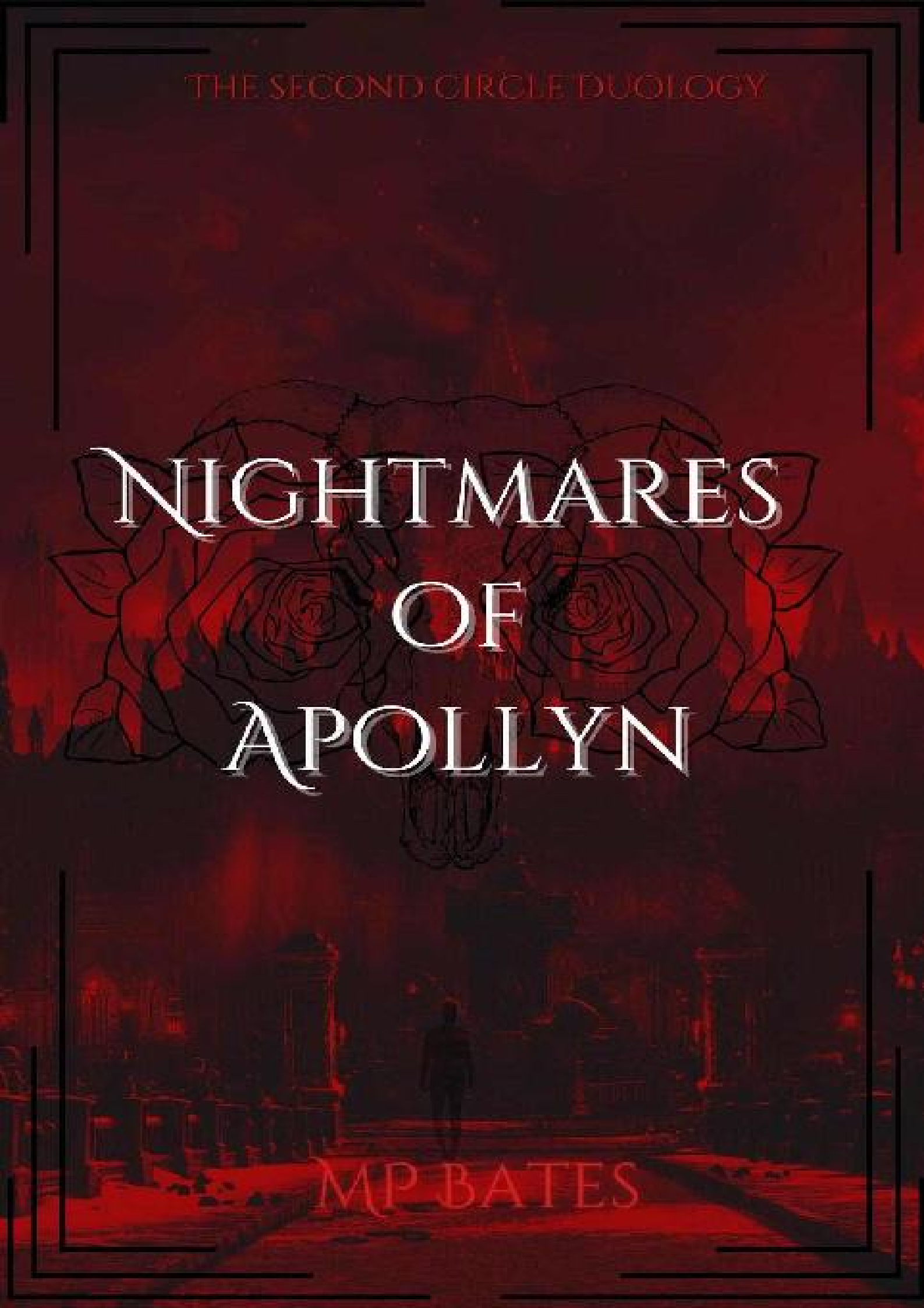


THE SECOND CIRCLE DUOLOGY

The background of the cover is a dark, monochromatic red. At the top, the text 'THE SECOND CIRCLE DUOLOGY' is written in a light red, serif font. The central focus is the title 'NIGHTMARES OF APOLLYN' in a large, white, serif font, with 'OF' being smaller and centered between 'NIGHTMARES' and 'APOLLYN'. Behind the title, there are large, stylized roses with dark outlines. Below the roses, a silhouette of a person stands in a grand, classical-style interior with columns and arches. At the bottom, the author's name 'MP BATES' is written in a light red, serif font.

NIGHTMARES
OF
APOLLYN

MP BATES

Nightmares of Apollyn

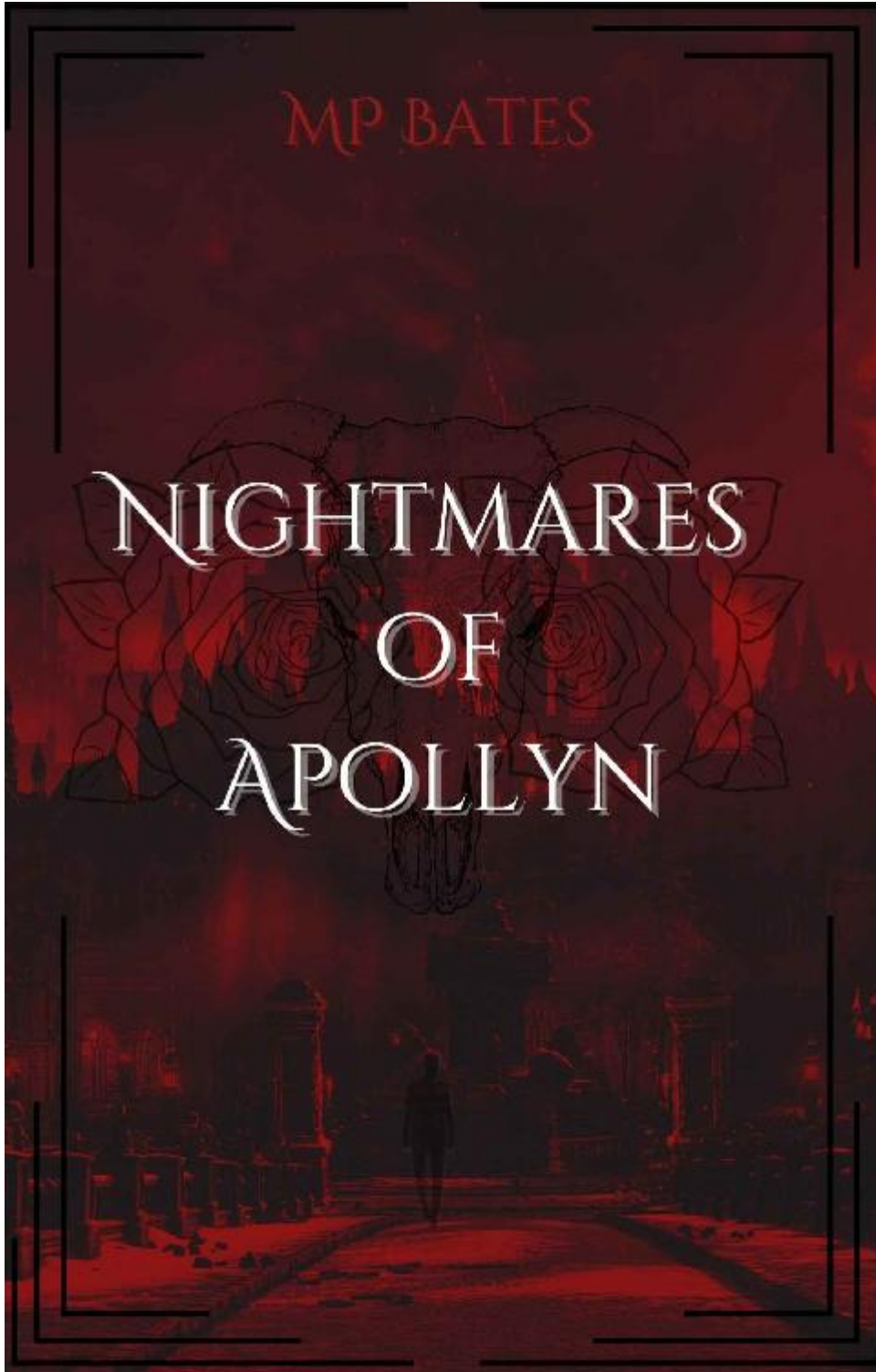
A dark MM paranormal romance

MP Bates

MP Bates

MP BATES

NIGHTMARES
OF
APOLLYN



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THE SECOND CIRCLE DUOLOGY



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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For Zach.

Thank you for not letting me give up on
my dreams.

It is not Hell

if you like the way

It burns

Trigger warnings:

This book is intended for those who are 18+

This is a book about a male demon and a fucked-up male human destined for darkness falling in love. There is also a Witch best friend. If the thought of that upsets you or makes you uncomfortable, back out now. If the thought of playing with a demons curvy horns upsets you, please also back out. If not, continue, and lets be best friends because same.

This book contains mentions of religions such as Wicca, brief mention of Christianity, and satanic rituals. This book mentions the Occult heavily and contains dark themes.

Warnings:

Light Dubcon/demons/mentions of war/mentions of hell/dungeon/blood/knives/two unalivings/touch him and die trope/chains/bondage/wing and horn play/demonic summoning/lots of sexual tension





CHAPTER ONE

Beckett

Not all nightmares exist when you're sound asleep, lying in bed and clutching the sheets for dear life as your greatest fears take shape in your mind. Sometimes they exist when you're wide awake, trying to live your day-to-day life.

I'm sitting at my desk, trying to finish up my midterm paper that's due tomorrow afternoon, when the bullshit starts again.

THUD

It comes from the kitchen this time. Normally, the weird sounds come from my bedroom or the living room. It startles me regardless, even if I'm used to it by now. I've been renting

this two-bedroom house for three months now while finishing up my final semester of college.

The weird occurrences started happening only two months ago, so at least I got a solid month of peace. Sometimes I hear a voice at night when I'm trying to fall asleep, other times it feels like something is gently touching my feet. A few nights ago, I woke up to the feeling of my thigh being touched, as if I was being examined by whatever it is.

There are some days when it feels like there is a weight surrounding me. It's almost as if the presence or entity or whatever the fuck is angry. *REALLY* angry. On other days it's calm and silent.

THUD

THUD

I can't help but jump, a muffled scream escaping my lips as I cover my mouth. I don't want to show weakness, but I'm actually terrified. I can't stand another moment in this house right now.

