



AS ABOVE

SO BELOW

Lured into
DARKNESS

WILLOW MCQUERRY

LURED INTO DARKNESS

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A Dark Paranormal Romance

WILLOW MCQUERRY

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This book is for readers 18 years and older due to the adult situations that happen throughout the book. This is a *dark romance*. It's not something children need to be stumbling upon, and you now have to have that awkward talk about how mommy/daddy likes reading stories about getting choked and spanked by a sadistic demon.

Cover by Cauldron Press

BLURB

Bandit

Being an E-girl and video gamer is my income. I love every second of playing not just virtual games but also with men who fawn over me while throwing their money my way.

But they never met the high standards I have now because of the man in my dreams.

Every night he visits me and has been for years. Doing things to and with me that always made me wake up right before the peak of it.

I don't know how he's real nor how he found me. But he is, and he dragged me back to his home while I kicked and screamed.

And now he wants me to rule Hell with him. Something I can't do.

But with his irresistible, mysterious demeanor and countless nights with him, I'm starting to feel my resolve to escape him chip away.

How much longer can I resist him until he lures me into his darkness?

Merihem

The delicious human woman is *mine*. From the moment I came across her and saw her dressed in a short skirt and tight shirt, I had my sights set on her. Seeing her humiliate men just

for them to come crawling back to her settled that I want her as my queen.

But I'm not a nice man.

I'm not sweet and loving.

I'm dark and get off on causing pain. And hearing her choked cries as she squeezes around me with my hand as her necklace is the quickest way to my cold, black heart.

The only thing I need is for her to stop trying to run away from me and accept that she's mine. Accept that she'll be the Queen of Hell, ruling by my side.

This is for the chonky babes who deserve to be the main character in a dark romance and get massive dicks, too.



Special shoutout to Lo (wellreadnurse) and Tricia (thesmutfairy) on booktok. Chad has passed the torch to Derrick (that wish version of Jason Momoa guy who thought he was taking over booktok). I hope I put a smile on your face if you ever read this, that even in a dark romance, Derrick is getting dragged by a woman.

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AUTHOR'S WARNING

This is a *dark romance*. Some themes may be disturbing and not your cup of tea. Please read the list carefully and use discretion.

KEEP YOUR VIBE OR SIGNIFICANT OTHER NEAR YOU WHILE YOU READ THIS BOOK. I'M NOT KIDDING. YOU'LL BE SQUIRMING AND NEEDING RELIEF ASAP ONCE YOU GET TO CHAPTER 9.

Tropes: Morally gray villain; if you touch her I'll kill you; hate to love; if you run from me I'll chase you and you'll love everything I'll do to you once I catch you; I don't share unless I give you permission to fuck him; you want to be a dirty girl on camera, so we'll give them the best show of their lives; I found you sexy while you slept so I came on your face; you look beautiful with my hand as your necklace; monster sex; I'm an E-girl, hear me uwu; I'll stop shredding men apart once they stop being terrible fucking humans.

CONTENT WARNINGS:

Minor: Misogyny; fire; fights (hand to hand brawls)

Moderate: Fatphobia in the prologue, & chapters 1-4. The FMC is very comfortable in her own skin, but deals with terrible men being shitty toward her. The MMC isn't fatphobic. He prefers his women being bigger. Diet culture comments; Gaslighting; stalking; mentions of torture; mentions of bestiality and the sounds of the FMC's ex boyfriend getting raped by the MMC's hellhounds a few times throughout the book; recreational use of alcohol; mentions of bullying while in high school; blood play; anti-men

Graphic: Sexual assault leading to rape (done by FMC's ex boyfriend in chapter 4. His group of friends assault her but doesn't lead to rape); religious trauma with the FMC remembering all of the things her religious dad said to her; mentions of sexual harassment from the FMC's church's pastor; mentions of child abuse and sexual harassment done by her father; somnophilia, Christian religion and Hell; anti-Christian religion and god; demons; torture; graphic deaths; breath play; primal kink; descriptive sex; descriptive monster sex; public sex; noncon; dubcon; cuckolding; needle with serum to make the FMC go into heat; Stockholm syndrome; cursing

Warning: *PLEASE SKIP THIS PART IF YOU DON'T WANT SPOILERS ABOUT THE ENDING. THE ENDING OF THE BOOK ISN'T A TRADITIONAL HEA. IT'S NONCON TO DUBCON-FORCED HEA. THAT MEANS THE FMC ESCAPES, AND THE MMC USES DICK AND BLOOD MAGIC TO PERSUADE HER TO STAY WITH HIM. THE EPILOGUE SHOWS THE FMC IS HAPPY WITH HIM AND DOESN'T REGRET ANYTHING.*

SPECIAL NOTE FROM WILLOW

This book is heavy on anti-Christian religion and their god. Parts of this book mock him, which can be unsettling and uncomfortable for some.

Lured into Darkness was my way of working through my religious trauma and hatred for god. I understand if you don't want to read this because of it.

I love everyone, but I have a lot of anger toward the hypocrites who are Christian and use their religion to control and manipulate others.

PLAYLIST

“Cult leader” by KiNG MALA

“Call Me Little Sunshine” by Ghost

“Nightmares In Paradise” by Palaye Royale

“They Don’t Care About Us” by Beast in Black

“King Of The Damned” by Barren Gates, Alter.

“Dizzy” by MISSIO

“Tonight Is The Night I Die” by Palaye Royale

“C’est la vie” by Weathers

“River” by BRKN LOVE

“Phobia” by Nothing But Thieves

“Breaking My Bones” by Friday Pilots Club

“Paranoia on Main Street” by Demi the Daredevil

“Brutal” by Negative 25

“The Fox” by North Bloom

“Violence” by The Unlikely Candidates

“HVY MTL DRMR” Des Rocs

“Hey Brother” by Jakob Samuel

“What You’re Made Of” by Arrested Youth

“12 Rounds” by Bohnes

“Bad” by Royal Deluxe

“KILLING TIME” by Jordan Fiction
“Second Nature” Shawn Christmas
“Corpse Is Driving Me Nuts” by Michaela Laws
“IN THREES” by AS IT IS, Set It Off, JordyPurp
“Demon” BLVKES
“Я буду ебать” by Moreart, IHI
“NIGHTMARE!” by Slush Puppy
“POLTERGEIST!” by CORPSE, OmenXIII
“Lilith” by Ellise
“Monster” by Willyecho
“Good Kid” by Former Vandal
“Play with Fire” by Sam Tinnesz, Yacht Money
“Do I Wanna Know?” By Arctic Monkeys
“Dark Side” by Ramsey
“Love Is A Weapon” by Letdown.
“Switchblade” by neverwaves
“E-GIRLS ARE RUINING MY LIFE!” By CORPSE, Savage
Ga\$P
“HOT DEMON BITCHES NEAR U ! ! !” by CORPSE, Night
Lovell
“Used to the Darkness” by Des Rocs
“Underworld” by CYPRSS
“Packet Loss” by Istasha
“Demons” by Omri
“PHONKYTOWN” by PlayPhonk
“MULLET DADDY” by XXXKATUSJINSUX
“masquerade” by siouxxie sixxsta
“My Oh My (feat. DaBaby)” by Camila Cabello, DaBaby
“Widowmaker” by Night Argent

“Cry (feat. Grimes)” by Ashnikko, Grimes
“Snake” by Halflives
“Fade to Blue” by Roniit
“Paparazzi” covered by Kim Dracula
“Dr0nched In Sw0t” by KAMARRA, Grim Salvo
“Hell Won’t Take Me” by NEFFEX
“Nails” by Call Me Karizma
“Joker” by Rory Webley
“Two Face (Dark Version)” by Jake Daniels
“Insane” by Black Gryph0n, Basic
“Cry Little Sister vs. Hello Zepp” by Celldweller
“YES MOM” by Tessa Violet
“MISA MISA!” CORPSE, Scarlxrd, Kordhell
“AirplaneMode” by BONES
“As Above So Below” by Writing The Future
“Smack a Bitch” by Rico Nasty
“FACK” by Eminem
“Being Evil Has a Price” by Heavy Young Heathens
“EAT SPIT! (Feat. Royal & the Serpent)” by Slush Puppy,
Royal & the Serpent
“Raging on a Sunday” by Bones
“Unholy (feat. Kim Petras)” by Sam Smith, Kim Petras
“Shake That A\$\$” by Kstylis
“Defeating a devil a day” by YOHIO
“Bad Girls” by M.I.A
“Wow.” By Post Malone
“Pinky Promise” by Jake Daniels
“As Above, So Below” by In This Moment

“Below the Surface” by Griffinilla

“Black Widow (feat. Twiggy)” by Fame on Fire, Twiggy

“IWSS (remix)” by Deli Boy, ppcocaine, Kidd Kenn, Sunna Girl

“Bad guy” by Billie Eilish

“Natural Born Killer” by Highly Suspect

“Love is Madness (feat. Halsey)” by Thirty Seconds to Mars, Halsey

“Mary On A Cross” by Ghost

“Edge of Seventeen” by Stevie Nicks

“JOKER” by Dax

“All the Good Girls Go to Hell” covered by Halocene

“SIMP” by Full Tac, Lil Mark, Rico Nasty

MISOPHONIA *noun*

(MIS· O· PHO· NIA)

A condition in which one or more common sounds (such as the ticking of a clock, the hum of a fluorescent light, or the chewing or breathing of another person) cause an atypical emotional response (such as disgust, distress, panic, or anger) in the affected person hearing the sound

For people with a condition that some scientists called misophonia, mealtime can be torture. The sounds of other people eating—chewing, chomping, slurping, gurgling—can send them into an instantaneous, blood-boiling rage.

—John Markoff

*Source: Merriam Webster

PROLOGUE

Bandit



THREE YEARS EARLIER

I fucked up by coming to this party.

“FACK” by Eminem blasted through the speakers that rattled my eardrums. People around me danced in the dim room, only lit with a few party lights. The hosts decorated the place with Halloween props, lots of fake webs, and phony police tape. I held onto a full red solo cup of some spiked fruit punch I had no interest in drinking anymore. While everyone here had a great time, all I could do was stare across from me, zoned out as I sat on the couch.

Because I was cool with the hosts—a couple of girls from high school—I thought they wouldn’t invite Derrick. The same guy who gave me hell in school and made it his mission to make me miserable.

He and his buddies threw every insult I could think of at me. All because one year, I tried to convince everyone the crappy party store wig I wore was my natural hair. Hindsight being twenty-twenty, I still felt embarrassed about it. There were other reasons why Derrick bullied me—many of them were because I was weird. But it shouldn’t have warranted me getting picked on because of it.

Now Derrick was here.

It sucked because I was having a great time. I knew he knew I was here too because I caught his eye from across the room when I grabbed a drink in the crowded kitchen. He had been chatting with a couple of guys who had their girlfriends tucked to their sides with drunken smiles and giggles.

I spotted him first before he felt my gaze and turned his head, catching me staring. He widened his eyes by a fraction before a cocky look passed over his face, and he smirked at me. He gave me the same smirk in school right before he was about to do something awful.

I didn't owe it to anyone to stay here. I knew that. At any point, I could leave. But the problem was that I was stubborn.

If someone laid down on their horn while I was about to pull out of a parking spot? Well, now I sat there and wouldn't give up the place to them.

If a person tapped their foot while waiting for me to move out of the way in a store? Now I had to stand there, blocking the path because they were impatient.

I'd heard about trauma responses and your childhood building you into the adult you become. Maybe that was where a lot of my personality developed. It wasn't just my stubbornness my crappy parents created. Other things did too. The stuff they didn't know about and would never find out. Not even the people at this party knew.

Now that Derrick was here, I mentally forced myself to stay. Thanks to the trauma and anxiety my past created, I'd get sick and angry at myself if I tried to leave. It was another thing that would get me in trouble at some point if I didn't get away from a situation.

God, I regretted coming to the party now because of my pride. I just wanted a good night out of my parents' house.

Derrick's cocky grin passed through my mind from the years of his bullying. I shivered and squeezed my hand on the red solo cup while I lowered my eyes.

It'd only been thirty minutes since I last saw him. I hated that I kept track of time with him, but I felt I needed to. Always did, and it pissed me off.

Lost in thought, I didn't register someone coming up to me until a prominent figure stood in front of me.

"If I would've known Bandit Murphy was showing up to this year's party, I would've brought more food." Derrick's

mocking voice grated on every single one of my nerves.

I blinked, and everything around me came into focus again. Derrick smirked at me, his blue eyes trailing over my face and down my body. My skin itched from the path of his gaze, and it took everything in me not to cringe and finally leave this party.

This stubbornness really was going to get me into trouble one day.

I rolled my eyes. “Ha, ha, ha. Ya know, these fat jokes are getting old. Is that seriously all you have for insults? Let me guess. Your next one is going to be about how ugly I am.”

Not going to lie—those always hurt me the most. What girl didn’t get hurt time after time of being told she wasn’t pretty?

He snorted a laugh with a roll of his eyes before he took a sip of his beer.

“Oh great, so you know that you’re fugly. But apparently, you didn’t know your fugly ass shouldn’t be here.” He cocked his head with a smirk and raised the lip of his beer bottle to his mouth. “Why is that?”

I frowned and stared at him.

It’d been years since I buckled under the weight of someone’s gaze. While bullied in school and going through the shit I had gone through at home, I toughened up. Since then, I’d taken up the challenges with stares and even came up with insults to throw their way. But this—this threw me for a loop because now I questioned if I really *should* be here.

No, they invited me. I had the texts to prove it.

I rolled my eyes, but my palms and feet tingled with adrenaline. “I was invited, you jackass.”

Derrick chuckled, the sound grating against every single one of my nerves. He sat next to me and leaned back with an arm stretched behind me as he relaxed with a loud sigh. He purposely adjusted his hips to draw my eyes to his lap, and I held back another cringe. Turning his head, Derrick watched me as he took a sip of his beer.

“Were you, though? Because I talked to Nikki, and she mentioned she never sent you an invite,” he said with fake confusion.

I frowned.

I had the text ...

Pretty sure that was an invite, but I questioned myself *again*.

Huffing a small laugh, Derrick shook his head when I didn't answer. He took another drink of his beer and relaxed further in his seat.

Movement caught my eye. I glanced to my left, where a large man came over and settled on the other side of me with a small space between us. He wore all black and had his shirt sleeves rolled up to show off his dark tattoos. They covered every inch of his skin and gave me the strong desire to trace them with my fingers. He wore a black beanie that covered his hair and had me curious about what color it was and how he styled it.

The studded black leather mask he wore appealed to me and made his dark eyes stand out. He held a bored expression in them as he brought his arms up to stretch on the back of the couch like Derrick. A silver upside-down cross hung from his ear that reflected in the low light in the room.

There was a magnetic pull to him that demanded all eyes on him. Or maybe it was my attention he wanted. He leaned back in a relaxed position with his head tilted to look up at the ceiling.

I moved my gaze over him, noticing he wasn't wearing a costume like the rest of us.

Tattoos covered his arms and the top of his hands. Some of them had pops of color—red, mainly. More of them crept up his neck and stopped just below his jaw. They were intricate designs that screamed biker gang. Many of them were blotchy lines that reminded me of runes and Luciferian symbols. His upside-down cross earrings made me suspicious that his tattoos were demonic designs. But I could be wrong.

Slowly, he turned his head and lazily roamed his eyes over me. Starting at my head down to my toes, the trail of his gaze made every inch of my skin tingle from the blazing path. Warmth pooled low in my belly, and I grew wet from how his dark eyes blazed their trail over me.

If I ever got the vibes of a smirk from someone, it was him. With the way he looked me over, he seemed unimpressed. He gave off the impression that his smirk turned into a frown at whatever he saw in me.

We stared at each other for a long moment before he dismissed me by turning away and closing his eyes. He acted like this party was beneath him and not something he wanted to be at. My stomach filled with butterflies from his movement, and my entire body warmed with more tingles that started between my legs to the rest of my limbs.

Why? Why the hell was he here if he didn't like it?

And why did it turn me on?

Who was he, and why couldn't I recognize him as I did almost everyone here? Because he wore a mask and a black beanie, it was hard to decipher his age. But from his eyes and the smooth skin of his cheeks, he looked a bit older than me. Which made him older than the rest of us here at the party since it was full of people I went to high school with.

Who the hell was he?

The moment broke at Derrick's husky laugh, and my attention returned to him. For a moment, I'd forgotten he was even there. I found him watching me with a smirk. He narrowed his eyes, and the blue of his irises gleamed with malice and desire. His lips tipped up more, and he did that fuck-boy lick of his bottom lip and roved his gaze over me like a predator.

Nothing had changed since high school. The way he gazed at me was like he needed to own me. He'd always wanted to fuck me but never wanted anyone else to know. From everything he'd done and said to me in the past, he gave off the vibes that he was violent in the bedroom. That he liked

hurting girls and getting his pleasure without finishing the poor girl he used.

“When someone comes to this party without an invite, we like to make a whole show when we kick them out. I’m sure you saw what we did last year?”

We? Did he go to last year’s party?

I remember they lowered the music for everyone to hear the hosts. They told all of us that they were kicking out some party crashers. I specifically remembered they were two geeky guys from school with whom I occasionally played online games with. They had their arms tied behind their backs with a thick rope someone oddly enough had at the party. After the hosts and their friends talked shit about them, they put Ghostface masks over their heads. If it wasn’t already bad enough, they had stripped them down to their underwear and roasted the poor guys.

The whole time, I was super uncomfortable. I watched people use a sharpie to write insults on their naked bodies. After that, they took pictures of them and kicked them out.

I left right after they did that bullshit. I couldn’t shake off the awful feeling the whole scene gave me. My home life wasn’t the best, and sadly, it was a thing for my dad to tell me how I was a failure and everything I did wouldn’t ever measure up. My dad had a thing for roasting me, making me feel like a piece of shit, and that I was a freak. So seeing someone else getting embarrassed left a bad taste in my mouth.

I hoped this year’s Halloween party would be better and they wouldn’t humiliate anyone anymore. That what happened last year was a fluke, and they were being assholes that one time. But apparently, things didn’t change, and that was my fault for believing it was a fluke.

Derrick nodded and curled the corner of his lip smugly. “You remember. Good. Oh, don’t get up.” He held his hand up to me to stop me from standing. “Stay with me because I want to offer you something.” I glared at him and stayed in the awkward position of my ass barely hanging off the couch. My

palm pressed harder into the cushion next to me as leverage for when I stood. Derrick's eyes darkened as he looked me up and down with lust. "You can stick around in exchange for me having a round with you."

I winced.

And there it was. The pervert who bullied me but wanted to sleep with me while his buddies weren't around. It wasn't surprising at all.

I shouldn't be shocked that someone who made fun of me and my weight—when I wasn't fat or skinny—wanted to have sex with me. I had guys like that sliding into my DMs all the time.

Before I left, I had two options: get up and insult him, or do my new favorite thing I started recently and embarrass him. After dealing with his ass in high school and him not having a problem with making me the butt of every joke, I felt it fitting to do the same thing to him.

He smirked.

That made my decision, and the latter won.

I had a lot of pent-up anger that needed an outlet in a somewhat safe way. I couldn't work it out at my parent's house, so this would do.

Putting on my best sultry smile, I stood, only to straddle his lap. I lazily wound my arms around his shoulders and stared down at his pleased face. His breath smelled like beer, stale cigarettes, and food. I held back a gag.

In my peripheral, I noticed the tattooed man still sitting close to us with his head bent back. He kept his arms splayed out this whole time to take up more space. I couldn't tell if he was watching us, but I knew he had to be with how tingles spread through me—as if someone's gaze was on me. I didn't care. And for some strange reason, I liked having his gaze on me.

Derrick groaned as I rocked my hips against him, his erection rubbing against my ass. His eyes were hooded, and a crooked, lustful smile spread across his face. He sat his beer

bottle by his feet before he grabbed my waist and squeezed on my love handles. With how he played with them, he acted like it was the next best thing.

Oh yeah, he still had a hard-on for us bigger girls.

I leaned into him and tightened my arms around his neck before I brushed our lips together. We breathed against each other's mouths and shared breaths while staring into the other's eyes. It was creepy gazing into them because of the way there was no light behind them. No good thoughts were happening in his head, which made me want to shiver and pull away from him.

With our lips whispering against each other, I almost gagged from the smell. But I wanted to see Derrick's face flush with embarrassment. Even found out if he would throw a tantrum over what I had planned for him.

I tangled my fingers through his short blond hair, and his dick throbbed against my ass. He groaned from the gentle contact of my fingers and squeezed harder on my hips. Because of how tight he held me, it would most likely leave behind bruises. He moved me on his lap, making it where I bucked back and forth on his crotch. It gave us both friction—more so for him than me—because I wasn't feeling much.

“You want to fuck me right here, Derrick?” I whispered, using my E-girl voice that held a childish tone that drove a lot of men crazy. No different from most guys, he groaned, turned on, and grew harder underneath me. He squeezed my hips tighter as he moved me faster, grinding my pussy along his shaft.

“Is that something you're into?” he cockily asked.

I was sure he wouldn't be into a public display with me or anyone else. He was the same guy who had to use the bathroom at home and not at school because of his shy bladder. It surprised me that he even messed with me, where everyone could watch.

I smiled at the memory of him dealing with kidney infections almost weekly. I brushed him a little kiss that he

turned into something more demanding. It took everything in me not to jerk away, gagging. His breath tasted like what it smelled—stale cigarettes, beer, and whatever the hell he ate. I pulled away, holding back from making a face of disgust and puking on him.

Rocking on him, I ground myself on him while I ran my hands through his hair some more and drove him wilder with his need. His breathing picked up as I shifted to work his pants undone. Once they were loose, I pushed my hand into them to grab him. Right as my fingertips brushed his coarse pubic hair, I paused. I bit my lower lip while staring at him with hooded eyes, which made his cock jerk again.

“I need you to do something for me.” Our eyes met, and he shot me a confused look. “I want to see how much you want me. Can you do that?” I asked while still using my E-girl voice that was breathy with my fake desire.

His confusion deepened before irritation clouded his features. I bit my bottom lip and hooded my eyes again. I gave him my classic E-girl look of biting my lower lip and drooping my eyelids before skimming my hands over his chest and standing. The silent masked man caught my attention for a split second. He didn’t hide his interest in watching me with hungry eyes, a spark of curiosity in them. My face flushed with his gaze on me, and I had to look away and back to Derrick to keep myself from going to him.

Slowly walking backward, I kept my gaze on Derrick as he watched me with more irritation than desire. I acted innocent and like a good girl—like the E-girl he wanted to fuck.

“Crawl to me,” I said huskily. “If you do that, I might let you fuck me right here.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Don’t fuck with me, Bandit.”

“I’m not. Crawl to me, and I might let you do whatever you want to me.” I smiled.

Derrick glanced around us, looking at everyone who still partied and didn’t pay us any mind. They all were too busy

drinking and dancing to give a damn about what we were doing.

I found myself glancing at the tattooed man again. His arms rested on the back of the couch still, and his head leaned against the seat. But his eyes were directly on me. All boredom left his dark gaze, and lust now flared in them. This big, scary man stared at me like I was his next meal, making me wetter for him.

My cheeks warmed, and I snapped my attention back to Derrick, who still glared at me. When I didn't move, his nostrils flared. I crooked my finger at him in a *come here* gesture. His irritation melted away, and his cocky smirk came back.

Swiping off invisible dust from his shirt sleeve, he leaned forward. He licked his bottom lip like a fuck-boy and grinned. "Anything?"

I held back my smile. "Anything."

He huffed a laugh under his breath before he lowered himself to the floor and smirked at me. He began crawling toward me with his eager eyes on me as if I was the best prize to win and corrupt.

I pulled my lower lip between my teeth with a seductive smile as I watched him. I stepped back as he got closer, forcing him to crawl more. The excitement on his face slipped, and he glared at me. It showed me another teaser of what kind of person he was in the bedroom. I shivered, and by my fifth step back, he looked like he was about to shoot to his feet, tackle me down, and fuck me. Whether I wanted it or not.

I stopped. When Derrick got to my feet, he stayed on all fours and leaned his head back. He narrowed his eyes, but desire flared in the blue depths. He slowly got to his knees, reached behind me to cup my ass, and yanked me forward. I bit back a gasp and had to curl my fingers into a fist to keep from shoving him away from me.

"You don't know what you agreed to," he said with a cruel twist of his lips. The warning in his words sent a chill down

my spine and made me shudder in disgust. The hairs on the back of my neck and arms raised because of the way he looked up at me.

He really did look like he got off on hurting women.

Shaking my head, I took a step back, and he stopped me by roughly yanking me back to him. This time I shoved at his forehead with a sound of annoyance and shook my head.

“I didn’t agree to anything.” He drew his eyebrows together and frowned. I laughed and pushed harder at his head until he let me go. Taking giant steps away, I crossed my arms over my chest and glared at him. “I said I *might* let you do whatever you want if you crawled to me. But I don’t feel like fucking a guy who gave me hell in high school. I don’t even think you’d want people to see you having sex with me because of how much you say you’re disgusted with me. Go fuck yourself, Derrick.”

At some point, people had turned to us and were watching. There weren’t a lot of eyes on us, but still, people watched Derrick get humiliated while on his knees and scowling at me with an obvious raging boner. Seeing him publicly embarrassed filled me with pleasure and pride because the asshole deserved this.

This is what you get for all the years you embarrassed and slut shamed me, I snarled at him in my head.

I gave him the peace sign before I flipped him off. He glared at me, and I laughed as I turned around and walked away. The back of my head tingled from a pair of eyes on me. It didn’t feel like Derrick’s—I knew he was watching me.

But this felt different.

I glanced over my shoulder once to see who else watched me. The large tattooed man caught my attention. He wasn’t leaning back on the couch anymore. Instead, he leaned forward, his arms resting on his knees, and his dark eyes were on me. His earlier boredom in his gaze never returned—they still flared with hunger and now possessiveness. He tracked

my every movement, the sway of my hips, and the stride of my long legs.

If I didn't know any better, I could've sworn he smirked from behind his leather mask as he watched me. But that couldn't be right.

CHAPTER 1

Bandit



PRESENT DAY

“It’s not you. It’s me,” Justin said, continuing his spiel about why he was breaking up with me. In the middle of a meal at one of my favorite haunts, no less. I nodded while chewing and stabbing my fork in my baked mac and cheese while I kept my gaze on my plate of food.

The breakup didn’t hurt me or break my heart because we’d only been dating for a short time. No love was lost with him.

For three years, I had unsuccessful relationships. No one met my high standards, and every relationship I had was short-lived. The guys I dated were shallow, and I always overlooked it, thinking they’d change. Funny how I found the toxic people attractive, hoping I could change them if I gave them enough attention, love, and pussy.

At this point, I couldn’t care less about this breakup. We’d only been dating for almost two weeks before Justin started acting weird. Things changed after I woke up from another sex dream. I moaned someone else’s name when Justin crashed at my place for the first time. And that was all she wrote.

Justin was insecure.

Which didn’t surprise me at all. It seemed like every man I met felt threatened by a fictional character in a book or a TV show. Even with a video game, they got upset if I said a character was hot. But it crossed the line when a man in my dreams that didn’t even exist made me moan and wake up coming.

I never remembered much of the dream anyway when I woke up. But all I recalled was him wearing a demon mask, a buttoned-up white shirt with rolled sleeves that showed off his tattoos. I couldn't even remember what the designs were. He wore black slacks that he sometimes didn't have buttoned, which made it easier for him to grab his massive cock. Something about him being mysterious made the sex dreams so much hotter. He was the reason I had such high expectations of men.

Swallowing the bite of my food, I raised my eyes to the man across from me. He had stubble for a beard and had been due for a haircut for three weeks now. He still listed reasons why he didn't want to date me anymore. I barely listened to him as I ate my food, nodding a few times like I cared what he had to say. But all I could think about was how I wanted him to get up and leave so I could enjoy my meal in peace. I refused for him to ruin my favorite place and burn himself in my memories. I didn't want it where I would remember him whenever I came here.

Nope, not having that.

How did I ever find him attractive? I mean, my god, I knew I had a problem picking from the bad bunch, but he wasn't all that handsome. I had sexier men falling all over me, wanting an E-girl as their girlfriend. Some wanted me for a one-night stand to add to their high body count. Many of them begged for something romantic with me, but I didn't want that with them. It wasn't like I didn't have options and couldn't find someone who wanted me. I was pretty popular on an app I uploaded content on. I even did private sessions on video for people on a different website who paid good money. It wasn't something I wanted to give up, and that was one of the biggest things a lot of guys wanted me to stop doing.

The ones I dated couldn't stick around long enough because I was "too much to handle" and "too confident." Many of those reasons came up because I wouldn't take down my social media accounts so other men couldn't see me. Even though that was my source of income. The men I dated didn't care that it got me by and paid my bills. They were so far gone

in the misogyny *that they* wanted to be the providers, protectors, and those who made decisions for me.

Why the hell did I keep choosing these types of men?

“And I’m not attracted to you because of your weight.”

My attention snapped back to him while my spine straightened. I took my time chewing my food while I narrowed my eyes at him, nodding slowly while he went on with his fatphobia spiel. “I thought I could get over that. Ignore it, really. But it’s not something I can ignore while—”

I held up my hand to shut him up. Thankfully, he did. Setting my fork down, I folded my hands together and leaned forward a hair with a sweet smile.

“You don’t need to keep telling on yourself,” I said innocently, my words dripping with venom. “So you dated me because you’re desperate and couldn’t find someone else to lower her standards for your nasty ass? And believe me, when I say this, I lowered mine for you. If you want to talk about size, let’s talk about yours, why don’t we?”

His eyes widened at my interruption, and I chuckled as I leaned back in my seat while I looked him up and down. I grinned wider at his still shocked face like he didn’t expect me to swing back after his insults.

Good, he needed to watch his fucking mouth while talking to women.

His shock wore off at my chuckle, and he glared at me while his face reddened with irritation.

“Your dick is about the same size as a shrimp. I feel bad for you because, Jesus, I didn’t know when you were inside of me. And when you were, I didn’t feel the difference. I had to pretend I was enjoying your three pumps and seizing over me when you came. You couldn’t even do the decency to make me come after your barbaric grunting and growling over me. I’m sure my neighbors heard you too, and that’s embarrassing. You’d think a short king like you, you’d be packing. But ... ” I laughed, shaking my head while pointing my finger at his lap and circling it. “That’s obviously not the case. But hey, I heard

about this miracle growth pill you can talk to your doctor about maybe growing another inch. Or hey, you can get one of those penis pumps and pray to your god it works.”

He curled his lips back into a snarl, and his cheeks reddened further, matching the color of a berry. Slamming his fist on the table, he leaned forward with a cringe-worthy growl. The sound made people at nearby tables jump and look at us with concern.

“Shut the hell up,” he snarled, trying his best to not yell. He failed, but he tried. “You can’t change your height or dick size. But you can lose weight and get healthy again.”

I snorted. “It’s so funny how so many of you men go on about being healthy and losing weight. But you’re the ones always sliding into my DMs. Why is that? And why do you guys always throw a fit and insult me when you’re rejected?” I fake pouted. “Is it because you know you’re trash and I’m not?”

He jumped to his feet, fists at his sides, and scowled down at me. Everyone in the small restaurant looked over at us and now watched. I didn’t care and wasn’t embarrassed because I wasn’t the one screaming, and my face flushed red.

“Get fucked,” he snarled. Some spittle flew out and landed on my hand, making me cringe and wipe it off with my napkin.

I snorted and rolled my eyes while I sat my napkin to the side. “Been there, done that. Didn’t like the ride, so I’ll find someone else.”

“You bitch!”

I snapped my fingers once and pointed at him as I grinned. “Oh, now I know who you remind me of. Fucking SpongeBob with suds!”

“You stupid fat whore,” he ground out.

“That’s not much of a comeback.” I fake pouted again. “How sad.”

He turned around and took a step away from the table, shoving his hands through his messy brown hair. He must've thought of something else to say because he whipped back toward me and glared. Stabbing a finger at me, he bared his teeth.

“Get a life and grow the hell up. Stop being a poser and acting like a goddamn baby all the time. You're pulling in pedophiles, you nasty bitch.”

Aww, he really is stupid.

I stuck out my lower lip, giving him doe eyes as I cupped my face in my palms while I rested my elbows on the table.

“If I'm attracting pedophiles, then what does that make you?” I asked, using my E-girl voice, and fluidly winked at him. It took me a week to perfect the wink I'd seen other E-girls do. It was so slow and with ease, while they didn't move any other muscles in their face. They made it seem so easy to do when I had struggled with it.

A vein throbbed in his forehead as his face became more purple now.

Was he holding his breath?

He struggled to find something to say back and instead went with flipping me off before he stormed away from our table.

I rolled my eyes, leaned back, and picked up my fork again.

Now that Justin was gone, I finished my meal in peace. I didn't want to let some guy calling me names and telling me things I heard regularly stop me from enjoying my food.

Growing up, my dad mentioned my body way too much that it crossed the line of what was appropriate. It never sat right with me. Why did it concern him about my weight and how a ten-year-old girl shouldn't have the body I did?

I didn't fit into the categories of being fat or skinny. My size was more in the middle, and I always had a hard time finding clothes that fit me and my style. I enjoyed darker attire

—black, mainly. But to be an E-girl, I wanted the slutty clothes and costumes. Which made it hard for me to find outfits.

People thought E-girls come in one style. They couldn't be more wrong. There were hundreds of different types of us. There was the gamer E-girl, emo E-girl, TikTok E-girl (known as the vsco E-girl), and artsy E-girl. I fell into two categories: emo and gamer. With being a gamer, anime and manga were my obsessions. Cosplaying was a favorite thing of mine to do.

Sometimes it was hard to find cosplay costumes that fit me, but I always figured out a way for them to work. Every cosplay video I made on social media went viral, which meant more money. Money was better than any man and what he could do to me.

After this breakup with Justin, I didn't want to get into another relationship for a while. Maybe have a fuck buddy, but nothing romantic. If it weren't for my toxic need to get railed by some mediocre dick, I'd swear off men and only date women. But here I was—needing dick.

“Ma'am, are you okay?”

I glanced up with a forkful of food halfway to my mouth and noticed an older woman sitting at a table beside mine. She dressed in church-going clothes, which reminded me it was Sunday. That meant the Halloween party was tonight. The older lady's salt and pepper hair was in a French updo that made the antique earrings she wore stand out. Her makeup was light except for some smeared brown lipstick on her lips from an unsteady hand.

“Just fine,” I answered, returning the same smile and taking a bite of my food.

She flashed me a smile full of pity and leaned toward me with her arm still resting on the table.

“You're a beautiful young woman. Don't let what that jerk said get to you.” I didn't. If anything, I was sure what I said would live in his tiny mind for the rest of his life. “But if you ever want to lose a couple of pounds, I have a friend who's

selling some special weight loss powder to add to your drinks.” She leaned back and dug into her purse. “Let me find her business card for you. Hang on ... ”

I forced a smile and hummed awkwardly while I shook my head. Some of my black and pink hair fell over my chest and tickled the tops of my breasts.

“No need for that business card. I’m fine with my size. Enjoy your meal.”

She whipped her head up, her eyes wide in embarrassment, and she parted her mouth with an apology coming. I stopped her before she could start. I held up my hand at her as she backpedaled and came up with a half-assed apology people did all the time.

“Have a good day,” I said, overemphasizing my sweet voice before I stood. My chair scraped loudly as I pushed it back and grabbed my belongings. I took one more bite of my food and walked to the front to pay my bill. I didn’t want to stick around with the old lady who made it awkward because she couldn’t keep her mouth shut.

I hoped this evening’s party would make up for it. It was my first time going to this one that different people hosted. A group of my friends knew them and swore up and down that they were cool and didn’t pull awful stunts on people. It would be a party that would turn into a haunted house that we had to escape. It sounded like so much fun and something to help me forget about the crappy last few days.

When it came to Justin’s unpaid meal that he walked out on, it only took my doe eyes and a little bit of flirting with the manager for him to say I didn’t need to pay. It helped, too, that he heard the last bit of Justin losing his shit before he stormed off.

