blair are also waiting in the foyer for us all to leave.

Mara bites her lip before she turns to her sister like it takes everything in her to speak to her.

“Could you glamor Elvor's ears?” she asks Blair.

“Do you want me to shrink him, too?” Blair asks.

Mara looks over at Elvor and shakes her head. “No, if you wouldn't mind with his ears, though?”

Blair looks at her sister skeptically but performs a quick spell, taking away Elvor's pointed fae ears. He still doesn't look quite human with his size. He's going to stick out like a

sore thumb. But after last night, I'm not looking to piss Mara off any further, so I keep it to myself.

Elvor gives Blair a friendly nod and then glares at me.

*Fuck, what did Mara tell him?*

The demon runs the pit, so with that, we've become familiar with one another. Well, as familiar as you can with someone who doesn't really talk. I don't know anything about him when I think about it.

Judd is easier to read, and I don't know what Mara sees in him. Every interaction I've had with him has been at the clubs. He's known as somewhat of a drug dealer in Hell, bringing the temptations of Earth to our realm. I suppose some demons love him for it, but he doesn't have a close inner circle. I suppose it's possible that I just don't know him well enough. Either way, I'll have to keep a close eye on him during the mission.

"Thanks, Blair," Mara says to her sister, though it looks like she'd rather bite off her tongue.

Blair looks at her sister and sighs. "You're helping me protect Stevie. It's the least I could do."

Mara nods, and it's the first civil interaction I've seen between the siblings.

"We'll keep you updated from Europe," Mara states, and Blair nods her head. Blair and Dax portal out of the foyer, and I'm left with my squad of heathens.

"Where should we start?" Mara asks.

"I have contacts in Budapest," I throw out. I have a love-hate relationship with the city, but I'm being honest. The quicker we take Michael captive, the quicker I get away from these three, and that's what I need.

I just need to quit Mara cold turkey, and everything will go back to normal. I'll complete Lucifer's task and receive his accolades before asking for a new assignment. I can survive this, I've gotten through much worse.

“Budapest it is,” Mara declares, arching an eyebrow at me like I should be grateful I’m still breathing and having a say in the mission. Her eyes sparkle, and I know I’m going to sleep with one eye open while I’m around her.

I grab Mara’s hand and Judd’s wrist. They both link hands with Elvor as I portal us all to my favorite hotel in Budapest. It will only take me compelling the hostess to get us the penthouse suite for as long as we need it in this miserable-ass town.

## CHAPTER 14

### MARA

**M**y mental checklist reads as follows: make Toth feel comfortable around the three of us; ditch Toth in some euro-trash town; find out who and where my mother is; kill some angels along the way.

It's quite the to-do list, but I got to say, I'm confident. The hardest part is going to be finding my mother. Asking Blair to glamor Elvor's ears gave me an idea, though. I'd met a lovely fortune teller back when I was in Hallows Deep, and I'm sure I can find a more than adequate one in Budapest.

Some of the witch bloodlines here are nearly ancient. I've seen firsthand how they feel about demons, but I can put the charm on or at least make it worth their while.

Toth is being a little show off as he flirts and compels the hostess, getting us a grand suite.

The dumb, simple-minded bitch grins at him the whole time as she directs us to the elevator that will take us to the suite. She's very lucky that I don't want Toth to know that he still has an effect on me. Because if I were being petty and jealous, I would open the elevator doors and compel her to jump down the shaft.

But we're being good. We're being very *not* jealous. We're also not letting Toth know that his resistance towards me only makes me want him more.

It feels like more than just wanting what I can't have. It feels like something deep within me is furious that he can suppress even an ounce of how badly he wants me. He should

be at my feet worshipping me; instead, he acts like I disappoint him.

I have to push down my murderous feelings. Killing the hostess would not help me accomplish my first checklist item of making Toth feel secure around me.

I plaster a smile on my face as the woman leads us through the suite. There are only three beds, not that that will be an issue, but I am eager to see what sleeping configurations will arise.

“If you need anything, here’s my direct number,” she flirts, handing Toth her personal business card.

“That will be all,” I interject, slightly compelling her to leave the suite.

“I thought she was lovely, very undamaged and sweet,” Toth comments, trying to get under my skin.

I want to kill him and bring him back to life, repeating the process until he realizes what an asshole he’s being. Instead, I smile and look around the suite.

“I suppose this will do until we get more intel,” I say, ignoring him and acting like the suite isn’t luxurious and wonderful. “We shouldn’t waste any time. The sooner we find Michael, the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Toth replies, walking in front of me. I roll my eyes, but Judd grabs my hand and squeezes it.

“That’s a lot of sexual tension, sweetheart.” I turn and blink at him. *Me? A sweetheart?* My cold little heart melts a bit, and I suppress a blush.

“Oh, hmm, haven’t noticed,” I respond nonchalantly.

“Okay, what’s the plan?” Judd asks.

Toth and Elvor walk around the suite, looking for any threats. *Like there’s anything that could actually be a danger to me.* I’m unkillable, and it seems as though I have abilities that not even the king of Hell has. I’m trying not to get a big head about it, but it’s impossible.

With Toth out of the room, I curl my finger for Judd to lean down so I can whisper in his ear. “We need to find a psychic.”

“I never thought of Budapest as a place riddled with covens,” Judd replies, and I roll my eyes.

“That’s because real witches know how to keep a secret.”

“We could ask your sister?” Judd suggests, and my immediate glare lets him know how I feel about that option. “Okay, never mind.”

“The best witches are in plain sight. Some will even act like a kooky psychic to take mortals’ money, but in reality, they actually hold a lot of wasted power,” I tell him.

“Where do we start?”

“I’m sure we’ll be able to find some witch with the gift along the Danube.”

“That’s a pretty loose plan, sweetheart,” he points out.

“Keep calling me that, and we won’t get out of this hotel room.”

“Can we share a bed tonight?” he asks, and I can tell it took a lot out of him to ask me that. He’s just so fucking cute, it’s impossible to tell him no.

I rub my hands down his chest and nod. “Help me get what I need tonight, and I promise to make your night very special,” I reply. He swallows, and I can’t help but admire the dark tattoos that swirl around his throat.

“Then let’s get started,” he states with enthusiasm.

Toth and Elvor come back to the foyer, the former asking, “What are we doing?”

“Looking for psychics,” I tell Toth, and he raises an eyebrow at me.

“And why the fuck would witches get in the middle of this mess?” he asks.

“I can be very persuasive,” I counter.

“We can look for a psychic, but I’ve got other contacts in the city. We need to do both,” Toth says. I’m surprised he’s going along with my plan, but I suppose he wants off of this assignment as quickly as possible, even though he put himself in this position.

He holds out his hand, but Judd makes no move to take it and goes as far as to slightly turn away, making his denial obvious. Elvor huffs, grabbing Judd’s hand and slapping it into Toth’s still outstretched palm. I want to roll my eyes at the dramatics of it, but I can’t help but find his cold shoulder towards Toth slightly endearing.

Toth portals us downtown, and I have to hide a smile. I can feel the tangible otherness in the city. Finding a psychic will be easier than I expected.

Toth gives me a look that expresses that he doesn’t trust me. Mentally, I give him the middle finger, but I smile to his face.

“Let’s head to the market,” Toth suggests, and we all agree.

The market vendors range from selling any type of food you can imagine to handcrafted goods, and wouldn’t you know, there’s a neon sign that glitters the word *lelki*.

“I’m going to check this out. We can meet back at the front,” I tell Toth.

“Heavens, no. We’re sticking together,” Toth rejects, like my suggestion is absolutely unhinged.

Judd looks between us and intervenes. “I’ll go with you, and Elvor can stay with Mara. The sooner we get information, the better.”

Toth doesn’t look impressed, looking between the three of us. “I’m not leaving here without Judd,” I say to Toth. It pisses him off for whatever reason, but thankfully he just huffs his agreement and walks off with Judd in tow.

Elvor leans down to whisper, “What do you have planned, little princess?”



“Don’t worry, we’ll ditch the narc soon enough. This is for our little side mission.” I grab Elvor’s hand and walk through the beaded doorway.

“Oh, Hell no,” the witch shouts, standing from her seat and attempting to shoo us away.

“I’ll make it worth your while,” I try to entice her, but she shakes her head.

“No, I don’t help evil.”

I take a deep breath and count to three in my head. *I can’t kill her. I need her.* Instead, I grab her arm and look deep into her eyes.

“You’re going to sit down and give us all the information you have on what we need to know.”

She blinks. I can tell she’s trying to fight off the compulsion, but it wins out, and she takes her seat back at the table. I take the seat next to her, and Elvor stands, protecting my back.

“I won’t interfere between Heaven and Hell,” she declares.

“I’m wondering if you’re a dud, considering that’s not what I’m here for,” I deflect. She furrows her brows and shuffles the deck of cards in her hand. “I need more than the cards. I need a locator spell.”

“Fine,” she seethes, yanking open a cabinet and pulling out a crystal basin before placing it on the table in front of us. *Ah, not a dud. She does know what I really want?* Not that I don’t want to take down Michael or other angels—I do—but I need to do this first. I can’t fight a war for a realm when I don’t truly know my place there. If Lucifer knows about my additional gifts, maybe he’ll no longer want me to be his successor; I’ll be a threat.

*Shit.*

I scratch the back of my neck and wonder how apparent my blatant paranoia is. I shake it off and look back at the witch.

“Can I trust the Devil?” I ask, waiting for an answer.

“You don’t need a locator spell for that,” she deadpans.

“No,” I sneer. “I just figured I would ask while I was here,” I counter with sass.

She sighs heavily, closing her eyes, while silence descends on us for a few moments. She opens her eyes and answers my question with, “The spirits say to trust your instincts and rely on your family.” It comes out terse, making her annoyance at the additional question known as another round of silence spans between us.

“Now, for the spell... what do you have of the person you are trying to locate?” she interrupts my thoughts.

“My blood. I’m looking for my biological mother.”

“Do you know her name, last location, or have a personal item?” she asks. *Maybe I should have asked Blair for help.* While this witch could sense what we are, I’m seriously starting to doubt her skills. Blood is the thickest connection you can have, why wouldn’t that suffice?

“I’ve never met her,” I tell her, and I watch the witch sweat. She grabs a pitcher of water, filling the basin before gesturing for my hand.

I reluctantly hold out my hand while staring at her skeptically. “I just need a few drops,” she informs, looking up at Elvor. I nod my head at her to continue. She pricks my finger, and three fat drops splash into the basin. The water shimmers, turning to a glittering pink.

The witch takes my wrist in her hand and holds me tightly as she looks at the water and repeats an incantation.

“She’s still alive.”

Well, that’s something. I figured she’d have to be a supernatural being in order to even get pregnant with me.

“I think a witch is helping her shield her location,” the witch guesses, furrowing her brows. I attempt to pull away from her, thinking I need to find a more powerful witch, but she tightens her hold, yanking my wrist towards her roughly.

“I can see her.”

“Where is she?” I ask. The witch’s head starts to twitch, ping-ponging back and forth like her brain is taking in too much information at once.

“Berlin,” she finally gasps out. “I could only see a few landmarks, telling me that she’s in Berlin.”

“What else?”

“I told you, she’s being shielded by another witch. A powerful one. They might even know that I was doing a spell to find her,” the witch warns.

“Is there anything else you saw?”

“She was sitting on a dais and had dark hair,” the witch tells me. It’s more than I had to go on this morning, so I nod at her.

*Kill her or compel her?* I click my tongue and remember my father’s words, advising me to try and not subtract from the *mortal* population. She isn’t truly mortal, but it’s best to toe the company line.

I’m feeling gracious as I grip her wrist, making her let go of mine and look at her. “You don’t remember what I look like or what I was looking for.”

“Why are you here?” she asks, and I drop her wrist, taking Elvor’s hand before we make our way back out to the market.

Elvor squeezes my hand in solidarity as I think on my feet about what I need to tell Toth. When he and Judd come back from wherever the fuck they were, Toth has a smirk on his face.

“There’s a vampire in Berlin who has some information. We might as well wait till tomorrow night to find him,” he says. *Perfect!* I mentally preen at how easily everything is falling into place.

“Sounds like a plan,” I agree.

“What did your psychic say?” he asks.

“Total fraud,” I reply off-handedly.

“Figured as much. Let’s go back to the suite and regroup for tomorrow,” Toth says. With no objections, we all turn and start making our way to the exit of the market.

Following his lead without fighting back is just another step towards having Toth eating out of the palm of my hand, and I can’t help the excitement over making this demon a pawn in my grand scheme.

I am impressed with his ability to continuously portal the four of us all over the place, not that I’ll ever tell him that. I’ve seen demons take a max of usually two side-alongs with them, and portalling between realms takes a great deal of strength. He doesn’t even seem phased by moving us all. It makes me wonder how far his gift extends and how I can harness it.

Elvor sits on the couch, and without thought, I take a seat on his thigh. “Are you okay with me sharing a bed with Judd tonight? I’d say all three of us, but these mortal beds are a little small for the three of us.”

He grips my hip and shakes his head. “I don’t mind.”

I cup his cheek and kiss him softly on the lips. I swear it’s like my kiss has a calming effect on him, and he sighs, holding me closer to his body. Maybe Elvor has a little bit of incubus blood in him. I smile at the thought and wonder if why I want them so bad is because I have a little bit of a succubus edge to me.

“Toth can take the other room,” I state.

“I could kill him,” he offers softly, and I laugh. He’s clearly serious, and I love him for it. But I want Toth alive and submitting to me, not dead and useless.

“That won’t be necessary, but if anything changes, I’ll let you know.”

Elvor nods his head, and we just spend some time being in each other’s presence, me sitting on his lap and him with his hands wandering up and down my body. I feel more tired on Earth than I’ve ever have living in Hell, and Elvor must notice.

“The mortal realm is exhausting,” he says.

“Is it strange that I’m kind of ready to go back to Hell?”

“It’s home,” he says plainly, and it’s the first time I realize that he’s completely right. It didn’t take long for Hell to become the place I feel most comfortable. I don’t think I was ever meant to exist in this realm.

Judd enters the room, looking sheepish and nervous. I give Elvor a soft kiss and tug on Judd’s wrist once he’s in reach. “You can give Elvor a goodnight kiss too, if you want.”

Judd’s cheeks heat, but he leans down nonetheless. Elvor places a large hand on the back of Judd’s thigh as they kiss softly. It’s adorable, and I wish we could portal back to Hell for the night to sleep in Elvor’s bed. But portalling through realms is draining. I still wonder how Toth did it so easily.

I keep that question for another day, maybe tomorrow, as I lead Judd to the largest bedroom in the suite.

I’ve decided that since I’ve never had sex in this body, I’m basically a born-again virgin, and well... tonight, Judd is going to take my v-card. He’s been sweet, loyal, and eager to please. Plus, Elvor’s dick is massive. That’s not the kind of ride you take for your first time. We’re going to have to work up to that.

I’m imagining some very hot hate sex with Toth, but that’s no way to lose your virginity, either. Judd is the perfect option. Actually, he’s just perfect, and I know he’ll be an absolute gentleman. I’m not sure if he’s just generally nervous or if he can read my intentions for the night, but after I shut the door and push him against it, there’s no doubt in his mind about what’s going to happen.

## CHAPTER 15

# JUDD

Why do I always want to please Mara so badly?

It's like every fiber in my being just wants to make her happy, for me to be the person who puts a smile on her face. I'm not mad about the new change to my life. I haven't felt the need to take whatever I have available and zone out. I'm content just being in her presence, no extra substances required.

It might not be the healthiest adjustment in addictions, but I can't help but think that this one is a little more beneficial to my mental well-being.

I feel alive for the first time in my entire existence. So, I really don't give a shit about why Mara suddenly became the center of my world. I just have to figure out how to keep her there.

My biggest fear is that Mara will get bored with me and move on. Elvor and Toth bring so much more to the table than I do. I'm just about as basic as a demon can be when it comes to strength and my political power in Hell.

I'm not sure what she sees in me. I just hope she doesn't change her mind.

Mara pushes me against the door as soon as it closes behind us.

"You were so good today," she praises, gripping the hem of my shirt and pushing it up my chest. With shaking hands, I help her remove the shirt before she drags her nails down my abdomen and takes in all of my tattoos. Really, my face and

parts of my legs are the only places I don't have ink covering my skin.

My skin never felt like mine and covering it up felt like armor, like I was protecting myself.

“Do you have an empty space for my name somewhere?” she asks, completely serious.

“Wherever you want it,” I tell her honestly. It would be my most prized piece of ink.

“Good,” she replies, grabbing my belt and holding me close to her while she walks backwards towards the bed. “You know how I told you this body is relatively new?”

“Yeah,” I say, trying to breathe normally and not seem like a total loser as she sits on the bed, crossing her legs.

“There's one thing I haven't done yet.”

“What?” I swallow as I ask it.

“I need to lose this corporeal body's v-card,” she answers.

“You want to do that with me?” I question lamely.

“Hellishly so,” she confirms with a wicked smirk.

I push myself past my own insecurities as I cup her jaw, forcing her to look at me. My heart is racing in my chest, and I swear something inside me fractures when she looks up at me with the most cosmic-looking purple eyes.

You know those moments that change you to your core, that without them, you would continue your miserable existence without ever realizing what you were missing? This is mine. She's my everything, and I'll be whatever she needs me to be.

Right now, I need to be the demon who makes her feel so fucking good she forgets all the other shit we're dealing with.

“Take off that pretty little dress, sweetheart,” I instruct her. She smiles, eagerly grabbing the bottom of her dress and throwing it over the top of her head. I groan when I see her in a matching purple lingerie set.

This woman born in the depths of Hell is going to destroy me in the best way possible.

I'm quick with my belt buckle and jeans as she shifts her body up the bed before I cover her body with mine.

"Kiss me," she demands, and I do just that, taking her lips with mine. This is nothing like the sweet kisses we've shared before. It's rougher, needier. Her teeth grip my bottom lip, and she tugs on the flesh before kissing down my throat.

Before I can even think, she has me on my back, and she's straddling me, her pussy pressed against my crotch. I can't help but thrust my hips against her, making her smile.

"You're so good to me, aren't you, Judd?"

"Always. Whatever you need, I'm yours," I vow pathetically.

Mara doesn't seem to think so as her eyes flicker between the stunning purple and a bubblegum pink color.

"Mine to do what I want with?" she asks seductively. A shiver tingles up my spine, and I have to stop myself from moaning.

"Yours, completely," I tell her honestly.

Suddenly, smoke wraps around my wrists, moving my hands above my head and pinning my ankles by the edge of the bed.

"Do you like being at my mercy?" she questions, and I eagerly nod my head. "Always so obedient and sweet. Do you know how special you are for getting this pussy first?" she asks.

"Unworthy," I counter, and she grins down at me before crashing her lips against mine. I don't fight against her shadows; they're some of the strongest I've encountered. I wonder if her succubus powers are heightened since she's Lucifer's heir. *That would explain a lot.*

Her lips part from mine to whisper in my ear. "You're perfect for me." I tremble, and with impeccable strength, she



rips my underwear from my body. She stays dressed in her lingerie as she looks at my weeping, hard cock.

“I want you to get an engraved piece of jewelry for your cock,” she tells me. *Fuck, that’s hot.*

“Anything,” I agree, and she smiles before using her tongue against the tip of my pierced dick. She toys with me, exploring with her mouth and torturing me with every touch, making me moan deeply with pleasure.

She sits back up, having tortured me enough and wanting her own touches now. She pushes her panties to the side and fists me at the base, notching me at her entrance before letting me go. Her hips rock the tiniest bit, but instead of gliding inside her warm center, my cock slides against her pussy lips as she grinds her core against me. She continues to rock along my length, working herself up higher and higher with each bump of my pierced tip against her swollen clit. Only once she’s on the edge and has soaked me in her essence does she grab my cock, guiding it to her delicious cunt, and slowly starts sliding down.

“So fucking tight,” I tell her, and she moans, taking me inch by inch. “So fucking beautiful and perfect.” I have to hold myself back from thrusting up into her. She’s in control here. I’m here for her use. “Please let me touch you,” I beg her.

“Not yet,” she says in a breathy tone until her pussy lips are pressed against my pelvis. “That feels nice,” she hums quietly. Mara balances herself with her palms against my chest, her nails making little crescent indents as she sets the pace she wants.

“Please,” I whine.

“Tell me what you like about me,” she commands, startling me out of the moment for a second.

“Everything. You’re so beautiful, sweet, funny, and every moment is interesting around you.”

“What else?” she asks. Her pace is torturously slow as she shifts her hips up and down my length.

“Should I tell you how fucking perfect your tits are? How I want them in my mouth so badly? Or maybe how fucking hot you look taking my cock right now? I’m the luckiest being to even have you near me,” I list all the things I’m thinking about. It should sound pathetic, but all I hear is honesty ringing true in my voice.

She releases me from her shadows, and my hands immediately go to her waist, gripping tightly, so I can thrust into her. The sudden change makes her arch her back and keen for me. I do just like I told her I would, sucking and licking on her absolutely perfect breasts.

“Touch my clit,” she directs me, and I immediately do as she requests, using two fingers to circle her wet, needy clit.

I bend my legs to give myself more leverage to get deeper. I feel her shadows wrap around my leg before fondling my balls. The shadow moves further down, and I flinch.

“I’m going to fuck you while you fuck me,” Mara announces, and I relax as her shadow slides effortlessly inside of me.

I thrust so hard into her pussy that her nails dig into my chest, making me bleed.

The shadow fucks me at the same time as I fuck with Mara, and my thighs shake, the sensation almost too much to handle.

“Right there,” Mara tells me, and I don’t change any of my movements, my fingers strumming against her clit, and my cock so deep inside of her I feel like I might combust. Her shadow is hitting the right spot inside me, and I can’t control my pace as I fuck into her as hard as I can.

She shouts, pulling at my hair as she rides out her release, and her shadow takes what it wants from my asshole.

Her cunt surrounding me so tightly has me moaning as I fill her up with my cum. Her arms wrap around my shoulders, and she sighs against my chest as she collapses. Her shadow leaves me with a tender caress, and I pant beneath her.

The silence is comfortable as we lay there, sweaty and both in awe of the moment we shared together.

It's never been like that. Not even close.

I guess I never truly knew how much I needed a woman, who likes controlling me during sex. That was perfect. I can't help but think that the only way it would have possibly been better is if Elvor was here.

I haven't made much leeway with the fae demon, but I'm hopeful. He seems just as hopelessly devoted to Mara as I am. I'm not sure what Toth's deal is, but I can tell, to some degree, that Mara has her claws in him as well.

Mara sits up, looking at where her nails made me bleed.

"I think I like marking you up," she comments.

"You can do whatever the fuck you want to me," I respond, and she smirks. She slides off my cock, making me wince before she cuddles up close next to my chest. I summon the blanket on the bed and tuck us in, not caring how messy we are.

"It was never even close to that before," she says.

"For me, either," I reply.

"But you've been a demon for a while."

"I know you've talked about just getting this body, but sometimes it has nothing to do with your physical form and more so who you're with," I explain.

"I think you might be the most romantic demon in Hell," she says with a giggle, and I shrug my shoulders.

"I've just never felt this way before," I say.

She pulls away, and I tug her back to my chest. I can tell that some part of her is trying to run away.

"Mara, sweetheart, what's wrong?"

Her eyes are an odd shade of green when she looks back at me. "What if the only reason you and Elvor like me is because of my gifts, because you're beings of Hell, and I'm the heir?"

“Hey,” I say, cupping her face with my hands. “This might not be what you want to hear, but I don’t care what’s brought us together. It could be magic or the fact that you’re basically a piece of Hell, but none of that matters to me. I know in my heart that I’m meant to be yours. Honestly, I’d like to think this was fate.”

“Fate?” she asks skeptically, that shade of green going back to her standard blue.

“Why not? I think we found what we were both looking for in each other. Does it really matter why?”

“I guess not. It’s just I’ve spent so much time being told how unlikable or damaged I am,” she admits softly, clearly feeling insecure.

“I don’t care what anyone says, you’re perfect to me,” I tell her.

Her lips crash against mine, and this time she lets me be on top as I try to fuck every insecurity out of her.

## CHAPTER 16



I'm surprisingly unjealous of all the noises I heard coming from Judd and Mara's room last night.

I can't say the same for Toth. He's pouting as we wait for them to emerge out of their room so we can portal to Berlin.

I'm not sure how Mara wants to play the situation once we get there. We don't have much to go on about her mother, just a location.

I'm not even sure they would have a familial resemblance since her current form was created in Hell.

All I know is that if she requests that I kill Toth, I won't hesitate. I haven't had a problem with him in the past, but the way he speaks to Mara is unacceptable, even if she seems to enjoy riling him up.

Whatever she asks of me, I'll do... eagerly.

"Can they hurry the fuck up?" Toth complains, bouncing his leg while he sits in the kitchen area.

I just ignore his question and wait patiently. I've read between the lines of what Mara has and hasn't said. Last night was her first night fully exploring what her new body can do. I'm thankful she chose Judd.

I'm going to have to train her to take my cock. The thought has me smirking into my hand as I imagine it. All the cute sounds she'll make, how she'll either beg me to keep going or beg me to stop. Maybe I'll let Judd watch and stroke his cock

while I take her. When she needs a break from taking me, I'll take him, and she can watch.

There's no secret that Mara is more important than Judd or myself. We both understand this without having to discuss it verbally. While the sad, tattooed demon has piqued my interest for some time, all of our decisions are focused around Mara.

I think we can both live with that.

Toth, however... I'm not sure I can live with. If Mara decides she wants him, I'll have to deal with it, but he won't be on the same level as Judd and myself. I have no interest in him the way I do Judd, and the feeling is clearly mutual as he glares at me.

"Can you go tell them to move their asses?"

"No," I reply, and he shuts his mouth.

*I'm hoping she lets me kill him.*

It takes probably another five minutes before Judd and Mara leave their room, hand in hand. She's wearing black jeans and a shirt that doesn't cover her toned midriff. I want to lick her flesh and shove my head under the fabric.

"Great, now we can finally get the fuck out of here," Toth bitches, and Mara rolls her eyes, letting the comment roll off her back.

"Sorry, Judd is just really good with his tongue. It's pierced. Did you know that? So is his—"

"Enough," Toth interrupts her. "Can we please just portal to Berlin?"

"Fine," Mara replies, grabbing my hand and kissing the back of my wrist. She's just too adorable in any realm she steps in. I grab Judd's hand because I refuse to touch Toth's, and I can tell that it pisses him off every time I do it.

I quite enjoy getting under his skin. Sometimes I wonder how Lucifer has such a sensitive little bitch as his right hand.

Toth's ability is a rare one. He can portal easily anywhere with as many people as he desires. He can also portal people

against their will. It's not as useful as other gifts, like mine, but it has its place. Especially, since he needs time to charge between portalling from one realm to another. Not that I could have taken us all from Hell to here, but we all could have portalled separately. I'm convinced he's an absolute nightmare of a control freak.

"Do we need to bother with accommodations?" Toth asks.

"Yes," Mara says plainly and with little attitude. It's almost like she senses where we need to be.

"Fine. This place should do," he says, holding out a hand to the hotel in front of us.

"We can get separate rooms if sharing a space is a problem for you, Toth," she sasses. It's almost like I watch his literal nerves become frazzled with her commentary. It's enjoyable to watch.