I straighten my posture and compose myself the best I can and close my laptop as I finish the final sentence on my paper. It might not be an A+ but it's at least passing.

It's Friday, and the last thing I want to do is be stuck in this house alone anyway, doing absolutely nothing. I'm getting sick of the selection on my smart TV. I feel like I've watched everything at this point. My phone light's up and I smile because my wish was granted.

“Come meet me at the White Rabbit in 15?”

Immediately without questioning it I respond.

“Yes, please. Be there in 15.”

I can always count on my best friend, Lilith, to plan things right at the perfect moment. She knows what’s been going on in this house, and she’s convinced I have a demon or something living with me. I don’t really believe in that shit, but she does.

She’s been Wiccan her whole life, so I guess I have to give her the benefit of the doubt with this one. It’s gotten worse since the last time I sat down and told her everything, which was only last week. She came over and told me she could feel something was off, and I took the opportunity to explain it all. I guess I’m lucky to know someone like her in case it ends up being real. She’ll know how to send its ass back to wherever it crawled out of, or at least use some kind of spiritual spell work on it. I get up and change into presentable clothes because unfortunately, I can’t show up in my comfy pajamas.

Grabbing my keys, I head to the front door and sarcastically look back and whisper, “Goodbye demon ghost thing friend, be safe while I’m gone.” I swear I hear a deep, male laugh coming from where my bedroom is, the light flickering in response as well.

I shut the door as quickly as I can, turning around to press my back against it for a moment to catch my breath. I'm so glad I'm getting out for the night.



“So tell me more about this little problematic presence you have. Give me all the tea,” Lilith says, taking another sip of her Jack and Coke. I nod a ‘thank you’ to the bartender as he sets down my shot of rum, and immediately take it straight back. Wincing a bit, I swallow, looking back at Lilith and shake my head slowly.

“I swear to God it’s like it’s under my bed or something, especially at night.” I lift my empty shot glass up, signaling I need another.

“What makes you think that? Before you said it was only in the kitchen,” she asks, her face looking confused.

“Over the last week, I keep waking up to the feeling that someone is touching me, almost everywhere. And when I move around the house, I feel like it follows me.” Her eyes go wide, and I sigh, running my hand through my dark black hair. “It’s like I’m living in a real-life nightmare some days. Others it’s eerily quiet and calm. I don’t know what to do anymore Lilith,” My fourth shot is delivered to me and it’s not on the bar counter for more than a second before it’s being swallowed. I’m not much of a drinker, but tonight I don’t know what else to do. I’m already dreading going back home because I need a good night’s sleep in order to make it to class tomorrow to turn in my paper. I’m not one to be afraid of the paranormal, but when you don’t know what you’re dealing with, it becomes hard to sleep at night. I find myself waking up multiple times throughout the night due to pure terror, but also curiosity.

“I can stop by tomorrow, if you need me to,” she says, taking the last sip of her drink, her eyes meeting mine. “We can figure out what the fucker wants with you. It hasn’t harmed you, but who knows if it ever will. It likes touching you, so at least you’re getting some action,” she finishes. My mouth gapes open in shock as I try not to laugh.

“That’s not funny, Lilith. I could get action in a normal circumstance, but I’m just too busy with classes, and the occasional work,” I scoff, shaking my head at her.

“Sure, Beckett,” she drawls. “Whatever you say tough guy. You just don’t want some poor guy to run into your demon-ghost-friend, whatever, and scare him so badly he can’t even get his dick hard.” She laughs so hard that it sounds like strained breathing, and I can’t help but laugh as well. Rolling my eyes, I turn in my stool to lean my elbows on the counter, putting my hands over my temples.

“I just want it gone. It’s not fair that it’s happening to me, I just wanted a nice place to live to finish out my last stretch of college. I think I deserve that at least.” Her hand goes on my shoulder, and she gently rubs in circles to help calm me.

“I know babes. We will figure this out. I’ll stop by tomorrow after work and sage the place for you this time, see if it helps, okay?” I can hear the smile in her voice, not needing to look at her to see it.

“Come on, let’s go sit at one of the tables by the karaoke stage and laugh at whoever is drunk enough to try and sing a horrible cover of a song we probably hate,” I smile, watching as her long orange hair flows behind her as she drags me with her. She looks over her shoulder and flashes me a smile, her bright green eyes seeming to illuminate even in the dimly lit bar. Her beautiful full curves are especially prominent tonight with the tight black dress she’s wearing. Even though she’s my best friend, I have to admit she’s beautiful.

“I’d pay you to get up there and serenade me with some Taylor Swift,” I say loudly to her, as we get closer to the music.

“In your fucking dreams, baby boy, In your fucking dreams,” she laughs back at me, giving my hand a playful squeeze. I really do not want to go home. This is going to be the longest night of my life.



CHAPTER TWO

Beckett

“FUCK,” I yell out to no one but myself and the darkness that incases my bedroom. I look over at my phone and see it’s 3:00 am. I’ve only been asleep for 3 hours and the night seems to have just started with the latest installment of bullshit. “Come on out whatever you are, I’m sick of it,” I say while rubbing my eyes, sitting up to try and adjust them to the dark.

I should buy a nightlight at this point. I say in my head, yawning deeply. I jump as I hear a low growl, and feel my bed slightly vibrate. Holy fuck, did it get angrier? I stopped being afraid of monsters when I was five, they don’t exist, or at least not inhuman ones. I don’t know whether to run out of my room, get under the covers, or scream for help. No one would hear me if I tried to scream, the house next door is a good sixty yards away, and not to mention it’s currently for sale and

empty. My heart starts to race, and I don't understand why I'm suddenly so scared. I've been treating this as if it's something to laugh off and joke about. I keep telling myself that it's just someone screwing with me, but I know that wouldn't make sense. Why would someone camp out in my house for three months, just to fuck with me?

“Beckett...sweet, sweet Beckett”

This time the voice is clear as day, not a whisper or a quiet growl like it has been for the last two months. It's a male's voice, deep and full of angst and rasp. He sounds like he's taking a deep breath between every few words, like he's trying to catch it. *How does it fucking know my name?*

I stay silent, my entire body frozen in place. I hear what sounds like claws, scratching the hardwood floor. My bedroom door and window slam shut, causing me to begin shaking. I feel like I'm paralyzed.

“I've been trying to talk to you...just let me come out and play..”

There was a deeper vibrato included in that statement, but the voice still sounded the same. At least I can assume it's only one 'monster' and not multiple. His English sounds so broken, but his message is always clear.

“I can only see you in your dreams...sweet Beckett... touch you while deep sleep touches your mind...”

There's no way that the random touches I've been waking up to was this thing, this unnatural-sounding, unreal, person or monster that's under my bed right now talking to me. I don't know what to even begin to think about to get my head

straight, to figure out how to get out of this. I should probably reach over to grab my phone and call Lilith because she would definitely know the answer. That would be the smart thing to do. I, unfortunately, have not ever claimed to be smart.

It's suddenly deathly quiet. I take a deep breath hoping that it's over for the night. My bed suddenly shakes, and I hear a low rumble of a laugh.

“Poor Beckett. Stuck in his thoughts...trying to figure out how to leave. How selfish to not let me free first”

Free him first? What is that even supposed to mean? If this thing is tied to this house, I'm fucked. I still have nine months to go on my lease. His English sounds broken, and his voice is so raw, like it hurts him to speak. I muster up whatever amount of courage I can to get answers.

“What do you want with me?” I say, my voice shaking with every word. I cross my arms and clutch on to my shoulders, trying to steady my breathing.

“I just want to play...to taste. I only get to touch...when asleep...selfish, selfish, sweet Beckett, won't let me join him,”

Taste? What the fuck does that even mean?

“H-how do you k-know my name?” I choke out, growing more terrified by the second. The more he speaks, the heavier the air feels. The room is still pitch black, but it looks as if there's a smokey haze floating across the floor.

“I know many things...anything important, I know. But you leave me stuck here...everyone has...they wanted me and

then left me here...called me by name and then forgot to uncall...free me, sweet Beckett.”

I gulp, my heart rate dangerously high. I’m focusing hard on his words and his voice, trying to remember everything he says to convey back to Lilith, if I manage to get out of here. My body is releasing an unhealthy amount of adrenaline and my shaking has increased tenfold.,

“Who left you here? What’s your name?” I ask.

“They did...the last group living here...summoned me...wanted me...left me...left Apollyn...me...I’m getting tired, being stuck...I can’t last like this...you need to help...just say you want me, and I’ll be free...”

Why do I feel myself almost feeling sorry for the monster under my bed that’s scaring me to death? He was summoned. Too many things can be summoned these days according to different types of lore, so I have no idea what he could be.

His name is Apollyn. I’ve never heard that name before, even with all the reading of different supernatural books and movies I’ve done. I enjoy dark things, scary videos, and stories, but to be put face to face in real life with it? No, thank you. I’ve yet to understand why I cling to the morbid curiosity with the dark and wicked.

“How would I set you free? What would happen?” I promise myself that this is the last question I’m going to ask. The more I hear his voice, the more sultry but weak it sounds.

“Tell me Beckett...tell me you want me...Summon me out...just say the words...with my name...find the ritual...I’ll

be yours...then I can show you...how to...make me free...
make me go”

He really does sound so fucking tired, yet apparently not too tired to fuck with me for the last two months. He should've saved his fucking energy instead of trying to scare me until I almost piss my pants every day.

“I'm going to bed. I will ask more tomorrow. I can't do this right now.” I lay back down as soon as I don't hear a response for a while. Curling up under my blankets, I throw some white noise on my phone to help soothe me to sleep. The smart thing would be to get as far away from here as I can, but strangely, I'm not as afraid anymore. He's tired, and he's stuck. He's had the opportunity to hurt me for three months now and hasn't. Plus, if he hurts me, or kills me, he won't have anyone to 'free him' for who knows how long. I keep repeating these facts in my head to make myself feel better, so I'll be able to get some sleep.

About ten minutes after I last spoke, my door opened again, and so did my window. The hazy fog cleared up, and I felt like I could breathe normally again. But the thoughts of my morbid curiosity and terror weighed heavy on my chest, making it hard to sleep. Why did he touch me when I was sleeping? And more importantly, why did I feel it on my thighs the other night? I feel chills run down my spine as I remember the sound of his claws along the floor. How would that feel on my bare skin? I stop that thought before I even finish it, shaking my head. I shouldn't be thinking anything even remotely sexual about whatever kind of monster this is. I guess I find comfort in scary things sometimes, more than I probably should. Call me fucked up, I know. Interest in the occult has always been in my life, even when I was younger. My parents always hated it; they tried to raise me as a good Christian boy, but yet here I am, Agnostic, and my best friend is a witch.

