

CIRQUE DIABOLIQUE



La Petite
MORTE

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
CRIMSON SYN

La Petite Morte

A CIRQUE DIABOLIQUE NOVEL

CRIMSON SYN



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Dear Readers

Hello my Synners,

First and foremost, I want to thank all of you for picking up *La Petite Morte* and getting lost in this uniquely diabolical storyline.

I wanted to dive into something darker and a little twisted this October, and *Cirque Diabolique* seemed like the perfect place to start.

A cursed French circus that holds a very sinister past. A past of treachery, betrayal, broken hearts, and loneliness. In the midst of all that, add in a scorned witch, an immortal Ringmaster, shifters, demons, a damned violinist, and so much more.

In this book, you'll meet my pretty little necromancer. She holds an undead harem she'd like to introduce to you. And she does warn you, this is not a pretty story.

So please, heed her warnings and mine. Indulge carefully in *Cirque Diabolique*, if you dare, for it is filled with bloodlust, twisted love, remnants of evil, physical violence, murder and gore.

Naughty Reading,

Crimson Syn

La Petite Morte

*What I'm about to tell you must remain here, in secrecy.
Among the shadows and the moon. This story is full of blood
and gore, and a love unlike anything you've ever heard of.*

For I am the necromancer.

And I am here to steal your soul,

It's only meant for one purpose.

To quench my most perverse of desires.

Prologue

Late 1800s...

IT WAS a curse that had been passed down in my family from generation to generation.

I am the last of the lineage and I have made it my life's mission to make sure it ends with me.

My great grandmother, Ella, was a lost soul. After her one and only love had died, leaving her with a two-year-old infant, she was left with nothing. His fortune taken by his family, her home destroyed, her name dragged through the mud. It came to a point where she just couldn't bear it anymore, and she was prepared to take her life.

In her desperation, she ran across a healer who took pity on her. He was not an appealing man by any means. He held a sordid and wicked mentality, but he was one of the elites, and anything that came from him was seen as acceptable amongst the throng of society.

Well dressed in a three-piece suit and a top hat, he lived a hidden life. His shifty gaze should have been a red flag, as well as the way he licked his thick lips and rubbed his belt as he watched her. His breath smelled rancid, his teeth yellowed,

and he had this hacking cough that would shake his entire belly. But Ella didn't see that. She sought out warmth in the deep of winter, food, and wealth, and that's just what he'd offered her. He promised her everything he had in his possession, including free reign of his manor, and all she had to do was keep his bed warm and her legs spread.

So night after night, Ella would go to him and give herself willingly. She would do anything to keep herself and her child safe, even if it meant lying with the devil. Because in the end, the healer was an evil man who preyed on the weak and weary only to benefit himself.

Using dark magic, he would speak to the demons. Offer them blood in return for power and with it he'd help the rich get richer and use the poor as a sacrifice. At first my great grandmother thought him a great doctor, curing plagues and diseases. Until the one night she witnessed the hidden atrocities that went on in the depths of the manor.

She'd been taking her nightly walk through the gardens when she heard one of the servant girls gasping and whining. Running toward the sound, she stopped short at the edge of the brush. There lay the youngest daughter of her maid, spread out and tied onto a platform. The good doctor knelt in front of her, covering her mouth and fucking her.

Ella could tell in the girl's eyes that she was not a willing participant in this display of power. As the young girl's eyes landed on her, Ella ran off, not wanting to witness any more of it. The next morning, she was told to search for a new servant, as the one they had had disappeared. Not left. Not resigned. Just disappeared.

Ella thought it odd, but she thought maybe the Shaman just didn't want to get caught. She began to follow him, watch him

from within the shadows. She began to write down his chants, learning them well and practicing them while he was not around.

Night after night, she'd deterred his questions on why items went missing with a kiss and a whisper of temptation. Manipulating him until he submitted to her. She'd fuck him until delirium, and then would crawl away, lured by the dark magic the Shaman kept secret.

She came to learn that her husband wanted to accomplish only three things: control his client's will, create an illusion, and gain knowledge from them by manipulation them with illusions. All details that could be done without the use of dark magic. He claimed the dead would whisper to him giving him the ability to communicate with them. But in the end, he'd been a dark soul. One who raped and killed under the visage of Satanism.

Ella found this out when she went down to his office. It was at the end of a long tunnel beneath the house. There she was shocked to find the young servant girl. She'd been disemboweled, and pieces of her were being used as props for his evil doings.

From then on Ella was careful. She didn't want him near her precious daughter, and she kept her hidden away, telling her one day she'd understand. Ella had taken what she'd learned a step further, and she started to practice a darker magic. One where demons were summoned, and energy was controlled. She had a power unknown to the Shaman, an empath that was both a receptor and a controller. Whispers roamed around her, tempting her, luring her to do some of the most vile and evil things. Until she finally realized this power could do more if you willed it so.

She could suddenly bring the dead back to life, wielding a power so immense, only God had a right to it.

One of the dangers of necromancy is that you don't really know what or who is on the other side of your communication. Nor do you know what they're going to give you in return. My great grandmother had slowly begun to fall in love with a man who came calling every Friday night. He was eager to talk to his departed wife. Ella would watch him from beneath her dark lashes as he spoke of the love he had that was now gone. In doing so, she willed another type of spell. One that spoke of obsession and loyalty.

When the shaman wasn't looking, Ella would approach the man, speak to him, offer him a beverage in which she'd concocted her spell. And then one day that man went further. He wanted more from Ella, he'd become obsessed with her sweetness and her beauty.

Behind her husband's back they would love each other. Hiding in the shadows of the brushes he would teach her all the ways a man should love a woman.

By now the shaman had become suspicious, and in one of their dalliances, they got caught. The shaman was furious, and he shot the man three times in the chest. Mortified, Ella wielded her power, shielding them from the shaman. She summoned back her lover, but with him came a darkness unlike any other she'd witness.

Jealousy ignited his corpse, and in that moment, she unleashed a ruthless killer. The shaman was shocked, to say the least, and could barely move she watched the undead rise and charge toward him. Ella watched with a conniving smile on her lips, as her undead lover destroyed the evil that was the

shaman. He then turned toward her, and what she thought was a loving vengeful man, was worst.

With the same blade he'd used to cut one viscous throat, with a kiss, he did the same to her. As she died, so did he, and they were discovered a day later by my grandmother. She knew of what her mother had attempted to do, and she swore that she'd keep that power contained and hidden as much as she could.

I had watched my mother suffer with it, hiding away as my grandmother begged her to keep their secret. That was, until she tumbled across the Ringmaster's path. Serge Bastien was a broken soul, and my mother could see that in him. He'd been cursed by the witch, and his love had been taken from him. My mother had been his hidden solace. A woman who could love him and care for him after so many years of loneliness. That was until I was born.

Yes, I am the daughter of the Ringmaster, although he would never admit to it in fear the witch would come after me. But I was stronger than he thought. My mother saw to that before she died.

Now it was my turn to keep my power at bay, but that did not mean I couldn't use it to fight evil with evil.

Chapter 1

Imogen

Present Day...

THE POWER ETCHED out of my hands and reached out among the graves. With a shuddering breath I watched as the soil that covered the fresh burial plot beneath me, began to shift. I stumbled to my feet, smiling down at the sound of cracking wood below the surface of the ground.

I, the Necromancer, had awoken their slumber. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't here to disturb them, but this one called out to me.

He was sobbing.

I couldn't help but go to him. My power didn't just involve controlling the dead. Sometimes, I was able to offer them peace. All they needed was for somebody to listen. This one in particular, was a young boy, not yet ten years old. He kept calling out for his momma, and he sounded scared.

I watched as he climbed out of the dirt, his eyes wide, and his lips trembling. He was a newer corpse, not yet decayed.

I slowly approached him, keeping him calm as the energy flowed from my fingertips onto him. He spoke of his

stepfather and what had been done to him. He feared for his mother. He was afraid that man would kill her too.

I sat and listened until he had finished his sorrowful sorry. I could feel the intensity of his pain, the burning of his scars, and the turmoil in his soul. What I did was not easy. It was empathy at full volume, and I took it all in for this child, promising that I would save his mother.

Sometimes I would be able to, other times I would at least grant the peace that someone was trying. Guiding his spirit back into the grave, I tucked him back in and did a soft incantation to lull him back into peace.

I had acquired several souls on this road. Most had been with me for years. Captive to my needs and obsessions. The funny thing was, I needed them more than they needed them. A harem of sorts, meant to appease my every demand. They were meant to satisfy the succubus's lust and in turn, my own perversions.

They'd all come to me by chance. A moment of grief that quickly turned to joy in my hands. Each with a fetish of pain and gore that satisfied my powers. I fed off them as the shadows fed off me.

While I sought my pleasure, my master made sure to keep me well protected from the monsters that wanted me dead.

I feared them the most. Because those monsters were human. And humans were known to destroy what was obscene to them, more due to ignorance turned to hate than anything else. They didn't understand my power and in turn they wanted to annihilate it. I couldn't blame them. If I could disseminate it, I would.

Occasionally, I'd come to the cemetery to practice my power. The Ringmaster disliked my roaming away from the cirque, but the dead called to me. Sometimes they were lonely, sometimes they had a message. I would sit all listening to their whispers. Every now and then I'd come across a spirit that had wretched in life and continued that way in death. Those I cast away, back to the hell they belonged.

The Ringmaster was not aware that this was where I gained my strength. With my hands buried in the soil of the recently dead. I emanated energy and the shimmer that vibrated through my hands refueled my power. There's a reason why witches use the elements. There's nothing like Mother Nature to fuel the soul.

There is a shared unspoken fear that dwelling on death somehow brings it closer. And that only made it all the more tempting. I wanted the world to know the magic of my power and I found that opportunity lying underneath the canvas of Cirque Diabolique.

Serge Bastien had been my mother's obsession. I had been the product of it, and in that passion the power she transferred to me had become three times as powerful.

She feared for me, right up to the day she had died. And on her deathbed, she had made the Ringmaster swear to always protect me. In order to contain the magic, he gave me the freedom to create my own show. The freedom to share that unspoken fear with a crowd.

But what he and my mother never knew was that with this newfound power, I had grown cold. As cold as the dead, and in truth, I preferred to surround myself with them. I was what you might call anti-social. I preferred to keep to myself, for everything that came near me, I would destroy.

I didn't trust anyone, and after the violence I'd endured so long ago, I didn't mind being alone. The Ringmaster begged me to seek a friend, a lover, but my love only shone on the stage.

On nights when La Petite Morte's curtain rose, the crowds would gather to watch the necromancer satisfy their bloodlust.

Some even begged to die at my hands. They wanted to feel the power surge through their bodies as I returned them back from the dead. Some wanted me to defile their corpses, cumming deep inside of me as I fucked them back to life.

Are you sure you want to hear more?

I did tell you my perversions run deep.

See, because a corpse doesn't hurt you. It doesn't make you cry, or cause you pain, nor does it break your heart. My undead harem lives only for me, and with a flick of my finger they'll do whatever I want them to. It is an undying love that everyone seeks, yet never receives.

Don't look at me like that?

You should have more disgust for the living than for the dead.

This is why my Ringmaster keeps me hidden away beneath the safety of the spotlights. Up on that stage I can use my power as I see fit. I can feed off your energy and feed off the demon and get back at the witch who had destroyed my mother.

The witch believed she was stronger than all of us. Her ego was getting the best of her, and when she'd falter, I'd make sure I was there to watch her fall. I'd take great joy in helping her. But for now, I had to keep my father and myself protected, and my power kept the demon at bay. So don't you dare judge

me, for you're the one who stumbled into my story. I never said it would be sweet and fairytale-like.

No.

My story is full of hunger, need, and just a little...blood.

Chapter 2

Imogen



My sweet Rodrigo was my first. So loving and willing to please me. An innocent member of the audience who was hungry for attention.

My attention.

He accepted the terms I set in place, and he submitted to me so easily. He wanted to be owned, to be my pet. So I had him sign the contract and I bound him to that cross.

He didn't know what I was planning, nor did he expect it.

His death was swift and easy. The blood poured out into the golden bowl from the incision made. The crowd gasped in horror as I slid the blade into his heart. His eyes widened in shock, pleading for me to save him.

Sliding my hand down to his cock, I stroked him while whispering the incantation in his ear.

Black is the color of wound and tomb

We meet at night on the dark side of the moon

Red is the color of blood and death

We rub the bones and give them breath.

I FELT the earth shake beneath the stage, the crowd murmured, clinging onto each other in terror.

Breathe for me.

MY SULTRY WHISPER came over the crowd and a moan emanated from some of the men. Rodrigo's eyes shot open, fixated on me as he took in a deep breath.

Cum for me.

THE MEN in the room fell to their knees while I continued to rob them of their energy and feed it to my new lover. The energy curled around us, fire igniting in our veins. Sliding the blade out, I cut my forearm allowing for the blood to drip down my arm, slide down my fingertips and onto his cock.

Pressing my lips to his, I could feel that sexual energy drift through me and into him.

Live for me.

THE CURRENT SUDDENLY HIT HIM at full force. He took a deep breath, his eyes wide open in shock. The crowd gasped, reaching for breath just as he had. He grunted, gripping the chains to his cuffs as I continued to bring him pleasure.