I flashed the manager a smile and thanked him for being so kind as I brushed my hand over his bicep. The look on his face ... the man acted as if he’d never seen a cute girl in his life. I would say he was in his forties, never married, but kind of cute in a geeky science kid kind of way. But definitely not my type.

Not someone I would end my barely ten-minute oath of not dating for a while.

Something caught my eye in my peripheral.

CHAPTER 2

Bandit



I drew away from the manager and turned in my spot. I glanced around the small restaurant for what grabbed my attention. Nothing stood out other than the few people who ate their late lunch while they scrolled on their phones.

The bell above the door jingled, and the air pressure shifted as someone came in from behind me where the front door was. I didn't find what had caught my attention and didn't care. It could've been something dumb, or maybe I saw things.

Turning away from the wide dining area, I walked past the large man in a business suit with his cell phone pressed to his ear. The bell jingled again as I left. The hair on the back of my neck raised, and tingles spread my entire backside from a pair of eyes on me. I glanced over my shoulder and bunched my eyebrows together when no one looked my way.

Shaking my head and shrugging a shoulder, I made my way home.

Since I didn't live far from here in New York City, I multitasked as I walked. I scrolled on a popular app for creating trending content and saved sounds to use later.

It'd only been about two years since leaving my parents' house and living on my own. They didn't think I'd make it on my own since I was a "young and naïve" twenty-two-year-old that didn't know the world like they did. My parents—mainly Dad—were controlling and wanted me to stay home with them, but they gave me shit when I did. Make that make sense.

The app I scrolled on was one of my sources of income and had been getting me by just fine. Add on top of the live twitch streaming I did with a couple of friends, and on the

side, I sold naughty pictures and videos. I was sure my whole family would shit a brick if they ever knew their “weird” and “eccentric” daughter rolled in stacks because she masturbated on camera and sent thirst trap pictures.

Tires screeched, and a horn blasted, making me jump and pop my head up to see a car about to hit me. Large, firm hands grabbed me and slammed me into a massive chest that smelled like cinnamon. The man who held me threw us to the side. He turned me further into him as he pulled me to the sidewalk, preventing the taxi from hitting us. The cab shrieked to a stop several feet away from us, and I glanced at it with wide eyes.

I scrambled out of the stranger’s hold and tilted my head back to look up at him. I gasped. He was taller than anyone I’d met, and I had a couple of pretty tall friends. Muscles bulged underneath his black clothes that screamed weight lifter. But what caught my eye was his black beanie, black face mask, and tattoos that crept up his neck and under his jaw. Tattoos that were Luciferian symbols, runes, and even demonic creatures.

I’d seen him before ...

Did he remember me even though it’d been years since we last crossed paths?

My heart raced, and my cheeks flushed from the embarrassment that I had to have him save me.

“Pay attention, girl!” the taxi driver yelled as he honked his horn repeatedly before speeding off.

I met eyes with the tattooed mask man again and stumbled back a few steps out of his hold. He watched me with the same possessiveness he did at the Halloween party. With the way his dark eyes bordering on black, tracked my every movement, I was positive this man knew I was freaking out. My breathing picked up, and I was sure he could see my heartbeat beneath my pushed-up breast, thanks to my top. My damn titties always gave me away with my fast heartbeats.

My cheeks warmed more when he stepped toward me and cocked his head. The action screamed bad boy on the hunt. I’d

seen too many videos on my favorite app of thirst traps of bad guys who made that same move before they were about to fuck someone up. It never failed to get me wet.

He took another step toward me, and I turned away from him and bolted. I wasn't a runner, but that didn't mean I couldn't haul ass to get away from somebody. During my retreat, until I turned a corner, my back tingled from him watching me.

I didn't stop running, not caring about the scowls I got from people or even getting cussed out by the few I ran around. I didn't stop until I got to my apartment building and whipped open the graffitied metal door. Taking the steps two at a time up to my floor, I became winded and slowed down. When I got to the fourth level, I pressed my back to the cinderblock wall and panted with my eyes closed.

Running into the mysterious masked man had to be a coincidence. The world was small, and people always ran into each other. But what got me was how he looked at me—it was the same as the last time.

He remembered me. There was no way he didn't.

My body was still on fire, my nipples were hard and sensitive, and my pussy was soaked because of him. Just from fucking looking at him and having his hands on me. His spicy scent lingered in my nose and mouth, making me tremble. A small whimper escaped me, and I clapped a hand over my mouth as I looked around with wide eyes.

There was something more about him I couldn't put my finger on. I had never reacted this strongly to someone—especially a stranger.

When I finally calmed my breathing, I pushed away from the wall and walked down the long, narrow hallway to my door. I glanced at my creepy neighbor's shut door across from mine. I looked down at my hand as I tried to be quiet while unlocking my door so he wouldn't hear me. Somehow, he always managed to catch me as I left or when I returned.

If I didn't know better, I'd think he was spying on me and had a camera to keep tabs on my comings and going. But I didn't think he had the two brain cells rubbing together to figure out a camera, let alone find a hiding spot for it.

Sliding the deadbolt, I shakily released my breath and turned the knob. I squeezed my eyes shut as my door squeaked while gently pushing it open. I took one step, trying to be quick but silent so my neighbor didn't come out.

A door loudly creaked behind me, and my neighbor's TV grew louder.

"Hey, Bandit," he greeted me as the overwhelming smell of cigarettes hit me. It was gross that he smoked, and it was even nastier with how much he smoked. It always hit me like a brick wall whenever he came out.

I scrunched my nose before I schooled my face and turned around. There was no way I would keep my back to him. Not with how he gave me bad vibes and looked like a bigger version of Jeffrey Dahmer.

I didn't trust him—he seemed like the type of guy that made homemade chloroform. He wasn't the dude I'd trust with my drink at a party. In fact, he was the guy that would be the reason for me to leave the party while dragging my friends behind me. But sadly, I couldn't leave my apartment and was stuck with him living across from me.

He had greasy sandy blond hair, a slight comb-over, wide-rim glasses, a chubby face, and a beer gut. He had to be in his fifties, and it was pretty gross he tried to talk to a girl who wasn't even half his age. Age gap relationships didn't bother me, but I was against older men being creepy as fuck and not reading the room.

What was with men thinking they had the right to approach women when we minded our business and didn't ask for their attention?

I was out of this guy's league, and we both knew it, but he still wanted to try. Why?

“Hey,” I said with a straight face. No smiles, no waving to welcome his attention. I didn’t show any friendliness and didn’t say his name because first name basis meant we were cool. I took a step back to move further into my apartment. “See ya.”

“Whoa! Hold on there,” he drawled while he took a giant step toward me and held up a hand to stop me.

The one step he took to cross the small hallway made his dead eyes much more apparent. From the glassiness in them and how red they were, he was drunk and probably higher than a kite. I held back a grimace and curled my fingers into the door. It took all my willpower and me biting the inside of my cheek to keep me from insulting him and telling him to leave me alone.

But I lived across from him, and men didn’t handle rejection very well. I didn’t want to be on the news because this man snapped after I told him no and got beaten to death because of it. I could already hear my dad yelling at my corpse and telling me how I deserved it. How I asked for it and shouldn’t have left his home. Then telling my younger sister that if she misbehaved, she’d end up like me.

I stared at the crazy neighbor and swallowed back the insults.

Instead, I went with, “What?”

He smiled, pleased with the wrong idea that I wanted to talk to him.

“You had a package delivered earlier, and it’s a pretty big one.” He chuckled as if it was some inside joke between us. Taking another step toward me, he stopped until he was close enough for me to smell stale cigarettes on his breath. Up close, his eyes freaked me out because they looked glassy and dead. Sweat beaded his upper lip, and I didn’t miss his eyes flicking down to my pushed-up breasts.

I wore my favorite tight black top with straps and silver studs, but now I regretted I did. This time I cringed and made a

face before I quickly smoothed it out. I crossed my arms over my chest, trying to hide from him, and hated him for it.

He brought his eyes back to mine. “I have it inside my place for you to come grab it.”

I pressed my lips together in a thin line. “I’d appreciate it if you didn’t grab my packages.” I didn’t mention what he did was illegal because I had a feeling he wouldn’t like that comment. “Can you please go grab it and give it to me?”

He stared at me, not blinking, which raised the hairs on the back of my neck. Goosebumps pebbled on my skin as his blank eyes peered at my face, and finally, he blinked. I didn’t know if maybe what I said wasn’t what he thought I would say and didn’t prepare for it. He drew his eyebrows together, crinkling the bridge of his nose, and wrinkled his forehead. Something about the face he made set me on edge because of the anger flashing over his face.

Then he huffed a laugh, and all the anger disappeared.

“Well, like I said, it’s a pretty big package.” He chuckled again. It didn’t escape me with the innuendo of ‘big package,’ like he was talking about his dick size. “And when I picked it up earlier, I must’ve pulled a muscle in my back, and now it’s throbbing like a *mother*. So I can’t pick it up and bring it out.” He shook his head and placed his hand on his hip. “I’m so sorry about that. That’s why you have to go in and get it.” He flashed me a smooth smile that was so cringe coming from him. With his other hand, he rubbed the back of his neck and awkwardly laughed. He rocked on his heels and leaned further into my space. “I’m getting pretty old and not the young bull I was before. I used to pick up girls twice your size and carry them for hours.”

He used to pick up girls twice my size and carry them for hours.

Jesus, he was a serial killer.

I forced a smile and took a step back while I waved my hand. *Fuck.*

His eyes darkened and his awkward smile curved into something more sinister at my tiny wave.

“Well, I guess it can wait.” I didn’t remember ordering anything, anyway; my safety was way more important if I did. “I’ll ask someone to pick it up from your place soon. Have a night.”

Not have a *good* night, for sure. I refused to wish him a good one.

I started closing the door on his shocked face, but he shot his hand out and pressed firmly on the door. His shock twisted into annoyance, making me shiver because of how psychotic he looked. The force of his shove made me stumble back a step before I pushed back, and he stuck his foot out to hold the door open. The position sadly made him crowd my personal space. It overwhelmed me with his nasty booze, stale cigarette, and sweat scent.

“You don’t want the package?” he asked, his voice strained and no longer held kindness.

My pulse hammered in my ears while I thought of how to get him away from me. I couldn’t directly tell him to get the hell away from me because, again, men didn’t take rejection very well. While I had more confidence than I did a few short years ago, this was new. I’d never dealt with a neighbor doing his damndest to push me to do something.

I swallowed hard. “I’ll get it later.”

My voice didn’t come out strong as I wanted it to. Instead, it sounded weak and nervous. He liked the sound because his pupils dilated. The corners of his lips slowly curled into another sinister smile. He leaned in closer to me like he was going to kiss or sniff me. Either one I didn’t want and made me sick to my stomach.

I didn’t want to scramble away from him because that gave him access inside. If he was okay with pushing the door and keeping it open, then he was perfectly fine with barging into my home.

Instead, I shrank back with a small step that he followed to keep close to me. He leaned forward until his nose was right at my temple, and all I could hear was my heart racing and quick breathing.

“You can’t grab it now?” He inhaled, which sent a shiver down my spine.

“Can’t. I’ve got things to do, places to be.” I leaned away, signaling that I wanted him to back off and that I was going inside my place.

He leaned back, his dead eyes staring into my lively gray ones. “Where are you going?”

I prayed to whatever god could hear me for patience and the will to not lose my shit on him. Why the hell did I get his attention? What did I do in my past life to get the shit end of the stick of life? I get it; I wore some revealing clothes and was a single young girl living alone. Men wanted me to display on their arms. But this creeper would never get me. He could pay me a million dollars right now, and I wouldn’t take his offer. He was a fucking serial killer in the making, and if I did anything for him, I’d end up dead and in pieces in his refrigerator.

“Places. But I’ve gotta go. I’ll get back to you about the package you took.” I almost waved again but stopped while I gritted my teeth and stepped back.

He parted his mouth and flicked his eyes over my face with annoyance and confusion. He followed me with his own step forward as I took another back, which removed his foot from holding my door open.

Stupid creep! I screamed in my head while I took a giant step back. I slammed the door in his face while I yelled, “See ya!”

I locked the door in a breath and slid the deadbolt, then the chain. When I finished, I released a shaky sigh and stared at my trembling hand as I rested it on my decorated door. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply to calm my heart.

“What a fucking day,” I mumbled and shook my head.

I didn't want to let some man ruin my evening, so I opened my eyes and moved around my place to get ready for the party. It was Halloween, and the celebration would be the biggest one in this city. A lot of the big content creators, gamers, and geeky people were going tonight. Some of my friends I met online gaming were going too, and I didn't want what happened today to sour my night.

One of the many things that made me happy was my toys. Because I dreamed of this mysterious man and the dirty things he did to me, I had to invest in good dildos and vibrators. Since dreaming about him, I thought about him while I fucked myself and imagined it was him that made me come.

After running into the mysterious masked man, I was still dripping wet. Even though I had that awful interaction with my creepy neighbor, the thought of the tattooed man made my clit throb. I groaned under my breath and closed my eyes for a moment as I stopped walking into my bedroom.

I imagined the tall, bulky man touching me. How his hands felt on me and what his mouth would feel like on mine. Or even how they'd feel if he went down on me. The man from my dreams popped into my head, but I quickly shook it away.

There was no way they were the same person.

I slid my hand along my lower stomach, my fingers creeping between my legs.

Looked like I was about to put those dildos to good use before I got ready for the party.

CHAPTER 3

Bandit



One Long Island Ice Tea, three of some fruity cocktails someone made up on a whim, and two blow job shots later, I was feeling good. Okay, more than good. I was fucking wasted and having a great time. After I met up with my friends, I caught up with them. I told them what had happened earlier, minus the masked man who saved me from splattering on the road by a taxi. After a half hour of us roasting the shit out of my ex and neighbor, we moved on. We talked about the latest manga we were reading and dove into theories about the plots.

While we chatted, we went through the gigantic building. The hosts decorated it with graffitied black walls, fake spider webs, and a lot of props of mannequins dressed in dark clothes and creepy masks. A few fake bodies hung from the ceiling where, if we weren't paying attention, the feet of one would graze our shoulders. It'd scare the crap out of us. Mix in alcohol, and it was the funniest thing in the world to hear someone yell and watch them jump from the fake props. We had a good laugh at each other every time it happened.

At some point, we stopped getting drinks and danced to the booming music that vibrated through me. My body tingled and warmed from the alcohol, and I smiled that some guys here thought it was an invitation for their attention. It didn't help that my group was E-girls dressed in slutty costumes grinding against each other. But with one nasty look I gave a guy who approached, he backed off with his hands held up with his palms facing out.

I danced with my friends and sang along with some of the songs I knew. They joined in with me a few times, and we drunkenly sang to Post Malone's song "Wow."

The witching hour happened in thirty minutes, and that was when the haunted house began. I only knew this because my friends talked about it earlier. That and somebody nearby yelled to their friend over the music that it was happening soon. I didn't know what to expect from the haunted house, but it excited me because I had always enjoyed going to them every Halloween since I was sixteen. Even though I'd gotten violent with the scare actors and had a troubled past, I still went to them because of the adrenaline.

The song we sang to ended and bled into the next song that was more techno. I danced along to it with my eyes closed, and a drunken grin spread across my face when I felt eyes on me. My body relaxed further, and my core clenched around nothing. I suddenly felt empty. My heart raced, and I wanted nothing more than to feel *his* fingers drag over my soft skin. Just like all of my dreams when he teased me with his touches.

The familiar feeling it gave me reminded me of the man in my dreams and how his gaze burned as he watched me from the side while another faceless man fucked me. He always enjoyed watching me while he stroked his fat cock as another man had sex with me, and often he instructed him on what to do to me.

Feeling the same pair of eyes on me had to be in my mind. It had to be the alcohol. That was all.

A hand grabbed my arm, and I slid open my eyes. Andi—my friend from our group—grinned at me before she reached out for Katie to get her attention too.

“Bathroom break?” Andi glanced over her shoulder in the bathroom's direction. Her long bright blue wig sparkled in the streaming lights. It came down to her hips and made her slutty bunny outfit stand out. It was such a damn cute cosplay she put together for an anime that wasn't well-known.

Katie hummed as she looked between us and the hallway that led to the bathrooms. She sighed and nodded while she rubbed her thighs together like she had to pee badly.

“We'll need to make it fast since the host is known for starting things early. I sure as heck don't want to wind up in a

dark bathroom, but ...” She shot us a cheesy drunken smile. “I’m about to piss myself.”

I snorted a laugh as I stumbled toward her and pulled her in for a loose hug. “That’s where our phone’s light comes in, silly.”

She giggled and wrapped one of her arms around my side as we weaved through the thick crowd in the gigantic room. Strobe lights started along with the music that caused the song’s bass to vibrate through me. It was strange how the lights made it tenser and even made my heart beat harder.

Andi came to my other side and slung an arm over my shoulder as we stumbled to the bathroom. The music faded by a smidge as we walked through the long, dark hallway. Black light LED strips lined at the crease of the ceiling and wall helped us see where we were stepping.

“You think Brennon is here? I haven’t seen him,” Katie said shyly. She had a thing for him because of how he cosplayed a character from My Hero Academia.

A man passing by drew my attention from the conversation about Brennon.

The man from earlier.

Same mask, and different clothes, but all the same tattoos. His black leather jacket had to be custom fit. The upside-down cross earrings flashed from reflecting in the light as they swung below the edge of his beanie.

It couldn’t be him. Couldn’t be ...

He felt my stare and turned his dark eyes to me as he kept his face forward. Meeting my eyes again, he gave the same impression as before that he smirked at me. My cheeks warmed as his gaze possessively moved up and down my body as he turned his head just a little, leaving a trail of tingles everywhere he looked.

Heat pooled low in my belly, and tingles spread through my body. It was more tingly between my legs and made me close to pushing away from my friends and throwing myself at

him. I could smell cinnamon and didn't have to be pressed against him to take in his scent.

"Bandit," Katie giggled.

I blinked and jerked my gaze to her. She grinned at me, knowing she caught me checking the guy out. I shot her a drunken smile and shouldered her with a laugh.

"What did I miss?" I asked but didn't care too much. I was still hot, turned on, and debating whether I should go after him.

She tugged me closer to her and giggled. Sweat mixed with cotton candy filled my nostrils, chasing away the cinnamon.

"You should get his number," she said, bumping her hip against mine in a playful tease. At my glare that didn't hold any mirth, she laughed. "He's totally your type."

I rolled my eyes. His looks, yes. He was my type. Everything about him drew me to him, but I didn't know anything about him. How did I know his personality was my type when I hadn't talked to the man?

... But I could still bang him. I didn't want a relationship, anyway.

I scoffed as we walked into the large bathroom and locked it behind us. "You don't know anything about him other than how he looks. He could have a shit personality."

I imagined him being cringe or an awful person and laughed. I didn't know why I thought it was funny, but I still had a good laugh thinking about this hot guy being cringe in his text messages.

The others joined in, not knowing or caring why we were laughing.

Katie went to the toilet, shimmied down her string she called underwear and sat on the seat to do her business. I leaned against the wall and crossed my arms over my chest while Andi checked her makeup in the mirror.

“You don’t have to date him,” Andi said as she wiped under her eye to get rid of a black smear. She glanced at me in the mirror and smiled slyly. “You did mention earlier that you ended things with that guy today. It’s time you get thoroughly fucked to erase the asshole’s mark.”

I cackled. “What mark? The man didn’t have enough length to reach anywhere that would leave behind an impression.”

Shaking her head, she looked back at herself in the mirror and ran a fingertip over her upper lip to fix her lipstick.

“Babe, he left his mark by doing exactly that. You need to go up to that alt guy and see if things progress.” Her face lit up, and she whipped around while she snapped her fingers. “Oh! You can sneak off with him during the haunt to get some dick. Of course, we’ll be close by to make sure you’re okay. But do it!”

I rolled my eyes with a snort. I didn’t chase men. So I definitely wasn’t going up to him.

The toilet flushed, and I turned my head, catching Katie fixing her costume. She walked to the sink next to Andi and watched her hands. Andi pushed away from the sink and moved toward the toilet.

I leaned my head back, enjoying my drunk buzz, and didn’t mind being last. All I could think about was the tattooed man and how I could still feel his hands on me from earlier.

What the hell was up with me and my weird obsession with him?

“Well?” Andi asked.

Cracking open my eyes, I raised an eyebrow. “Hmm?”

She stared at me from her spot on the toilet. “Are you going to find him and get some?”

Why did it matter to her so much?

“Pfft.” I waved my hand and shook my head. “No way—”

The light went out, and darkness filled the bathroom. It became quiet for a moment before creepy music played. One of my friends gasped, and the other whimpered.

“I freaking knew it!” Katie screeched. “I knew they’d start early!”

“Goddamn it,” Andi muttered, followed by the toilet flushing.

No emergency lights came on. I fumbled with myself to grab my phone to use the light. People somewhere close by screamed, mixed with manic laughing. Creepy music began playing, and all I could do was giggle stupidly because I couldn’t find my phone that I had shoved into my top.

A small light lit up a corner of the bathroom. I glanced over and noticed Andi pulled out her phone and turned on her flashlight feature.

She grinned at me. “Ready to go out?”

Gut-wrenching screams came closer to the bathroom, making me jolt and turn to the door. I squinted my eyes in the faint light and frowned.

“That sounded real,” I mumbled.

Katie snorted. “Of course it is. They’re getting scared. The haunted house is always so creepy every year.”

I shook my head, not saying anything. I wanted to believe her, but my gut told me otherwise.

“I’m just drunk. That’s all,” I whispered to myself.

“We better get out there before someone finds us here. The hosts are pretty good at memorizing faces and keeping track of when people escape,” Katie said with a little too much excitement. “I wonder what this year’s theme is.”

Andi hooked her arm with mine, and we stumbled out of the bathroom. The alcohol was hitting me harder, which made my stomach churn.

“God, I shouldn’t have drank so much,” I slurred.

The three of us jumped and shrieked as someone stepped out of the shadows in the hallway. He painted his face like a corpse, which was a bit too realistic. He bared his teeth and cocked his head before circling us and trailing behind as we scrambled to escape from him.

The hallway was pitch dark, and Andy's flashlight only went so far. It creeped me out how it tunneled so that more scare actors could pop out at any time.

I was known to get physical during a haunted house. It was embarrassing because I knew it went against the rules to touch the scare actors. But because of my childhood and the trauma it gave me, my first reaction to threats was to throw hands. It was only by some miracle that I hadn't been sued or banned from returning to haunted houses the following years.

The creepy zombie scare actor that followed behind us disappeared at some point as we entered another large room. Another small group of women and one nerdy-looking guy joined us. I held back a laugh when he screamed as someone in a different area shrieked.

Red lights flashed, reminding me of a scary movie. Or, you know, a haunted house that used strobe lights to throw people off. Mix the strobe light with alcohol and that created an off-balance feeling where I felt like I was walking sideways.

Something caught my eye. I turned my head and saw a tall, dark figure blended into the shadows. The flashing red light illuminated him with each flash. He wore a skull mask and dark clothes. In his hand, he held the largest machete I'd ever seen.

Now I knew the theme for tonight.

Masked killers.

I shivered and stepped closer to my group. Nothing about this felt right, and alarms went off in my head because of how the masked actor seemed like he was staring right at me. I tried to be inconspicuous by signaling to my friends we should hurry and get away before he came up to us.

From what I knew about the haunted house game, we had to get out “alive.” If we were taken by one of the actors, we’d be stuck with them for hours in a room until the haunt was done. I didn’t know what else they’d do in the room, but I was sure it was something like hazing that college kids did for their new recruits.

“Guyssss,” I called, slurring my words and biting back a smile.

I turned to my friends, but movement caught my eye. Turning back to the tall masked man, I watched as he slowly crossed the space to us. With each flash of the light, he got closer and closer. He cocked his head, reminding me too much of the sexy masked man earlier today. It was the cockiest thing ever, and I giggled. He really played well into his character.

“Ohmygod!” Katie screeched when she spotted him.

Andi tugged me along with her, laughing while Katie yelled while she dragged Andi along with her. The other group screamed and had the same idea to escape the scare actor who didn’t pay any attention to them.

I laughed loud this time—the alcohol gave me more chill than what I really felt. My instinct still screamed at me that something was off.

We jerked and shuffled through the labyrinth of the building they set up. I tripped over something, stumbled, and righted myself before I ate it. How I could do that was beyond me.

Something brushed along my shoulder, making me scream and jump. I twisted away from it and whacked my hands at whatever touched me. My heart pounded as I fought against whatever touched my shoulder.

“Bandit!” Katie screeched, sounding further away than she should have been.

Andi disappeared from my side, her phone’s light long gone. I turned in my spot, searching for my friends who had just up and abandoned me.

“Guys?” I called, turning in my spot again as I looked for them.

I turned in my spot again and glanced at the spray-painted cement wall. Red and black symbols littered along the surface. Some of them reminded me of something from a demonic, scary movie. Regular lights flashed, and screams came from further away like everyone else had been separated.

The sounds of the shrieks became more muffled. I swallowed around the thickness in my throat that I always associated with being drunk as a skunk. Maybe I was more intoxicated than I initially thought.

The hairs on the back of my neck raised when loud music began playing, which went along with the haunt’s theme. Slasher music played, and fog machines blew out tendrils of the puffy fake smoke. Somehow, I heard a chainsaw and screams over all the thundering music.

Nope. Fuck that.

CHAPTER 4

Bandit



I stumbled my way down the hallway, looking for a way out. The sounds of the chainsaw muffled as I turned the corner. I peered around the dark room with only a strobe light that gave me just enough leeway to see where the hell I was going.

I didn't know where my friends had gone. Who had grabbed them and pulled us apart, but I didn't like the feeling that there was something more about why they were.

The scare actors must've dragged them away and locked them in a room until the end of the night. I didn't like that for them, but it had to be a part of this haunted house.

But how the hell did I get away from being taken with them?

"Kitty," a deep voice drawled.

I stopped dead in my tracks and sucked in a sharp breath. Every hair on my arms and on the back of my neck raised. I stared wide-eyed at nothing in particular, and my heart rate picked up.

That voice ... the nickname.

Closing my eyes, I tried to calm myself before I turned around. I didn't know what I expected. Maybe for him to be standing there, staring at me with his stupid beady eyes, still needing his hair cut and shaving his neckbeard. Instead, I stood alone and somehow hallucinated his voice.

Unless he was playing some game.

I glanced around, searching for my ex-boyfriend but still found no one around.

How the hell did I hear him over the music in the first place?

Something moved in my peripheral. I turned my head and watched as a man walked around the corner and into the same room as me. He wore a bloody clown mask and held a large hatchet.

My heart stuttered over a few beats and my breath caught in my throat. There was no reason to be terrified, but something in my head screamed. Call it intuition or whatever. I didn't ignore it and turned in my spot to retreat.

"Fuck this, fuck this, fuck this," I whispered under my breath and stumbled. "I shouldn't have had that last shot."

"I'm coming for you," he called, meaning to sound scary but just sounding silly.

I turned the corner and picked up to a light jog. The music muffled more until it was nothing but a steady bass. I came into a closed-off room I hadn't seen earlier with markings on the walls that glowed. Glancing up at the crease of the wall and ceiling, I didn't see any black light that would illuminate the symbols.

A hand grabbed my arm, causing me to jump and scream. The person yanked me into them and turned me in their hold. I jerked in their grasp while I tilted my head, finding myself face to face with my fatphobic douche ex.

"How the hell did you get here?" I struggled in his hold as he scowled at me with his face painted like a skull.

Justin's hold on me tightened, and his fingers dug into the muscles of my arms, most likely leaving bruises.

"If you weren't so busy being a little slut on camera, you would've heard me tell you that I was coming to the party."

I bunched my eyebrows together as I tried to reflect on the last two weeks with him. But my mind was numb with the booze, and all my focus was on him.

How did I know if he really had planned on coming? For all I knew, he probably lied through his teeth and had been

following me all day since our break up.

Shaking my head, I scoffed.

“It’s so funny how you keep calling me a slut when you were okay with it while dating me.”

What kind of comeback was that? My brain and mouth weren’t on the same wavelength, and it showed.

Justin chuckled, low and full of some dark shit. The sound sent chills down my spine, and every warning in my head went off. Something wasn’t right.

“That’s all you got? Nothing about my height, dick size, or looks this time?” He shook his head and slammed my back against the wall. I grunted from the impact and ground my teeth.

A symbol sat right by my shoulder, its glow hazed in my peripheral. It distracted me for a moment, reminding me of the tattoos of the masked man from earlier today. But my attention shifted back to Justin as he pressed his front against me, and his hands slid down my sides to my waist.

“What are you doing?” I shoved at his chest until he caught my hands with his and pinned them above my head with a cringy growl. He bared his teeth, and his eyes darkened as he stared at me. It reminded me all too much of a bottomless pit. No spark of life behind them. I kicked at him while I made sounds of protest but stopped short when he pinned my lower half with his.

“I’m going to teach you a lesson of manners, bitch,” he ground out and pressed his erection against my lower stomach.

I frowned and opened my mouth but couldn’t form any words. He looked to the side, and I followed his gaze, spotting three large men with masks and bare-chested. They strolled toward us—one reached for his pants and undid the button while he cocked his head to the side.

My heart slammed against my chest, and my breathing picked up.

“What, are you friends with the scare actors or something?” I asked, and the question came out softer than I wanted. My mouth dried until breathing became unbearable because it felt like sandpaper.

It was obvious they were friends with Justin. But asking questions could possibly lend me time to distract them so I could figure out how to escape.

Justin turned his gaze back to me and smirked.

“I have friends in a lot of places,” he said, tightening his grip on my wrists. He shifted enough to let the three men have space to crowd me. They ran their hands over me, roughly squeezing my breasts, ass, and one stroked his fingers on my pussy outside my underwear. “And they’ll join me in teaching you a lesson.”

I gasped and twisted in their hold while I kicked at them. “Stop it!”

One of the men laughed. “No.”

Justin chuckled and leaned in, aiming to kiss me, but I turned away from his lips. He went with kissing along my jaw, licking and biting down hard on me as he lifted me. Someone grabbed my thigh while hands grasped my thong and ripped it. I didn’t know who, but someone slipped their finger along my pussy folds and stuck it inside me.

I yelped at the invasion, the sensation painful because of how dry I was. They didn’t care. I was positive they never gave a shit about any woman being ready for them because they chuckled and kept toying with me like I was some doll for them to use.

“She likes that,” someone said huskily, pleased with the false belief that my sounds were in any way from pleasure.

The guy covered in fake blood and wearing a scarecrow mask, ripped at my costume to bring it higher to my waist. It left me bare on the bottom and easy access for Justin as he pulled out his small dick. He stroked himself a few times before he pressed the head of it at my entrance.

“Get the fuck off!” I screamed, which ended with a whimper when one of the men shot his hand out and squeezed my throat. I struggled to breathe as he tightened his grip on my neck. His quick movement slammed my head against the wall, making me see stars from the impact.

Justin grunted as he shoved himself into me and did exactly what he said he’d do to me. He made it hurt to teach me a lesson I didn’t deserve. He knew what he did, and through some unspoken word, I heard his message that he’d make me feel him this time.

Tears slipped from the corners of my eyes, and I squeezed them shut. I refused to look at him or the others while they raped me.

They touched me everywhere while they degraded me with their words and hands squeezing my breasts in bruising grips. I whimpered and receded back into my mind, not wanting to be present. The sounds of Justin’s grunts and his friends’ sneering words faded. Sadly, my dad’s face popped into my head, and I could hear him telling me how this was all my fault. That if I hadn’t left his home, then I wouldn’t get used like the little whore I was.

I bit my tongue to hold back from making any more sounds.

Someone slapped me with such brutal force that my ears rang.

“Open your fucking eyes, bitch.”

I squeezed my eyes shut tighter, not wanting to give them that satisfaction. Copper filled my mouth from the blood as I kept biting my tongue to avoid making sounds. They must’ve seen some blood trickle out of my mouth because they laughed. The hand around my neck tightened again until I couldn’t breathe again. They got what they wanted because I gasped and cracked open my eyes. I struggled against them, hoping to knock them off me.

They laughed.

The one who wore an evil clown mask got in my face and chuckled.

“I hope you like a four-way, because when he’s done with you, I’m next. But I’ll be taking your ass while he” Jerking his head to the one with the scarecrow mask, he dragged his fingers over my cheek where tears tracked in their descent. “Takes your pussy. And my other friend here will be fucking your mouth.” He laughed at whatever face I made.

They all chuckled, and Justin groaned as he grew closer to his orgasm. His movements became jerkier, and I prayed to whatever god was listening that I didn’t end up pregnant.

Movement caught my eye behind the two men crowding me on one side. A massive masked man dressed in black moved out of the shadows like he had been a part of it and raised a metal bar. It connected to one of the guys with a loud crack.

“The fuck!” Justin yelled, drawing away from me, and struggled to put his dick away. I dropped to the ground, trembling and breathing hard. All the while, the newcomer knocked his friends down one by one.

The laughs stopped as one of the guys dropped to the ground with a loud thump. My stomach dropped as I watched the new man swing at another of the guys, the metal bar meeting the scarecrow man’s face.

I stayed on the ground, unable to use my legs as I trembled from the fear and adrenaline. With what strength I had, I used to scramble back against the wall and squeezed my legs together. All I could do was watch in horror as the masked man from three years ago kill my attackers. He moved with precision and fluidity as he beat the shit out of the guys with his metal bat.

My stomach rolled as the bulky man swung over and over on the already dead friend of my ex. I couldn’t help but stare at my savior’s shoulders as he bent each time as he hammered down on the dead body. The way his black jacket and shirt raised, showing me slips of his tattooed bronzed skin on his lower back as he hit the dead man repeatedly.

Something stirred in me. I should be ashamed that my body warmed and melted as I watched him. That tingling spread through me, and my core clenched.

“You’re not right in the head, and you know it, girl.” The memory of one of Dad’s insults passed through my head, causing my stomach to roll and my eyes to flutter in shame.

I winced and blinked, bringing myself out of my head.

I watched as the bulky tattooed man turn, bringing my attention to Justin, who I hadn’t noticed until now. At some point, he’d been pinned to the graffitied wall with knives in his shoulders. The mysterious man turned to my ex and twisted the bat in his hand as he rolled his wrist. Justin sobbed and wiggled once before he stopped with another pain-filled cry.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, man?” Justin screamed, sounding like a bitch. “Why are you doing this?”

He cocked his head to the side and threw the metal bat to the side. It tinged on the floor as it rolled away—the sound of it raised the hairs on my arms. It reminded me too much of the villains in anime shows where they were about to fuck someone up. Granted, I knew he was about to fuck up Justin but watching it happen made more adrenaline pump through me.

He was going to kill Justin. No question about it.

“Is the pain too much?” he asked, his voice low and raspy. Hearing it reminded me of someone, but I couldn’t put my finger on it. Either way, my body responded with tingles, and my core clenched. He stepped up to my ex-boyfriend, blocking a lot of my view of him. “Where everything before is wiped away from your memory? Did you already forget?”

“Wh-what the hell are you talking about?” Justin screamed as my tall, tattooed savior grabbed the grip of the blade in Justin’s shoulder and twisted it.

“Did you forget about touching her? Making her scream from your pathetic excuse of a cock invading her unprimed pussy?”

Justin howled as the man yanked out the blade from his shoulder. The unpinned part of his upper body sagged to one side.

“L-let me go. I’ll pay you!”

I swallowed hard and leaned forward. My face flushed as my clit pounded with my pulse, sending zaps of pleasure through me as I shifted my hips.

What’s wrong with me? Why am I enjoying this?

“You’re nothing but a fucked up girl who enjoys watching cartoon porn about monsters fucking females,” Dad shouted in a memory. That time he caught me red-handed masturbating to hentai.

“Your money means nothing to me.”

The large man shifted, giving me room to watch as he grabbed Justin’s cock, which was still out. With a rough yank, he pulled out the knife from Justin’s shoulder. In one swipe of the blade in his tattooed fist, he cut off Justin’s dick. My ex howled and screamed, piercing my ears. I covered them, muffling his high-pitched sobs, and couldn’t look away as the stranger turned.

Meeting eyes with me, he slowly walked to me.