Take that mom and dad.

This isn't the first time I've caught myself having sexual thoughts over something that scared me. One time, I was watching a documentary on Lore about a monster who lived deep in heavily wooded forests. It was 10 feet tall and had giant elk like antlers and was lured in by fear. It prayed after those who got lost in the woods. It was a hikers worst nightmare and was the result of apparently dozens of missing persons. When a picture of this monster flashed across the screen, some twisted part of me wished I could cross it's path to find out how terrified I'd really be. Fear and the feeling of terror translates to blood rushing to my cock. I don't think there's any therapist out there that could tackle that issue.

I pick my phone back up to send a quick text to Lilith, even though it's 3:45 am and she's probably sound asleep because she doesn't have a monster under her bed that speaks.

"We need to talk tomorrow, no matter what. I'll be free after twelve. Please, a lot happened tonight. I talked to it." I hit send and put my phone down, closing my eyes to return to my sleep-induced nightmares instead of my real-life ones.



CHAPTER THREE

Beckett

Lilith is pacing back and forth across her living room. She invited me over, telling me she needs clear energy to process all the new information.

“So, it’s a male? And he talked to you? And begged for help?” She goes over it again and again with me because she hasn’t heard of anything like this.

“Apollyn. His name is Apollyn, he said,” I say looking up at her. I swear I can see the gears turning in her head.

“I’ve heard that name before, Apollyn. I don’t know where.” She heads into her room and comes out with her laptop, immediately sitting across from me. She opens it and

starts typing and I can see her eyes moving back and forth as she reads through different articles and lore websites. I don't want to disrupt her 'spiritual process' as she calls it, so I sit in silence.

Last night right before dawn, I woke up in a daze, half asleep and groggy. I rubbed my eyes and realized I felt the sensation of touch along my thigh again. I held still and tried to pretend I was asleep. I wanted to see exactly what Apollyn was going to do, how he was going to touch me. Each night it changes slightly. Like he's slowly touching and exploring each part of me. I don't understand the need for the touch, or why he does it. Does he get something out of it? Does he just want to feel me, or has he done it for anyone else? I suddenly felt the sensation on my upper left thigh, and my breathing hitched. The touch slowly caressed and glided so delicately around the area, as if it was studying my physique. It went a little higher, moving over the area where my pelvic bone connects with my hip. I couldn't help but writhe a little as I bit my lip. Despite having not been touched in a while, why the fuck was I reacting like this when it's a literal monster from under my bed touching me? As quickly as my body tensed up, I felt the soft touch turn into a hard grip. I swallowed, suppressing a moan, and let out a deep, strangled breath. I released the tension I built up and the touch goes away. I feel relieved, but part of me was strangely upset.

I'm getting used to this nightly ritual, as fucked up as that is. I didn't tell Lilith this part, because I didn't want to have to lie to her and say I didn't enjoy it and didn't try to stop it.

"Oh god, Beckett. This isn't good," she says, her voice shaking. Her eyes meet mine and I see the unease written all over her face.

“Why? What did you find?” I’m excited to learn what has been torturing me while also piquing my curiosity as of recent. Part of me is also still terrified of it, for obvious reasons. I feel like I’ve come to terms with it or made peace with the fact that this is my life now.

“Okay, I’m going to do some info dumping now. Bear with me,” she says, her eyes going back to her screen.

“Apollyn is a Cambion.” She clears her throat and tucks a piece of her hair behind her ear.

“A what-bion?” I ask, cocking my head to the side.

“A Cambion is a child of a demon. Born of and created by an incubus and human woman,” she continues.

“So I have a demon under my bed?” I ask

“Technically. A Cambion is half-human, half-demon. There can be mutations though, and not every cambion is the same. They basically are the sons of a woman and the devil, or a demon.” I lean back into the couch and let out a deep sigh. My mind is running in every direction it can right now.

A demon? Trapped under my bed?

“Now back to Apollyn. He, specifically, was born due to the results of a curse. In the late 1800’s, a woman met the member of a demonic cult, and didn’t know what she was getting herself in for. He was an incubus, and lured her in. The incubus, however, was the demon king of the second circle of hell.”

I close my eyes and lean my head back

“Remember we watched that movie last year? The one you didn’t want to watch because you said it sounded shitty, but I convinced you because I wanted to learn about the weird demonic cults of the late 18th century?” I ask, tapping my fingers on my thigh to keep myself at ease.

“I was going to mention that, but you beat me to it. That’s the same cult he is the result of. But Apollyn is an exception to the creation of Cambions.” Her voice sounds a little strained, and scared. Lilith is not one to get scared by supernatural beings or stories.

“What kind of exception?” I ask hesitantly.

“Normally, Cambions are considered hideous children and cannot bear the demon to assume their body. Devils can’t bestow life into a body, normally.” Lilith clears her throat again, adjusting in her seat.

“They can only assume the soul because life comes from the soul of a human. Basically, If a demon enters the human body and soul, or if a human body and soul is born of a demon, it cannot bear the sin or burden of the demonic presence. So normally a Cambion is a bastard child, who does not have a soul at all, and is destined to not live past their childhood.”

“And what does this have to do with Apollyn being different?” I sit up and rest my hands on my thighs, having a brief flashback of his touch there, instead of my own. I shiver, shaking my head to make the thought go back to where it came from.

“Your little bed buddy is the result of a rarity. He was assumed by a devil, or demon if you will. He survived it, and became a demon born by human woman and a demon. His soul is that of a demon, with the body of a human, but he still possesses the ability to ‘shift’ into either form. He can carry on life as a human, or travel to the underworld as a demon, and go to whatever realm or purgatory he resides in. He is half demon, half human.” Lilith looks back up at me, her face drained of color.

I blink rapidly, trying to adjust my focus.

“You weren’t kidding when you said info dump huh?” I laugh lightly, trying to break the tension. “So how did he get stuck under my bed?” I meet her eyes, regaining my focus.

“He was summoned by a Ouija board. That’s the only way. He can’t be summoned at a crossroads like most demons, but he can also be brought here by dark magic spell work. I doubt the last people in that house knew dark magic, since they were in their early 20’s and a few teenagers. So it sounds like a Ouija board to me.” She shuts her laptop and puts it on the coffee table, getting up to come sit next to me.

“Why is he stuck? He kept asking me to free him,” I turn to look at her, concern lining my face.

“Whoever called him here by name, never said goodbye. They never closed the window between us, the paranormal, supernatural world, and our realms. Anything can be opened up with one of those, especially when not used correctly.” She looks down, rubbing her thumbs together.

“So, can’t I just get one of those boards and call him, then send his ass back home?”

“I wish it was that easy, Beckett, but he’s been out for too long now, and is too weak to be able to go home. If he’s out in his demon form, then he can only go so long before he grows weak here. Demons who are able to come to our world in human forms, come by their own choice. If they’re summoned and come on our accord, they normally come in their demon forms,” she looks up and sighs, giving me a somber smile.

“So, because he was brought here by force, he’s possibly under my bed as a demon? That explains hearing the claws across the floor. He sounded weak because it’s been months, or even longer, who knows. Over the last week alone he’s slowed down with his torture of me.” I shake my head, realizing that everything she said lines up perfectly with what has been happening.

“It used to be multiple times a day, hearing random noises, shit being knocked around and things breaking. But now it’s every few days I’ll hear a single bang, or a single light going out. He’s tired, he’s getting to the end of his stay here but can’t leave. That’s why he asked,” I run my fingers through my hair and sigh, shrugging my shoulders.

“So, what can I do?” I ask, looking to Lilith.

“If you call him by name for your own bargain, he will be under your direction. He will be yours, until you let him go. You would have to call him out, and then release him. Kind of like an Uno reverse.” She laughs softly, crossing her legs up onto the couch.

“I’d have my own demon?” I ask jokingly, smiling.

“Beckett, no. No, no, no. Don’t you dare get any ideas. We don’t know what could happen if he keeps going like this and gets to the point where he can’t exist here anymore. If you do it, you have to immediately banish him away. You need to ask him to leave, tell him you no longer need him.” She looks at me sternly, crossing her arms.

“Alright I get it, I think,” I sigh.

“But it’s kind of interesting, talking to an actual demon. I want to talk to him again before I decide to do it. I want to learn more, while he can’t say no or hurt me because I’m his only way out right now. Is that bad?” I ask, realizing I’m asking my best friend for counsel on ‘should I listen to a demon’s Ted talk from under my bed’.

“Would you want to come with me? For moral support and stuff?” I ask, batting my eyes at her. I’m still terrified, but equally excited as the curiosity is eating me alive. I want her to say yes, but I won’t be upset if she says no. She laughs, shaking her head and shoving me.

“Absolutely fucking not, Beckett. You’ll be fine. You already know he won’t hurt you.” I don’t bother fighting her. “But, only one more time. Make sure you write it all down and only ask meaningful questions for information. And obviously, tell me all of it. Don’t push him too far, because the way you reenacted his voice and what he said, he sounds like he’s already at the end.” She stands up and heads to the kitchen, and I follow.

Leaning my lower back against the island, I cross my arms and look over to the front door.

“I should probably get going. I have a date with a demon,” I say jokingly.

“Alright babes, you promise you’ll be smart, and be careful? And you’ll call me if anything goes wrong?” She asks, giving me a tight hug. I wrap my arms around her small frame, pulling her in closer.

“Yes Lil, I’ll be careful. You can trust me. I’ll figure this demon shit out,” I smile, placing a kiss on the top of her head. I don’t know what I’d do without her in this situation. Any normal person would look at me like I had ten eyes and an upside-down face if I told them all of this.

I head to the front door and turn to blow her a kiss, smiling.

“Have fun,” she coos at me, laughing as she starts to head to her bedroom.

“I’ll try my best, but it would be more fun if he wasn’t so tired,” I laugh, but I’m not so sure if I’m actually being sarcastic with that statement.



CHAPTER FOUR

Beckett

I'm sitting at my desk, watching a re-run of a TV series I've watched probably five times already. I hear my stomach rumbling and remember I was too nervous to eat all day. I keep finding myself researching what a Cambion is, what they can do, and what they can look like. Lilith said Apollyn was different; does that mean he will look different? Imagining what his human form looks like has been in the back of my head all evening as well. His touch felt gentle and soft, which is weird for a demon I'm assuming, regardless of being tired and in pain. His hair is probably a shade of blonde, with crystal blue eyes, and his face is definitely perfectly crafted by the gods he doesn't serve or believe in.