“Imogen,” he whispered my name as I licked at the wound on his chest. My tongue coated in his blood as I knelt before him, taking him into my mouth.

My blood covered hand left a crimson trail down his abs as I continued to force every drop of his cum out.

The chains rattled as his body bowed back, his head dropped forward, his shoulder length hair flowing down. His eyes never left mine as he shuddered, his cream exploding in my mouth. I moaned, grabbing onto his shaking thighs as I continued to suction him into my mouth with hard pulls of his cock. His body struggled to get away and I smiled wickedly up at him, allowing him to realize that I was the one with the power before I released his sensitive muscle. It twitched in the air, still half hard, and I licked at it gently while my eyes met his.

He looked uncertain and confused, so I reached up and cradled his face. I pressed my forehead to his and comforted him.

“You’re alright now, my love. You’re safe with me.”

“I’m safe?”

His uncertainty shone in his eyes as he looked out at the crowd.

“Yes. You’re safe, and you’re mine my pet.”

I bit down on his lip, and he whimpered like a lost puppy who had just found his owner. Reaching out for a collar, I placed it gently around his neck. A black leather collar with

steel studs lining it. He lifted his head, closing his eyes as I whispered into his ear.

“You’ll do as I say, when I say it. Nod if you understand.”

He nodded quietly.

“You’ll belong to me from here on out.”

He nodded; his eyes still shut.

“You will be loyal solely to me.” I gripped his chin and forced him to look at me.

His sweet puppy dog, brown eyes, clouded over from the sex and magic, looked at me. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Imogen is fine, my love.”

“Yes, my love.”

I smiled, as he murmured sweet nonsensical words. I gently removed his cuffs, and he got down on his knees. I petted him like the good dog he was and guided him to the front of the stage.

The crowd murmured at the sight and lifting a leg up onto a chair I offered my new dog a treat for being so well behaved.

I felt the dark energy in the room shift, as I played with it. Offering it what it needed and feeling its hunger roll over us. I bowed my head as my new pet lapped at my core. His tongue thick and wet, flattened on my clit as he licked up and down, driving me wild with need.

Energy poured from my fingertips as I dragged them through his hair, pressing his mouth against my wet pussy. Taking life and breathing it back into them was kick I got off on. With necromancy came some sick and twisted perversions. Ones we sought out and craved.

Rodrigo sucked harder, hungrier as he gripped my ass, pulling me closer. I felt the lust fill the air, the crowd purred, echoing around us, feeding me energy, and fulfilling the succubus's hunger. She curled deep in my core, vibrating on his tongue until I shattered. The bitch always played to win.

Rodrigo continued to feast. Loud slurping sounds, mixed with incoherent grunts filled the air. He held me pressed to him as I let him have his way with me. The succubus winded around his dick, hardening it. I tugged on his chain, lifting him until he was standing before me. The crowd hummed in excitement as I turned, trailing the leash over my shoulder while spreading my legs and bending over.

This was my favorite part. The part where I fucked my dead lover. For all intents and purposes that's what he was. A corpse kept alive only by my power. To do my bidding. To satisfy my deviant sexual urges.

His blood coated cock was thick and hard as he entered me. My pussy stretched around him so eagerly, like a wanton slut, I wriggled my ass on him. His movements became rough and jagged as I tugged on his leash while he fucked me. He bit down on the flesh along my back, intensifying the pleasure. He was alive because of me. And I allowed him to claim what was his to play with, to devour, to live off of.

I cried out, the crowd moaning, grunting, and gyrating as they got off on our little show. I could feel the demon fucking me. Forcing me to surrender to her. I yelled out as Rodrigo gripped my hair, tugging it back just as I had been tugging at his leash. His grunts got louder, gruffer, like an animal rutting into his master.

My pussy throbbed around him. The slut greedy for her cock.

Standing, I reached behind me, until my back was pressed against his chest. “Give into me, Rodrigo.”

I looked down, feeling fiery ghostly hands on my nipples, tugging them until they were hard peaks. The succubus was all over me, forcing me into submission, and not allowing me any pleasure without her issuing pain. The torturous burn was replaced by my lover’s hands. Strong and cool as they molded to my warm, plush flesh.

His cock speared in and out of me, hard, thick, and cool.

“Fuck me!” I cried out.

The orgasm curled inside me, bringing the energy to a writhing pinnacle, right before it exploded. We both cried out, riding the waves as it crashed over us. The power rolled through me as the demon fed.

The Ringmaster would be satisfied to know that I’d done my part tonight. I’d sufficed the demon’s desires and we’d live one more night in peace in this hell hole of a circus.

Chapter 3

Lazarus



I watched her work her magic from the stage. The energy curled around my cock, making sure to make itself known. I was hers now, there was no turning back from what had happened.

My Belle had left me for another, and I gave my life for hers without her knowing. In a way, she saved me. Because I was no longer under the clutches of the witch.

Being saved by Imogen only meant I'd be trapped with her forever. Death always lingering on the other side. If she wasn't careful, it would catch me and keep me in its clutches. Better here with her, I was safe, or so I was told.

I sensed I wasn't like the others she brought on stage. Lovers that fulfilled her dirty needs. Don't get me wrong, she loved them in her own way, but when she came to me, she came quietly. It was always late at night when everyone was sound asleep. She'd climb over me, her pussy dripping with need as it engulfed my eager cock. Her soft moans filling the silence around us. In the last few weeks, I'd become hungry for her. I craved her body, her moans, the way she rode me. That soft roll of my name off her tongue as she sweetly unraveled for me.

We never said a word. Just a deep understanding filled our eyes as we took what we needed from each other. The succubus didn't partake in these secret encounters. Too drained from the evening games, it left us alone. To feel each other and nothing more.

Imogen came so prettily then. A true pleasure that racked her body as her soul mingled with mine. I never experienced something so freeing as being trapped in her warmth. It was a different kind of pleasure. One that connected us both.

I knew she was bound to the circus, just as I was. It didn't bother me that she took her lovers for everyone to see. The power she wielded was strong. Stronger than that bitch of a witch, and I was covered in it.

I smiled, remembering the deep whine the witch let out as she realized she'd lost. My soul now belonged to another.

I often wondered if I could learn to love her as much as I did my Belle. Maybe even more.

“How are you feeling, mon ami?”

“I'm much better, Master.”

The Ringmaster owned Cirque Diabolique. He'd built it with his wife, who long gone now. A curse gone wrong, set out by a jealous witch. Initially, she wanted to separate him from his love, but in doing so she let the blood thirsty succubus in. Now we were all stuck in this limbo, afraid of a demon who could destroy us at any given moment.

“Has Imogen taken care of you?”

“She has, Master.”

He watched me beneath that hooded gaze, his eyes traced in black eyeliner that highlighted sharp blue eyes. After all

these years, my master was handsome as ever.

“If there is anything you need...”

He placed a hand on my shoulder, squeezing it gently. His other hand cupped my cheek and there was a love there that was deep and giving. But we both knew what would happen if we were to entertain another lustful thought like we had before. The witch would destroy us both for it and we couldn't take that chance.

Serge Bastien was my master. He would always be that and more. He was the only one who took pity on me when I had no one. My mother was dead, my father a deadbeat who could care less about his teenage son. At fifteen I stumbled into Serge's trailer, and I never left. He fed me, clothed me and gave me a job. As the years went by, he taught me everything I needed to know to remain at his side. I watched him wallow in his grief, mourning for a love that would never return. I wanted to protect him as he'd protected me. To love him as he'd loved me. But the witch's envy on our relationship grew and she eventually lured me into her bed. We fucked until her heart's content, and I was enthralled by her seductive nature and her beauty. Because although she lay hidden, the witch was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. She had this beautiful raven blue hair that flowed down to her waist in soft curls. I remembered the feel of them on my thighs. Her eyes were a deep amber which ignited into a deep crimson when she was angry. And her lips were tinted in the perfect red heart shape that delivered the sweetest of kisses filled with betrayal and venom.

I must admit that at first, I enjoyed the pleasure that she brought forth. Her moans were sweet and captivating, but her words had been filled with poisonous lies.

On a night, much like the one when death had taken me, she had her way with me. As I came inside of her, she began to moan an incoherent incantation. The darkness pulled me in and in my weakened state, my soul was easily bound to her and her vile demon.

She trapped me in her clutches, forbidding me to give my heart to anyone, especially not my Ringmaster. My punishment was to be immortal but never be able to have love in my life again.

I lived by my Ringmaster's side, afraid to touch him or be touched. That was until my Belle appeared. She was this brightness that came to shine her light on all of us. But she would also be forbidden to all of us. All, except one. A man who managed to save her.

In the end, my love for her was deeper than any other and I gave my life for hers. She deserved it all, and I had done nothing in this life but feign a martyrdom I'd never fully endured.

Not until now.

Grabbing his wrist, I slid it down to my chest. "I'll be fine, Master. You no longer need to worry about me."

"It's not you I'm worried about, it's her." He gestured to Imogen on the stage. Her cries of pleasure made the crowd hum in unison.

"She's strong. Stronger than she looks."

"She's done so much for us. I doubt she'll ever find what she had been seeking for. I ask that you take care of her. She needs someone like you to stand beside her."

"What about you?"

“I’ve learned to deal with what comes. Nearly one hundred years of enduring this solitude. I’m sure I can go a hundred more.”

I grabbed his arm, bringing him closer. “Won’t you fight it?”

The smile he gave me didn’t reach his eyes. “You learn when to pick your battles when it comes to dealing with her.”

He was referring to that god-awful witch. You never knew when she’d come out of her cave with another demand, another craving. She used the Ringmaster as she saw fit, her envy and her brokenness reflecting in every poisonous kiss she gave him. With it, a breath of immortality that he, himself could not deny. For who wouldn’t want to live a hundred more years.

I let him walk away, staring at his broad back, slumped over in defeat. The cry of pleasure that emanated from Imogen tore my gaze away and I gravitated toward my mistress. So beautiful she was, being penetrated and fondled by the darkness she lived in. I wondered if she’d allow me to bring her that same light that had once been shined on me.

That treacherous jealousy came forth and I shoved it back down. She wasn’t mine alone and I needed to remember that.

My mistress belonged to us all.

Chapter 4

Imogen



Dean had to be the most frustrating man to be around, but his dick overpowered his arrogance. The man knew exactly what I needed, and every argument ended in a frenzied fuck that would take over his body. He'd forced me time and time again to tame him while the succubus watched on the sidelines, pushing him, whispering violence in his ear.

Something had come through with Dean. Something evil and toxic that loved the control it had on me. His aggressions had always been sexual, and I'd never let that demon bitch fully control him. I learned to give him what he wanted. A hostile takeover that always ended in sweet release. By the end of our hot encounter, he'd always taken me into his arms and kissed as if he couldn't breathe without me. Which wasn't far from the truth, and he was well aware of it. Sn abusive relationship to say the least, yet the punishment we both issued each other brought us a twisted peace.

Dean had come into Cirque Diabolique seeking something dark and dangerous, and he'd found it in the arms of an eager harlequin.

Harlequins are what the Ringmaster called our female clownettes. A harem kept uniquely to please Cirque Diabolique's demon. Harlequins were not meant to fall in love,

simply seduce and comply with the client's desires. Unfortunately, this harlequin found love in the arms of a dark soul, or so the story goes.

Dean had been full of rage and self-destruction when he'd set his eyes on her. Her name was Josephine, and she was the prettiest abomination you could ever meet. What the woman touched became a target, and Dean was right in the middle of it. Full of chaos and a dark beauty he'd never witnessed before, he was stricken by her, and quickly fell.

I'd say what happened to him wasn't his fault, but who am I kidding. I've been protecting a murderer for too long and it's all blurred my vision.

The story goes that her ex-lover returned. Who was once a kind man was now twisted in jealousy and pride. He wanted one thing and he'd stop at nothing to get it.

Josephine was greedy, she wanted them both, but Dean was dangerous, and his rage knew no bounds. He forbade her to see him, to be anywhere near him, but Josephine - concubine that she was- didn't heed the warnings. She went to her ex-lover and gave him what he demanded.

What she didn't realize was that Dean had been following her. That he'd waited in the shadows, standing in front of them, watching and seething in venomous envy as she lowered herself onto her ex-lover's cock, writhing and bouncing on a chair in that obscene way she enjoyed.

The succubus watched with him, enjoying the show, curling its hands around his shoulders and whispering how tempting it would be to watch blood drip from her fingertips.

It was enough to drive him insane, and as Josephine reached her peak, he reached out of the shadows, blade in his

hand, and slit both their necks.

He slid back, allowing the demon to envelop him. Smiling as he watched the blood flow down her torso, dripping from her nipples until it reached her fingertips. As soon as the succubus was done feeding, she released him. And that's when he ran, right into my hands.

He was a mess, talking gibberish and telling me how he wasn't a murder. I told him to wait for me while I went to see what the commotion was about.

When I entered the tent, the Ringmaster was already there, staring at the sight before him. I made my way through the crowd of members of the cirque and froze right beside Lazarus.

I gasped, pressing a hand over my mouth.

"Jealous lover," Lazarus whispered.

The Ringmaster shook his head. "Too intimate. He was watching them...from right there." He pointed toward me, and I turned and found the darkness where Dean had stood.