"No, we're all sticking together. It's almost nightfall," Toth refutes.

"Right, vampires," Mara cringes.

"You don't like vampires?" Judd asks.

"I don't feel one specific way about them. But they are pretty disgusting when you think about it, though," she replies.

"Thought you would be into the whole blood and guts thing," Toth snarks. He constantly tries to piss her off, but it doesn't work.

"I have no problems with gore, not in the least. But at the same time, when I'm ripping off someone's head, I'm not drinking their blood," she counters, shrugging her shoulders.

"Let's just get this over with," Toth complains as we enter the hotel. Mara easily steps in front of Toth to speak with the receptionist. The girl is young and, I'm assuming, decent looking. I truly stopped seeing people's subjective attractiveness after meeting Mara.

"Hi, can you please set us up with the best room that you have for free, please?" Mara asks, easily compelling the mortal woman, who nods stupidly and hands Mara the key cards. She

hands them out to each of us as if I would become separated from her.

“Zander’s club opens up in a half an hour; we can come back tonight,” Toth says.

“No, I need to look cuter than this,” Mara argues. Toth looks her up and down and sighs. Mara rolls her eyes and turns back to the hostess. “Where is the closest, most expensive store you have?”

“Out the front entrance to the right.”

Mara just starts walking and we follow her dutifully as she leaves the hotel lobby, heading to the right. She swings the door open and takes a quick look around. “That one,” she says, pointing at the shimmering silver cocktail dress.

Judd grabs it and takes it off the coat rack. Instead of going to the changing room, she just starts pulling off her jeans and tossing her shirt on the floor. She looks at the dress one more time before ripping her bra off.

“For Christ’s sake,” Toth practically screeches, his hands going to his hips, but I still notice him giving her chest an eyeful. A sight he doesn’t deserve to enjoy, in my opinion.

Mara takes the dress from Judd’s hands and puts it on her body as one of the retail workers comes up to us with a red face. “You need to leave. I’m calling the police.”

Mara straightens out the dress and bends down to the woman’s level. “No, you’re going to get me the most expensive silver heels you have in a size eight and quit this job.”

“You’re right; I should quit,” the woman responds robotically, going to the back before returning with a pair of strappy heels.

“Judd, baby, can you help me put these on?” she asks.

“This is fucking ridiculous. Can we please get the fuck out of here?” Toth chastises.

“It’s like nine. Everyone knows vampires don’t get wasted enough to spill their guts until midnight,” Mara replies with



sound logic.

Judd just gets on his knees like the perfect good boy he is and laces up her heels, kissing her calf when he finishes. Mara spins in a circle with a smile on her face.

“Now. Now, I’m ready to go.”

Toth looks her up and down but doesn’t have shit to say. I hold out my hand to her, and she takes it happily.

I lean down and kiss her hair. “Pretty, baby,” I compliment her. She leans closer to me, and I wrap an arm around her shoulder. The looks she gets are salacious, and I have to hold in my temper, but I can’t blame them. She looks absolutely radiant, especially in the dress.

Toth looks irritated, as usual, and Judd looks besotted as we get to the entrance of the bar. From the exterior, we’re either about to enter a high-end club or an absolute shithole. I don’t know why all the clubs here are like this.

“IDs,” the bodyguard demands, nearly shitting himself as he looks me up and down.

“We’re here to see Zander,” Toth tells the man.

“That’s great and all, but I can’t let anyone in without an ID.”

Toth gets in the man’s face. He’s clearly a supernatural of some sort. The fact that he’s asking for ID is ridiculous, considering most vampires don’t work in the confines of mortal law.

Mara puts a hand on Toth’s shoulder, and I swear he stiffens as Mara scoots him to the side.

“We don’t need IDs,” she tells the bouncer plainly.

“Right. You don’t need IDs. Have a good night,” the bouncer responds robotically as she drags us in.

“Wait, did you just compel a vampire?” Toth asks Mara.

“No, I’m simply just that pretty,” she replies, and he furrows his brows.

“Are you sure? It really seemed like—”

“Are you going to argue with me, or are we going to find your little narc bloodsucker?” she asks Toth, cutting him off and completely avoiding his question. I don’t like how perceptive he’s being.

I really should kill him or at least snap off a finger. I look down at Mara, and she seems unphased, so I swallow down my murderous ideologies.

“Let’s go,” he snarls, irritated.

We’re walking through throngs of people, Toth leading the way with Judd, Mara, and myself trailing him.

A hand clasps around my wrist, and I look down to see a small vampire woman.

“Hey there, I haven’t seen you here before,” she flirts with a smile. I fling my hand from her grip, and she smirks at me. “I love a challenge. What are you anyway?” she asks, touching my arm again. Her touch is cold and completely unwanted.

Like a glittery tornado, Mara is in front of me, pushing away the vampire in question.

“What the fuck?” the girl hisses.

“Keep your dead little mitts to yourself, bitch,” Mara sneers, pointing a finger at her.

Vampire speed is quicker than a demon’s, and she grips Mara by the hair. Judd is attempting to intervene when a wicked smile takes over our girl’s face. Her arm snakes around my hip, taking my dagger before easily gliding it into the vampire’s heart. The blood spatter covers her pretty silver dress and the front of Judd’s clothes.

The vampire collapses to the ground as her skin shrivels and her immortal life ends.

“Does her soul go to the pit now?” Mara ponders.

“No, there’s no soul left when you’re turned into a vampire,” Judd answers, and I wonder how he knows that small piece of information. Perhaps Judd has been so quiet in

Hell because he has been spending more time listening than speaking. It's something that I can understand completely, and it makes me feel more endeared towards the demon.

"Can we not go anywhere? Fuck!" Toth is pinching the bridge of his nose and taking a deep breath.

Mara rolls her shoulders and cracks her neck. "You know what, Toth. You go find your little friend. Judd, Elvor, and I are going to have a good time. We'll meet you back at the hotel."

"Fuck, fine," Toth shouts, throwing his hands in the air and storming away.

"Can we really just walk around here with blood on our clothes?" Judd questions, a little more deterred than Mara. I've been around blood so much it doesn't affect me in the least.

"Take a look around," Mara says, waving her hands around at the vampire club. There's a mix of vampires nearly fucking on the floor and others who are feeding on humans.

"Fair enough." Judd shrugs.

"Can we just dance and actually have some fun?" Mara asks Judd with a pout, and he nods his head.

"How much fun do you want to have?" he asks with an arch of his brow.

"Enough to forget that dead bitch ruined my dress and my night."

I lean against a pillar and watch as Judd pulls something out of his pocket and places it on his tongue. He grabs the back of Mara's neck and brings her lips to his. I watch as the kiss turns obscene, their tongues tangling and sharing whatever drug he put in his mouth.

There's no immediate effect, so I stand against the wall, just watching them kiss and dance. The music is loud, the bass is nearly rattling my brain, but I somehow find some enjoyment. Maybe it's because I've never truly let myself experience anything quite like this before.

No one else approaches Mara, Judd, or myself for the rest of the night. I wonder if word spread or if it's clear that we're not interested in entertaining anyone's advances.

The way Mara and Judd move together is magical. They don't care about the mess they're covered in while they dance, caressing each other's bodies and throwing their heads back in enjoyment.

I know I'll never be able to be with Mara in that way, and it brings me pleasure that Judd can give her this. Give *us* this.

The moment the drug kicks in is clear; Mara licks the side of Judd's neck while looking directly at me, her eyes a deep, rich purple filled with desire. Her pupils are dilated, and she has a nearly euphoric expression on her face as she grips his hair and pushes him against my chest. My hands are on his hips, immediately steadying him as Mara takes what she wants from both of us.

## CHAPTER 17

### MARA

I feel everything and nothing at once.

I don't think I've ever felt more at peace in my life than I do right now. Judd's perfect body pressed against mine while Elvor's palm cups the back of my head. His hand is so big, so warm, and perfect.

*I think I love Elvor.*

He hasn't said much, but he hasn't had to. I know he would follow me into the depths of Heaven and conquer any realm I asked him to. Then there's Judd. Sweet, loving, wonderful Judd.

I fist his shirt and bring his lips down to mine. He tastes so goddamn good, like every right and wrong decision wrapped into one. Judd is so fucking into me, it's like I'm the sun, and he just orbits around me—I'm addicted to the feeling.

But even though I'm the sun, I can't imagine not having him in my orbit. I need him almost as much as he needs me. Without him being around me, my purpose becomes void, and I need him to understand that.

His hand is sliding up my dress, and a groan sounds from behind him. His voice is so low I almost think I imagine it when he tells Judd, "In between us."

*Excellent fucking idea.*

Judd moves me so that I'm in between my two favorite demons. My back is pressed against the broad expanse of

Elvor's chest as Judd stands in front of me, touching my face and hair.

He looks so good tonight; his dark hair is pushed away from his face except for a few dark strands, and a tight black shirt helps show off his build and the artwork on his body. His pants are tight, and I can't help but dig my hands into his back pockets, grabbing a handful of his amazing ass. I grin up at him, giving him a playful squeeze.

Judd smiles before he cups my cheeks, kissing me again. And it's everything that I've ever wanted for myself and more. Someone who belongs to me completely.

He's sweaty, as am I, so I push back his dark, inky hair. Judd gazes at me like we aren't surrounded by a hoard of clubbers, it's just us and Elvor in our own little bubble.

*I wish we were inside of a bubble. It would be majestic.*

We're more so inside of a shaken-up glow stick, which isn't so bad. The lights flash around us as we move our bodies to the beat. Well, Judd and I move. Elvor is a solid wall behind me.

I feel completely swept up in the moment, and I never want it to end. I realize at this very strange moment that I've never truly gotten to live or be me. At the orphanage, I was living for who the church wanted me to be, which I never was. Then, it was who Beelzebub and the angels wanted me to be, which I fed into. Now, I'm not completely sure who I am, although I can't help but feel like Elvor and Judd are helping me figure it out.

Right now, with whatever Judd gave me in my system, I feel like me. A girl dancing between two demons, not a single care in the world; not even the dried vampire blood stains on my dress phases me. There's no pressing need to be plotting right now, trying to figure out who I can or can't trust. I'm just Mara, the girl with two boyfriends at the club, who are making me feel on top of the world.

*Why can't it always be like this?*

Also, what did Judd give me? Whatever it is, it's just ratcheted up my sex drive by ten times. Their fingertips on my skin feel like the softest flower petals against my flesh.

*My flesh.*

I'm real. I'm not body-snatching or living an existence built on bullshit. This is my life now.

Elvor's hand is getting dangerously higher up my thigh, while Judd can't stop touching my face and looking at me like I'm some sort of marvel.

The music is so loud that it's hard to hear what Judd says, but I swear he tells me I'm his soul mate. He leans in to kiss me, pushing me harder against Elvor. His massive fae cock is pressed against my spine as his large hand toys with my clit from the outside of my panties.

I feel numb but so fucking alive at the same time.

"Come on my fingers so Judd can taste," Elvor instructs me. He slides his fingers inside of my panties as Judd blocks me with his body. I'm not even sure he's aware of what's going on since he can't stop kissing me, but there's no way he can't feel Elvor's hand between us.

I'm so wet. I've probably been wet since I killed that vampire who dared to touch what was mine.

The way Elvor finger fucks me would feel like a punishment to anyone else, but I see it for the praise that it is.

I'm his good little princess for putting that vampire in her place, for letting everyone in this club know that Elvor is mine to touch and no one else's.

Elvor's touches are addictive in the most claiming kind of way. He doesn't make me wait. No, he scissors two of his fingers inside of me while his rough palm rubs my clit.

I can barely think straight because it feels so good; no horrible thoughts plague me, all I feel is everything happening right here and now.

"Sweetheart, you good?" Judd pants, breaking our kiss as I suck in gulps of air from against his lips. He finally looks

down, seeing what Elvor is doing to me. He's not even trying to keep my dress down. He just knows Judd is enough of a buffer.

Judd looks behind me, and I'm so close I just want something to push me over the edge.

"Kiss him," I tell Judd. Elvor must overhear because he grabs Judd by the back of the neck, bringing his lips to his.

Elvor's hand doesn't leave my pussy as they kiss wildly, with me pinned in the middle, just as it should be. Being bracketed by Judd's arms and watching them together is what sends me over the edge, a gush coating Elvor's hand as my thighs tremble from the release.

I look up at the rotating spotlights and sigh in dreamy contentment.

Elvor holds me up as he and Judd break apart from one another. The moment quickly dissolves, and as they separate, I see Toth's face staring at us from a distance. I'm not sure how long he watched, not that I care.

But when I see the longing in his eyes, the desire to belong with the rest of us, I feel like making him suffer more.

Luckily, Elvor chooses that moment to hold out his fingers, covered in my essence, for Judd, who eagerly takes them between his lips. I bet Elvor loves the feel of his pierced tongue swirling around his fingers.

Judd moans with Elvor's fingers in his mouth, and I shiver. "Fucking Hell," Judd groans as Elvor's hand drops and squeezes my hip. I lean forward and kiss Judd, getting just a hint of myself before pulling back. Judd's pupils are massive, and I watch in complete fascination as his pierced tongue flicks out to skim his lips, not wanting a single fraction of my taste to be wasted.

Elvor isn't as easy to read, but there's no denying the lust that takes over his masculine features when I look up at him. I'm so fucking elated that the three of us are on the same page and so in sync with one another.



It was a beautiful moment until Toth's agitating, grating voice interrupted it.

"Are you three done? I have information." He stops a few feet away from us, examining me. He looks at me, then Judd, demanding, "What the fuck did you give her?"

Judd rolls his eyes, and I adjust my skirt. Elvor has a protective hand wrapped around my waist.

"It's E, she's fine," Judd deadpans.

"Fuck, can we go to one place without an incident?" he asks.

My high is leaving me quickly, and I can't help but push his shoulder. "If you don't like it, go back to Hell and be Lucifer's little errand boy."

He goes to point his finger at my face, but Elvor's hand shoots out, grabbing the digit and snapping it in half. Even though the club is loud, I can still hear the bone crack.

"Motherfucker," Toth snarls. I know that we're only one more sentence or movement from a fight, so I sigh.

"Elvor and I are sharing a bed tonight. We'll meet you back at the hotel," I say. It takes a little bit of effort, but I manage to portal both Elvor and myself to the largest room of the suite. I need a lot more practice with portalling with others, especially when I'm in a different realm.

"You didn't need to break his finger," I tell Elvor.

"I did."

I shrug my shoulders. "You're probably right."

He sits on the bed and pats his massive thigh for me to sit down. I'm more than happy to plant my ass on my new favorite chair.

"I want to kill him," he states. I sigh and rest my head against his chest. "But you don't want me to?" he questions.

"I'm not sure what I want... that's not true. I know I want you and Judd, but I'm not sure how I feel about Toth yet."

“Okay,” he says simply, running a hand down my back.

“If I decided I wanted him, would you be okay with that?”  
I ask him.

He grunts, placing his other hand on my other thigh and squeezing. “I’ve realized that seeing you happy makes me happier than I’ve ever been in my overwhelmingly long existence. I don’t like the demon, but if you decide you want him, I can learn to be civil.”

My mouth gapes open as I blink at him. I didn’t know he could say that much at once. In response to my speechlessness, he just shrugs and holds me closer.

“You’ve never said that much,” I point out, and he laughs. It’s deep, rumbly, and perfect.

“I’ve never had a reason to.”

I want to climb him, feel every inch of him inside of me, but I’m also fucking exhausted.

“Let’s go to sleep, little princess.”

I don’t even remember putting on the silk pajamas I wake up in. All I know is that I’ve never been safer in my life than when I’m cradled in the arms of Elvor.



Thank fuck demons don’t get hangovers. Some of the human bodies I borrowed could *not* hang. I feel like a million bucks as I sit at the table, eating my potato omelet and hot chocolate.

“Feeling okay this morning?” Judd asks with a kiss to my head.

“Better than ever,” I reply, eating the spread that Toth ordered. I’ll give him credit, the man has taste.

“Are we ready for a debrief now?” Toth asks.

I’m trying this thing where I don’t push his buttons. We will see how long that lasts.

“Yes, sir,” I say, trying not to let the words drip with sarcasm.

“Zander said that there have been sightings of Michael. He likes a particular burlesque bar in town,” Toth informs.

“That doesn’t seem very pious,” I comment, and Toth huffs slightly.

“Most of the angels I know are far from the holy goodness they try to spread. They like to act like we’re the enemy when truly they should be looking in a mirror. The only difference between angels and demons is that demons don’t feel guilty over the fucked-up shit we do.”

I point my fork at him while nodding my head, agreeing with his point, and he looks shocked.

“What weapons do we have that can take out an archangel?” I ask.

Toth looks at each of us and sighs, holding up a simple blade. It looks old, but there’s nothing special about it. “It was forged in Heaven. It can take out any demon or angel.”

“Does it send them back to their realm?” I ask, confirming.

“No, the blade devours their soul.”

I whistle low and inspect the blade a little further. “What’s the plan, then?”

“They have a show tonight at eight. We go, low profile,” he says, giving me a look like I’m the reason we haven’t already completed the mission.

I gasp, clutching at my chest. “Me? Distracting the group? Never.”

“Right. So we go, check it out, see if anyone has seen anything, and then regroup,” he finishes explaining his plan.

“What if there are other angels there?” I ask.

“We eliminate the threat,” Toth states plainly.

“Finally, we get to have a little fun,” I reply with a smile. And for the moment, it seems like all of us have found the

common ground we needed.

I still have nothing to go on as far as my mother's whereabouts. Maybe I need to find another witch; maybe I should even ask Blair—no, definitely not.

I'm sure if this bar has angels, there are other supernaturals who might be able to shed some light. It's like trying to find a needle in a haystack. I don't have a name, a face, or anything to give people to find out who or where she is.

But I'm not deterred. If I want to solidify myself in Hell, whether on the main throne or the one beside it, I need to figure out what my other half is and make sure that Lucifer won't despise me for it.

If I hold power over him, who's to say this loving father facade won't falter?

The only two people I can trust are Elvor and Judd. Everyone else is fair game.

I won't deny that it feels like Hell is trying to tug me home. I want so badly for this paranoia to cease and let me free from its confinements.

Maybe one day I'll feel as free as I did last night. I can only hope.

## CHAPTER 18

### MARA

**B**urlesque was a loose term for what goes on here. It's not necessarily a strip club, but maybe somewhere between the two.

It reminds me of old Hollywood; the room is decorated with wine-like reds and gold accents. It's classic, and the place is cleaner than I would have imagined. There are three rows of tables and chairs, a center stage, and multiple smaller stages throughout the building. It's packed, but luckily, Toth secured us a table.

He scans the place with a watchful eye, and I don't blame him one bit with the current company we're sharing. The place is crawling with supernaturals. I felt so many *other* presences before we even entered the building.

Toth was kind enough to secure me a dress for the evening. His excuse was that he didn't want me, causing a scene at another store, but I don't buy it. The dress is a black flapper dress, and I can't stop twisting back and forth to watch it sparkle as I move. Plus, all three of them can't stop looking at me, making me feel pretty cute. I may or may not be indulging in the dress more than I should. There's just something so satisfying about a man buying something for you, especially one who acts like he doesn't want you. And yet, he knows my style and size.

There are angels sitting at the table next to us, and I take in their appearance. It's three men, of course. They are beautiful and dressed like they're getting their picture taken for the red carpet. I note how they are each drinking and acting very

much like mortals, unlike the holier-than-thou beings they are supposed to be. They look over at me with disgust before continuing their conversation and focusing on the acts on stage.

It pains me that I have to hold back my eagerness and not go on a murderous rampage right here and now. Every day that passes, I feel more used by Heaven and Beelzebub. I'm still not sure I can completely trust Lucifer. But whether I trust him or not, I need to make sure that whatever my mom is, it doesn't fuck with my standing with him. Is it pathetic that I don't want it to? I want him to look at me like he looks at Blair. Like I'm special, smart, instead of like a bomb waiting to go off.

My need for male affirmations isn't lost on me, trust me. The daddy issues are rubbing me the wrong way tonight. Fuck, I want to hurt somebody, so I don't have to hurt like this anymore.

Toth's hand is the one to land on my thigh and squeeze. "Whatever you're thinking about, try to tone it down," he says softly, not in his usual asshole tone.

Elvor looks down at his hand like he wants to cut off each and every one of Toth's fingers. He doesn't because Elvor doesn't want to upset me, and if that's just not the sweetest thing you've ever heard, I don't know what is.

Judd is just happy to be here, looking around for threats and non-verbally checking in with me. I'm interested in seeing if Judd can fight, not that he needs to. I didn't choose him for his strength in battle; I chose him for how light he makes me feel.

Besides, with Elvor, Toth, and myself, whoever decides to fuck with us is in for a rude awakening.

"I'm fine," I tell Toth, but he doesn't remove his hand. It feels nice. His palm isn't as big as Elvor's, but it's callused and strong, just like the demon himself.

But I'm lying when I say that everything is fine; something feels extremely off to me, although I can't explain it.

The woman dancing and singing on stage is alluring in her own way, but I can't seem to focus. My gut knows something is wrong. I just don't know what it is. *Maybe it has to do with the angels next to us, or maybe Michael is here tonight?*

Toth doesn't move his hand, and I can't help but feel like it's centering me right now. Does he sense the wrongness around us? I wouldn't even call it danger, just wrong.

"What are you feeling?" Toth asks.

"Something feels wrong," I answer him. All the men at our table look at me, and I swear they sit a little taller in their seats, looking out for any looming danger.

The woman finishes up her set, and the announcer calls out the next act. "I know you all have been waiting patiently, so let's welcome Lorelei to the stage," he exclaims, trying to rile up the crowd.

Suddenly, it's like everything moves in slow motion. Her heels click against the stage as she holds her pose and looks around the room.

She has blue eyes that match mine and the same dark hair as me. I can see more of the resemblance when I think about what I looked like when I was fifteen. But even now, with this corporeal body made in Hell, there are still some similar features.

She opens her mouth to sing, and all the dots connect for me immediately.

My mother is a siren.

A really fucking powerful one. Even as I hear her sing the melody, I almost feel myself drawn to her. This overarching need to please her and make her feel good. But I can easily ward her off. The men around us, not so much.

The table of angels next to us are fawning over her, looking at her like she hung the moon. The entire audience is enamored by her voice, and I watch in horror as they drag out their wallets to pay her for her song.

My heart drops.

*This is why Elvor and Judd want me.* Not because of *who* I am but because of *what* I am. My siren part, combined with all the power of being Lucifer's daughter, draws them to me. Of course, I didn't earn it with my personality or being the person I've become since being corporeal. My siren nature has wrapped a noose around their neck and tugged them into my clutches.

Elvor must notice me disassociating from the moment because he squeezes the back of my neck and forces me to look at him.

"What?" he asks. I bet that was hard for him in this public space. I blink at him and wonder if he would have ever been interested in me if I wasn't riddled with the power to bend him with my command.

"It's nothing," I answer dejectedly, trying to pull away. He looks over to Judd, who also looks at me, and then at the singer on stage. I watch it all click in his mind.

The fact that he doesn't really want me, that I'm compelling them to be in my orbit without even knowing it.

"Mara?" Toth asks, and I shake him off of my leg. He's the only one who's been able to push past my silent siren song. No wonder why he has always pushed back. He must realize that I've been trying to pull him in with an energy I didn't even know I had.

The woman—my mother—hears Toth say my name, and her eyes connect with mine. She doesn't stop singing but takes a few moments to stare at me. I take a deep breath. I know what I am, and now, I guess, is my time to get answers from the woman who left me to flounder on my own.

She finishes her set, and the hat the bouncer passes around is filled to the brim with cash. I want to scream when Judd puts a hundred-dollar mortal bill in the hat.

"Sweetheart, we can go," Judd says, almost like he didn't realize he tipped her that much. *Of course, he didn't.*

"No, I need answers," I reply, pulling myself together. I guess I can't truly trust Judd or Elvor. I've been compelling



them to be with me, not that I was trying to. But that doesn't matter, does it? I'm not even sure if I can trust myself.

Judd looks over to Toth, and I sigh. After this, he will know that I can compel demons. But at least he won't know everything.

I grab Toth's face, locking my gaze with his. His brown eyes stare back intently, trying to gauge if I'm okay, and I hate it. He isn't allowed to care; I don't deserve it, I never did.

"You're going to sit out here unless you or one of us are in danger," I tell him, making sure my language is clear. I don't want to leave him in a position where he can't defend himself because I compelled him.

"I'll stay here," he repeats back to me in a monotone voice.

"Let's go," I tell Judd and Elvor, who follow me towards the backstage area.

"I can't let you back there," the bodyguard growls. I'm sad and pissed off enough that I don't even think when I snap his neck. His body crumples to the floor, and Elvor and Judd don't question me as I walk backstage.

She has her own dressing room. Her name is in gold, glittery, bubble letters. *Lorelei*.

I don't knock, just walk right on in. The first thing I notice is that her room is filled to the brim with shopping bags, all name brands. As I scan the room, I notice her leaning against a vanity, smoking a cigarette with her legs crossed and her feather-lined dressing gown sliding back to expose her thigh.

She doesn't look a day over twenty-five. She's beautiful, perfect, and a complete fucking monster.

"I thought you might find your way back here," she says in a bored tone. Her voice is melodic, and I hate it. Almost as much as I hate how little she seems to give a shit. Even if Lucifer is lying to me, he at least seems to have some interest in getting to know me and my well-being. The woman in front of me seems more inconvenienced than anything. It's not helping my temper one bit.

“Well, can you blame me for being curious?” I counter.

“Didn’t think you were going to survive if I’m being honest,” she says nonchalantly, inhaling and puffing out the ring of smoke. She acts like it’s a shame that I survived like she hasn’t given my existence a single thought since she abandoned me.

“Is that why you ditched me at the orphanage?” I demand, my voice rising.

She laughs and shakes her head. “I tried to solve the problem before you were even in existence, saw a few witches and everything.”

I barely keep my anger hidden, but Elvor doesn’t. He cracks his knuckles; the sound, so loud it’s like gunshots. But he doesn’t act, just stands next to me as my protector. It makes my stomach sink. His loyalty isn’t one that I earned, it’s something I forced, and neither of us consented to it.

“How did you survive this long, anyway? I was sure being half-demon wouldn’t have worked out for you.”

“You knew he was a demon?” I ask.

She shrugs her shoulders. “He was handsome and looked lonely, so I invited him to my bed. Powerful demon too, it only made me want him more.”

This stupid bitch has no clue she gave birth to the spawn of Satan.

“Are you looking for a job or something? Cause I can’t offer you anything else,” she says dismissively.

“I just wanted to know where I came from,” I tell her honestly.

She tilts her head at me and looks at Elvor. “I quite like him. Be a dear and fetch me my martini,” she commands

As soon as the words leave her mouth, Elvor obeys, and I snap.

Elvor is mine, and the fact that she could so easily compel him makes me furious. The dagger we brought to take down

Micheal had to be strapped to my thigh to make it easier to sneak it into the club. I have it out in a flash, gripping her by her dressing gown and holding it to her throat.

“You don’t like sharing your toys, hmm?” she taunts.

“Remove your compulsion from him,” I demand through clenched teeth.

She inhales deeply at me and groans. “More demon than siren, such a shame. I suppose I knew you were an abomination from the beginning.”

“Release him from his compulsion,” I repeat, feeling frantic and trigger-happy.