Then there's me. Black hair, blue eyes. I should be the demon, because I associate that combo with dark and not so nice, yet here I am, the polar opposite. If my guess is correct, then Apollyn and I are going to also be polar opposites, like Ying and Yang. Why am I thinking about what will happen when I meet him? I shouldn't care what he looks like, he's a fucking demon for fucks sake.

I get up and head to the kitchen, grabbing a container of left-over pasta and garlic bread from the night before. I shut the microwave door and hear a groan. *Apollyn*.

He must be ready to start trying to scare me. Now that I know who he is, and what he is, I oddly don't feel as afraid anymore. When you put a name and sort of a face to someone or something, they become more human. Not that a demon is a human or anything. Or in Apollyn's case, half human.

The human brain is capable of taking and associating normal, known characteristics, to something they aren't sure of or are afraid of, and suddenly being okay with it. Like when someone hears a bump in the night, they assume it's a gust of wind knocking something over. Suddenly they're sleeping soundly again, when really it was the ghost that haunts their home, the one their kids cry about, because they don't know that skill yet. As we grow older, we tend to learn how to ignore the terrifying parts of life, in order to never let ourselves have living nightmares. I may have learned this skill, but I ignore it because my curiosity takes control of me.

“S-sweet Beckett...co-come back”

There he is, awake and ready for me. I get chills down my spine, and completely lose the appetite I briefly had. I head back to my room, and carefully crawl onto my bed. I lay down this time, to see if I can hear him better on his level.

“Hello, Apollyn.” I say, with more confidence this time.

“You talked...with Lilith today...a-about me...you know now...I need...need to be...f-free,”

I can't help but shudder because I can almost feel his voice vibrating through my mattress. Even with it sounding tired, it's still attractive.

What the fuck? it's a demon dude, chill

“Y-you...Beckett...think...I...Apollyn...is attractive?”

I freeze. Tell me he can't hear my fucking thoughts. If he can, that's more terrifying than him being a demon.

“Shut the fuck up,” I snap out as an immediate response, feeling defensive.

“Don't...curse at...me...I'll..”

His voice cuts off as I feel a sudden punch in the middle of my bed, and I let out a pathetic whimper as I'm caught off guard.

“Okay, okay. Sorry. Anyway, yes, I learned what you are today. I understand what's happening, why you're stuck. It was a Ouija board, right?”

I stretch my arm under my pillow, my other arm in front of my face resting on my chest.

“Yes...the g...group of them...thought I...was...a... game...me...king...of...the Second...Circle...of h-hell..”

He lets out a deep, tired, but wicked laugh with his last words. Second circle of Hell? If I remember correctly from an article I read online after talking with Lilith, that's the realm of Lust. If he's the king, that means he rules that circle of Hell, and is their cunning, charming, selfish leader. He must have taken his father's spot on the throne, because Lilith told me that his father was the king of the Second Circle. It means his ability to control his anger, and rage, is beyond recognition. That's probably how he's kept his composure the entirety of my time living here. He will be persuasive and will go out of his way to let anyone know he is indeed in charge. He's the master of seduction, and able to convince anyone into their deepest and darkest desires, no matter how taboo or sinful. He feeds off of sin and his natural lure of lust.

I gulp as I remember more and more from the recollection of knowledge I already have on this man, devil, demon, king; technically all of the above.

“That's...good...Beckett...v-very...good. You...know me...Apollyn...I need...to return..”

I take a deep breath and stretch my legs out, relaxing even more.

“Touch me, Apollyn. I want to feel you while awake,” I ask, feeling more and more nervous with each word. I close my eyes and take in a sharp breath as I feel a light graze of a claw on my calf. It goes in circles, tracing over my muscle. More chills go up my spine, and I swallow hard as he moves up to my thigh again. That must be his favorite body part because I'm already used to his touch there. He inches closer

to the spot he was in last night when I fooled him into thinking I was still asleep. I hold my breath, trying not to react as I feel blood traveling south. *No, no, no, now's not the time for this, please don't get hard.* I tell myself, trying not to focus on the mindless circles he's tracing on my hip. I open my eyes and scream in immediate fear as I see his arm, the sudden realization that this is actually happening. He doesn't have talons, but it's definitely claws I see touching me. Once I come back to reality, I don't exactly feel scared in a fearful way, but in a curious to know more way, while knowing I shouldn't.

“Sweet...Beckett...those...thoughts...so...bad...bad...
Beckett...so...foul. Careful...I'll...like it...”

I can't remember how to breathe at this point, as his arm retracts back under my bed. I take in my surroundings quickly, in an attempt to think of anything other than being turned on by the demon under my bed. He didn't shut my door this time, or my windows. The hazy fog is back though, the moonlight coming in making it much more prominent tonight.

“So...if I do it, I can send you immediately back, and you won't hurt me?” I ask, changing the previous subject.

“Yes...I..only...hurt..Beckett..if...he...asks...Apollyn...
nicely...otherwise...I...return...home...and leave.”

He will hurt me only if I ask nicely? I blow out a long breath, keeping my thoughts to myself. Of course, I would be the one to end up with a demon under my bed who also likes cock.

“What's in it for me if I agree to your bargain?” I ask, curiously.

“Apollyn...will...leave...you...alone...for...good...no
h-harm...done...t-to...Beckett”

So he won't harm me once I call upon him, during the brief moments he's mine. I still can't believe a demon will be mine, even just for a fraction of my life. I wonder if I could put that in my dating app bio? “Owned a demon once”. I laugh softly and curl my legs up, dragging my blanket over me. I'm going to do it, just not tonight. I can't help but want to keep him around just one more day so I can have the chance to talk to him before I must let him go. Call me a freak but, I've gotten so used to having him here and fucking with me, that it will feel weird once it's all over with. Oddly, I think I might miss it. The thrill of being scared, not knowing what's happening when I hear random noises and things being moved.

“What happens if I leave you here, and don't let you be free?” I ask because Lilith would probably like to know the answer to that one. Nothing online stated what would happen to a demon left summoned with nowhere to go and no purpose to fulfil.

“I...I...would...lose...my...ability...to shift...
completely...I...would...become...vengeful...and...
irrational...and...full...demon..there..would..be...n-no...
coming...b-back...after..that..It would...feel...like...death...I
don't...want death.”

Now I'm definitely fucked up because I genuinely feel bad after hearing him say it would feel like death. He would lose his ability to shift? I remember Lilith mentioning that the type of Cambion he is, he's able to walk the Earth undetected without anyone paying him any mind. That's terrifying on its own to think about, let alone thinking about what he's capable as a human. When I read up on what he is before getting into

bed, I learned that when he's shifted, he still has any abilities or strength he would have as a demon.

He is an archdemon of the Lords of the Nine, which is one of the more powerful types, especially more so because he upholds an entire kingdom. Because he is an archdemon, he was able to survive his childhood. He's known for getting himself in situations such as this, because he is a people pleaser in order to get something in return. That reason alone makes me not want to believe him when he says he wants nothing in return from me.

I stay silent, not knowing what else to say or do. I need more time to process this, just another day. I'm terrified that once he's free, he will hurt me, kill me, or kidnap me for some kind of sacrifice. I keep reminding myself that he technically needs me to complete the summoning and unsummoning deal, but I'm not confident that's all that is involved in his little bargain.



CHAPTER FIVE

Beckett

Coffee tastes like the most beautiful thing on this Earth right now. I slept like absolute shit, thanks to Apollyn. He claims he's tired, and getting weaker by the day, yet he had enough energy to hit the middle of my bed every thirty to forty five minutes, then drag his claws along the floor. I'm taking advantage of my college library while in between classes today. I only have one more class today, then I'm free for mid semester spring break. "*History of Demonic Presence; the Summoning*" I grab it immediately, along with another book that translates Latin. I know it's stereotypical to assume everything to do with demons involves Latin, but most does. It's the language of romance and sin. As soon as I sit down, my phones going off in my pocket. "Hey, what's up?" I ask Lilith. She's the only one that ever calls me anymore. Most friends I had in high school were just that, friends in high school.

Once I moved up north into Vermont and left my home state of Massachusetts in the past for now, no one was interested in my existence. I met Lilith by chance months before I graduated high school thanks to my Instagram. I posted a lot about random lore I'd read, shows I'd watch, and scary movies I'd post reviews on. No one paid attention to what I'd post but she somehow found my page thanks to the beautiful algorithm of social media. We started talking almost day and night about everything related to our mutual interest of the occult and books we'd read. May of that year I got my acceptance letter to a college up here, and sure enough she lived in the same town. We were so excited and planned out an entire week's worth of exploring haunted buildings and farms, visiting her favorite restaurants, and just hanging out in general. The friendship was so easy. She was too busy in life for a relationship, and even though I'm Bi, I wanted nothing to do with a relationship either, so it was the perfect match. Her love for horror mixed with her knowledge of the spiritual world made her the perfect companion for me, especially now. I lived with her for the summer before classes started, and then was forced to live on campus for my first three years. Now that it's my senior year, I get to be off campus finally.

“How did it go last night with Apollyn, you didn't text or call. Did you do it? Please tell me you did Beckett.” I can hear the disappointment already in her voice, she knows I didn't.

“N-no...but listen I promi-” I start to say.

“Beckett, I swear to the Gods if you don't go home right now and free that demon I will smite you.” I can't help but laugh, and she sounds furious.

“I have one more class and then I'm heading home I promise. Don't worry, I learned a lot last night. Did you know

he's the king of the Second Circle of Hell?" I open the books I picked up, mindlessly flipping through them.

"EXCUSE ME?" she yells over the line. "You didn't think that was reason enough to fucking do it right then and there? Do you even know what that means?" She sighs, sounding even more pissed off.

"I figured it meant he rules a part of Hell, that's all" I respond, as I find a chapter labeled 'The Nine Circles'.

"It means Apollyn literally rules an entire layer, or level, of Hell, Beckett. He's a fucking Archdemon. He took his father's place somehow and it means he's more powerful than we first thought." I gulp. No sooner than she spoke, I read along a random passage of the chapter that states:

'The walls of the buildings and the stones of the streets glowed a dull red. Prisoners of war, tormented souls, sinners of lust, and kidnapped victims were kept in underground dungeons where their wails of pain could be heard up through small vents within the walls. The wind blowing through the land and city never stops. Apollyn preferred his prisoners locked up for easier access of sacrificial rituals and acts of torture for his own amusement and pleasure'

I take a deep breath and close the book, feeling myself going faint.