I fled; the scene now impregnated in my head. Josephine's head lopped back, blood flowing down her and onto her lover whose mouth and eyes lay wide open, while he sat there motionless. She was still connected to him. Her eyes empty while him cum emptied out of her, mixing in with the blood on the floor.

The murder scene was a piece of art, and in my twisted darkness I knew what I had to do.

I ran to Dean, kneeling before him as he whispered nonsensical words while staring down at the floor. A wild look in his eyes as he tried to make sense of what just happened. I stroked his cheek and chest knowing his mind was elsewhere.

It was my only chance to redeem him. I slid my fingertips down to the hand that hung on the floor. The bloodied knife swayed against the ground, still dripping with fresh blood.

Gently, I removed it from his hand.

His eyes looked up into mine, confusion mixed with disbelief shone in them.

“Was it a nightmare?”

He looked so innocently handsome in that moment. Light brown hair, hazel eyes, a sharp jawline, a fine lined nose with feckless sprinkled lightly across it. He was perfect.

Wrapping my hand around the back of his neck, I pulled him into me, my lips barely a whisper on his.

“No more nightmares, love.”

I slid the blade slowly into his heart, watching as his eyes widened in shock, his lips parted, and his eyes dilated. I began my incantation just as his soul tried to slip from those parted lips. I caught its essence, whispering to it, and trapping it once again.

I felt the power stir as another power tried to force its way in. Fighting me for him. But I was stronger, and she knew it.

I took that same blade and cut my arm, allowing my blood to drip onto his wound, mixing with his and linking him to me.

Blood of my blood

Soul eternal,

I call to the endless night,

I call to the powers that be,

Bind his soul to me.

DEAN'S EYES SHOT OPEN, and he inhaled a sharp breath as I breathed life into him once more. But that power was tainted in darkness and when his eyes looked back at me, they were different. Light hazel eyes were no longer there, and in them swirled a pool of black ink.

He smiled at me, and I grew fascinated with him. I loved his darkness and the control he had over me. Whatever had come through was not Dean. But whatever it was, it's obsession with its Mistress knew no bounds. The demon knew what it was doing. She was trying to control me, seduce me, but I went willingly.

I didn't fight his need, but I did train my dog to be loyal. And every once in a while, after the rage subsided, when he was weak and had exhausted himself of my body, I'd catch a glimpse of Dean's soul coming through, and his possessive love was all encompassing.

I fought for him with the Ringmaster, and in the end, I kept him.

Because after all, I couldn't let an artist's talent go to waste.

Chapter 5

Lazarus



I narrowed my eyes on Dean as Imogen searched through his things. It was obvious he and I did not get along. Not only that, but he also knew that I was not like him. I had been immortal when I passed, and Imogen had brought back my immortality. She'd made me powerful enough to break the chains, yet my soul wanted them bound to her.

What a sick twisted way to be trapped.

“I know you took it, Dean.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about, my Mistress.”

She turned to him; fire burned brightly in her eyes.

“The blade, Dean. Where is the blade?”

“I have not seen it.”

The air stirred, power shot through us like sharp electrical shocks that raised the hairs on your arms and the back of your neck.

“Lies will not get you anywhere with me.”

Her words were a hissed whisper as she raised a finger at him. A simple jerk of it had him down on his knees.

His eyes turned black and the energy in the room turned dark quickly. “I have no reason to lie.”

“Oh, but you do, don’t you, my pet?”

Imogen walked to him, placing a hand on his head as she circled around him. She gripped his hair and tugged his head back, so he was looking up at her as she bent over him.

“Because you want another taste of blood, don’t you puppy.” She slid her finger across his throat, and he jerked.

His body went taught; his abs rippled as he tried to move his arms but couldn’t. They were seared to his thighs, held in place by her power.

My eyes traveled down his body, and I smirked, knowing he was hard as a rock.

She looked up at me and smiled. “Do you want a taste, my sweet angel?”

I smiled. “May, I?”

“Of course, you may.”

She kept Dean focused on her as I got down on my knees before him. She then tipped his head forward, so he could see everything I was going to do to him. Kneeling down behind him, she began to whisper sweet erotic nothings into his ear as she dragged her nails across his broad chest. She was a devious cunt, and I loved her for it.

“I bet your cock is hard thinking of how my blood will run down across it.”

He was breathing heavily as I yanked his belt off, sliding the zipper down and taking him into my hand. I loved the velvety hardness of it. And it was thick and heavy with cum.

He was filled with the knowledge that I was the one who would bring him to the edge tonight, and we could both see how he both hated and loved it.

Dean didn't like anyone but Imogen touching him, and she knew it. This would be a wicked torture that I would enjoy.

I placed him in my mouth, giving him a hard pull before twirling my tongue along his head and popping him out.

He groaned as he watched me, his hips jerked upward. I wasn't sure if he was attempting to get me off him or sink his cock deeper down my throat.

"You love having him kneeling before you, worshipping your cock, don't you baby?"

"Get him off me," he seethed as his hips thrust up and I sucked harder.

He hissed and let out a pleased shout. "How does it feel getting your dick sucked by an angel?"

He didn't answer but his eyes rolled back, and his head fell against her chest.

"Make it stop."

"All you have to do is tell me where the blade is, Dean."

"I don't have it."

"Drag your teeth down his cock, my angel. Seems my pet doesn't want to cooperate."

I dragged my teeth over his cock, drops of precum pumped out of it as he hissed and jerked. Imogen continued to keep him shackled with her power.

"It's a keepsake, I know. But it's mine Dean. Just as you are mine."

She kissed him, and he groaned into her mouth as I sucked him in long, hard strokes.

"Where is it, puppy?"

He grunted, his eyes shifting to the bed. Imogen caressed his cheek and went over to the mattress, lifting it slightly. She pulled out a steel edged blade; the wooden handle engraved with thorned vine. The steel glinted in the dim candlelight. It was the same blade he'd used to murder the lovers, the same blade Imogen used on him and all the rest that came after.

She lifted it up as she walked over to us. Kneeling next to me, she pulled me in for a kiss and I devoured her-my need for her rising.

Dean struggled against his invisible shackles as he was forced to watch another take what he thought was his. He hated me with every fiber of his being and so did the darkness that dwelled in him.

I dragged her in front of him and slowly slid my hands over the sheer fabric of her robe. Touching what he so obsessed over. Beneath the soft fabric her curves molded to my hands. Soft flesh that burned deep.

I slid my hands over her plush breasts and down to the belt of her robe, slowly undoing it as Dean watched on in hunger. His eyes roamed over her naked body hungrily, and he fought against those shackles with all his might.

I dragged my hands over her breasts, squeezing them and pulling at the tips as she purred for me. She then handed me the blade.

“Make me bleed for him, Lazarus.”

I grunted, taking the blade from her, I swiped it across the top of her breasts, just enough of a nick for blood to trickle out.

“Let me taste it,” Dean seethed, sharp exhales expanded his already broad chest.

She smiled at him. “But you lied to me, puppy. That’s not being very loyal.”

“I’m sorry, my Mistress. But I would never hurt you.”

She crawled to him, while my fingertips slid down her spine with affection. Her heart-shaped ass danced in front of me, and my cock grew harder.

I bent down, kissing and adoring her warm expanse of flesh. She moaned for me as I slid my tongue across that puckered entrance.

She grabbed Dean’s shoulder, pulling herself across his lap. Her pussy wet and eager as she moved her hips up and across his wet cock still slick and wettened by my tongue.

“I know you’d never hurt me Dean. Because if you did, I’d condemn you to the darkest of hells.

His teeth shown as he hissed, writhing beneath her. She looked back at me, that sinister sexy smile in her eyes.

“Fuck me, my angel.”

She lay Dean down on the ground, the drops of blood on her tits clung to her nipples. She knew exactly what she was doing to him as I slid my thick length across her wet pussy and entered her.

She sighed as her nipple became a feast for Dean. I fucked her long and hard, her pussy clenching over me as I tried to drag myself out. It was the sweetest pressure that milked out quick bursts of precum that coated my dark cock and mixed with her milky cream.

Dean sucked on her nipples, hungry for blood. That’s all he saw as she grabbed his cock, jerking him off as I fucked her.

“That’s my good boy,” she murmured into his ear.

And I fucked her harder, wanting to force her screams out for me.

“Fuck me!” She screamed out, shuddering. Dean grunted beneath her.

“Cum for me!” She yelled at both of us as in her delirium she slid off me, replacing me with Dean’s cock.

I looked at her, riding him, and my jealousy once again emerged. Grabbing her hips, I gathered the cream I forced out of her, off my cock and onto her puckered hole. She hissed as I forced myself into her. Crying out my name as she fucked us both. I grabbed her tits, rolling the nipples as I lifted her to my chest.

“Lazarus,” she whispered, sliding her hand around the back of my neck. She released Dean at some point, and he was giving her hard sharp thrusts up into her cunt, as if punishing her for torturing him.

She did have the sweetest way of torturing her pets.

“Cum for me, my love.” I whispered hoarsely in her ear.

I reached down to her mound, the sight of my dark skin against her white flesh was an instant turn on. She moaned and swiveled her lips, gasping for air as I fondled her clit.

Dean fucked up into her like a wild demon in lust, while I gave her long hard thrusts. She shuddered and shook as we prolonged the orgasm. Falling limply on Dean, he held her tight to him, his dark eyes on me as we fucked her. A competition to see who’s name she’d shout.

Sure enough, she cried out my name again, begging me to cum for her and I smiled down at Dean, knowing I had won.

In one long stroke, my cock burst for her. Dean continued to jackhammer into her needy pussy and my sweet Imogen moaned for him, cumming once again on us both. Dean grunted, but it was Imogen who wielded her power and forced him to let go. He shattered beneath her, and she laughed as he exploded inside of her.

She remained on his cock, as I pulled out of her. I went to clean up while she tugged on Dean's hair forcing him to look at her.

“If it goes missing again, you will be no more. Do you understand me.”

In his weakened state, his eyes were once again a light hazel. He nodded and she pulled him up to her chest.

I looked back at them as I walked out. She was now whispering Dean's name over and over as he fucked her. The demons were now gone, all that remained was their love. Their bodies tangled as they stroked and danced against one another.

I left them, because if I stayed, I was afraid those same demons that had spoken once to him, would speak to me.

Chapter 6

Imogen



My third addition to my undead harem was Jin. A beautiful South Korean man who had been hiding from the world until he found me. We had our own dark understanding of one another, and he had become obsessed with me without even realizing it.

Jin was brought in by Ginger, the Ringmaster's wife. He'd been with the circus for nearly a century. When the witch placed her curse upon Cirque Diabolique, she also placed it upon any living creature within it, bounding them to it. Jin was a casualty of it.

He'd been forced to succumb to the witch's desires and one night, it finally killed him. He looked so beautiful sprawled out in the water like that. His pale skin shining in the moonlight, his eyes blank as he stared into nothingness. He moved me in more ways than I could speak. He had since the first moment I saw him.

The way he danced on the stage was sensual, powerful, invigorating. He kept the audience in his own personal seductive trance. Other than me, the only other person who held power like that was the Ringmaster. But Jin was special. He spoke to people with his dance.

The way his taut muscles stretched, the way his body contorted to the music, all to end in a climax of emotions that dropped people to their knees. Only then would he pull a woman up onto the stage. At that point they were compliant and willing to do anything for him.

Taking the most delicate of ropes, he'd tie them up slowly, creating the most exquisite knots. See, Jin was a master in Shibari, or Kinbaku which he preferred to call it. It was a method used to restrain captives and torture them, that is until it was then used in bondage. The reason he preferred the word Kinbaku was because it meant "the beauty of tight binding."

And it was oh, so beautiful.

The women would sway against him, lost in desire. He never touched them, the rope would hold them, and seduce them. He'd tie braids of rope that ran down their spine and around their waistline, knots then when pulled and adjusted would sweep across their clit and make them purr.

His silver dyed hair would shimmer under the blue lights. His sharp jawline tense, his eyes focused as he worked.

He knew exactly where to tighten the rope, if she whimpered, she enjoyed it, if she moaned for him, he'd smile. They'd dangle there, being hugged by those ropes as if they were in a cloud of warmth that he'd created. That was how he'd make them feel loved and cared for.

The best was when he'd lift them up in the air. Pulling on the ropes so their body would form different shapes against the lights and shadows. The women would writhe while their partners below awaited eagerly.

When the show was done, Jin would call up their partner and guide them to where they needed to stand. He'd lower the

woman's body, men's too, until they were in a position that was comfortable to them, and that's when he'd step back, allowing for the lovers to touch, to fuck, to love one another on that stage while he watched from the shadows.

A Kinbaku voyeur. I often wondered if he'd ever known love before and if that was why he never touched anyone.

My show, *La Petite Mort*, became an obsession for him. My incantations spoke to Jin, but I didn't find that out until later. He'd surprised me when he came willingly up onto that stage one night. I merely watched and waited as he dragged the rope across the stage and stood behind me. His warmth enveloped me and for the first time, I watched him touch flesh.

My flesh.

He wrapped his arms around my middle and kissed my neck.

“Arms up, my Goddess.”