His eyes were darker than midnight as he watched me while he approached and knelt in front of me with one knee bent. Holding out Justin’s cut-off appendage, he rested his other arm while gripping the knife on his bent knee.

My stomach fluttered, and I did everything I could to ignore the fact that this man holding my ex-boyfriend’s severed dick gave me butterflies.

Dad was right. I was a messed up girl.

No sane woman would get turned on by being gifted her ex’s cut-off dick. She especially wouldn’t get turned on watching the man she saw three years ago show up and kill the men who attacked her.

“I’m fucked up,” I whispered under my breath, the words shaky. Justin, still screaming, covered my soft admission—I

hoped.

The masked man leaned his head to the side. He still wore the leather studded black mask and black beanie from all those years ago. His dangling upside-down cross earring danced with his movement. I couldn't look away from his lust-filled eyes that demanded I take his offering. Desire and violence swirled in his near-black irises. They held promises that I didn't know if I wanted.

I didn't know if it was right for me to accept his gift. I didn't know if I'd be okay with the actions afterward of receiving his offer. Because then, what did that mean? What did it lead to?

I held my breath as we stared at each other. I screamed in my head for him to get up and walk away. For my body to stop responding to his close proximity with heat flaring through me and my clit throbbing. Images went through my mind of him grabbing me behind the neck and kissing me after he pulled off his mask. I wanted him to take me roughly, to remove the memory of Justin violating me.

I didn't understand where this sexual urge was coming from after I had been raped. I didn't think I'd want anyone touching me. That I wouldn't want another man near me. But I trembled, my pussy wet and my mind screaming that I wanted him covering me with his body. And that I wanted him pounding into me like a fucking animal.

He moved, throwing Justin's small, bloody dick to the side before he got to his feet. He towered over me, his head bent down and his dark gaze still on me. I parted my lips, and my breathing quickened from our position. I was a proud woman. I had men fawning over me, crawling to me, and doing whatever I demanded. But right now, I wanted nothing more than to crawl to his legs and pull his dick out to taste him.

"You're a disgusting little whore who deserves everything bad coming your way," Dad snarled at me from another memory. He had found my pink dildo after going through my bedroom without me knowing.

I fluttered my eyes, trying to snap out of the bad memory. The bad thoughts.

Justin stopped screaming at some point. The silence of it was loud. I released a shaky breath and glanced past the tattooed stranger who still uncannily watched me. Justin had slumped forward, his arm that didn't have a knife in it, dangled in front of him.

I swallowed hard to wet my suddenly dry mouth and throat.

I could get up now and run. There's no reason for me to stick around.

Turning my gaze to the large man who towered over me, I sucked in a breath. His eyes flared with dark desire, a challenge in them for me to get up and run. Somehow, he knew what I thought, and I blamed my poker face for not being the best.

He had long legs that would eat up the distance between us in a second if I were to bolt. I didn't know why he'd want to chase me. But again, this man showed up out of nowhere three years later. So I was sure there was something about me that he latched onto.

The memory of his possessive gaze as he watched me leave the Halloween party popped into my head.

Had he been stalking me?

Hormones be damned, I wanted to run. This psycho had been following me. There was no other reason why he showed up out of nowhere. Running into him earlier today was no coincidence.

I shifted, moving to stand but stopped when he raised an eyebrow. It screamed, choose wisely. A clear warning for me to not run.

When I didn't move, he turned away with his eyes hooded like it pleased him with my decision. I watched his back as he walked to Justin and covered his face with his massive tattooed hand. They were huge. If he could cover my ex's face, he could easily cover with mine.

A memory of one of my dreams flashed through my head. One where a large man his size gripped my waist while stroking his fat cock between my pussy lips. His fingers splayed out and reached to the crest of my ass, singing my skin with his touch. I wasn't small, but the man in my dreams made me feel it. I imagined it being this masked man but quickly ended that thought, not wanting to go down that road.

"I've got plans for you after you die," he said, curling his fingers more around Justin's face.

I parted my lips, leaning forward a little more as I watched. While one part of me wanted to run, the other wanted to stick around and find out what he meant.

"You like sticking your dick where it doesn't belong?" I shuddered at the memory of Justin raping me. "I've got hounds who've been in a rut and need something to breed. They aren't biased about what they'll fuck, and you won yourself the spot of being their bitch."

What. The. Fuck.

I shrank back, my eyes wide as they bounced between the two men. I saw more of the masked man's back than Justin, but I still got a view of his death. I heard the crack of Justin's neck when he snapped it with an easy jerk of his large tattooed hands.

That was all I needed to see to snap me out of my stupor.

I scrambled to my feet and bolted out of the room. The thick air filled with static and full of something awful directed my way. If anything, it was sinister, and I knew he let me get a head start before he chased me. The glowing symbols disappeared when I turned into a different hall, and the once-muffled music boomed until it rattled my eardrums.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood, and tingles spread through my entire backside as the air shifted. Primitive grunts and heavy breaths came from behind, signaling that the masked man was eating up the distance between us.

My heart pounded, and my breathing increased as I forced my wobbly legs to work as I ran for my life.

People screaming brought me into the dark room with them. Strobe lights went off, lighting the way for me every few seconds.

If I got to the group, then I'd be safe. It was always safer in large numbers.

I widened my eyes and made a noise of relief when I spotted the long blue wig that Andi wore.

It was safe. I was safe now that I was back with my friends.

Smiling, I stumbled toward them as I still ran. Relief washed through me, making my head light and my stomach churn. But it didn't last long.

A large body slammed into my back, knocking me down to the ground on my stomach. I struggled against him, cussing and bucking to get him off my back.

He growled low, and the deep sound vibrated through his chest and into my back. He pressed his masked face to my ear as he fisted my wig, which was pretty tight on my wig cap.

"You don't know what you just did, Princess. But you'll find out."

"What are—"

Something hard knocked onto my temple. My ears rang, and darkness slipped into my vision until there was nothing.

CHAPTER 5

Merihem



I wanted to hurt her.

Over the years, while I watched her with other men, jealousy became one of the primary emotions I felt. I had bided away my time, waiting for the right moment to claim her. I lost it when I walked in on her getting touched by a group of men she clearly didn't want. The years of patience, teasing, and toying with her went out the window. Violence had taken over my mind, and I saw nothing but red while I killed every single one of those motherfuckers.

Now that I had her and taking her home, I wanted to bury my teeth in her neck. I needed to fuck away the memory of every single dick that invaded her cunt. I craved to cover her with my cum and mark her as mine.

The human male I found fucking her had what was coming to him in Hell. His damned soul was directed to my home, slipping away from the kingdom's guards. There in my house, he waited for my arrival. Then I'd show him what real pain was.

And this time, with my return to Hell, she was coming with me.

During the years I watched the woman who became my obsession, I indulged in her dreams that were enough to scratch the itch. But the drag of my fingers along her skin and stroking my cock while watching someone else take her in the dreams wasn't enough. It didn't feel real because it wasn't. But her reactions were, and that got me by.

When she saw me in the street, her face showed me she didn't remember me from her dreams. I never revealed my

face, but I thought she'd remember my tattoos. And the sick part of me liked that. That I could use this to toy with her further.

There were reasons why I couldn't go to her in physical form since first seeing her at the party. Why I couldn't bring her back to my home and for her to be eternally mine. With me getting closer to my end goal in Hell, I wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth now that the object of my obsession was in my arms.

Since watching her for years and visiting her dreams, I learned a lot about the little vixen. I didn't think she realized just how dark she was. What her true desires were and how twisted they were.

She was my equal.

She liked humiliating men? I loved doing it too.

She liked sassing? I loved insulting.

She liked putting on a show for others to see? I loved it too. In fact, got off on it. I wouldn't ever stop putting on those shows, even with her. I wanted people to see me with her. For them to watch me pounding into her cunt and to listen to her beg me for more.

I tightened my grip on the inside of her thigh right by my head. Her upper half hung behind me with her legs down my front.

She was soft, and the extra weight on her made it easy for me to hold on to her. It took everything in me to not slip my hand under the short skirt of her costume and grab a handful of her juicy ass.

I looked forward to when I took her from behind while I held onto her love handles. I'd watch her ass cheeks clap as I fucked her. Bigger women were always my flavor. Because that meant they could take more of a pounding. Every bounce of their large breasts and jiggle of their stomach riled me further while pinning them down with my hand as their necklace. Bandit was made for fucking. She was made to take me and my brutality in the bedroom.

My strides were quick as I carried her through the decorated home to the portal that waited for me. The haunted house's theme was nothing but a children's theme that would make the scariest demon laugh if they were to show up here. This didn't compare to the truly terrifying things in Hell. Especially in the Kingdom of Violence.

I shuddered in pleasure at the thought of violence and the forms of torture I used in Hell. The screams of the damned souls as I punished them how I saw fit relaxed me. If anything, it made my cock hard as I inflicted pain.

Bandit's breasts brushing against my shoulder brought me out of my thoughts, making my dick harden. I dug my fingers into the soft flesh of her thigh, most likely leaving behind my own set of bruises on her.

I needed to bury myself in her.

I wanted to touch her. Taste her. Listen to her cries. Feel her bucking against me as I tongue-fucked her sweet pussy.

But most of all, I needed to get her back to my home and mark her as mine.

The portal was still open, and the symbols glowing in the dark room were bright. The dead bodies of the men I killed still lay on the ground in a bloody heap.

No one will find them.

This room was not a part of the house. It was the gateway to Hell. It was a matter of time before something else answered the call the dumb fucks here made when they marked the walls with the runes.

Walking through the portal, there was a subtle shift around me before I came to the other end outside my house. The sky was a dusky red with the sun setting. In the distance, there were shouts and cheers from this evening's fights at the arena. Screams and death groans from the damned souls were muffled by everything else.

I walked inside my home, heading straight to my spare bedroom. The corner of my lip twitched as Bandit's piece of shit ex screamed from his cell below us.

Entering the bedroom, I crossed the room and dropped my unconscious woman on the bed. Her breasts bounced as she landed on her back, and the green wig she wore splayed around her like a halo. She looked like a forest nymph. The costume she dressed in was from a show she enjoyed, but she made it into something slutty.

I liked that. A lot.

I looked her over hungrily as I drank up every inch of her. I didn't leave anything unnoticed. Her breasts nearly spilled out of her top, and the tiny shirt raised to reveal her rounded stomach. I gazed at her thick thighs covered in tattoos and squeezed into fishnet stockings.

Already bruises littered her soft skin, not only just from me but from the others. Blood smeared at her temple, where I punched her. Her makeup was more smudged than usual, with her mascara and eyeliner running.

I wanted those dark smudged eyes tearing up as she stared up at me with my dick in her throat. I longed to make her cry while I brought her pleasure and pain. The sick and fucked up part of me desired to watch her bleed while I fucked her.

I shuddered and ran the heel of my palm along my erection outside my pants.

I ached for her.

The memory of her looking at me with lust as I stood over her back at the party unraveled me. I stepped closer to the bed, undoing my pants and pulling out my throbbing cock. Swiping my palm on Bandit's bloody temple, I used it for lube as I slowly stroked my shaft while I stared down at her, imagining her awake and watching me.

My breaths grew harsher, and heat spread through me. But it wasn't enough. I needed more.

Pulling my mask down, I leaned into her, pressed my face into her hair, and took a deep breath. She smelled like cotton candy and sex. I shuddered and groaned, my fist tightening on my erection as I went faster. While I visited her dreams, I could never smell her because it was a false reality. But now I

wanted to breathe her musky, sweet scent into my lungs for the rest of my life.

Leaning back, I watched her face as I brushed my fingertips down her neck to her chest. I didn't stay too long as I touched her because I had a destination I wanted to very much touch. Her heartbeat was normal, but I smelled her arousal as I trailed my fingers down to her stomach. I tasted it in the air.

“Dirty girl. You know my touch,” I groaned, taking my time as I jacked off.

My breathing quickened as I cupped her pussy. Her heat warmed my palm, and I knew she was wet without touching her folds. My cock jerked in my hand, and I groaned.

I grew closer to my orgasm and let go of my dick, denying myself the release. Shuddering from the opportunity of quick relief, I curled my fingers along her soaked slit. I rubbed the pads of my fingers outside her entrance, then circled her swollen clit.

I watched her face as I dipped two fingers inside her and smirked as her lips parted with a sigh. Carefully, I opened her legs wide enough to work with as I pumped my fingers inside her. I rolled my thumb on her bundle of nerves, making a soft moan slip from her. Her thighs quivered, and her chest rose and fell quicker. Even while unconscious, she moved her hips for more friction. I watched as her face flushed with pleasure. It didn't take long before she came, a soft, strangled noise escaping her.

She soaked my hand with her cum; it took everything in me to not spill my seed right there. I groaned, withdrew my fingers from her, and brought them to my mouth to taste her.

I slid my eyes shut and moaned. “Fuck, Princess, you taste like a dream.”

Cracking open my eyes, I fisted my cock again with the hand she had soaked and worked myself back up to the crest of my orgasm. The piercings on the underside of my shaft ribbed against my palm, adding more pleasure. My balls grew

tighter, and pressure built inside of me. I edged myself until it became unbearable.

Shifting closer to her, I opened my fist and spit on my dick for more lube. I stroked myself quicker, my eyes hooded, and I groaned as I came. Ropes of my cum spurted out, landing on her face. I slowed my hand, twisting at the tip of my cock with each stroke as I strung every drop of my seed onto her.

Her eyebrows wrinkled, and her lips parted as if she could feel every drip of my load. I groaned under my breath when the tip of her tongue peeked out like she wanted to taste me.

“Take it all cum slut. Taste me,” I ordered huskily.

I let go of my throbbing cock and breathed harder than normal. Leaning one hand on the headboard, I used the other to dip my finger into some of my cum on her cheek and brought it to her mouth. I made her taste me, pleased at her soft sound as she rolled her tongue on the pad of my digit.

She was waking up.

Good. I wanted her beautiful gray eyes on me and watched her reaction as she realized I covered her with my release.

My softening dick jerked, lust surged through me, and the primal need to keep marking her started to take over my mind again. I stepped back and tucked myself back into my pants. Straightening my face mask, I gazed at her for a heartbeat before putting restraints around her wrists and ankles to keep her pinned to the bed. Once done, I turned and strode to the door to leave.

While I desired to do everything imaginable to her, I wanted her awake for it. I wasn't a good man. I had a twisted mind and enjoyed violent things. She might've been violated by those pieces of shit, but she would enjoy everything I did to her. She had the same type of darkness I did.

I would know because I saw it over the years of stalking her.

Until she came to, I left the bedroom to pay a little visit to her ex-boyfriend, who waited for me in his cell.

CHAPTER 6

Bandit



It was dark when I woke up.

My head pounded like someone beat me with a hammer. My mouth tasted like copper and sleep. Which wasn't a great combination.

I bunched my eyebrows together as I swallowed to get rid of the taste on my tongue. It didn't help because of how dry my mouth was.

What the hell happened?

Dad's face popped into my mind's eye. Him scowling at me with his scrawny arms crossed over his chest as he stood beside the bed I lay on. The memory brought old feelings to the surface of the dread, hopelessness, and an inkling of rage I had held back for so long.

I cracked open my eyes and blinked away the blur of sleep. Because it was dark and I suffered from a pounding head, I squinted as I peered around the room. It didn't look like mine because the familiar red glow of my LED strip light wasn't on. And obviously, the setup of the bedroom was different. I didn't have a clean-looking bedroom like the one I was in. The walls were dark gray, and the door was across from me. Not on the side like in my home.

Moving to sit up, I stopped as something tugged my wrists. I turned my head, staring wide-eyed, and my lips parted at the metal cuffs that locked me to the bed.

"What the fuck?" I whispered when I really wanted to yell. But my self-preservation side didn't want to make loud noises and bring attention to me.

A breeze blew in from an opened window from the other side I hadn't checked out yet. I turned my gaze to it, noticing the light fabric that covered it danced in the wind. Something on my face cooled from the brush of the wind.

Was I bleeding?

My skull felt like it was about to crack in half, so I wouldn't be surprised if I had blood on my face.

I licked the corner of my lip to see if it tasted like copper.

I widened my eyes when I discovered that familiar taste that didn't correlate to blood.

No. No fucking way is it ...

“How do I taste, Princess?”

I tensed and whipped my head to the other side of me to find a bulky man sitting on an oversized chair in the shadowed corner. He blended so easily into the darkness that I missed him when I looked around. How could I have missed the giant chair with something akin to wings on the back, though?

He sat on a chair, leaning on his elbow, his hand cupping his cheek. He stretched out his long legs and crossed at the ankles. He tapped one of his large fingers against his cheekbone as he watched me. I couldn't see much of his face, but I could make out his black mask covering his nose and chin.

Tingles spread through me from his penetrating gaze. The weight of his silence sent me barreling back into my younger self, who had to deal with a dad who judged me like it was his job. The fifteen-year-old girl in me kept her head down and winced at every insult and sexual comment.

I wasn't that girl anymore.

Raising my chin, I narrowed my eyes at the man who kidnapped me.

“Did you cum on me?”

He tapped his cheek, his eyes burning a hole in my face. Chills swept through me, and I almost broke the staring

contest. But my pride meant more to me. My stubbornness kicked in, and I refused to let another man walk all over me.

But quickly, his hard stare turned into something else. I could feel his gaze move over my body appreciatively. He looked me over like he was undressing me. My eyes grew accustomed to the dark, and I noticed his body tensed as if he held himself back from pouncing on me.

My nipples hardened, and my heart rate picked up.

I shouldn't get turned on. Dear god, why did this turn me on?

But his silence set me on edge. I ground my teeth together and glared at him as I shouldered some of his cum off my face.

“What are you, sixteen and fucked in the head?”

Finally, he moved. He shifted, so he leaned back in his chair and folded his arms behind his head while keeping his ankles crossed and legs stretched out.

“Sixteen? No. Fucked in the head? Yes.” He cocked his head to the side by a small fraction. I swear I could see his smirk behind his mask because of that. The next thing he said definitely held a cocky smile in it. “You should know that by now.”

My stomach flipped as it filled with butterflies.

Oh boy. I didn't like that. Not one bit.

Why did the man remind me so much of the villain from my favorite anime shows? Why did I have a thing for the bad boys and their toxicity?

I jerked my hands, and the metal of the cuffs jangled. The movement jiggled my breasts, and his eyes shifted to them, watching as they swayed in my tight black top. The way he gazed at me made my toes curl, which irritated me even more.

“Where in the hell am I?”

Someone screamed from below, making me jerk my gaze to the open bedroom door. What the hell was wrong with this man? Did he have someone locked in his basement?

I waited for someone to come down the hall and into the bedroom. This man gave me the impression he probably had a butler that took care of things for him. But when no one came, I turned my eyes back to him to find him patiently waiting for my attention. His dark eyes burned holes into my face and watched my every movement.

“Funny choice of words you used there.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

He laughed, low and husky. The sound of the soft laugh was menacing and sent chills down my spine. I barely caught it, but it reminded me a bit too much of a character from a fantasy romance movie with a villainous minotaur that looked a bit too much like a red demon.

“You’ll find out.”

“Why the hell do you keep talking in circles?”

He laughed again, louder this time. Getting to his feet, he straightened to his full height and prowled across the room to me. He stopped at the side of the bed and reached his large hand out to my face. I flinched away from his reaching fingers that were inches from brushing my cheek.

I glared at him, trying my damndest to hold onto my anger and not succumb to my desire for him. I hated that my heart raced, and my stomach did another funny flip. And I especially loathed that I was turned on by this psycho.

He watched me, his dark eyes on my face as he dragged his fingertips over the corner of my lip where some of his cum still sat. Pulling his hand away, he rubbed his thumb and forefinger together on his sticky spend and stepped away from the bed.

“I hope you like Hell, Princess, because that’s where you are,” he said, amusement laced in his voice.

I widened my eyes, and my breath hitched. My already pounding heart thundered in my chest until it became painful.

He didn't say that ... he didn't.

The same person who shouted from the basement howled again, followed by snarls and vicious barks. Listening closer, I swear I heard flesh meeting flesh with those animalistic sounds. Like they were mating.

“Please, God, *help me!*” he screamed and choked on a cry.

He sounded familiar. Like ...

The large masked man chuckled, low and dark. He leaned on the end of the bed, holding my eyes with his.

Cocking his head in a slight nod, he said in a drawl, “Yes, that is your ex getting fucked by my hounds.”

All I could do was stare at him, shocked. My usual quick, witty tongue couldn't work. All my thoughts scattered, and I watched my kidnapper straighten and walk out of the room. He laughed like it pleased him that there was a man in his basement getting raped by dogs. And that my reaction to it was the funniest thing he'd ever seen.

CHAPTER 7

Bandit



I didn't know how long since he had left me here chained to the bed like some sex slave, but it had to have been hours. With the windows open, I watched as dawn approached. It was at the hour when the sun hadn't risen yet, but its light gave the early morning a gray look.

Back home, I enjoyed this time of the morning. Growing up, it was when it was the quietest. Dad would still be snoring in his sleep, Mom would be dead to the world with her earplugs in, and my younger sister would be awake but on her cell phone texting a boy. Even at twenty-two and living on my own in New York City, it was still quiet in my apartment.

As I stared out the window, I thought I shouldn't feel that type of peace here in Hell. But I wouldn't let some man—demon, I assumed—stop me from enjoying one of my favorite things.

When the nameless man left me to my thoughts, it was a struggle to not spiral into a panic attack through the night.

The crazy bastard had knocked me out after I ran from him. And he brought me to Hell.

There really was a Hell. It looked nothing like how I thought it would be.

Did that mean I was dead and now a soul? How did any of this work, anyway?

What got me the most—and there was a list of things I didn't like, one being how I got horny with him around—was that he jacked off and came on my face as if I was his sock to catch his mess.

I squirmed from needing to use the bathroom and squeezed my eyes shut.

If he didn't come back in two minutes, I would scream. But I swear to god, I was seconds away from saying fuck it and pissing on the bed to relieve myself. The pressure in my bladder was becoming too much.

"I shouldn't have drank so much," I whined.

Justin screamed, which ended with sobs as the snarling started again. It went quiet a few short hours ago, but I figured the hounds slept for a while until now.

The hairs on my arms raised, and the feeling of eyes on me had me opening mine to find my kidnapper standing in the doorway, staring at me. He moved into the room, cocking his head, and swept his gaze over me while he came to the side of the bed.

"I need to go to the bathroom," I demanded. I shouldn't have snapped like that because he could refuse me now because of my tone.

"Don't talk back to me, little girl. Fix your face," Dad snarled at me from a memory. I had glared at him and said something snippy back to him when I was seventeen as he kept bringing up my love for 'cartoons.'

The masked man stared at me, making my heart race. The room wasn't pitch dark anymore because of the rising sun. It gave me a better view of him, and appreciate his looks. He wore all black and had ditched his leather jacket. The same beanie covered his hair, and his upside-down silver cross earrings dangled from his ears, giving him the bad boy look. The red in the tattoos on his neck and under his jaw stood out from his bronzed skin that peaked from all the black ink.

He wore the same face mask decorated with studs that only a goth would wear. While I couldn't see much of his face, I still could gaze into his dark eyes and read his expressions. Because he looked at me like he wanted to flip me over and fuck me from behind.

Men and their stares were all the same. They never switched anything up and always did the same thing. They all looked the same way and constantly did that fuck-boy lick of their lips. But I got the feeling from this man—besides how he stared at me—that he'd rock my world. That he wasn't like all the other shitty men.

Nope. Didn't want to think about that. I didn't want to be attracted to my kidnapper, who I was sure had been stalking me for years.

My dad's accusations came to my thoughts. Before I entertained those, too, I beat them back into the closet of my mind with a figurative broom.

"Who are you?" It was best to distract myself from my struggle in my thoughts.

He moved, reaching behind his neck, and pulled his shirt over his head until he was bare-chested. I looked down at his chest, covered with more black and red tattoos. When he moved, I shot my eyes to his face and wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. He caught my quick look, and his eyes were smug as he kicked off his boots and undid his pants.

"What the hell are you doing? Put your clothes back on! Why aren't you talking?" I shifted away from him as he placed his knee on the edge of the bed, planting his hands on the mattress. "Hey, stop that."

My pulse thundered in my ears until it became the only thing I could hear besides my panicked voice. He crawled to me, and I spotted he didn't discard his pants but kept them undone and open. I didn't know whether to thank god for that or not because hot damn. Even his lower stomach was covered with tattoos.

He crawled over me and between my already opened legs, thanks to my ankles shackled to the mattress. It took everything in me to not make a satisfied noise of him settling against me, sharing his warmth. Cinnamon filled my nose, making my heart pound faster and pussy clenching.

“We’ll make a deal, Princess,” he said, his voice soft and a rumble. He roved his eyes down to my chest and between my legs, where he got a full view of my pussy with no underwear. Heat flared in his gaze.

“I don’t make deals with strangers.” Where the hell was my quick-witted remarks? What was wrong with me? Did he screw something up in my head after he knocked me unconscious?

He brought his gaze back to my face as he moved one of his hands beside my head and pushed my skirt higher up my waist. Surprisingly, his touch was gentle but sure. The contact sent zaps of pleasure through me and made a small noise slip from me. His eyes hooded from my sound, and he trailed his fingers along my hip to between my thighs. He avoided touching my pussy, only around it as he teased me.

“If you squirt for me, I’ll let you use the bathroom,” he said, his voice cocky as if he knew he’d get what he wanted. Like he believed I’d buckle and do anything for him.

I narrowed my eyes.

Don’t do it, Bandit. Don’t be stubborn.

“Well, I guess I’ll piss on your bed because I’m not doing that.” Fuck. Shit. Why did I have to be stubborn?

He rumbled a low growl. His eyes darkened but held amusement in them as he stared down at me. Moving to his knees, he bent so he was still in my face as he grabbed my throat with his humongous hand. I parted my lips with a silent moan, not realizing that choking was a kink for me. He shoved his hand back between my legs and rubbed his thick fingers along the folds of my pussy.

“You’re not leaving this bed until you squirt for me, Princess.”

My face flushed, and I panted as he dipped his fingers to rub the pad of one digit on my swollen clit. His eyes held smugness as he found me wet and wanting for him.

Right when I was about to come, he stopped.

“I won’t do it,” I growled. My face flushed, and my ears burned with the orgasm he denied me.

When I wasn’t at the edge anymore, he thrust his fingers into me and fucked me with them while he rolled his thumb on my throbbing clit.

“You will,” he rumbled huskily.

I whined when he denied me again. “Can’t make me.”

“I can.” He chuckled and flicked my clit, making my toes curl and my back bow off the bed.

He drove me into a frenzy, never allowing me to come. The pressure built, and I couldn’t stop the sounds I made as I was right there.

Drawing his fingers away, he laughed at my whine.

“That’s fucked up,” I whimpered, unable to use my stern voice.

“Your mouth tells me one thing, but your cunt tells me another.” He trailed his fingers to my entrance but didn’t do anything else. “Now be a good girl and beg me.”

I narrowed my eyes but panted, not realizing I rolled my hips to get closer to his hand. “No.”

“No?” He dipped a finger inside me, and at my noise of shock and pleasure, he withdrew the digit. “You’re squirting for me one way or another. But I want to hear the words from your pretty little mouth. Beg me to make you cum.”

My face flushed, and my pulse pounded in my ears. Tingles had spread through my body, and the need to come beat through my mind. He rolled my clit a few more times, working me up but denying me the orgasm.

“I hate you!” I loathed that I enjoyed this. I despised that he worked my body like he owned it and that I reacted in ways that spurned him on. And most of all, I hated that I heard my dad scolding me and telling me I was a fucked up little girl and should be embarrassed of myself.

“Hate me all you want, Princess. That makes this even better.” He drove me back up to the edge and stopped before I could come. He moved his soaked hand from my pussy to rub along the inside of my thick thigh, stroking me like he enjoyed touching my bigger parts. “Beg me to make you come. To make you squirt.”

I arched my back, panting and rolling my hips closer to him again to get him to touch my throbbing clit. My heart pounded painfully beneath my chest, making me fear it would break through at any second. The words he wanted to hear from me were at the tip of my tongue. I bit my tongue to keep from saying them. But as he brought his hand back to my core and slowly rubbed his finger on my clit, driving me to another orgasm, only to deny me—I broke.

I shot my eyes open, locking with his smug ones. “Please. Oh my god, please fucking me make come. Make me squirt!”

“Good girl.” He dipped one finger into me, then another to join it. I groaned at the stretch and bite of pain, but it was gone as fast as it came. He rolled his thumb on my clit, working his fingers in and out of me.

I didn’t want to enjoy this. But holy crap, he was amazing and knew what he was doing. The man knew where the clit was, and I had to give him that. As much as I wanted to fight him and not give him what he wanted, I folded quickly.

Leaning my head back and closing my eyes, I moaned as he worked me back to my orgasm. His touch disappeared, and he slapped my pussy. I yelped from the sting but clenched around nothing because of how hot that slap was.

“Eyes on me, Princess,” he ordered.

I snapped open my eyes, meeting his, and couldn’t look away from him.

He pushed two fingers into me and stroked me faster, curling his thick digits at a certain spot that made me shout while my back bowed.

It didn’t take long before I was right there. For a split second, I feared he would deny me again. But he didn’t. I

came screaming and writhing as he worked me through it. He didn't stop as he worked me up to another one. I bit my lip when the pressure built, and I worried I would piss myself.

My heart raced until it became painful, and I swear I would die. The pressure became too much as I held back from coming. Already I felt some of my cum dripping on his hand and down my ass.

“Let go, Princess.” He curled his fingers inside me and squeezed tighter on my throat to cut off my breathing. My head swam, and my face flushed. “Come for me.”

I couldn't hold back anymore. I toppled over the edge and came while I shrieked with the last of my breath. My inner walls clamped down on his fingers, pulsing with each wave of my orgasm. The pressure released as liquid shot out of me. My back bowed, and I tilted my head back as I silently screamed through my orgasm.

He worked me through it, still pumping his fingers into me and rolling his thumb on my clit until it became too much.

I struggled for breath, and stars danced before my eyes. It had to be a sign that I was about to lose consciousness. He must've noticed because he loosened his hold and stilled his fingers inside me. I gasped in air and panted as I caught my breath.

“Fuck,” I whispered shakily.

I slid my eyes shut, parting my lips as he rolled my clit with his thumb again. A whimper escaped me, and I jerked from his touch. He chuckled, pressing firmer on the sensitive bundle of nerves. My pussy spasmed tighter on his fingers while he teased me, working me back up for another orgasm. Pressure spread through me, and my toes curled as I bucked my hips against his hand.

To further torture me, he withdrew his fingers. I snapped open my eyes and parted my lips before I shot him a dirty look.

He gazed at me with amused, hooded eyes.

When our gazes locked, he brought his coated fingers with my cum to my lips.

“Clean up your mess.”

I blinked. My body responded with more zaps of electric pleasure, and my pussy clenched. The idea of sucking his fingers and tasting myself turned me on.

Was he being serious? And was I really turned on by that?

“Clean it up yourself. You were the one who wanted me to piss on your hand.”

“Do you still want to use the bathroom?”

I clenched my jaw and glared at him. He stared at me, still holding his fingers to my mouth. I shifted my eyes past him to where the bathroom was. The pressure in my bladder returned, and if he left me alone, then maybe I could find a way out of here. I mean, there had to be a way to escape Hell, right? But what if someone caught me running? What if they weren't so human like this man who hadn't told me his name?

As if knowing my thoughts, Justin screamed, and sounds of animalistic sex faintly echoed.

I swallowed hard and met the masked man's gaze again, finding him still watching me with his fingers held to my mouth.

I couldn't stay here and would face whatever waited for me when I escaped.

Giving in, I parted my lips and watched him watching me as he slipped his fingers into my mouth. I rolled my tongue on the long, thick digits, tasting me on him. It didn't taste bad, and it was something I'd done before with other men. But their fingers always tasted weird. Kind of nasty, like they hadn't heard about washing their hands. But this man ... something about his taste drove me wild, and I didn't want to accept that.

I slid my eyes shut, and a small moan slipped from me. My heart stuttered over a beat, and my cheeks burned with a blush. I snapped my eyes open, finding him still watching me, pleased about my reaction. He pulled his fingers out of my

mouth, and I sucked on them harder, where it made a pop when they came out.

Leaning over me, so his face was back in front of mine, he undid the restraints on my wrists. When one hand was free, something wispy touched my arm and pinned me down to keep from moving.

“What the hell?” I glanced to my side and widened my eyes when I noticed a shadow curled on my arm that connected with the corner of the headboard. Whipping my head back, I glared at my kidnapper. “I thought you were freeing me.”

He chuckled. “I never said that.”

When my other hand was free, another wispy shadow wrapped around my arm. I gritted my teeth and held back from snapping at him because I feared he'd revoke my bathroom privilege.

Instead of saying something snippy, I took a deep, calming breath. With it came his cinnamon scent. I shuddered and fluttered my eyes. I hated I liked his smell and how my body reacted to it. Already I grew wetter, and my heat pooled low in my belly.

To distract myself from those thoughts, I asked, “Why aren't you taking off your mask?”

He moved to my feet and undid the metal shackles on them. His touch on my ankles lingered longer than needed after he freed my legs. I should've kicked at him, but I didn't. If I were to escape him, I wanted to give him that false sense of security that I wouldn't run.

“I prefer to wear it.” He climbed off the bed.

The shadows holding me released me and retreated under the bed. Before I could sit up, he grabbed my leg and pulled me to the edge toward him. I parted my lips in an o, making a sound of shock as he picked me up like I weighed nothing and carried me over his shoulder.

“I can walk, you know,” I said in protest as I squirmed on him.

He chuckled, squeezing my inner thigh like he enjoyed touching the bigger parts of me. I'd never had that before. The men I'd been with didn't enjoy touching me other than sticking their dick in me. But since being with this man who still hadn't given me his name in the last twenty-four hours, he touched me more than the others.

"You won't be able to walk after what I did to you." There was no cockiness in his words. Just pure facts. But it still irritated me because he sounded smug about it. He passed through the bathroom doorway, and the lights turned on.

"You sound so sure about that, but you're wrong," I huffed.

He chuckled. "Your legs are shaking. I don't think you'll be able to stay on your feet for very long."

As if to prove his point, he moved me off him and set me on my feet. I glared up at him as he stood before me, not stepping back to give me space. My legs wobbled, and I shot my hand out, grabbing onto him to keep me steady. He caught me by the waist to keep me on my feet.

I shoved at him to get him away, but he didn't budge. "Let go. I'm fine. I got light-headed for a second."

He huffed a low laugh that I barely caught. He dropped his hands from me and crossed his arms over his chest, staring at me with an arched brow. His eyes held his silent message of, oh, really?

I shot him another glare and stepped away from him, stumbling but catching myself again from falling. It was my balance. That was the reason. Definitely not because he was right, and my thighs were trembling from the mind-blowing orgasms.

Turning in my spot, I quickly glanced around the massive gothic bathroom. The walls were a dark shade of gray that might as well be black. There were accents of reds and a deep purple in his towels and decorations.

One side of the bathroom had a large counter with two sinks. By one sink was makeup of all kinds, a makeup mirror,

and anything a woman would need to get ready for a night out. Many of the items looked similar—if not the exact thing—to what I used. If my suspicions were correct about this demon and him stalking me, then he knew what I used and got them for me at some point. I didn't know how to feel about that and that worried me.

What is wrong with me?

Further in was an enormous granite bathtub that could easily fit four gigantic men. I didn't know why anyone would want it that big, but I wouldn't ask. And in another closed-off room was the toilet. I sighed in relief and took a step in its direction but stopped when I remembered my kidnapper still stood less than a foot away from me.

I glanced at him and scowled. "You can go now."

He arched his black eyebrow, his arms still crossed over his chest as he watched me. "No."

His answer was simple, and he said it was a law. But there was no way in hell I would let him stick around and watch me. It was embarrassing enough that he bargained with me just to use the bathroom. And that he made me squirt all over his bed.

I crossed my arms over my chest and had to stop myself from crossing my legs as my need grew. "Listen, I know you said you're fucked in the head, but I didn't think you're into watching me piss. Go away."

"No."