"I will do it tonight. I promise. I won't fuck around anymore, I get it." I get up and head to the front check out and flash my library card to take the books home with me.

"Okay, I'll believe you. Remember, you have to immediately tell him 'I no longer need your service. I banish

you back to Hell, Apollyn' as soon as he's in front of you. It'll be best if you close your eyes the entire time, because who knows what he will look like, or how terrifying."

"Got it, understood. I have to head to class. I'll text you soon." I hang up the phone and head out the doors of the library, immediately leaning against the brick walls outside. How can this beaten up, exhausted demon under my bed who has been giving me such praise now that we've been talking be this evil? I know he's a demon, but my brain somehow painted him as being gentle in a way with how he begged for me to free him. His touch felt subtle and soft, and his voice deep and inviting. I gulp, shaking my head.

'You can't feel sympathy for the dead and wicked' I tell myself, while I try to imagine again what he will look like when I see him. Lilith wants me to close my eyes when he's out, but all I want to do is look evil in the face and smile.



CHAPTER SIX

Beckett

I've been pacing around the house for an unhealthy amount of time now. There are at least fifty different thoughts running through my mind and I can't seem to grasp even one of them.

"FUCK!" I yell as I drop my coffee on the kitchen floor, watching as my only chance at sanity spills onto the white tile floor. I hear a deep, raspy laugh coming from my bedroom. I grind my back molars together, shaking my head as I feel chills go up my spine from the tone.

"Apollyn, I swear to God if you somehow made that just happen..." I yell, grabbing a dish towel to mop up the mess.

“Beckett...sweet...Beckett...don’t...swear...t-to God... around...m-m-me,” his voice echoes from my bedroom. I roll my eyes as I stand back up; how dare I forget he’s a demon. Holding my hands on the sides of the sink, I close my eyes and take a deep breath. I know what I’m about to do, what I have to do. Part of me doesn’t want to let him go but I know how fucked up that is. My curiosity is going to get the best of me, and probably kill me one day. I just want to know what he looks like, how he sounds when he’s freed and no longer tied down because his voice is already one I want to listen to for hours. ‘*Stop thinking about it Beckett...stop it*’ I nearly yell in my head.

“Poor...Beckett...those...thoughts...such...vile dirty... thoughts...such...a...sinner...for...Apollyn. So much lust for me...”

This time I get full body chills, grinding my teeth even harder as I feel the blood rush immediately south to my cock.

“Don’t get any ideas in your head demon, that’s not true at all.” I let out one last deep breath and head toward my bedroom, opening the door slowly. I don’t know why I expected him to be sitting on the edge of my bed, giving me a cocky smile as I walked in. God, I bet he’s gorgeous, his body probably feels like steel with how strong he must be. Why can’t I get him out of my head? He probably has some sort of mind control-like possession over me, and it’s really starting to piss me off. What normal 25-year-old guy is spending his nights talking to and lusting over a literal monster under their bed?

‘*Close your eyes, don’t look at him.*’ I keep hearing Lilith’s warnings in my head.

‘You have to immediately banish him away. You need to ask him to leave, tell him you no longer need him.’

I sit down on the end of my bed and hold my head in my hands. I need to stop thinking about him, stop nearly obsessing with the thought of keeping him around. Would waiting a few minutes really hurt? I just want to know what a Cambion looks like in human form, nothing more. I’ve been waiting years for something supernatural to happen in my life, to finally have a story to tell instead of listening to other people’s stories. I’ll never get an opportunity like this again, to be face to face with pure evil. The thought of that alone keeps both me and my cock up at night. I’ve always known I was a little twisted, but in this day and age who isn’t? I sigh and lean back, looking up at my ceiling. All I have to do is say the words and it’s done.

“Apollyn?” I ask cautiously, feeling my voice already getting shaky.

“Yes...Beckett?”

“Are you ready t-to go?” It pains me to say those words.

“I’m...begging...please...Beckett...yes...call...upon...me...and...m-make...me...yours...to free....m-me...”

His voice sounds like it was dipped in honey, his words *Make me yours* sends a wave of terror and pleasure into my bloodstream. I take a deep breath and almost forget to exhale while shaking nervously. Getting up, I head over to my desk and light the four candles I have lined up. Lilith said fire is needed to summon a demon, and it should be fairly simple. Every show or movie I’ve watched, it took less than a minute for the beast to appear before them. I light each one and begin reciting.

“Apollyn...King of the Second Circle...I summon you.” I light the second candle. “To appear before me, as mine” I light the third candle. “To show yourself in my presence for my bidding” I hold my breath as I light the fourth and final candle. The air is getting tighter around me, the hazy fog returning around my entire room, and I feel as if I’m vibrating, “*Ligandum eos pariter eos coram me,*” are the last words I speak as I set the lighter down. I feel a choking sensation at my neck as I close my eyes, the vibrating getting stronger. I hear what sounds like a deep, raspy, terrifying roar as the grip gets tighter. I can’t catch my breath as I try to speak, no words coming out no matter how hard I try. Closing my eyes tighter, I wrap my arms around myself, trying to tell myself it’s going to be okay. Everyone in the online videos and podcasts always made it out alive right? *You’ll be okay, you’ll be okay, you’ll be okay.*

The choking sensation get tighter as it starts to feel like a physical hand is wrapping around my neck now, nails digging into the sides. I feel like I can’t breathe with the hand purposely trying to cut off my oxygen.

Apollyn

He has to be here, that’s his hand around my neck. As soon as I connect the dots I let out a pathetic whimper as I feel my cock slowly growing hard in my sweatpants. I picked a horrible day to be comfortable and casual. What part of my fucked-up mind is causing me to immediately feel turned on instead of scared to death like I was just ten seconds ago? *Oh yeah, probably because of the demon of lust is now out.*

A deep, burning sensation starts coming to life inside me, making my nerves tingle from the top of my head all the way down to my toes.

I'm shaking as I feel the presence of a body behind me, feeling a slow, deep breathing in my ear. I'm trying too hard to listen to Lilith and not open my eyes, but it's getting more and more difficult the closer he gets. I was supposed to have already banished him as soon as I was done with the summoning. I bite my lip so hard I almost taste blood as his hand readjusts to choke me properly. For a full minute I couldn't breathe, couldn't catch my breath. It finally catches up to me as I start panting, the realness of the situation catching up to me as well.

"Beckett, you're so tense. What's wrong sweet boy?" His voice is rough and powerful. He doesn't sound like he did under my bed. Any trace of weakness and exhaustion is gone. The sound of him saying my name sends a spark of fire deep into my core. His hand releases its grip as he traces his fingers along the now strained muscles in my neck, his touch sending tingles down my spine.

"I appreciate you getting me out, words can't explain how much it hurt me to be stuck for so long," he whispers into my ear, my cock responding by nearly jumping with his every word. His warm breath on my skin makes me let out a soft whimper, my body shaking.

"Poor sweet Beckett, you don't know what to do, huh? Getting hard for the big bad demon, *tisk tisk*."

I'm completely lost for words. Before I even began the ritual process to get him out, I thought of all the things I might want to say to him before sending him away. I had it all planned out, and now here I am, desperate and melting under his rough, dark touch. I can feel how evil he is through his touch, and I'm not sure if that's what's making the precum leak out of me like a broken faucet, or simply because his voice sounds like velvet feels.

“I-I...I’m not-” I try to say before his hand caresses the side of my face, gripping my jaw.

“Shhhh, you don’t have to speak. I know what gets you off. I’ve been the one under your bed for all these months.” I gulp, falling into his touch as his other hand glides over my hip, where he last touched me before I let him out. I shudder, letting out another soft pathetic moan. I’m fucked up for enjoying this, but the rush of knowing how much I shouldn’t want him keeps me wanting more.

“I know how fast you like your cock stroked, and I know what you like to watch. I know how you sound when you’re getting close, and I know how delicious your face looks when you finally come. I know it all Beckett, you can’t lie to me.” I nod my head without meaning to, I can’t get out of this trance I’m in with his voice in my ear. His hand stays on my jaw, gripping my face while the other now glides along the waist band of my sweatpants. He’s moving painfully slow, making gentle passes, teasing me.

“You can open your eyes, Beckett. I won’t scare you.” My breathing picks up as I try to open my eyes. I’ve held them so tightly shut for the last twenty minutes that my eyelids feel glued together. I take a deep breath and force them open, my eyes focusing in the dark, only the candlelight illuminating the room. I can’t get myself to move any further or turn around. I’m afraid that once I look at him, I’ll lose it. Any last chances of sanity will be gone.

“Come on, sweet Beckett, turn around and face me. I’ve seen you for some time now. It’s only fair you see me.” I try to ease my shaking limbs and attempt to take a step to turn. Apollyn must be growing impatient as I feel his hand grip my shoulder, forcing me to turn and face him before I can even

process his touch. I feel like I can't breathe as I get my first look at him.

“Hello, sweet boy. I'm Apollyn.”

He's beautiful. His shaggy, soft white blonde hair falls perfectly along his forehead and jawline, and his striking ice blue eyes feel like they're piercing right through me. His jawline is so sharp that it looks as if it would be painful to touch, and his expression looks arrogant and full of fear inducing seduction. He's taller than me, by at least five inches, his broad shoulders make me suddenly feel weak. I can see his muscular arms and biceps through his black dress shirt that has the top 3 buttons undone, which reveal his beautifully protruding collar bones. I'm lost for words, once again. I look up, and meet his eyes, keeping silent eye contact for a good minute. He finally gives me a cocky smirk, and laughs deeply, sending even more blood rushing to my already painfully hard cock.

“Devil got your tongue darling? I can call him and ask him to give it back,” he smiles again, this time revealing his perfectly white teeth, the canines overlapping slightly with a razor-sharp point on each of them.

“N-no, I still h-have it,” I say, my voice shaking.

“There you go. You can talk to me darling, just like you have been every night.”

I swallow hard, nervously looking down. I notice his ripped black jeans, black boots with buckles all the way up to this calves, and layered chains hanging from them. Even his thighs look strong, every part of him sculpted with muscle. My eyes go wide as I notice the bulge in his jeans, and I can already tell he's huge.

“See something you like, sweet Beckett?”

I immediately come out of the daze I was in, and meet his eyes, hardening my expression.