She looks over at Elvor and smiles. “Be a dear and kill your tattooed friend over there,” she instructs Elvor, who, under her compulsion, walks over to Judd.

I don’t think twice as I slide the blade across her neck, ending her life. She crumples to the floor, aging before my eyes. Her blood pools around her body and starts to blend in with her robe. She truly was just another supernatural cunt who threatened what was important to me. I don’t feel remorseful or sad about what I’ve just done.

Instead, I look over at Elvor, who is shaking his head and looking at a wide-eyed Judd.

The door slams open, and Toth looks around the room, zoning in on my shaking hand, where I still hold the bloody dagger. My breathing is labored, and I’m trying so hard to contain the rage within me. I want to hurt more people. They should hurt the way I hurt.

*Abomination. Damaged. Worthless. Fucked up.*

I was so fucking naïve to think I’d ever find someone who actually wanted me for *me*. That I’d ever have something that truly belonged to me. I don’t deserve it. I was basically a living weapon, born to be nothing more, and no one knew it, just a ticking time bomb that’s ready to be set off.

As my body shakes, I realize that’s all that I’m good for.

“Fuck,” Toth hisses. Elvor still looks confused, and Judd seems lost for words. Obviously, he just learned that our connection is a complete farce. Toth’s hands touch my face, and I have the thought of cutting them off at the wrists, but I don’t. “Come on, little demon, I know where you can take this anger out.”

I don’t push away from him as he portals the two of us to a warehouse. I should be worried that Elvor and Judd aren’t with us, but they probably don’t want to be, anyway. I’m a half-siren, half-demon that came in and took over their lives without even knowing it.

“Any second now,” he says, looking around.

“Why are we here?” I ask, feeling like if I don’t find some way to release all this fury soon, I’ll simply explode.

“I’ve got some angel friends for you to take some of that bloodlust out on.”

“How did you break out of my compulsion?” I ask him.

“You were in danger,” he says.

“I was not in danger,” I argue.

“Yeah, in danger to yourself,” he corrects.

Four loud bangs break my attention. *Their portalling is a little more dramatic than demons.* The angels around us proudly extend their wings and glare at both Toth and me. All I can do is smile, knowing I finally have somewhere to channel all this frustration.

## CHAPTER 19



I don't even really have time to take in everything that just happened in the last twenty minutes.

Thank fuck the compulsion broke when it did. The sirens at this club are clearly in cahoots with the angels. And I know exactly where they're headed.

*Why is it always Hallows Deep?* I was already suspicious when they were discussing the location. It was all a little too loud about where Michael would be tonight. It's clearly a trap, but they don't know what they're up against.

Portalling far isn't a problem for me, and I have no qualms leaving Elvor and Judd behind. With how red Mara's eyes are and how her body is shaking, I know she doesn't need any backup besides myself.

I hand her an additional dagger and ready my own weapons, both of us holding one magical and one non-magical.

I tilt my head towards the devil's trap in the corner, and she nods. She has to make sure not to get caught over there, and I have to do the same. Though, something tells me she would easily find a way out. I'm still connecting the dots of what happened tonight, although it's clear I'm missing some information.

The sound of the angels portalling into the space is jarring, but we both keep our ground.

Mara doesn't question anything as she shifts into a defensive stance. The frustration and anger seeping off of her

is unlike anything I've seen before. I've pissed her off plenty, but this is something else.

The angels in the room are a mix of angels from the club and others I've never seen before, which is a positive. These are bottom-tier angels. They should be fairly easy to kill.

"Two versus eight, I like our odds," the skinny angel in front taunts.

It's the first time I see Mara really smile. Even if it's more like a vicious dog ready to attack, it's a real smile nonetheless.

"They fell right into our trap. Why didn't you bring the other two?" the female angel asks in disbelief.

"Are you going to stop talking and try to kill us anytime soon?" Mara sasses in a bored tone.

The angel in the front tilts his head at her and squints. "Best to get it over with then," he says. The group all distend their wings, and I roll my eyes. It's the biggest show of little-angel-dick-energy I've ever seen in my endless existence.

Who sees a dude with white wings and thinks *that's attractive*? They should at least be black. If the wings were black, that would be badass.

"You ready?" I ask Mara, and she looks over at me, eyes still red, but her hands are steady.

She smirks and tosses her non-magical dagger right into the throat of the angel in front of us while placing herself in front of me. I'm not sure if it's because she's not paying attention or eager. But a deep-rooted part of me thinks it's because she can't die and is protecting me in her own way—*that can't be it*.

The angel sputters and is ripping the blade from the center of his neck when Mara stabs him in the chest. Everyone in the room halts what they are doing for a moment to watch him crumple into nothing but a lifeless body.

"Yeah, this one means bye-bye for good," Mara states smugly, waving her blade at them.

It's then that the room dissolves into complete mayhem, white feathers floating around the room in a flurry. I have three angels on me, and Mara takes the rest. I try to not let my pride get in the way with her taking on more opponents than me, but there isn't much I can do about it.

I have to focus on the angels in front of me, but I get glimpses of Mara in action. She's magnificent.

One of the angels stabs me in the side, but I easily heal. Thank fuck, it wasn't a weapon that holds power. I easily return the favor with a blade to their chest. Blood pours out of the form as the angel's soul is destroyed.

It's a mess of blood, limbs, and feathers. I take a few slices to my forearms and one to the face, but they are nothing other than scratches that my body heals for me. The last angel I'm against holds a copper blade, and immediately, I know I need to be more careful. I'm not sure what it's capable of. But I know it can't be anything good.

He's the strongest of the three I've faced, and I just need to get that weapon out of his hand. As soon as that's out of the mix, I'll be able to take him down.

I'm not even given the chance to do so because Mara steps behind him, stabbing him clear through his stomach. The tip of the blade poking through his flesh towards me. He collapses to the ground.

I finally look over at the carnage she caused. She killed six angels in total. One of them is even completely missing their head, and I have no idea how she managed that. When I look back at her, she's panting heavily; her chest rises and falls as she smears some blood on her face with the back of her palm.

"You feel better?" I ask, but she just stands there in front of me, catching her breath, eyes still red. She's not the confident demon with an attitude I love to hate and hate to want.

"No," she says, dropping her magical blade to the floor and pushing me against the wall with the edge of the other blade against my throat. "Did you know?" she asks, anger and

sadness pouring out of her. She pushes the knife harder into my throat, and when I swallow, I can feel it nick my flesh.

“Did I know what?”

“What my mother was?” she snarls.

It all clicks for me then. Her being able to compel supernaturals. Why had she killed that siren at the bar? It even makes sense why I haven't been able to pull myself away from her. Half siren and half of the most powerful demon in existence. A deadly combination.

“I didn't know, not till right now.”

She pushes the blade against my throat harder and pushes against my chest. “I guess it all makes sense now, huh? Do you feel better knowing why you liked me and were able to stay away?”

“I wasn't able to stay away, clearly,” I snark back at her.

She slaps me hard against my cheek. If I were mortal, it would likely have killed me. I'm not sure what overtakes me or why I love the way she's crawled under my skin. But I slap her back, not as hard as she did to me, but hopefully enough to rattle some sense into her.

She lets out a frustrated yell and surprises me by crashing her lips to mine. The kiss isn't romantic, soft, or even particularly enjoyable. It's vicious and demanding, but I can't help feeling like she's begging me to give her some ounce of her confidence back.

Her knife is still at my throat, but I grab the back of her thighs, wrapping her legs around my waist, and spin before I forcefully shove her against the wall. It's hard enough that the air leaves her lungs for a minute.

She nicks the side of my throat with the blade as retaliation. I savor the pain, but when I look into her eyes and see that she's struggling, it fractures something deep within me that I didn't know existed. Maybe a soft piece of my soul that I'd held on to from my mortal life? But it makes me want to make her feel good and help her understand who she is to me.



I don't give a fuck that she's a siren. She might piss me off more often than not, but she's the first thing I've wanted for myself in forever.

She needs to understand, even if I can't keep her, she needs to know. I put more passion behind the kiss, less violence, and more unadulterated desire. She pushes back, and I groan against her lips.

"Do you need me to show you what I've wanted since we first met?" I ask.

"You won't. You're too afraid of my father. Too afraid of me," she says, pissing me off, and I push her hard against the wall again, rubbing my cock against her needy cunt. I knew she would look beautiful in the dress. But now? Covered in angel blood with a furious look across her face, she's breathtaking.

"You want to keep that knife against my throat, or do you want me stretching out this tight, needy pussy?" I tease.

She blinks at me like she doesn't want to talk. *Unusual.*

"You're going to have to tell me what you want, little demon. Or else you'll just have to take care of yourself. I can smell how bad you want me, how much all this violence has turned you on. My sweet little fucked-up princess."

She knicks my skin again, and I can feel the warm blood pooling at the collar of my shirt. I like it more than I should or will ever admit.

"I shouldn't have to tell you what to do. You should be man enough to take what you want," she taunts back.

Always pushing the right button. I hold her against the wall with one arm as I use the other to take my cock out. She squirms but doesn't say anything, fully accepting what's about to happen. I'm not sure if she wants it as bad as me or if I even care. I want to take what she owes me; it's about time I get some relief from the way she's been torturing me.

I don't ask her any questions, I just slide her panties to the side, noting that she's wet enough before I push my cock

inside of her roughly. I don't give it to her inch by inch; no, I thrust into her until I can't go any deeper.

She moans, and the back of her head hits the wall. I fuck her so hard I'm concerned the steel walls that we're fucking against are going to break down.

I welcome it.

Almost as much as I welcome the next slap that she strikes across my face. It stings, but her hand doesn't leave my face. She drops the dagger so she can grip my shoulder and jaw at the same time. Her nails bite into the skin of my face as she kisses me.

It's not as rough as before, but more of a claiming. She hasn't been shy about her desire for me, and the way she kisses me proves it. I need her more than I need to breathe in this moment.

She's trying to make me understand that I belong to her. That she can take and do whatever the fuck she wants to me. At this moment, I welcome the idea of being her property as her cunt grips me tightly.

"That's it. Fuck, I knew your pussy would be perfect," I praise her.

She squeezes my face harder. "Shut up."

I don't know why she's baiting me, but I enjoy it all the same. Her acidic tongue is one of my favorite parts of her. Her pussy has clearly taken the number one slot. She's so warm, wet, and wrapped perfectly around me.

"No, I think I want to keep telling you how much I've been needing this. How many times I fucked my fist thinking about this, about you."

She looks away from me, and I'm wondering if she hasn't wanted this just as badly as I have. Has she not thought endlessly about what I would feel like? Has she just been fucking with me? Or is she that upset about being part-siren that she doesn't think she deserves it?

“I thought you’d be sweeter once I filled you with my cock,” I comment, and she groans, clenching around my length.

The only sounds in the room are of how wet her pussy is and the thump of her back hitting the wall with each one of my thrusts.

I switch tactics. Maybe she doesn’t want it rough and mean, though that’s all we’ve been towards each other. I slow my pace down, fucking her more leisurely. Looking down and seeing my cock covered in her arousal makes me shiver as I thrust in and out of her.

“Is this what you want, little demon? You want me to fuck you nice and slow?” I try to lean my face against hers, and she’s letting me. She could easily use her strength against me if she wanted to. “You have to know I’m yours, right? Tell daddy however you want it,” I say, throwing her warrior daddy jokes right back at her.

She doesn’t let go of my jaw as she pulls back; her eyes are no longer red but a pretty shade of pink as she gazes at me.

“Make it hurt,” she demands.

With my hands fully occupied with her plump ass, I shove into her as hard and fast as I can, taking what I want from her. I want her to come, but if I get there first, I’ll just get her off with my tongue or hand.

“Don’t disappoint me,” she says, bullying me into what she wants.

It makes me feel jealous, in a way. She’s so much softer with Judd and Elvor, and I find myself wanting a piece of that for myself. I guess I did set the pace for how we speak toward each other. But I can’t help wanting just a slice of sweetness from the demon who has her legs wrapped around my waist.

She blinks at me, her eyes still preciously pink. Her words don’t match how vulnerable she looks when she speaks again.

“I need it to hurt,” she pleads.

With no other options, I bite down earnestly on her exposed shoulder. My teeth sink into her exquisite, soft flesh until the tang of her blood fills my mouth.

She screams, her nails digging into my shoulders as she milks my cock and reaches her orgasm. The noises she makes are obscenely delicious. When I look down at the mark I left on her, I buck into her like a man with no other ambition than fucking.

“Hell, you’re so fucking perfect. I’m never letting you go now,” I murmur against her skin.

I take what I want from her as her pussy greedily takes every ounce of cum that I give her. She takes it beautifully and pants in my arms for a few moments before I set her down. The reality of where we are and what we just did sinking back in.

I push her hair away from her face, and she looks up at me, her eyes no longer the pretty pink I saw before. They’re a dark blue, far darker than her standard color.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, and she blinks, looking away again.

“Take me back to Hell,” she says.

“No post-coital cuddles?” I joke, and she glares at me. It wasn’t a joke. I’d keep her here as long as she’d let me. I don’t know what’s going on in her head. I’m not even sure she knows. But I know pushing for answers is only going to take me three steps back. I thought she wanted me to give in. I finally do, and now she’s giving me the cold shoulder. *What the fuck?*

“No, I have business to handle in Hell. A siren’s soul would go to sorting, wouldn’t it?” she asks.

“It would,” I respond. As much as I like completely bloodlust-driven Mara, I can’t help but find myself missing the playful, borderline delusional Mara.

“Great, then let’s go. Can someone else clean this up?” she questions, looking around at the dead angel corpses on the floor.

“It will be handled,” I promise her. I make a note to send a bottom-tier demon to set this place on fire and stage a cover-up. While we might make a mess in the mortal realm, we do our best to not completely expose ourselves.

It’s best to be somewhat discreet. Let the mortals fear the unknown or speculate. Fully exposing yourself can lead to more issues, issues that Lucifer hates dealing with.

*Great, Lucifer.* I just fucked his daughter while she was covered in blood and held a knife to my throat.

She’s acting like this is never going to happen again. *Why does that make me feel even worse?* I’m fully ready to stand up to Lucifer and let him know of my intentions, but she doesn’t seem like she wants me to? I feel like I’m being completely mind fucked right now.

This whole time, watching her with Judd and Elvor has made me feel like shit. I just wanted a small taste of her. Get her out of my system and move on. But now that I’ve had her mouth on mine, her blood on my tongue, there’s no escaping that Mara has her claws so deep in my flesh that I’m never going to escape.

I don’t care that she’s part-siren, and that’s why I’m drawn to her. But when I think back to everything that happened tonight, it’s clear that she does.

I play it cool when I speak next. “Elvor and Judd won’t care that you’re a siren,” I tell her.

*Wrong fucking thing to say.*

She grabs her discarded magical blade and holds it against my throat. I feel like I can’t breathe. *Would she actually do it? Kill me without a care in the world?*

“You won’t remember what I am. Do you understand?” she asks, staring deeply into my eyes.

“I understand,” I say, although I’m not quite sure what it is that I understand.

“You’re going to forget everything that happened after we killed the angels. Now take me to Hell.” I nod my head, and

Mara looks away.

I blink a few times, trying to clear the fog from my mind when I notice Mara removing a knife from my throat.

“What the fuck? We’re supposed to be on the same team,” I shout. She tucks the knife against her hip and shrugs. I use my fingernail to chip off a piece of caked-on blood from my throat. I don’t remember letting an angel get that close. In fact... I look around the room in confusion before blinking back over at Mara.

“Are we going to Hell or what?” She looks sheepish and almost sad. I furrow my brows at the way she is talking to me. I brought her here to blow off steam. I don’t know why she was so pissed, but I saw an opportunity and took it. It’s almost like the angels baited us here to fight, even though they didn’t stand a chance. She did a great fucking job taking them out, so why is she giving me shit?

“Why are you being such a fucking brat? I thought killing a few angels would make you feel better. I’m never trying to be nice again,” I grumble, fed up with her attitude.

“Good,” she sighs, holding out her hand, which I take and portal us back to Hell.

## CHAPTER 20

### MARA

A murderous, seething feeling rattles my soul as Toth portals us back to Hell. He takes us to the banquet hall but doesn't let go of my arm.

“What the fuck is going on, Mara?” he demands. I should like him saying my name. But now it all feels like a lie. It's why I made him forget.

He didn't sleep with me because he liked me. Every time I told him to do something, he did it. He doesn't really want me, neither does Judd, Elvor, or really anyone else for that fucking matter.

My biggest fear is now my reality. The crippling paranoia that I've felt my whole life has just been validated.

No one really likes me for who I am, and they never will.

So why bother acting palatable for anyone besides myself. If it doesn't matter what I say or do, and I can compel anyone I want, why not just be a complete fucking nightmare to everyone? I might as well just live this existence as someone who uses people, right? What's the point in trying to be decent to people?

My head hurts, and it's been a long time since I ever felt this hopeless. I might not be as confused as I was as a wayward soul, but I still can't seem to string my emotions together. All I can compute is rage, and I use it to my advantage.

I turn around and look at Toth. “Get off of me,” I yell, pushing my power out of me like it's effortless. He drops my

arm as if I've wounded him and stands there as I storm through the hall.

I only have one destination in mind, and no one is going to get in my way. I need to be able to sit down and have a conversation to truly understand what my powers are and what this means for my everyday life. I want to scream, kill somebody, and cry in my bed. It's honestly disgusting.

Of course, of-*fucking*-course, this dumb cunt, Lisa, intercepts me at this moment.

"Oh, there you are, I was wondering—" Just hearing her voice triggers something inside of me. I hated her from the moment I met her, and I just want her to be quiet—permanently.

I grab her hair by the roots and shove the dagger through her neck. When she crumples to the floor, I realize that it was the magical one and not the plain old dagger. That was actually an accident, but when I don't hear her grating voice, it soothes me just a little. She wasn't particularly well-liked or useful, so I don't think she'll be greatly missed.

"Whoops," I say as I grab her by the hair and easily drag her through the halls. There are demons all around me, blinking at me in shock like we all don't live in fucking Hell together. A trail of blood drags along the floor with her behind us. For a second, I almost feel bad that someone will have to clean it up, but then I remember the worst of the worst work at the manor. There are muffled whispers around me, and I groan in frustration, dropping Lisa's body. Her head hits the floor with a thud. "Does anyone else have anything they would like to talk about right now?" I ask.

When I look back at Toth, his jaw is nearly on the floor. He should know by now that I'm fucked up. He's said it himself. He doesn't really want me; he wants the part of me that was designed to attract him and drag him down to the depths, making his soul mine.

The rest of me, he loathes. He likes my pretty packaging and my consuming voice. The rest of me, though, he doesn't



like, but that's the true me. The realization is like pouring peroxide in a wound, and I'm just forced to sulk in it.

Maybe I should just lean into it and fully accept that I'm an unlikable monster. I don't care about ending a few lives here and there, but the manipulation of people I care about makes me want to crack.

I've never cared this deeply about people before. I never let myself. I didn't deserve it, and now that I know why, I want to disappear.

I grab Lisa by the hair again before portalling us to the pit. I shove her body in the nearest closet and make a mental note to deal with that later. I'm sure there's a crematorium in this place somewhere.

Lorelei, more than likely, has already been sorted and is down here. It seems like a lot of supernatural beings who still have somewhat of a soul get sent down here almost automatically. I'm about three levels down into the pit in a hallway with rows of doors down each side, and I assume this is where most of the souls are kept.

Each room has a window, and I go door by door, peeking into each one. Most of the souls are in the same position, tied to a chair. Others are upside down, tied to a bed, or worse.

I'm starting to feel distraught as I get to the end of the hallway. It's darker down here. You wouldn't notice the last door unless you were looking for it. I have to cup my hands over my eyes and squint against the glass.

It's not my mother, it's worse. It's Beelzebub.

I almost forgot about how I thought Lucifer was lying to me. I just had this deep-seated feeling he was still alive. I might not be able to trust myself, but my gut? That bitch always knows what's up.

Everything feels like a lie. I can't keep any of my feelings straight, and I just want to explode.

With more force than needed, I swing the door open and grab the closest chair, sitting on it backwards as I look at Beelzebub's sleeping form. He's a bloody mess. I can tell his

skin has been carved into and that his fingers have been removed and sewn back on multiple times.

I snap my fingers, and he comes to, blinking wildly at me. He squints at me, possibly seeing some resemblance to the child I once was.

“Mara? I knew you’d come,” he says.

I tilt my head at him and really look him over. *Why keep him alive? Why lie to me?*

“Did you know who my mother was?” I ask him. He looks away from me, and I grab his bloody chin to make him look back at me. “Did you know?” I push all my power into the compulsion.

“She was vile, Mara. I didn’t want you to get tangled up in her web.”

I squint at him and try to read the demon before me. I spent years with Beelzebub; he was the first being to truly befriend me and give me guidance. He’s also the first person who used me. Hell only knows how old this demon is, and he came to Earth to use a fifteen-year-old confused soul for his own benefit.

It may have taken me longer to realize than I’d like to admit, but Beelzebub is my enemy. He never truly gave a shit about me, only his cause and what I could do for him.

“You know what I find interesting, B?” I ask him.

“What?” he asks, swallowing thickly.

“You knew so much and kept it from me for so long.”

“That’s not true. I told you of your father and what you were destined for,” he says. I hold the non-magical blade against his throat. I can’t afford to get trigger-happy here.

“Don’t fucking interrupt me again,” I sneer. He nods his head in understanding, and I continue speaking. “You played into what I wanted. I was fifteen. I just wanted someone to care about me, and you pretended to.” He goes to open his mouth to speak again but stops himself. “You’re also the reason I’m so fucking confused!” I scream in his face.

My brain feels scattered like all my thoughts are talking over each other. I want to be held by someone, but I also want to peel off my skin. Maybe if I rid myself of this corporeal body that I don't deserve, then all the thoughts will stop. The desperation to feel numb is all-consuming; I just want to be able to shut it off.

All the voices in my head are screaming at me, telling me I'm worthless, I'm a user, a fucking monster. I don't deserve to be cherished by Elvor or called sweetheart by Judd. I'm not even worth Toth's bite in the throes of passion. Without thinking, I rub my shoulder; the bite healed long ago.

I wish my mind would heal as easily as my flesh.

"Admit that you used me, and I'll kill you quickly so you don't have to suffer here anymore," I tell him softly, feeling exhausted.

"Mara, I—"

"I'm not going to give you this offer again, Beelzebub. Tell me everything now, and I'll end this for you," I repeat, waving the knife around the room.

He sobs and looks up at me. Snot is running down his nose, and he looks so fucking pathetic. "Lucifer was out of control. The angels wanted someone they could manipulate to take over Hell. I just wanted to be higher ranking and for him to see how useful I was. He was going to regret not trusting me; he was going to see how helpful I could be. I knew you would see that in me as soon as you took over Hell. You're powerful, and you were also our only option," he admits.

I inhale deeply and look around the room. "Who's been torturing you?" I ask him. At that, he breathes deeply.

"Mostly Lilith."

"Why?" I ask him with a tilt of my head. He looks away again, and I swear I'm going to snap. I grab his chin to focus his gaze on me again. "Why?" I shout it in his face, the rage I have can't be contained. The only outlet I know to express myself is violence. I want to cut his eyeballs out and feed them to him right about now.

“I killed her sister,” he says, and I exhale.

That... that is a valid enough reason to keep Beelzebub here.

I think... I don't know.

*Why does every facet of my life feel like a fucking lie?* I grab the roots of my hair and let out a frustrated scream.

“Please, Mara. Please end it,” he begs me.

I think about it; how good it would feel, ridding another person who hurt me from existence. But then this tiny little section of my heart stops me. Lilith hasn't once asked anything of me. She wanted me to be with Elvor. She's the reason he knew who I was before he chased me down into the depths of the pit. She's done my hair for me, held my hand per se since I've arrived in Hell.

Taking away her revenge seems callous, even for me.

I shake my head. “I'll be seeing you,” I tell him.

“No, please. Please don't leave me here. I cared for you all those years! I made sure you had the best humans to possess. I always wanted to serve you.”

“Then you can serve me by living your life here in the pit,” I respond, leaving the room and any lingering feelings about Beelzebub behind me.

I feel sick to my stomach. How am I supposed to keep living here when I can't even trust myself? Am I constantly compelling people without even knowing it? Does my father even want me here, truly? Or is it because my siren nature is alluring to everyone around me?

I've hated myself before.

Truly, deep-rooted hatred for who I was and what I did to people.

But now? Now, I can't even stand listening to my own thoughts or the itchiness of this body, which I don't deserve. It makes it even more obvious that I've been manipulating

everyone around me without realizing it. If I can hardly tolerate myself, how can anyone else?

I think about how Elvor and Judd looked at me. *It wasn't real*. The tenderness, the lust, the sweet words spoken... it was all fucking lies. And that's just one factor of this gift that I didn't even know I possessed. What else could I be capable of and not even know?

Along with being pathetic and whiny, I'm violent, and I still need to find my mother. Pure vengeance is the only thing that keeps my feet moving as I go deeper into the pit. I get the same feeling I did at the club, and I know she's on this floor even before I look into the windows.

The first window I look into makes me laugh, which is just fucking ridiculous considering my current state. It's Marge, my fucking camp counselor. She's an absolute fucking mess, and my heart stills for a moment, thinking Elvor has been torturing her all these years.

No, absolutely not. I can't think about Elvor anymore. It just makes me... sad. I leave Marge where she is but make a mental note of her cell number; we might need to have a little meeting sooner than later.

It only takes me a few glances to find which holding cell my mother is in. She isn't confined, and I assume that means no one has gotten to her yet. Perfect, I get first dibs at tearing her to shreds.

She looks over at me and rolls her eyes. "This was all very dramatic."

"Tell me how it works," I tell her. My gift of compulsion not working on her.

"How what works?" she asks, sounding like she is beyond exhausted with me as she sits on the medical chair and crosses her legs. She's still in the flamboyant outfit from the club, and there's dried blood on her neck.

"Being a siren, compelling people," I say.

"You could have asked me this before killing me, you know?"

“You were going to hurt someone I care about,” I argue.

She clicks her tongue and smiles. “That’s it, isn’t it? Did you come down here hoping Mommy would make it all better? That I’d tell you that those men want you beyond what you are?” She laughs and shakes her head. “Not even I wanted you, darling. Why would anyone else?”

I have to count to thirty before I’m able to speak without lashing out. I know that’s what she wants. To get me riled up enough to act on it, but I won’t give her the satisfaction. At least, not yet, and when I do, I plan on making it fucking hurt.

“So, it’s an all-the-time thing? The allure of being a siren?” I keep my voice even, and Lorelei rolls her eyes.

“Of course it is. Sirens don’t live thousands of years without the power that comes from compulsion.”

“I wish I never found you,” I snarl at her.

She smiles. “I guess we’ll just have to see how well my power works here in Hell. I’m sure my jailer will become compliant quickly enough.”

I can’t let that happen.

Lorelei goes from smiling to screaming as I push her down on the bed, shoving her face down. She tries to fight me, but she doesn’t stand a chance as I attempt to pry her mouth open. She puts on a good fight, not opening her mouth and keeping her jaw as tight as possible. I punch her hard in the face, unhinging her jaw and grabbing her tongue with one hand, slicing it off with the other.

She screams in pain, but it’s a gross, gurgly scream with all the blood filling her mouth. My hand is covered in blood, and I wipe it on her robe as I throw her tongue in the middle of the floor. Just a little reminder to her that I’m not the one to fuck with.