Grinding my teeth, I closed my eyes and breathed hard through my nose. I counted to ten in my head, and when I didn't calm down, I counted backwards to one. After three times of doing this, I finally calmed down—just a smidge, anyway.

I refused to give in and let him watch me. So I opened my eyes and glared at him, waiting for him to give up and leave. We had a stare-off, not saying a word and not blinking. My stubbornness got the best of me, and once again, it hurt me because I really had to use the toilet.

I didn't care. I would stand here, sweat everywhere, and do a little dance of needing to relieve myself before I would give up. My stubbornness would never be a trait I'd get rid of. It was, after all, a stereotypical trait of my zodiac sign: Taurus.

He must've known this trait because he moved his shoulders in a show of getting comfortable and raised a dark eyebrow at me. I raised mine back in response and shifted my weight on one leg that cocked my hip out.

"Stubborn girl," he murmured, amused, making my teeth clench.

"Don't you have some Hellish business to get to?" I glanced past him before I looked back at him.

"Not at the moment."

I shifted my weight to the other leg and clenched my thighs as the pressure built until it became too much. Right at the last second before I said fuck it and piss, there was a light tap outside of the bathroom that sounded by the bedroom door. He straightened, and the energy around us shifted to something more sinister. All male amusement and heat wiped away from his face, replaced with something violent and angry.

He turned away from me, giving me his back, which wasn't something I expected from him.

"Don't go anywhere," he warned before he disappeared.

Oh, I was leaving. I was not going to not take advantage of this.

At his departure and murmuring in the bedroom, I made it quick by reliving myself and righting my clothes. I listened to his heavy footsteps, along with someone else's, retreat from the bedroom while I made my way to the vanity in the bathroom. I looked at my reflection but barely concentrated on anything but the dried-up cum I quickly cleaned.

I waited a few more seconds before taking a deep breath through my nose to gather my courage.

I didn't know how to escape Hell, but I couldn't stay here. There was no way I wouldn't give up a chance to run.

Turning away from the counter, I crept out of the bathroom.

CHAPTER 8

Merihem



A corner of my lip tugged up as I listened to Bandit sneaking out of the bedroom. The little minx couldn't keep quiet even if her life depended on it. I found it rather adorable.

There was nowhere she could go that I wouldn't know. I had eyes everywhere, and I always made sure I stayed ten steps ahead of everyone else. After all, I had my mind set on a prize I'd been working toward for years. That meant studying people as I observed them from afar, learning about them. What made them tick, and what their habits were. For years, I had watched Bandit and learned many things about her. So it wasn't a surprise that the spitfire was trying to escape.

Everyone here knew about her and who she was to me. In Hell, there weren't a lot of secrets that stayed in the dark for very long. We were demons, after all, and enjoyed invading privacy. So Bandit was a celebrity here.

Bandit, the human woman who caught the demon of violence's attention.

I'd say that was very unlucky for her. There was nothing gentle or nice about me. I got off on pain and torture. But there were some things about me she was safe from after I learned about a few details about her life.

While she crept down the hallway, I fixed my pants, closing them while I walked with Lucifer, who was still dressed in his suit. I didn't have time to grab a shirt as I followed Lucifer into my study, where there were wards keeping everyone from eavesdropping on our conversation. The room was down another long corridor in my large home.

It was easy to get lost in, but I knew the little vixen would find her way through it.

Bandit distracted me from the Prince of Hell as I focused on her. The doors of my home were locked and warded, preventing anyone from coming and going. After we made a deal years ago for him to help me with what I wanted, only Lucifer could slip through them. It was impossible for Bandit to leave the house without me allowing her to.

“Ghoul is aware of my presence here,” Lucifer said, bringing my attention to him. He sat on the leather chair behind my dark-stained cherry wood desk, littered with paperwork and items I had collected over the years. Leaning back, he crossed one ankle on his knee while he threaded his fingers together in front of him as he stared at me. “It won’t be long before he sends someone here to question you.”

“Mm. When it happens, I’ll take care of it.”

Lucifer smirked. His gaze shifted past me to the door behind me before he brought them back to meet my stare. “He’s also heard about your recent addition here.”

I crossed my arms over my chest, hiding my clenched fists from his sharp eyes. While everyone was aware of my obsession with the curvy woman, they knew she was off-limits. But some demons didn’t care. They took things just to take them and watch the chaos unfold. Most of the inhabitants in Hell knew not to fuck with me unless they wished for eternal death. There were some who had more guts than they deserved.

“He won’t touch her.” I wouldn’t allow it. Ghoul was greedy and desired things that didn’t belong to him. But if he so much as breathed in Bandit’s direction, I’d kill him sooner.

Lucifer cracked a smile. “Oh? Even if it meant letting him do what he wanted to her so you could take his throne?”

“There won’t be that type of opportunity. And if there is, I’d find a way around it.” I shrugged and turned my head to peek over my shoulder at the door as I heard her footsteps

approach the back door. When I turned toward Lucifer, I found him staring at me with amusement.

“Are you keeping this one to yourself?” he asked as he glanced past me to the door, then met my eyes.

I leaned my head to the side, observing him for a few moments. It wasn't a secret that he had the same taste as me and enjoyed sharing with me.

“Do you want her, Lucifer?”

His smile grew, and his eyes lit with amusement and desire. I didn't have to read minds to know he was thinking of everything he wanted to do to my girl.

“I do,” he answered simply. He straightened in his seat and stood while he fixed the front of his jacket. “I'll see you soon at the event with her?”

With my mind, I unlocked the door for her and listened to it open as Bandit took off. Her breathing became ragged, then muffled, as she put more distance between us. I visualized her running through my backyard, her face twisted with fear as she escaped. I imagined how sexy she would look as she ran and how her legs worked as they took her further and further away from me. Soon those legs would wrap around Lucifer, then me.

I wet my bottom lip, salivating from remembering how she tasted. The primal urge to chase her rose in me. My darker parts surfaced and craved to break free from their restraints.

Chasing was something that made the monster in me come out to play. But I didn't want to unleash that part on her so soon because it'd scare her further away from me. I preferred to lure her in and accept the darkness we shared.

“Prepare the arena. There's going to be a show,” I ordered Lucifer and glanced at him, catching him nodding.

I turned away from him and prowled out of the room, through my home, and out the back door. In my backyard were different paths that were similar to mazes. High shrubbery lined the sides, along with overgrown trees I had decorated for Samhain. The path-like mazes were something I enjoyed

sending tortured souls through. They were the special people who did violent acts that grabbed my attention. No one ever wanted to catch my attention. And it entertained me listening to their panicked screams as they tried to run from me.

“Princess,” I sang as I walked to the path she had taken.

I stopped and slid my eyes shut as I rolled my shoulders and prepared for the chase. The hairs on the back of my neck raised and adrenaline pumped through me. The desire to let go and change was right at the surface, making it hard to hold it together.

“Where did you go?” I further taunted and smirked at her faint whimper. My cock jerked, hardening at her panicked sounds. “This will be much harder than I thought,” I muttered to myself.

I opened my eyes and dropped my head forward as I homed in on her. After giving her a head start, I took a step, then another, before picking up to a stride.

“I’m coming to get you,” I sang in a low taunt.

My vision filled with red at her soft whimper. I stumbled a step that no one would notice, but it was glaring to me. Her sounds were going to be the end to me and the razor-thin control I had. But soon she’d make those noises for me while I had her pinned beneath me with my hand on her throat. I had waited too long for this.

Three years I waited for her to finally become mine. She’d always belonged to me, but it was from a distance.

“Crazy bastard,” she said, more to herself than me.

I noticed she didn’t know I could hear her and that I had pinpointed where exactly she was. She also didn’t notice that I gave her a head start. But she’d find out soon.

My vision cleared of the red, and I chuckled. I dragged in a deep breath, taking her scent into my lungs. The mask I wore didn’t filter much now that I learned her smell. Sex and cotton candy filled my nose, along with the slick of her cum I had forced out of her earlier.

“You better run faster, Princess, because I’m coming in three ...”

I fisted my hands and relaxed them as I slowly raised my head. My heart pounded, and the drumming of my pulse was loud in my ears. But her panicked sounds filtered through until it was all I heard.

“Two ...”

I took one step forward and smiled wolfishly at her stumble in her sprint.

I didn’t say the last number.

She knew I began running because her breathing quickened as she picked up her pace. Gaining momentum with each stride of my legs, I ate up the distance between us. I purposely made noises to drive her fear up. I huffed, growled, and snarled as I chased after her.

Bandit was my prey, and I was the big bad monster that never lost his chase. In the end, when I caught her, she’d be the prize for everyone to watch me claim.

Her sweat’s sweet and musky scent filled my nostrils and lungs. My head spun as I got closer to her and the perfume of her fear became more prominent. Even though she wasn’t in my sight yet, I could hear her breathing and heartbeats like she was mere feet away. It could be because she was around the corner on another path.

I slowed my pace, not wanting to end the hunt just yet. But I herded her in the direction I needed, and she responded beautifully by doing what I wanted. Sadly, if she kept whimpering, the chase would end faster than I wished. Already my mind clouded with her fear, and my focus was on her sounds.

By the time she got where I preferred, red filled my vision again, and the darkness inside me broke through the surface. It took centuries of control to push it beneath the surface again. I pumped my arms and turned another corner, spotting her feet from me. I pounced on her back in three long strides and tackled her to the ground.

She screamed, bucking against me and fighting to get away from me. We rolled around, and I stared down at her as she fought against me. The little vixen didn't realize she was grinding her hips against mine. I gritted my teeth, grabbed her wrists with one of my hands, and slammed them behind her head as I settled between her legs.

Panting, she glared at me, but fear shadowed her gray eyes. Her breasts heaved, and the tops of them threatened to spill over the top of her tiny, slutty costume.

“Where were you planning on going, Princess?”

She shot me a dirty look. “Stop calling me that.”

I huffed a laugh and squeezed on her wrists as I brought my free hand to her thigh. Raising her leg higher on my hip, I steadily rocked against her for the friction. Pleasure rushed through me, sending tingles through my body.

“You're right. That isn't the proper title for you.”

I ground my erection against her pussy which I knew had to be soaked. Her thighs tightened around my waist, and she fluttered her eyelashes. A slow smile made its way to my face that she couldn't see, but I knew she was aware of it.

“You aren't a princess, but a queen.”

She widened her eyes and sucked in a quick breath. “What?”

I ran my hand along her soft thigh, kneading my fingers into the tender flesh, and rocked against her again, savoring the flash of lust crossing over her face.

Soon, she'll be screaming while squeezing my cock.

“Oh, you're going to be my queen in Hell. And what better way for the people to meet their new queen than to see their future king claim her?”

“What?!”

Chuckling, I moved off of her and stood. Bringing her up with me, I kept my hand on her throat. She put up no fight

with me gripping her like this, and I wondered if my queen had a thing for pain, too.

“Oh, you’re so fucked, Princess,” I crooned.

“What?” Her eyes widened, and she grabbed my wrist with both of her hands.

I rumbled a low growl, threw her over my shoulder, and began walking toward the arena. All the while, I rested my hand on the back of her thighs to hold her still while she kicked at me.

“What are you doing?” she screamed, pounding on my back with her fists.

I ignored her while I strode to where everyone waited.

CHAPTER 9

Bandit



I didn't know where he was taking me. But from the sexual tension rolling off of him and how he kneaded his fingers into my thigh, I knew something was up. I recognized he was going to fuck me without knowing much about him. I didn't know why as soon as he tackled me to the ground.

My heart raced, and my breathing hadn't evened out the entire time he carried me. He broke through the path lined with shrubbery decorated with dead bodies and spider webs. Cheers and shouts sounded as the demon brought me into the middle of the large Roman-like arena. It reminded me a lot of gladiators. But it was crumbling with dead plants stained into the gray stones of the walls.

All of it reminded me too much of the upside-down. Or the whole *As Above, So Below*. While the arena would've been in pristine condition Above, it was falling apart Below.

With it being early in the morning, it was overcast and gave the atmosphere a darker feel.

"As above, so below," whispered in my mind and sent chills through me.

So this was what they meant about how the underworld was the same but different in all the movies and shows I watched.

Music blasted with the roars of the crowd. I recognized the song being "Nails" by Call Me Karizma.

I'd like to say that should've shocked me the most, but it didn't. It was the people—or better described as creatures that were in the stadiums. While my kidnapper took me to wherever he was headed, we passed through groups of monsters lined on the bottom of the stands.

There were giant white and black horse-like creatures with human-like characteristics that weren't anything like a centaur. We passed a few who hung out with a small group of ugly demons. I met eyes with one and quickly looked away with my face burning, only to catch the attention of a monster I could only guess was a sphinx five times my size. There was a dark brown minotaur built like a mountain and wore no pants with his erect dick out for everyone to see. He took one glimpse at me, inhaled deeply as if he was scenting me and his cock jerked, leaking precum.

I parted my lips, unable to look away until he was out of sight. My heart hammered beneath my chest until I swore it would break through at any second. I was sure my kidnapper could feel the flutter of the beats on his back, but he didn't say anything.

These were the creatures the extreme preachers and Christians warned people about being demonic and evil. Demons that were after our immortal souls and craved to corrupt us. To take humans away from god, as the pastors and Dad warned.

My nails bit into my palms, and I didn't realize until now that I had balled up my fists. There was a deep throb between my legs that I didn't want to focus on. It wasn't something I wanted to look further into, and I admit that looking at the minotaur's massive cock had turned me on.

"You'll forever be a failure, and not even God Himself will forgive you, no matter how many times you beg for forgiveness," Dad snarled. I was fifteen and sexually harassed by the pastor at church.

The ache between my thighs intensified from the image of the minotaur's dick, and I grew wetter. No matter how extreme the memory of my dad's accusations fucked me up in the head, the guilty pleasure I got from knowing creatures like the minotaur turned me on. I squeezed my eyes shut and pushed away the lust for the beast and the man who carried me.

My captor slid his hands to my waist and gripped me tightly as he stopped walking. I opened my eyes and noticed

we were in the middle of the massive stadium on a raised platform with a king-sized bed and an oversized chair with a high back. I didn't get a good look at it before he dropped me onto the bed on my back.

Shadows slithered on the mattress covered in black silk sheets. They wound around my wrists and ankles, yanking my limbs where I was in a spread eagle position. I widened my eyes and gasped as the large tattooed man leaned over me with one of his hands beside my head. Cinnamon filled my nose again, driving my desire higher. I shouldn't get turned on like this. Especially not in this situation.

But why did this remind me of all the anime and hentai I've watched? Were tentacles about to come out and play with me?

"What are you doing?" I asked for the tenth time since he caught me.

He ran his dark eyes over me, taking his time as he undressed me with his gaze. Heat flared in them as he reached my rounded stomach and thick thighs.

Does he like bigger women?

It shouldn't surprise me. Men wanted to stick their dicks in a woman's cunts, no matter if she was fat or skinny. But when it came to them dating or being seen with a woman who wasn't a size six, they kept it on the down-low of their attraction. But this man ... he looked at me like he needed to ravage me right now with everyone here watching.

My mouth fell open before I could stop myself from doing it.

His eyes wrinkled on the sides as if he was smiling while he watched the realization struck me. Leaning in, he pressed his masked mouth to my ear and murmured for no one else to hear, "That's right, Princess. I didn't lie to you when I said they'll watch their future king claiming his queen."

The low timbre of his voice hit me harder than it should have. Places inside me tingled that had no business to be turned on by this.

“I won’t be surprised at all if you drop out and become a whore. You’re a filthy girl who deserves everything coming your way,” Dad shouted, red in the face and stabbing a finger at me.

I blinked out of the memory, my cheeks burning and my mind spinning. Once again, where were my stellar insults? Why did this man cause me to stumble and not remember how to talk? Most of all, why did he make me relive everything my dad told me?

It’d been years since someone stunned me like this.

My captor leaned back, his eyes shining with heat and amusement as he peered down at me. He moved his hands to the front of my tight shirt, and with little to no effort, he ripped it down the middle, freeing my breasts. I gasped from the cool air hitting my sensitive skin, causing my nipples to harden.

“You’re so fucked up,” I said harshly, not holding the amount of anger I should have. The only thing that irritated me was the weak-ass insult because I always had good ones to hand out. But not with this man for whatever reason.

“We’ve already been over this.” He chuckled and traced his fingers down my breast, rounded stomach, and the waist of my tiny skirt. He ripped the thin material in half with one rough flex and threw it to the side. He roamed his eyes along my naked body, drinking every square inch of me like he had been thirsty all his life, and I was the tall drink of water he needed.

Goosebumps raised over my skin, and my pussy clenched. I could already feel my wetness dripping down my ass, and the man hadn’t touched me yet.

The crowd roared in cheers for more and shouted things I couldn’t make out. But I knew what they all wanted. And crazily enough, being the center of attention and having thousands of eyes on me set me on fire. For once in my life, since leaving my parents’ house, I was no longer in control. I could breathe easier knowing it was out of my hands and now in this man’s hands.

I want him to take me right here.

My heart skipped a beat, and I sucked in a quick breath.

What's wrong with me?

"You're fucked in the head, girl. Nothing about you is normal," Dad said. He was drunk and got into a fight with Mom. While she was out of the house to get some air to clear her head, Dad stayed home with me and made some sexual innuendos to me. When I winced and said, "Gross." He lashed out at me and turned it around on me as if I was the one who made those comments to him.

I mentally shook away the memory and released a shaky breath. The crowd's cheers came back into focus, and the thrill of being watched made me tremble. *It's just like all the videos I recorded for those high-paying customers. All eyes are on me.*

My kidnapper's eyes flashed with lust and something dark, and he most likely saw me clenching. He moved his gaze to my face as he grabbed my throat and squeezed with enough pressure to make my mind spin, but able to breathe still.

"Being watched turns you on, doesn't it, Princess?" He tilted his head down as he brought his free hand up. Black mist-like shadows crept along his wrist to his fingers and swirled. A large needle with dark red serum appeared, and the shadowy tendrils disappeared.

I widened my eyes and popped open my mouth. My heart raced, and tingles spread through with the adrenaline. I couldn't force out the question because of his hold on me, but he saw it on my face.

"You're going to need all the help you can get to take their cocks," he said, amused.

I parted my lips and widened my eyes by a fraction. *Cocks?*

Lowering his hand holding the needle, he gently stuck it into my arm and pushed the contents into me. The sting wasn't so bad, but the fire of whatever medicine he gave me burned

through my veins. He pulled it away and dropped it to the ground, watching me with keen interest.

I bit my tongue to keep from making a sound. It would kill me to have everyone here to listen to me scream and watch me writhe from the pain. I'd already been embarrassed enough in my life. I didn't want to add another to my short life's large pile of embarrassing events.

With his hand on my neck and his eyes holding mine, I worked through it until the fire in my veins faded. It became a dull heat, and my head swam like I was high.

A haze slipped over me, causing me to tremble and my core to throb. I tried to squeeze my legs together, but the shadows pinning me to the bed prevented me from moving.

"I ... I need to come," I whimpered and gasped when I realized what I had said.

He circled his thumb on the frantic pulse on my neck. "Five more minutes."

I shook my head, widening my eyes and panting. The need to orgasm grew until it became painful.

What the hell was happening to me? Was this some effect of whatever he injected me with?

"What the fuck did you give me?"

He released my throat and ran his palm over my chest, grabbed one of my breasts, and squeezed it hard. I screamed from the intense pleasure of it, arching my back to push more of myself into his hand. My pussy spasmed, and arousal slick steadily dripped out of me.

"A concoction to not only put you into heat but blood magic for your cunt to accept not-so-human-sized cocks. You're already feeling the effects of the heat and needing to be filled."

"Cocks?" Not just his?

Warmth spread through me, and my clit throbbed so hard I thought I would come right there without requiring to be touched.

“You like the idea of being taken by more than one?” He chuckled and brought his other hand between my legs, rubbing his fingertips along my soaked pussy folds. “Ahh, you do, you filthy girl. You want to be filled with Thath’s bull cock and be his cum slut?”

My heart stuttered over a beat at *bull cock*.

Did he mean ... ?

He snickered, and the vibration of it went through me. Running his fingers outside my pussy, he brought more of my slick to my clit and steadily rubbed me. “The minotaur you saw on our way to the stage. I smelled your arousal and felt your heartbeats when you looked at him.”

I arched my back, pushing myself further into his hand and rocking my hips to grind against his fingers. Sounds escaped me I didn’t know I could make as he kept at the same steady rhythm of rubbing my swollen clit. Right when I was about to come, he stopped.

“If you’re going to come, you’re doing on their cocks,” he said, his voice an octave lower that went straight to my pussy. His eyes stayed on my face and burned with hunger in their dark depths.

He glanced over his shoulder at someone, and I followed the direction. We watched as the large minotaur from earlier stomped up the steps to the stage. His black hooves stamped roughly on the wood, enough where I felt each step of his. I lowered my gaze from his bull face down his body to where his hard cock swung as he walked toward us. It was long and thick. There was a bulbous sleeve that looked smooth to the touch that was nestled in dark brown shaggy fur. The rest of his erection was lighter brown with red on the swollen tip.

Warmth swarmed through me, burning like a raging fire that could only be put out by being filled with cock and cum. I found myself whining and whimpering that I needed him to make the ache stop.

My kidnapper turned back to me, his dark eyes glinting with heat and amusement as he stared at me. I glanced away

from Thath to the demon and got the same feeling from all those years ago when he smirked at me.

“Don’t worry, Princess. Thath will take care of you. See, I don’t mind sharing, but only when I give permission. You, sweet Bandit, were fucking around when you shouldn’t have been. You’re mine. No one else gets to touch you unless I give them permission,” he murmured and straightened.

With him now standing at my side, he flicked two of his fingers, and the shadows holding me moved. The dark tendrils tightened on my wrists and ankles, then flipped me onto my stomach. Warm hands grabbed my waist and yanked my ass up, so I was in a downward dog position.

The crowd roared with cheers and shouted things I couldn’t understand. I didn’t care to. All I could think about was how close I was to finally get what I needed to end the painful ache between my legs. My arousal dripped down my thighs and my core spasmed around nothing, begging to be filled by a bull cock.

When I didn’t get what I wanted, I whined. “Please! I need him!”

My demon kidnapper slapped one of my asscheeks, making me yelp, that ended with a moan. He slapped my other asscheek, reddening the tender flesh that he soothed with a gentle rub of his palm.

“Patience, Princess.”

I turned my head to look past my shoulder, spotting Thath as he came up behind me at the end of the bed. We met eyes, and his nostrils flared as he took a deep breath and released it with a loud grunt. Fisting his enormous cock, he stroked it a few times and grabbed onto my waist. The demon let go of me and came into my view as he watched Thath nudge the large tip of his dick to my entrance.

“Fuck, you’re soaked for me,” Thath growled.

He moved his hips, trying to breach into me. It took some work for it to finally pop in, stretching me beyond measure, but because of the serum, I could take him and stay alive. I

yelled, arching my back that pushed me further against him. It stung, but after a few seconds, it was gone and replaced with mind-numbing pleasure. Thath eased himself into me, inch by slow inch. I felt every groove, bulging vein, and even the throb of his dick as he worked deeper into me.

I swear he reached past what any human woman could accept. The only thing that came to mind about how this looked was the monster hentai I loved watching. How the monster's cock bulged in her stomach and pounded into her furiously.

My eyes rolled up, and a whine escaped me as he eased another inch into me.

“How does she feel?” my captor asked as he touched his pants and began slowly undoing them.

I howled in pleasure as Thath slammed all the way into me with a snarl. The rough movement jerked me forward, and his lower stomach smacked against my ass.

“She's hot and wet, Merihem. And gripping me like a fist that won't let go.” He flexed his hips, rocking harder into me before slowly retreating to only leave the head of his cock inside.

My heart missed a beat. *His name is Merihem.*

I whined, wiggling my hips and chasing after Thath.

The minotaur laughed, low and throaty. In one flex, he slammed back into me. He began brutally fucking me—hard enough that it shoved me forward on the mattress with each thrust.

Merihem pulled out his large dick that had a Prince Albert piercing. He fisted his thick length and stroked twice before he let go and came over to me. He bent at the waist and turned his head, so we were eye to eye. I couldn't stop the noises escaping me as I took everything Thath gave me as he slammed into me over and over.

Merihem fingered some of my sweaty hair off my temple. His eyes held a sort of gentleness to them as he watched my face.

“You’re doing so good taking his monster cock, Princess. You hear them?”

He glanced toward the crowd that cheered. I hadn’t noticed the noise until Merihem pointed it out. He brought his gaze back to mine. “It’s been eons since we’ve had a show like this. But no woman has ever looked as good as you do right now, taking Thath like a good little cum slut.”

My eyes crossed, and I stuck my tongue out as my orgasm came over me. I screamed, pushing against the minotaur with each of his thrusts to get him to cum inside of me. My toes curled with the intensity of my orgasm, which bled into another.

“Oh, god!” I shrieked, my cry high-pitched and sounding like the E-girl voice I used often. It didn’t hit me until now that whatever serum Merihem injected me with somehow turned me into the needy E-girl I played to be in those private videos for my customers.

Merihem’s eyes hardened. He raised an eyebrow. “God isn’t here, Princess. The devil is, and he’ll show you all the wicked things god doesn’t want his little lambs to do.”

I couldn’t do or say anything but stare at him, being jerked forward from Thath’s brutal thrusts. He snarled and huffed behind me as he grew closer to his orgasm. His dick throbbed inside me, vibrating everything. I whined from the sensation, my clit fluttering with it and sending me into another orgasm.

Someone stepped from behind Merihem, catching my eye. He was already naked, and his dick was hard. He had to be the most beautiful man I had ever set my eyes on. His hair was a pale blond and long enough that it reached his chest. He was tall and lean, with athletic muscles like a swimmer. His shoulders were broad that tapered into a thin waist with a prominent v, leading to his long and thick erection.

My face flushed, and my pussy spasmed tighter on Thath’s dick. He growled behind me and smacked my ass so hard I screamed and clenched around him. He did it again, pleased with the results.

“Is Lucifer joining?” Thath growled that sounded less of a protest, but it seemed like his normal voice.

Merihem pulled away and straightened. He glanced at Lucifer, then back to Thath and me. The shadows holding me in place released.

“Pick her up,” Merihem ordered.

I was limp as Thath hooked an arm around my stomach and raised me with my back to his chest, and him still buried balls deep in me. He turned me toward the two men, who gazed at me with desire. Merihem’s eyes wandered down to where I was joined with Thath, lust flaring in them. He lifted them to my face and nodded his head at Lucifer.

The blond smirked and stepped in front of me, grabbing onto my waist and positioning me where my legs were spread wider. His blue eyes stared into my hooded gray ones, and he leaned forward, so his lips brushed my ear.

“Welcome to Hell.”

He pressed the head of his erection at my already stretched pussy entrance. He began shoving himself into me with Thath. I yelled and wiggled but was stopped by both of them, holding me in place as Lucifer worked his cock farther inside me. He ran his palm along my thigh already wrapped around his waist, up my side and cupped my aching breast. He tweaked my nipple until a bite of pain zapped through me.

I threw my head back and melted further into Thath as they began rocking into me. It didn’t take long before they had a rhythm down and hurdled me into countless orgasms that I couldn’t keep count of.

Lucifer brushed his lips to my ear and nibbled on my earlobe. He breathed hard and moaned softly, which made me spasm around his and Thath’s shafts that pounded into me. The Prince of Lust swiped his finger on the crease of my inner thigh, then pressed it outside my asshole, testing my reaction. When I didn’t object, he worked the lubricated digit into me. I tensed from the invasion.

“Relax,” he whispered into my ear and nipped my earlobe.

I whimpered and closed my eyes, relaxing into the two men who sandwiched me. Thath snorted and grunted as he slowed his pace to let Lucifer slip his long finger into me. I whined from the stretch and wiggled my hips.

“Such a good girl,” Lucifer murmured.

The two men picked up with their strokes while Lucifer dipped his finger in and out of my back entrance.

A few times, I looked over at Merihem, catching him stroking his cock as he sat on the edge of the bed, watching us. His eyes were dark and clouded with desire as he worked himself to the sight of Lucifer and Thath doing the teamwork to make me come on their cocks over and over.

My body trembled when it became painful from the overstimulation, but they never stopped. I didn't want them to stop, and I partly blamed the heat I was forced into. At some point, I closed my eyes because I gasped and jolted when one of the guys squeezed my breast. I cracked open my eyes, noticing the large tanned hand with fur palming my chest. Thath wasn't gentle with me, and I loved it.

All the orgasms and being played with were great, but something was missing. My body knew what it was, but my mind had a hard time grasping it.

“Do you want their cum, Princess?” Merihem asked from his spot, still on the bed.

I whimpered, clenching on the massive dicks as they kept at the same rough and fast pace. At Merihem's question, their hips stuttered, and they groaned as they grew closer to their orgasm.

“I need it!” I screamed and wiggled on them.

Merihem released a pleased rumble. “Then be a good little cum slut and take it all.”

Thath and Lucifer's cocks thickened, and in seconds they roared from their release as they filled me up. My eyes crossed, and I stuck my tongue out as I panted while I came with them and took everything they gave me. Warmth flooded into me and began spilling out, dripping down my ass as the

two men pushed their cum back into me with their dicks while slowing their strokes.

Merihem groaned in pleasure. I glanced over and barely made him out, furiously stroking himself as he came. Ropes of his seed jetted out, and he didn't bother to have a specific spot to aim and not get messy. I liked that. Something about a guy not concerned about being covered in his cum made me so much hotter.

I watched him with hooded eyes leaning back into Thath's chest, unable to move. He and Lucifer pulled out, and their cum dripped out of me. The sticky liquid was warm on my ass and inside my thighs. Lucifer released me for Thath to carry me to Merihem on the bed. He dropped me on it beside him on my stomach.

Merihem grabbed me with his firm hands and flipped me onto my back. He settled his upper half between my thighs and parted my legs further apart. He didn't say anything as he unhooked one side of his mask to show his mouth.

“Oh, Jesus,” I whispered.

Merihem was fucking hot.

This didn't look good for me. I was always a sucker for a few days of growth and a dimple on the chin. And Merihem had all of that going for him. He had a sharp jawline and a perfectly straight nose. Everything about his face and eyes screamed dangerous, sexy, villainous, and he knew it.

He narrowed his eyes. “Say his name again.”

No warning of what he'd do if I did? Something about that held more weight with his threat than listing them for me to know.

When I didn't utter god's name again, Merihem lunged forward to cover my pussy with his mouth. He ran his tongue along my soaked slit, scooping up the combined cum. My eyes rolled into the back of my head from the pleasure I didn't expect from this.

My stalker had a thing for cleaning up the batter with his mouth? Why did he excel in how to please a woman when the

men back home couldn't even do the decency of cleaning us up afterward with a rag?

I barely heard the cheers and shouts of everyone that watched. I had forgotten about them while getting fucked. But their noises faded away as Merihem ate me out. He nuzzled his nose against my swollen and sensitive clit as he thrust his tongue inside me. My back bowed off the bed, and I shouted as it lengthened and curled in places inside of me he shouldn't be reaching.

“Oh, fuck!” I screamed, coming on his mouth.

He elongated my orgasm, keeping me at the peak for so long that I lost track of time.

Time was lost on me. I didn't know how long we were here in the stadium for everyone to watch me have sex. The demon I now knew was called Merihem never fucked me. No matter how much I begged.

Why didn't he want to touch me? He said he wanted everybody to watch him claim me, so why didn't he do it? Did he change his mind, and I didn't meet up to his expectations?

By the end of the night, I was sated and dripping with cum. I could barely keep my eyes open and only lay on the bed, taking everything given to me. At some point, Merihem put his mask back on and picked me up. He carried me naked, princess style, out of the still-full arena, who still cheered, and back to his home. He kept his dark gaze forward as he walked with me in his arms.

My head lolled on his arm, and my eyelids drooped as sleep began taking over. The last thing I saw was looking to the side and noticing a skeletal man hanging from a tree dressed in a Halloween costume that had been shredded into ribbons.

“*Welcome to Hell,*” Lucifer's voice echoed in my mind. Then everything went dark.

CHAPTER 10

Merihem



I cracked open an eye because of a soft whimper and shifting beside me. I glanced at the sleeping woman curled on her side, facing me. She had her eyebrows drawn together and her lip plumped out.

I swept my gaze over her face, which was tight with stress. Her eyes moved behind her closed eyelids, and her breaths were quicker.

“No. I’m not,” Bandit whispered to someone in her sleep. Her words were slurred, and if not paying attention, I wouldn’t have made them out.

I tensed and bunched my eyebrows together. My heart picked up its pace, and not in a panic. But in anger.

Whatever she dreamt about wasn’t good. Someone accused her of being something, where she had to deny it.

Earlier this morning, I exited her dream world to rest properly for a few hours. I always ensured her dreams were pleasant and full of pleasure while visiting them. But I never realized that after I left them, she had nightmares.

Violence surged through my veins like fire because someone hurt her to the point she dreamt about them. What in her life scared and traumatized her so much that she whimpered soft pleas for them to stop? And that she wasn’t what they accused her of being?

She quieted, and her breaths evened out again. I stayed on my back as I woke up more. Sweeping my arm up, I covered my eyes with my forearm and inhaled, bringing in her scent. Fear tainted it. That usually would make my dick hard, but it only caused my blood to boil.

Who hurt her?

How did I not catch this after years of watching her? How did I not notice this side of her?

Whoever harmed her was a dead man walking. It would only be a matter of time before I discovered them and made them pay back every mental and physical wound they inflicted on her.

No one wanted the attention of the demon of violence. The shitty ex of Bandit fucked around and found out.

The wards alerted me first before I heard footsteps in the kitchen. I clenched my jaw when I smelled sulfur and burnt flesh that belonged to the man I didn't want to see.

After climbing out of bed, I put my mask over my nose and mouth. While I slipped on a pair of sweats, I glanced at Bandit, who still slept. She looked peaceful as she rested and was no longer haunted by whatever demons were catching up to her.

I leaned over the mattress and brushed away some pink hair from her forehead.

"Rest, Princess," I murmured before I turned and left the bedroom.

Entering the kitchen, I ignored Azazel as I grabbed a coffee mug and poured myself a cup.

"It's early, and you're in my home. Why?" I asked softly, with steel in my voice. Glancing at him with an arched eyebrow, I waited for his answer.

How did he get through the special wards Lucifer helped me with? Did I overlook a hole in them, or did I need to update them so soon after we redid them not too long ago?

The cocky demon lowered his mug from his lips and smirked. I hated his signature smug look and the damned smile on his face. His crimson eyes gleamed with amusement, but secrets shadowed them I wanted to get my hands on. No matter how many times I dug for what I needed, he never opened his big mouth.

He shrugged a shoulder. “I can’t come by for a visit?”

“Before the sun has risen? No.” *And the fact that you slipped through powerful wards like they weren’t ever there.*

He scoffed. “It’s nothing new. What’s changed?”

My eye twitched. *It’s nothing new.* So he’d done this before without me knowing?

“Leave.” I leaned against the counter behind me and held onto my mug at chest level. The message was clear: he wasn’t welcome here, and I didn’t want to enjoy my coffee with him standing in my home.

Ignoring my order, he made himself a drink I didn’t invite him to have and relaxed against the island across from me.

“Busy?” he asked before sipping loudly from his cup.

My eye twitched again.

I gritted my teeth and squeezed harder on my mug from the sound. Red bled into my vision, and my heart pounded vigorously, spreading adrenaline through me like wildfire. I couldn’t help the tremble in my hands as I scowled at him while imagining all the different ways for him to die.

“*Very.* Leave,” I growled through my clenched teeth.

He swallowed louder with his next drink. The sound echoed in my head, never stopping, and made the red in my vision darker. I gritted my teeth and breathed harder as I glared at him. Violence surged through me, and it took everything to keep control and not snap.

I needed him alive for a few reasons, one being that I didn’t want to alarm Ghoul. Azazel was sniffing around places he shouldn’t be and was close to the king of the seventh level of Hell.

Glancing past him, I scowled at the doorway leading out of the kitchen. It might spare his life if I didn’t look at him while he drank. I knew it wouldn’t work. It never did, but I held onto the sliver of hope it would hold me back from strangling the demon.