“No, I see nothing I like.” I take the risk and take a step past him, walking over to sit on my bed. He turns and looks at me, putting his hands in his front pockets.

“What happened to banishing me back immediately? That was supposed to be part of your plan wasn’t it? Change your mind?” Apollyn asks, slowly making strides toward me. I shake my head, trying to think of the reason when I haven’t even figured it out yet myself.

“I- I don’t know” I stutter “I just didn’t do it yet, I guess.” He lets out a low laugh, looking down at the ground shaking his head.

“If you don’t banish me back, I’ll be stuck being yours until you do. I’ll be at your beck and call.” Apollyn looks up at me, his face going hard and focused. “I’ll be yours to bargain with, to do what you will me to do.” He takes a step closer and is now an arms reach away. I look up, and all I can see is the bulge in front of me, painfully pressing against his zipper. *Does he like what he sees now that he has a better look at me?* I let out a deep breath and arch my head up to meet his eyes.

“You look so beautiful at this angle, Beckett, I must admit. I’ve been wondering what you would look like when you’re like this, dreaming about it.” He smirks again, that cocky fucking arrogance dripping off of his face. I muster up whatever confidence I have in me and smirk back at him.

“What if I don’t want to send you back yet?” I ask, holding my gaze at him, keeping direct eye contact. I feel myself pulsing as my cock starts to ache. I’m trying my best not to make any noise as I carefully palm myself through my sweatpants, knowing it’s dark enough over here not to notice.

“Then I’ll have to stick around until you do decide to, though I will have to make it back home soon. My lord can’t hold the fort up forever.” I want to find a way to keep him talking because his voice is about to drive me over the edge.

“How long have you ruled the Second Circle? You seem young,” I say through strained teeth.

“I’m a newer king, I’ll admit. I’m only 220 years old. I’ve been in rule for 150 years give or take, so I’d say I’m pretty young.” I bite my lip, feeling my orgasm right on the edge. For some fucked up reason, knowing he’s well over two hundred years old is almost sending me over the edge even quicker.

“I replaced the throne for the previous king due to unforeseen circumstances.” His voice got deeper and full of anger as he spoke. I’m trying my best to stay composed, but I can’t help myself. I’ve been having so many dreams about Apollyn about him touching me or even just looking at me. I need to release this initial need or else I’ll go crazy. With a few last passes of my hand, I feel myself about to cum.

“Cum for me, Sweet Boy, just like you did all those lonely nights you had after I touched you in your dreams,” he commands. I lose it, moaning deeply as I feel myself coming undone. I don’t know how he knew, but every fucked up thought I’ve had comes crashing down on me as I throw my head back, panting while catching my breath. My orgasm takes over me and I hear him softly laugh, smiling at me, and I accept that I’m undeniably fucked.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Beckett

It's one in the morning and I'm sitting in my living room with a demon from hell. I wouldn't have ever guessed that my life would've ever turned out like this. He's sitting across from me in the armchair, legs spread out, his elbow propped on his thigh with his hand resting on his jaw. He hasn't stopped staring at me, his eyes are burning into my skin. *How do you make small talk with the ruler of the Second Circle of Hell?*

"Beckett?" Apollyn suddenly speaks, making me almost choke on the sip of Coke I just took. I cock my head and meet his eyes, feeling like I'm melting immediately.

"You know I have to return right? I know I'm being nice, but that's what I'm good at, in this form, being a normal everyday citizen." He flashes me a cocky but clearly fake

smile. “But if you don’t start thinking about getting me back there, we will have multiple issues.” His jaw tightens, and his eyes grow darker as he runs his hand through his beautiful hair. He stares at me with a lethal gaze that could make a grown man cry.

“I-I know, Apollyn, I know. But I’ll never have the chance to experience something like this ever again. Plus, you haunted me for months. I think it’s the least I deserve. I just wanna ask some questions before you go.” I try to compromise, tugging on my bottom lip.

“It’s getting late, Beckett. Don’t you need to get some sleep by now? It’s past your normal bedtime.” Apollyn gets up and slowly walks over towards me, placing his hand under my chin. He lifts my head up and tightens his grip, smiling at me. I nod, swallowing hard as my eyes meet his, feeling completely immersed by his beautiful eyes. *Stop thinking these things. It’s all an act. It has to be.*

“Yeah but...” I start to say.

“But nothing, Beckett, you need your rest so you can send me back home, remember? Don’t want you banishing a demon half asleep, who knows where you’ll accidentally send me.” He laughs, and it catches me so off guard how real, and authentic it sounds.

“Where will you sleep? Do demons even sleep? I mean technically you’re a human right now, right? No, never mind that’s not right. What will you do while I’m sleeping?” I ramble, catching my breath. Apollyn smiles again and I feel my heart skipping a beat. I’m still concerned about how he is a demon king, and I’ve been nearly half dead since I first heard his voice. He puts his hands on my shoulders, and sits down onto my lap, straddling me.

“So many silly questions, sweet Beckett. I will do as I’ve done in the past, watch you, and make sure you sleep comfortably.” I gulp, trying not to panic as I feel my cock grow painfully hard. He puts one of his hands back on my jaw, grabbing my face, the other pushing my shoulder back into the couch.

“Are you comfortable, Beckett?” His voice sounds like silk as his mouth curls into a devilish smile. I nod, hesitantly placing my hands on his thighs, my cock throbbing as I feel how muscular and tight they are. Apollyn tightens his grip on my face, turning my head to the side as his tongue meets my neck. He trails his tongue up to my ear, breathing deeply as he lets out a deep, primal growl.

“I’m yours until you send me back, Beckett. I need you to send me back. But seeing your cock constantly hard is making it really difficult to want you to do it.” He lets out a sigh with his last words, sending a chill up my spine, and I’m lost for words.

“Every night I’ve been under your bed, has been such pure torture. Before you knew I was there, I’d listen to your sweet, longing moans and want to beg for you to let me out so I could help you.” I let out a sharp breath as he starts to roughly grind against me.

“What kind of questions did you want to ask me, sweet Beckett?” He slows down his movements, making the friction painfully hard to deal with. I move my hips up to match his movement, letting out a deep moan as his sharp, long, canine teeth meet my neck.

“Maybe how big my cock is? How hard I could fuck your tight little ass? Or maybe how loud I’d make you scream?” His

hand trails down my body as he eagerly unbuttons his jeans, greedily biting along my jaw.

“F-fuck Apollyn, I’ve been dreaming about this for months,” I admit, letting out a soft, desperate moan.

“You know you shouldn’t want me, right? I have done dark, disturbing, and vile things, Beckett.” Apollyn sighs and starts rubbing his cock through his boxers. I feel my cock pulse with need, instinctively lifting my hips up.

“I’ve burned down towns in hell, just because their leader looked at me wrong. I beheaded a man because he said he didn’t like the food at a meeting he attended in my castle. I did it in front of everyone and licked the blood from my blade before I sat back down so it would be clean enough to set back on the table.” He lets out a deep groan, wrapping his hand around my throat. My breathing hitches, and I meet his eyes.

“Tell me more,” I say through strained breathing as his grip tightens. He smiles, and I feel him tugging his boxers down. I glance down and mouth the words *‘Fuck’* as I see how fucking big his cock is. The head is the perfect shade of pink, and he’s already leaking precum, as if he gets off on talking about his darkest memories.

“Such a nasty boy, Beckett. Wanting to hear about the sins I’ve done to please my high ruler.” He grabs his cock and starts stroking slowly. “Spit on it, Beckett. Spit on my cock for me, will you?” His head falls back as he moans so deeply that it vibrates through him, sending even more chills up my spine. I do as I’m told and help make his cock slick for him with spit. I’m so painfully hard and can’t reach my hand down my sweatpants with the way he has me pinned. He’s sitting directly over my cock, still slowly grinding. It’s driving me

insane, especially now that I get a front row view of this demons beautifully crafted, painfully thick cock.

“Please...tell me more about what you’ve done,” I rasp, biting my lip as his hand glides up and down his length.

“I have a prison cell, in the lowest floor of my castle. It holds roughly 15 cages and rooms, for my own enjoyment. I’ve held people down there simply because I could, or because they didn’t look at me the way I wanted that day.” His stroking increases as he licks his lips, his eyes meeting mine again. I try to grind myself against him harder, without disturbing him or causing a distraction.

“A few hours before I was summoned here, I took a sword and cut someone’s throat open. They were invited into my castle for a meeting with my lords, and I didn’t like how they were underdressed. I took the blood that was flowing from them, went back into my masters chambers, and stroked myself so hard that my cum shot straight up to my chest.” I let out a deep moan, feeling more and more concerned with how incredibly fucking turned on I am with his words. I want to hear more; I want to hear every horrible thing he’s done. Maybe it’s because I’m hoping he says something that finally snaps me out of it and makes me realize he is a fucking demon, born of sin and Satan, and his only purpose is chaos, pain, and death. I feel myself getting close, and I don’t even care that I’m about to cum again in the same sweatpants from earlier. Apollyn lets out a deep growl, stroking himself faster.

“I threw a fit one day and cursed a man here on this Earth to hell, because he summoned me for a bullshit request. I cursed him, and immediately broke his neck with the snap of my fingers. The cracking of his bones got me so hard, Beckett. So. Fucking. Hard.” He lets out a cry of several guttural moans, and I can’t help but shudder as I see the ropes of his cum falling onto my stomach and his hand.

“Fuck Apollyn, you’re so fucking evil,” I yell as I feel myself coming again, this orgasm hitting me even harder than the first. I let my head fall back as I slow down my hips, exhaling deeply.

“Poor Beckett, now you need to add laundry to your to-do list. Such a needy boy coming twice for me in your pants. I bet all you wanted was my hand, huh? All you had to do was ask.” He winks at me and gets up, zipping his pants back up, and heads into my bedroom. Shaking my head, I look down at myself and run my fingers through my hair as I realize how pathetic I look. I’m covered in an archdemon’s cum, with a large wet spot on my crotch that’s now covering the dried spot that was already there.

I push myself up and walk to the kitchen to gulp down an entire glass of water and jump when I feel my phone vibrating in my pocket. Picking it up, my eyes go wide, and I freeze.

“FUCK,” I yell in a panic, as I see Lilith’s name across my screen. I was supposed to be done with demon summoning hours ago, but instead, I was too busy summoning the instability of my moral sanity.