I did as he asked, hypnotized by the low husky orders he delivered. He ran warm strong hands down my body. I wasn't thin, I was curvaceous with wide hips, a slight belly and plenty of roundness to my ass. I loved my curves and he seemed to enjoy them even more as his hands memorized every inch of me. Peeling off the sheer black dress I wore, he dragged his fingertips up along my black thigh highs and made me shiver. He was so gentle with me, yet when he twirled me around, he made it known he was in control.

His long lean fingertips spread my ass cheeks apart, and he licked me there, just one quick swipe that made me moan. He didn't linger for too long, just wanted a taste of me as he

pinched my nipples and I undulated against him, feeling the hardness in his pants grow.

That's when he began his dance, forcing me into his trance. I allowed it because to me, he was beautiful. As he danced, he moved the rope in the most intricate ways to cause me arousal. This was different than what he'd done with the men and women in the audience. His touch was also present in this show. His knuckles grazed my tender nipples after he tightened the rope around them. His fingernails ran across my ass as he swept rope along my inner thighs, his breath was at my neck, puffing in exertion as he pulled the rope around my neck. Not tight, just enough to make me believe he could snap it if he wanted to.

That simple movement, that sexy snap of his wrist, made my core gush. He worked his way down my body, his muscles tensed, his abs rippling as he lined it with rope. He went up my legs and ankles, a kiss being placed in worship at my feet.

Slowly I began to sway toward him, my body responding to the quick brush of his knuckles, my senses heightened to the feel of his mouth on me. I'd somehow given up control to this beautiful man. When I stared down into his dark eyes, he smiled up at me before heading to the pulley system.

I was lifted and moved in this puppet-like dance that made me writhe against the rough contours of the rope. I was his personal marionette that night and I knew when I was let down it would be into his arms.

He pulled on the ropes, putting me in a cradle like position as he lowered me. I was vulnerable, and exposed, barely able to move, and he knew that.

He moved toward me, like a tiger roaming his prey. I struggled against the rope, writhing and arching my back in

eagerness.

He slid his hands across my body until he got to my ankles. Lifting my legs, I dipped easily into the ropes and cried out as his tongue grazed my clit. I was sensitive, I'd become pliant and needy. He sucked and licked at me lovingly. Long, deliberate laps of his flattened tongue that ended in me quivering and begging him for more.

The crowd was murmuring, my power wielding over them, an electric current that mixed with that darkness that lurked around us. I felt the demon approach and Jin's head shot up. He frowned, grabbing onto the ropes at either side of me.

That darkness swept over us, seemingly eager to control him more than me. A sinister laugh echoed, and I knew the succubus had come to play her games. I could hear her whispers in his ear. Luring him, tempting him to spill blood.

Jin's face looked darker now, provocative, angry. Sliding his cock in his hand, he began to tug on it while he watched me. Teasing me while I whimpered and strained against the ropes.

His cock was long, lean, and muscled just like him, and I wanted it inside of me. He was holding back, and I didn't understand why.

"Jin, look at me."

His eyes focused on me, and I could see he was trying to fight it.

"It will hurt you if you fight it."

"It wants me to spill your blood."

I smiled. "Of course, she does. The envious bitch has nothing better to do."

He smiled and leaned over me, his lips hovering over mine.

“I’ll never hurt you,” he whispered.

I gave him a swift kiss and sighed. “Yes, you will. Hurt me like you know I want you too.”

We both grunted as he slid inside of me. His hands gripped my sensitive breasts, and I cried out as he fucked me.

Bitch.

The succubus hissed in my ear, and I clenched down on Jin’s cock, a satisfied groan pouring out of him for me. She didn’t scare me, and she knew it. Unfortunately for Jin, he didn’t have that type of power. Jin made love to me that night, while the audience sighed and some of them matched our rhythm or went off to more private settings. His long thrusts shook my body, his deep kisses seared my soul. I had become his willing submissive.

“Cum for me, my sweet Goddess.”

His command was more of a plea, and I undulated against him, crying out as his thumb swept across my clit. The ropes had become a swing and he pulled me off his cock only to drag me back in sharp long thrusts.

I screamed his name out as I climaxed. Uncontaminated power soared from my fingertips touching everyone it came across. People in the audience hissed, some shouted, but all I heard was Jin’s growl of satisfaction as he exploded inside of me.

I lay limply, cradled in his ropes, until he signaled for someone to pull the lever. I was brought down into his arms, and he took gentle care with me, removing each intricate knot,

and kissing me everywhere. He then held me tightly, caring for me as I came down from the subspace his touch had created.

I cupped his cheek and asked one simple question. “Why?”

He simply smiled and said, “because you’re beautiful.”

It wasn’t until later that I’d come to realize that Jin had never made love to anyone in fear of feeding the demon. He didn’t want it controlling him, he thought he was stronger than that. But he’d been wrong. For his defiance, he paid dearly.

I found him in that lake after he missed his show the next night. He’d tried to escape but the darkness had pulled him in and pulled him under. The way he floated in the water was almost ethereal. The small smile on his lips let me know he’d found peace. But my greediness overpowered me, and the magic sparked in my fingertips. My own demons whispered how he’d be ours and no one would take him from us.

I swam to him, pulling him onto land. Water droplets had coated his naked flesh and sparkled in the moonlight. He was freshly dead, but his cock was still, and it would remain that way for a little longer. Pushing up my nightgown, I slid onto him, while hissing from the cold rigidity. His face looked so handsome and serene as I rode him. Magic swirled around us, and I began my incantation.

The water began to vibrate, and in the moonlight, I saw him. He was watching me as I defiled his corpse. The look in his eyes was dark and needy.

He wanted to feel it, and I wanted to give that to him.

Soul to soul

Our bodies weep,

*Come to me and let me reap,
The eternal flame within your bones,
May it arise and take what's yours.*

HIS EYES FLEW open as his soul returned to his body. His cold hands gripped my hips causing me to shudder as he thrust up inside of me. My pussy pulsed around him, my heartbeat rippling along his cock, while he pulsed in a different way inside of me. The orgasm traveled over the water and through the currents of power, hitting us at full force. We rode those waves beneath the bright moonlight, until I was out of breath and weak. Our bodies contorted, writhing against one another, away from the power of the succubus. He was mine and I was his once more.

Chapter 7

Lazarus



“Have you ever thought of leaving?”

The candlelight flickered across her pretty face as she placed a piece of grilled steak into her mouth. She shook her head, chewing. I waited for her to swallow while devouring my own steak.

“Never. I’m a part of this place. I grew up here. The Ringmaster is...”

She hesitated, but I knew what he meant to her. A father who cared for her and watched out for her safety. I nodded, fully understanding her position more than anyone.

“But have you ever wondered, what waits for you out there?”

“Death, poverty, suffering. I’ve got everything I need here.”

I set my fork and knife down, folding my hands above the plate and focusing on her.

“Have you ever ventured out of this tent, Imogen?”

She didn’t look at me, just continued to chew, turning her head toward the open flap. The rain had begun to fall, a soft pitter-patter of raindrops that both lulled you and offered comfort. I looked down at my half-eaten food and lifted

another piece to my mouth. It was unexpected when she spoke.

“I went out once. The Ringmaster took me. I was sixteen years old at the time and up for any adventure. He brought me to this seedy place in a dingy town where he was conducting business.”

Her eyes seemed far away as she remembered the events that transpired.

“I hadn’t grown into my powers yet, just an inkling of them. Nor did I know how to use them. I wouldn’t fully get them until I turned eighteen.”

She looked sad as she continued to look out at the rain.

“He told me to stay in the car.”

Her voice lowered to a whisper. “Why didn’t I listen to him?”

“Because you were a normal, curious teenager,” I responded.

She shook her head. “No. It was because I was stupid and rebellious. I wanted to experience something new. I wanted to see what the world entailed.”

“And what did you find?”

Her pretty green eyes fixed on me. “Cruelty. Pain. And suffering.”

I watched her closely as she lowered her gaze, a tendril of dark hair floated down over her shoulder.

“I was just waiting for him. Leaning against the old truck and staring up at the stars. Some guys passed by and one saw

me and smiled. He seemed charming enough, so I smiled back.”

Her voice quivered slightly. “I should have never smiled.”

I had a feeling I knew where this was going and I clenched my fists tightly, pressing them against the table.

“A smile should do no one any harm, sweetness.”

Her eyes shot up to mine, glimmering with unshed tears against the candlelight.

“But it did. Because it welcomed them to do the unspeakable to me.”

She fell silent and the rain drowned out the looming silence, easing its intensity only slightly.

“I tried fighting them. I called out for the Ringmaster, but they’d dragged me too far away for him to hear anything. For anyone to hear my screams. I sobbed and begged them to stop. Kicked, scratched, pinched, but they were stronger. Three strong men who had power my fragile sixteen-year-old body didn’t.”

A tear escaped down her cheek, and she brushed it away quickly before taking another bite of her food. She swallowed hard, as if forcing down that lump that was building in her throat.

“Did they...“The half-asked question hung over us.

She sighed. “They raped me. Took their time too. One, then the other. By the time the last guy took his turn with me, I was too weak to fight. I just lay there, numb. When they finished, one of the larger guys punched me in the face, knocking me out. I woke up here, in the Ringmaster’s trailer, his eyes on me.”

I reached out, placing my hand over hers but she quickly yanked it away, leaving me empty.

“Don’t pity me Lazarus. Because of that night I swore I’d never let anyone else hurt me. I swore that I would never let anyone hold that power over me again.”

“Is that why you do what you do?”

She shrugged, placing another piece of steak in her mouth, and chewing harder, with more conviction.

“I do what I do because that’s what I need to do to survive. Feed the demon’s lust, protect what’s yours. You know this better than anyone, you also grew up in all this shit. This is your home. Why leave it?”

“Because I’m tired, Imogen. I’m tired of giving into this fucking witch. I swear, one of these days I’m gonna...”

She placed her fingers over my mouth and frowned. “If she hears you, she’ll take you away from me.”

I grabbed her hand, pressing it to my cheek. “You’re stronger than she is. You’re the strongest person I know.”

“I think she’s holding back on purpose.”

“Why would you think that?”

“I have an undead harem that fucks on a stage exciting the crowds, night after night. I’m a slave to it just like you, like Jin, like our Master. I fear that if I ever were to leave, she’d find a way to stop me.”

“But...”

“I don’t control demons, Lazarus. I control the dead. They’re no obstacle for her.”

“But you were able to free me.”

She shook her head, grazing the backs of her fingers down my cheek. A look of love and care in her eye. “No, my beautiful angel. You did that all on your own. I only took your soul for my own greediness.”

“And in doing so you took me out of her clutches.”

She moved to the front of the tent, leaning against a beam, and staring out at the falling rain.

“Will you be able to live alongside me, even though I have demons of my own.”

I stepped up behind her, wrapping my arms around her. “Can I ask you a question?”

My lips pressed against her as she nodded in response.

“Do you love us all equally?”

She turned slightly, until her lips hovered over mine. “You all have different qualities I love, Lazarus. Rodrigo and his innocence. He’s such a loyal puppy. And Jin, spiritually fulfills me.”

“What about Dean?”

She stayed quiet for a few seconds before responding. “Dean has a monster inside who wants out, I can see it in his eyes. But in those moments when the monster leaves, I can sense the soul of a scared little boy. That evil haunts him.”

“You want to save him?”

“In a way. But I so need him.”

“Why is that?”

She turned in my arms and stared up at me. “Because you need evil to fight evil.”

I frowned and she ran her heated palms up my bare chest. “When you play with dark magic, Lazarus, you take risks. And Dean may be a mistake, but he’s still my mistake to endure.”

I looked down into her pretty eyes. “And what am I to you?”

She gave me a sad smile, and I could almost feel my heart breaking.

“You are my angel. My protector. And I love you as such.”

I caressed her cheek. “You are more to me than what you think, Imogen.”

“I know, my love. But please, don’t fall in love with me, Lazarus. I can only give you a part of me and it may not be the part you want.”

It was too late. I had already fallen in love with her. Every deviously seductive piece of her.

“I’ll do whatever I please,” I murmured against her lips, sweeping her into my arms as I swept my tongue across hers.

Her moan was enough of a response, and I lifted her up against that beam as she slid out my cock and positioned it at her entrance.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, dilating in pleasure as I slid into her wet core. She fucking purred so sweetly for me as I took what I wanted from her.

“God, you fill me so perfectly.”

My thrusts caused the beam to shake, the tent vibrating around us as rolling thunder roared over us. Her cries of pleasure filled the air.

She stroked the muscles that bulged along my arms and forearms, her nails gently digging into me. Her legs hung open as I gave her each powerful thrust, forcing her to unravel for me.

“I’m cumming!” She gasped and I fucked her harder, holding her tight as her body shook, shaking in need. My cock spurted milky white seed inside of her, pulsing as she whined into my neck.

After a moment of reprieve, I carried her over to the bed, sliding in behind her and tugging her into my chest.

“You’re perfect, my angel.” She murmured against my chest, cuddling into my body.

Only I got this side of her, this I knew. Only I got her pure innocence. No power, no demons, just her pleasure and mine. I kissed the top of her head and held her protectively in my arms while the rain lulled us both to sleep.

All seemed at peace, or so we thought. Who could have predicted the evil that had been hiding in the shadows all this time. Watching us with ill intent. Something was coming and if we weren’t careful, it would take all our souls.