“You’re much more likable when you’re quiet,” I say. The sick thought that maybe I should do the same to myself haunts me as I shut the door and leave her to bleed out in her cell. She’ll reanimate. *Shit, I got to make sure her tongue can’t grow back.* My guess is it probably won’t, seeing as Elvor has

to sew people's fingers back on. Maybe I'll give Lorelei another visit tomorrow.

I know I need to deal with Lisa's body, and I probably have multiple people who want to question me. But all I want to do is break down and cry, which is fucking disgusting. I'm pretty sure cutting off my tongue would be better than actually letting myself feel everything raging in my mind.

Instead, I decide to portal to the one place that's brought me peace, hoping I can quiet all my turbulent thoughts, even if just for a moment.

## CHAPTER 21

### MARA

The inky black waters wink at me while I sit on the shore, drawing in the patch of sand next to me. It's not like the sand you would find on the beach; it's the nasty kind that is mostly ant hills, but I don't mind.

Part of me thinks about jumping into the lake and playing with the souls that are confined to the bottom. But I won't. Just because everything sucks isn't a reason to give up. *Well, maybe.*

I hear someone behind me, and I groan, worrying that it's one of the guys. But, instead it's the person I least expect.

"Blair?"

"Hey," she greets, sitting down next to me.

"Aren't you looking for Michael still?"

She sighs and lies down on her back, so I do the same. "Yeah, but we have no leads. We need more people."

"Sorry we didn't do much on our end," I lament, looking up at the thick, dark gray clouds. I swear one is shaped like a tongue, and it almost makes me smile.

"I'm not blaming you for your little side mission," she says, and I wince.

"I'm the reason you killed your mom," I caution. It's probably the first time I truly feel guilty for what I did in my previous form. I'm not sure what Blair's relationship with her mother was like, but the fact that I was so easily able to manipulate her against her daughter wasn't a good sign. Aren't



we just a picture-perfect pair of sisters who have both killed our estranged mothers. Blair doesn't seem mad at me; if anything, she's calm, cool, and collected. *Fuck, I want to have it all together.*

"To be honest, I'm not that upset about it, especially now."

"Why especially now?" I wonder.

"Being able to fully embrace this demon side of me, it feels different. I care less about what people think and, well... about people in general."

"I've always felt that way till now," I reply.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Why would you want to talk to me?"

"You're my sister. And I think out of everyone we know, I'm the only other person who's killed their mother. So if you wanted someone to talk to, I guess I would be it," she says with a shrug. I don't sense any sarcasm from her, and I didn't compel her to speak to me. The fact that she might want to be there for me simply because blood binds us is heady and overwhelming.

I blink at her; we look alike, yet so different at the same time. I can't help the paranoid part of me that warns me away from trusting this sliver of kindness and olive branch, but I grab onto it like a life preserver nonetheless. My desperation for connection outweighs any doubts I may have.

"I don't feel bad about it if that's what you're wondering. She was a total cunt."

"Most sirens are. No offense," she says, looking at me.

"How did you find out?" I question.

"Judd basically portalled here freaking the fuck out about it, went to Lucifer scared for your life and shit. They had no idea where Toth took you, but they knew when you came back what you would want to do. Dad put Lorelei where he did, knowing you would find her," she tells me.

“How can I trust anything I say or do anymore, knowing that I have this ability?” I ask her.

“It doesn’t work like that. You aren’t just constantly compelling people,” she refutes.

“You don’t know that.”

She furrows her brows at me before speaking again. “If you were always compelling people, then why didn’t I like you at first? Why didn’t everyone in Hell grovel at your feet? You have to actively be serenading someone to get them to do your bidding.”

“I’m just not sure when I’m doing it,” I admit softly. “I don’t know what’s real and what’s not.”

“Have you ever really known?” she asks.

“I guess not. I’ve still been debating if I was going to take over Hell or not.”

She laughs, and I think it’s the first time I’ve heard her laugh since we’ve met. “You know, you might be crazy, but I think if you’re open, we could be friends.”

I arch an eyebrow at her. “Why would you want to be friends with me?”

“Because I know what it’s like to feel like you have no one, and we’re sisters. Sisters are supposed to fight, make-up, and then be friends again, right?”

I shrug my shoulders because I’ve never really thought much about familial dynamics before. I’m truly not sure how any of this works.

“I am sorry for everything I did, Blair,” I tell her. This time, I mean it. This isn’t a plot to make anyone trust me or make it seem like I’m sane. I genuinely have remorse for hurting this person who came to me willingly to make a truce.

“It all worked out in the end. Plus, you didn’t hurt Stevie. If you had, then it might be a different story.”

I grimace but nod. I kind of liked the red-headed witch.

“Are you worried about her?”

“More so worried about the future. She’s... not like us. She’s sweet, only uses violence as a way to defend herself. I’m afraid of losing her.”

I try to not be jealous. Blair can have more than one best friend. I will just need to work harder to become her top best friend.

“You just have to get her soul sent to Hell,” I tell her.

“I know, but how? She wouldn’t do anything terrible enough to get herself sent here.”

“She has you, those two demons simpering after her. I’m sure she could be persuaded or tricked.”

“What are you suggesting?” Blair asks.

The wild ideas spew off of my tongue, and I don’t know how long I sit at this lake with Blair, but it feels real. She throws in a jab here and there so that I know I’m not compelling her to agree with me.

It makes me think that maybe it’s something I can learn to control. But with the damage I’ve already done, will Elvor and Judd resent me for what I did? Not to mention Toth, whom I made forget the one intimate moment we’ve had together.

“We should get back to the manor,” Blair suggests, and I groan. “You should probably talk to Dad too,” she scolds lightly.

“He’s probably so disappointed in me,” I whine.

“I’m still pretty pissed with the old man myself. But give him more credit. I promise it won’t be as bad as you think.”

“It’s probably not the best time to tell him I accidentally killed a demon and shoved her in a closet.”

Blair’s eyes widen for a moment, and then they soften. “Maybe save that for another time,” she agrees.

I’m grateful when we decide to walk instead of portal back to the manor. I need a few more moments to try and get my head on straight. What Blair said makes sense, but I still don’t

believe it. Why would they truly want me, knowing about this curse I was born with?

I must look really unsure as we reach the front gates. “Everything will be okay, Mara,” she encourages while we wait for the gates to open for us.

“I’m not sure I believe that.”

“Go talk to Lucifer, then go see your guys. I’ll probably be heading back to Earth early tomorrow.”

“Blair?”

“Yeah?” She turns to me, and I catch a swirl of pink in her eyes. I already know that when my eyes turn to that color, it means I have some sort of affection towards that person. It’s never been this clear or easy for me to read someone’s intentions before. Realizing I have an older sister who doesn’t hate me means more than I can express.

“Whatever you need when it comes to Stevie, I’m there.”

She gives me a stern nod with a smirk as I walk alone to Lucifer’s office.

Someone is already in there speaking with him when I knock on the door, but I don’t let that deter me as I step in. He’s in a heated conversation with Toth, who looks over at me with disgust. *Of course, that’s what he feels.*

“What did you make me forget?” Toth accuses, pointing a finger at me.

“Toth, let’s be sensible,” Lucifer coaxes.

“Sensible? I went to Earth like you asked and played babysitter to the absolute chaos that was looking after those three, only to come back to give you my report and realize chunks of my memory are missing. What did you do, Mara?” Toth demands, making me look away.

“Go walk it off,” Lucifer booms and Toth obeys immediately.

I sit in the seat I’ve become familiar with as my father looks at me, taking me in. I have to look away for a moment

because his gaze is too intimidating. It makes me want to spill my guts and let all these sappy, ridiculous emotions out. I don't fucking like it.

"I see you found your mother before I had the opportunity to," he starts.

"You would have probably killed her too."

"No doubt about that," he confirms, and that's when I force myself to look at him.

"Why?"

"Because she hurt you," he admits softly. "I'm not oblivious to my part in your creation and lack of guidance throughout your youth. But I need you to fully understand, Mara. I would have never left you there."

"You left Blair there."

"Blair was half-witch, more mortal than demon. You are more demon than siren, you weren't meant for the mortal realm."

I rub my eye sockets with the palms of my hands. "You really knew how to choose women when you were on Earth, huh?"

He grimaces and pours us both a glass of whiskey. "I'm not a good being. I'm more than well aware of that. The list of my faults is longer than I'd ever care to admit, but there are a few things that I would never do, and that is to intentionally hurt you, Blair, or Lilith."

I take the drink and chug it down in one go. "So, I guess you know I found Beelzebub in the pit."

"I also know you didn't kill him."

I shrug. "Didn't seem fair to Lilith." He smiles and summons an old tome from his library shelf.

"This is the oldest piece of literature I have on sirens, their capabilities, history, and first-hand accounts."

I leaf through a few of the pages and look up at him. "Why are you giving me this?"

“Because you’re my daughter, and you deserve to know everything about who you are and what you’re capable of.”

“You don’t care that I have abilities that you don’t?” I ask, gauging his reaction.

He smiles at me and shakes his head. “Mara, I’m many things, but a liar isn’t one of them. I want you here to help me make this place run smoothly. It’s been lonely, being at the top for so long. I trust your power will only aid you in being the heiress to Hell.”

I rub my temples and take a few deep breaths.

“Did my mother seduce you into sleeping with her? Did she compel you to forget her? Is that why you didn’t remember?”

He loosens his tie slightly and pours himself another glass.

“It was a dark time in my life. But it is possible that she used her gift against me to some extent.”

“I don’t want to be like that. I don’t want to use my gift all the time.”

Lucifer nods and takes a drink. “Then you’ll need to do as much research as you can and learn how to use your gift properly. I want to help you with this.”

Liquid drips from my eye, and I rub it away. “So, is there like family therapy in Hell? Because I don’t know how to handle everything that has happened today,” I joke, causing him to laugh.

“Trust me, you don’t want to spend any time with Sigmund. He’s annoying.”

“Thank you for the book,” I say, standing and holding it against my chest. “Toth isn’t in trouble, is he?”

My father shakes his head, and I let out a sigh of relief.

“I did make him forget something. But he did nothing wrong.”

Lucifer arches an eyebrow at me but doesn’t comment immediately. After a few moments, he states, “You realize you

two have officially waged war against Heaven with your little outing?”

I swallow and shrug my shoulders. “It was inevitable, wasn’t it?”

“It made you feel better?” he asks, and I nod my head. “Then yes, it was inevitable.”

## CHAPTER 22

### MARA

I portal right to my bedroom, not wanting to run into anyone else. I don't need to be stuffing another corpse in a closet or having to explain myself to another person. The book is heavy in my arms, and I can tell that it's old.

My father gave it to me willingly. He was honest about Beelzebub and all of his intentions. So was Blair.

*So why do I still feel like shit?*

Why do I still feel like I don't deserve what I've built in Hell so far? I suppose I should feel more concerned about the way Blair and Lucifer could so easily read me, but I don't. It's all water under the bridge with them at this point.

But Elvor, Judd, and Toth...

I blow a piece of hair out of my face. I want Toth to look at me the way he did when he was holding my body against a wall. When he was telling me how badly he had wanted me this whole time. But I still wonder how much of it is genuine.

How much of it is the siren influence I can't control?

I'm not ready to come clean and talk to them yet. I know I won't be able to stay away long, and I can't imagine how they're feeling.

Betrayed? Deceived?

*Fuck.*

I turn on Dance Mums in the background. There's nothing quite like Tabby Leigh's condescending voice as background



noise as I crack open the book.

The spine almost feels like it's falling apart when I open it so I can look at the first page. It's a picture of a woman sitting atop a rock on the shore with a ship in the distance.

I read on, and the tome says that they don't know when sirens became present in the mortal realm, but the main source is mermaids. It's believed that over time and with mixed breeding, sirens evolved to look just like mortals.

They no longer needed to consume mortal men to sustain their life source, just their devotion.

Sirens feed off attention and loyalty and crave it to an almost destructive level. I sigh and keep reading.

They depict sirens as beautiful maidens who tend to have a murderous streak. *That tracks.*

They are also nomads of the supernatural world, tending to be loners in their hunt for followers while staying away from other supernatural beings.

I flip through some personal accounts of interactions with sirens before I get to the last few pages that look like they were written by a siren.

*I fear I don't have much longer on this Earth. Not because my following is diminishing but because I, myself, can no longer continue to be on this planet. I've spent too much time glamouring the mortals that court me. I can no longer turn it off. Nothing in my life is genuine anymore. The followers I've collected only come to me for my siren song, nothing more.*

There's another entry from another siren, and this is the one I needed to see, the one that gives me some fraction of hope.

*I've fallen in love with a mortal boy. My mother says he doesn't really love me, though, that it's just my gift he's attracted to. I haven't fully mastered how I get the mortals to do as I please, and I think my mother is jealous that I have a true follower without the need to trick him with my siren song. We're running away together tonight, and I'm never looking*

*back. I don't care that I'll wither away if I don't consume mortal energy. Being with him is worth it.*

I close the book gently so as not to disturb the ancient text and lie down on my bed, looking at the deep green canopy above me.

Maybe I used my siren abilities on Judd, Elvor, and Toth without recognizing it before, but I recognize it now. There's no doubting my feelings for them, so maybe I can make this right?

I can lay out the complete truth of what I am and work on never pushing compulsion on any of them. Maybe there's some salvaging what was growing between us, and hopefully, they won't hate me.

*Fuck, I'm such a coward for hiding from them, for compelling Toth to forget.*

I grab the softest pillow next to me and curl up into a ball. For the first time in a long time, I let the tears flow freely. It's cathartic and sickening, and I'm glad no one is around to witness my shame.

*I've just been so lost for so long. Could I actually be safe here and build something? Even if they don't forgive me or want me after they know the whole truth?*

My pillowcase has become soaked, and I scowl at the dreaded salty-wet patch on the fabric.

*When was the last time I let myself truly feel something? It had to be when I was in my birthed body because this feeling is absolutely awful. My eyes burn, and my stomach hurts; I want to be sedated instead of feeling this.*

If I wasn't avoiding Judd, I would see what he has to help me sleep for endless hours. I wonder if edibles work on demons; that's truly something I need to find out. But for now, I guess I'll just have to keep letting this moisture drip from my face until it runs dry.

My eyes are stinging, and my stomach grumbles, but I don't move. I just want to rot in this bed and never leave.

There's a loud knock on the door, and I push the pillow harder against my face, muffling a "Go away!"

"No," the deep voice of Elvor replies.

"Go away," I repeat, and this time there's a lighter knock at the door.

"Sweetheart, we aren't going anywhere. So you can either open the door, or Elvor is going to knock it down," Judd warns. His voice is clear enough through the door to easily be heard. How in the fuck did he even get access to this part of the manor? *I know I gave Elvor access, but how did Judd?*

"I'm not opening the door," I shout petulantly. I need more time to be a sad sack of shit. They can't see me with pink tear stains running down my face and a snotty nose. They'll want me even less then.

Like a wild beast, Elvor easily knocks the door off its hinges and comes tumbling into my room.

I cross my arms over my chest and look at them both. Their first reaction is being completely pissed off at my lack of compliance. Then, of course, they take note of my tear-streaked, shame-riddled face, and their anger is replaced with concern.

"I said to leave me alone," I huff, turning away.

"Mara, I know you're upset. That's why we're here," Judd says.

"No, you're here because I've been unknowingly compelling you both to fall for me. It's why I feel so good around you. You've been fueling my energy, and you had no idea. How do you even know that you actually like me?" I argue back, and Judd's face softens.

"Because you give me energy, too. I think about you when you're not around. You make me smile, you make me want to live. If you're compelling that out of me, I honestly couldn't give a fuck. Because before you came to Hell, I was miserable. You gave me a reason to live," he proclaims, but I just shake my head.

“It’s the siren part of me that makes you feel that way, not really me,” I say quietly, and he shakes his head. He takes a seat on the bed next to me while Elvor stands there, his face hard to read.

“That’s not true. I like the girl who wants to dance with me, who confidently tells me what to do, who is willing to try new things. I like the girl who steals a dress and changes into it right there on the shopping room floor or the girl who gets so jealous she murders a vampire in the middle of the dance floor. You make me laugh, and you’re the funnest person to be around. What do any of those things have to do with being a siren?”

“I don’t know, but I’m sure most of it has to do with me being a siren. You liked me so fast, Judd. So did Elvor. It obviously wasn’t natural.”

“Mara?” Judd breathes disbelievingly as I look away. I’m shocked when he grabs my chin, jerking my face back to look at him. “We’re in Hell now. Things are different. I’m telling you that I love you and don’t care about the siren part of you. If me caring for you is what gives you energy, then fucking use me.”

“I just want to be wanted for who I am,” I say. I’m not sure I’ve ever been this vulnerable in my life. Judd wipes away my tears, and it’s too fucking sweet. I both cherish and loathe it at the same time.

It’s not Judd who speaks next, it’s Elvor. “Let’s go,” he states.

I growl in frustration as I stand up from the bed. “I literally just said I want to be wanted for who I am, and your response is, *let’s go?*”

Elvor is in my face in less than five steps. His massive hand grabs my chin roughly as he scowls at me. “Yes. Let’s go. I’m going to show you how much I want you. But I can’t do that in Lucifer’s manor.”

I swallow and look up at the massive fae.

“You’re not mad?”

He shakes his head.

“You don’t hate me?”

He sighs, shifting to cup my face. “Little princess, my patience is running thin. Are you done with the stupid questions?”

“They aren’t stupid,” I spit back.

“To us, they are. What you are changes nothing, Mara,” Judd chimes in.

I stand up and put my hands on my hips. “Why is everyone being so fucking nice to me? I just wanted to come here, sulk, and be sad while trying to come to terms with everything. But nooo, everyone insists on being kind to me. It’s making me fucking sick.”

“Fine. No more nice,” Elvor replies, tossing me over his shoulder and smacking my ass roughly before holding a hand out for Judd.

Before I can even get a word in, Elvor has portaled us all into his room in the pit. He drops me down roughly, my body bouncing on the mattress.

I pout up at him, and he continues to scowl at me, pointing one of his large fingers toward my chest. “No more running.”

“I didn’t run,” I protest.

“You did,” he counters, looking exasperated by my brattiness.

“I had no control over fucking Toth portalling me to a warehouse to dispose of a bunch of angels.”

“You ran,” he growls. I scramble up onto my knees, but I still don’t meet him eye to eye, so I stand up on the bed and point at his face. It only seems fair.

“Of course, I fucking ran! I left before you could leave me like everyone fucking does. I’m not worth sticking around for.” I shout it in his face, and I want to swallow it down as soon as the words escape. I wonder if there’s a massive hole somewhere in the pit I can jump into.

Elvor grabs my face roughly, his fingers nearly digging into my skin as he enunciates each word. “You. Are. *Mine*.”

My eyes leak, watering for a whole new reason, and Judd takes the moment to step in. He’s gentle as he touches Elvor’s arm to calm him down. I don’t want him calm; part of me wants him to make me pay for everything I’ve done. I deserve to be used the way I’ve used them.

“Mara, please let us take care of you. We’ve been worried sick about you. You’re ours. Let us show you,” Judd pleads with me. I want to believe him, trust both of them and myself. Elvor removes his hands from my face and grabs my hips.

“How can I know that I’m not compelling you? How can I know that it’s real?” I ask.

Elvor groans, and that’s when I feel his power wash over me. It should feel stifling, confining, and terrifying. Thankfully, he had his hands on my hips, so when I crumple to the bed, it’s a smooth transition.

*It feels like relief.*

I can move my eyes but nothing else. The large fae demon has the gift of paralysis, and I can’t help but be thankful that, for once, everything is out of my hands, and there’s no way for me to ruin this moment. I’m not sure what I deserve, but I know they deserve to take what they want.

## CHAPTER 23



I had no choice but to use my power against her. She was basically yelling at me to take control and make this better for her. This is the only way I know how to make it better for all of us.

The fact that she doubted my feelings for even a moment is unacceptable.

She's about to learn who she belongs to and that I don't give a fuck what her lineage is. She's mine, and I don't care if she does compel me half the time. I'd rather live a life where Mara tells me what to do than a life without her at all.

The fact that she thinks she's in charge of the entire dynamic that the three of us have is comical to me. She folds so beautifully when I dominate her. I hate that she's doubting herself for even a moment.

It's probably all fucking Toth's fault.

She seemed upset after killing her mother, but this devastation that she is carrying with her after being taken by Toth is disturbing.

She lies still on the bed, and Judd looks at me and then back to Mara.

"What did you do to her?"

"Paralyzed," I reply, though she isn't truly. She's mostly just incapacitated and at my will. "She can feel but not move."

"She can *feel*? She's aware?" Judd asks, looking down at Mara, who blinks. "Blink once if you're okay with this," he

asks her, and she blinks once.

I smack her thigh once and watch as her pupils dilate. “Judd’s going to get your pussy ready for me,” I tell her. Judd looks over at me, wide-eyed, and blinks like I’ve spoken a foreign language. I’m already frustrated enough with Mara, I don’t need him being difficult as well.

I step behind him, gripping his dark hair between my fingers as I whisper in his ear. “She’s ours, show her.”

“Sweetheart, this is really what you want?” Judd asks her again, and she blinks once. “So, she’s just going to lie there and take it?” Judd asks me incredulously.

“Yes, now do as you’re told,” I demand in a low tone. I assert my dominance by not letting go of his hair as he rubs her thighs and looks down at her limp body.

I don’t get off on using my gift sexually, but right now, she needs to learn. It’s also the perfect way to stretch her out the way that I need.

Judd looks confused, and I sigh.

“If she’s good, I’ll give her access to some of her limbs,” I offer, waving a hand. My gift is stronger than most of the other demons I know who have the gift of paralysis. For one, I’m able to use it on other demons, and I can direct which parts of the body I want paralyzed.

Her voice is off the table. If she thinks that’s what’s controlling us, taking it away is a simple fix. But if she pleases me, maybe I’ll give her access to her arms or legs. I do love her smart mouth, though. It’s a shame she won’t be able to use it.

My irritation with Judd is reaching a peak as I undo his pants and free his cock. I stroke it a few times, more than aware that he’s hard. He’s just as turned on by the thought as the rest of us; he just has a tighter grip on mortal moral standards. He sighs and keeps touching Mara, getting more into the idea as time goes by.

“Roll your eyes if you want me to stop,” he tells Mara. I’m not sure how someone so sweet became a demon in the first



place. I both love him and hate him for it. I want to sink my claws into him and corrupt him almost as much as I want him to stay as this sweet, devoted toy for Mara and me.

Mara blinks once, her eyes turning purple. I grin down at her and lean into Judd, my hard body pressed against his. “Purple,” I whisper, pointing at her eyes, and Judd shivers.

He finally gives in to his urges, now that he’s fully convinced that she wants it. His hands slide tenderly up her thighs and slowly glide her panties down her legs.

I lean forward, grabbing Mara’s jaw. Her eyes meet mine, and I know if she could move her face, she’d be grinning. “Enjoy Judd’s soft touches, princess. You won’t be getting that from me.”

I let go of her face and focus my attention on Judd, making sure he knows I’m here and that he has my full support to use Mara how we see fit.

She might be a princess, the heir to Hell, but first and foremost, she fucking belongs to me. I don’t know how powerful she truly is. But at this moment, she is completely at my mercy and loving every second of it.

When she leaves this room, barely able to walk, there will be no more doubts about how Judd and I feel about her.

Judd is kind and devout as he fingers her pussy, making sure she’s wet enough. Her cunt sucks in his fingers like the greedy little demon she is, and Judd shudders, covering his cock in her wetness before sliding inside of her.

Mara’s eyes widen a fraction, and I know if she could speak, she would be keening for him.

I help Judd completely remove his pants, and I can’t help myself as I spit into my palm and start fondling him from behind while he fucks Mara. My fingers ring around his asshole with each thrust.

“Fuck,” he hisses, holding Mara’s thighs wide as he takes what he’s owed and shows our sweet princess what she means to us. I hold Judd’s shoulder down so he’s forced to be pressed against Mara’s body as I spit again. This time the saliva lands

above his ass crack, and I watch it trail downward. I eagerly collect the wetness with my fingers and start fucking him as he fucks our girl.

His hips snap against her skin, and Mara's eyes can't stay one color for long, fluctuating between her natural blue, pink, and purple.

If I wasn't so mad at her, I'd think about how precious it was.

Right now, what's precious is her silence, compliance, and the way her cunt is dripping onto the bed sheets.

"Right there," Judd whimpers as I curl my fingers inside his tight hole, rubbing against that perfect spot. "Fuck, Mara," he gasps against her neck as he fucks her and cradles her face.

She lays there, looking at me while Judd fucks her, and I fuck him with my fingers.

"You see how much you mean to him?" I tell her in a taunting tone while moving my fingers in and out of him, directing the pace of how he fucks her.

Judd cradles Mara's body adoringly, gently, so as not to crush her. He clenches around my fingers as his hips stutter and his fingers tangle into Mara's hair. He's whispering in her ear, her eyes watery and pink. I watch as the sweetest tear falls from the corner of her eye, and she closes them in pure bliss.

Judd lets out a low moan as he fills her with his cum. I slowly remove my fingers and watch as he collects himself to stand up straight. Mara's legs are positioned wide open, and she's not able to hide the mess he's made of her.

Her wet cunt drips as his cum attempts to slide out of her.

"Sit," I command Judd, pointing to the chair in the corner. Ever the good boy, he listens right away. Mara tries to follow him with her gaze, but he's out of view. She can only focus on me right now.

I leave her to lie on the bed, waiting, wondering, as I go to the bathroom. I wash my hands and undress myself. It will be

the first time she sees me naked, and I'm not sure how to feel about it.

It's best that she can't speak. I'm most comfortable in silence, and I think this is the only way she will fully understand the extent of what we have. This isn't an infatuation; she is my obsession, compulsion or not.

My cock is hard, and I stroke it a few times in the mirror.

I'm not insecure in my form, just reluctant to show it to others. I sigh and realize if I want her to accept every part of this courtship, I need to do the same.

I stride out into the bedroom. Judd looks at me with wide eyes, and when he gets a look at my cock, his mouth drops.

I'm hoping one day, I'll get to take him from behind. But that will take even more practice than what Mara needs. *One day.*

Mara's eyes turn into a kaleidoscope of colors, too many for me to decipher, as I move her listless body the way I want. Being able to see her face is crucial, so I place a pillow under her perfect ass, swatting it before I glide my cock over her sensitive little clit.

"You're going to take all of it," I tell her.

*Purple eyes.*

I smirk at her and use her wet cunt to lube up my cock.

"That sweet pussy is going to take every inch, and there's nothing you can do about it. Do you like that, little princess? Being at my mercy, letting me use your body?"

I rub her thigh and grin down at her. "I love hearing you talk, but fuck, I might like your silent obedience even more."

I catch Judd stroking his already-hard-again cock in the corner, and I'm glad he knows that I need his silence, too. I feel like I can speak freely in the peaceful stillness of the room.

I use the tip of my cock to push Judd's cum back into her warm center, and the moan that leaves my chest is nearly

guttural as I watch, mesmerized by her pussy trying to push his release out around me.

“Can’t have that, baby. You’re going to need every drop of Judd’s cum to take me.” I start with the tip, pushing it against her entrance. Her eyes widen, but they don’t leave mine. Her arms are limp by her sides as I slowly start to work her over.