CHAPTER EIGHT

Beckett

I don't remember falling asleep on the couch, and I also don't remember ever feeling my phone go off fourteen times since early this morning. I check the time while rubbing the sleep from my eyes and realize I only slept a few hours, about five to be exact. Everything feels like a blur as it comes back to me. Apollyn, summoning, orgasms, denial, and more orgasms. I sit up and stretch, taking a minute before I return at least one of Lilith's calls. As soon as I go to dial, Apollyn appears standing at the door frame to my bedroom without a shirt on, with jeans riding low on his waist. My breathing shudders as I start to speak, but I'm rudely interrupted by a heavy knock on my front door.

“BECKETT, YOU BETTER OPEN THIS DAMN DOOR.” I hear as a muffled yell. Immediately I panic, jumping up to shove Apollyn back into my room.

“You have to hide, she doesn’t know that I didn’t send you back, she will kill me. Please stay in here,” I beg, my heart racing as I start to panic more, feeling his muscular chest rising and falling with his calm breathing.

“Naughty Beckett, should’ve sent me home, huh?” He teases, smirking down at me. I roll my eyes and grab the door handle.

“Please just do this, we will talk after she leaves.” Apollyn nods and flashes me another devilish grin, sitting down on my bed. All I want to do is join him; I would really appreciate coming outside of my pants at least once within this 24-hour time period. But no. Instead I’m left being stuck with the demon of lust a little bit longer while I try and convince my best friend that he’s not here anymore.

“Coming, one second,” I yell as I rush to the front door, barely having time to unlock it before the door comes barreling in, Lilith nearly falling inside my living room.

“Why didn’t you answer my calls? I’ve been so fucking worried about you. What happened? Did it go okay? Are you okay?” She says all in one breath, panting between each question.

“Calm down Lil, I’m okay. See?” I say, waving my hand up and down my small, but semi-muscular frame.

“I got tired and passed out on the couch. I didn’t ignore you on purpose, I promise,” I add, trying to give her a soft smile. She looks so pissed, like she is going to jump on me and rip me apart.

“Alright, so how did it go then? Give me details,” she says while rolling her eyes, walking over to sit on the couch. I clench my teeth, trying to act normal as I remember Apollyn straddling my lap there just hours ago, his thick cock throbbing in his hand. I shake my head in an attempt to clear it, putting my hands in my pockets.

“It went okay, he was happy that I helped him out by sending him back. I couldn’t sleep after, so I came out here to watch TV, but passed out on the couch,” I say as I try my best to keep eye contact. Lilith crosses her arms as her eyes darken, her stare burning through me.

“You’re a fucking liar, Beckett Andrews, a horrible fucking liar,” Lilith says through gritted teeth, her jaw tightening.

“W-what do you mean?” I ask as it gets harder to breathe. She lets out a laugh, sounding like she’s about to lose it on me.

“When you banish a demon back to hell, they’re not happy. It hurts them, burns them, and it’s not peaceful.” She lets out a deep sigh, rubbing her temples as she looks down.

“Well, he was pleased that I sent him back. I mean, you know how long he’s been stuck here. He was too relieved to feel anything else, I guess.” I clear my throat, looking over my shoulder quick to make sure the door is still closed. I freeze as I see it cracked open slightly. My body feels like it dropped ten degrees, the color draining from my already pale skin.

“You okay, Beckett?” I vaguely hear Lilith ask as I start to feel like I’m no longer here.

“Hey, Beckett...you look awfully pale over there. You okay?” Apollyn’s voice suddenly appears in my mind, and I don’t know where it’s coming from. I let out a confused *‘What?’* under my breath, trying to bring my attention back to Lilith. Now I have her and the fucking demon pestering me with questions. *Am I okay? That feels like an unnecessary question at this point.*

“Yes, I’m perfectly fine. I had a long night; didn’t I already explain that?” I snap at her, leaning back in my chair.

“Jeesh, chill out babes. You just don’t look so good.” She takes her eyes off me and looks over to the window, tugging at the bottom of her shirt. She’s probably as nervous as I was about this whole situation. I can’t blame her.

“I think you look really good, sweet Beckett, really fucking good.” I clear my throat abruptly, trying to pay no attention to the *devil* on my shoulder, or in my ear in this case.

“I wonder how you’d look tied up in my torture chambers back home,” Apollyn says, his voice sounding gravelly, as if he was standing right next to me. It’s getting increasingly hard to stay soft, and more difficult to not try and respond. *Where is he? How is he in my fucking head?*

“Something seems wrong, what really happened, Beckett?” Lilith asks, meeting my eyes again. *I’d love to see how flustered I look right now.*

“Yeah...tell her how fucking hard I made you cum without even touching you, how desperate you fucking were for me,” Apollyn purrs in my head, letting out a soft laugh as if he were mocking me. *“How hot you sounded when you saw my cock for the first time, and the look in your eyes when you watched*

me cum all over myself,” he continues, this time throwing in a deep groan once he finishes talking.

“STOP!” I yell, not being able to handle it anymore.

“Excuse me? What the fuck is going on, Beckett?” Lilith says, raising her voice at me. I put my head down, rubbing my temples with my hands.

“BECKETT NOAH ANDREWS I SWEAR.” She doesn’t finish her sentence before I hear footsteps coming from the kitchen. I already know what I’m going to see as soon as I look up. I let out a deep breath and try to get it over with. I lift my head and immediately see Lilith with her jaw dropped, barely blinking. I look over and see Apollyn standing there, looking like he just got out of the shower, his wet hair slicked back, wearing a pair of my black sweatpants, and he forgot a shirt.

“Nice to meet you,” he says, extending his hand out to Lilith.

“I’m Apollyn Gremory, King of the Second Circle of Hell,” he says in a soft voice, bowing his head as Lilith shockingly takes his hand.

“I wasn’t expecting a...human, or not one like you at least,” she says, her voice nearly shaking. Lilith’s eyes are so wide, as if she’s drinking him in, exactly how I did when I laid eyes on him for the first time.

“One like me? Care to explain?” Apollyn looks over to me, and gives me a playful smirk, looking me up and down. He lets go of her hand and walks over to stand next to the chair I’m in, putting his hand on my shoulder. Lilith shifts her

position, almost as if she was squirming a bit. I swear to God if she thinks she can steal my demon, I will throw a fit, and I would love to know why I'm even thinking this. Regardless, I'm having my fun with him, and I'm not the type to share, I don't think.

“Well, I didn't expect a demon who's been stuck harassing and haunting my best friend to look so normal, and uh...attractive,” Lilith says, and I let out what sounds like a growl as I meet her eyes.

“If you could hear the things our little Beckett is thinking right now, you'd be blushing,” Apollyn says, I can tell he's smiling with the tone of his voice.

“If you're wondering why I'm still here, I tried telling him I needed to head home, but he's the one who has yet to complete that task. He seems to enjoy my company.” Apollyn's fingers lace through my hair, almost as if he were petting me. Lilith looks lost for words which is fine because I am as well.

“So...are you guys uh...fucking or something?” Lilith asks so bluntly that I choke on my saliva. Apollyn lets out a deep laugh, ruffling my hair as he walks away to sit on the couch next to Lilith. He puts his arm behind her and turns to look at me.

“That man's gonna give the king of lust a run for his money, if that's saying anything. I thrive off those who give in to their dark desires, and boy am I fucking thriving on Earth right now.” Apollyn's eyes darken, his stare stirring a heat filled desire in the pit of my stomach, and my cock. Lilith bursts out laughing, it almost sounds like it's half genuine and half caused by nervousness due to you know, a hot demon sitting right next to her.

“I always knew he was fucked up, but I didn’t know he was this fucked up. Beckett, you know you have to banish him back right? You can’t keep him here forever for your own desires.” I lean my head back and look up at the ceiling, shaking my head.

“You two seem to think I’m keeping Apollyn for good. I’m not. Why is it such a big deal?” I say through gritted teeth, watching as the sunlight reflects from the window onto the ceiling.

“Because correct me if I’m wrong, Mr.Gremory,” Lilith starts to say.

“Please, just call me Apollyn, darling,” he interrupts.

“Okay, Apollyn then. If you don’t return quickly, things can start to go south within your circle correct? I mean you’ve been gone for how long? Six months total?” Lilith asks, sounding more confident this time.

“Correct, sort of. I’ve been gone a total of nine months actually, the more I think about it. Time here is a bit different, and I hadn’t realized how long it had been,” Apollyn says, clearing his throat.

“Things can get deadly if the king is not there to rule his realm. Luckily, I have a very good lord that watches over for me, and I have seconds in command besides him. But they can only hold down the courts and realm for so long, that’s why it’s important. The potential for my seat as king to be questioned and fought for is bound to happen and can result in chaos and war,” He finishes, his voice growing serious and stern.

“Alright, alright. I get it, you don’t have to explain any more. I’ll do it. Tonight. Just let me get some more sleep and some food in me first, okay?” I say with a tone of annoyance, heading into the kitchen, not looking at either of them.

“Lilith, you can check in with me later, I promise. I know you probably have to get to work soon or something, so don’t let me hold you up.” I say, looking over my shoulder at her. She had already gotten up and has a concerned look on her face. She silently nods, and heads to the front door.

“It was nice meeting you, Apollyn. I wish you all the luck when you return back home,” she smiles, waving at Apollyn.

“Same to you, witch darling. Keep that energy up, it’s great protection for you that you have,” he says while smiling. A huge grin forms over Lilith’s face and she looks back to me. It doesn’t surprise me that after meeting him, she’s having the same reaction as I did, the feeling of immediate trust. I’m starting to truly believe he is not intending on harming anyone while here.

“Please be safe, and actually do it this time, Beckett. I know you’re lonely, but you have to let him go.” I grip onto the counter and close my eyes, my molars pressing together so hard that it hurts. The front door opens and closes, and I let out a deep breath. I’ve been lonely for three years give or take, trying my best to let mindless hookups and meaningless dates that get me nowhere fill the longing void I feel every day. Relationships don’t seem to work well for me, seeing as how they all end in pain, and an obscene amount of drama. My last actual relationship though, ended in complete heartbreak. I thought we would make it, but he decided to go off on a trip before college to “find himself” and found out he wasn’t in love with me anymore when he “fell in love” with some girl he met at a bar.

I always said my exes can go to hell, but I'm not seeing that as much of a threat anymore.



CHAPTER NINE

Beckett

Mindlessly sitting on my bed and watching tv isn't distracting me enough to stop thinking about the way Lilith and Apollyn ganged up on me earlier. Why isn't life fair? I suddenly have a demon in my control who for some reason I can't stop thinking about or dreaming about and now I can't keep him around?