Chapter 8

Imogen



I looked over at Jin who was stretching on the mat in the center of his tent.

“What do you think of Lazarus, my Love?”

He continued his stretches as he spoke. “I think he’s suffered as much as all of us. Maybe even more.”

“How so?”

“He hasn’t accepted his fate, yet. He suffers daily with it. The curse weighs on him.”

“I’d never hold him or you back. You know that right?”

He stood up and I admired how well those gray sweatpants hung from his hips. The deep indents on his sides looked lickable. The tattoos on his arms and chest stood out on his pale skin.

He stepped up behind me, placing his arms around my shoulder and pressing his cheek to mine. “I know you have a good soul, my Goddess. And I know that your magic,” he reached out for my hands, entwining our fingers together. “Your magic is dark yet not as evil as others may see it.”

“He worries me. You all do.”

“Don’t dwell on him too much. He’ll come around.”

“And if he doesn’t?”

“Then you let that angel fly.”

I tipped my head to his and squeezed his arms. “I love you,” I whispered to him.

“I know you do.”

Last night had been different with Lazarus. He was possessive, he took the lead. Usually, I took what I needed from him, and he’d allow it but last night I could the fear in him. He was afraid of being released. Lat in the night, he stretched me out beneath him. His muscles moved like a predator over my small frame. He was the last one I’d taken. The one I’d cared for the most.

A childhood friend who had felt each ache and pain this place put on your soul. I knew I couldn’t be so selfish to make him love me the way I loved him. And even though I continued to warn him away, I knew his debt to me was sweeter than any other. Because I had stolen him from the witch. And he was more than willing to be mine.

Lazarus had loved another before me. But she ran away with a stranger, leaving him grieving and at the witch’s mercy. I found his corpse lying on the cold ground and both mine and my Ringmaster’s selfishness couldn’t leave him be. I found his soul clawing through the darkness, and I pulled him and his immortality out of the demon’s clutches and brought him back, binding him to me.

I knew what he meant to my father, he was a friend, a lover, a protector, and in a way, I felt a tinge of envy where they were concerned. But Lazarus was mine, and the Ringmaster seemed to respect that. He knew what I was

capable of if someone were to touch what belonged to me, and he didn't want to take that chance. Not with his daughter.

The thing with Jin and Lazarus, my immortals, was that the binding was only their human side. Their immortal side was free to leave if they pleased. The thought of it shattered me inside. If they only knew I'd die without them. Each of them carried a piece of me inside of them and being away from them for too long would weaken me. I could never imagine taking that chance.

Jin broke me out of my reverie and took my hand, leading me to the stage.

“Up.” He whispered, bringing me up onto the new platform he'd built.

“What are you up to?”

There was no show tonight, usually the beginning of the week was quiet. We worked diligently, practicing, and preparing for Wednesday night's first showings of an audience. The weekend was the most exciting. The moans and perversions of humanity filled the grounds and Cirque Diabolique shown brighter in the night sky. Luring in those that liked to dance with the devil.

By Monday morning we'd be shielded. No trace of any of its deviance. There would be murmurs of what had gone on in the circus that night, and whispers would reach new towns where the curious would submit, and the dominants came to play.

Cirque Diabolique was their own haven of sorts. Each crowd member was used to feed the evil that lurked in the shadows. If they only knew how they satisfied a demon's need upon their arrival.

Would they return?

Would they willingly give themselves over to it?

Sex was a vicious pleasure. An addiction unlike any other. I was sure the succubus would always win out.

I only used my power when the crowd was present. Rodrigo was my pet; I could do with him as I pleased, and my power knew no bounds. It enjoyed taking away his life and then reviving him while I issued pleasure. The crowd would stir in uncomfortable silence, not knowing what was real or illusion, but Rodrigo and I knew. And as I breathed life back into him, he'd cum for me, floating in a subspace only I created for him. I wondered why he enjoyed it so much, but he once told me it was freeing for him.

As much as he submitted to all my desires, my Rodrigo was strong and unafraid to fight the darkness for me if he had to.

I had tried that trick on others before him, but I had to be very careful, for not everyone came back the way they were. Behind them trailed darkness, trying to slither out on the backs of their souls. I made that mistake once, leaving the evil inside, and I swore I would never do that again. The souls I played with were my own.

For a more brutal, darker show, I used Dean. Those shows had become far and few between. Dean was vicious, fighting me with every ounce of his evilness. I was able to control him, up until now. I was afraid if his control wavered, he'd hurt someone.

Jin always ignited my power, and when he pulled me into his trance it released over the audience and the demon fed off it hungrily.

He'd once told me he'd feared the succubus. When it used him, he felt raped by it. So I forced myself never to use my power on him. And if that bitch came too close to him, my power would protect him always. He trusted me, and as he slid the rope around my neck, I trusted him.

I could feel the demon approaching, watching us as if she were an audience member. She roamed around the empty darkness, slithering around like a snake, and the power in my fingertips emerged. She liked to play with me, especially around Jin. He was the only one who could subdue me, and she loved knowing that.

Jin continued to stroke my body, covering it in rope. He was the epitome of what was called a Rigger, and he made sure to adore his Bunny. I easily became his pet, urging him to take control of me. He kissed my flesh, raising my arms up as he twined the roped around my forearms and sliding it around my wrists. The movement began to lull me, and in that serenity, he created, my body became aroused. He tugged tightly on the rope, securing my wrists and I whimpered knowing I was completely bound by him now.

What an opposition, isn't it?

The necromancer wanting to be bound. Needing it.

He continued to work around my body. He knew exactly what to do to me. He made me feel safe, yet bound, sexy and unashamed. He inflicted just the right amount of pain and quickly turned it into pleasure. And as I was suspended in the air, he played with me.

There was only one thing I feared during these play times, yet I didn't want him to know. In my heightened state of arousal, I'd sometimes have a moment where I'd lose absolute control.

That was when I felt the succubus move in. And I could feel that darkness vibrating below us. My power ignited and covered Jin. He was the only one that mattered.

I ground my teeth as his touch suddenly became hers. I writhed, arching back as her claws left red welts along my spine. And yet at the same time I cried out as Jin's mouth was suddenly on me, sucking me so gently as the succubus dug into my body, trying to cause me harm. She was vicious tonight, calling me out for a fight.

I focused all my power on him. Shielding him from it all yet leaving myself open for an attack. He held me suspended in the air, hopeless, needy. I gasped as he lifted a red leather riding crop off a table.

He leaned over me and whispered in my ear. "Let me take on all your worries."

I cried out at the first swat of the leather hit my tits. It was a pleasant sting that made me writhe against the ropes. Each movement sliding against flesh, tightening and causing an ache that vibrated at my core.

As he continued to swat my tender flesh, a rough demonic tongue ran across my pussy lips. It felt slimy, hot and rough at the same time. I cried out again as I felt it widen and wiggle around into my entrance, lashing at me and torturing my pussy.

I wanted to tell her to fuck off, but my power was concentrated on him, and she knew it. She wanted me to know that she was aware of my weaknesses.

Jin continued to swat at my aroused body, taking his time on my ass, enjoying my shouts and purrs. He had no idea how much I was struggling. The bitch liked the fight and liked to

force me to orgasm onto her tongue She was a vindictive whore that knew that what she was taking was without consent, yet she didn't give a fuck.

Why would she?

In the end, this would be a battle lost.

Jin slid the riding crop across my thighs, swatting at each hip before he slid the crop along my pussy lips

“You're drenched,” he hummed.

He had my legs spread out in the air; my arms held above me. He slowly brought me down onto a soft black mat, and I lay in a cradled position.

My body throbbed and ached, and suddenly he was sliding himself against my back. Lifting my leg, he popped it over his as his fingers slid down across my wet swollen lips. He swiped at my clit, slapping me hard and making me jerk back against him.

“Such a good little bunny,” he whispered.

I pressed back against his hard length, panting as it snuck between my legs, hot and hard against my eager core.

“Fuck me, please Jin.”

I was nearly in tears as the succubus continued to stroke at my vulnerability. I wanted to feel him, not her.

As his cock slid into me, I sighed. It was a reprieve from her ruthless depredation. He fucked me slow, gently winding my body down only to excite it further.

“Harder,” I breathed, but he ignored me. Taking his sweet time as he ever so languidly heightened my orgasm.

“Please,” I begged him. I needed it hard, rough, even though Jin would never abuse me. He tortured me in a different way.

Suddenly, I felt that tongue on me again. Playing and sucking at my clit. Nails dug into the tops of my breasts, causing pain.

“No,” I bit the word out as quietly as possible.

I was caught between his cock and this demon, who was forcing something out of me that was meant only for him. He fucked me harder, her sucking deepened and my body shook.

Give in, my necromancer.

Her whispers in my ear made my power surge and unknowingly I forced Jin to thrust deeper and harder.

Cum on my tongue, you witchy bitch.

She hissed in my ear, as Jin’s exerted gushes of breath filled the silence.

I couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe as the orgasm torturously moved over me. I screamed as it hit, crashing into me like a hot wave of magma. Heating up my insides and making me drip onto his cock. My power surged, surrounding him and I, and shoving the entity away.

Jin chased his own pleasure, oblivious to what was happening around him. She laughed in my ear as I shuddered in Jin’s arms. Never allowing me any peace and I hated her for it.

I fucking hated the bitch with every nerve in my body.

Chapter 9

Lazarus



“He’s bad news, isn’t he?”

I helped Rodrigo move one of the cages toward the back. The wolf inside it paced and watched us as if he wanted to rip our insides out.

“I mean, she keeps him locked up in here. I’d want to kill anyone who got near me too.”

We both stepped back away from the cage, and I raised a brow. “I mean, Dean.”

“Oh, I heard bad things about him. Nothing good.”

Rodrigo’s accent was thick, yet his English was perfect.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Why do you stay here?”

“She is my everything. Mi amor. I could never leave her “

“What about your family. Your home.”

He smiled and placed a hand on my shoulder. “She is my family and my home. When I first came here, I was lost. I was looking for danger in the wrong places.”

“How did you find this place?”

“By accident. My friends, at least that’s what they made me think, went out for a drive that night and things happened. Nevada is a very dangerous place.”

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“I was into partying, drinking, living the American dream.” He laughed and I smirked because he wasn’t completely wrong.

“My family came from money, but I was disowned by my father and kicked out of the house at sixteen. With nowhere to go, and no jobs, I got on a plane to Spain and into New York. I had only the little I’d saved and what I managed to take out of the bank before my father blocked me.

I wound up in Las Vegas at some point in my journey, and that’s where I stayed.”

We walked over by the neatly stacked hay, and he reached into an old cooler. He took out a beer and handed me one, then he sat back on the haystack and propped his feet up. I sat down across from him, taking a swig of the cold beer.

“That night...I’ll never forget it. It was storming and Carlos, a good friend, he’d gotten into some bad shit. Drug shit.”

“You didn’t do drugs?”

He shook his head. “Never touched the stuff. Makes you fucking stupid.”

I nodded, taking another swig of the beer. Couldn’t argue with the man there.

“Anyway, we were only going to get gas. Instead, my friend got into some fight with some Chinese gang members at the station and the next thing I know, he’s running toward the

car and one of those guys raises his gun and shoots him in the head.”

“Fuck,” I murmured.

He nodded. “Exactly. I just sat there. Watching as the other guy came over and put two bullets in his head and another bullet in his girlfriend’s head, she’d been crying over him.”

His eyes shifted, and he looked down at his hands, seeming distant for a second before he took another gulp of his beer.

“I always told myself to be careful. As crazy as I was, I wasn’t that fucked up in the head. I didn’t go around making friends with gang members or any of that. I knew my partying had to end at some point, just didn’t expect it to be so quick.”

“I’m assuming you got out.”

“Barely. Fuckers trained their guns on me, and I sped the fuck out of there. About five miles out I found myself in the middle of the desert.”

“Damn.”

“I remember losing control of the car and running it into a ditch. I flew out of that car and into the desert. I’m not sure how long I ran, but I saw the lights in the distance.”

“It has a way of luring you in, doesn’t it?”

He nodded, taking another long swig of the beer.

“It does. But nothing is as alluring as my Imogen. She was so very beautiful, and I don’t know if it was her power or her soul that spoke to mine, but I willingly got on that stage for her.

“Why? Why give up your life?”

He smiled. “Those men had followed me. They had spotted me and were ready to shoot when Imogen asked me if I was ready to die for her.”

“So you choose to die in her hands?”

He nodded. “All I saw were her eyes as she dug the dagger in my heart. It was the sweetest death, and the most amazing rebirth in her hands. I’ve been at her mercy ever since then.”

“And those men?”

He smirked, finishing off his beer. “They disappeared. I heard later; the demon had drained them dry.”

“Fuck.”

“Exactly.”

“Are you afraid of it?”

He sat up, closing the space between us. “I’ve already seen death,” his eyes lingered on my lips for a long moment and something inside of me stirred.

I ran my tongue over my lips, wanting to taste his kiss. He smiled knowingly. “The taste of wanting to die, night after night, does something to your soul.”

He pressed his hand over my chest, and I closed my eyes, taking in a deep breath.

“It makes you see things differently. Life is different. You cherish it, but yet you don’t fear the deep sleep the other side offers. You also see humans different.”

“And what do you see in me?” I whispered as his lips hovered over mine.