Her cunt resists as I push harder, but the resilience and want in her eyes tell me everything I need to know. She wants it just as bad as I do; she might even need it more than me.

I push harder against her, her walls stretching against my shaft. Her channel is so tight I have to stay still for a moment, just soaking it in. Her pussy lips are spread wide, wrapped around my cock, and I shiver.

“You want more, don’t you, princess? You need the whole thing. You need me to show you that you’re mine?”

*Purple to pink.*

The resistance of her body is uncomfortable, but I push us both beyond it. She isn’t mortal. She’s the Princess of Hell.

“You can take it, this pussy was made for me to fuck.”

A tear rolls from the side of her eye, and I lick it up, cupping her face as I push deeper. “You feel that? You’re mine. Never-fucking-ever doubt me again, little princess.”

I push my cock the rest of the way inside of her. It’s obscene and marvelous the way my cock bulges her lower abdomen. I press down on it and nearly regret not being able to hear her cry out in pleasure.

I release her from her paralysis, and she does just that: screams in pleasure as her hands immediately wrap around my forearms. Her sharp nails dig into my skin as she takes everything I give her.

Her plush mouth forms a precious O as I begin to fuck her, stretching her pussy in the best way possible. She’s a demon. Every time will be like this with the way her body shapes and heals. It’s fucking perfect.

She goes to speak, and I put my hand over her mouth, which takes up the bottom half of her face.

“Your next words better be please, thank you, or more,” I tell her in a low tone. If she says anything other than those words, I’ll put her back under paralysis, no matter how much I love feeling her shaking body and seeing her writhe for more.

“Thank you,” she pants, another tear rolling down the side of her face. “Fuck, more, please.”

“Now that you can use your mouth... Judd, come,” I command him. He nearly jumps off the chair he was sitting on, his cock eagerly placed near her face, knowing where I want him. He pushes his cock against Mara’s lips, which she dutifully takes down her throat.

“Good girl,” I praise her. My grip on her hips is brutal as I give her every inch. She cries out around Judd’s dick, and the sounds are everything I could have asked for.

“So pretty,” Judd murmurs, pushing her hair softly off her face.

“You look good filled up with cock, princess.”

Her grip on my arm tightens, her nails nearly drawing blood, and it makes me want her even more. I fuck her relentlessly, using her body for my pleasure. She whines and chokes around Judd as I take what I want.

Judd takes pity on her and starts playing with her clit while I wildly thrust into her. She squeezes around me so tight that I can’t hold back any longer. My thighs tremble as I drive roughly into her, reaching my release. Judd puts more pressure onto her clit while quickening the pace, and she breaks, moaning with Judd’s dick down her throat.

My eyes roll into the back of my head as I fill her with my cum. I press down on her stomach, feeling how deep I am inside of her, and I groan as pleasure rolls down my spine.

Judd, the greedy bastard, comes inside of our little demon once more. And only then do I pull out of her pussy. She winces from the loss, but her eyes don’t leave mine the entire time.

They're still the prettiest shade of pink as she stares into my eyes.

“Do you understand now, little princess?” I ask her, Judd's cum dripping from the side of her mouth and mine dripping from her cunt.

She nods her head and licks the corner of her lip. “Yes, I understand.”

A grin takes over my face, and I realize with complete assurance that if we wanted to, we could take over any realm we see fit. We're that unified and strong. It's everything I've ever wanted.

## CHAPTER 24

### MARA

**M**y brain cells have literally been fucked out of me. I'm not sure how I went from crying in my bedroom to being immobile on Elvor's bed. But despite how I got here, I'm glad I did.

I shouldn't like the fact that Elvor has a power he can use against me, but at the same time, it does make me feel better. It makes me feel like if I ever get out of control or too deep in my own thoughts, he could stop me.

Just like he did tonight.

He took. He proved to me that I'm not abusing them with my gift, that I'm not compelling them to be with me. *Well, at least not all the time.*

They want me despite my faults. I'm not sure what it will take for me to genuinely believe that they love me for who I truly am. But maybe part of the problem is I don't really know myself well enough at all.

Judd passed out shortly after our sex-capades, but I needed a shower, and Elvor decided to join me. I don't know if it's because we're in Hell, but the water is always sinfully hot. It's amazing.

He pushes my wet hair from my face and looks down at me, cupping my cheeks. "You alright?"

I nod and kiss his wrist. His body is magnificent; it's the body of a seasoned warrior, with cuts and scars slashed across every part of him. I imagine he had all of these before my

father turned him corporeal, and he chose to keep them, to wear the scars of his fae life into his afterlife.

Even though his cock is flaccid right now, it might as well be its own person as it hangs between us. The stretch was intense, but I loved every second of it, pushing my body to its limits and proving to Elvor that I can be good for him.

“Yes, I needed that,” I tell him softly.

“I will always take care of you,” he vows. And I’ll be damned if it isn’t the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard. *Who wouldn’t want a man who is willing to fuck the internal panic out of your body?*

“I’m still worried about my abilities,” I admit honestly.

He grunts and rubs some tension out of the back of my neck. It’s jarring having heard him say so much in such a short amount of time, but I can’t deny I love it. I won’t push him. He seems comfortable around Judd and I, and that’s all I need. Around others, he can stay silent. I like that I have him to myself.

“Even if you couldn’t compel me, I would always do your bidding, princess.”

I drag my hands down his chest, a few pieces of scar tissue grazing my flesh as I sigh.

“I just...” I stop mid-sentence and look away. He hooks a knuckle under my chin, urging me to look him in the eyes, and I have to blink away my insecurities.

“Just what?”

“Before I came to Hell, I had no one. And now that I’m here, there are so many people who want to be a part of my life. I don’t know how to handle it. It doesn’t feel real.”

“We will work on it,” he tells me. Despite my mean inner voice, I believe Elvor. I didn’t compel him to break down my door or drag me into the pits for him to show me his devotion. He did that himself.

And the way Judd looks at me, I’m not sure how to describe it. Judd makes me feel like I’m the center of his entire



existence. I love it, but it's equally terrifying.

A sleepy-faced Judd walks into the bathroom and joins us in the large shower. He doesn't even really speak as he washes up. Eventually, he leans in and kisses my cheek before going back to the bedroom. I tilt my head and watch him as he retreats to the bed.

"We must have fucked him into silence," Elvor teases with a grin, and I shake my head.

"What now?" I ask, shrugging my shoulders.

"Whatever you desire," he replies.

What do I desire?

"I think the angels need to know they picked the wrong fucking girl to be their pawn," I say, thinking back to Beelzebub and how I can truly prove I belong here. That I'm a part of this family and have a rightful place in Hell.

Mischief and excitement take over Elvor's face as he cups my cheeks and kisses me roughly.

If you had asked me when I first came to Hell what my intentions were, they would have been a stark contrast to what they are now.

I might not be able to fully trust myself, but I'm finding maybe I should trust the judgment of those around me.

It's time to finally embrace being the Princess of Hell and wreak havoc on anyone who thought they could take advantage of me.



This family dinner is different from the others. There's no tension or animosity rolling around in my stomach. I realize that everyone at this table is a part of my circle and that I need to trust them; I need to believe in something. And what I believe in are the demons sitting at this table plotting out our next move alongside me.

I have a seat at the table. My thoughts matter, and I'm a big part in resolving this conflict.

"This war has been inevitable. The animosity has only grown in the last few centuries. Truly, your actions are not the first that have ignited this war," my father informs, his hand taking Lilith's on top of the table.

Lilith shrugs and takes a sip of her drink. "To be fair, they kidnapped me first, so they started it."

"Ripping out two top-tier angel hearts did not go unnoticed. But they were still hoping they could use Mara against me. Now that they no longer have that as an option, they're scrambling," Lucifer says, looking at me. I nod my head dutifully. I don't want anyone doubting the line I'm towing.

There's no more debating in my head or plotting. I've chosen a side, and I'm sticking to it.

"I believe the angels wanted us at that location. I think it was a test," Toth inserts, not looking in my direction.

I suppose maybe I broke the spell he was under and set him free when I told him to forget what happened between us.

"How so?" Lucifer asks.

"There are pieces of that evening that are missing," Toth snarls, shooting me a glare. "But they were openly discussing where they were headed to torture a demon in my presence. They wanted us at that warehouse. I suspect it was to test Mara's abilities. They were all lower-tier angels. I didn't recognize a single one, and their fighting abilities were unimpressive." He looks at me when he says unimpressive, and it makes me want to shrivel up and die.

But I sit there with a blank face. "They were hardly a challenge for me. I should be on the front lines," I state. Suddenly, that has everyone's attention.

Everyone looks at me, and my father taps his chin as he contemplates my words. "She's right," he agrees.

You could hear a pin drop in the room. Judd looks like he wants to throw up, Elvor looks proud, and Toth looks confused.

“I assume you three will continue to be by her side during battle?” Lucifer inquires.

“I don’t know if that is the best idea, my lord,” Toth comments.

“Are you stating you can’t or won’t keep my daughter, your princess, safe?” my dad questions. I want to wince but hold it in.

“If Toth doesn’t want to fight alongside me, he shouldn’t be forced to,” I say, trying to stay calm. I try not to put any type of compulsion into my words.

There’s still this desire for Toth that I can’t extinguish, this need to make him mine, but the only way it would be suitable for him to belong to me is if it’s his own choice. Judd and Elvor might not care about what I am or what I tell them to do, but Toth does. I know it deep down in my internally suffering soul.

“She can fight. She’s gifted. I’m not arguing that,” Toth says.

“Then what are you arguing about?” Lucifer responds.

“She’s chaotic, impulsive. She lets her emotions guide her decisions. I’ve been leading soldiers to battle my entire life, and those are the type of people who get you killed,” he states plainly.

I want to kill him, slap him in the face, and then ride it. My feelings for Toth are so extremely complicated. But I don’t want to give him the pleasure of making his words ring true, so I bite my lip and take it.

“Only one of us can leave the realm at one time from here on out. Mara is an extension of myself. Toth, I appreciate your input, and you are still my lead when it comes to tactics against Heaven. But when it comes to our greatest weapon, it’s going to be Mara,” Lucifer says.

Toth is wise as he nods to the king of Hell and ends that particular line of conversation there.

“Blair and Dax are still working on finding Michael, and Kasdeya and Asmodeus are held up with their witch. Their intel leads me to believe the angels are trying to make a deal with the fae realm,” Lucifer pauses, looking at Elvor.

I place my hand on my massive fae demon’s thigh as my father speaks again.

“More than likely, that will be the place of the first battle. The fae realm has been without a monarchy for a while now, and most will do anything for power. It makes sense that they would take advantage of the realm; plus, they already know of our existence, unlike the mortal realm.”

Elvor’s thigh tenses under my palm.

“Should we be going to the fae realm now?” I ask. Toth looks to the ceiling and inhales sharply through his nose.

My father doesn’t belittle me, but he does look over to my larger-than-life demon companion. Should I be calling him my boyfriend? It seems too pedestrian.

“Elvor, I have no doubts you will keep my daughter safe in your birth realm?”

Elvor nods, and Lucifer continues.

“We need to collect more information, but everything we have so far leads us to believe that’s where this war is going to finally kick-off. There is nothing cold between us and Heaven any longer. They are petulant children without a mommy, and they are acting like it. I hereby give permission to any demon in any realm to subtract from the angel population as they see fit. Toth, please spread the information far and wide,” my dad instructs before grabbing Lilith’s hand to leave the room.

She looks disappointed, and I’m sure it’s because he is forcing her to stay here instead of going out and fighting. Speaking of which, I turn to Judd.

“Judd, I don’t—”

“I’m coming with you,” Judd declares, interrupting me.

“Judd, I don’t know if that’s a good idea.” I’m not trying to belittle him or make him feel bad. It’s just that Judd hasn’t fought. He’s the sweetest demon I’ve met since I’ve been in Hell. The idea of him getting hurt, because he was following me into battle, makes my stomach ache.

“I know I’m not as strong as the three of you, I know that. But I’ll start training. I’ll do what the three of you tell me to do when we’re in the thick of it. But what I’m not going to do is sit on the sidelines. Hell is my home, and you’re my everything. I’m going to defend it,” he pledges.

My heart swells at his dedication, and I cup his face.

“Okay,” I tell him. As badly as I want to keep him safe, I have to trust him and not stifle the demon he wants to be.

“Really, *okay*? That’s it?” Toth questions sarcastically from across the table.

“Elvor, Judd, will you give us a minute?” Elvor looks pissed but nods his head anyway, taking Judd’s hand in his and leaving the room. It’s ridiculously cute, and I can’t help the smile on my face.

Toth stands and rounds the table, taking the seat next to me.

“What did you do to me? What did you make me forget?”

“It doesn’t matter,” I deflect. He scoffs and scoots his chair next to mine.

“I feel sick. I feel like something was stolen from me, little demon, and I want it back,” he demands, and I look away. He grabs my throat roughly, staring into my eyes. “What did you take? It wasn’t yours to steal.”

“It was, so get your fucking hands off of me,” I tell him.

He just squeezes harder and tilts his head as he looks at me. “What happened? You’re different.”

I blink at him and think about the words he said while he sunk inside of me. They were words of a compelled man, nothing like the take-no-shit demon in front of me.

“You’re not missing anything important,” I lie to him.

I’m not sure what he sees on my face, but he shakes his head. “I don’t know what you did, but I’m going to find out. I’m not going to let you ruin everything your father built in Hell, either. You might be the strongest weapon we have, but you have no experience in this situation. You will listen to me, do you understand?” he commands. His tone is thick and heavy, and I can’t help but think of all the nasty, perfect things he said to me when we were together. “You won’t disappoint me,” he says.

It feels like all the air leaves my lungs. Does he remember me throwing those words at him during our heated passion? No, there’s no fucking way.

I stand from my seat and look down at him. His brown eyes look up at me like he’s trying to solve a puzzle or crack me open like an egg.

“I promise to stop disappointing you, Toth.” I watch the words sink into his mind, and I swear I see a gentle softness take over his features.

Nope, I can’t let Toth be sweet. I can’t let his grumpiness endear me to him. I’ve set him free, what he would have wanted. A demon like Toth thrives on control and structure. He said so himself how impulsive and unpredictable I am.

He isn’t like Elvor and Judd, and he never will be. I need to leave this infatuation behind along with this consuming need to make Toth mine. I need to leave him alone.

After the war, I’ll ask my dad to give him a different position. One where we aren’t around each other as much. I know he’ll be devastated, but I’m selfish.

If I can’t have him, if he doesn’t want me for me, then this will have to be the best solution.

“Goodnight, Toth,” I mutter as I leave the room. The demon says nothing in reply, and all I can hope is that he stops asking me about the memories I stole from him, yet I continue to cherish them with my whole heart.

## CHAPTER 25

# JUDD

It's the calm before the storm, I know that, and so does everyone else in Hell.

Mara, Elvor, and even Toth have been helping to prepare me. While they teach me, they also prepare themselves for the inevitable.

Not that they need much training. Toth and Elvor have both seen war as mortals and as demons. It comes so effortlessly to them, and I have to constantly stop myself from comparing myself to them. I'm adamant that I need to help with the war effort. My need to be someone worthy is probably going to get me killed.

It's at least a sinful blessing that I don't have to worry about Mara. There is this lingering fear of a weapon being used that we have no idea about, but it's been explained to me that so far, none of the weapons created in Hell or Heaven have worked on her. Lucifer is adamant that she has his curse, the curse of indefinite mortality.

I know I'm the weakest link in the group. It's why I'm pushing myself beyond anything I ever have in any of my lives.

Not only do I want Mara to see me as a strong, worthy demon, but I think I'm also trying to prove it to myself.

Throughout every form of my existence, I've been considered weak in both mind and body. I don't want to be that anymore. Mara makes me want more, and so does Elvor.

Neither of them go easy on me; they don't pity me or baby me, and I'm thankful for it. I need to be ready. We all need to be ready.

I don't even speak the fact out loud—that I'd never taken a life before—well, I guess I did take my own, but it wasn't on purpose. I've never wielded a weapon and watched the lights go out of another individual. But I'm prepared for it. Whatever I have to do to make sure this small piece of happiness I found is protected.

Lucifer has been making more corporeal demons, nearly exhausting himself in the process. Mara asked if she could help, but he told her no, that she needed her strength to fight.

“That's enough for today,” Toth says dryly as I look around the room. Mara has a small sheen of sweat on her skin, and so does Elvor. They both have smiles on their faces as they join me, where I continue throwing daggers.

“Come on, Judd. It's time to relax,” Mara encourages in her soft voice.

How the fuck am I supposed to relax? She shakes her head and grabs my hand. “Elvor has some work in the pits to do. Come, hang out with me?” she asks. And how the fuck am I supposed to refuse that?

“Okay,” I sigh, and she smiles. Elvor places kisses on the top of both of our heads before he portals back to the pit. “Does he really have work to do?”

“Something about his dad needing a manicure,” she replies.

I click my tongue and nod. The fact that my two partners spend time in the pit torturing their parents is more endearing than it is worrisome. I'm sure, given the opportunity, many demons would do the same.

“What did you want to do tonight?” I ask her, already knowing her answer. She just portals us to her bedroom turns on the television, and grabs a pint of ice cream for us to eat.

I'm not sure what Mara's fascination is with this show. This woman degrades and berates both the children and their



parents when they don't perform to her standards.

“One day, Tabby Leigh is going to come to Hell, and I'm going to beg my dad to make her corporeal. Can you imagine having multiple dance troupes in Hell and making them compete against each other?” she rambles excitedly. “Of course, I'll be on Tabby's team. We can make Lisa the other team captain.” She laughs but then winces. “Oh shit, I forgot I stuffed her corpse in a closet,” she mumbles.

I can't help but laugh as I shrug. “She won't be missed, and I'm sure Elvor took care of it.”

She shrugs her shoulders as we eat peacefully. It almost feels like a mortal date the way we're with each other right now. Simple, carefree, and natural. As natural as sitting in Satan's manor can be.

She licks the underside of the spoon and looks back at me, her hand cupping the side of my face. “You're sure that you're ready?” she asks.

I swallow thickly. “I know what I'm going to have to do. I'm ready.”

She doesn't pressure me any more than that. Doesn't harp on how I shouldn't come or that I haven't done the things the others have. Mara puts the ice cream away, and we lie on the bed together. Her head is nestled in the crook of my shoulder, and I feel so content.

“I almost want to keep you as sweet as you are now. Things are different when you take a life,” she says softly.

“I'm a demon. I can handle it.”

She sits up so she can push my hair back and trace the tattoos on my throat. “You didn't belong down here, Judd,” she says tenderly. I know she doesn't mean that she doesn't want me here, but that my deeds, which lead me to Hell, aren't as bad as they should have been, especially when compared to others who ended up here.

“Wasn't good enough for Heaven, I guess.”

“Just another reason to bring them down. Stuck-up entitled assholes,” she says in my defense, and I shake my head.

“I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else,” I tell her honestly, and she cuddles back up next to me, her fingers exploring my chest and exposed skin. It’s a sweet kind of intimacy I’ve never experienced.

“Me either. I’ve never truly had a home before. But Hell, being here with you, Elvor, and—” She gives me a soft smile before continuing, “—My family... it finally feels like I found a place where I belong. It’s worth fighting for.”

I push her hair from her face and kiss her temple. “You’re worth fighting for. I couldn’t have cared if Lucifer destroyed my soul before you came here. Sure, Hell is my home, but sweetheart, you’re my fucking reason to live.”

She crawls over my body and cups my face. Mara kisses away any doubts about what we’re going to get sucked into. But I can’t help this lingering feeling that my time with Mara is about to get cut short.

I’d rather die an honorable death than not fight for what’s mine.



I can’t sleep at the manor. It has more to do with being around Lucifer than anything. Mara understands, but it still pisses her off. I waited for her to fall asleep before I left and portaled to Elvor’s apartment.

I’ve been staying here since we got back to Hell. My place is the fucking worst, and even if Elvor’s is one of the hottest places in the realm, at least it has some creature comforts, including the large fae demon I’ve become a little co-dependent on.

My life has gotten significantly better now that I have Elvor and Mara telling me what to do. It might be short-lived since I’ve decided I need to be a part of this war.

But the thought of sitting back, sitting here cushy in Hell... I can't stomach it. Maybe it's some pathetic attempt of trying to prove that I deserve Elvor and Mara. Or maybe it's because I've been considered a failure my whole life, and I want to prove to myself that I am worthy of this eternal life that I've been gifted.

Elvor isn't in the apartment, and I make myself comfortable, taking off all my clothes except my boxers and lying down on the bed. The sheets are paper thin, but anything thicker and you'll be sweating all night.

I try to calm my mind and rest, but all I can think about is the impending doom we're all about to face.

What am I so afraid of? Killing an angel? Or the possibility that my pride is about to get me killed? Or maybe it's that Mara and Elvor will have to work harder to keep me safe.

I wish I had a special ability. I have the standard demon abilities, such as strength, and I'm decent at compulsion. Besides that, I've got nothing else. I don't have Elvor's paralysis. Toth's ability to portal as often and with as many tag-alongs. Mara's powers are too many to list.

I'm just extremely ordinary.

The door clicks, and the fireplace lights up Elvor's form. He doesn't say anything as he looks over at me. His eyes narrow for a moment, but he goes to the restroom to clean himself up from whomever he was visiting in the pit.

Seeing him covered in blood doesn't disturb me, it just makes me feel less than. I wish I could be as easily ruthless and violent as Elvor and Mara, but I'm not. Maybe Mara's right, I never belonged here.

But I've never felt like I truly belonged anywhere. Earth was painful, and so was Hell until I met Mara.

I really want to stick something into my body that will take all these feelings away. Numbness has always been my closest friend, and I miss it dearly. The way it feels not to feel anything is one of the most addictive things in all the realms.

I'm nearly up out of the bed and getting dressed to go to the club when Elvor appears in front of me.

"Lie back down," he commands, holding the towel around his waist. "Now."

I listen, lying back down on the bed and taking a deep breath.

"I was just going to go to the club for a few hours."

"Right," he says deeply.

Switching topics is my favorite way to avoid the problem. "So, who had the pleasure of you cutting off their fingers today?"

"My father," he deadpans.

"Maybe I should try torturing someone... maybe it would make me feel better," I mutter. He shakes his head, dropping the towel and climbing into the opposite side of the bed.

He grabs me by the waist and tugs my back against his chest. It shouldn't feel this fucking good. I don't deserve him or Mara at fucking all.

"It wouldn't," he tells me.

"How do you know?" He presses his forehead against the back of my head and lets the silence consume us for a few moments before he speaks.

"People like Mara and me, violence makes us feel in control. You don't want to feel control," he says.

I sigh and grab a spare throw pillow on the bed. *For a mean-looking guy, he sure has a lot of pillows and blankets.*

"I have to do this," I tell him, knowing he knows exactly what I mean. He hasn't said anything about me being a part of this war. Elvor has just quietly helped me with my training and watched me with care while I learn how to fight and protect myself.

"I know," he says. He doesn't expand on it like Mara does, he just lies there next to me while my mind runs faster than I

can even comprehend what I feel. “Should I paralyze you?” he asks.

I clear my throat and shake my head. As cool as Mara was with all of that, and as much as I enjoyed myself, I’m not sure how I would feel being on the receiving end of that.

“No, thank you.”

“Take your underwear off,” he instructs me, which I do without question. I just remove my underwear and lie there. The click of a top and a squeezing noise makes my asshole clench.

“I’m not ready for all of that,” I tell him, waving at his dick.

“Shut up and turn around,” he commands.

I take a deep breath, readying myself. His fingers and Mara’s shadows felt great, but Elvor is huge. He was so big that he put Mara under paralysis to take it for the first time. *Maybe I should change my mind.*

My muscles are tense as Elvor slides his thick, lubed-up cock between my thighs. I wait for him to move up to my asshole, but he doesn’t. I watch with complete amazement as the tip of his dick peeks out from between the front of my thighs.

I clench my legs tighter together, and Elvor groans, using my thighs to get off.

I like being used.

I deserve to be used.

I want him to take every ounce of me that I have left to give.

But Elvor, as always, surprises me. He wraps his sticky hand around my cock, jerking me off as he uses my thighs.

He takes control of everything, my brain emptying as he touches me.

“So good,” he murmurs, his lips against my ear. “Such a good obedient fuck toy for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I exhale immediately.

“I use what’s mine and protect what’s mine. No more doubts,” he says.

The grip of his fist tightens as he speeds up his motions. His huge hand takes up most of my dick. Every now and then, he slides his thumb over my piercing, and I shiver.

“You’re going to come and then go to fucking sleep,” he orders in a guttural tone, his hips snapping and rubbing against my ass. I come first, my head pushing against his shoulder as I moan and cover his hand in my release. He tortures me by continuing to jerk me off while reaching his own release.

I’m about to beg him to stop, that it’s too much, when his warm seed spreads down my thighs. He groans in my ear, sliding out of my legs but still keeps a hand on my hip.

“No more negative thoughts,” he says plainly.

I nod, getting up to get cleaned up. His hand grips me harder, and he shakes his head.

“You’ll sleep like that,” he commands. I look down at the combined mess of us, and when he gives me a heated look, I know there’s no arguing.

I go to sleep, covered in cum and feeling cherished.

## CHAPTER 26



I've studied war since the day I was born.

My purpose in both of my existences has been to be a soldier. Although I can't help but think this is the most fear I've felt gearing up for a battle.

Which is ironic, considering I died at the other end of an enemy's sword.

This war feels different.

While religion might be one of the greatest catalysts for a feud, that truly isn't the case here. It's not about what you believe to be true, it's what you believe is right.

In the words of Bertrand Russell, "War does not determine who is right—only who is left."

The angels believe they are the highest order, and demons believe free will reigns over all. I know that there will never be an agreement between the two, only hatred. This is only one of many battles, wars, between our realms. It's only a matter of the time between each feud.

This time feels different from all the rest, though.

*Mara.* She's what makes it different; she's tipping the scales.

Her presence both sickens and elates me, and I don't know why. That's a lie. I know why. I want the little demon to be mine, and she refuses. I'm not even sure she likes me that much. She seems so happy with Elvor and Judd.

Part of me wants to kill them so she'll only have me. But then the thought of taking away her happiness makes me stop that train of thinking.

She calls to me like a beacon, one I can't stay away from long, even if all she gives me are sarcastic crumbs to live off of.

We were gearing up, strapping ourselves with weapons, and preparing ourselves for what is about to happen when I received word that multiple angels who live on Earth have suddenly stopped visiting their local haunts. That can only mean one thing: they're gearing up to meet with us on the battlefield.

Everyone is wearing black. Mara chose some tight black leggings and a short-sleeve black t-shirt. She has a tight chest holder that showcases all of her weapons. The blades glisten against her hip and across her chest. She looks like devastation and perfection, all wrapped into one.

She's humming a song and doing little dance moves as we wait for everyone else who is coming to get here.

Elvor stands as still as a statue and looks around the room, while Judd looks like he wants to shit himself. All four of us have our own weapons that can kill an angel and demon alike. Most of the demons coming along aren't as lucky. Their only defenses are normal weapons that can do physical damage and any gifts they have been blessed with.

There's no knowing how many magical weapons Heaven has. We'll have to assess that once we get there, but the main advantage we have is that many angels do not have additional gifts. Angels have to ascend and be blessed with additional gifts by God, and she definitely hasn't been feeling very giving since she left.