“If you don’t want to go through a death today, I suggest you leave.” *I fucking dare you to stick around. I’ve wanted to strangle you for centuries now,* I thought harshly, that thankfully he couldn’t hear.

“I’ll leave in a second, but I need to talk to you about something.” He brought his mug back to his lips. At my glare, he rolled his eyes and set the cup down on the counter beside him. “You need to get over your aversion to hearing people eat and drink. It’s a natural thing.”

I tapped one of my fingers on my mug, still glowering at him while I waited for him to say what he came here to talk about and leave. After he left, I needed to have a chat with Lucifer to see why the fuck he could walk through the wards.

But all I could hear while staring at him was him sipping and swallowing over and over until I trembled with rage that threatened to explode. The longer I focused on the sound, the more I couldn’t stop my brain from playing it repeatedly. Adrenaline pumped through me, readying me for a fight I didn’t want to start.

“Ghoul wants you to know he’s aware of Lucifer.” He waited for a reaction from me I didn’t give. His eyes bored into mine, watching for a slip that would give away anything. When I didn’t show any response, he continued. “I don’t know what you have up your sleeve, Merihem. But whatever plans you have, and with Lucifer helping you, I’d put an end to them before things get ugly.”

Laughable. What kind of threat was that?

I stared unblinking at Azazel, still not saying a word. His crimson eyes stayed on mine, but fear began clouding them the longer I gazed at him. Even the scariest demon would cower toward me, and it was something I gloated about.

Azazel swallowed hard, and I smirked.

Soft, feminine mumbles came from the other side of the house. I broke the stare, shifted my gaze toward the doorway leading to her bedroom, and tapped a finger against the counter’s ledge. Azazel glanced over his shoulder, following

my line of sight, then turned back toward me with an eyebrow raised and his lips curving into a wicked smile. His eyes no longer held shadows of his fear, and his shoulders relaxed.

“Found another unfortunate woman to be your pet?”

I glared at him. “Leave.”

He chuckled softly and pushed away from the counter. Slipping his hands into his pockets, he walked toward the doorway to exit the kitchen.

“Ghoul wants to see you before the Samhain festival. Be quick about it, or things might happen that you won’t like. Especially to your little pet,” he said ominously and left.

I glared at the doorway, listening to his retreating footsteps. I didn’t trust him. The man put his nose into other people’s businesses. Not only that, but he also worked closely with the king. Clearly, the secret wouldn’t stay as one for very long, and now the clock was ticking for me to take the throne.

The front door clicked shut, and I closed my eyes, rolling my head and shoulders to loosen the tight muscles. Slowly, the rage receded until it was nothing but a dull echo of what it was before.

“We need to talk soon, Luce,” I murmured, knowing he could hear me through the blood magic he used for the wards.

Whimpered words I couldn’t make out met my ears and made me pause my stretching. I listened to Bandit talk in her sleep.

The nightmares had returned.

I opened my eyes. “Who hurt you, Princess?”

I knew she couldn’t answer that whispered question.

“Stop,” she whimpered.

I moved before I could register it, and I found myself already at the bedroom door, slowly pushing it open. Scanning my eyes in the shadowed room, I searched for whoever was here with her—even though I recognized she was having a nightmare.

My eyes landed back on her sleeping form, where she was still curled on her side with the blanket kicked down, where it pooled around her waist. It left a pleasant view of her naked upper half. The image of her beauty was something artists would kill over for a chance to paint.

Shadows still shackled her to the bed with enough leeway for her to get comfortable while she fell asleep. I didn't want her to escape while I rested, but that wasn't a problem since she slept like the dead.

I stepped into the room and made my way to the chair in the corner. She still slept but made fewer noises of a bad dream. I focused on her, intending to insert myself into her dream to find what was haunting her, but she made a noise as she stirred.

She turned her head, and her gray eyes landed on me. It pleased me I was the first thing she searched for when she woke up. Confusion crossed her face, and she squinted at me as if she wanted to make sure I was real and here with her. Quickly, it wiped away and realization, then irritation replaced it.

“Have you been watching me sleep?” Sleep thickened her voice, making it husky. The sound went straight to my dick. Some of yesterday played through my mind of everything she did with Lucifer and Thath.

Tapping a finger on the chair's armrest, I cocked my head. “And if I was? What are you going to do about it?”

She opened her mouth to answer but closed it quickly.

I didn't watch her sleep, but antagonizing her was too good to pass up. Her reactions were beautiful because her lips curled and her gray eyes narrowed. Bandit was a hellcat, and I appreciated the hell out of it. There was nothing about her as sweet and innocent as she portrayed in her videos. I watched those countless times while touching myself and bringing myself to climax. She was perfect for me in every way, but the shadows in her eyes told me she would think differently.

“Who hurt you, Princess?” I asked an octave lower and steel in every word.

I was going to kill them all.

She reared her head back, blinking at me a few times as she tried to understand my question. Did no one ever show her empathy and care? Did anyone in her life give a damn about her?

“Who said someone hurt me?” she snapped.

Ah, I hit a nerve.

I drummed my finger on the chair, mulling over my next words. “You don’t need to hide from me. I have no intention of hurting you. But give me their names, and I’ll take care of them.”

She shot me a dirty look. “Are you fucking insane? You think I will suddenly trust you after you kidnapped me and brought me to Hell?”

I could see the hurt in her eyes. The panic in them and her beating herself up. I’d seen a couple times now since she’d been here. In the three years I watched her, I’d never witnessed her scramble like this.

“You forgot who I am, Princess. You want me to be the villain in your story, but I’m the man who takes care of what’s his. While you’re busy hating me, I’m killing every single mother fucker who hurt you.”

Her cheeks flushed a pretty pink and gave me some hope that she’d eventually let go and embrace my darkness. I knew she had the same type, and I wanted her to see that. To understand that she could be herself and be the queen ruling by my side.

“Is this how you get women? You kidnap them, tie them to your bed with some shadow magic and inject them with sex serum as a punishment for running away? Is this the only way you can get laid? How sad.” She fake pouted her lower lip, and I watched the spark return in her eyes.

Pride swelled in me. I didn't care that she insulted me because I got to watch her silently pat herself on the back.

I smirked. The only sound between us was the slow tapping of my finger on the leather chair. She watched me with hard eyes. Violence was on her mind. I knew that look very well and took great pleasure in it. I was the demon of violence, after all, and it was a part of who I was. Her breathing picked up, moving her large breasts with every rapid breath while she glared at me.

“Well?” she snarled.

“Well?” I asked back and raised an eyebrow.

“I asked you a question.”

I stared at her and huffed a slight chuckle.

“You're not in charge here, Princess.”

I stopped tapping my finger and moved my arms to rest on my knees as I leaned forward to get closer to her.

“But I'll play.”

Her eyes widened before they darkened by my invasion of her space, and the perfume of her arousal filled my senses.

“Women come crawling to me. Beg me to do everything to them. Whether it be spanking, choking, cutting, stuffing, or even fucking hitting them as I take them on every piece of furniture. *You*, on the other hand” I pinch my chin with two of my fingers and rest my elbow on my knee as I stare at her. “Are a naughty girl. You've been fucking around when you shouldn't have been, and you are definitely finding out now.”

Confusion crossed her face as she worked through everything I said. Then she blinked, and it was gone and replaced with irritation again.

“What the hell are you talking about, me fucking around and finding out? What the hell did I do?”

I smirked at her constant use of the word hell. How fitting with where she was and *what* I was.

Cocking my head, I raised an eyebrow. “You forgot what I told you?”

She blinked and craned her neck as she tried to sit up. “What?”

I tsked. “I must be doing a good job for you to focus on the pleasure rather than my words.”

“What are you talking about?”

She didn’t know I knew about her dreams? That I controlled them when I was in them?

I chuckled and leaned back in my seat. I stared at her and tapped my finger on the chair again in a slow beat.

“Think hard, Princess.”

She shot me a nasty look.

“Until you can remember what I said to you countless times, I’m taking you out.”

“Taking me out?”

I smiled at her parroting me.

“Yes.”

“Where? There can’t possibly be anywhere to go out in this hellhole.”

I bit back the laugh that bubbled in my chest. “There are plenty of places, but I have things to do, and I’m not leaving you here. Not unless you want a repeat of yesterday.”

My cock got hard at the memory of chasing her and watching her get fucked by Lucifer and Thath. How she screamed so perfectly that it went straight to my dick each time. How the sounds of her squelching pussy milking their cocks for their cum made my eyes roll into the back of my head.

I didn’t take her for multiple reasons. One being that I wanted to drag it out until she begged me. Her begging me last evening wasn’t good enough for me, and until then, I would tease her to the point of sexual insanity. I was the demon of

violence and a sadistic bastard. Hurting her in different ways pleased me more than getting head.

The second reason being that I enjoyed watching her with men who I gave permission to touch her. Something about watching my woman take cocks bigger than mine fueled me. It was my brand of heroin.

Getting to my feet, I adjusted myself and smirked, pleased that she watched me with hungry eyes. I was sure she still felt the lingering effects of the serum I had injected her with. Her arousal perfumed the air, driving me mad.

I had to leave before I said fuck it and took her right now. I wanted to wait for her to come crawling to me, begging me to take her. The wait would be worth it. Until then, I would busy myself and search through her past to locate the people who hurt her. It would help if she gave me some clues, but no matter, I'd still find them. It would just take longer.

“Are you going to release me?” Bandit asked from behind me as I walked toward the bedroom door.

Lust clouded my mind the longer I fixated on her arousal. It shocked me that I didn't notice it until a few minutes ago, but it could be luck. Maybe I was so focused on her and her past.

As soon as I left the bedroom, I released the shadows binding her to the bed. If she ran, she was fucked. What she experienced yesterday would be nothing compared to now if she escaped again. With the lust pounding through my veins and my thoughts centering on sinking myself into her, I wouldn't be able to hold back the dark side of me. My demonic form was a monster, and he was someone the humans had nightmares about. I'd seen my images drawn on everything, especially with the Luciferians who worshipped me at their altar.

Bandit wouldn't want to meet this part of me yet because that side of me wasn't gentle. I'd break her.

CHAPTER 11

Bandit



After Merihem left the bedroom, his shadows released me. I watched the door, debating on running again. A part of me wanted to see if I could get away this time without him following. But from the dare in his dark eyes and how tense he seemed right before he walked out, I knew he anticipated me to run.

When he came after me the last time, I listened to his heavy breathing and growls that warned of pain in my future. It ended up not being torture—unless you counted being double penetrated while your stalker jacked off as that. When I heard him chasing me and growing closer and closer every second, his sounds went straight to my core. He didn't sound human when he chased me, and I got turned on from it for whatever messed up reason.

“I'm so fucked up,” I whispered to myself.

It took years to embrace myself and not believe Dad's lies anymore. It was ridiculous how quick the walls I built to keep safe crumbled down because of one freaky man.

But what the hell was wrong with me? Why did everything about Merihem call to me? He was a demon, for god's sake! I shouldn't be attracted to him or any of his monster friends, dammit.

When I didn't hear his footsteps anymore, I shot out of bed and headed to the bathroom. I stopped when an old woman came into the bedroom. She looked like she was at Death's doorstep because of how saggy and wrinkled her skin was. It gave the impression that all the moisture had evaporated and left her nothing but a raisin corpse. There were layers of dark

circles under her dead eyes as if she'd seen some stuff in her life.

But this was Hell; people here weren't human or looked right.

“You his sex slave too?”

She ignored me and herded me into the bathroom as she began a bath. Her boney fingers on me sent chills down my spine and made all the tiny hairs on my arms rise. The old woman gave me the heebie-jeebies, but I needed human interaction so badly that I didn't care.

“What's your name?” I asked as she started the water and poured some oils into it. Rose and lavender filled the grand bathroom, making me want to roll my eyes.

I'd read this in a couple fanfics where the girl gets pampered with a rose and lavender bath. What was next? Rose petals?

The old lady pulled out a basket and threw in rose petals. I tried so hard to keep a straight face but ended up rolling my eyes.

“In.”

I jumped at her gravelly voice. It sounded like she ate dirt, and some of it got stuck in her throat.

I sighed, stepped into the smooth marble tub, and sank into the water. The old woman came behind me outside of it. She grabbed my arm and began to scrub me. I pulled back. She wouldn't let go.

Is she planning on washing all of me?

I struggled against her, not wanting her to wash me. She wasn't my servant, and I didn't like her doing all these things for me. But no matter how much I fought, she won the battle, and I sat there pouting while she washed my hair.

“I don't know what you did to get here, and I really don't care,” I said while I turned my head to look at her over my shoulder. Her blank eyes moved to my gray ones. “We can break out of here and return to the surface.” If Hell was even

below the earth's crust. I didn't know, and right now, I didn't care.

She grunted, which I took as her mocking me.

"There's no escaping here," she ground out, sounding precisely as if she choked on dirt. I didn't know what had happened to her, but my heart went out to her. She turned my head back around and finished washing my hair.

I huffed and skimmed my hand over the surface of the cloudy water littered with red petals. "There has to be a way out."

She scoffed and drew her boney hands away from my head. "I never said there isn't. But you can't do anything without *him* knowing."

The image of Merihem stroking his fat cock as he watched Thath and Lucifer fuck me popped into my mind. My cheeks warmed at the memory of yesterday.

I blinked away the visual and scowled.

Why did I give this freak so much space in my head? He literally kidnapped me. There was nothing sexy about him. Not one thing.

A gritty cackle made me turn around with stiff shoulders. I found the older woman getting to her feet, laughing at me.

"What's so funny?" I snapped.

Suddenly embarrassed, I covered my chest with my arms while glaring at the still-snickering woman.

She waved her hands for me to get out. "You're already falling for the demon."

My jaw dropped, and I shot to my feet. Warm water cascaded down my body that I completely ignored as I shoved a finger at her. "What kind of bullshit accusation is that?"

"I know things. I did when I was alive and still do in death." She grabbed a large black towel, opened it, and waited for me to step into it.

“I’m not falling for him. I don’t even know him,” I snapped and closed the soft cotton towel around me. My heart pounded so hard I feared she could see it. I turned away from her with my face flushed so brightly that I wanted to punch something.

The old lady cackled again and led me out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom. Someone had made the bed and left folded clothes at the end of it. The dead woman led me to them.

She held her hand out to the pile and brought her gaze to mine. If she thought I would let her dress me, too, she had another thing coming. Her eyes didn’t look so dead this time, but they were full of amusement, and her lips curled into a toothy smile. “Get dressed. He’ll be waiting for you in the kitchen.”

I watched as she left. I stood frozen by the end of the large bed. My heart hadn’t calmed down, and the surge of adrenaline made my head swim.

There was no fucking way I felt anything for Merihem. I didn’t know him. The psycho brutally slaughtered Justin with a pipe as a bat, pinned him to the wall like a butterfly, castrated him, snapped his neck like a dry twig, then hit me so he could kidnap me.

What the hell was there to fall for? A good time with his buddies? Him knowing how to make a woman cum? His sexy promise of revenge for me by killing everyone who hurt me?

What? No! There was nothing sexy about him threatening to kill my dad and every piece of shit guy in my life.

Justin’s distant scream broke me out of my spiraling thoughts.

I sighed and dressed in clothes I would wear to go out with friends or make a video. A tight, revealing top with a white upside-down cross. There were studs along the seams that gave it a flare. The skirt was short, leaving nothing to the imagination, and paired with fishnets and black boots.

In the back of my mind, I cringed because Merihem knew how I dressed. But I brushed it aside, not wanting to think about the demon stalking me for three years.

I started my way into the bathroom when I noticed a plate of food on the large dresser. Grabbing it, I brought it in with me, set it on the counter, and popped a piece of cold meat into my mouth. While I ate, I found the makeup brands I used back home.

I sighed heavily and pouted out my lower lip as I picked up a very expensive eyeshadow palette that had been sitting in my wishlist for weeks.

Merihem knew.

I should put the makeup down and leave. It would be stupid of me to use the products Merihem got me. It would do nothing but inflate his ego and make him preen over the fact that I pampered myself with everything he got for me.

“But he got the limited edition,” I whined while staring down at my hand holding the eyeshadow.

“No one gives a shit about you,” Dad snapped at me from his spot at the dinner table.

We were about to have our regular meal together but had to suffer through ten minutes of him praying to a god that didn't exist. I had sighed a breath that held a little too much attitude, which of course, he wanted to point out.

“You keep being a little brat, you're going to bed hungry,” he warned while shooting me a nasty look.

When I didn't say anything, he bowed his head and started from the beginning with his prayer.

My fingers tightened on the palette.

Merihem gave a shit. Enough so that he spoiled me with clothes and makeup. Sure, he was an ex-boyfriend murdering demon who lived in hell, had corpse servants, and a sex arena ... but a shit given was a shit given. My dad was wrong.

Sighing, I opened it and began doing my makeup while trying to calm my heart.

I was *so* not falling for the psycho demon.

CHAPTER 12

Bandit



I hesitantly walked through the wide doorway into the kitchen, where Merihem waited. It was an enormous spaced area with new appliances. In one corner was a breakfast table decorated with an unknown type of crimson flower. The cabinets were stained black, and the counters were obsidian marble that shone in the bright overhead light.

Merihem stood at the island, staring at his plate of food, as he stabbed a cut piece of rare cooked steak onto his fork. When he heard me enter the room, he glanced up and met my eyes. Because he was eating, he wasn't wearing a mask.

My stomach did a funny flip, and my body warmed by a few degrees.

I'm not falling for him. It would be so stupid.

He moved his smoldering gaze over my face, and I caught the pleased look in them as he noticed the makeup. Shifting his eyes down, he took in my outfit and shoes. Heat flared in his almost black eyes, and when he brought them back to my face, he stared at me with hunger.

Warmth pooled low in my belly, and my clit began a dull throb that I wanted him to take care of. *I want him to fuck me this time.* My cheeks flamed from my thoughts.

What the hell was wrong with me? How did a man who kidnapped me, shared me with his monster friends, and said he wasn't the villain in my story make me lose my ever-loving mind?

"You look beautiful, Princess. Good enough to eat," he said while he dropped his hand holding the silver fork onto the plate.

My ears rang with my blush, and I had to stop myself from twiddling my hands. I raised my chin to seem strong when I didn't feel that way. Not when he looked at me as if he wanted to strip me and eat me out again like he did the other day.

I had to reclaim some control. Set some boundaries.

“Just so you know, me wearing this outfit and using the makeup doesn't mean anything.” *Yes, it does.* I folded my arms over my chest to hide my trembling hands from his sharp eyes.

He smirked, and I knew he knew I was nervous.

I continued, “In fact, I'm trying not to throw up at the thought of you stalking me. Did you at least give me alone time?”

Did he watch me masturbate? Or when I made all those videos for my clients? There were a million possibilities of embarrassing private behaviors that I'd never want *someone I wasn't falling for* to witness.

He grinned, flashing me his white teeth.

It took my breath away from how beautiful he looked while he smiled. He took measured steps toward me, and each one made my heart pound a little harder. He reached out to me and cupped the back of my neck as he brought me closer to him. My heart forgot to beat for a second, and my breath caught in my throat. His touch was firm, and his palm's heat blazed through me like a wildfire I didn't want to put out. Cinnamon filled my nose and caused my stomach to flip again.

I'm not falling for him.

“That's what you're worried about?” he asked with his voice a few octaves lower.

Leaning down, he brushed his nose along my cheek to my ear. His teeth caught my earlobe, making me gasp and clutch the front of his shirt.

“Will it make you feel better if I lie to you and say I gave you privacy?”

“Yes,” I lied softly.

My nipples hardened, and I bit back a soft moan as he kissed down my neck and nipped the tender spots. I couldn't stop myself from winding my arms around his shoulders and holding him close.

“You're a fucked up little girl,” Dad growled at me as he found out I liked the same sex.

I was fucked up. But so was Merihem, who anticipated my every desire. He made me feel more accepted than anyone else did.

He pinched my chin with his free hand and turned my head until our lips brushed. I stopped breathing for a second as I peered into his dark eyes.

Was he about to kiss me?

Why did I want that?

Where was the strong Bandit I had carefully created? The one who didn't get nervous around men?

“Who hurt you, sweet girl?”

My heart stuttered over a beat, and I blinked away my spiraling thoughts. I stared at him, finding that his eyes weren't heated with desire anymore. They were full of possession, anger, and promised violence. Butterflies filled my stomach, and I dug my fingers into the soft skin at the back of his neck.

I parted my lips, almost spilling my guts to him, but snapped them closed before a single syllable made it out. I couldn't be pathetic and unload on him. Hell, I didn't know jack about him. How could I be sure that I could trust him?

He leaned in an inch until his lips barely brushed mine again in a tease, and his warm breath fanned against my mouth. I fluttered my eyes, fighting back the strong desire to kiss him. Because I knew he wanted me to. Why else would he dangle the bait in front of me by barely touching my lips with his?

“I'll find out either way. And when I find them ...” He brought his hand from the back of my neck to the front and

tightened his hold, but not enough to cut off my airflow.

I got wetter and had to bite back the pleas for him to fuck me right here.

“I promise I’ll make them suffer. You think your piece of shit ex has it bad with my hounds? Princess, their punishments will make your ex look like he has it easy.”

My cheeks burned. “You’re a walking red flag, you know that?” And for whatever messed up reason, I loved it. I knew I had a thing for toxic men, but Merihem took the cake.

He flashed me a wolfish grin that sent tingles through my whole body and made my toes curl. His eyes flicked down to my parted lips, where his were still whispering against mine, sharing the same breath.

I want him to kiss me.

He stared for another heartbeat before he dragged his gaze away and met mine again. His hand around my throat tightened for a moment—a promise. Unspoken words clamored in that slight movement, and I wanted nothing more than to know its meaning.

Did he mean *later* by that? That he would kiss me another time?

Justin’s screams broke the moment, and Merihem stepped away from me, dropping his hand to his side. My heart raced beneath my chest, and I was sure he could see the fast beats on my breast. The hounds tormenting Justin snarled and growled with his sobs and grunts.

I swallowed hard to force down my nervousness. It was all for the wrong reasons. I wasn’t completely worried about Justin, as painful as that was to admit. I wet my bottom lip, and Merihem followed the movement with hungry eyes.

“How long are you keeping him here?” Was it really an eternal damnation, as churches warned? I’d once refused to believe in any kind of religion that was as flawed as believers of the Bible rejected to acknowledge. A week ago, I would have laughed if I’d been told I’d go to hell—I’d been told that often enough, sure, but it had never been a literal threat.

But since Hell was real, and I was talking to an actual demon—and even had sex with Lucifer—I guess god was real after all. Bummer.

Merihem's eyes darkened at the mention of Justin and his torture. He turned away from me and walked back to the island, picking something up and fixing it on his face. When he turned toward me, he wore his usual black leather studded mask that covered from nose to chin.

“You know the answer, Princess.”

He came back to me and held his hand out for me to take.

When I didn't automatically reach out, he wiggled his fingers in a *take-my-hand* gesture. “Come.”

I swallowed nervously and stared at his tattooed hand.

“Where are you taking me?” I met his stare again.

His eyes danced with amusement. “You'll see.”

I glanced past his shoulder as sweat beaded on my upper lip while Justin's screams grew louder and wilder. The hounds howled, and nasty sounds of flesh meeting flesh sent a shiver down my spine and made me hold back a gag.

A large hand seized my throat, and I gasped as Merihem shoved me against the wall. He crowded my space while he squeezed onto my neck, his eyes dark and held a threat in them. My heart pounded so hard that I feared he could hear it. I grabbed his wrist with both hands, staring at his face with wide eyes.

“If you run ...” Merihem started, his voice harsh as steel. His fingers curled around my neck, cutting off more air.

Zaps of electric pleasure went through my entire body. Heat pooled low in my belly, and my toes curled as I watched his expressive eyes.

He leaned down until we were nose to nose and forced me to stare into his eyes, which held a fire within them. “You won't like what will happen this time. The demonic side of me isn't human, and he gets off on violence that your human mind

will never understand. There are things he can do to your sweet, lush body that will drive you to insanity and pain.”

What kind of pain?

He narrowed his eyes and pushed against my throat to force me further against the wall to drive his next point. “If you run, Princess, you’ll find out firsthand the wicked shit he likes to do. He won’t hesitate to hurt you.”

My head swam, and my face burned with the need to breathe. Before I blacked out, he released his hold. I sucked in a ragged breath while staring at him with wide eyes filling with tears. My heart doubled in its pace, and I knew he could hear it because of the way his gaze became hungry.

He had a thing for chasing.

What was it called? *Primal kink.*

The more I stared into his eyes, the creepier it became because it seemed like something was inside him looking out at me. If what he said was true, then he had a separate entity inside him.

I licked my dry lips, and he followed the movement.

Where was the mouthy Bandit? The part of me that always had something quick to say to people? It happened earlier in the bedroom with him. But right now, I couldn’t gather my wits.

God, I felt like an inch tall while I stared into his black, depthless eyes. They had a reddish glow in them right now, like a fire burning within him. If I were to take a guess, it had to be his demonic form.

I looked into the eyes of a demon and found myself frighteningly, forbiddingly, *intrigued.*

Merihem cocked his head with the same *fuck around and find out* he had when I ran into him after my date gone wrong with Justin.

I didn’t so much as breathe.

Just as fast as his mood swung, he straightened and held his hand out to me again.

I exhaled shakily and took his offering this time. He gripped me in a too-tight hold, but it tingled my whole body. My legs felt like jelly because of how much they trembled and how turned on I was.

Dad was right. I'm messed up. All the high school bullies were right along with him when they liked to call me a freak.

I knew I should want nothing more than to shove him away and deny everything I felt for him. I should, but I didn't.

I'm not falling for him.

Why did I find him so attractive? Why did god or whoever created him make him so sexy but give him every red flag?

A dream I suddenly remembered popped into my head while he directed me out of the house and to a path that led to wherever he was taking me. All I could remember from the dream was a man standing in the shadowy corner of my bedroom. I only made out the dark outline of his large body. But there were a few times I saw his shadowed face. Especially his all-black eyes from behind the red and black demon mask he wore. Even in my dream, I had my red LED lights on, but somehow he stayed in the shadows as if he was a part of them.

He had stood there, observing me while someone else went down on me. It seemed like he enjoyed watching the other man eat me out, but he always kept his eyes on my face the entire time. At some point in the dream, he had pulled out his fat dick and stroked himself while watching this man go down on me.

I didn't know why I remembered this dream. Maybe it was because it reminded me a little of Merihem and how he enjoyed watching me with Lucifer and Thath.

For the first time in three years, I felt that maybe Merihem could meet my high standards for men. The man in my dreams was carnal and everything I desired in a guy. He made me feel worshipped, sexy, and the center of his attention. My pleasure

was his main focus. It wasn't anything the terrible men in my life did.

Merihem did all of that. He made sure I was pleased and finished. He made me the center of his attention and showed his desire for me.

I couldn't believe I was even thinking this. I was doomed to compare every guy to this mysterious man in my dreams, and Merihem was no exception.

CHAPTER 13

Bandit



The path Merihem chose differed from the one I ran through the other day. It was a lot nicer with beautiful red and black rose bushes. There were a couple shrubberies that had to be roses. Instead of normal buds, they were small white skulls. They looked like something I'd find at a local home decoration store during Halloween. But one thing that set me on edge was that I knew they had to be real. Just like the carcasses littering the labyrinth and bodies that hung from trees—they were real because of the stench of rot coming from them.

Silence stretched between Merihem and me. I didn't want to ask where we were going because I was nervous about what he'd say—as frustrating as that was.

Was he taking me to the lake of fire and yeet me into it?

Torture cells in a different location to have others inflict pain on me?

The gladiator arena for another long day of sex with his demon buddies?

Lucifer's home for him to fuck me again and whisper more dirty shit into my ear?

I noticed the familiar massive pillars made from white marble and the stands for large crowds. My stomach did a funny flip as the memories from the other day flashed through my head. My clit fluttered, my core spasmed around nothing, and I suddenly felt empty.

This was where Merihem brought me and allowed Lucifer and Thath to fuck me all evening. It had to be the best day of my life. I never thought I could have that many orgasms and

still live to tell the tale. Let alone being able to take two gigantic not-so-human cocks.

Instead of leading me into the middle where the stage was, Merihem led me to the side where a gate was. It was already open, and as we went through the archway, it opened into a grand hallway. It reminded me of a museum belonging to royalty because of the paintings and marble statues of men and women. Some of them I recognized as Greek gods, and others being some of the wicked people from Above.

Tapestries hung on the red walls, decorated with symbols and tiny colorful beads, creating the most beautiful artwork I'd ever seen. They were complex and looked like they had to have taken years to complete because of how small the beads were. Some of the artwork was terrifying because of the demons in the pictures doing nasty and not-so-fun things to human women.

It seemed like forever that we walked through the extensive building and its hallways. Merihem stopped and rested his palm on the wall. A flash of red plumes that I could only think of was magic that shot out from beneath his hand. A doorway appeared in the seamless wall. I gaped at the hidden room as Merihem led me into it with a hand on my lower back.

The space was wide and looked classier than a royal castle. The arching ceiling that was covered in more hauntingly beautiful artwork had to be at least fifty feet up. A grand chandelier hung from the middle, decorated with more real-looking skulls and diamonds. A few of the skulls wore jeweled crowns that belonged in the renaissance painting. Across the room from us sat a burnt-up demon on a throne. Standing near him were giant minotaurs wearing leather loincloths. Most of them had septum piercings. But I could tell each one apart because of the color of their loincloths. One of them caught my eye.

Thath.

This time he wore a loincloth to cover his bull cock. Though I didn't miss his dick jerking beneath the leather of it

and his eyes flaring with hunger as he watched me. My cheeks burned from my blush as I darted my gaze from his.

I swept my gaze at the few tall, lean crusty demons that looked so charred I was positive their skin would flake with every poke of my finger. They weren't wearing any clothes, and I tried hard to not look between their legs. But curiosity got the better of me, and I found they didn't have male parts. I could be wrong, but maybe the parts were hidden. Or god just didn't bless them with it. Who knew?

No one looked happy to see us here. I glanced at Merihem as he stopped when we were several feet from the crusty demon on his seat in the middle of the dais.

The only human thing about him was his humanoid body. From where I stood, I noticed his skin looked like dark crimson leather bordering nearly black. There were knobs lined along his forehead, some larger than the others that looked like horns. His eyes were yellow. They were like cat eyes with long pupils. I didn't want to get closer to him to find out because of how much he made me uneasy. Something about him reminded me all too much of Darth Maul after he'd been boiled in a lava river.

The demon bared his sharp and rotting teeth at Merihem. "You have a lot of balls to come here unannounced, Merihem." His unnerving yellow eyes flicked to me. Interest sparked in them. He snaked his long, bumpy, forked tongue along his bottom lip, then turned his gaze back to Merihem. "And you didn't come alone."

I shivered and moved closer to Merihem. My hands itched to grab him, but he had removed his palm from my back, so I didn't know if he wanted to be seen touching me. I didn't like that I depended on him. But if I were to trust anyone in this room, it would be the man who killed my ex and his friends with a metal bat. So I hoped he'd keep me safe from this creature, who kept glancing at me with interest. I didn't miss the hunger in them as he watched me and continued licking his lips.

Merihem ran his hand along the bottom of my back before he stepped in front of me to block the king's leering eyes.

"Azazel said you wanted to speak with me before the Samhain celebration. Why send your henchman with a summons if you didn't wish me to come?"

I took a tiny step toward Merihem's back. I carefully peeked past him, catching the king's lip curled in a snarl at Merihem's cool reply. He continued, ignoring the anger of the demon on the throne. "I wasn't going to leave her behind. What do you want?"

Jesus, could he talk to him like that? Because I was ninety-nine point nine percent sure Darth Maul look-alike was a king. It didn't make sense because I thought Lucifer was the one in control of Hell. But then again, I had never learned about the levels of Hell. I had never paid any attention in church or to my parents' conversations about Heaven and Hell. I hadn't believed any of it was real.

I believe now ...

"Watch your tongue before I cut it out of your mouth," the king snarled as he shot forward. A dark aura pulsed from him as he glared daggers at Merihem. Shadows spanned out of the black aura, and in the same breath, they sucked right back into him as if he slipped up and called the darkness to him.

My stomach twisted, and my heart pounded from that quick movement.

Merihem chuckled. *Chuckled*. What did he find so funny about the charred demon king's threat that he could laugh?

I looked bewildered at his back, trying hard to bite back a cautioning comment. Not wanting to bring attention to myself, I didn't speak.

The demon king bared his teeth again. I knew he had to have rancid breath. I felt terrible for any woman who had to suffer through him shoving his tongue into the back of her throat with those nasty things.

Merihem still chuckled, the sound soothing to me in this tense atmosphere. I watched his shoulders move with his

laughs, and I craved nothing more than to move in front and watch his face.

I felt a pair of eyes on me and moved my gaze back to the king, who now stared at me. My heart stuttered over a beat, and I stiffened from the clear desire in his yellow eyes.

He leaned back in his large throne seat and brought his hand up to his face, cupping his jaw with two fingers.

“I hope yesterday’s show was worth it. *Really* worth it. Because you know perfectly well that Lucifer isn’t welcome here, yet you invited him.” The king kept his gaze on me and bit his bottom lip. Why did I get the feeling that his interest in interrogating Merihem was waning?

Merihem stepped in front of me, blocking the demon’s view of me again. I didn’t move this time.

Why didn’t they like Lucifer here in this level of Hell? Didn’t he reign Hell, or did I miss something?

Merihem crossed his arms over his chest and snorted a laugh. “You can’t stop the Prince of Hell from going where he pleases, Ghoul.”

What the hell was going on?

I tried following along with their conversation and where it was headed, but it was as if I had walked into the room at the end of a lecture and had no context for the homework assignment. Glancing at everyone in the area, I noticed a lot of them weren’t paying attention to me. Not even the half-goat-half-man who stood to the side, staring at Merihem.

Thath caught my gaze, and my cheeks burned with a blush. His nostrils flared as he took in a breath, and even though he wasn’t human, I still could tell the craving in his gaze. He didn’t hide that I turned him on and wanted another round with me. My body responded to his gaze by warming, my clit throbbing, and my core clenching around nothing.

How wrong was I for wishing Thath to do everything he did to me yesterday again? But this time, I wanted Merihem to join.

I swallowed hard and snapped my eyes away from his.

I could take this moment to sneak out. Hopefully, the bull wouldn't announce my sneaking off. But the problem was that I didn't know my way back to Earth.

Peering over my shoulder, I deflated when I noticed the opening we walked through closed. There was nothing but a wall now.

Well crap.

“You very well know I despise your guts, Merihem. Only your blessing from Darkness keeps me from ordering you ripped to pieces and fed to your hounds.”

I turned back toward Merihem and stared at his back. It stayed relaxed for a second. When his shoulders went rigid, and he shifted in front of me, I knew the king had to be trying to look at me.

The king spoke, a charred voice deepening as if he'd forgotten he was talking to Merihem. He seemed to be daydreaming about the possibilities of my demon stalker being done away with. “And I'll take your beloved human female as my own. Bury my cock in all her holes every hour. Sink my teeth into her tits. Mark up that juicy skin. Put a collar on her and make her crawl.”

I held back a cringe and curled my fingers into fists to keep from pressing myself into Merihem's back. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from saying something. It would only get me into some shit that I didn't want to be in.

Everything in Merihem's demeanor changed in a heartbeat. He went from amused and semi-relaxed to emanating violence and seconds away from fucking this crusty demon king's shit up.

“Watch yourself,” Merihem warned. His voice was lower and held the same note of warning he used with me when he told me about his demonic form. Chills went down my spine and raised little goosebumps along my arms.

Ghoul cackled. It sounded like shattered glass.

How the king found this funny was beyond me.

Merihem had beat the shit out of four guys, then cut off Justin's dick before he sent him to get fucked by dogs for days on end. There was nothing about Merihem to take lightly. I peeped around the tall demon to watch the king wave a boney hand tipped with long claws that glinted in the light.

Shadows crept from the king while he laughed; this time, he didn't pull them back in.