“Eagerness.”

My eyes opened and I stared back at him. “For what?”

“For the unknown.” His mouth swept over mine briefly, but before I could intensify the kiss he stood up.

“Let’s complete the task. Our Imogen waits for us.”

I finished off my beer and continued to work alongside him. I liked Rodrigo. He was loyal to our Imogen and all I could feel was gratefulness toward him, and a powerful attraction that only ones with our connection could understand.

We were bound together by our necromancer, and we both felt the pleasure of our connection deeply.

Rodrigo had been her first and we all held this unwavering respect for him, yet at the same time there was this collective urge to make him our pet, and it coursed through Imogen into us. Maybe one day, I’ll make him beg for it like the good puppy he was.

Chapter 10

Imogen



I had trained my men to please me, careful to respect them as well, I mean they were technically the undead.

They eased my hunger for power. My own little personal harem, each beautiful in their own way. You may think me selfish, but I'd saved each one. I'd taught them what it meant to submit to my control, and yet every now and then I'd give them back their power over me. Allowing them to feel they had control of my body as they saw fit

Those were the most delicious experiences. When I allowed them to do what they wanted. To take from me what I took from them.

Tonight, was the night before All Hallows Eve and the Ringmaster requested the best of shows for the weekend.

I avoided having all of them on stage with me, but I thought that we could give them a special show. Their energy would boost mine, and I needed every bit of it I could get before the demon stole it from me.

I was anxious tonight, and usually when I felt this way it meant something bad was about to happen. I had kept Jin close as his energy calmed me. Rodrigo matched my energy, and he paced back and forth backstage. Lazarus just stood on the sidelines, watching the crowd. Ever my protector.

“Where is Dean?” He turned to me and frowned.

I shrugged. “I thought he’d be here.”

“Can’t you sense him?”

I didn’t respond. Lately I wasn’t able to track Dean. It was as if something held me away from him and I didn’t like that feeling one bit.

“The crowd seems antsy tonight.”

I stood and went to him. “Well then let’s make sure they enjoy the show.”

I slid my hand up his chest and he leaned in for a kiss. Rodrigo snuggled against my leg. He was on all four, his leash was attached to the cuff on my right wrist. He wore his leather dog mask today, and I gave him a living pet as I kissed Lazarus.

Jin stood on the sidelines, watching. I came to understand that he enjoyed watching couples, more than his own pleasure.

The crowd began to gather, and the Ringmaster spoke.

*Welcome one and All,
To an unforgettable evening.
Come and gather if you dare,
Your naughty little bits prepare,
To dive into a world of debauchery,
So beautiful,
You can’t help but stare.*

HE WALKED OFF THE STAGE, gesturing to the curtain which began to lift. Lazarus stood to my right, Rodrigo on his knees to my left, and Jin on the sidelines, pulling hard on his rope.

His silver hair shined in the light and his lean sinewy muscle flexed as he continued to turn the rope.

In. Out. Snap!

The crowd stirred, the women swayed, the men jerked with every snap. He began to dance, the rope his guide, with every slap on the floor the women gasped. He danced around us as Lazarus brought over the red leather padded BDSM bench.

Rodrigo slid his palms over my legs, pressing his nose to the crevice of my legs, taking a long inhale.

The power in my fingertips ignited and I breathed in the crowd's energy. It was unlike any other auto. Hot, passionate, and eager.

The crowd swayed, Jin danced, and I was flipped around and perched over the edge of the leather bench.

My sweet puppy pawed at my cheeks, licking at my legs and biting on me, growling as he did so. I let the power sweep over him and watched his cock grow. I smiled, loving the power I wielded over him.

“Come here, puppy.” I called him over and he obeyed.

When he got to me, he perched himself on all four on the bench, licking my lips. I focused my power on Lazarus whose cock also rose. It looked like a big, thick monster, ready to devour its prey.

“Wag your tail, baby. Show the dirty monster that nasty ass of yours.”

My pussy clenched as I watched Lazarus’ sway as he walked toward Rodrigo. I got off on manipulating them to devour one another as much as I did on having them devour me.

Jin ran his hands down my back and spanked me.

“What a dirty girl you are.”

I turned back to him, smiling wickedly as his fingers slid across my wet pussy. I purred for him, eager to watch Rodrigo pant as Lazarus did bad things to him.

I let the power flow through us, and everything Rodrigo was about to feel, it would transpire to each of us.

Lazarus dragged his nails down my puppy’s back, and while I arched back, feeling the sting, Jin mimicked Lazarus’s stance behind me.

Such Doms at play.

Jin gave me a sound smack that brought Rodrigo’s face to mine as he swayed forward. I sucked his tongue into my mouth as the spanking continued.

One cheek took a heated sting and then the other, my soft flesh vibrating against his fans. He palmed the ass roughly, squeezing it and digging his fingers in. I hissed and whimpered against my puppy’s mouth.

Meanwhile, Lazarus was busy pulling on his cock. Smacking his ass while he jerked him off. My harem was on full display, yet in the midst of all the ecstasy, I kept wondering where my Dean had disappeared to.

I cried out as Lazarus slid his tongue between Rodrigo's muscled cheeks and he panted, stretching his back out as I reached out, gripping his cock.

“You like that, you dirty little puppy.”

He nodded, his eyes falling to mine as he whimpered and wined.

Lazarus positioned himself behind him, gripping his shoulder and I tugged his cock eagerly as I waited for him to plunge forward. I crawled over him, parting his butt cheeks to give Lazarus access.

“This is what you needed, isn't it my angel?”

He nodded; his cock coated in precum. “Yes, my Mistress.”

“Fuck him, baby. I can feel how much he needs you to.”

Lazarus' eyes shone as I reached for his cock, pressing it to Rodrigo's entrance. I cried out, arching back as Jin had gotten his favorite leather flogger to swipe on my ass.

Rodrigo stretched his spine offering his ass to Lazarus who looked eager to fuck. I knew this was what he was missing, for my angel loved both men and women equally, and my puppy would do anything to please me.

The leather curled around my thighs, sending jolts of pain and pleasure through my body. Rodrigo jerked back, sinking himself on Lazarus and in unison, we all let out a groan of pleasure.

Lifting me up off the bench, Jin hugged me to him, now facing the crowd. I focused on their eyes, the lust penetrated in their dirty whispers, in the way they moved against each other.

“Let them feel what we feel, my Goddess.”

He slid his hand between my thighs and gave me a sound smack. The sting ricocheted through the room and the women purred and moaned, needy for more.

“More,” I whispered to him, feeling the need build up in my pussy being drilled behind me.

“Lay on the bench face up.”

I did as he asked, and he gently positioned me so that I was spread eagled in front of Rodrigo. He licked his lips hungrily as he caught sight of my pussy.

My back was pressed against the bench, my head hung over the edge, my pussy out on display for my hungry lap dog.

Jin came over to me, his dick long and hard. He spread his cum over my lips. I licked at it, purring and lifting my hips, enticing Rodrigo. But I wasn't the one who issued the order. It was my rigger.

At the first swipe of Rodrigo's tongue along my wetness, Jin slid himself into my mouth. I sucked while being sucked and nicked at. Rodrigo had always been so good at lapping up my juices. I trailed my teeth along Jin's cock gaining a shuddered breath. His dick pulsed steadily, growing hot in my mouth. At some point, Rodrigo stopped licking, and he slid me far enough down on the bench so that I found myself beneath him. While Lazarus fucked him, Rodrigo slid himself into me.

Jin watched us with the crowd, jerking at his cock near my face until I reached for him. He looked so delicious with his silver hair over one eye, and his

Rodrigo stretched my pussy out as Lazarus build momentum.

“Fuck me,” he purred over me. Every thrust moved him deep inside of me.

Jin was close, and I took him into my mouth, sucking him off. I wanted us all to explode at the same time.

I hugged Rodrigo to me as my eyes focused on Lazarus. “Fuck us, my angel. Make me cum for you.”

Pounding against Rodrigo’s ass, my power etched out. The succubus was near, she was lingering. I reached out into the crowd, currents of magic surging through them. She was a vampire feeding off their desires.

I cried out as all of my men groaned. Rodrigo exploded inside of me, my pussy pulsing as the orgasm tore through us all. We rocked and gyrated against one another, Jin emptying in my mouth while Lazarus’ cream filled Rodrigo.

My body shook as I released my magic, and it curled around one being.

I took a deep breath feeling that evil entity, stroke my current of magic like a lover. I lifted off the bench, my harem moving with me. My eyes were locked on the darkness that stood on the edge of stage. He was watching, seething rage burning through him.

I reached out for him, and he instantly came to me. Lazarus stayed in place behind me while Jin and Rodrigo moved slightly back.

As Dean approached, I tugged him into me and kissed him deeply.

“Where were you?”

Using the backs of his fingers, he traced my cheeks, my neck, following a path down to my breasts. As he squeezed

them, I bowed back, falling against Lazarus' chest.

"Dean," I whispered his name, but I could no longer feel him.

"Dean?" I called for him again, but as I felt the first cut of the blade on my thigh, I knew I had lost him.

Gasping, I arched back. My body was a traitor, enjoying the pain and the fear that came with it.

He slid a finger through the blood, sweeping it across my breasts until his hand wrapped around my neck.

"Your Dean, is no longer here." He whispered in an inhuman, sinister voice. A voice I'd never heard before.

Lazarus moved and I held him back, I held them all back as I watched his eyes flicker. Dean's hazel eyes pleaded with me to save him. His hand shook, the blade on my throat, as if he were fighting with himself.

"I love you," I whispered to the remnants of Dean. And with a snap of my wrist, I sent him back flying into the crowd. I lifted him with my power, his feet rising off the ground as the crowd gasped.

It was all part of the show for them.

He writhed against the invisible shackles and we both stared at each other for a long time. His eyes had gone black, his face was no longer handsome and young. The evil inside him had pulled any source of energy from him, and with it, his decaying corpse began to emerge.

My heart broke in that instant, as I released him. With one last look back at me, he ran. And he would need to hide to, for when I found him there would be no forgiveness.

Chapter 11

Dean



I welcomed the darkness, loved how it clawed at me, begging me to be released. Imogen had been wrong all along. You had to surrender to it in order to be free, and all she knew how to do was to keep me locked away.

A toy that she could take out to play with whenever she pleased. But I'd been enough of a slave, and I wasn't going to allow an insignificant necromancer to chain me down.

This body I inhabited fought a good fight. He nearly won. I cracked my neck, feeling an itch run along its flesh. I wanted to break free but couldn't, I was kept trapped within his confines. At least I would have him serve me. I needed him as much as he wanted me here. Luring in the weak and wanting with his handsome features.

He'd begged me to leave his mistress be, although she's the one I wanted most. I yearned to cut her scream off with a flick of my blade. To see her pretty eyes, go blank as her soul left her body. It wouldn't go far, as I'd give them over to the demon that dwelled here. A slutty little succubus that enjoyed this cock as much as I enjoyed sucking on her black energy.

I knew she lingered in the shadows, watching me. When she first emerged, I thought she was a pure vision of hell.

Flames in her eyes and lust swirled around her. She'd tempted me in ways a demon should not succumb to.

At first, I thought it was the human, but as she slid down his cock and opened her lips to mine, the energy we transferred to each other was explosive. It was addictive and I was hungry for more.

I'd fucked her every night since, the necromancer forgotten, the human I inhabited weakening. I'd lose him soon enough, but before I did, I'd need to at least fulfill the first of my goals.

I wanted to break down the necromancer, take away her power and force her to worship both demons that loved her so very deeply. We both wanted to play with us, not against us, but she was strong, and I wanted to break every one of her bones until she cried out for mercy. Our type of mercy.

Last night on the stage, the human's obsession for her matched my own. His was that of love and protection, mine was to bring her to the edge. I didn't want to love her, I wanted to spill every drop of blood she had inside of her. Her power wielded over us all, forcing me to my knees. Rage had filled me as I'd pressed the blade against her neck, and I could see her tremble in excitement and fear.

My hand shook as the human vessel fought the bloodlust that ran through our veins. He was losing his control of me, and the fear that ran through him made me hard. His mistress's powers echoed around us, throwing me out into the audience. As I stood there, seething with hatred for her, she watched us from the stage, rendering us immobile. I wanted to hurt her, defile her, and stage her so that the world would remember the necromancer's death. Especially my succubus. She'd be the

one to delight in it the most. It would only be a matter of time, but until then, I wanted to play.

The necromancer had left her blade unattended and stealing it away had been easy. It was mine after all. I moved quietly down the path between the tents out back. The main stage would be quiet tonight, and I knew she'd be practicing. I searched backstage for the morsel I'd seen last night.

I'd found another toy to play with. A pretty little thing who seemed so pure, so perfect, so untouched. I had a newfound hatred for the girl. How she spoke, how she moved, how she thought all was perfect in the world. How easy it would be to take it all away.

I yearned for that last gasp of air before I stole it. Before I stole everything, she ever thought was safe. And she was so young, so inexperienced. A man like my vessel could easily fool her into believing he loved her.

A sound yanked me out of my thoughts, and I focused, my ears taking in any element that surrounded us. A howl came from out back, and I smiled. Such beautiful music from the wolf that was kept locked up in that cage. The witch's pet, I was sure.