I'm not worried about our numbers, even if it's ten to one; I'm worried about the weapons they may have.

Once the additional two dozen demons funnel into the room, Lucifer enters, commanding the room into complete silence.



“You will be going to the fae realm. All angels should be killed on sight. Toth, Elvor, Judd, and Mara all have weapons that can end an angel completely. We’re at war, and we need to make this first hit hurt,” he pauses before continuing his speech. “Your bravery and eagerness will be rewarded. Please me, and your life in Hell will get infinitely better.”

Lucifer receives nods from everyone in the room. I watch as he touches Mara’s shoulder and leans in to whisper something in her ear before leaving. She smirks but doesn’t smile fully, and my curiosity has the better of me. I shove it down, now is not the moment to let Mara fuck with my head. I need to stay focused, I need to be prepared. I know that if I let my guard down when it comes to her, we could all be completely fucked.

“We’re not there to kill fae, but I’m not opposed. We don’t know when angels will be onsite. We’re portalling there now so that we’re prepared. Any treason lands you an eternity in the pit. Failure to impress me on the field will earn you your removal from my team. Don’t disappoint me,” I announce, and I don’t know why, but I look at Mara when I say it.

Her eyes flash so fast I can’t pick up the color. She doesn’t reply as I hold out my hand, creating a chain reaction so I can portal all of these demons exactly where I want them. My gift might not be as versatile as others, but it’s powerful nonetheless; most don’t even know the extent of my full abilities when it comes to teleporting myself and others.

As soon as our feet land on the ground, there is work to be done. But I do take a moment to look at the land before us. It’s astonishing how such a brutal realm can be so beautiful. There are mountains in the distance, and everything between is perfectly green. None of the fae live in this particular area, minus a farming town twenty miles north of here.

The stage will be set here; it’s almost a pity knowing such a picture-perfect scenery is about to be disheveled with blood and misery. But I suppose that it won’t be the first time the fae have fought here before. The valley makes it the perfect location for each opposing side to have a high ground. The sun is setting and causing a beautiful pink glow in the sky, and

when I look over at Mara, I notice that she's taking in the strange world around us as well. Elvor is stiff at her side, clearly not pleased coming back to his home realm.

There's no time for looking at the rolling hills or admiring the field of sunflowers to the right. We need to set up camp and prepare for what comes next.

Tents are put in place, and demons go on about their duties while we wait. It's reminiscent of my time on Earth, sitting in a barebones tent, just waiting with anticipation. It feels different this time; it feels like I have more to lose, like everything is on the line. I've never gone into battle feeling this uncertain before. I know that it will pass; as soon as I draw first blood, adrenaline will course through my demon body, and all I'll be able to focus on is our victory. Because Hell knows if I focus on the dark-haired psychopath that haunts my every waking moment, we'll all die here tonight.

I'm lying on my cot in my own tent when the flap opens, and Mara walks in.

"Can I help you?" I ask her, and she clicks her tongue.

She sits across from me, her posture loose as she crosses one leg over another. "Do you know what top-tier angels will be there?"

"No, I don't," I respond.

"Should we be working on that intel so we know who to take out first?" she questions.

"They'll sit back and wait," I reply, and Mara tips her head to the side. "This isn't my first fight with angels, little demon. They'll come in here guns a-blazing with angels eager to prove themselves. Once they're slaughtered, the angels with gifts will come out. If they feel as though they are unmatched, they will go full force. If they don't think they can win, they will retreat."

"And us?" she prompts. It shouldn't feel so good to talk about battle plans with her. Nor should I enjoy teaching her things, but I do

“Usually the same,” I reply, shrugging my shoulders like war is an everyday occurrence.

“I’m not sitting back and waiting. I want to be on the front lines, and we’re *not* fucking retreating,” she declares. I rub my eye sockets harder than I need to before I look back at her.

“Your enthusiasm will be valuable, but I’ve lived this, *this* is my life. Trust me when it comes to the strategy,” I tell her. She’s not wrong about us fighting on the front lines, and even though deep down I know that she can’t be killed, there’s a deep part of me begging to protect her. *I fucking hate it.*

“They need to pay,” she counters.

“For what?”

“For thinking they could ever use me against my own family,” she sneers. She doesn’t look at me as she stands up and goes to leave the tent. It’s clear that she doesn’t harbor the same mistrust towards Lucifer that she once had, so why can’t she trust me? Does she despise me so much that she’ll just let me sit here, pining after her while hating her at the same time. I know she took something precious from me, and I want it back.

“Why won’t you give me my memories back?” I call out to her when she reaches the tent flap to leave. *What doesn’t she want me to know?* My brain knows it’s important, that’s why I’ve been so adamant about finding out what she’s hiding from me.

“It’s to protect you,” she states softly, leaving the tent without a second glance back.

“Why can’t I quit you, little demon?” I mumble to myself, wishing more than anything that I could or that she would finally give me the sign to give in.



I’m startled awake by loud cracks, far too many to be demons portalling from the realm. The angels are here, and we need to be ready.

I fell asleep completely dressed and ready to fight, so I'm outside of my tent almost instantly, ready for any threat. The noise was so deafening it woke up everyone at camp, and just like me, they are all prepared for battle. Of course, I check to see where Mara is, and I'm happy to see she's just as prepared as me.

Mara is flanked by Elvor and Judd, and I have to stop myself from joining them. Rationally, I know she has the most armor out of all of us, but I have this deep need to protect her.

It's nearly sunrise, and the angels are far enough away that they're hard to see. They are on their side of the valley, and we're on ours. The center where the two sides meet is going to be our theater for this battle. I'm already looking around us to make sure all the demons are accounted for, and once I'm pleased, I brandish my sword in my right hand.

"Get ready," I tell them, everyone taking a weapon out of their holster.

There's a booming voice from at least three miles away that yells, "Tell your leader to agree to our terms, and there will be no bloodshed on this day!" I take the first step forward, a line of angels at my back as I lead them towards the middle of the valley. The angels across the way do the same. We're not storming into battle running for a fight; we walk evenly and confidently, ready to face our enemy.

"Hell is not governed by Heaven or your moral standards," I shout back.

"You've made that clear with the filth and disgusting behavior you've spread through the mortal realms. This ends today. Leave now and bring back your leader to negotiate so that we may spare all of your lives," the angel says.

Now that there's less distance between us, I can make out the features of the leading angel. Mark. He's beautiful by any beauty standard; I can't imagine a realm where he wouldn't be considered handsome. His skin looks like it's been kissed by the sun, and his bright blue eyes are blazing with fury. He wants this fight.

I'm not surprised, Mark is old, not nearly as old as Lucifer, but he's lived such a long, immortal life. He's begging for some sort of entertainment, something to make his longer-than-necessary life interesting.

A smile takes over my face while my heart thumps rhythmically in my chest. He is our number one target during this fight. I look over my shoulder and use my face to non-verbally communicate this to Mara. She nods her head stiffly at me in understanding.

“There are no negotiations,” I reply.

A murderous smile takes over Mark's face. “Then you shall die,” he roars, raising his hand in the air.

Thunder sounds all around us as angels start charging towards us. Gone are any formalities of perceived good and evil as we start rushing towards each other. Some of the angels are flying towards us, while others are running on foot. All of the demons are on foot, though I could portal us all closer and most of the demons here have some portalling ability, but we need to meet them head-on without any surprises. The cacophony of war cries is nearly deafening, but we continue on, even if we're easily outnumbered three-to-one.

I consider retreating or summoning more demons to the battlegrounds, but when Elvor and Mara run headfirst into the throes of the fight, I know those aren't options we can utilize. We're going to have to see this, though; we're going to have to earn this win. I've fought against worse odds.

Mara uses her shadows to wrap angels up and bring them close enough so that she may slice their throats. Some of them, she uses a tendril to simply squeeze their heads so hard that their eyes pop out. The shadows work for her effortlessly; it's almost like they are completely sentient, and she's just their host. With her shadows in play, she's able to take out more demons at once than I've ever seen in my immortal life—except for Lucifer. Her shadows work almost like an octopus' does, protecting her back and those around her. I release a heavy exhale, thankful that she can so readily protect herself.

The rest of the demons watch in fascination, and it gives them the motivation they need to want to win this.

Elvor uses most of his training as a fae warrior as he works. He specifically angles himself at Mara's back, making sure that no one can sneak up on our greatest weapon. Elvor slices the head off of one angel, blood splattering across his face, before digging his blade into another approaching angel.

It's evident that these angels are freshly immortal because they lack both training and the stamina required to really give us a fight. But their numbers are still concerning to me. We're strong, but we can't fight forever, and looking back over the entirety of the valley, I know this is just the first wave. It's how angels work, sending out the sacrificial lambs before the wolves in sheep's clothing come out to play.

The blood-shed is relentless. The smell of blood is tangy and thick in the air, and it doesn't take long for the rising sun to cause the smell of decay to fill the battlefield. Limbs and bodies are thrown throughout, staining what was once perfectly green grass.

I watch as angels fall rapidly; clearly, none of them being given a weapon strong enough to end a demon's life. My gaze keeps wandering to Mara, even as I fight hand-to-hand with my own angel opponents.

*Fucking focus!*

An angel pops up from my left and slices my forearm, a deep gash through my flesh that I watch knit together quickly. A low growl rumbles in my chest before I grab the angel by the throat and stab him in the gut. When I pull out my blade, his insides seep out, and his blood splashes all over my boots. He falls to the floor with a listless thump, and I flick my blade, sending his disgusting blood into the soil with him.

There's grunting, shouts, and moaning. The other demons don't have weapons that can kill, and it shows as different angels convulse on the ground. I approach one, his throat slit and his left leg missing from the knee down.

"Please, mercy, please," he begs.

I don't answer him as I take my death blade and sink it through his left eye. It squelches beautifully as I pull it back out. My blade is riddled with his filth, and I use the dead angel's shirt to wipe it off.

The moans continue, and I move on, killing the indisposed angels. There's a stench of ash in the air, and I see some of the bodies are being burned. A plume of smoke hits the sky, letting this realm know exactly what's happening here. The destruction has my veins bubbling with adrenaline, and I'm ready for more. The blood-shed seeks me out with its scent, which is reminiscent of my life on Earth, and I soak it in. It seeps deep into my bones, giving me the energy I need to press forward.

My eyes are always open, scanning my surroundings to protect myself, but as I look around, I see what my soldiers are doing, and I'm impressed. Each one of them is more violent than the next, protecting our realm and standing together in our war against the so-called good guys.

Judd stays close to Elvor and Mara. He's using everything he learned in training, but it's clear he's out of place. He seems to be using his blade on fallen angels as well. *At least they found some purpose for him.*

I make my way over to them, pushing angels and demons alike out of my way. There are only a few left standing in this batch. We've nearly made it to Mark when laughter ensues.

"You think that's all I brought with me?" Mark taunts, jumping up into the sky. He hovers, flapping his wings, which have a golden hue to them. Even with the smoke and gore, he still looks ethereal with the mountains at his back. He holds up his hands, almost as if he is in the middle of worship, and more angels sprint or fly onto the battlefield.

"Fuck," I hiss. "We need to retreat! We need more manpower," I shout. An angel flies in front of me, and they raise their blade. I quickly take a defensive position and use my other hand to punch them in the stomach, causing them to crumple so I can stab him in the chest.

“We’re not fucking retreating,” Mara screams, her focus on where Mark is flying in the sky. Her shadows are handling the demons around her, but her hands are free. She’s so clearly focused on the ancient angel she isn’t thinking clearly; she’s clouded with revenge. I need to get everyone out of here, I need to keep her safe.

Judd touches her arm, saying, “Mara, there’s too many of them.” His hands are shaking, but he isn’t covered in blood like the rest of us. He’s mostly been doing clean-up and sending angels who have been taken down into nothingness.

“Portal him home,” she commands, nudging her head at Judd. *How does she know I can portal someone without their permission?* Judd’s eyes go wide as I touch his arm and send him back to Hell. Elvor is managing the last few angels as we wait for the next batch to cross the valley.

“He’s going to be pissed,” Elvor warns as he thrusts a dagger into the nearest angel’s throat. He’s covered in blood, more than anyone else on the battlefield.

“I’d rather keep him safe,” she replies, looking at me. “Are you with me?” she asks.

I shake my head and look around. “We can’t win this. We need more bodies.”

She scoffs, and she stands before me, her hand cupping my face as her shadows keep any remaining angels at bay. The current flock of new angels is getting closer by the second, and I know we should be retreating. “Are you willing to bleed for me?” she asks.

“Yes,” I answer plainly. I’d put my life down for her.

“Then remember everything I made you forget, and stop disappointing me,” she commands.

It all comes back to me in flashes. Her smacking my face, how she felt in my arms. Me spewing my feelings to her about how much I want her and need her. The clear fear in her eyes over being a siren and what that meant to me.

My mouth gapes open, and I stare down at her. An angel approaches, passing her shadows, and Elvor quickly stabs



them in the back, their corporeal body falling into the grass.

“Why hide this from me?”

“I wanted you to have a choice. So choose. Fight with me, *for* me, or retreat. What is it going to be?” I remember how I felt when I finally let her in, how whole and seen I felt. I won’t let that feeling go, no matter what.

“I’ll always fight for you,” I tell her honestly. My allegiance to Hell, to Lucifer himself, shifting to the madwoman in front of me. I don’t care that we’re covered in gore or that this might be the stupidest fucking decision I’ve ever made in battle, including when I died. I fiercely grip the back of her head, noting that her hair is dampened with sweat and blood, but I quickly crash her lips to mine, showing her that I’m devout and that I’ll follow her into the fire. Her lips are pliant against mine, but the bellows of the incoming angels rip us apart. I gaze into her eyes, which are fluctuating between pink and red.

“Then kill them all,” she proclaims, our gazes breaking as I run into the throes of war. I swing, slashing my sword in every angel within reach. My demon stamina helps me continue killing endlessly, and I know I can’t stop; I can’t let her down.

It’s a slaughter at this point. None of the angels that are attacking have any weapons that could cause true death to us. Meanwhile, we are taking them out one by one. I chance a look up at Mark, but he doesn’t look perturbed. It’s almost as if he is studying what we’re doing.

I quickly realize they never meant to win this battle. They just wanted to see what we were fighting with.

*Fuck.*

My mind is whirling, the clashing of weapons rattling my mind as I continue to fight. The stench at this point is nearly forgotten, and all I can feel is concern for how this is going to end up. There are more angels this round, even if they still aren’t skilled warriors. Every moment I can, I check in with my army to see how they’re fairing, but the results are mixed.

Mara is unstoppable. Between her shadows, strength, and compulsion, she is taking out more angels than anyone can even fathom. With a mere suggestion, she turns them against each other, giving us a fighting chance.

Elvor is just as violent on the battlefield as he is in the pit, taking out anyone in Mara's path. She was right to send Judd away. He is more of a liability than an able body at this point. If you think the outcome is going to be bad, chances are they just fucking might be.

Mara, Elvor, and I end up in a triangular formation, watching each other's backs, and are in different forms of combat; Elvor and myself focusing on hand-to-hand while Mara uses all the power she has. The female angel in front of me gets the upper hand, cutting my knuckles where I hold the hilt of my blade, and I growl in frustration. There's laughter to my left, and I see Mark still flying in the air, amused by the absolute slaughter of his kind. I impale the angel in the stomach, and she crumples to the floor, but Mark's smile doesn't leave his face.

He needs to fucking die, and I know if I can get Mara close enough, she can kill him, there's no doubt in my mind. The daughter of Hell, being strong enough to take out such an old angel, would be detrimental to their regime. It could give us the advantage we need to win.

I take note of our side's strength waning around me, demons collapsing and struggling to keep fighting. While their immortal strength got them this far and has kept them alive, the continuing onslaught of angels has decimated their power. The only ones who don't seem to be tiring are the three of us.

"Portal the rest home," Mara tells me, and I do as she says, sending the remaining survivors back to Hell as the three of us stand against dozens of angels.

Mark holds his fist in the air, silently commanding the next round of angels to stand down. "Impressive, but as you can see, my army is larger than you assumed. Are you ready to surrender and summon Lucifer?" he asks.

Mara steps in front of me, and I want to fucking shake her. As much as I know she can handle herself, the thought of her being in harm's way makes my soul sink. "I can speak for the realm," she declares.

Mark smiles, his wings flapping as he lands on the ground. His bare feet dig in the dirt, and his smile is condescending as he looks down at Mara. She doesn't seem threatened or blinded by his looks or authority.

"You had your chance, hellion."

She portals right in front of him, her hand reaching inside of his chest, attempting to rip out his heart. The angel's smile only grows wider as he grabs her wrist. "You might be powerful, but you are not as strong as an angel as old as I," he responds smugly.

"You're right, I'm not," she agrees. Her other hand, which holds her magical blade, gets shoved into his side, and she uses all her strength to push it in deeper. His lips part as he gasps, and with his agonizing cry, he falls to the ground with a thud. I smile at the irony of his hubris being the thing to take him out. He doubted how cunning and brave Mara was, and it ended his life. The smile on my face is short-lived as the rest of the angels portal directly in front of us. Even without their supposed leader, they press on, and I wonder who is truly commanding this army.

We're completely surrounded, Mara, Elvor, and I standing back to back to back. I want to portal us out of here, but one of these angels must be powerful enough to hold a ward to keep us here.

We stay in formation, taking out angels as we can, but we are clearly outnumbered.

At least I know Mara will survive. She can't be killed, as far as we know. That doesn't mean she can't be taken hostage, tortured, or worse.

I try calling on my power to portal the three of us out of here again, but I can't. The angel warding the battlefield is too strong; we're going to have to fight our way out of this, there's

no other option. I'm focusing so much of my attention on getting us out of this crisis that I can't stop Lennix, an angel I'm too familiar with, from stabbing my side.

It's not a basic blade.

Its magic hits me full force. The last thing I see before I leave this plane is Mara's black eyes as I crumple to the ground and fade to nothingness.

## CHAPTER 27

### MARA

Rage.

Pure, unfiltered rage and pain filters through me. This is my fault. I said that we wouldn't retreat, that I could handle this.

I've gotten Toth killed.

He may not have wanted me, truly. But he was loyal to me in these last moments. His kiss was brutal, perfect, and everything I could have wished for from him in that moment. He said he would bleed for me. He saved Judd. He's... gone.

I thought I was afraid of being unwanted and unloved, but those fears have nothing on how I feel now. My fears were nothing compared to the reality of seeing Toth's unmoving body lying on the patch of the greenest grass, blood spilling from his stomach.

The adrenaline pumps through my immortal veins, and I lose control of my focus. My shadows, which have been easy to command, spread from me like tentacles of death, grabbing multiple angels by the throat and holding them in the air.

It's seamless. I don't even have to think about controlling them; they know to do my bidding.

*Destroy, kill, take no prisoners.*

Elvor easily takes out the angels I have held in my clutches, stabbing them with the blade he gave me as a courting gift. They turn to nothingness, their souls destroyed and their corporeal bodies hitting the ground like stones.

The corpses are piling up around us like a fortress of dead bodies, and I just want them to fucking burn. I want more than an easy death for these fucking pieces of shit; I want to send them to Hell and torture them for eternity for taking something so hopeful and precious away from me. The metallic tang of blood clings to my skin and burns with each inhale, but I press on. My main focus is getting Elvor and me out of here in one piece, even if I know I'll never be whole again.

I shake my head, not allowing thoughts of Toth to flood my mind. I know if I do, I'll break and lose focus. My mind is centered on death and vengeance as I take out every angel I possibly can.

These angels are the most powerful, the last wave. The ones who were supposed to easily destroy us. We came here with a small army, but now it's just Elvor and myself. There has to be about twenty more angels left to handle, and I'm exhausted, but determination and hatred fuels my every moment.

"Elvor, cover your ears," I warn him. My fae demon scrambles to listen, covering his ears while keeping his eyes open for threats.

"If you have a weapon, stab yourself," I command the angels. One by one, I watch as they all stab themselves. Half of them collapse, having unintentionally killed themselves at my command.

That leaves ten left.

Ten angels who don't have magical weapons.

I sign to Elvor that he can remove his hands, and he does. "Kill them all," I tell him. Elvor uses his paralyzing power on the angels. It seems like he can make two crumple to the ground at one time, their bodies hitting the hard ground with a thud as he takes away their motor function.

Absolutely fucking pathetic wastes of space.

They watch in horror as he stabs them, completely helpless as they lose their lives at the hands of Elvor.

It doesn't take long until they're all dead. Crumpled bodies are splayed all throughout the field, but I don't pay attention to the corpses. I immediately rush over, kneeling by Toth's body.

I touch his wrist; no pulse, no sign of life.

"Did you see what weapon it was?" I ask Elvor as I feel moisture track down my face. "What fucking weapon was it?" I ask again, looking around at the dead angels around him.

There's a cracking sound, and I already know it's more angels being filtered to the realm.

"Princess, we have to go," Elvor urges.

I push Toth's dark hair off of his face, a lone tear hitting his paled skin as I stand.

Elvor has more experience with tag-alongs, so he grabs my hand and takes us back to Hell. He sits as soon as we get back, his power and energy tapped out. I tug at the ends of my hair, breathing in and out deeply.

"What the fuck happened?" Judd demands in an irritated tone, looking at me. I feel guilty sending him away, but I had to. I had to send all of them away. They aren't extremely gifted demons, they wouldn't have survived. Even though Toth was powerful, he still didn't... more furious moisture drips down my face, and I use the back of my hand to wipe it away.

"Toth," I whisper.

"Fuck," Judd hisses and opens his arms, holding them out to me. I accept the affection, even though it's in front of our remaining army. He pulls me close, rubbing circles on my back.

"It's my fault. We should have left," I cry.

"You didn't know," Judd reassures me.

"I was stupid. I thought I knew better, and I got him killed." I lean my weight against Judd before he brings us to the ground, where he cuddles me close to his chest. I don't deserve his sympathy or comfort, but I selfishly take it anyway.

“What happened?” my father booms, entering the room.

I’m not sure what he sees when he looks at me. I’m more than well aware that I’m falling apart in front of everyone right now. It makes me want to stab myself with my blade. But when my father gets down on his haunches and cups my face... that’s when I really break.

For the first time in my life, I’m finally able to seek refuge in a parent’s arms. My father holds me as I shatter. My body convulses with sobs, and I drench his fancy suit with my tears. All that I can think of is the regret I feel. *I should have retreated like he said. I should have paid more attention to him in battle.*

“We were so outnumbered, and it’s my fault. I made him remember and fight for me. I gave him that confidence, and he lost his life because of it.” My father shushes, consoling me as I cry.

Toth was right, I’m damaged and fucked up. I should have stayed away from him, kept those memories of how he felt about me tucked away for the rest of my existence. But I couldn’t, I wanted his devotion too fucking much.

“He served Hell for a long time. His memory won’t be forgotten,” Lucifer promises me, but that just makes me cry harder.

“I told him not to retreat,” I say, pulling away from my father’s arms. I don’t feel worthy of his comfort or empathy. I should have to sit and suffer in this pain alone.

“Because you are a fighter. I can tell you now if he was alive, he wouldn’t blame you,” my father reassures.

I look away. Judd and Elvor stand in the corner together, looking at me helplessly. I use the back of my wrist to wipe away my ridiculous tears.

“He was special to you?” my father asks. I give him a curt nod, which he returns. “Why don’t you three get cleaned up, and we can do a debrief tomorrow? Tonight, I’ll speak to the other demons who were onsite,” he says, wiping my cheek with his thumb before walking away.



Judd and Elvor look at me like I'm an escaped animal at the zoo, but I just wave them off. "I'm going to my room to get cleaned up. I'll go to Elvor's later tonight."

"Promise?" Elvor asks hopefully. He isn't a soft man, but he has a tender place just for me, not that I deserve it.

I nod my head and squeeze his hand before walking off. But I don't go to my room, I go to the Black Lake.

There's a scattering of flat stones, and I throw one after another into the inky water, allowing this feeling to fester inside of me. Everything with Toth was a push or pull. We both got on each other's nerves. But we both pushed each other to be better, to be more.

I wanted it; I wanted more with him. Maybe if I had more time, I would have given his memories back under the right circumstances, or I would have worked through my issues of being a siren.

I can't deny how fucking handy being a siren was during the battle today. It makes me hate what I am a little less. It saved Elvor and myself, but not Toth.

He's lived for nearly a millennium, but me, a stupid, self-absorbed girl, is what ended him.

I rub my eyes hard with my palms, willing any more moisture to stay tightly inside my stupid, traitorous face.

A twig snaps in the dark forest next to the lake, and it has me furrowing my brows. Once I'm on my feet, I wipe any dirt off my body as I walk past the lake into the forest.

I squint but don't see anything around me. "I'm not in the fucking mood. If you're not supposed to be on the grounds, you should leave now," I say.

There's no answer, although I do hear what I can only describe as a whimper.

I look back, and a large redwood stands before me. When I round it, I see a crumpled soul on the ground, no figure to keep it solid, nobody to possess, just inky blackness. The ghost-like

soul stills at my presence, and when I get down to my haunches and really look at it... I can *feel* it.

“Toth?” I ask, reaching out towards it. The soul feels frightened when I try to touch it, almost to the point of running away from me. I know all too well what it feels like to be in this form.

You feel lost, hopeless, and so fucking confused.

I decide to take a big risk. I have most of my father’s gifts, wouldn’t making a demon corporeal be one of them? The memories of when I was made whole flood me, and I push them to the front of my mind.

Grabbing my blade, I slice my own wrist and let it drip onto the soul as I remember the incantation to the best of my ability. I put all my hope and need into wanting this to work.

*Please fucking work. Please be Toth.*

The inky soul ripples until a naked, scared Toth lies before me. He’s curled into himself as he blinks at me and looks at his hands. He doesn’t speak, and I just blink back, looking down at my hands.

My wrist has healed, and the blood has dried.

“How?” I ask him, but he just continues to blink at me. He’s shaking like a leaf, and I huff out in frustration as I grab him by the elbow and portal us to my room. I feel a little nauseous from having him tag along, but push it aside, quickly focusing back on him.

He wraps his arms around himself as I bring him towards my bathroom to get cleaned up.

I don’t know how he’s here, I thought for sure he was gone. I coax him in the shower, but he doesn’t start to wash himself. So I step in, helping him get clean. He doesn’t speak, just watches me as I work to get him whole again.

“I thought you were gone,” I tell him, sniffing. It’s fucked up that this is the first time I get a full view of him naked. I try not to be gross about it, more mechanical while taking care of him.

He looks straight ahead as he speaks. “You felt like this for years?” he asks.

I swallow and nod. “Not having your own body will take a toll on you.”

When I stand, he finally moves, his hands cupping my face as his eyes water. “I’m so sorry,” he murmurs, and I shake my head.

“You have nothing to be sorry for. I got you killed.”

He shakes his head but doesn’t speak as I finish cleaning him. Once he’s straight, I have him sit on the bench as I clean myself. The water sliding down the drain is red as I wash my hair and face. I have to scrub brutally against my forearms to get all the caked-on blood off.

When I look at Toth, he isn’t looking at me; he’s looking at his hands, his palms trembling as they face him. The panic and confusion is nearly leaking out of him.