"You don't scare me." He cackled. It started normal, and the more he did, the louder it became until it boomed and vibrated through me. My eardrums rattled, and I worried they'd bleed any second now.

Merihem didn't move. He held the same air of threat to him while the king composed himself and lowered his hand. Moving his yellow eyes from Merihem, he met mine, and an evil grin spread across his face.

"I fear no one. You think I'm going to cower to you because I mentioned fucking your human woman?"

He moved his gaze back to Merihem and cackled at whatever he saw. I couldn't see my demon's face.

"No pussy holds that kind of power over me, but it seems you're under her spell. Her cunt must be something magical."

The king's foul, blackened grin widened. He taunted chidingly, "Keep her close, Violence, or I'm taking her as mine."

Merihem stood there, not saying a word. I wanted nothing more than to step in front of him and see his face. Even though I couldn't see it, I knew he was glaring at Ghoul. His silence didn't last long before he slipped his hands into the pockets of his black pants. His shoulders never relaxed, and I could feel the tension rolling off him.

"If you're finished, I'll take my leave now." The way he said it so calmly made the hairs on the back of my neck rise. If *calm before the storm* was a person, it was Merihem. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear it was a threat that he would do something. And soon.

I didn't know if I wanted to find out.

Ghoul waved his fingers and rolled his eyes. "Leave."

There was a pause, and I held my breath while I watched Merihem. Turning around, he met my concerned gaze and swept his hand out in a show for me to take the lead. I turned and walked toward the wall with the portal to lead us to the other side. Merihem followed by my side.

"Oh, and Merihem."

We stopped at Ghoul's voice.

I turned my head to peer at Merihem when he didn't turn around and face Ghoul. He stood there, staring steadily at the wall with intense eyes.

"I've got my eyes on you. I know you're up to something. If I find out Lucifer is here again, not even a Darkness blessing will restrain my wrath."

I swallowed hard.

Merihem turned his head by an inch to meet my eyes.

My stomach flipped, and everything in me set on fire because of the way he stared at me. Possessive, angry, and full of the promise to obliterate anyone who dared to hurt me.

I'm not falling for him. I'm not falling for him.

Merihem brought his hand to the small of my back, and we began walking again. He didn't say a word as he opened the portal.

CHAPTER 14

Merihem



Since bringing Bandit back to my home after the unpleasant visit with Ghoul, I'd been preparing for my next move. I had been waiting for the perfect time for years now. But since the king wanted to make those comments about my girl, he pushed the plans to happen sooner.

When he said he wanted to fuck her, mark her beautifully soft skin, collar her and make her crawl ... I saw red. The only person who could mark her silky skin was *me*. But my woman didn't crawl for anyone. Not even me.

The memory of Bandit at the Halloween party years ago popped into my mind.

"Crawl to me," Bandit said huskily. Those three words went straight to my already hard cock.

I eagerly watched her, not wanting to miss anything she did. My eyes couldn't stop roving over her voluptuous body and drinking in her radiant beauty.

She wore tiny clothes that left nothing to the imagination. But there were a few things I imagined while watching her. I wondered what her cunt looked like. Was it bare and glistening with her wetness? I smelled the spike of arousal from her when we met eyes minutes ago. I craved nothing more than to shove my hand up her skirt and find out for myself if she was wet. Were her nipples a dusky color? Were they pebbled right now because of my eyes on her? I knew she was aware of my gaze because I saw all the classic signs of her getting turned on.

The rise and fall of her breasts were faster. Her pupils were dilated, and it wasn't just from the barely lit room with a few strobe lights. She shifted her weight from one leg to the other as if searching for relief between her thighs. Her cheeks

were flushed with desire that this male—Derrick—thought was because of him.

The male with bad intentions questioned her—calling her Bandit—but with the bait she dangled in front of him, he folded like a stack of cards in the slightest breeze. I watched with amusement as he crawled toward her for her to shut him down. His back was to me, I couldn't watch his face fall, and his eyes blaze with fury. But I observed his shoulders tense and his spine straighten in irritation.

That settled it.

Bandit was mine. She would be my queen when I took the throne.

Ghoul fucked up by saying he would make her crawl to him.

While I left Bandit in my home with my servant—Martha—I'd been preparing. I also took the time away from her to find the people who made her have nightmares. She still hadn't confessed to me who. It wouldn't be long before I discovered it on my own. They were a dead man walking when I found them.

Days passed, and I had little interaction with Bandit. When I was around her a few times, I saw shadows in her eyes. She had dark circles under them like she hadn't been getting sleep at night.

She's still having nightmares.

My stomach clenched, and my chest tightened.

I didn't want her to suffer like that. While I loved causing pain and watching her face screw up from the orgasms I denied her, I refused for someone else to haunt her thoughts. She was only allowed to think about *me* and wonder what *I* would do to her next.

I walked into my living room, where Bandit watched TV with a frown, and her bottom lip pouted out.

I want to bite that lip.

She turned her gaze to me as I approached her on the large black leather L-shaped sofa. Her face smoothed, and her cheeks brightened into a cute shade of pink.

I smirked.

My girl has a crush on me. Good.

Rolling the sleeves of my dress shirt up my forearms, I cocked my head toward the kitchen. “Help me make lunch.”

She perked up and her eyes widened by a fraction. It was adorable how surprised she was that I cooked.

“You’re cooking?”

“*We* are cooking.”

She threw the TV remote to the side and stood. “What are we making?”

I looked her over and held back a groan. She wore one of my favorite outfits I got for her. It was a black corset top with a sweetheart neckline that left the perfect view of the tops of her pushed-up breasts. Her black skirt was decorated with chains that hung by her waist in perfect loops. It accentuated her wide hips, making me want to grab onto them and bury my face between her thighs.

She wore a pair of black boots I saw her months ago eyeing and couldn’t get them. They were a limited edition, and by the time she got the money, they were all sold out. But I had snagged a pair for when she came to Hell and lived with me. I wanted my girl to have everything she desired.

“One of my favorite meals.” I lifted my eyes to hers and licked my front teeth, lost in my desire to bury them into the soft flesh of her thick thigh. I wanted to see the marks left by my teeth on her supple flesh and for everyone here to know she was *mine*.

She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest. “And that is?”

I slowly blinked and grinned. “You’ll find out.”

I held my hand out for her to take. She hesitated for a small moment before she sighed and took it. Her warmth from the touch coursed through me, making every nerve ending sensitive and aware of her close proximity.

From Bandit's heavy breathing and the perfume of her arousal, I knew I had the same effect on her, too. *She's coming around, but not fast enough. I need more from her.* I wanted this woman to be just as obsessed with me as I was with her.

We walked into the kitchen, and I begrudgingly released her hand, already missing her touch. She crossed her arms over her chest and curled her fingers into a fist of the hand I held. It was as if she wanted to hold onto the memory of my touch in her palm, and I couldn't be any more pleased by that. I grinned and turned away from her to get the ingredients out of the refrigerator and walk-in pantry.

I set them down on the island and opened the brown paper that held the steaks to keep them fresh.

"You know how to tenderize meat?" I raised my eyes to Bandit, who stood where I had left her. She looked like she felt out of place because of how tense her shoulders were and her eyes bouncing to everything around us but on me. *I want her to know there's always a place for her.* "Come here, Princess."

She pursed her lips and shifted her eyes to my face. When I thought she wouldn't move and I had to snag her to my side, she sighed and came next to me.

"I don't," she hesitantly answered. Embarrassment clung to her every word.

Why would she get embarrassed about not knowing?

I opened the drawer that held the meat mallet. Wrapping an arm behind her, I grabbed her waist and maneuvered her in front of me. I had her face toward the counter with the meats, and I couldn't stop myself from moving closer to her. I towered over her and had to bend over for me to be close to her head. I noticed how perfectly she fit against my front side. Cotton candy filled my nose and made me shudder at how good she smelled.

I grabbed one of her hands to place the mallet into her palm. Bending until my masked mouth brushed against her ear, I squeezed my hand over hers and smiled at her sharp intake of breath.

“You’re going to hammer the meat until it’s tender,” I said, my voice an octave lower.

She shifted her weight and leaned back into me as if she needed to feel me pressed against her backside. I didn’t think she realized what she did and how much it pleased me. Her ass pushed directly against my hardening dick and cradled me so perfectly.

“So, just beat the meat, huh?” she asked softly. She tensed against me, and I felt the quick flutters of her heartbeat against my chest.

I chuckled and ran my free hand up her other arm and down her side to her waist. My palm rested on her love handle, and I squeezed.

“Go easy on the meat, Princess.”

She released a heavy breath with a soft laugh while I moved her hand, holding the mallet, and smacked the steak. When she got the idea, I let go of her hand and skimmed my hand up her arm, just for the simple reason of touching her. Goosebumps raised on her flesh behind my trail of fingers. I ran my knuckles down her side and watched her as she began hammering the meat. My eyes shifted to her breasts, and I watched them jiggle with each hit.

Her heartbeats were still quick and the tiny hairs on her arms raised with the goose pimples from my touches. I fingered away her pink and black split-dyed hair from her shoulders, so it didn’t get in her face. She released a shuddering breath that held a small whimper that no human ear could catch, but I noticed.

“You’re doing so good, Princess,” I murmured in her ear.

Her breathing picked up, and I had a feeling it wasn’t because of her tenderizing the meat.

I frowned.

“Did no one ever praise you?” I asked her softly.

Her hand froze mid-strike. She sucked in a breath and turned her face toward me but quickly looked away.

Shrugging a shoulder, she said, “It doesn’t matter.”

My eyebrows drew together. “It does to me.”

She swallowed hard enough that I heard it, and she began to hit the meat again, but harder than needed. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

It stayed silent as she finished the first steak and started to tenderize the second one.

I wanted Bandit to open up to me, but whenever I asked her questions, she avoided answering them. During the time I watched her from afar, I learned everything about her. But I couldn’t believe there were secrets that I had never uncovered. My girl hid them well enough that not even I found out about them.

I was like a hound who had the scent of blood. I didn’t stop until I got what I wanted. Nothing would stop me from finding out about her secrets. I wanted to know *everything* about Bandit.

If I asked her for an inch, I had to give her one too.

“I hate the sound of people eating and swallowing.” At my confession, she stopped hitting the meat with her hand raised for another strike. She turned her head to look me in the eye with her eyebrows drawn together. At her silent question, I continued, “There are more sounds I despise and send me into a blind rage. But no one takes it seriously and gives me hell about it. Some assholes will purposely chew louder while looking me in the eye because they think it’s funny.”

“Oh, Merihem,” she crooned and dropped the mallet before she turned around to face me. She raised her hands but stopped herself from touching me. Shadows crept into her eyes, and I wanted nothing more than to know what she was thinking. “People can be jerks. I’m sorry they do that to you.”

I smiled and brought my hand to her face, dragging my knuckles on her soft cheek. They flushed a pretty pink, and the shadows slowly faded from her gray eyes, which now sparkled with desire.

I leaned my head to the side as I gazed down at her perfect heart-shaped face. She stared up at me with her eyes bright and her face relaxed. I hadn't seen her this relaxed since she was in the Above and in her home. Her eyelashes fluttered when I grazed my knuckle along her cheekbone and moved my gaze to her lips.

For years, I wanted to kiss her. To taste her and swallow every whimper and moan from her while I drove my cock into her over and over.

Her pupils dilated, and her lips parted like she knew where my thoughts were. *She wants me to kiss her.* But I refused. I wanted to drag this out as long as possible and make her beg me—one that satisfied me enough to give her what she wanted.

“Your turn,” I murmured and gently brushed a lock of her black hair behind her ear.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she bunched her eyebrows together. She raised her eyes back to mine, and her cheeks turned a brighter pink. I smirked.

“For what?”

I chuckled and leaned into her. Placing my palms on the table behind her, I caged her in and bent over, so she leaned back against it and looked up at me with doe eyes. I could see her heartbeat beneath her breast that made it twitch with each pump. Biting my bottom lip with a smile, I nodded at her.

“Tell me a secret.”

Shadows crept back into her eyes. I was losing her, and she was shutting down.

I swiftly pinched her chin and made her keep her gaze on my face. “I will never judge you for anything, Princess. It can be a small secret. But I told you one of mine.”

Coercion wasn't beneath me at this moment. Not when it came to her. I wanted to break her open and look at her insides to see what made her tick. What made her the most fascinating human woman I'd laid my eyes on.

I want to know my queen.

She bit her bottom lip, and I groaned under my breath. My fingers tightened on her chin and curled my other hand into the marble of the table behind her. I wanted to catch her lip between my teeth and bite until I drew blood.

“One year, my family forgot it was my birthday. I turned sixteen and was looking forward to the day because that was when my mom would take me out to shop for a cute outfit and eat at my favorite local pizza shop. But on my sixteenth birthday, nobody said anything to me. It was like as if I didn't exist. So I snuck out after everyone went to bed. I grabbed some cash from my mom's purse, went to the pizza place, and had a slice. The owner recognized me and felt sorry, so he snagged a candle and put in the pizza slice to sing happy birthday to me.” She smiled at the fond memory, and her eyes warmed until they looked like a swirling pool of silver. I could get lost in them for the rest of my life and never want to return.

My hold on the counter behind her tightened until I heard the beginning crack of marble. I loosened my grip.

Her parents forgot about their daughter's birthday?

She gave me an inch and something I could go off of and turn it into a mile. I consumed every detail she gave and compartmentalized everything.

It wasn't a direct answer to my first question if no one had ever praised her. But it was enough of an answer for me to know that, no, she had never been praised or told anything good until I came into her life.

She blinked rapidly, and her cheeks flushed.

“I'll give you everything you desire, Bandit. You deserve all the riches, and I can give that to you.” I cupped her cheek and softly stroked my thumb on her smooth skin. “I'm your

family now. They are nothing but strangers who deserve what's coming to them.”

She drew her eyebrows together, frowning, and placed her palms on my chest. She shoved me, but I didn't budge.

“Don't do anything to them,” she demanded and twisted her fingers into my shirt. “I mean it. Don't hurt them.”

Why did she sound hesitant about the last demand? Her eyes held a blank look when she said that, and it didn't sound so strong. It was as if she didn't care, and it bothered her that she didn't.

“I make no promises.” I chuckled at her half-assed scowl and stepped away from her. Jerking my chin at the steaks, I said, “Let's finish making lunch.”

I knew my girl would like cooked rare steaks and potatoes with vegetables. She had good taste in food and was a woman after my heart.

CHAPTER 15

Bandit



Since seeing the demon king, I'd been a nervous mess which wasn't like me at all. Not since I was a kid and living with my parents.

It didn't help that Merihem hadn't explained anything—not that he owed his captive any answers. But since Ghoul's warning, Merihem had been more quiet and distant. I had no idea what his normal was, but this didn't seem like him.

After he brought me back to his home, he allowed me to roam freely, which was a shocker until I realized that there was nothing and nowhere I could go that he wouldn't know about. He wasn't around as much after our time spent together in the kitchen, which made all the alarms go off in my head.

What was going on?

What did I do wrong this time?

And why did I miss him?

To keep me preoccupied, he left the dead lady—Martha—to babysit me and begin lessons about Hell. I didn't understand why he would want me to learn about it. But sitting with Martha and listening to her lectures was pretty fun, and it wasn't something I would admit out loud. She sometimes told me a story here and there from her life when she was alive. She was a hoot and quite popular with the men too.

Martha didn't know this, but I claimed her as my friend after she told me about kneeing a shitty guy in the nuts after he tried to force himself on her. I always loved strong women. When I was younger, they were my idol because they were something I wasn't at the time.

Justin was still locked wherever he was, screaming and being the hounds' bitch. They never stopped having their way with him. It set me on edge listening to them, to where it tempted me to find and save him. Then I remembered what he did to me, and all empathy for him evaporated like all the moisture in my new friend's skin.

I searched the house for anything I could use to get out of here. I knew I would have to go through a portal, but I didn't know how to open one. Maybe Merihem had a device that could open a portal when he couldn't use his magic. Was there ever a point when his magic drained?

I frequently wished that the scary movies I'd watched that had Hell as a plot point were true. I could crawl out of here. If I learned anything through movies and shows, it was that Hell was As Above, So Below. There were things here that looked close to how it was on earth but twisted into looking like a horror movie.

It reminded me of one anime show I was obsessed over when I was a teen that took place in Hell. It had all the creatures I'd seen since being here with Merihem. One thing I wouldn't ever admit out loud was that I looked up Rule 34 when I was younger for the characters in the anime. I even searched for fan-made hentai.

Fuck, I need out of here. I need to get back to my social media and stay in the algorithm. I didn't want to lose my customers either.

I found myself stalking to Merihem's bedroom. I didn't know what I would find and was kind of worried. But by the time I snuck in, the worry had drained away. I crept in and peered around. The king-sized bed was against the back wall in the middle, and a dark gray duvet was folded at the bottom of the mattress. His sheets were black, and his pillows were crimson.

On one side were floor-to-ceiling windows he didn't bother to cover with curtains. It gave a perfect view of the garden and a naked woman fountain with water trickling down her cheeks. There was a small sitting area by the corner where

the windows were. The leather chairs were oversized and had a large back curled at the top for a gothic look.

On the other side of the bedroom was a door that most likely led to the master bathroom. I was sure it was just as grand as mine in the room I'd been staying in. I thought the room I slept in was his, but now I knew it wasn't because this was more Merihem.

I strode to the large dark-stained oak dresser and dug in the drawers, searching for anything that would help me leave.

I was losing my mind being here.

The demon who kidnapped me was making me feel things I shouldn't. I had sworn off any more relationships, and now all I craved was him.

Either I fucked him to get him out of my system or escape.

I rummaged through his closet when I didn't find anything in his dresser. Dark suits and white shirts were hanging on the racks. A lot of the other clothes were black, with studs and chains on them. Something that a punk kid would wear, which was fitting for Merihem.

"Goddamn it, I don't want to know anything about him," I growled under my breath.

I pushed clothes to the side, searching for anything in the dark space behind his suits. Looking down at the far corner, I found a chest that looked suspicious. From where it was at, it implied Merihem tried to keep it out of view and for no one to find it.

If I didn't know any better, I would think it had secrets. But it seemed like a trap by him because of how obvious the trunk was. Merihem didn't try to hide it.

Maybe there wasn't anything in the box, and I was holding on to the hope there was something I could use in it. With how mysterious Merihem was and how he hadn't been around for a while, I wondered if this was a plant to throw me off the trail.

Or I could just be overthinking everything, and he wasn't smart at all like he always appeared.

Biting my lip, I crouched as I peered at it for a few seconds. I slowly opened it, unable to help myself anymore, and my stomach flipped.

Merihem never locked it.

It wasn't anything. I was getting ahead of myself here.

Peering into it, I sucked in a quick breath at what I saw. I carefully reached in and curled my fingers on the demonic mask's hard black and red material.

A memory popped into my head where the man in my dream wearing this same mask watched me have sex with another man. A lot of the time, he touched me himself and always made me have the best orgasms.

I stared down at the mask, and my breathing became heavier. My body reacted by flushing in warmth. My core fluttered and tingles spread from between my legs to my stomach.

Merihem was the one in my dreams?

A door softly clicked closed from somewhere in the house. I dropped the mask and scrambled after it to shove it into the box. After pushing it against the wall underneath all the clothes, I shot to my feet. I fixed everything in the closet to look in place again and quietly shut the door.

It'd been a couple hours since Merihem had left, and I didn't know if it was him that came into the house or not. But if it was him, I didn't want to get caught in the bedroom. I didn't want him to get suspicious and hinder my escape plans.

But seeing his mask ... it changed something in me.

For years, I dreamt about him. He was the reason I had such high standards and failed relationships. No man could ever match what Merihem did to me in my dreams. For years, I wanted him to be real. I never realized he was real. And that stalked me even in my dreams.

If my dreams were right and Merihem had been visiting them, then that meant I had a crush on him for years.

My face warmed with a blush that I couldn't stop.

I quietly left the bedroom and made my way toward the room, where I heard someone shuffling. Carefully, I entered the cozy office where Merihem was with his back to me. An odd sensation rippled through me and was gone as fast as it came.

Shelves lined on the sides of the room were full of books. In the middle of one was a bar with expensive-looking glass whisky cups. Beautiful artwork hung on the back wall behind the large oak desk.

Merihem was by his desk, rummaging through something. I watched as he slipped an object into his pants when he heard me entering the room. He stopped moving, and I moved to the side to get a better look at his profile. My eyes found his hand instead. The bright red ink of his tattoo stood out from the black of the ink and his bronze skin. He rested his palm on the table's edge and slowly turned his face toward me. His eyes were dark, and I couldn't tell if it was from desire or from wanting to murder someone.

“Princess,” he greeted in a low rumble.

A memory of one of my dreams popped into my mind. It was one of my favorites of him where he was over me, sliding his pierced cock between my pussy folds until I came. I trembled and squeezed my thighs together. If I tried really hard, I could force back the memory of cinnamon filling my nose and making my head swim.

My heart doubled in pace as I stared at him. “What are you doing?”

I didn't know how many times I had asked him this question. Each one was for different circumstances, but the man was a mystery.

He watched me for a breath longer before he turned back, blocking my view of whatever he was doing. He grabbed something and slipped it into his pocket with the other object from seconds ago. After, he turned toward me and gave me his undivided attention. He still wore his black mask, preventing me from seeing his face. He wore his black beanie, making his silver upside-down cross earrings stand out more.

I didn't know why he always wanted to wear a mask. Was he ashamed of his face? Teeth? Because he shouldn't. He was drop-dead gorgeous.

"If I tell you what I'm doing, I'd have to kill you," he said, with no teasing in his voice.

I blinked and took a small step back with my heart in my throat. "Even though you're obsessed with me?"

He leaned against his desk and crossed his arms over his chest while maintaining eye contact. "Yes."

"You'd really kill me? Just over something so small for me to know what you're doing?"

He straightened and slowly closed the distance between us.

"You act surprised." Amusement laced his voice.

I stepped back, and he followed.

"Well, after all your hard work stalking me and then kidnapping me, I wouldn't have thought you'd waste all that time to end up killing me."

His eyes wrinkled with a smile I couldn't see. My bottom met something hard, and with a quick glance, I noticed the table I didn't see earlier near the doorway. When I turned back to him, he stood closer until he was a hairsbreadth away from touching me. Slowly, he leaned in and placed his hands on the wooden table on both sides of me. Cinnamon filled my nostrils, and my body responded to his scent by melting. Everything in me tingled, my core spasmed, and butterflies flapped around in my stomach.

This man did the kinkiest things with me in my dream and trained my body so perfectly to respond to his. He probably didn't know this yet, but he had me wrapped around his fingers.

His eyes darkened and crinkled like he smiled at the expression I made. He knew exactly what I felt and thought. After all, he knew my body better than any man I'd been with.

"So then don't ask me what I'm doing, and I won't be put into a position of having to end your life." He raised his hand

and skimmed his fingers over my cheek.

My nipples hardened, and warmth pooled low in my belly.

“I would hate to never see your eyes darken with lust again. Or your breasts pushed up so deliciously in your tops, begging for my attention.”

He cocked his head as he dragged his fingers down my neck. I struggled to not melt into his touch.

“And I certainly would loathe to never feel your cunt wrapped around me.”

I tilted my head back as he wrapped his hand around my throat and squeezed until it became hard to breathe. He allowed only enough airflow for me to stay conscious. I grabbed his biceps and weakly fought against him to get him to let me go.

His eyes darkened until they bled into black and spread into the whites of his eyes. Hunger flared in them from my struggle. He pushed against me and raised me by my neck to sit on the small table. Stepping between my parted thighs, he rumbled, pleased with the position we were in now. I stopped struggling against him, and he loosened his hold on my throat to let me breathe a little easier.

“Did you find what you were looking for, sweet Bandit?” he asked, his voice low with desire.

I took in gasping breaths and clutched his arms as I stared into his inhuman eyes. I didn’t have to touch myself to know I was wet because of the slickness inside my thighs. My panties were soaked, and my clit throbbed like a heartbeat.

It took me a second to understand his question. My face heated, and I curled my fingers into his arms. My pulse thundered in my ears, and I parted my lips.

“No.” I didn’t find a way out of here like I wanted to.

I found something better—

I didn’t let myself finish the thought.

He leaned in while letting go of my throat to grip my jaw and hold me still. He chuckled darkly, leaning in to press his masked mouth to my ear.

“Are you now aware of the depths of my obsession with you? Do you know now that I don’t want to kill you?”

I shuddered and gripped my legs around him. We both groaned simultaneously, and my core clenched from the sound of his pleasure. Through the layers of our clothes, I could feel the hard length of his cock against my pelvis as he ground himself against me.

“Yes,” I said breathlessly.

Merihem chuckled and placed his other hand on my lower back, just above the crest of my ass. He pulled me closer to him and leaned further into me. He bent me back until I was flat with him over me and still nestled between my thighs. Slowly, he rocked his hips against me and ground his dick against my fluttering pussy. I whimpered and tilted my head further back.

“You don’t have much to say to me, do you?” he teased and thrust harder against me.

I whimpered as a spark of ecstasy went through my body. He moved like he knew what would bring me over and what brought me the most pleasure.

God, I want this man to fuck me right now.

I parted my lips, wanting to say anything that wasn’t surrender. Maybe an insult or a piece of my mind. But with him dry-humping me like this, all of my words were gone.

He chuckled, brought his free hand between us, and fingered my panties under my skirt. My breath shuddered out of me as he hooked his fingers through the soaked material and yanked them to the side. He rubbed the pads of his digits along my wet folds, stroking along the seam and spreading the wetness to my swollen clit.

He tsked at my whine when he avoided rubbing my clit for longer than a few seconds. Dragging his fingers to my opening, he barely dipped his finger into me before he pulled

it out. He tightened his hand on my throat and single-handedly worked his pants undone.

“You can’t resist me, can you?” he said roughly. He pulled out his dick and thrust himself between my pussy lips.

Oh, my god. Just like the dream.

I breathlessly moaned and arched my back to push myself closer to him. I needed more. Everything in me cried to be filled by him and to know what he felt like stretching me.

“You played hard to get with me until you saw the mask.”

How did he know?

I shook like a leaf. Of course, Merihem knew. He almost seemed able to read my mind. Maybe he could.

“*You’re mine*, Bandit. No else’s.”

He squeezed harder on my throat and pistoned himself faster between my pussy. My eyes rolled into the back of my head from the amazing friction on my clit. I could barely understand him.

“You have no idea how badly I want to hurt you, Bandit. Watching you with all those other men was a tally against you, too.”

I arched my back and squeezed my legs around his hips.
“*Please!*”

Merihem tightened his grip on my throat. “Please, what? What do you want?”

I opened my eyes, tears streaming from the corners of them as I stared up at him while he stroked his erection between my soaked folds. “Fuck ... me.”

Something snapped in his mind, and his eyes flared with heat and violence. He released me, only to snatch my skirt and yank it down with my underwear.

“I thought you’d never ask,” he growled.

Curling his fingers in my shirt, he ripped it in half and freed my breasts. I gasped and fluttered my eyes from the cool

air kissing my pebbled nipples.

He quickly undressed, so clothes were no longer a barrier between us. My gaze went to his bare tattooed chest, drinking every inch of him like a thirsty bitch. My skin tightened, and the pressure in me built until I feared I would burst.

He curled his fingers around my neck and kept his hooded eyes on me while he adjusted us. Nudging the head of his dick at the entrance of my pussy, he tightened his hold on my throat until it started to cut off my airway.

I screamed as he thrust into me, stretching me beyond capacity, but I loved every second. He slammed over and over into me, brutally fucking me with groans. My toes curled, and my eyes rolled into the back of my head as he sent me over the edge of my orgasm.

Merihem pistoned into me, shoving me further back on the table as he grew closer to his release. His hold on my neck loosened, and the blood rushed to my head, making the high of my orgasm intense. The only sounds in the room were our groans and flesh slapping together.

I could barely make any more sounds as he squeezed onto my throat again, preventing me from breathing.

“Look at me,” he ordered with a growl. “I want you to watch what you do to me.”

I opened my teary eyes, staring at his face as he pounded his hips against mine. His eyebrows lowered, and he groaned as his dick throbbed inside me. Warmth flooded into me.

He pulled out while he still came and stroked his throbbing cock. Warm ropes of his cum landed on my pelvis and stomach as he worked every drop out of him.

I panted and opened my legs wider, inviting for more. I'd never done anything dirty like this in my life. All the other men were terrible in bed and never finished me.

“That's right, you're my little cum slut. Look at you getting wetter with being covered in my seed.” He finished cumming on me and released his throbbing erection.

We panted, staring at each other for a long moment.

This is why my feelings for him are dangerous.

I clenched around nothing when he dipped his fingers into his cum and brought his thick finger to my lips. “Taste me.”

I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out, rolling it around his finger as he shoved the digit past my lips. He groaned as I sucked on his finger, tasting his salty spend. I clenched again, whimpering and needing to be filled.

This is dangerous. Merihem shouldn't be turning me on like this.

“Let's get you cleaned up, Princess.” Merihem drew back his fingers and grabbed his shirt, using it to clean me.

His eyes were tender as they met mine.

I didn't know what he saw on my face. I was afraid to ask.

I'm falling for him.

CHAPTER 16

Merihem



My mask hung from my two fingers as I sat in my bedroom on the chair, watching Bandit sleep. She'd fallen asleep a few hours ago. I didn't want to go to bed yet. I had a few things to take care of, but I wanted to play with her first. For the last few years, it became a habit to visit her dreams. Now that I knew she had nightmares when I left them, I didn't wish to stop going into them.

The little vixen had me wrapped around her fingers and didn't realize it. I'd do anything for her. Kill anyone for her. Whoever hurt her was fucked. I would find them soon.

I had planned for her to beg me to fuck her. But if she hadn't earlier, I still would've taken her. Seeing her beneath me, staring at me with siren eyes, parted lips, and a soaked pussy begging to be fucked, I couldn't hold back anymore. I had to bury myself so deep in her that I fucked away the memory of anyone touching her.

I'd always wanted her gray eyes to darken and cross while she stuck her tongue out in orgasm. And I finally got that.

Since I first saw her three years ago, I'd done my homework on E-girls. I read as much as I could about them and the things they did. I learned what made an E-girl and what it meant.

I was pleasantly surprised with my research finding about *ahegao*. The Japanese term for an exaggerated facial expression while a female manga character had an orgasm. E-girls had picked it up—which I found amusing because most of them didn't know its origins—and it became one of the classic facial expressions they did.

While watching Bandit over the years, I listened to her. I watched her as she recorded videos for the lonely old men and made those exaggerated facial expressions. She liked to do the same face on her social media platforms, too. The comments she received tested my patience and will to not hunt down every man who made a sexual comment toward her.

While I liked to share, I had to be the one to give permission. I wasn't the type to stand aside and watch someone claim what was mine unless they knew that, because of me, their claiming was just another way that I owned her.

Now I got to see her use that face while fucking her and drove her to come over and over.

I enjoyed watching her dress in tight, revealing clothes she used to go into character. Now I wanted her to do that with me. I craved for her to act like the innocent girl who was naïve and horny while wanting to please me.

Bandit turned in her sleep, bringing me out of my thoughts. I twirled the mask strings between my fingers as I watched her. Her split-dyed pink and black hair splayed around her head like a dark gossamer and cotton candy halo. She looked like the Queen of Darkness herself.

I smirked. Bandit was to be my Queen of Darkness soon.

I ran my gaze over her, where the blanket had pooled below her breasts and one of her tattooed legs stuck out from under the black silk sheet. The black tattoos with pops of color on her thigh stood out from her tanned skin. Someone perfectly placed the designs that made her long leg look even longer.

Her thighs were thick and made to squeeze the sides of my head as I brought her to climax with my tongue. And around my waist, while I roughly fucked her.

My cock jerked and hardened at the mental image of going to her right now and sliding inside her warm cunt. I wanted to feel her squeezing around me again while I held onto her neck.

Leaning forward, I carefully placed the demonic mask over my face.

I slowly slid my eyes shut and used my powers to go through the portal in my mind into her dream world. I found myself in the same room I always did when I went into her sleep every night. She was already on her messy bed, touching herself while wearing a black crop top, exposing her rounded stomach lined with stretch marks. Her hand was between her legs in her tight black panties decorated with neon green Halloween characters. I imagined she rubbed her little clit because of the soft whimper escaping her and her arching her back.

I observed her as she touched herself, wondering if she thought of me while doing so. While the start of her dreams was the same, I had a feeling this one would be different. She usually couldn't get herself off until I came in and helped her. But I wondered if what happened earlier between us came into her dream world in her thoughts.

Her noise of frustration made me smirk.

I spared her the long wait and prowled toward the bed while cocking my head. She sensed my presence and opened her eyes. A tiny gasp escaped her as she stilled her hand. She stared at me with wide eyes that sent all the blood to my already hard cock.

She looked like the prey I wanted to sink my teeth into.

“Cock or tongue?” I asked softly.

Lust surged through my veins when she spread her legs while sexily biting her bottom lip like a siren. She moved her fingers again. I couldn't see what she did, but I heard the wet noises of her fingers dipping inside her.

“Goddamn, Princess,” I groaned softly under my breath. My fingers twitched with the need to palm myself and relieve some of the pressure in my throbbing erection.

“Cock,” she moaned and arched her back.

The movement made her tiny shirt rise until I got a peek at the bottom of her large breasts.

“Mine or someone else's?” I stepped closer to the bed, tense and ready to pull out my aching cock to either fuck her

or stroke myself. It didn't matter much to me. Either way, she'd still be getting someone's dick, and we'd come together.

She slid her eyes closed for a moment, her breath hitched when she must've rubbed her clit. The sound of her cunt squelching sent a shudder through me, and my lust raised by another notch.

The siren tempted me to say fuck it and turn her onto her stomach and drive my dick into her until she was flat underneath me.

“Yours.”

I grinned wolfishly.

I'd been waiting to hear that from her lips. Even in her dream now, she couldn't resist me. We'd come so far, and I wouldn't let her escape me. I wanted her to accept the darkness not only in me but in her, too.

One step at a time.

I slowly worked my white buttoned shirt undone. She watched me with hooded eyes; the more I exposed my skin, the more her eyes flared with hunger. Once I discarded my shirt, I kicked off my pants and crawled onto the bed. I got to my knees, grabbed her ankles, and yanked her to me.

She whimpered and spread her legs wider for me. Her gaze traveled from my masked face, down my chest, to my heavy cock. Even in the dark, I had phenomenal eyesight and watched her panties get wetter as she stared at my erection.

I smirked, knowing that she found me desirable.

I ran my hand up her calf, along her soft thigh to her panties. Curling my fingers in them, I yanked it off her roughly and groaned at the sight of her soaked pussy. I took a deep breath, breathing her musky scent into my lungs. My cock twitched, and the tip got wet from my precum.

Raising my eyes to Bandit's face, I fisted myself and slowly stroked myself, starting from the base to the top. I twisted my wrist with each stroke up to the swollen head of my dick. She watched, transfixed, as I pleased myself. The

piercings on the underside of my shaft ribbed against my palm, sending electric zaps up my spine.

“You’re so big,” she whispered, fear lacing in her voice.

She shouldn’t be intimidated since she’d already taken me once. I closed my eyes and shuddered. Even though I’d been inside her sweet cunt, her fear of my size turned me on. I had to control myself to prevent losing control of the other part of me.

I opened my eyes and grabbed her wide hips. “I know sweetheart, and you’re going to take me like a good little slut.”

She gasped as I jerked her ass, so her bottom half was off the bed. It gave me easier access and control while I fucked the soul out of this gorgeous creature. I snatched a pillow from behind her and positioned it underneath her to keep her where I wanted her.

I gripped my dick and stroked myself while I lined up with her. The tip of my cock nudged at her soaked entrance, and in one thrust, I slid all the way into her. She screamed and arched her back while she wrapped her legs around my waist to hold me closer to her. I groaned and slowly withdrew to slam back into her.

“You’re so tight, Princess,” I groaned.

I rocked into her, watching her breasts sway and bounce with my rough movements. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back while she grabbed the sheets behind her head in a death grip. I didn’t go easy on her while I fucked her. She didn’t seem to mind. If anything, she looked like she loved every second.

“Merihem,” a deep, calm voice called in my head.