I moved around the floor stage lights, standing behind them while I watched her. She couldn't see me, the tent was pitch black, the spotlight blinding her to any movements. I smiled as she flexed her toes and stretched her back. She was such a lithe, petite thing. I'd take joy in rearranging her insides.

I stepped to the side and a board creaked.

"Who's there?" She squinted against the lights.

I didn't move, causing her to fidget.

“Please come out.”

I smiled and stepped out in front of the light. She took a quick step back, frightened at seeing only a dark silhouette.

“Who are you?”

“Shhh, pretty girl.” I stepped toward her, removing the hood. “I won’t hurt you.”

She placed a delicately manicured hand on her chest. Her nails were painted a soft pink, the color of her pussy lips, I was sure.

“I only wanted to see you fly.” I gave her one of those charming side smiles and she blushed for me.

I had her in the palm of my hand.

“I’ve been watching you.”

“You, have?”

“Yes. You enthral me.”

“Oh? I didn’t think you could notice me. I thought you belonged to Imogen.”

“I belong to no one.” I snapped, reaching out and cupping her cheek.

“But I’d love to belong to you.”

She gasped and I quickly pressed my lips to hers, inhaling her sharp exhales.

She was tentative as she kissed me back and I caressed my fingers down her cheek, wrapping them around her neck.

“You’re so pure, little one.”

She sighed, slowly acquiescence to my demands. Her body leaned into mine and I tightened my hold on her neck ever so

slightly.

“Suck on my tongue, Nia.”

“You know my name,” she breathed.

I gripped her hair with my other hand, tugging her head back sharply. She gasped, swallowing hard against the palm of my hand.

“Suck me.”

I slid my tongue against hers moaning as her lips closed around my tongue and she began to suck. I moved my head in and out, letting her know what she was going to do to my cock.

Pulling back gently, I smiled at her. “Do you want to suck on something bigger?”

I ran my hand down her body, over her small breasts and down to her core. She was wet and willing. She nodded quietly while little whimpers emerged from her parted lips.

“Get down on your knees.”

I slid my zipper down and took out my hard cock. I groaned, letting out a menacing chuckle as she sucked on it. I held onto her head as I jackhammered her mouth. Stealing her breath every chance I could. Drowning her with my cock. I envisioned choking her on it, and that thought made precum fall onto the back of her tongue and coat her throat.

My succubus surrounded us, her beautifully evil laugh echoed around us as she took hold of the young girl. Whispering all the dirty deeds she needed her to perform on me. My hands itched to end her life, but not before I fed my wanton whore.

I slid her off my cock, ripping off her pink leotard and exposing her slim body to me. I slid my tongue over her breasts, and she gasped for me. Her eyes were filled with uncertainty as I forced her to lie back on the stage floor.

I smiled evilly at her, and fear shone in her eyes as I licked at her. My demon tongue curled inside of her, fucking her innocence away.

“Oh my God. Please,” she breathed in shock.

My tongue extended and thickened until it felt her hymen. I stroked her there, like my dick would, and she stiffened at the slight pressure.

The slurping sounds my tongue made as I retracted the wet muscle, made my cock grow.

“Hold her for me,” I told the darkness, and the girl was suddenly lifted off the floor with invisible hands. Her legs were spread out, her eyes looked at me in horror.

She screamed, a piercing sound that was drowned out so no one could hear her. I placed my cock at her entrance and tears fell down her face. I was forcing myself inside of her and as she looked up, the pain ricocheting through her body, my succubus fed off it. I slid the knife across her neck, blood dripping onto the floor, coating her breasts.

I slid my hands through it, laughing as I played in the slippery fluid. My piece of art. She gurgled so sweetly while she died, my cock still piercing her pretty pink pussy. I decided it did match her nails.

Her pussy tightened around me; she was still struggling to live. And I watched eagerly as my succubus curled her tongue around the girl’s clit. I fucked the nearly dead pussy, enjoying the show. The girl opened her lips in ecstasy as my fiend

forced an orgasm out of her body. It shook, jerked, the girl's head fell back limply as she faded away.

My succubus kissed me, satisfied with her hunger, and I finally slid out of her, proceeding to get to work. I needed to set the stage for the incoming audience.

Chapter 12

Imogen



I stood at the entrance of the tent; my eyes fixed on the stage as I noticed something behind the main curtain stir. Nia, a young new girl had replaced our Belle on the aerial silks. The girl was ever naive, and more inexperienced than Belle, but that's what the demon had requested, and the Ringmaster was forced to obey.

At merely seventeen, she was still very immature, and we all took care that we taught her what to watch out for. There was nothing we could do about what she'd be exposed to night after night, Cirque Diabolique stole any semblance of innocence away. But we could at least reassure her she'd be safe and at home during these long days.

This was going to be her first show and she'd been talking about it excitedly the night before at the campfire during dinner. I'd caught Dean eyeing her, and she'd blushed shyly when she caught him staring. But I knew best. Whatever was watching her was not my Dean.

I felt something in my power stir, and that beacon of a warning shone brightly and it stayed with me throughout the night.

I had to succumb to the fact that what I had brought back from the dead was not human. Whatever demons had spoken

to him to commit murder was now inside of him, overpowering who he was. I had been stupid enough to think I could save him, but he only got worst and worst as time passed by. I knew what had to be done. It was inevitable. Dean was losing control. The little glimpses of him that would come through were now long gone, and I feared the worst would happen.

The curtains lifted and the crowd gasped in shocked horror. A scream echoed through the audience, and I shook looking on in terror at the scene set on the stage. The scene was so surreal, confusion quickly set in.

Was this part of the show?

Was she really dead?

She looked like a doll, hanging from the silk ropes. Her eyes had been gouged out; her face held shock as she was placed in an aerial pose. White silk was wrapped around her torso, covered in blood. She'd been posed as if in mid lunge forward, her arms out, held at the wrists by the silk. She looked like a ballerina in the air. Her neck had been slit and the blood dripped, pooling below, turning the wooden platform a deep shade of crimson.

Was this the succubus?

Had we angered her in some way?

Had the child succumbed to something during the night?

All these thoughts ran through my head as the crowd began to cry out and stumble out of the tent. People pushed past me as I made my way through the crowd toward the stage, my eyes fixed on the familiar scene. It was much like the scene we'd witnessed so long ago.

Lazarus and Jin both ran in as I reached up to touch her fingers. They leapt onto the stage, pulling me away. Our Ringmaster walked in, looking shocked and appalled.

“Did you see anything?”

I was too shocked to realize he’d been speaking to me. It wasn’t until he touched my cheek, that my eyes shot to his.

“Did you see anything, my necromancer?”

I shook my head. “Nothing. I saw nothing.”

She was long gone, her soul was nowhere to be found. The Ringmaster looked at Lazarus and gestured for him to take me away. I let him lead me out and back to my tent. He’d hovered over me, sitting me in a chair and getting me some water. After a few minutes, he spoke.

“Talk to me, Imogen. What happened?”

I looked blankly up at him, still seeing that girl hanging in that beautiful pose, knowing exactly what had happened yet unable to speak it.

“I don’t know.”

And I didn’t. I didn’t know why I was protecting him. I didn’t know why I wasn’t saying what I knew had happened. The scene had been too familiar. The scene was exactly how he had pictured it as he’d lurked in the shadows. Once again waiting to prey among the weak.

Lazarus knelt before and I grabbed his hand. “Danger. There’s danger lurking.”

He nodded. “I know. Do you think the demon had anything to do with this?”

I blinked twice, forgetting about the succubus, knowing this would be something she was prone to do, but there was no reason for it. Besides, that bitch killed for enjoyment, leaving the corpses where they lay, she'd never pose it like he did.

I searched for the girl again, allowing my power to surge through the tent and reaching outward, but all I found was emptiness. I leaned back, feeling weak.

“She’s gone,” a tear escaped me as I spoke.

“It’s okay, my love. You can’t save them all.”

“But she deserved to be saved.”

“It wasn’t your fault.”

I stared at his beautiful face. His dark eyes, warm and filled with concern. I stroked the smoothness of his cheek, outlining his lips. It was my fault. I had brought that thing here, to roam around us. The darkness in the shadows I could handle, but this evil. This was my fault.

It saddened me that I wasn’t able to speak my truth.

Not yet.

But I knew that something had to be done.

Rodrigo ran in and stopped mid-stride as he spotted my tears. He quickly ran up to us, kneeling before me. I smiled at him, stroking his bearded cheek. He always looked so innocent, so loyal.

“Can I get you anything, my Mistress?”

I shook my head. “No. I’ll be alright.”

Rodrigo turned to Lazarus and frowned. “They’re taking her down now. The crowd has left, all that remains are the

people in the back dungeons. But none are the wiser there, they didn't witness it."

I nodded. "That's good."

The stage was set in the main tent, there were several stages that surrounded it, cages hung from the beams, filled with beautiful erotic dancers. Different scenes were always played out, and the paths that lead from the tent, what we named the dungeons, they were kept private. Only those that paid for special services were allowed back there and just as they couldn't hear the commotion up front, we couldn't hear their screams out back.

Something in me roused and I leapt up from the chair, running through the tents and down toward the path.

"Imogen!" Lazarus shouted for me as both he and Rodrigo ran after me.

I slowed down as we approached. Usually, by now, we'd be able to hear screams of pleasure, or shouts of orgasms. Moans and groans. Something. But tonight, everything had fallen silent.

Lazarus and Rodrigo froze on either side of me. "Something's wrong," I whispered to them.

"I can feel it," Rodrigo responded quietly.

We entered the first structure. A demon fun house with crooked gates. The harlot that usually stood at the entrance was nowhere to be found. There was an eerie silence as we entered.

"Maybe they left," Lazarus whispered, yet there was uncertainty etched in his tone.

We walked through the doors carefully. The heaviness in the air alerted us to something menacing.

“Should I go get the Ringmaster?” Rodrigo asked as we faced the first door.

I didn’t respond because I wasn’t sure what to do. Lazarus stepped in front of me, shielding me with his broad back. His hand landed on the door, and he leaned forward, pressing his ear to it.

“Do you hear anything?” I whispered.

He held his hand up, silencing me, and then he opened the door. It creaked open so slowly, I could feel the energy build up as both Lazarus and Rodrigo became anxious. The door swung open into darkness and emptiness. We let out a whoosh of air, we didn’t know we were holding.

A gurgling sound interrupted the relief we felt. It came from another room down the hallway. The shadows began to shift in my peripheral and I held onto Rodrigo and Lazarus, pressing them close to me, afraid what lurked in the darkness would reach out for them.

We approached the door, the whirring of a generator startled us, and we looked back behind us, expecting to see something or someone standing there. The lights flickered on and off. Something that was normal, now seemed ominous.

Lazarus was at the door, and just as he went to open it, Rodrigo grabbed his arm, stopping him.

“What? What is it?”

Rodrigo’s eyes were encompassed by fear. “Nothing good is on the other side of that door.”

Lazarus nodded. “I feel it too. But we need to know.”

Rodrigo slowly removed his hand and stood facing the hallway. The door swung open and both Lazarus and I froze. A King bed sat in the center of the room. On it was a man, he was chained to the best posts. His head hung low as he was splayed out on his knees. His cock was in the woman's mouth, but she wasn't moving.

Lazarus moved toward them, assessing the room, and he carefully approached.

"Jesus," he muttered.

I walked over to him, only to witness another horrific sight. The girl's eyes were once again gouged out, the man's member was stiff and bloodied, and her mouth had been sliced open on the sides. But that wasn't what killed her, the stab wounds in her chest and abdomen showed the trauma she'd endured before the staging.

Lazarus looked up at Rodrigo who stood in the doorway. "I knew it," Rodrigo whispered.

"Let's go." Lazarus took me by the arm and as we made our way out the structure a scream froze us in place. It came from the structure across from us. The Harlot's House, an old Victorian looking structure, imitating an old brothel. I ran in, searching for the one who screamed. I burst in through the doors on the first floor but found nothing. I climbed the stairs, needing to get there as fast as I could. Lazarus and Rodrigo called after me, trying to get to me as fast as they could.

I reached that top floor, the door at the end of the hall was open. Candlelight flickered out, casting shadows on the walls. I approached it slowly, each step of the way I felt the darkness surrounding me. It was oddly welcoming and familiar, unlike what I was about to find.

Sure enough, a new stage had been set up. A pretty female harlot was hung up with chains, she was posed in a puppet form. Her eyes were empty and as I breathed in, I couldn't feel her soul.

How odd?

She'd just recently died, and yet it didn't linger. I feared the evil that did that.

Lazarus approached my side while Rodrigo continued to wait in the doorway. My loyal watchdog. I kept my eye on him, still fearing for his life.

"This is surreal."

"He went too far," I whispered and felt Lazarus' eyes land on me.

"You knew who this was all along?"

I nodded. "I didn't want to believe it, but I am certain now."

Below the girl were two men. They'd been a part of the crowd that had arrived tonight. They were staged on their knees before her. Their members ripped from their body; their eyes empty.

"He doesn't gouge out the men's eyes. As if he's forcing them to watch."

I nodded and turned to the girl. Hollowness filled the areas where her eyes once were, blood dripped down over her cheeks. Her once happy smile was now painted a deep red in a downward curve. I shivered against Lazarus.