I wonder if this body feels different. *What if I fucked it up? What if he’s not fully corporeal?*

The fear makes me wash quicker as I get dressed and grab a towel for Toth. I wrap it around his waist and take his hand, dragging him out of the bathroom, through my bedroom, and down the hall to bang on my father’s door. Toth resumes his silence but continues to let me touch him as my father opens the door.

Both he and Lilith are in a state of half-undress as they scan over us with shock.

“Did I bring him back, right? Is he okay?” I ask.

My father touches Toth’s face. He doesn’t flinch, but he looks at my father with sentiment.

“How?” my father asks.

“I remembered how you made me corporeal. I found his soul in the dark forest. I...I don’t know how he came back, how he’s alive. Those blades were meant to kill,” I ramble, feeling even more confused. I want to ask Toth what

happened, how he came back to Hell, but I'm not even sure he knows.

"You did well," he confirms, and Lilith squeezes my shoulder in solidarity.

"He'll be okay," she reassures me. No matter how much I like the blonde demon, it's not her approval I was seeking.

"Lilith, can you let Elvor know what's going on?" I ask her sheepishly, not wanting to break my promise to him and Judd. But Toth needs me right now.

"Of course I can," she replies, and I exhale.

"You're sure that he'll be okay?" I ask my father, seeking his strength.

"It will take him time. Being a lone soul can have some negative effects on the mind," my father informs me. I try to not let it feel like a dig, so I just nod my head and look over at Toth.

"What do I do?"

"You care for him?" my father questions, and I nod. "Then care for him," he says, squeezing my chin and letting go.

"What if he doesn't want me to?" I ask, feeling like I don't deserve this second chance. But when I look at Toth, he's staring down at me. Not with malice or frustration, but as if I'm his fucking lifeline. So I take it.

"Can you check on him in the morning?" I ask my father.

"Of course. You did well, Mara. I'm proud of you."

I swallow and fuck. I feel like salty water is going to fall down my face again. Instead, I grab Toth's wrist once more and lead him back to my room. I place him on the bed, making sure he's comfortable.

"I've got to let Elvor and Judd know. I'll be right back," I tell him, pushing back his still-damp hair.

"Don't leave me," he pleads, his eyes going wide. It breaks me, so I crawl into bed and, like I've wanted to since I got to

Hell, I hold Toth. All while he tries to rebuild his mind, piece by piece.

I try not to hate myself with every noise that leaves him or every toss and turn he makes throughout the night. I don't care what I have to do. I'm going to make things right with the demon who risked everything to be mine.

## CHAPTER 28



“You’re okay, I’ve got you,” the melodic voice whispers to me. This body feels different. Not in a good or a bad way, just not what I’m used to.

The skin stretches differently, and I’m missing some of my old scars.

I’ve never felt more afraid than when I sent myself back to Hell as a listless soul. Maybe actually dying would have been a better fate. It’s a fucked-up thought, but haven’t I lived long enough? Haven’t I suffered enough?

“Shh,” the soft voice soothes me. I can feel her soft hands in my hair, and I take back what I said about wanting to be dead.

I feel like I understand her in a way others wouldn’t be able to. While I might have only gotten a small taste of what she went through, I get it. The confusion, paranoia, and overall dissociation from reality. It’s hard to know who you are when you aren’t attached to a physical form. Besides the mind games, it’s physically painful. I kept searching for something to attach myself to, and I found nothing.

I’m not sure what drew me to the Black Lake, but I felt as though it might have been Mara’s cries that directed me where I needed to be. It was as if I already knew she would be able to save me, though she’s never made a demon corporeal before.

My stomach grumbles, but I ignore it and just lay here in the comfort she provides. As each second passes, I feel the

pieces of my mental walls clicking back into place—praise Satan.

I thought for sure I wouldn't get my facilities back and that I'd be an invalid, numb demon for the rest of my immortal existence. I probably would have offered my soul to be consumed by Lucifer. *Can Mara render souls?*

Her soft fingertips flatten out my furrowed brows, and I sigh at the feeling. She has some horrific-sounding show on in the background, but I just lie there as more and more of my memories, emotions, and thoughts come back to me.

It's piece by piece, not all at once. I remember my human life, my introductory years to Hell, working my way up the ranks in the realm.

But then... then all I remember is her.

The push and pull, the roughness, and violence between us. But I also remember the few and in-between, softer moments. How pliant she was in my arms, covered in blood as I claimed her. How I spilled my fucking heart out to her, and she made me forget.

And then she made me remember at the worst fucking time. The kiss we shared on the battlefield sealed my fate. An immortal life was worth it with her by my side. So I did what I had to do to come back to her, even if I'm paying the price now.

I sit up abruptly and blink at her. Her eyes are a dark blue, and I can tell that she's been crying. *She shed tears for me?*

"Toth?" she says my name softly, but it makes my head hurt anyway.

I rub my temples, and her hand strokes my forearm in a loving way. I groan and lie back down. Deep inside, I hate that she's seeing this weakness in me, but I haven't felt like this since I was human. It's exhausting and terrible. I'd rather Elvor torture me in the pit than to ever be a mortal again.

"It's okay, just rest. I've got you," she reassures, playing with my hair. It's the last thing I remember before falling into a dead sleep.



A cold wetness touches my face, making me jump up from my sleep, gripping at my hip and looking for my blade. I blink away some of my tiredness to find Mara sitting on the bed, still wearing her clothes from last night, with a washcloth in her hand.

“Toth?” she says, looking at me like I’m a wild animal about to attack.

I rub my temple. “How long was I out?”

“Two days,” she answers softly.

“Fuck,” I groan, stretching out my sore muscles from lying on the bed for so long. When I look at my forearms, I notice they are veinier than usual. I’m flexing my hand to watch the veins bulge while Mara just stares at me like I might have an absolute meltdown.

“Do you need anything?”

“I don’t know,” I tell her honestly.

“How do you feel?”

“Like my head wants to explode. But I don’t feel as bad as I did... when you found me.”

“That’s good. I thought you would get better quicker with how fast I was able to make you corporeal. Toth, I’m so fucking sorry,” she says.

I’m not sure how many times Mara has apologized to people before, but I can tell she truly means it in this moment.

“You didn’t stab me with a blade,” I respond.

“I might as well have. I didn’t listen to your orders, and that was the worst time to give you your memories back,” she admits, tucking herself into her blankets, trying to make herself seem smaller.

“They weren’t your memories to take,” I growl.



“Really, the memories are what you’re mad about? Not me blatantly disobeying your orders? You nearly dying?” she screeches like I’m the one being unreasonable.

“Yeah, the fucking memories,” I reply.

“Well, I gave them back. I didn’t think you cared.”

“I should have gone into battle with them. This would have never happened if you weren’t throwing a tantrum and making me forget.”

“Excuse the fuck out of me for wanting you to have the choice of wanting me or not,” she sasses.

I laugh. It’s in a condescending way, but I can’t help it. Her face shows her irritation, and I lean in close to her face, pointing at her.

“That’s the fucking point. I didn’t have a choice, and if I had those memories before battle, I never would have let you talk me into staying,” I snarl.

“That’s a fucking lie!” she counters.

Pushing away from her, I throw my arms up in frustration while shouting, “It’s not. I wouldn’t have gone in there so loosely if I knew I had something worth living for.”

I watch her throat bob when she swallows. She tucks herself further into the blanket like it’s going to protect her from me or this conversation, I’m not sure. I take a deep breath, trying to calm down before speaking next.

“They weren’t your memories to take, and it wasn’t your job to make any choices for me. You’re a siren, who gives a fuck? You make Hell fun. I like arguing with you and when you push my buttons. No one else dares to talk to me the way you do.”

She just burrows further into the bed; can’t have that.

“You’re the reason I’m back,” I tell her plainly.

“What do you mean?” she asks.

“When I was stabbed, I tried to portal myself back here in the hopes that Lucifer would be able to save me. It appears,

with my ability, I was able to portal just my soul.”

“I’ve... I’ve never heard of anyone being able to do that.”

“Me either, but I had a reason to continue this ridiculously long immortal existence,” I tell her.

She blinks at me and shakes her head in disbelief like she isn’t the sole reason I’m still fucking breathing. If it wasn’t for her and those memories, I would have accepted a warrior’s death for the second time.

I crowd her space, getting closer to her, close enough to touch. But I don’t, not yet.

“I remember every thought and word shared between us in that warehouse, little demon. I should punish you for thinking you had the right to take something so precious away from me. I should punish you for making me care so fucking much that I’d rip my own soul from my body to have more time with you,” I say, all the anger inside of me dissipating like smoke in the air.

“Please,” she whispers.

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Please, punish me. Make it even.”

I push a strand of hair out of her face, contemplating what I should say next. “I can’t think of a punishment fitting enough for what you did to me. But I think I can get creative.”

My hand grips the blanket, and I pull it away from her body, revealing her in a silky green sleep set. Her shorts ride up high, making her legs look endless, and I can’t help but caress and squeeze her thighs.

“Should I keep you on edge for hours, not letting you cum? Maybe I should tie you up and do whatever I please.” My grip tightens on her thick thigh. “Maybe I should make your ass as pink as your pretty eyes.”

On cue, her eyes flash a bright, bubble gum pink. I have to hold back my grin.

“Maybe I should take your ass,” I suggest. Her eyes turn purple, and it feels more like a reward than a punishment; I’m a male, after all.

“I haven’t...” she trails off. I fist her hair and tilt her chin up to me.

“I know. Have you been saving that for me, little demon? Did you know that you were going to owe me, and I’d want to take it out on your ass?” I question tauntingly.

Her flesh pebbles, and she licks her lips.

“Get naked,” I demand. Surprisingly she doesn’t give me any shit as she shuffles out of her clothes while staying put on the bed. She’s fucking beautiful as she lies there naked. Her perky tits are just begging to be licked and touched, but not as much as her cunt is.

“Spread your legs,” I tell her. She does, and I lick my lips as I look at the slight sheen coating her inner thighs. “Play with yourself,” I instruct, and she begins to slide her hand down her torso. I click my tongue at her, and she looks at me, confused. “With your shadows, touch that sweet cunt with your shadows.”

She blinks at me like what I said was revolutionary. I watch as the two strands of smoke appear behind her. The near-sentient forms work at her command. One spreads her pussy lips, rubbing her clit, as the other one fucks in and out of her.

It’s nearly impossible not to touch myself, but I need this to last.

“Please touch me, Toth,” she begs me.

“Give Daddy what he wants first,” I reply, and her thighs tremble.

“Fuck, I shouldn’t like that as much as I do,” she says in between pants.

“Play with your tits,” I tell her and watch as she cups her breasts and uses her thumbs to rub her nipples. *Fuck, she’s gorgeous.*

I didn't think it was possible to be jealous of a shadow, but the way it's fucking her has me ready to blow. I remind myself that I earned this, I defied all fucking odds to be alive and with her right now. I need it to last, I need it to be everything.

"I'm going to come," she mewls in a whisper, her shadows working her over as her hands grab her tits like a lifeline.

"You better make a fucking mess, or we're starting all over again."

Her back arches off the bed, releasing a low moan. Her cunt devours the shadow greedily as she reaches her orgasm. Mara's hands drop from her chest, and she's reeling her shadows back in when I click my tongue again.

"I didn't say you could put those away."

"Please touch me," she begs again.

"Do you have any lube?"

"No." She shakes her head. I don't respond, just portal back to my room and dig through my nightstand before portalling back to her room. Her arms are crossed over her chest as she glares at me.

"You can't just portal mid fuck without a word, Toth," she chastises.

"I'll work on it," I deflect, pulling down the boxer shorts that she put me in and curling my finger at her. "Come get my cock wet."

She fakes irritation, but I know she loves this shit as she stands from the bed and starts walking over to me. I click my tongue and point to the floor.

"Crawl to me, princess."

Her eyes flash red before purple, but she does what she's told, crawling to me seductively. I'm not sure what I expected, but her spitting on my dick and then putting the entire thing down her throat wasn't it. I groan, threading my fingers into her hair.

"That's it. Fuck. Such a good slut for me, aren't you?"

“Yes, Daddy,” she answers when the tip of my dick pops out of her mouth.

“Good girl,” I praise. The visceral effect those words have on her is addictive. She grabs my ass as she takes more of my length down her throat. Her shadows caress my legs, and it feels like a loving extension of her. I throw my head back, enjoying the way she sucks me down. Like it’s her pleasure, not mine, she’s striving for.

I tug her by her hair, pulling her off my dick. She looks up at me with purple eyes, and I smile down at her menacingly.

“Tell me how bad you want me, and I’ll eat your pussy before I fuck your ass.”

“I’ve wanted you since the minute I was made corporeal. My need for you has never been in question,” she states as if I should already know this. While she might think that, I need to hear her say it; I need it to come from her mouth right now.

“Tell me,” I repeat myself, tugging on her hair.

“You’ve been mine, inside my head, this whole time. I’m not sure what more you want from me? Do you want me to tell you how I felt like a piece of me died when you were stabbed? Or that I’ve never felt that much pain in my life, and most of my life has been excruciating?”

“Not anymore, little demon,” I correct her, grabbing her by her throat, pulling her to her feet, and walking her backwards to her bed. She falls on her back with a small woosh, and I smile at the feast before me. She’s mine; she has to know that now, there’s no doubting this connection or what we’ve been through. We’ve defied all odds to be here right now, it’s fate. “Use your shadows to hold your legs back. I’m going to devour you like I should have that first night we met.”

She smiles as she lies back, her shadows pulling her legs apart. Her perfect, pink cunt is on full display as well as her cute little asshole, which I plan on taking as mine tonight.

Her nails dig into my hair as I eat her pussy like a man starved. She tastes like sin and mischief. She’s my new

favorite fucking meal, and I plan on letting her know every second possible.

Sharing her with Elvor and Judd isn't ideal, but if this is my existence from here on out, it'll be fucking worth it.

I give her sensitive clit my sole attention before I move it to where I'll be fucking her. Her back arches off the bed, and one of her shadows wraps around my neck, urging me closer to her. With my thumb drumming on her clit and my tongue licking the tight hole, she starts to shake, losing control of her shadows.

It's the most beautiful thing I've ever witnessed in all my years, both living and re-created into the being that I am now. All the suffering I've endured is worth every second of her pleasure, and I plan on wringing her dry.

## CHAPTER 29

### MARA

**M**y body shakes with my second orgasm.

I didn't know *that* could feel so fucking good. It doesn't hurt that Toth is making the most masculine noises while he devours me. Like he's been craving me all this time, and he'll never get enough.

It's everything I've ever wanted. He ripped his soul apart to be with me, and it's the type of devotion I never thought I would have. I'm done worrying about what I deserve; I'm only worrying about what belongs to me. Everything about Toth belongs to me; I recreated his new perfect body, and it's evident his soul is mine as well.

My shadows let my legs down, and Toth tsks, wiping my wetness from his beard. It has no reason being that hot.

He grabs the bottle of lube, dripping the cold liquid down my pussy to my ass before squirting a hefty amount over his length and stroking himself. I take a deep breath, waiting for what he's about to do to me.

I'm not scared of how it's going to feel or what Toth is going to do. Our words can be harsh, but I know that he would never truly hurt me, at least not in a way that I didn't like.

I can't help but feel completely exposed to him in this position, but I definitely want to watch his face as he takes me.

Toth starts by collecting the slippery wetness and rubbing it against my tight hole. He's gentle and takes his time, allowing my body to get used to the idea before pushing a

finger inside of me. I just sigh and breathe deeply as I wait for more.

“You want more?” Toth asks, and I nod my head in agreement. He grips my thigh, my shadows caressing his wrist while he puts another finger inside of me. He makes a scissoring motion inside of me, and I’m more than ready to welcome the stretch of his cock.

“Tell me you’re mine,” he says, and as badly as I want to give him shit, I don’t... because I am his. How could I not be? He came back for me; he’s as much mine as I’m his.

“I’m yours.”

“That’s right, mine to do whatever the fuck I want to,” he reiterates, pressing the head of his length to my asshole. His other hand squeezes my thigh. “Relax, Mara,” he reminds me, and I can’t deny that having my name leave his lips so sweetly does something to me. I take a deep breath, relaxing my body, and he slides his swollen head into me.

The feel is enough to make me moan and gasp at the same time. The stretch is intense, but he moves slowly, letting me get used to the feeling as he presses on inch by inch. I can tell it’s taking all his effort not to just fuck me with reckless abandon like he wants to.

It shouldn’t be a romantic gesture, but I consider it one anyway.

When Toth’s in all the way, his own thighs pressing against my body, I no longer have any control over the noises I make or what my shadows are doing. They caress Toth everywhere, pushing through his hair and rubbing his backside. It’s not horror or confusion written on his face; it’s pure bliss.

He throws his head back and breathes in deeply, not like he usually does when he’s frustrated at me. No, he’s just letting his body take it all in.

He looks down at me and leans forward, sucking on one of my breasts as he starts fucking my ass. He bites down on my nipple, causing me to scream in pleasure and pain. He licks away the sting, gazing into my eyes.



I'm not sure what he sees there, but I know he's pleased by my responses.

He groans, gripping me by the hips and sliding his cock out of me, flipping me so that I'm on all fours.

When he slides back into me, my head collapses to the bed, and his hand wraps around the back of my neck, pressing me into the mattress. He fucks me wildly, using my body and marking me as his.

He fills me up so completely, and the words spewing from his mouth just make me love this moment even more.

“Your ass is fucking perfect.”

I moan, and he smacks my ass cheek before continuing to pound into me.

“Use your shadows to play with your clit,” he directs. I follow his command. I'll need to thank him later for the realization that I can masturbate with my shadows from here on out.

I can feel one of them strumming against my clit while it doesn't feel like my hand, it doesn't feel like someone else's either. All I know is that I'm about to come. Toth's hand squeezes harder against the nape of my neck, and it's what causes me to break. The feel of his dominance and desire for me is superb.

I shatter, my thighs wanting to give out on me, but Toth keeps me on my knees. He takes what he needs, fucking into me so hard I can barely catch my breath until his hips stutter, and he pulls out. I feel the warmth of his cum on my ass cheeks and finally, let my body collapse on the bed.

Toth doesn't immediately join me. He surprises me by being sweet and using a warm washcloth to clean me up before crawling into bed next to me. I lie flat on my stomach, and he lounges carefree on his back.

“I'm not sure that was much of a punishment,” I tease gently, and he laughs.

“I’ll have to work on it. But as far as I’m concerned, we’re good. No more secrets between us,” he says.

I clear my throat and look at him. “Judd and Elvor...” I don’t have to say much besides their names to get my meaning across.

“I know they’re yours too. It’s going to take some time, but I’ll get used to it. I’m not fucking either of them, though.”

I laugh as I picture him and Elvor together. *Yeah, I definitely don’t see that happening anytime soon.*

“Maybe we need to all get-together and talk about what this means for all of us,” I suggest, feeling like such a well-adjusted demon.

He groans and flips onto his side so he can toss an arm around me. “Fine. But I want to keep you to myself for now,” he says. I look down, and his dick is already hard again. *Demon stamina is life-changing.*

“Already?” I ask with a smile.

“Can you handle it, little demon?” he teases, baiting me.

I flip him on his back, and he grins up at me. This is why I wanted him so badly. I always knew who Toth could be to me. It might have taken a ridiculous amount of tension, lies, and... well, death, but with him smiling up at me like this, I nearly feel complete.

I give Toth what he wants and leave all the adult conversations to be had tomorrow.



Toth and Elvor both scowl at each other when we enter the pit the next day. Judd just wraps me up in his arms and squeezes me tight.

“You’re not allowed to be away from us that long ever again,” Judd scolds lovingly.

Toth glares at him. “I fucking *died*.”

“Did you really, though?” Judd counters, and I have to push Toth’s chest back.

“I guess we all need to have a little chat then? Where should we go?” I ask.

Elvor doesn’t speak, just directs us through the pit until we get to a conference room. It’s a stark contrast to the rest of the pit. It looks like it’s out of some mortal hotel with the filigree carpet and maroon upholstered chairs.

Elvor pulls out a chair for me at the rounded table, and I tuck my dress under my thighs. “Thank you,” I say softly. Elvor just kisses the top of my head and takes a seat beside me at the round table.

Everyone is quiet for an unacceptable amount of time, so I sigh and kick us off by saying, “So, you’re all my boyfriends, and well, Judd and Elvor are boyfriends too.”

Toth and Elvor are still glaring at each other, and I wonder if there is any way to also make them boyfriends. The sexual chemistry would be explosive, but I sigh with disappointment, knowing that it will never happen.

Toth seems to really only like me. I’m not sure if that has to do with a specific gender preference, but I do know that I’m his specific preference.

“I think it’s been a long time coming. I’m happy as long as you’re happy,” Judd states. I grin at him. He’s so perfect and sweet.

“I want my own time to be alone with you,” Toth requests, and I nod my head.

“Of course, everyone should have their own individual time,” I reply, but he doesn’t seem to have heard me because he opens his mouth to continue his little rant.

“I don’t want to have to fight him for your attention,” Toth grumbles, pointing to Elvor. Who goes to grab his finger and likely snap it half. I stand from my seat and stand between the two of them. No fingers will be broken or ripped off today; I can’t believe I’m even thinking it, but haven’t we had enough bloodshed over the last few days?

“Everyone will get their own time. We’ll work on a schedule,” I repeat, placating the two domineering demons.

“What about missions?” Judd asks.

“We’ll have to go together,” I answer.

“That means we need to get him properly trained. We can’t have him fucking up missions because he’s weak,” Toth growls, and I have to take a deep breath.

“I will kill you,” Elvor threatens Toth.

“That’s enough!” I’m thinking about how to get us all on the same page, and then it hits me. *What would Tabby Leigh do?*

Thinking on my feet, I grab a stack of Post-its from the side table and write down their names. I place them in a pyramid and cover each name with an additional Post-it.

“What the fuck is this?” Toth snaps.

“This is how I’m going to keep you all in line,” I sass back, pulling the first tab from the bottom. “On the bottom of the pyramid, we have Toth.”

“Why the fuck am I on the bottom?” he demands.

“You were mean to Judd,” I snark back easily. Judd tries not to act superior over it, but I can see his smugness; he has his arms crossed with a little smirk on his face. “You’ll need to improve your attitude to make it to the top of the pyramid.”

“It’s not like I fucking ripped my soul from my corporeal body to be with you or anything,” Toth complains under his breath, and I sigh and pinch the bridge of my nose.

“Are you going to bring that up every time we argue because it’s going to get old fast,” I chastise.

Toth rolls his eyes, but I just smile, plucking off the next Post-it.

“Next, we have Elvor.” He furrows his brows at me in irritation. “You said you were going to kill Toth, and don’t think I didn’t catch you mentally visualizing cutting off his finger.”

“Break, not cut,” Elvor corrects like that’s any better.

I remove the last tab and smile. “On the top of the pyramid is Judd. You came into this meeting with an open heart and mind, unlike some other people I know,” I say, giving Toth and Elvor a dirty look.

“This pyramid shit is ridiculous,” Toth grumbles, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Yeah, ‘cause you’re on the bottom,” Judd replies, and it makes me want to tell them all how lucky they are that I love them...

*Woah. I guess I do love them.*

A smile takes over my face and a lightness I’ve never felt blooms inside of me, consuming me fully.

“Sweetheart?” Judd interrupts my epiphany. “What has you smiling like that?”

“I just realized that I love you all,” I admit. Maybe it’s not the most romantic way to confess your feelings, especially not to three people at once.

“What?” Elvor asks, blinking at me.

“You were all irritating me so bad, and usually I would have very violent thoughts about how to make you all shut the fuck up, but I didn’t. I just thought about how much I want and care for each of you. I love you, guys. So no more being whiny, little bitches. We’re going to make this work; do you understand me?” I chastise, mostly in Toth’s and Elvor’s direction.

“Yes, princess,” Elvor says.

“Fine,” Toth replies.

“Well, I guess all that’s left is moving you all into the manor,” I declare, and Judd’s face pales.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” he questions.

“Where else are we going to live? No offense, Elvor, I love your apartment in the pit, but it doesn’t work for all of us.

Plus, it's very hot. You could still keep it, though," I offer, placating him.

Elvor just shrugs his shoulders, and I guess that's all the answer I'm going to get. Toth just lounges in the chair, and I realize that technically, he already lives in the manor, so it's not a big deal to him. The fact that he just fucked me in my ass with no care in the world that we were in Lucifer's house proves it.

Thinking about it makes me want to change his ranking, the fact that fucking me took priority over how my father will feel. But I don't, Tabby Leigh would never change the pyramid after it's been set.

"I'll figure something out," I say, waving a hand.

"We have bigger problems at hand anyway," Toth interjects, ruining the good mood.

"Like what?" I ask, and Toth blinks at me like I'm stupid.

"Like we just survived one battle with Heaven. Things are only going to get worse," he says.

"I figured that once they saw the annihilation from the last battle, things would cool off," I say, and Toth shakes his head.

"That was nothing. It's about to get a Hell of a lot worse," he says.

*Consider my good mood deflated.*

## CHAPTER 30



We're all making adjustments in order to make this work. It's been a tough couple of weeks, but fortunately, we've been able to enjoy them in Hell. I hate leaving the realm, and the only reason I do is because I can't even fathom the idea of Mara or Judd traveling without me.

Seeing the new way Toth treats Mara makes me want to kill him slightly less. Sometimes, I can't decipher when they are playing versus when he's bullying her. But I've realized that it's not my relationship to butt into.

I just need to focus on how I am with Mara and Judd while reaching some sort of treaty with the demon who has wormed his way into Mara's heart.

Sometimes, I wish the blade actually killed him, but then I realize it would have broken Mara's heart, and I feel a smidge of guilt. But today, I'm doing my best not to think about the potential murder of Mara's least valuable boyfriend. It's Mara's coronation, after all. We're supposed to be celebrating, not wishing death upon petulant assholes.

Lucifer thought with her proving herself and the impending war with Heaven, it was important for everyone to know who their princess is.

I couldn't agree more.

She looks breathtaking in her black gown; the bottom is flowy with silver sparkles, and the top is tight against her

chest. Leave it to Mara to figure out a way to make her dress sparkle.

The smile on her face is addictive, and I have to hold back my smile. Everyone in Hell knows how protected she is. Not only is she Lucifer's daughter, but she's also associated with Toth, Judd, and myself.

Judd is wearing a tuxedo and looks more confident than I've ever seen him before. He's even talking to the Dark Lord without shitting himself. It's progress.

Toth, ever the paranoid asshole, is doing rounds around the banquet hall looking for threats. It is the one thing I can appreciate about him: Mara's well-being comes first. Though I might not particularly care for him, I'll have to learn to let him grow on me.

Plus, I do enjoy it when Mara puts him on the bottom of the pyramid when she's frustrated.

Mara touches Judd's face before meeting my eyes across the room. She excuses herself and walks over to me, placing her delicate hands against my chest.

"Are you okay?" she asks, looking up at me. Her makeup is dark and enticing, the crown on her head glittering in the light. And I've never seen someone more deserving to be a princess in all of my lifetimes.

"I am," I reply, grabbing her hand and kissing each of her knuckles individually. She has the most stunning hands, and I love it when she paints her nails in different dark shades. After I kiss each finger, she swipes a nail across my bottom lip and smirks.

"My father and Lilith are leaving early. They're headed to Earth, probably to cause some damage. He wants me to hold down the fort and hold court," she says, scrunching her nose at the word court.