I ignored the voice. I only wanted to focus on this beautiful woman who took me like a goddamn queen. She truly was made for fucking. But not for just anyone. She was perfectly created for me. Everything about her was perfect.

I loved the feel of her wrapped tightly around me. And I especially loved the feeling of her thick thighs squeezing

around my waist with her heels digging into the small of my back.

“You’re being summoned,” the same voice said, this time with more annoyance.

Again, I ignored him.

Pulling out of Bandit, I flipped her over onto her stomach and raised her ass. In one fluid movement, I slid back into her dripping cunt and stared down at her juicy ass while I fucked her. I held back from coming just seeing her ass clap.

Gods, I’ve wanted to see this for years now.

“Merihem!”

I squeezed onto Bandit’s love handles in annoyance. My vision narrowed and filled with red as I tensed. I never stopped pistoning into the screaming E-girl.

“Is it urgent?” I growled at Lucifer.

“If you want to be king, then yes.”

I stopped moving and panted while I glared down at Bandit’s ass. Red still filled my vision and made my hands tremble. I was close to losing all control and unleashing the monster side of myself on the sweet girl. One day I would, but I didn’t want to scare her away.

“Why did you stop?” Bandit whispered. She circled her hips to push more of my throbbing dick into her.

My vision flickered with crimson, and my nails grew in length before I retracted them.

“I wouldn’t do that, Princess,” I snarled as I pulled out of her.

I shot off the bed and quickly redressed with trembling hands. Bandit turned over and stared at me with confusion. I had to get away from her before I lost all control.

“I’ll have someone take care of you,” I quietly said and waved my fingers at the incubus who had been a part of her dreams from the start, too. He entered the room, already naked and hard as steel for her.

Bandit glanced at him before she turned back to me with a pout.

“But I want you,” she whined.

I chuckled. It sounded forced as I finished the last button of my shirt.

“Another time. For now, enjoy Lohrer.”

I stepped back into the shadows, watching her as she gazed at me. Bandit moved her gaze to Lohrer. With little effort, I morphed into the shadows and took the portal back into my bedroom. Bandit still lay on the bed asleep. I got to my feet and walked toward the doorway. On my way out, I switched out my demonic mask with my usual black leather one.

Lucifer waited for me at the front door with his hands in his pockets and a scowl on his face.

“It’s about time,” he said roughly.

I fixed the cuff of my shirt as I approached the white-blond. I mentally prepared myself for what we were about to do and went through every step of what needed to be done for me to overthrow Ghoul and become king.

I’d been planning this for a long time, but Ghoul signed his death warrant when he talked about Bandit the way he did. Soon I would hold his decapitated head in my bloody hand to show everyone in the seventh level of Hell who their new king was.

Lucifer glanced past me toward my bedroom. The corner of his lip twitched, and he turned his gaze back to me.

“Did you visit her dream?” he asked with less irritation.

I moved past him and opened the door. He followed behind me as we walked the path that led to our destination. After a moment, he came to my side and turned his face to look at me while we walked.

“Yes,” I answered. My dick was still hard and painful from not having the relief of coming. I had wanted to cum inside Bandit and watch my spend drip out of her cunt.

“Mm. So I wasn’t mistaken then when I felt her lust and tasted the perfume of her arousal. Do you plan on sharing her again?”

The corner of my lip twitched as I imagined Bandit getting fucked roughly by Lucifer again. I imagined all the different ways for him to take her and do to her. Because of her enjoying being covered in my cum, I knew she’d love it if Lucifer covered her too.

“Yes,” I answered again with my voice rough with desire.

Lucifer chuckled under his breath. “I look forward to the day.”

We turned off the path where a secret door was hidden by overgrown ivy and skull roses. We stood in front of the marked door with symbols, and I fixed the cuffs of my shirt.

“Let’s get this over with,” I growled and slammed my palm on the door’s metal. Red plumes of dark magic shot out with a loud bang.

CHAPTER 17

Bandit



Days passed, and Merihem had been away for a more extended amount of time.

It shouldn't sting the way it did.

I knew it was stupid of me to have feelings for him, but I couldn't stop myself. I never lied about falling for toxic men. Merihem was a walking red flag, and I was crazy about him.

My affection for him scared me. Because of my stubbornness, I wanted to get as far away as possible from him. I didn't want a relationship before he kidnapped me. Now, after all the mind-blowing sex with him, I couldn't stop longing to be his. It wasn't right.

I definitely shouldn't enjoy listening to my ex's screams as Merihem's hounds rutted with him. But here I was, grinning over it.

I missed my space, gaming, and making videos. I was sure for the days I'd been here in Hell, I lost followers on my social media, and money disappeared with them.

Watching men fawn over me and fall over themselves for a video was something I lived for. I loved all the money I made. All the power I had over the shitty men. Now Merihem had power over me, and I hated that I loved it.

My stalker made it clear I was his. He wanted me to be his queen. He even used the annoyingly adorable nickname Princess. I never got this kind of treatment back home. No one ever spoiled me or called me their princess.

I huffed under my breath as I gazed down at the plate of food. Once again, I ate alone but couldn't really get verbally upset about it. He opened up to me about his hatred for hearing

people eat. But it didn't stop me from feeling bad or lonely about not being able to share a meal with him.

He always closed himself off into another room and wouldn't come out the entire time I ate. It wasn't a good feeling, but I tried to remind myself why.

Instead of having his company while eating, I had my new friend, Martha.

Unfortunately, she had to leave during our meal, and I sat alone and grumpy. I kept finding myself glancing at the hallway where Merihem's office was. I wanted his attention. Because of my childhood, I hated being ignored. Even if it meant Merihem insulted me, I craved it. I liked the rough treatment he gave me.

The last few days were a blur. We both were insatiable with the hunger for each other. Merihem visited my dreams every night and increased my need for him. He made me aroused every minute of every day and wouldn't let me take care of myself.

My clit throbbed when I thought back on earlier today when he ate me out when he stuck around for a few minutes. After that, he excused himself, saying he had things to do.

What the hell did he have to do? The jerk kidnapped me and brought me here. Why wasn't he entertaining me?

He needs to fix this.

“Is he not giving you what you need?”

I jumped at the male voice by the back door. Peering over my shoulder, I noticed a tall man leaning against the doorway with his hands in his pockets. He wore a suit, and his black hair had been slicked back like something men did in the twenties. His eyes were hooded as if he enjoyed seeing me at Merihem's kitchen table with a half-eaten plate of food in front of me.

I glanced over his perfectly symmetrical face. He had high cheekbones, a straight nose, and a jawline that could cut glass. His dark eyebrows stood out from his lighter skin like the man had never heard about sunlight.

With his hair perfectly combed back from his face, his skin glowing like he had a proper skincare routine and his suit was without wrinkles, he gave the impression that he was vain about how he looked. He looked like the type of guy that had a cocky look about him that said, “*You’d be lucky to have me.*” Instead of, “*I’d be lucky to have you.*” And that made me recoil as I caught his smirk.

I blinked and frowned. “Who are—”

“Am I?” he interrupted, which made me bristle.

He pushed away from the doorway and strolled toward me. He took his time as he stepped around the table, so I faced forward again and watched as he glanced at my food.

He smirked, then brought his gaze back to my face. “I see Merihem doesn’t want to be around you, too, while you eat or drink.”

“Huh?”

He chuckled. “He has a dislike for hearing people eat and drink. It’s quite annoying, but it’s nice to know he won’t stick around, even with his new pet.”

Pet? I wasn’t anyone’s goddamn pet. But now I knew who Merihem meant when he said some people gave him hell for not wanting to hear people eat.

I glared at him before I glanced at the hallway, wondering if Merihem knew this guy was in his home. He had to know. My demon captor knew everything.

The stranger followed my gaze and huffed a laugh while he turned back to me. “I have tricks up my sleeve. He doesn’t know I’m here.”

I frowned and curled my fingers into my palms.

“What do you—”

“Want?” Okay, his interrupting me pissed me off, and he didn’t notice because of how self-absorbed he acted. “What would you do if I told you you could return home? Would you take the opportunity?”

My heart skipped a beat.

I can have my freedom?

Even though I fell fast for Merihem, I still wanted my freedom. I wanted to see what would happen. Would Merihem come after me? Who was I kidding? Of course, he would. He spent three years stalking me. Then chased after me when I tried to escape from him a few days ago.

I swallowed hard and dug my fingers into my tingling palms. “You’ll take me back?”

I’d get to sleep in my bed again? Go back to gaming, recording videos? I’d see my friends again and attend fun events all dressed up? I missed reading manga and watching new episodes of all the anime shows I’d been following for years. None of that was here in Hell, and I wanted it all.

The stranger’s lips pulled into a slow smile. He knew he had me and that I would do whatever he wanted. “I’ll take you back under one condition.”

“Of course, there’s a catch,” I grumbled.

He leaned over the table, so his face was inches from mine. I gasped when I noticed he had crimson eyes. They looked like they were made from blood jewels. Or maybe he drank blood like a vampire, which showed in his irises. I didn’t know. I read too many vampire mangas in which the centuries-old character with red eyes was bloodthirsty and murderous. *Here’s your sign, Bandit.*

“I want you to bring me his mask.” At my confused look, he explained. “I know you’ve seen it. It’s red and black. Large and looks like something that came from Greece.”

I bunched my eyebrows together. Out of all the things he could’ve asked for, he chose that? Was it magical or something? Did it give him extra powers or control?

“Why the mask?” I asked warily.

He grinned until it became wolfish. It sent chills down my spine because he looked malevolent, with his crimson eyes flashing with something I couldn’t read.

“Don’t worry about it, little human.”

I clenched my jaw and had to loosen my fists because of the bite of pain in my palms from my nails. I was being manipulated. I knew it, and he knew that I knew it.

But ... *anime and video games and a bed of my own* ...

It was worth it, wasn’t it?

“If I’m going to take his mask and bring it to you, I need to know it won’t curse me or whatever. And where am I supposed to find you *if* I get the mask?”

He leaned back, and all the amusement melted from his face. It was such a drastic change that it made my heart stutter over a beat and my stomach knot.

Voice hard, he told me, “It won’t curse you. You’ll meet me in the garden at the Samhain festival tomorrow evening.”

I held up a finger and cocked my head. “There’s a festival tomorrow? How the hell am I going to get there and find you?”

“Merihem didn’t tell you?”

I glared. The answer to that was obvious.

He tsked and shook his head. “Every year, we have a Samhain festival where we feast, fuck, and fight. A few of us like to go to Earth and cause little humans to slip up and sin. Some humans even dabble in the dark arts to summon demons to cause chaos.”

I blinked, and my mouth opened in shock.

So the rumors of dressing up and decorating for Halloween were true about keeping away the mischievous spirits? This whole time it was demons we were tricking?

Wait ...

“Halloween is over.” Days had passed since the Halloween party Merihem took me from.

The demon chuckled and stepped away from the table. He kept his unsettling gaze on me, and I swear he could see right

through me and hear my thoughts.

“Time flies in different parts of the realms.”

“Um. What?”

He cocked his head, and his lips curved more, which made him look like the Cheshire Cat.

“Time passes quicker here in Hell than it does on Earth. So while we have been talking for the past ten minutes, only a fraction of a second passed on Earth. It’s still Halloween where you came from, and the Devil’s Hour is happening tomorrow night.”

I’d briefly heard about Devil’s Hour, but that was through an anime show. I knew shows weren’t real and were loose in their facts, so I couldn’t go off what I saw. After this guy left, it would have to be something to ask Merihem later.

I shoved down the hurt feelings that Merihem had kept me out of the loop. It wouldn’t have killed him to tell me about this festival. It wouldn’t have cost him a thing to tell me that I wasn’t losing my audience because I’d been on an erotic Hell staycation.

The stranger cocked his head. “Struck a nerve, did I? Did he not tell you about something?”

I blinked and raised my chin. “It’s none of your business.” I glanced at the doorway, expecting to see Merihem, but he still hadn’t left his library. Bringing my gaze back to the visitor, I frowned. “What’s your name, anyway?”

He raised his thick eyebrow and tsked. “I don’t give my name out, sweetheart.” He fixed the front of his suit on his chest, took another step back, and slowly made his way back to the back door.

I got to my feet and turned to watch him as he glanced at me with a wry smile.

“You’ll bring me the mask, yes?”

I wanted to go back home more than I wanted anything. Something about all of this didn’t feel right. No woman in her

right mind would want to stick around Hell that looked like the upside down.

“What if I don’t?”

He shrugged a shoulder and slipped a hand into his pocket. “It’s no skin off my nose. Don’t bring it? Accept that you don’t get to go home.” His lips curved into a cruel smile. “*And* you’ll have to find out just how much of a monster Merihem is. Oh, the things he’ll do to you.” He sang the last sentence. Chills cascaded through me because of the eerie warning.

“What—”

He huffed and opened the door.

There was a shift in the air. As if the pressure in the room changed like it did right before a thunderstorm. I narrowed my eyes and glanced around, looking for whatever would cause this kind of change.

Bringing my attention back to the nameless man, I found him staring at me with a frown. “You ask a lot of questions you shouldn’t be asking. If you want to return to the mortal plane, find me in the garden tomorrow evening during the fights. Everyone will be distracted. They won’t notice you slipping away. Once I have the mask, the portal will wait for you to take you home.”

I opened my mouth, wanting to ask another question, but he stepped out of the doorway and closed it behind him. The door quietly clicked, and the silence was heavy. I stood in the kitchen alone, staring at the door, annoyed.

I blinked a few times while I digested the conversation I had with the stranger. Why wouldn’t he give me his name?

“Well, fine then,” I grumbled and crossed my arms over my chest.

The small hairs on the back of my neck raised, and tingles spread through my body as the air behind me changed.

A large hand whispered over my shoulder, and fingers dragged over my skin. He slipped my hair from over one of

my shoulders to the other. I sucked in a breath, frozen in my spot and unable to turn around to face Merihem. I closed my eyes and bit my lower lip, trying my best to not make a sound. But in my mind, I begged him to do more than brush his fingers over my sensitive skin.

“Who were you talking to, Princess?” he whispered in my ear. His voice was hard as steel and held a note of warning.

I bit harder onto my bottom lip and opened my eyes.

Did he hear me talking to the man who came in? He said he had his tricks, so that way, Merihem didn't know about him being in here with me or hearing our conversation.

Guilt swamped through me. I shouldn't feel this way. I didn't do anything wrong. We weren't together—I didn't think, anyway—and it wasn't cheating by talking about possibly going back home.

“Myself,” I lied.

He trailed his fingers to the front of my throat before he circled them beneath my jaw on my neck. I fluttered my eyes as he slowly squeezed until my head became light and my body tensed.

“Relax,” he soothed. “You wouldn't want to lose consciousness just yet. Not when I'm asking questions.”

Tingles zapped through my body from the contact of his firm hand. Heat pooled low in my belly, and my clit throbbed. *I want him so badly. I don't care if it's with his mouth or cock.*

My cheeks burned with a blush.

I couldn't believe having his hand as my necklace turned me on like this. Doing as he demanded, I relaxed and melted against him with a soft moan. He loosened his hold on my throat—enough for me to breathe easier again.

Merihem nuzzled his nose and mouth against my ear. He tapped his finger on my racing pulse to show that he knew what effect he had on me. “What upset you so much that you stared at my back door?”

I swallowed hard and squeezed my trembling thighs together. Warmth flushed to my cheeks and down my neck to my chest. I fluttered my eyes closed and softly panted while I imagined all the dirty things he'd do to punish me for running from him again.

No, this isn't right. I don't want to go home just because I'm hoping he'll chase me.

I bunched my eyebrows and cracked open my eyes. "I ... I don't remember," I murmured, telling the truth this time.

I moved closer against him and reached behind my head to wrap my arm around his neck. He brought his other hand up to cup my breast and gently squeezed. I glanced down at it and whimpered at how sexy it was to watch his tattooed hand on me.

Leaning my head against his chest, I caught his gaze and parted my lips. He removed his mask and graced me with seeing his beautiful face again. We still hadn't kissed, and I'd kill to have his lips on mine.

"Merihem," I whispered breathlessly while I stared at his full lips. I licked my bottom lip, and he followed the movement.

"What do you want, Princess?" He squeezed my breast roughly and tweaked my hard nipple through the thin material of my crop top.

I whimpered and ground myself against him. Closing my eyes, I released a shaky breath while he turned me around to press my front against the table. He slowly rocked against my ass while he slid his hand under my shirt.

"Kiss me. Please," I begged and opened my eyes.

Merihem rumbled and skimmed his palm down my stomach. His fingers lightly grazed over my skirt and under it. "How bad do you want it?"

"So bad," I whimpered.

He ran his finger pads along the inside of my thighs, teasing me with small strokes that didn't reach where I wanted

him the most.

“Then tell me the truth, and I’ll kiss you. Who were you talking to?”

Bastard.

I gritted my teeth and circled my hips to move his hand to my soaked pussy.

“I told you the truth.”

Crack!

I yelped from the sting of the smack on my pussy. Turning my head, I looked up at him with horror.

“Did you just spank me?” *And did it turn me on?*

His eyes flared with heat and he flicked his gaze over my face. The corner of his lip curled into a smirk as he pinched my swollen clit between two fingers.

I whimpered. My knees gave out, and I would’ve fallen, but Merihem caught me and held me against him with his arm wrapped around my middle.

“I’ll give you what you want, Princess.” He nuzzled his nose along my cheek and whispered his lips at the corner of mine. The brief touch sent zaps through the rest of my body, and my core clenched. “You know what to do.”

I panted and fluttered my eyes closed. My chance to return home would be blown, and I’d be stuck down here with him. *I would never get to play my favorite video games.*

“I—I told you the truth. I was talking to myself.”

Merihem tsked and thrust my skirt up. With his hand between my shoulders, he shoved me down until my chest was flat on the table.

I listened to the metal of his belt come undone, and in the next breath, he nudged the large, pierced head of his cock at my entrance.

“Brace yourself, naughty Princess. This won’t be gentle,” he growled.

That was my only warning before he slammed his thick dick into me and settled all the way into me. I screamed and dug my fingers into the edge of the table to prevent myself from being shoved forward more with every hard thrust of his hips.

My heart pounded against my chest as I tried to catch my breath. I couldn't breathe while he knocked the air from my lungs with each stroke that pressed my ribs into the edge of the table. One of his hands grabbed my neck and squeezed while the other fisted my hair and yanked my head back.

I couldn't stop as I used the last of my breath to scream while he pounded into me. I didn't know if this felt good or if it hurt. All I knew was that I had no choice. I was at his mercy. It didn't take long before I hurdled over the edge and came on his cock.

He groaned and squeezed harder on my throat.

Black spots bled into my view of the table until it became a blur of dark shapes.

"Goddamn, Princess. You get tighter when you're blacking out," he growled and squeezed more around my neck.

My ears rang, and everything went black.

The last thing I heard was the distant sound of him groaning from his release as he came inside me.

CHAPTER 18

Bandit



“Join me in the dark side,” Merihem murmured as he smoothed his fingertip over my lip.

I opened my eyes and softly laughed. I caught his finger in my mouth and lightly sucked. Meeting his gaze, I watched as hunger clouded the shadowy depths. He pulled his hand away and circled his fingers around my neck to cradle.

He wanted an answer, and it drove him crazy that I didn’t say anything yet.

I smiled and drooped my eyelids. “You sound crazy saying that.”

He stroked his thumb in leisurely circles where my pulse was steadily beating. Even though I couldn’t look at his mouth, thanks to his demonic mask covering his entire face, I still got the impression he smirked because of the crinkle of his eyes.

“I never claimed to be sane, Princess.” He cocked his head and bent forward. The bed beneath us dipped as he put more weight in his movement to shove me down onto my back.

I whimpered and spread my legs wide, inviting him between them.

He hovered over me and gazed into my eyes. “You’ll never leave me, but I prefer you willingly accept the darkness inside you.”

I bunched my eyebrows together and grasped onto his wrist with both of my hands.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” My heart picked up its pace. Something clicked in my mind, but I couldn’t

think of what it was. All I knew was that it had to do with darkness.

Merihem shifted, so his knees were on the outside of my waist. He gripped my throat and dragged his other fingers down my cheek, neck, and to my bare breast. His eyes followed the slow movement. When he reached one of my hard nipples, he brought his gaze to mine and pinched the sensitive bud. I moaned and raised my hips, seeking friction for my aching core.

“Every single person has darkness inside of them. God didn’t create humans to be perfect. It was cruel of him to set his creations up for failure. Some give in to their darkness sooner than later. But it’s inside every human being. You have it, and I can see it like a large stain on crisp white sheets.”

My cheeks burned with a blush, and my pulse hammered faster. My dad’s accusations rose, and I barely heard his words until Merihem slapped my breast hard to bring my attention back to him.

“You’re perfect for me, Bandit. I don’t believe in fate or soulmates. I think it’s all a bunch of shit. But I believe you were made for me.” Merihem leaned in until my nose brushed against his mask’s crooked demon nose. “I have your dad, sweet girl.”

I gasped and dug my fingernails into the soft skin of his wrist.

He chuckled. The sound was low and vibrated through me. “That’s *right*. I found one of the fuckers who hurt you. You didn’t think I would? I learned a lot of what your piece of shit dad said to you.”

“Merihem ...” I swallowed hard and stared at his eyes, which were now all black.

“I warned you, Princess,” he whispered harshly. He cupped my chin and made sure I was looking straight at him. “Sweet girl, there is nothing wrong with you for liking what you like. Believe me when I say this, Bandit. Humans are worse than demons. They are the true wicked of the world. It’s the

hypocrites who worship god and, in the same breath, spew hatred for behaviors that hurt no one. They are the ones that come here to Hell. Not anyone else. You, sweet Bandit? You were never coming here after death. Your father was, and he's paying for every single thought and spoken word he's said to you."

Tears burned in the corners of my eyes as they spilled down my cheeks. I swallowed the thick lump in my throat as I held back the sobs.

"Accept the darkness in you, Princess, and be my queen."

I opened my mouth—

I shot awake and blinked my eyes to clear my vision. Turning my head, I found the bed empty and the room dim with the sun rising.

The bedroom door opened, and Martha walked in with folded clothes and bunny ears over one of her thin arms.

"It's time to get ready for the festival, child," she croaked. She took one look at me and cackled. "You know about him?"

She must've meant my dad. Or maybe something entirely different.

I slid out of bed and grabbed my robe from the chair a few feet away. Being nude in front of Martha didn't bother me so much anymore. But I felt naked right now, and not just physically.

"Yeah," I mumbled.

She grunted and dropped the clothes on the end of the bed. "Well, everything Merihem has done to him so far hasn't been pretty. But it's all well deserved."

I followed her into the grand bathroom and watched as she started the bath. She filled it with jasmine and rose oils again. I rolled my eyes and huffed while I crossed my arms over my chest.

"You've got to stop with the scented oils."

She looked at me over her shoulder while she grabbed the rose petals in the basket. Grinning, she dumped in the red and pink flowers.

“There are reasons I do it,” she said with a cackle.

I shook my head and raised my eyes to the ceiling, searching for the patience I didn't have right now. Bringing my gaze back to her, I pursed my lips.

“Okay, I'll bite. Why?”

She moved to the end of the marble tub and motioned for me to get in. “One of them is because I like that it irritates you.” I scoffed as I slipped out of the robe and stepped into the hot water. “And the second is because it's a spell.”

I tensed and twisted around to look at her with narrowed eyes. “It's spelled water?”

She laughed, sending goosebumps over my skin and making my stomach knot. Grabbing a washrag, she squirted some of the liquid rose soap into it and rubbed it together to use it to wash me.

“You're in Hell and still alive. Of course, you need a spell. You don't want to die and become a soul like the other humans here. Now turn around so I can wash you.”

I felt like she was leaving out more, but I did as she said and turned around.

Martha cackled. “You won't need the spell for much longer.”

I tensed again, and my heart stuttered over a beat.

That wasn't cryptic or anything.

CHAPTER 19

Bandit



Merihem definitely had a thing for me being an E-girl.

He had me dressed in a tiny black leather dress that barely covered my ass and crotch. The dress had a sweetheart neckline and thin straps over my shoulders. It was paired with a pink and black frilly choker. For the costume part, I had a slim bunny mask that only covered my eyes and raised high above my head for the ears. I wore black knee-high boots with silver trinkets and studs to pull the outfit together.

It took hours for me to do my makeup. I added some flair to it, adding black lines for veins and dripping makeup under my eyes and mouth. My eyeshadow was dark red with black mixed in for the combined shadow effect. The eyelashes I used were large and made my gray eyes stand out. I painted my lips with black matte lipstick, smudging some of it to give it the E-girl effect.

He wanted me as his gothic, slutty E-girl, and I loved that for him.

I had fully expected the Halloween festival to be similar to the Romanesque arena where Lucifer and Thath fucked me. Instead, the party looked like it came from my world, with the large house decorated and good music blasting. The song playing right now was something by Ghostmane, but I couldn't name which one it was. The music choice threw me for a loop because I didn't think anyone in Hell would be interested in our music.

The place was packed with monsters and human-like demons. Some of them had what I only assumed were the souls of people. They had collars around their necks with a chain the demon held to keep them close. I caught one yank at the lead to their human, who was dressed in a revealing outfit

that hid nothing. She stumbled into the burnt-up demon and ground herself against them to please them.

Sex slaves?

It shouldn't have surprised me there wasn't so much of a lake of fire in Hell. Everything churches talked about Hell was wrong. While yes, they tortured souls, there weren't fireballs blasting from the ground. Or horny birds flying around, wanting to peck and fuck the unfortunate people.

The hypocrites are the ones here. I hoped the terrible men were here too. I had a feeling they were.

The demons and monsters did whatever they wanted to the damned. Whether it was to torture, toy with, fuck, or whatever sick shit they thought of.

My stomach knotted when I remembered my dad was here. It bugged me because my dad deserved everything he got here, but he was still my dad.

Merihem placed his palm on my lower back and led me from one room to the other until we came to the grand kitchen. He removed his hand from me as he made me a drink. I watched, transfixed by how smoothly he worked the tumbler while he mixed me a beverage. Once done, he handed me the large goblet with the fruity-smelling alcohol.

I accepted the offered cup and stared down at the dark liquid. Swirls of glitter were on the top, intriguing me because I never saw him add any.

“It's not poisoned,” Merihem said softly. He took the drink from me and raised the bottom of his leather mask to sip from it before he handed it to me while he swallowed. He fixed his mask and met my gaze with a raised, dark eyebrow. “Drink.”

My stomach filled with butterflies from how he gazed at me. His eyes flared with heat and a challenge. I couldn't ever back out of one, not since high school and finally standing up for myself during senior year.

Grabbing the glass from his hand, our fingers brushed, sending electricity zaps up my arm. I didn't break eye contact

as I raised the goblet to my mouth. His eyes darkened and flicked to my lips.

“You wouldn’t lie to me, right?” I asked softly.

The sensible side of me screamed that if I had to question him, maybe I shouldn’t be drinking anything he offered. But a sliver of me I kept buried away said he wouldn’t harm me like that. Yes, he was rough with me, but I liked everything he did. And even though he warned me he would kill me, he said he didn’t want to because he was obsessed with me.

He stared at me with male amusement, glinting in his dark eyes, and raised his eyebrow. Reaching past me, he poured himself a cup from the tumbler that had leftover of whatever he made me and brought it to his lips while pushing the mask up. He took a bigger sip and kept eye contact the whole time.

Okay, so he had the same drink as I did. But he was a demon, and I wasn’t.

But he still challenged me, and I couldn’t pass that up. *Fucking stubbornness.*

I sighed. “Fuck it.”

I sipped the alcohol and moaned at how sweet and fruity it was.

Glancing at his face, I found him watching me with hunger. He cocked his head, and just like all the other times, he gave off the vibe of smirking. His dark eyes flicked to my lips again and stayed for a moment before they raised to my eyes.

Butterflies filled my stomach, and warmth flooded through me from that simple glance.

We still hadn’t kissed, and it was something I really craved. I felt like he was withholding it from me because of multiple reasons. From the dream I had last night, I got the feeling one of them was because he wanted to lure me into accepting the darkness in me.

That can’t be right.

I wanted to feel his lips and his tongue tangling with mine. For days now, I wondered what he tasted like. At the moment, he'd taste like the drink we were sharing. That knowledge made me savor another sip.

Merihem grabbed my wrist, snapping me out of my thoughts, and dragged me with him as he led me out of the kitchen. I glanced around while he brought me to wherever he was taking me.

The setup here reminded me a little too much of when we first saw each other years ago at the Halloween party. Granted, this place was larger than the mansion of some old friends from high school, but I couldn't ignore it.

Merihem was a foot ahead of me while holding my wrist. I held back the gasp when I noticed his red and black demonic mask hanging from his belt loop above his back pocket.

The mask. I can go back home tonight.

Merihem didn't stop as he pulled open a door, yanked me into the dark space, and slammed the door shut.

“What are you do—”

I gasped as he took my drink and set it down somewhere.

His lips pressed to mine, and I whimpered from the euphoria. His tongue shoved past my lips and tangled with mine. He tasted fruity because of his drink, and I loved that. I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around his shoulders, moaning into his mouth while we kissed like we had sixty seconds before the world ended.

Butterflies filled my stomach, and my blood was set on fire.

Merihem fisted my hair at the back of my head and roughly yanked my head back for him to control the kiss. I would let this man do whatever the hell he wanted. Hell, I would fucking bark for him if he ordered me to.

I'd never kissed like this. Never passionate, hungry, demanding, and dark. Everything about Merihem was rough, demanding, dark and twisted.

Something inside me, something I kept below the surface, recognized his darkness.

It has to be my darkness he told me about in my dream.

He shoved me against the wall, making me whimper and break apart from his harsh, demanding mouth.

“Merihem,” I whispered breathlessly.

He rumbled, pleased, and kissed along my jaw and down my neck as he worked his pants undone. It didn’t take much for him to raise the skirt of my short, black leather dress, cup my ass, and lift me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and dug my heels into the small of his back.

He slid his palms along my bare ass and palmed me.

“No underwear, Princess?” he murmured with a sliver of amusement in his husky voice.

I bit my bottom lip and smiled. I didn’t know if he could see it, but he squeezed my ass cheeks and chuckled. He saw it.

He adjusted my hips and nudged the large, pierced head of his cock at my entrance. He brushed his lips against my ear.

“You look at me like you did back there again, and I’m fucking you in front of everyone,” he murmured before he thrust into me.

I gasped at the stretch and arched my back. I ground myself against him as he settled to the base in me. Merihem groaned, shoved me harder into the wall, and let his rough pubic hair rub against my clit.

Tilting my head, I closed my eyes with my mouth parted as I got lost in the moment. He painfully squeezed my ass as he withdrew until only the tip of his cock was inside me before he slammed into me.

I screamed and jostled with the movement.

“Just like that,” I moaned as he pounded into me.

Something rubbed against my throbbing clit, and I jerked with a gasp. It didn’t feel like his fingers, but the coolness and wispy feeling reminded me of the shadows he controlled.

Was he using shadows? It didn't matter. It felt amazing how perfectly it stroked the throbbing bundle of nerves.

Something beside us banged against the wall, as my shoulder kept hitting it. It stung, but I didn't care as I tumbled into an orgasm.

Merihem groaned and breathed hard into my ear while he pistoned into me. He never slowed or gentled his movements while he worked me through my orgasm.

“That's right, Princess. Milk me for my cum,” he growled.

I spasmed around him, whimpering from the intense orgasm. He brought one of his hands up and squeezed on my throat. He cut my airflow, and my chest burned as I struggled to breathe. I did my best to hold on to the little air left in my lungs until it became painful. Releasing the breath that felt like shards of glass, I scratched at his arm. My eyes burned with tears as I gawked at his shadowed face in front of me.

He growled and slammed into me, losing his rhythm as he grew closer to his release.

“Goddamn, Princess. You always look fucking beautiful with my hand as your necklace. Your pretty tears are ruining your makeup,” he growled, tightening his grip on my throat. “You're my dirty little slut. You want my cum?”

I nodded and dug my fingers into his wrist.

“Then work for it. Fuck me, slut.”

He stopped rocking into me.

My head swam, and my ears rang. But I still rocked my hips against him, frantically moving to make him cum. In his hands, I struggled to get traction. I squeezed my inner muscles to tighten more on him, hoping for that to drive him over the edge. He moaned and breathed harder as his dick thickened, stretching me further. Warmth flooded into me, and I felt his dick throb as he orgasmed.

He released my throat, and I gasped in a burning breath. Merihem slammed his hips against mine, working every drop

of his load into me. He stilled and leaned his forehead against my shoulder, breathing hard.

We stayed like that for a few moments. Basking in the afterglow of our orgasm and enjoying each other. For a moment, it felt real. As if he was my boyfriend and not some psychotic demon who had stalked me for years. I imagined my feelings for him were real and organic. Not something forced while I'd been a captive.

"I can hear you thinking hard, Princess," he murmured huskily.

I stiffened and stared at his shadowed face as he drew his head away from my shoulder. My eyes had adjusted to the darkness, and I noticed his eyes narrowed.

Pushing at his shoulders, I unwound my legs from his waist.

Merihem stepped back with a sigh. His softening dick slipped out of me, and our fluids dripped down my thighs, making me cringe. We never used protection, and I didn't think he ever wanted to.

"Meaning you can hear my thoughts or ... ?" I asked. I didn't know how I'd handle it if he could hear my thoughts, and I seriously hoped he didn't.

He slipped into the shadows, and I didn't know where he went, but he returned with a cloth. He rubbed it between my legs and cleaned me up. I bit on my bottom lip, holding back a smile.

I loved this man.

Toxic men were my thing. But to have one clean me up? He did more than any of the other terrible men I dated.

"No," he answered.

He chucked the cloth to the side and handed me my drink again before he led me back to the door and opened it.

Light flooded in, and I squinted while I glanced up at him as we walked out. His mask was back on, and I'd be lying if I

didn't say I was disappointed. He placed his hand on my lower back and slowly guided me through the home.

I waited for him to say more about not hearing my thoughts and why he said he could hear me thinking hard. But I could have been overthinking a bit too much because of the nervous energy building up in me.

Merihem brought his mask with him, and if I carefully grabbed it, I could meet the man in the garden. All I needed was for him to get distracted.

The fights were supposed to happen at some point tonight. Until then, I would drink and do whatever Merihem wanted.

CHAPTER 20

Bandit



The fights started about an hour ago, and I was on edge.

It was like Fight Club, but it was outside with torches lit with a fire that was larger than anything I'd seen. Music played so loud that my eardrums pounded, and I worried they'd start bleeding at any second. The songs didn't cover the roars and sounds of fists meeting flesh as the demons and monsters fought each other. They set the fights up where it was two—sometimes three—people at a time who fought until the last person stood.

I didn't know if they died or could die, but at the end of every fight, they dragged the unconscious fighter to the side. Watching it made my stomach knot and wince every time one of the fighter's fists connected with the other's face.

The man who came into Merihem's home told me there would be fights, and he didn't lie. I just never thought it would be so gory and loud.

Merihem and I hung out further back from the enormous crowd. We stood under a large tree decorated with skulls covered in blood and Blair Witch sticks hanging from the limbs. On the bark were markings that mocked god and Jesus. On another tree was an artwork that was beautiful but creepy as hell of a bloody Jesus hanging upside down. Some of the paint looked close to blood. I didn't want to investigate it and find out if it really was.

Earlier, Merihem had caught me staring at the images and explained that during the Devil's Hour, it was the time that mocked god and Jesus. The damned souls here in this level of Hell were doomed to see their savior made fun of to further their punishments for what they did in life.

I thought about my dad and how he idolized god and Jesus. If I ever visited him here, I knew he'd be red in the face and cursing. He'd most likely blame it all on me like I had some part in it.

Merihem watched the fights with violence burning in his gaze. His irises got darker and darker with each fight. I'd never witnessed someone's eyes burning with the desire to maim and kill until I met Merihem. A couple of times, I heard people call him Violence. It made sense why.

My stomach knotted until I couldn't drink anymore and held onto my half-full cup. I knew Merihem was dangerous. Obviously, he wasn't sane or human. It was disturbing watching the delight in his gaze, and the corners of his eyes crinkling with what I could only guess was a smile.