"We need to warn the others," I whispered.

The harlot suddenly moved, and I screamed as it began to dance uncontrollably. She looked so terrifying. The levers on the chains had been pulled all at the same time, and the show quickly ended, with the girl falling on her knees in front of the men.

I pressed a hand to my mouth as we watched in horror. I don't know what was scarier, what we just witnessed or that he was close.

He was watching.

The girl on the stage had been a diversion for a more sinister act. The shadows stirred around us, and that all too familiar demon lurked close. I think she too was shocked by what Dean had been up to. There's only so much a demon can take when another moves in on its territory.

Chapter 13

IMOGEN



I couldn't show Dean that I knew the atrocities he had committed. Instead, I drew out a plan. A plan to bring him to me.

Lazarus had been furious with me.

"You can't defeat him alone!"

"He is my abomination! I must fix this!"

Jin and Rodrigo both agreed with Lazarus. Jin looked like he was ready for anything.

"I will him, my Goddess."

"So will I." Rodrigo announced. "I won't allow him to touch you."

I stood there, in my father's trailer, staring back at them all. My father made his way around his desk, a hand on Lazarus who moved aside for him.

I expected him to order me to stay away, but he surprised me by turning to them.

"She must do this on her own."

"That's ridiculous!" Lazarus exclaimed.

Jin shook his head angrily. "You're putting her in danger. Why?"

“Because she’s stronger than you think, and only she can reverse the spell.”

He turned to me, his eyes warm and filled with sadness. “I trust you.”

It was the first time he’d ever said anything like that to me, and I ran to him, seeking shelter in his arms.

He held me for only seconds, and then pulled me away, cupping my face while he spoke.

“Your mother was a strong witch, but you can defeat them all. Just believe in yourself.”

“And if he wins?”

He shook his head. “Not possible. Our succubus may be a bitch, but she knows what’s good for her. She hates you because she knows you’re one of the few of us who is able to satisfy her hunger. Which in turn means she’ll protect you.”

“She wants me dead.”

He chuckled. “Didn’t you know, my little necromancer? She wants us all dead.”

Realization hit, and with it came a sense of conviction. He was right. This evil was just like the one that had raped my innocence so long ago. This was my chance to fight back.

A few hours later, I walked down to main tent. The moon was shining, the moans and whimpers of pleasure filled the night, and a sad howl pierced through the silence sending a shiver down my spine.

I stood on the stage alone, knowing this was what he wanted. I waited quietly feeling that more familiar demon lurking.

“You must be happy, you bitch.” I spoke out loud, feeling her surrounding me.

“Happyyyy,” she hissed in my ear.

“You got what you wanted, bloodshed and tears.”

“No,” she snapped. “Not all I wanted. You’re not dead yet.”

I snapped my head towards her voice, feeling her claws scratch down my back. I jerked back, hissing at the burning sensation. I focused on the power around me, giving it a surge and hitting her with it. She gave out a sharp wail and I smiled, satisfied at the harm I could inflict on her.

“You’ll never get to me.”

“Nooooo, but he will.” Her cackle was sharp and irritating. And when I turned around, there he was.

A metal chain was wrapped around his fists, dragging along the stairs leading up to the stage. He lifted his arm, bringing it down with a hard whack that made me jump. I cursed at myself, for showing signs of weakness.

“I knew you’d come to me,” I whispered.

His face was full of anger, almost unrecognizable in its hollowness and deterioration. The evil that dwelled inside was ugly, and it had taken over completely.

“Did you see my masterpiece?”

I nodded slowly, my eyes on the chains that were piercing his skin, so cruelly. Blood dripped from the bite of the metal and he tightened his hold on them, as if in punishment. I wondered if Dean’s spirit was still fighting.

“I saw it.”

“Did you enjoy it?” That demonic voice crawled my spine and I fought within me not to shudder.

“It was...interesting.”

“It was more than interesting. It was beautiful.” He hissed, coming closer.

“It was beautiful,” I whispered quietly as I reached out to touch his cold cheek.

“You’re beautiful,” he learned and I stood very still as he circled around me.

“I hate your beauty,” he growled in my ear and wrapped the chain around my neck.

He pressed his lips to my temple. “You’re going to be my greatest work of art yet.”

The chains tightened and I began to whisper the incantation.

What was once awakened from its sleep,

Must once again slumber deep.

TEARS FELL from my eyes knowing I was destroying my connection to him.

Return the disease from whence it came,

So life can ease back to its same.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” The chains on my neck tightened even more, and I gasped for air.

*Troubled Blood with sleeps unease,
Remove the cause of this disease.*

“SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!” He screamed.

The succubus laughter filled the air. That powerful cackle now a welcoming sound. I took her darkness and swirled it around my fingertips.

I ignored the bitch as I pulled from her darkness, encircling the demon at my back with it, using her as she'd used me.

*Banished forever more,
This evil entity will dwell no more.*

I REPEATED IT, over and over, his screams piercing as he stumbled back. The heavy chain fell to the floor, and I fell to my knees. I breathed in deep, my voice becoming more powerful as I continued to repeat the incantation.

Over and over, the evil inside him shook and fought. Cursing at me, spitting vile.

“Release him you motherfucker!” I shouted and then suddenly the screaming stopped, the succubus' cackle ended, and a deep silence ensued.

Dean's body lay on the stage motionless, but the heaviness that surrounded him was no longer there.

He moaned and I scrambled over to him, lifting his head onto my lap. He was still alive.

“Dean?”

He managed a small smile. “I tried my best, my love.”

“I know you did, and you fought well.”

“I truly loved you.”

A tear fell down my cheek. “I know you did. I know...” I lifted his cold hand and kissed it.

“It's okay, beautiful. You can let me go now. He's not here anymore.”

He coughed and sucked in a hoarse breath. “Let me go, sweetness.”

“I'm sorry,” I sobbed against his chest as my magic swirled around us.

“I'm so sorry.”

I felt his soul flutter away and stillness filled the air. I sobbed endlessly, until Lazarus came and picked up my weakened frame.

In the end, I won the battle. But it was only the first of many.

Epilogue

IMOGEN

Lazarus squeezed my hand as Dean's body was lit on fire. It saddened me that no one would remember him in a good light. No one would know his sweetness or be able to mourn him. Forever he would be known as a murderer, a sadist. The circus would ensure that all that remains does not stir. Jin stood at my back, and Rodrigo held my other hand.

Lazarus had decided to stay. He'd said I was worth more than his freedom. He couldn't live without knowing I was safe, nor could he live without our Ringmaster. I loved him all the more for that.

"Do you think it will come back?" he whispered as we walked back to my tent.

"I think what happened to Dean will always haunt me. It wasn't his fault. He had been haunted by that evil way before I even got to him."

"We all have our demons, my Goddess." Jin grabbed my other hand.

They silently took me back to my room and in that dark silence they undressed me and filled me with the sweetest of kisses. Each one purring sweet loving words into my ear, soothing the ache I felt inside. It was a deep emptiness that

Dean had left behind. One that left me weak and open for an attack.

But the succubus had stayed away. She'd let me mourn my love. Maybe it was because I had put up energy barriers to keep her out, or maybe it was because she knew what I was now capable of, but she left me be. What everyone didn't know was that Dean had taken a part of me. His death had weakened me as I predicted.

As Lazarus' covered mine, and both Jin and Rodrigo's tongues lapped at my breasts and core, I held onto them. They meant the world to me, and I could never let them go.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to them all, a tear escaping down my cheek as Lazarus slid inside of me.

He fucked me so gently, showing me love with each stroke. He leaned back, taking me with him, offering me to Jin who slid inside my puckered hole. I cried out as Rodrigo's hands stroked my face and breasts. I stroked the soft hair, his chiseled jawline, the soft beard that lined it so perfectly.

"I want to taste you," I moaned into his mouth.

Grunting eagerly, he stood over Lazarus, offering his cock to me. I licked the tip, sucking on it playfully as each of my men fucked me harder.

"My, Mistress." They all groaned collectively as I took him in my mouth.

This is how they were meant to be. All mine to devour, to be fucked by. Tonight wasn't about magic or bloodlust, it was about mourning someone that belonged to us all.

I looked down at Lazarus whose eyes were filled with love.

“I love you,” I whispered, leaning down to kiss him.

Then I reached back for Jin with one hand wrapped around the back of his neck, with my other I pulled Rodrigo in to press his forehead to mine.

“I love you all.”

“We love you, Mistress,” Rodrigo whispered against my lips.

The magic transpired through my fingertips and down their spines, they all arched back in unison. Each thrust deeper and harder than the last.

“Fuck me,” I purred as I took Rodrigo back into my mouth.

He gripped my hair, fucking my mouth in slow steady thrusts just like I’d ordered. My pussy pulsed around Lazarus’s thick dick. My ass gripped around Jin’s. They grunted, and I could feel their pleasure draw closer.

“Take me. Please. Claim me as your own.”

“You’re ours,” Lazarus growled, holding me down as both cocks found their rhythm.

I gripped them, my pussy pulsating my heartbeat on them as the wave of pleasure hit us. My magic swirled around us, echoing the feeling.

The wolf let out a howl and the deep dissonant sound of a sad violin played in the distance while our moans filled the silence.

Epilogue Two

MIDORI

“What is this?”

“A request,” he murmured.

I arose from the bed, the black silk sheets flowing around me.

“You know I cannot play anything but that song.”

“I am sick of that song!” He yelled.

I stared back at his handsome face, distorted in sorrow. Serge Bastien was Cirque Diabolique’s master of none. He served as a footman for the witch that had given me my curse. And it had been all because of him.

The more I tried to get away from him, the more he lured me in. I hated being so damn weak. Always at his mercy. Always falling for the wrong men.

“Please, Serge. She will get mad at me.”

“I want her to squirm,” he raised a fist, tightening it before me.

“And I agree, but not like this. Do you know what will happen if I stop playing?”

His head hung low, and he swayed slightly. He had been drinking tonight. He drank most every night, and when he did,

he'd seek me out. Crawling into my bed in search of a love that left a long time ago. Now all I felt for him was pity. And in that pity, I opened myself up to be tortured and used by him.

He was always rough and dominant. And I always allowed him to take out all his hatred onto me. A willing submissive to his conniving games. How I hated him so.

The witch had seen me in the crowd years ago when the Ringmaster was the one on the stage. He'd chosen me to have a scene with, and it had been overwhelming and passionate. He became my obsession, and I trailed after him like a lost puppy. Begging him for more.

He'd warned me that if this were to happen, bad things would come of it. But I didn't listen and I wanted more.

It wasn't until that dreadful night that I realized what he had meant by those bad things. The witch had come to me, asking me to leave, but I didn't listen. Instead, I wanted to make her jealous of me. I wanted her far away from my Ringmaster. I was possessive, and self-destructive. I was also enchanted by my new master. He made me feel wanted and loved. I had never felt such yearning before this, yet in it, I lost myself.

I had been an award-winning violinist. I had a career, money, fame, and I lost it all for him. A man who only knew how to use me, and still did.

I didn't understand why I let him. How I had succumbed to this darkness, to this hold this place had on me.

I had enraged the witch to the point where she had cursed me. Night after night you'd find me sitting on a lonely stage, a violin in my hand, and the notes to Memento Mori flooding

the night. It was meant to drive my lover crazy, and sure enough, he stayed away for a long time. She also made sure I was hidden away where no one could see me, where I had no audience, no notoriety, and I would be alone.

The notes that poured out of my stings, were chords attached to my soul.

How sad they were.

How lonely.

“I will not stop, Serge.”

“Then I will need to remove you from here.”

“You can try, but I doubt she’ll let you. Because I’m your punishment, Serge. Me. And this is all your doing.”

I put on my robe and gave one last look before I left. “Don’t blame others for your mistakes. You’ve already ruined my existence along with yours. Don’t you think that’s enough.”

His light eyes turned dark and sinister as they landed on mine. He was an expert at keeping his feelings hidden, but tonight was different. Something was coming. It stirred in the air. The last thing I imagined, was that it was coming for me.

Grab Memento Mori here:

<https://geni.us/MementoMori-Cirque2>

About the Author



Thank you for reading!

If you enjoyed Imogen's story, please don't hesitate to leave your reviews. I do love to hear what sinful thoughts my readers throw my way!

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ROYAL BASTARDS MC

New Orleans National Chapter

[Inked In Vengeance](#)

[Scarred By Pain](#)

[Afflicted with Desire](#)

[Wrecked from Malice](#)

[Belle Macabre](#) (An RBMC National Chapter Side Story)

[Coerced Into Submission](#)

ROYAL BASTARDS MC HOLIDAY PREQUELS

WASHINGTON CHAPTER

[A Biker For Christmas](#)

[A Cowboy Under the Mistletoe](#)

[Quivering Heart](#)

[The Enforcer's Holiday Package](#)

[Soul Fire](#)

[The Winter Biker](#)

EAGLE RIDGE COWBOYS SERIES

[THEODORE: A Maverick's Hollow Novel](#)

V-TWIN VALKYRIES PREQUEL

[Tangled Web: A Reverse Harem MC](#)

LA FAMILIA AGUIRRE - MAFIA DUET

Desperation

El Rey

CIRQUE DIABOLIQUE SERIES

[La Petite Morte](#)

[Memento Mori](#)