I hold out my hand to her, and she takes it as I walk her over to the dais. Seeing as Lucifer isn't here, she takes the main throne and crosses her legs.



It's time for any demons or souls to bring anything of importance up to her. I'm not sure what to expect from her. Mara is always full of surprises. While she has a deep-seated, violent streak, she also has a soft heart at times.

"My lady," the demon I know as Eris greets, bowing before Mara.

She doesn't speak, just makes a rolling motion with her hand for him to continue speaking.

"I'd like to join the war effort," he offers, and Mara smiles.

"Wonderful, if anyone else would like to join, please see Toth in the corner. If you don't have portalling abilities yet, we will be able to handle that. Every demon counts," she announces with a beaming smile. My sweet, absurd princess makes quite the politician, I decide.

Another demon approaches her. I recognize her as Tina and wince. With both Autumn and Lisa being destroyed by someone in the royal family, I know that when she speaks, it's going to be bad.

"We need policies in place to protect demons from the royal family. We need a voice," she says.

Mara tilts her head and squints, trying to place the demon. Judd leans over the arm of her throne and whispers in her ear. The smile that takes over Mara's face should scare everyone in the room.

"Does anyone else feel the same way?" Mara asks.

No one else stands or speaks up—wise choice.

"They're too afraid to stand up to you and your father," Tina accuses.

Mara stands from the throne, her heels clicking against the black marble as she takes two steps down. She's still two steps higher than Tina, giving her a major height advantage.

"They should be afraid," Mara agrees.

I'm not sure what I was expecting, but Mara striking out her fist and ripping Tina's soul from her corporeal body, isn't

it. Neither is her placing the soul on the tip of her tongue and devouring it whole.

Mara winces once she's consumed the demon and sits back on the throne. She sits on it lazily, like she isn't running Hell right now, just like she's relaxing and enjoying her evening. She just consumed a soul for the first time, and she acts as though it isn't impressive.

*Holy Hell, I love this woman.*

"Is there anything else?" Mara asks, picking at her nails. The room is silent, as it should be. "Very well. I suppose I'll be seeing most of you on the battlefield. Don't disappoint me," she says with a smirk and shares a look with Toth.

Judd holds out his hand, and Mara takes it as they step down from the dais together. I find myself drawn to them like a beacon and head in their direction. So does Toth.

"I have a little surprise for you three," she states.

"Oh, yeah?" Judd replies, kissing the side of her hair.

"Toth, can you portal us to the weeping willow by the Black Lake?" Mara asks. Toth nods, grabbing Mara's hand, who is already holding Judd's.

I sigh, taking Judd's hand in mine and then Toth's.

Mara smiles at us like we just kissed and told each other we love one another. I shake my head at the thought as Toth portals all four of us without issue.

As soon as we land, Mara starts walking, and that's when I see the cottage that was never there before. I'm not even sure you could call it a cottage based on its size. It's got a black brick facade and all-black windows and doors. The only flowers lining the property are oleander and lily of the valley.

"What's this?" Toth asks.

"Well, you all seemed a little less enthused about living under my father's roof, so I convinced him to give me my own. Welcome home, boys," she cheers, beaming. Her black dress trails behind her as she opens the door.

“My bedroom, the biggest one, is on the first floor. Each of you have your own private bedroom upstairs,” she says.

Judd looks around the house in awe. “How did he do this so fast?”

Mara shrugs her shoulders. “I didn’t ask questions. I just wanted a place where the three of you would be happy,” she tells us.

I can’t help myself as I wrap an arm around her collarbone and tug her close to my chest. Her small hands wrap around my forearm and give me a tight squeeze.

“I think we’ll all be very happy here,” Toth says, and I can’t even hate him at this moment because he’s right.

I would have never imagined in a million years that I would be living in this type of home. Granted, it’s all Mara’s style in the main living space, but I don’t mind that at all.

Mara’s never had a home of her own, never had the opportunity to learn who she is. So, I know we’re blessed by Satan to give this opportunity to her.

“It’s perfect,” I whisper in her ear. She grinds her sweet little ass against my crotch, and I groan against her hair.

“As long as I’m with the three of you, that’s what makes me happy. Seeing you all get along today meant everything to me,” she says softly and sweetly like she didn’t just eat a woman’s soul ten minutes ago.

Toth takes a few steps toward her and cups her chin. He doesn’t care that his hand touches my forearm as he makes her look up at him. “Is that what you want, little demon? All of us at once?”

Mara swallows and pushes her body closer to mine.

“Hellishly so,” she breathes. I look over at Judd, who is smiling. No care in the world about all of us together. I mean, obviously, the three of us have no issue sharing, but inviting Toth into the mix will be interesting.

“Is that something you’re okay with, Elvor? I don’t want to make you uncomfortable,” she asks, looking up at me.

“I’ll never *not* want to see you a begging, writhing mess, little princess,” I tell her. Her eyes turn pink immediately as she spins in my arms and jumps up. Without hesitation, I grip her ass and carry her to the back of the house.

She wasn’t kidding that her room was the largest. It has a double king-sized bed that is extra long. The consideration of my height makes me squeeze her closer to me.

She cups my face and kisses me softly.

“I’ve never been in an orgy before,” she says with a giggle.

“I don’t think any of us have, sweetheart. You tell us what you want,” Judd replies.

Toth and I look at each other with slight irritation over Judd giving her full reins.

“Do you think you’re ready to take Elvor, Judd?” Mara asks sheepishly. Judd looks down at my crotch and licks his lips.

“I think so,” he mutters, looking back up at me.

“Then that settles it. Elvor will take Judd, I’ll suck your dick, and Toth will fuck me,” she declares, clapping her hands like she just figured out the most complicated mathematical equation. “Mind taking off my dress, big guy?” she asks from over her shoulder. Her dark lashes flutter at me. I grin at her and take two steps before removing her dress.

It crumples to the floor and pools at her feet. Her heels click as she steps away from the fabric.

Judd is already stark naked, just standing there, ready for action. Toth and I are both a bit unsure and stick with keeping our clothes on for now.

Mara grabs Judd by the wrist and begins kissing him. He holds her tightly as they kiss like no one else is in the room. She strokes his cock, and he plays with her pussy, groaning when he feels how wet she is.

“Fuck it,” Toth grumbles, grabbing his shirt from the back and ripping it off. His pants follow, and he stands there in his underwear, holding his hard cock through the fabric.

I leave my clothes on. It's not that I'm ashamed of my body, but I suppose I really only like Judd and Mara to see it.

Mara stops kissing Judd but continues stroking his length as she looks at me. "Elvor, baby, are you sure?"

I nod my head and guide her face back towards Judd's, positioning myself behind him. Suddenly, one of Mara's shadows is opening the nightstand and tossing me a bottle of lube.

My smile is wide, and Toth looks at me like he's never seen happiness a day in his life. He wraps his arms around Mara, kissing her shoulder and neck while she continues kissing Judd.

I can share. I can be good. *I cannot murder him.*

I drizzle the lube above Judd's full, perky ass. He gasps against Mara's lips, and I smirk to myself. The demon has no clue how badly I'm going to fucking wreck him.

Despite my fingers sliding into Judd's asshole, I need a connection to Mara and don't hold back when I push Judd's face out of the way to kiss her myself. Her shadows are heavily in the mix. The room seems darker than before as each tendril makes some sort of connection with us. Even as Judd fingers her gushing pussy, she's making sure that each and every one of us knows who we belong to.

Her tongue tangles against mine, and Judd must hit the right spot inside of her because she moans into my mouth. I devour the sound and add another finger into Judd. He groans but takes the stretch beautifully.

Our lips part, and she looks up at me with beautiful, pink eyes before Toth turns her chin and takes her mouth next.

Surprisingly, it doesn't bother me. Maybe I'm maturing.

Judd pushes his ass against my hand, and I kiss his shoulder. "Can you take more?"

"Fuck. Please," he moans.

He pulls his fingers out of Mara's pussy, and I grab his wrist, putting his fingers in my mouth and tasting her before

releasing his hand. Toth tosses Mara on the bed, her body flat with her face at the edge.

“It won’t hurt so bad if your cock’s down her throat,” I whisper to Judd, and he shivers, tensing briefly around my fingers.

Toth climbs onto the bed, completely naked, and devours Mara’s pussy. The noises she’s making are addictive, and I find myself not hating that Toth is the one to wring them out of her. She deserves pleasure almost constantly. It makes sense that she would need three of us. Her shadows mainly focus on Toth, playing with his hair, but then I feel one wrapping around my calf, tugging me closer, along with Judd.

I unbutton my pants and free my cock from my trousers, along with my underwear. Judd exhales loudly as I knead his shoulder while continuing to stretch him.

Mara blinks at Judd, her mouth open and her eyes nearly rolling in her head from pleasure. Her shadow slides up his leg and pushes against my fingers, forcing them deeper into his asshole. He moans and bucks into the air from the stretch.

Mara grabs the back of his thighs and slides to the edge of the bed, so her head is upside down.

Judd slides deep down her throat. I watch in awe as his dick bulges her throat, and she moans around his cock. She has one hand on the back of Judd’s thigh and the other tangled in Toth’s hair.

Her shadows are wild in the bed, spanning the entirety of the room and touching us all lovingly.

Mara’s shadow works in tandem with my fingers to make Judd’s thighs shake. When I pull my fingers out, her shadow leaves at the same time, and he whines.

“Fuck,” he hisses, and I smack his ass before lubing up my cock.

“Take a breath,” I tell him. He does as I direct, and I push the tip of my length against his tight little hole, which resists me at first. Mara helps by holding him wide for me, and I groan as I withdraw, then enter him again in shallow thrusts.

The sound that leaves Judd is one of pain and pleasure mixed together, and he takes it dutifully. Nearly as well as Mara is swallowing his cock. There's so much visual overload in front of me that I don't even mind that Toth is a part of this.

In fact, I quite like the way he's moved to fucking her because she's gagging on Judd's cock and making the best noises of pleasure.

"Such a good little slut for us, aren't you, little demon?" Toth asks her.

She can't speak while swallowing Judd's cock, so she just moans.

"Fuck, sweetheart. I'm not going to last long," Judd warns in a breathy voice.

I hold onto Judd tightly to make sure I don't thrust too hard, causing him to choke Mara too hard, but wanting him to take a little more of my dick. The noises throughout the room are wet and inviting, and I find myself surprisingly open to doing this more often.

"Come on, make a fucking mess. Milk daddy's cock," Toth tells Mara.

*Well, that's a development.*

Mara garbles something around Judd's dick, and he moans loudly, being the first to finish. When he pulls out of her mouth, his cum drips down her face. She just smiles, and Toth pulls her onto the bed so her head isn't upside down.

I push Judd down on the bed. Mara places a hand on his back as I take what I want from him, giving him another few inches. It's like system overload. The visual of watching Mara get fucked by Toth and the sensation of Judd being wrapped so tightly around me is too much.

He fists the sheets, his knuckles going white as he takes each thrust.

"Good boy," I praise him, but Mara is the one to moan when I say it. I can't help it when I reach out, swiping the cum off her face and pushing it into her mouth. She sucks my

fingers and then moans around them from the way Toth is ravaging her body.

He strums her clit with one hand while the other wraps around her throat as he fucks her.

I give Judd all of my cock, burying myself deep inside of him, and he cries out.

It's music to my fucking ears. I don't want to blink and miss a second of it, but I can't help but close my eyes and throw my head back as I fill Judd up with my cum. My stomach clenches tight, and I let out a groan that seems to have a domino effect.

Mara finishes with a shout, and Toth makes a noise similar to the one I just made.

Her shadows slowly trickle back into her as she sighs happily. "We are definitely going to have to do that again."

Toth looks at me and Judd and cracks his neck. "I'll shower upstairs," he says, leaning forward to give Mara a kiss. No care in the world that she's kissed all of us or that he most likely tastes Judd's cum on her tongue.

He walks away, and I greedily grab both of my partners, dragging them into the shower. Judd is half asleep, but I still check in with him.

"Too much?" I ask.

He shakes his head, and I lean down, kissing him before he kisses Mara. His automatic response after sex seems to be to pass right out. He washes himself quietly, and Mara and I keep an eye on him.

"Love you," he says, squeezing Mara's face and giving her a kiss.

"Love you too," she replies softly.

"I love you too, even if you just fucked my soul out of me," he says to me with a smirk.

I grab the nape of his neck and say the words I haven't been able to say yet. "I love you."



Mara blinks widely at me as Judd heads back to her bedroom.

“You, um... hadn’t said that yet,” she points out shyly. She turns her back to me to wash her hair, and I wrap my arms around her wet, perfect body.

“The words don’t seem like enough. I love you doesn’t encompass how you’re my fucking everything, Mara,” I tell her. Her body stills, and she turns around to look at me, her dark hair wet and eyes bright pink.

“I love you too. I don’t think I ever felt seen before we met,” she admits.

“I see you, princess. I see you.”

She wraps her arms around my waist, and we spend more time in the shower than we should. The reality of being stuck with Toth for the rest of eternity isn’t the best, but if it means having my little princess, then I’ll do whatever I need to in order to make the group strong.

“Let’s get some rest,” Mara suggests. I nod and follow her to bed, knowing I’ll be following her till the end of time.

## CHAPTER 31

### MARA

I'm picking oleander flowers to bring to the family dinner when Judd's arms wrap around my waist.

My sweet, sensitive Judd.

He's sweaty, but I don't even mind as he kisses the side of my face and hair.

"Hey, sweetheart."

I spin, putting my basket down and wrapping my arms around his neck. "How was training?"

He groans and brushes my hair out of my face.

"I think your boyfriends are sadists," he teases, and I laugh.

"They might just be. But—"

"But I appreciate it. I'm not going to be deadweight. I will not be the partner you have to worry about. Especially since..." he bites his lip and looks away.

I tug on the front of his shirt.

"Since what?"

He's still chewing on his lip as his one hand drops from my face, and when he opens his palm, there's the smallest flicker of fire.

"I haven't been able to do much with it yet, but I have a fucking gift," he gushes excitedly. I grab his palm and inspect it with a massive smile on my face.

“You don’t need a fireball to light angel wings on fire. This is amazing, Judd.” I wrap my arms around his neck and squeeze. “How did you figure it out?”

“Toth was being a supreme dick, and I got so angry, the next thing I knew, I was lighting the mat beneath me on fire,” he explains.

“That’s amazing. I’m so proud of you,” I tell him, and he beams. Making Judd happy is so easy. I’m not sure I deserve someone who is so purely kind, but I don’t care. He’s mine, and I’ll share him with Elvor, but they both know who they truly belong to.

“Where are the others?” I ask.

“They’ll meet us for dinner,” he says.

“Go get washed up, and we’ll head to the manor.”

Judd leans down and gives me a quick kiss before running into the house. He isn’t afraid of being around my father anymore. In general, Judd isn’t afraid, and a very vain part of me thinks it’s all because of me. He just needed someone in his corner rooting for him.

It’s a huge relief knowing that he has a power and won’t be helpless on the battlefield from here on out.

Things have been quiet with the angels, but I know it won’t last long. I’m about to go in and change for dinner when I see Blair approaching the cottage.

“Hey,” I say first, and she gives me a tight smile. “What’s wrong?” I ask her.

“I need your help,” she says.

Words I never thought I would hear from my sister or anyone, at least not in a context of not murdering someone. Oh, well. Maybe Blair wants me to murder someone.

“What do you need?”

“Remember how you said you would help me get Stevie to Hell?”

“Of course,” I reply.

“I’ve found her. So how do I get her here without making her hate me?” Blair seems a little lost and hopeless. Old me would bask in it, but new me, the Mara who is a good sister, who loves people and feels things like guilt and compassion, does not.

“They’re still on the run from angels?” I ask her, and she nods her head. “We need her to kill an angel. It doesn’t matter if it’s self-defense or not. I can’t think of anything more hardcore than that to get you sent to Hell.”

“How the fuck am I supposed to pull that off?”

“She’s with other demons who want her forever?” I ask, and she nods again. “Use them to your advantage.”

Blair clicks her tongue. “I don’t know about Kas, but I can definitely get Asmo on my side.”

I pull out my dagger and hand it to Blair. “Give her this and tell her it’s to protect herself, nothing else.”

Blair takes the blade and looks back up at me. “Thank you,” she says softly.

“Where’s Dax?”

“Already inside, I’m sure Dad is chewing his ass out,” she says, shrugging her shoulders. “It’s what he gets for dating the Devil’s daughter.”

“I feel that,” Judd agrees when he struts outside. “We headed to dinner or what?” he questions tauntingly, and I shake my head.

“Let’s just get this over with.”

We each individually portal ourselves to the dining room.



I was expecting a nice, calm, lovely family dinner.

I did not expect jealousy, but that’s exactly what I feel when Blair reconnects with her snake, and Lilith has her cat, Doom.

Toth pulls out my chair while I just stare at the creatures. Blair must notice and shakes her head at me while her very-fucking-cool snake wraps around her arm and just looks around the room.

“I thought we were having a strategy meeting,” I ask.

“I found your records from the orphanage,” Lilith states.

I quirk a brow at her. “Is there anything else you did at the orphanage?”

She shrugs her shoulders and pets her cat. “Maybe. But that’s not the point. Today is your birthday,” she says. She definitely committed some crimes. I smile at my stepmother. She might hate the term, but she’s more of a mother than I’ve ever had. I just won’t say it to her face.

They never told me at the orphanage, birthdays were irrelevant.

Judd comes into the room, holding an all-chocolate cake, with pink frosting that says *Happy Birthday Mara* on it. The smile that takes over my face makes my cheeks hurt as the people in the room sing Happy Birthday to me.

“Aren’t we going to eat before cake?” I ask, looking at my father.

“Let them eat cake,” he cheers with a laugh, and I shake my head but eagerly take my plate of cake and shovel it in my mouth.

“Daddy, can you hand me a glass of wine?” I say nonchalantly when I catch my mistake and watch as both Toth and my father reach for the wine. When I look over at Blair and Dax, they both look like they want to crawl into a hole.

Lilith just laughs behind her own glass, and my father balls his hands into fists on the table. Toth looks like maybe he would like to go back in time and not send his soul back to Hell, but shakes his head.

“Sir,” Toth starts.

“Please shut the fuck up. Can we just give her the gift?” my father grits out, rubbing his temples, which only makes

Lilith laugh harder. He glares at his queen, but then his gaze softens. Fortunately for all of us, the moment of tension is quickly broken as the door knob to the dining room turns.

I would have been happy with cake if I'm being honest. The cake and the singing were almost enough for me to feel something tragic, like overwhelming joy and happiness.

But what happens next makes me fucking sob.

Elvor goes out of the room and comes back with a baby-fucking-raccoon and puts it in my hands. The small little trash panda cuddles up against my chest, and I have to hold back everything bursting inside of me before I make a fool of myself.

"He's mine?" I ask with a snuffle.

"She's yours. We noticed how much you wanted a pet of your own," Judd says.

I hold the baby raccoon just far enough to look at her face. "I'll name her Tabby," I announce, and Toth laughs next to me while shaking his head.

"You owe me a new dagger, Judd," Toth jests, and Judd just shakes his head.

"We have something else for you," my father says. He gives Toth another glare, making my warrior lover clear his throat and sit a little taller.

I'm not sure what he could possibly give me. I can't believe I ever doubted him, that I let Beelzebub feed me lies for so many years. Or that I ever thought of overthrowing him when I first got here.

In all truth, his job pretty much sucks. I like being able to take a back seat role. Killing angels and eating souls are what I'm best at, and he sees that in me.

He looks at me the way I've always wanted him to, like I'm special and precious to him.

"For you and your companions," he explains, though he shoots Toth a shitty look as he hands me the envelope,

“But we need to be on alert. What about the angels?” I counter.

“They’re regrouping. It’s important to get out of Hell every once in a while. Enjoy the land of the fated, darling,” he encourages.

Toth leans over and looks at the note I pulled out of the envelope.

*To my dearest daughter,*

*You make me proud to be your father. Enjoy some much-needed time away from Hell with your partners.*

*Coordinates: 35.9078 N, 127.7669 E—Planet 2.4 in the Wirexon Galaxy.*

*Love, Dad*

I’m starting to tear up, and I just hold Tabby close to my chest while looking at the people sitting at the table around me. Everyone here loves me, and I actually feel it. There’s no doubt or paranoia anymore. I don’t know if I just needed more time to settle in my own body or come to my own conclusions. But I’m so fucking thankful I did. That I didn’t possibly ruin everything that’s right in front of me.

I don’t care that I’m not worthy; I take their love and kindness greedily. My father and Lilith kiss the top of my head, and I give Blair and Dax a quick hug before Toth portals us all to our vacation destination.

When I see the small cabin, I worry that we’re all going to kill each other, but then I see the lake.

A lake I can actually swim in.

I kiss Tabby’s head, rushing inside to put her on the bed. She curls up and makes the softest little noise. It takes everything in me to leave her there, but my sweet baby needs her rest. When I head back outside, I see how beautiful this planet is, and I’m in awe. The trees are so vivid, and it smells like the sweetest honeysuckle, but it doesn’t hold a candle to Hell. Toth is next to me as soon as I walk towards the lake.

“Happy birthday, little demon,” Toth says, swatting at my ass.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I jest, and he narrows his eyes at me and swallows. I have a feeling my ass will be taking a lot more than a swat tonight for what happened at dinner. “How long did you traitors know about all of this?”

“Long enough for Elvor to steal that raccoon-looking thing from his world,” Judd says.

“It’s not a raccoon?” I question Elvor, and he scrubs his face.

“No, she will live longer,” he replies, and I make a note to figure out how to make my sweet Tabby live for eternity. I know she was just placed in my arms, but I would kill anyone who dared to hurt a single one of her cute little fingers.

I’m tugging off my boots and tossing my clothes everywhere. “No one would let me into the Black Lake. This water here looks beautiful,” I say. I run down the pier and jump in the water, completely forgetting that I never learned how to fucking swim.

Elvor is the first one in, and it doesn’t hurt that he can stand on the bottom as he holds my hips.

Toth and Judd are quick to get into the water, and Toth glares at me.

“Why the fuck did you run if you didn’t know how to swim?” he chastises.

“What was the worst that could happen? I can’t die; plus, the three of you are here,” I say.

“Menace,” Elvor growls in my ear, but he continues to be my own personal flotation device as he swings me around in the warm water.

“You know our happy little bubble is going to burst sooner or later. The angels will want vengeance for what we did in the Fae Realm,” I remind everyone. It’s the thing we’ve all been thinking, but none of us have had the guts to say it.



“They can’t take this away from us, sweetheart,” Judd says.

“Like murdering angels is such a chore for you,” Toth jokes, and I splash him with water. It turns into an all-out water fight. It gets so bad at one point that Elvor holds me with one arm and starts splashing the shit out of the other two.

My stomach hurts from laughing, and Elvor finally brings us to shore.

Someone had the forethought to bring a blanket out here, and we all lay on the grass naked, looking up at the stars.

The night is humid, and it almost reminds me of the night I left my human body. It was the start of who I was supposed to be. I feel like I not only know myself now, but I know what I want. And what I want is to stare at the stars with my loves beside me.

I’ve spent most of my existence feeling lost and hopeless. But as I lie here next to the three men who are my reason for existing, I feel nothing but hope for the future. It might be filled with murder and chaos, but I wouldn’t have it any other fucking way.

# EPILOGUE



I'm covered in angel blood and wing feathers as I pluck them off one by one.

“You did good, Judd,” I praise him with a kiss. He’s beaming down at me. He’s not covered in blood but with ash. I’m so fucking thankful that his power has grown and he can protect himself.

I know he values being part of the team, though I wouldn’t have cared if he wanted to stay home with Tabby while we fight.

Things have gotten worse, and both sides are losing people every day.

The only major advantage we have is that we keep getting more souls in Hell than Heaven does. So we’re able to replenish our armies at a higher rate. I’m not sure what it’s going to take to end this, but if we have to kill every angel there is, I will.

Hell is my home, and I love the demons I have here. I’m willing to do whatever it takes to win this thing.

Toth comes running up behind me and whispers in my ear, “You need to go to sorting,” he says. I look back at him and tilt my head. He gives me a look, and I realize who’s there waiting for me.

“I won’t be home late, I promise,” I say, reaching up and giving him a kiss.

“You better not. I need my girl tonight,” he replies. I grin at him and nod. We’re on a bit of a rotation. It took lots of fighting because Toth doesn’t think it’s fair that Elvor and Judd share a night and also have individual nights. That’s how Toth ended up with two nights a week. And tonight is one of his nights.

There have been a few more free-for-all fuck-fests. But if I’m being honest, I prefer one on one time. It’s also easier with Judd and Elvor together at the same time, but whenever they all want me together I make it happen.

“Can you give cuddles to Tabby for me?”

“You’re lucky I fucking love you. I can’t believe you named her after that fucking show,” he says.

“And you’re lucky I love you. Still at the bottom of the pyramid, though,” I remind him with a laugh. He swats my ass and shakes his head. Toth loving Tabby as much as me has been the biggest surprise since I was gifted, my sweet demon baby. I can’t wait to get back to my fluffy girl, but I have pressing matters at hand. Hell has a very special guest waiting for me.

Elvor is behind Toth, and I run, jumping into his big fae arms before I have to portal off. “I’ve got to go handle something. Can we make brownies before bed?” I ask him. He shakes his head at me and gives me a salacious kiss.

“Brownies after murder? Only you,” he comments.

“You love it,” I reply.

“And I love you,” he says, holding me tightly.

Each one of them brings out a different piece of me. With Elvor, I feel like I could do no wrong. He truly understands every dark crevice of me and loves me for it. Judd gives me the type of love you read about in books or see in movies. He’s really become the person I can depend on to give it to me straight but be gentle at the same time. And Toth... he’s my fire. Every day with him is exciting, and it’s fun to push each other’s buttons from time to time. He also understands more

about my past than the other guys. Having the three of them is beyond any realm of understanding.

He kisses me one more time and lets me go.

I portal directly to the sorting area, looking into the rooms with each soul. This place is so much cleaner and nicer than the pit. It's fucked up in the best way. Everything is sterile and white, making the dead think they're in Heaven. The longer I'm here, the more I can appreciate my father's dark humor.

She's crumpled in the corner when I open the door.

When she sees me, she scoffs, rolls her eyes, and holds her knees tight to her body.

"I didn't think you would be joining us so soon."

"Yeah, me fucking either," she spits angrily.

"It had to be done," I say matter-of-factly. This isn't how I remember her, not one bit. She seems different, not as bubbly and carefree as the last time we met—which was probably under better circumstances, at least for me. She's really quite lucky to be coming to Hell with a direct pass to demonhood.

She stands up, her long red hair falling around her face. "What had to be done?" she asks.

"You had to become a demon somehow," I say, wondering if this girl is stupid or something.

"Yeah, well, my cousin sure as fuck didn't need to kill me to get me here."

Charming My Demons Date TBD

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sarah Blue writes contemporary sweet omegaverse, paranormal, why choose romances. She loves romance in nearly any genre. When she isn't writing you can find her nose buried in a book or lit up from her kindle. She loves the sweeter side of romance and creating interesting characters while adding adventure and spice. Writing strong female characters and male characters willing to show weakness is something that makes her gooey on the inside.

Sarah lives in Maryland with her husband, two sons, and two annoying cats. If she isn't reading or writing she is probably working on a craft project or scrolling on Tik Tok.



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