A few degrees lowered the warm night's temperature. Shadows swirled in the night and whispered across my shoulders. I jumped and moved closer to Merihem while I watched the dark tendrils weave through the night.

"Stay here," Merihem softly ordered.

I tilted my head to look at his face. He turned his gaze down to me. His eyebrows lowered in a scowl I could only see in his eyes. My heart stuttered over a beat.

"Where are you going?"

He set his drink down and took off his black beanie. I watched as he peeled off his shirt and exposed his tattooed chest and arms. He switched his black leather mask for the demonic one he hadn't touched all evening.

Fuck.

I waited too long to grab it, and now he wore it.

I bit my bottom lip and squeezed on my cup. He turned his gaze to me. He didn't say anything, but his stare clearly showed the message.

If I ran, he would chase me.

The fires flickered, and I glanced away from Merihem to watch King Ghoul step out of the shadows. His yellow eyes

glowed in the night, and he bared his teeth in a smile that didn't look so friendly.

Over the noise of the party, his cruel shout made the energy of the gathering stutter.

“Who will fight me?” the king taunted. He stepped into the middle of the large circle of torches where the fights occurred. From how he walked, it was clear he didn't doubt his coming victory.

Merihem walked away from me.

I watched as he moved through the crowd. The light of the fires licked along his broad shoulders and back. His tattoos stood out the most because of the shadows. I could be wrong, but it looked like the red ink glowed in the intricate demonic designs.

Ghoul turned toward Merihem when he walked into the heart of the fight circle. Ghoul grinned and chuckled, which sounded like broken shards of glass.

“I was hoping it would be you.”

Merihem rolled his shoulders and neck as he prepared for the fight. In the next heartbeat, he lunged for Ghoul, and the contest began.

Plumes of dirt raised around the two men as they struggled against each other. They were quick with their punches, and a few times, I saw the blood splatter from Ghoul's mouth after Merihem punched him. The crowd roared with cheers. A few demons yelled out what Ghoul should do to get the upper hand. Others cheered on Merihem.

The two men separated, and Merihem's shoulders rose and fell quickly with his hard breathing. He took a few steps back to put more space between him and Ghoul. Raising his arm, he swiped his tattooed forearm across his forehead and shook out his hand.

Ghoul grinned, baring his sharp, rotting teeth. “I see you brought the girl.”

Merihem fisted his hand, and the muscles in his back flexed as he contained his visible rage. He had to be one wrong comment away from beating the fuck out of the demon king.

“Careful,” Merihem warned in a low growl.

“Or what?”

Ghoul cackled and braced himself as Merihem tackled him to the ground. More plumes of dirt surrounded them as they struggled against each other and snuck in a few punches. The demon king threw Merihem off him by using his shadows.

“That’s cheating!” someone in the crowd yelled.

Oh, so there are rules, then. I’ve wondered why none of the others used their magic while fighting.

Merihem shot to his feet and rolled his head to release the tension from the muscles in his neck.

I stepped toward the fighting ring but stopped when a demon turned its head to me. Chills went down my spine from their reptilian eyes. They didn’t move toward me, but I saw in their eyes that they wanted to consume me.

Swallowing hard, I moved back again and watched the fight from the spot by the tree Merihem and I had been lingering at.

“I brought the collar with me.” Ghoul’s lips pulled into a cruel smile, and he licked his teeth. His yellow eyes darted to me and stared at me. Shivers went down my spine, and I stepped further into the shadows by the tree. “After I win this fight, I’m making her my pet and sinking my cock into her cunt for everyone here to watch.”

He moved his gaze back to Merihem. He opened his mouth to say something else, but Merihem tackled him to the ground by then. Something in my demon snapped where he didn’t hold back anymore. The speed of the fight was hard to keep up. All I knew was that they were punching, kicking, and wrestling each other with the dirt flying up in the air around them.

The crowd around us roared in what I could only assume were cheers.

The song “As Above, So Below” by In This Moment played. It was one of my favorite songs, but I couldn’t even enjoy it. Not right now because of the adrenaline of anxiety surging through me.

I needed to meet up with the crimson-eyed demon who promised there would be a portal for me. But first, I needed the mask.

Ghoul roared. It sounded more like he was in pain and angered. I blinked, focusing on the fight again, noticing Merihem above the king and repeatedly punching him in the face.

The crowd had quieted and wasn’t cheering anymore.

Even I was shocked to see Merihem taking it beyond just knocking someone down. He was trying to kill him.

My giant tattooed demon pressed his knee into Ghoul’s chest to hold him down. He grabbed one of the king’s horns, and in one yank, he ripped it out of his head. Ghoul yelled and squirmed under Merihem, trying to knock him off. The movement jostled Merihem, and the demon connected his bloody claws with Merihem’s demonic mask, knocking it off of him, and it went flying. Merihem didn’t budge from Ghoul and yanked out another one of his horns.

“What the hell is Merihem doing?” someone yelled.

Movement caught my eye, and I watched as Lucifer broke through the mass, holding a bat with barbed wire wrapped around it. He tossed it down by Merihem, who grabbed it and tested the weight of it before he began beating the shit out of Ghoul’s face.

My heart was in my throat as I made my way through the crowd. My hands shook while I went to the crowd’s edge where Merihem’s demonic mask was. I stared down at it when my heart went a million miles a minute.

“He’s killing the king!” someone close by roared.

I jumped, snatched the mask, and started my way back through the crowd. No one noticed or came after me while I weaved through and found the trail that led to the garden.

It didn't take long before I found the dark-haired demon waiting for me by the large siren fountain. He turned toward me with his hands in his pockets and smirked.

“Good girl,” he said, pleased.

My hands shook as I stopped several feet away from him. I licked my bottom and looked down at the mask. It was still warm after Merihem had worn it while fighting. There were a few damp spots on the inside from his blood and sweat. It was heavy in my hand, and it could've been because of the turmoil and guilt weighing on me.

What have I done?

All I wanted was to go home. I wanted to get back to my normal life of making content on social media, making videos, and watching men buckle beneath me. I didn't have that here. I had no power here in Hell. There was no way I could roast the ever-loving shit out of terrible men and watch them fumble over their insults.

There's a darkness in you, whispered in the back of my mind.

No. I didn't want to think about that—

“Why do you want this, anyway?” I raised my eyes back to his face.

He chuckled. “Hand it over, and I'll tell you.”

I bunched my eyebrows together. “Nah. I want to know before. I don't want this to be some key for you to take over the world or something, and I'm screwed when I go back home.”

“I make the rules here, sweetheart. My lips are sealed until you give it to me.” He held out his hand and wiggled his fingers.

My fingers dug into the hard material of Merihem's mask.

He sighed and rolled his eyes. “Nothing awful will happen. But if you don’t hand it over right now, you won’t make it on time to the portal.”

I swallowed hard.

“Bandit!” Merihem roared. It echoed through the night and sounded far away. The ground beneath me vibrated with his yell. I knew he was on his way and coming for me.

“Tick Tock, sweetheart,” the demon teased.

“Fuck it,” I whispered and shoved the mask at him.

He grinned and chuckled softly. “I knew Merihem was up to something for years. His mask holds power over him. I can make him do whatever I want once I have this.” He raised the demon mask and gently waved it. “He won’t come after you because he’ll be under my control.”

“Bandit!” Merihem roared.

I jumped and turned around, finding him walking into the garden with a glare and breathing hard. His all-black eyes darted to the demon and curled his lips.

“Azazel,” he snarled.

He noticed the mask he held and shot his gaze to me, which bore hurt in them. I went behind his back, and the man I loved looked heartbroken because of my betrayal.

He turned his narrowed eyes back to Azazel. “Put down my mask.”

Azazel snorted. “No. Get on your knees.”

Merihem dropped to his knees and gritted his teeth as he glared at Azazel. “I’ll give you ten seconds to return my mask. Then I’ll rip your head off from your neck and cut off your dick.”

I’d seen with my own eyes that he knew how to carry out that threat.

I shivered.

Azazel turned toward me. “The portal is waiting. Take that path there.” He jerked his chin to the path he mentioned. “And you’ll find it by the Sleipnir fountain.”

“You gonna be okay?” I asked him and glanced at Merihem, who glared at me. Goosebumps raised over my arms and legs. Hatred reflected in his dark eyes as he stared at me.

I fucked up, but it’s too late.

Azazel waved his hand. “I’ll be f—” His words cut off short when shadows wrapped around his neck and squeezed. I screamed as I watched the smokey tendrils dig into his flesh and pop his head clean off his neck.

My heart hammered in my chest, and I swear I was about to shit my pants when I whipped my head toward Merihem as he got to his feet.

“H-how?” I croaked.

“He never commanded my powers to become stagnant.”

I stumbled back a few steps and clutched at my chest. Merihem gazed at me with the same hate-filled anger and twisted his lips.

“I’m sorry ...” I whispered. I grabbed his mask from beside Azazel’s dead body and held it close to my chest, terrified to hand it to him.

I wasn’t making it back home. And now I was screwed. Merihem was going to kill me. I just knew it.

“Don’t hurt me,” I begged softly.

CHAPTER 21

Bandit



Merihem's face contorted in rage, pinning me frozen to my spot with his death glare. I couldn't move because of the fear that surged through me. His bulky body shuddered, his skin shivering like bugs were crawling beneath it. It honest to god looked like something was trying to break from within him.

Chills went down my spine, and I trembled. I parted my lips to say something, but nothing came out. I couldn't muster anything because it scared me shitless it would make this worse.

He lowered his head like a predator setting his eyes on his prey. Even though he was well over twenty feet away from me, I knew he could and would cross it in a second flat.

Run, I screamed in my head. Run! He's coming, and whatever he has planned for a punishment this time isn't good.

Taking a small step back, I clutched onto the black and red demonic mask. I dug my fingers into the hard material, barely registering the sensation of the pressure in my nails. Because of my fear, I became numb at some point and sick to my stomach.

For a second, I was back in high school when I felt this kind of terror because of the bullies. Because of all the shit Derrick had said and done to me. My dad never helped the situation by adding more judgment from him and the insults he gave me so easily.

But the one thing I could say they never made me feel was that my life was in danger. Right now, this was different.

I didn't want to be that girl anymore. I didn't want to be the victim and scared of everyone. The weird girl I used to be was gone and replaced with the stubborn and quick-to-insult

woman I was now. I didn't want to revert to the little girl who took the punches and insults from my dad.

Straightening my shoulders and raising my chin, I glared back at Merihem.

A slow smile crept to his face until it became wolfish with how it looked more like he was baring his teeth than amused. He stepped toward me and rolled his shoulders and neck like he was about to start a workout.

My stomach churned as he dropped his head forward, where I couldn't see his face anymore, and he chuckled. The deep sound filled the space between us, sounding like thunder. It sent chills down my spine and made my heart pound.

He raised his head so he could stare at me through his eyelashes.

“Oh, Princess,” he growled, his voice a few octaves lower and rougher as if he swallowed rocks. It reminded me too much of the monsters from the video games I played. “What have you done?”

The question wasn't meant for me to answer, but I opened my mouth to explain. But the words died on my tongue as Merihem chuckled.

The sound started small, but it grew louder until it echoed around us like a giant was laughing and not him. It sent vibrations through me, causing me to tremble more and unable to move from my spot.

I watched as his bronze skin turned dark gray and still shivered like millions of bugs crawled under it. He raised his head more for me to look better at his face. Hard knobs protruded on the corners of his forehead, and horns sprouted. My stomach churned, and my heart stuttered over a few beats as I witnessed him changing.

“Run,” he ordered, his voice bordering on monstrous with how deep and gravelly it was.

Right before my eyes, he morphed into something that would haunt my nightmares. He looked like the demon churches talked about. I'd seen artwork and recreated images

of the giant goat man. Merihem grew taller, his skin a dark gray like the fur of a ram with the same curling black horns it would have. His clothes had been shredded to expose his animalistic body.

Instead of having feet, he had hooves. His legs were bowed like an animal, and I couldn't look away from them for a breath. I moved my eyes between his legs and stared at the large sleeve that his dick was inside of. As if he could feel my gaze, his reddish cock slowly slipped out and didn't stop until it reached above his knee.

I widened my eyes.

There was no way ... he couldn't possibly fit in me.

Thath was smaller compared to Merihem. Why was I even thinking this? I didn't want to fuck him like this. He'd break me in half.

My breath caught in my throat, and I rapidly blinked.

"Run," he ordered again, louder and sounding like the demon he presented as.

I snapped out of it and whipped around, bolting from him.

Two seconds later, Merihem roared. I listened to his heavy breaths and monstrous hooves pounding on the ground as he chased after me. I barely heard my whimpers over his sounds and the thundering of my heart in my ears.

I knew I wouldn't get to escape him. There was no escaping a demon well over ten feet with long ass legs. If he was anything like a ram, he was quick. But as I ran, I could only see his all-black eyes and long, curling horns that sprouted from his brown skin. He could kill me if he lowered his head to strike me.

I stumbled over my feet, barely catching myself to prevent myself from landing on my face. Merihem's snarls grew louder, sending chills down my spine. Other than his eyes, horns, and basically everything about him that stuck in my vision, it was the way he looked at me like he wanted to hate fuck me. The anger in the black depths of them was evident, but the hunger in them threw me for a loop.

My mind repulsed at the thought of him touching me in this form. But I remembered all the things Thath did to me. My body warmed and melted until I soaked my thin underwear, desiring Merihem to fill me.

I was fucked up. As Dad said, I was a nasty freak for loving monster dicks.

But Merihem said nothing was wrong with me for liking what I liked. He hadn't lied to me—from what I could tell. As fucked up as it was, I trusted the man who stalked me for years and visited my dreams more than anyone else.

But I pissed him off this time.

The hairs on my neck raised when his proximity was close enough that I felt it. I whimpered, throwing myself into the closest thing to escape him. It turned out to be an oversized black rose bush with skulls in the petals that still had some flesh on them. I ignored the uneasiness and nausea as I went through the thick brush wall to get to the other side.

Merihem snarled, clawing his way through the shrubbery that thankfully slowed him down.

I crawled out of it with scratches that stung and bled. I ignored the pain and shot to my feet, bolting through the path that led to my escape. Azazel promised the portal would wait for me to take me back to the mortal plane. I wanted to get back to my everyday life. I didn't care that a large part of me revolted at the idea of being away from Merihem.

Merihem's hooves pounded closer again. His heavy breathing and snarls became so loud I knew he was right behind me. I gasped and turned a corner on the path to get him off my trail.

Then I saw it.

The portal Azazel promised would be here.

It looked like it came from a video game with the wavy blue fire that seemed liquid with how it flickered and waved. Glowing sigils framed the arch of the doorway, signaling it opened seconds before I spotted it.

The hairs on the back of my neck raised, and I did something stupid. I should've kept my head straight with my eye on the prize. But no. I glanced over my shoulder. I widened my eyes, and my stomach dropped like lead as Merihem grinned, baring his sharp teeth at me.

In a flash, I knew that I'd never had a chance to get away. I hadn't been out running him at all. He'd been toying with me. Letting me get within a few feet of safety before he tore it away.

He grabbed my throat and tackled me to the ground. Pinning me on my belly beneath him, he shredded my clothes off me.

"Wait ... Please!" I begged, squirming and fighting underneath him.

He ignored my pleas as he ripped off my short dress and raised my ass. In the next breath, he nudged the gigantic head of his dick at my soaked entrance and began breaching.

I screamed as I clawed at the ground while he forced his too-large cock into me.

Merihem snarled, leaned down, and bit onto my neck. His sharp teeth buried into my soft skin, and he held me in place as he worked more of himself into me.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head, and I stuck my tongue out as pleasure swamped through me, and I relaxed under him.

Heat rushed through me, further relaxing me until my pussy could take all of him. He must've used some kind of magic on me to accept his monster dick. The feel of him stretching me to the point that it was inhuman made me scream more from pleasure than pain. He was long and thick. His shaft was ribbed, and the head of his cock was broad like an animal's and pierced. The large piece of jewelry rubbed in the right places, making my toes curl and my eyes roll into the back of my head.

He groaned into my neck. The sound vibrated into me and made me melt. Once fully seated into me, his dick thickened

until it stung, where I feared he would split me in half.

“Submit to me,” he snarled into my throat.

I squirmed and pushed my ass against him to make him go deeper. My clit throbbed, and I had never wanted to come so badly until now.

“M-Merihem,” I whined.

He growled, shoved his hips against me, and pinned me to the ground. “Submit.”

All the fight left me. I relaxed and moved my head to bear more of my neck to him. He rumbled, pleased with me, and drew his hips back until the head of his erection was the only thing inside me. In one fluid movement, he slammed into me. I screamed and eagerly took everything he gave me.

Tears streamed down my face as I glanced at the blue portal. I mourned only for a second before it left just as quick as it came. Pleasure replaced everything else as he brutally fucked me. Every thrust pushed me forward and made me grunt. I raised my hips, moving back into him and begging for more.

“That’s it, Princess,” he growled. The low, beastly sound vibrated straight through me and to my clit.

He released my neck, pressed his goat face against the side of my head, and breathed hard while he pistoned into me.

“You think to escape me? You think to leave me?”

He enunciated his words with harder thrusts, driving his point.

“You’ll never leave Hell. I am what you need and desire. No one else gives a fuck about you. You’ll always be my cum slut queen.”

Something rubbed my clit, rolling the swollen bud with each thrust. Zaps of pleasure went through my body, making me tremble as I tumbled over the edge into an orgasm. My eyes crossed, and I stuck out my tongue, riding out the forced orgasms he sent me through over and over.

His chest vibrated against my back as he rumbled, pleased as he kept making me come until it became painful. He never stopped as he stroked his inhuman dick in and out of me. The pain became nothing. My body numbed, and all I could feel was pleasure.

Merihem scraped his large canine teeth on my neck. Without warning, he sank them again into the tender flesh that met my shoulder. I tensed beneath him, unable to make any other sounds but choked sobs of bliss as I stayed in constant orgasm.

Something was different this time about his bite. My head swam, and I repeatedly blinked to clear my vision, but nothing worked.

He snarled into my neck as his hips lost rhythm and stuttered until he came. His dick thickened until it was bulbous and reached farther inside of me. The base of his cock swelled until it ballooned into a painful knot. It allowed only enough room for shallow thrusts. Warmth flooded into me, never stopping until it became borderline painful because of the swell of my lower stomach from how much cum filled me. Liquid seeped from where we were joined, dripping down my inner thighs, along the folds of my pussy to my clit. The throbbing intensified with my orgasm as his arousal trickled down. It had to have its own magical abilities to drive me further into my crazed lust because of how extreme it tingled.

I kept my tongue out as a strangled noise of pleasure escaped me. Through his bite, warmth bloomed in me and spread to the rest of my body. My pussy clamped around his fat cock, making the both of us groan from the sensation.

Everything in me tingled with ecstasy, and my head became light.

Darkness bled into the corners of my vision.

The surroundings around us faded away until it was just us.

Tears pooled in my eyes as I glanced at the blurry blue portal again. There was only a tiny bit of sadness as I stared at

it. But something sinister spread from his bite to my mind, making everything murky and hard to decipher.

I didn't want to leave Merihem.

Raging lust for the demon flared through me. I pushed my ass against him, whining and panting with the need for more.

Merihem growled, loosening his bite enough to hold me in place. He stopped rocking into me and breathed hard. His dick stayed hard and throbbed with the aftereffects of his orgasm.

"M ... Merihem ..." I slurred, wanting to know what was happening to me but unable to form the words on my numb tongue.

He chuckled, the sound dark and sinister.

While it would have sent chills down my spine, I shuddered in delight and clenched tighter on him.

"You're mine now." He thrust hard into me, jolting me forward and causing me to whimper.

I arched my back, pushing myself farther against him. It made him go deeper inside of me. I didn't know if he could reach deeper, but I didn't care.

You're mine now.

Darkness bled further into my vision until it turned into tunnel vision.

You're mine now.

I panted, my face burning and my pussy spasming around his dick.

You're mine now.

I was his queen now. I'd never leave him. I'd forever be his.

No ... this wasn't right. This wasn't my decision.

Sensing my hesitation and feeling me tense, he growled and began rocking into me again. Even though he had little room to move, he somehow managed. He brought one of his hands around my throat and squeezed.

“Give in. Submit to me.”

My eyes fluttered, and I met his hips with each stroke, pushing him deeper into me. Needing him to be rougher. He gave me what I wanted. Moving faster and violently until our flesh meeting slapped each time that sounded like thunder.

“Submit,” Merihem snarled.

The darkness that came from him spread and branched out into my mind. But I noticed the creeping of my darkness—the one I tried so hard to shove down to never see the light of day—meeting his. They merged, weaving together and becoming one.

I didn't want to fight it anymore.

I trembled and screamed as I came. My eyes crossed, and I stuck out my tongue again as I spasmed around his dick. His earlier release squelched in my pussy with his shallow, rough strokes. I shuddered at the same time he did. He enjoyed the sounds as much as I did.

But I needed more from him.

More pleasure. More cock. More orgasms. More of his clawed hand squeezing my throat. More of driving me further into the ground with his brutal thrusts.

... More darkness.

I embraced it all. Finally, accepting that he was the one I wanted. Accepting that he lured me into his darkness.

“Merihem,” I moaned before darkness closed in around me.

“That's my girl,” he purred.

EPILOGUE

Merihem



One year later

Bandit stood in front of her phone on a tripod with the ring light on. She'd been adamant about still making videos for her favorite social media and private page to make money that was useless where we lived. There wasn't cash in Hell. Unless we counted trade and favors for currency.

After Bandit explained how she loved creating content and letting men fawn over her, I couldn't say no to her. Not after all the shit she'd been through in her life. The shame she had put up with from everyone—including family. She knew her piece of shit dad was here in Hell, getting extra attention from my hounds and a Minotaur.

But I didn't mind my little queen doing whatever she wanted. Let the humans fall all over her. They didn't stand a chance with her. Who was I to tell her not to do something she enjoyed doing? Especially when it came to lust and sin?

Her gray eyes had changed colors after she embraced Darkness. It took her a while to figure out how to change them on command so she didn't have to wear colored contacts. Not that she didn't already do that for her videos. But if her eyes were all black, her contacts at the time wouldn't do any good but look off. While she learned to manipulate her eye colors, I got her a pair of contacts that covered her whole eye to give it the white out and a black pupil. She often did something spooky with them for her videos.

A song she said was trending played on her phone while she went through the moves for her video. Once the small clip ended for the first part, she glanced at me with a sly smile.

“You just gonna watch me all day?” she teased and moved around our bedroom to change into a different outfit for the second half of the video.

I leaned back in my leather seat and folded my arms behind my head to relax more.

“Mm,” I answered with a low hum.

My eyes flared with desire, and her eyelids drooped while she peeled off her tight black top. Her large breasts spilled out, and I didn’t hold back the groan when I saw her nipples were already hard. She grinned and turned away from me to give me her back while she took off her miniskirt. My cock twitched and hardened as she bent over and showed me her bare ass and pussy.

“Princess,” I drawled and licked my bottom lip, imagining her taste on my tongue. “If I didn’t know better, I would think you’re wet because of a song, and all the men going to see this video.” And that she enjoyed being watched by me. I corrupted her at some point and spoiled her with all the times I had publicly bent her over and fucked her.

She laughed huskily and glanced over her shoulder at me as she grabbed her cosplay costume. Fluidly, she winked at me and bit her bottom lip, which she only gave when she played her part as an E-girl.

I groaned, closing my eyes for a moment. I brought a hand down to my lap, rubbing the heel of my palm on my erection that strained beneath my pants.

“What would the great king of Hell do to me if I am?” she teased.

I cracked open my eyes, and irritation surged through me.

I knew she was teasing me, but the thought of another man I didn’t give permission to turn her on like this made me see red. The monstrous side of me reared its head and roared, wanting to pin her down and show her she belonged to me.

“Careful,” I warned, my voice a few octaves lower.

She perked up and turned toward me with a mischievous smile. The view she gave me of her naked body made all my blood go straight to my already hard as steel erection. I hungrily roamed my eyes over her body, noting how her wide hips flared out and were littered with colorful tattoos that swept up her ribs. The artwork stood out like a beautiful gothic mosaic painting. My mark was in the design that didn't stand out until you looked closely enough.

I hungrily looked at her pudgy stomach, decorated with stretch marks I planned on tracing with my tongue later. The dark curls between her legs glistened with arousal that had dripped down the inside of her thick tattooed thighs.

Oh, she was so fucked.

Placing a hand on her hip, she smiled deviantly at me. "Or what?"

I brought my other arm from behind my neck to my lap as I leaned forward, staring right into her eyes. Cocking my head, I smiled that she couldn't see because of my mask.

"Careful," I crooned.

She slowly walked to me and stopped right in front of me. Reaching out, she slipped her hands under my black beanie and fingered my hair. The soft touch sent goosebumps along my body and made me shudder. The cotton hat dropped behind me, long forgotten, as she gripped fistfuls of my hair and jerked my head back. I bit my lower lip and stared up at her with hooded eyes. I snatched her hips and yanked her between my knees until her breasts were right in front of my face.

She bit her lip, using her innocent look to drive me crazier. The woman knew what drove me insane with her looks. What got me the most was her acting like the innocent E-girl that had interested me since the beginning of watching her after that fated night at the Halloween party.

"I'm not afraid of you, King," she murmured huskily.

I dug my fingers harder into her love handles. It would most likely leave behind bruises, but I didn't care. I wanted to leave my marks on her and for the world to know she was

mine. Her eyes filled with hunger as she gazed at me. I narrowed my eyes and breathed heavily as I held back from unleashing the demonic side that wanted to come out and play with her.

“You want to get more useless money, Princess?” She nodded as confusion crossed her face. “Get the video camera up.” She wanted to make porn, then we’d make it.

Her face lit up, and she smiled as she pulled away from me. She skipped to the tripod and messed with her phone. While she got the camera ready, I stood and stripped off my clothes.

I switched out my usual black mask with my red and black demon mask covering my face. Bandit turned to me and shuddered with desire as she noticed the switch. I smirked.

Jerking my head to the bed, I swept out an arm, directing her where I wanted her. “Get on all four.”

She climbed on the bed and arched her back to push her ass out, where I had a fantastic view of her glistening cunt.

“Goddamn, Princess,” I groaned and grabbed her phone.

Climbing on the bed behind her, I pointed the phone down to her pussy while I used my free hand to rub her soaked folds. I didn’t need to make sure she was ready for me, but I did it for the sake of the video. She moaned softly, arching her back more to push against my hand. I grinned and fisted my dick before I guided the thick, pierced tip to press against her soaked entrance.

It took some work to push into her, but once I breached her tight pussy, it was smooth sailing as I sank to the root. We gasped at the same time at the pleasure of my invading her. No matter how often we fucked, she still had to accommodate my size for a moment.

I stayed still for a breath before I flexed my hips and slowly thrust in and out of her. I moved the camera’s angle to the side so viewers could see me pounding into her cunt. She met me with every stroke, pushing her ass back against me and

clapping each time. The sound sent zaps of electric pleasure through me and tightened my balls.

I groaned at her sounds and her pussy squelching from how wet she was for me. Her sounds grew louder as I thrust harder until it became inhuman how rough I became with her. I moved my free hand between her legs and rubbed the pad of my finger on her swollen clit. It didn't take long before she fell apart and orgasmed. Her cum dripped down my length to my balls, and I brought the phone back to catch the view of her cream on my dark bronze dick.

I worked her through her orgasm, extending it for as long as possible.

Slapping her ass, I ordered, "Tell the filthy fucks watching this how good I feel."

"So good," she cried and bucked back against me as her core spasmed tighter around me. It took everything in me to hold back from spilling myself inside her.

My palm connected with her ass with a loud *crack*, making her scream and clamp her pussy around me.

"Goddamn, you're strangling my dick. Tell them you're my cum slut."

"I'm your cum slut," she sobbed.

I pulled out and effortlessly flipped her over onto her back. She gasped as I spread her thick thighs wide and kept them open with the outside of my legs. I shoved my cock back inside her and pointed the camera down to where we were joined. I ignored sliding in and out of her. Instead, I watched her face as I drove harder into her. Her large breasts and stomach bounced with each thrust. She looked like a queen, taking every rough stroke. She would look even better with my hand around her throat.

"Beg me to make you squirt." I pistoned harder, my balls slapped against her ass. It was like music to my ears. What was even better for me was hearing her cunt taking me.

Bandit arched her back, pushing her large breasts further out. I watched them for a moment, transfixed by how

goddamn sexy they were. Wetness seeped out of her pussy, dripping down the base of my shaft and to my balls. More of her cream coated my cock; the whiteness of it stood out against the darker shade of my cock.

“Please make me squirt,” she begged as she reached behind her head and gripped the sheets.

I chuckled. “Not good enough, Princess.”

She parted her fuckable lips and circled her hips against me as I drove deeper into her. I groaned and had to hold back from shifting. The other side of me wanted out, to watch her pussy spread wider on my much larger red cock. I was on the brink of saying *fuck it* and change, not caring if the world saw a monster fucking a woman.

“Please!” she whined, arching her back and pushing harder against me.

I brought my free hand back to her glistening pussy, stroking my thumb on her swollen clit, and brought my cock out for shallow strokes into her. The piercing on the head of my dick rubbed right where I needed to make her come hard and squirt. I watched as she struggled to hold back. Even after all this time, she wasn't used to the pressure the feeling brought.

“Let go,” I ordered and added the right amount of pressure to her clit. “Squirt on me. Show these filthy people how you squirt on a monster dick.”

She yelled as she went over the edge and came. Liquid squirted out of her and onto me. I kept the same pressure on her clit and slammed hard into her, pleased with her scream. When she stopped squirting, I drew back and grabbed her by the throat. Her eyes snapped open as I dragged her off the bed and forced her to her knees.

“Suck it,” I ordered, shoving my dick into her mouth.

She did as I commanded, opening her mouth wide and taking me into her mouth. I bunched her hair into my fist, keeping the camera down on her while she sucked me. I

groaned while I watched her work my cock and taste herself on me while she sucked for my cum.

My control snapped after she cupped my heavy balls and massaged them while she did something wicked with her tongue on the underside of my shaft. I slammed my hips against her face, forcing all of my dick down her throat. I groaned at her choking sounds. I moved the camera to the side so the audience could watch me ruthlessly fuck her face and witness the tears streaming down her cheek.

Right before I spilled, I yanked her head back and pushed her away to stroke my cock. I moved the camera back to my dick and her face while I growled and furiously worked my wet cock until jet after jet of my cum spurted onto her face. She already had her mouth open, and her tongue stuck out to taste my load as it kept going.

I kept the camera steady, never moving as I finished cumming on her face, stroking the last bit out of me.

Breathing hard, I let go of my throbbing cock and moved my mask up just a little to expose my mouth before I fisted her hair while I knelt in front of her. She panted and kept still, her head angled back while I licked along her jaw, cleaning up my load.

I didn't mind tasting myself. It never disgusted me, and I knew there were people out there who got off on a man savoring his own spend on his woman. I was thorough and never wanted my girl to lose potential money and even fame from her videos.

"Tell them you're my good little cum slut," I whispered, but loud enough for the phone to pick it up.

She grabbed onto my shoulders and panted. "I'm your good cum slut."

I smiled and licked another spot on her cheek. My tongue scooped up more of my load, and I swallowed with a satisfied groan. Leaning into her ear, I nibbled on her earlobe before I pressed a kiss.

"Tell the world goodnight," I ordered huskily.

“Goodnight, world,” she whispered.

Leaning away from her, I ended the recording and threw off my mask before I crashed my lips to hers. She moaned, wrapping her arms around my neck and holding me close as she kissed me back with fervor. Our tongues tangled, forcing her to taste me and making her moan into my mouth.

I fisted her hair at the back of her head and yanked her head back. She gasped and cracked open her eyes, showing me they were all black. I smirked and grabbed her throat with my now free hand.

“Next time, Lucifer will join,” I warned, my voice an octave lower and huskier.

She bit on my bottom lip, her cheeks flushing a pretty pink. She loved it when I shared her with him—or in general, with anyone, especially with the more monstrous creatures like Thath. But she specifically loved it when Lucifer was in his demonic form, stretching her beyond a human’s limit. With her now immortal and a part of the darkness, her once human body could now take anything and everything.

“When’s next time?”

My lips twitched with a smile, and I cocked my head as I ran my thumb along a spot on her throat as I cradled her there.

“Tonight, if you’re a good girl.”

She closed her eyes, and the corners of her lips tipped up in a smile.

“I’ll be a good girl for you, King,” she whispered.

Her promised words went straight to my cock, and I groaned. I squeezed her throat and kissed her roughly.

I’d let Lucifer know once she finished recording her video she started for her social media and got ready for tonight’s Samhain festival.

When Lucifer would join us later tonight, the porn film scenery would change from here in our bedroom. But it would please the Prince of Lust no less, and since it was happening at the Samhain celebration, everyone here would watch, too. I

couldn't let my Queen of Darkness miss the chance to make more of her useless money and earn more social status.

"You're my obsession," I murmured into her mouth.

She sighed happily, tangling her fingers into my hair at my scalp.

"I love you, too," she whispered and nipped on my bottom lip.

I grinned and squeezed her neck as I got to my feet and pulled her up by her throat. Throwing her over my shoulder, I slapped her ass and grinned from the loud *crack*.

"Hey!" she squealed with giggles.

I spanked her again, smoothing my palm over one of her chubby ass cheeks to soothe the sting as I carried her toward the bathroom.

Even though we'd just had sex, I was hard and ready to go again. And hearing her whispered confession made me harder than a rock and want to be balls deep in her sweet pussy again. But I wanted a different scenery for this next round.

I needed my girl and show her just how obsessed I was with her. Her social media video could wait. The celebration could wait. The whole goddamned Above and Below could wait.

THE END



Thank you for reading Lured into Darkness. Join my [Facebook group](#) and lets chat about it!

If I get enough requests, I'll write Thath's book. ;)

Join my [newsletter](#) to stay up to date on what I'm working on next.

My next dark paranormal romance standalone, **We All Have A Hell** is coming soon in 2023.

STALK ME

Check out my social media accounts to stay in touch!

Instagram: [author.willow.mcquerry](https://www.instagram.com/author.willow.mcquerry).

Facebook Group: [Willow McQuerry's Realm Walkers](#)

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Thank you, booktok, for giving me the confidence to write dark romance again. My next one will be darker, and I just *know* ya'll will love it.



Is anybody reading this? Do people read acknowledgments? Because I sure as hell don't. So I guess I'll end it with some funny thank you's that sort of fit for what I went through while writing *Lured into Darkness* because I don't think anyone reads this boring shit.

Thank you (I guess?), sky daddy, for giving me trauma I could work through while writing this book.

Thank you, shitty world, for giving me religious trauma so I could work some of it out while writing this.

Fuck you, shitty men who said and did some terrible things to me that I sort of overcame and got some confidence along the way. You all are the *stars* in this one but under different names. ;)

Thank you, monster and alien romance authors. I'm looking at you Jupiter Belle. Without you, I wouldn't have any sanity left and probably would've been locked away in the psych ward for a while. So you really helped me dodge that bullet because the grippy sock stay isn't fun.

If anyone is still reading this, thank you. You're the real MVP. Also, you're a bad bitch, your hair is on point, your makeup is fire, and your ass looks great. Go slay.

ABOUT WILLOW

Willow McQuerry is a romance author who lives in the Midwest, right in tornado alley. You'll see her looking out the window during thunderstorms, watching the tornado blow in. Her days are spent working her day job and taking care of her sassy pet bird, then writing her books until the middle of the night or early morning.

Willow is a mental health advocate. She has schizoaffective disorder (schizophrenia with bipolar), and recently in 2022, she became vocal about it. She wants to educate people about what schizophrenia really is and how they aren't dangerous like what people assume.

The best way you can reach out to her is through Instagram. She adores readers who message her and talk about her books. It helps with her imposter syndrome and to keep writing. ****Note: this isn't an invitation for you to message her to bash her, her books, and be straight up nasty to her in messages.****

Check out Willow's Facebook group, where she likes to drop sneak peeks of her next books.