“UGH!” I say through clenched teeth, falling back onto my bed. I put my hands over my face, slowly dragging them down as I stare up at my ceiling fan. My mind starts playing images of Apollyn as if they were a movie in my head. I groan, trying to shake the thoughts away.

I got you to cum without even touching you, how desperate you fucking were for me

His voice replays in my head, causing my breathing to hitch. “God fucking damnit,” I say out loud as I feel my cock start to stir. My hand trails slowly down my body and I start digging my nails into my chest. I want him out of my mind, I never wanted him in there to begin with, but he has such a hold on me, I feel like I can’t get enough.

My hand goes lower, reaching my abdomen, my hips jutting up as my cock grows harder. The sight of Apollyn biting his lip as he strokes himself plays on repeat in my head. I reach the base of my cock, and slowly stroke up until I reach the head, rubbing my palm in painfully slow in circles around it.

“Mmm, fuck, Apollyn,” I let out a raspy moan, the sound of sleeplessness heavily influencing my tone. I start stroking faster, my eyes rolling to the back of my head. This is the first physical touch I’ve felt in days. Even though it’s only my own hand, it feels better than anything I can remember because of how pent up I’ve been for the last 24 hours alone. I let out a deep groan, my free hand gripping onto my sheets, balling some in my fist as I feel myself getting close to coming.

“You called? I can see you’re hard at work,” Apollyn’s voice appears from my doorway, but I’m too focused to even care. I got to see him, so now he can see me. I feel my messy black hair sticking to my forehead, my chest rising and falling faster with each tightly gripped stroke. Slow footsteps approach my bed, but I still don’t care. I’m in my own fantasy right now, my own little world as my pleasure consumes me even more so now that he’s here. My mind starts imaging what his torture room looks like and how he’d tie me up. He assumes I’d bottom for him, and I’m not even mad about it even though I normally top, at least with my random hookups.

“Fuckkk” I moan, clenching my teeth. I feel my cock throbbing, the veins pulsating and becoming more prominent as I look up and meet Apollyn’s eyes. His stare is as deadly as the sin he controls; he’s embodying it fully in this moment as he watches me. I see his jaw flex and his eyes move back to my cock. I keep my eyes on him as he watches me, and I can’t hold it any longer.

“Holy fuck!” I scream as my orgasm comes over me, my cum shooting up to the middle of my abs as my entire body shakes. Nothing about how I feel is holy. All my muscles are tensing and relaxing all at once and I let out a long, staggered breath. Clearing my throat, I sit up and grab the shirt I was wearing earlier to clean myself up.

“Enjoy the show, demon?” I ask, keeping my tone neutral, tossing my shirt across the room next to my laundry basket.

“Was that a show for me? I thought it was a show thanks to me, seeing as how I’m all I could see in your thoughts, Beckett,” Apollyn responds, putting his hands in his front pockets.

“Yeah whatever, it worked in the moment, don’t go thinking you’re special.” My tone comes off harsh and I can’t help it. I’m beyond aggravated and pissed off from being tag teamed earlier and called out on my own faults. I’ve always known I held onto people harder than I should. I hold onto those who show me the slightest ounce of attention because I never know when I’ll feel it again. With Apollyn, I feel like I didn’t have a choice but to feel this way regardless, and I can’t fucking explain why.

“Put anymore thought into sending me back yet? Or are you enjoying my company too much?” Apollyn asks, sounding

impatient. Why did he go from seeming interested in me to suddenly wanting to go? I feel my anger getting more and more intense as I grind my molars together, my nails digging into my palms as I clench my fists.

“Come on sweet Beckett, you know this wasn’t going to last very long,” he says, putting his hand on my shoulder. I let out a low noise in the back of my throat, feeling my nails break skin as I tense up even more.

“I have to head home; I can’t stay here with you. As fun as you are, I have things of higher importance at home,” Apollyn finishes as he starts to almost rub my shoulder, the feeling of his touch suddenly feeling like it’s burning my skin and I can’t tell if it’s a real feeling, or my emotions coming into play. I shouldn’t be surprised, he’s not the first to want to skip out on sticking around. I shouldn’t have any expectations, seeing as how he’s a demon and all. I’m so sick of being pushed to the side no matter how much of myself I put out there to try and make others happy. The anger and resentment I feel building keeps getting more and more intense as his grip tightens. I feel like I want to crawl out of my skin but also want to find out what he tastes like.

“Come on Beckett, you’ve had a day of fun, just get it over with please. I have matters I have to attend to.” His voice sounds demanding this time, his tone growing haste and filled with hate. Obviously, demons are full of pure evil, but I didn’t expect this one who had once lulled me to sleep with his words to now push me away with his spew of disinterest.

“If you want to be gone that fucking bad then fine. Don’t let me stop you!” I yell as I shove his hand away, standing up to head over to my desk. I feel my eyes burning as I resist the urge to cry. Wiping my eyes with one hand, I open my laptop and land on the exact page from the night before when I should have immediately banished Apollyn home to hell. I’m

hoping the half-ass written incantation here will do the job, otherwise I'll have to do even more research that I don't have the patience for. I swallow down the need to burst into tears and take a deep breath as I light candles and start to chant the words written on the screen.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” I start to say, and I hear Apollyn move across the room.

“Wait, Beckett, I want to say goodbye at least, please,” he says with urgency, but I'm too emotionally drained to care. I'm so fucking dumb for thinking a demon would want anything to do with whatever sick twisted fantasy I had in my head. I can never accept normal, and it has become my downfall. I don't care if he suddenly wants to say goodbye.

“Return from whence you came.” My voice starts shaking as tears slowly fall down onto my cheek. There was something about Apollyn that immediately made me feel drawn to him, and a sense of safety with him. I haven't felt safety around another guy before, and of course the one time I do it's with someone who's technically not even a real human guy. I refused to let myself get used, and Apollyn gives off enough red flags to begin with that I can't allow myself to drag it on any further. I need to cut the ties even if it hurts, even if it means ignoring the intense burning I feel deep inside me since he's been here.

“Beckett, please. I'm sorry if I hurt you, I didn't mean to make you feel used, I thought you wanted it. It was all for you,” he says, his expression turning somber as his tone drips with sadness. I hate that he can get inside my mind. I need him gone so he can't hear me when I'm silent or invade my thoughts when my mind is louder than my words will ever say. I know this is all an act so he can fool me into keeping him around for his own devices.

“You need to go home, Apollyn. I understand, I was dumb to think it would ever work. I was just drawn into the lust of it all probably, nothing more. I can’t lie to myself to try and make it work, it’s impossible,” I struggle to say. My eyes meet his and that’s when I lose it.

Tears fall with no chance of me stopping them any longer. I see a glimpse of regret in his eyes, as if he’s feeling hurt from this too. I close my eyes and put my hand over his chest, clutching onto his shirt one last time as I finish my last few words.

“You are not welcome here, you are no longer needed.” I shake my head, choking on my words as I try to speak through the emotions. I open my eyes and look at him for the last time, taking in his beautiful blue eyes, soft white hair, and a jawbone that’s sharp enough to kill someone. Even if underneath all the distracting good looks is pure evil and sin, and even if it was all a lie and an act, I didn’t care.

Sometimes it’s not always the good guys who are heroes, because he was the protector I always needed under my bed. He gulps and I watch as his throat moves, his neck flexing as he tenses up even further.

Lilith said demons didn’t react well to banishing spells, but she forgot that Apollyn wasn’t like the rest. I believe there is more human in there than anyone, even himself, may know. I release my grip on his shirt and put my head down, nearly whispering the last words.

“Apollyn, I release you. Go home. I release you.” And I start bawling like a fucking baby.



CHAPTER TEN

Beckett

It's only been a week and my heart still feels like it's breaking. I hardly slept last night, but at least I got in a few hours. I tossed and turned and kept thinking I was hearing things that reminded me of Apollyn. I can't get him out of my fucking head and it's starting to drive me crazy.

I found out earlier from Lilith that he is in fact the demon of lust, and every conspiracy I had about why I was so drawn to him clicked into place. I know he mentioned that he was, but I still don't know how true anything he said really was. He brings out the deepest, darkest desires and fantasies in people. I didn't know I had a thing for demons but apparently, he figured that out from some deep part of my subconscious. I tend to hold onto things much longer than I should, and I regret sending him back already. He would have been mine

until I made him leave, yet I was stupid and gave him the free trip back home.

The thought of eating dinner makes my stomach turn and I've been ignoring the loud grumbling of hunger for hours. I pick up my phone from my desk and immediately call Lilith.

“Hey, can you go out tonight? The White Rabbit? I need a distraction and alcohol and hopefully another person all inside me at the same time,” I say, trying to sound as sad and pathetic as I can. I hear Lilith sigh and I can assume she's over there shaking her head.

“Beckett, normally I would say no but lucky for you I have the night off and I would rather you do stupid things while supervised.”

“Wow, you think I need to be supervised? That's not a very nice thing to say to your best friend who just got his heart broken by having to let go of a hot demon,” I scoff, smiling as I feel my mood already lightening up.

“Yes babes, supervised. Because you tend to do impulsive stupid shit when you're left alone and emotional,” she says while softly laughing.

“Oh like banishing the first guy to show real interest in me in years? That was definitely impulsive.” My chest tightens a bit as I admit that aloud for the first time.

“Not a guy Beckett, a fucking demon. The demon of lust for fuck's sake. You couldn't help but feel that way towards him. That's his only purpose, to lure you in,” Lilith says, her tone sounding more serious.

“Well regardless of that, it felt genuine when he was under my bed. The way he talked to me, and responded, it all felt real,” I start pacing back and forth, biting my bottom lip nervously. I walk over to the mirror hanging up behind my door and run my fingers in my hair, attempting to comb the bed head out of it.

“Beckett, that was only to get to you. He needed to be nice and get you to feel something for him so that you’d help him. I thought you understood that?” she asked.

“I know, I know. But in my heart, it felt so genuine, because it’s what I’ve been needing. He was what I’ve been needing, even if his human form isn’t who he really is. At least when he’s on Earth he’s what I want, and I bet I’d want him even as his true self too.” I walk to my closet and pull out my favorite white button-up shirt, and light blue skinny jeans. I throw the shirt over my head, leaving the top four buttons undone to reveal my chest and top of my abdomen. At least if I’m going out, I might as well make myself look good.

“Ugh, baby boy, no. You deserve so much more. Why are you getting yourself hung up over a fucking demon boy?” Lilith says, sounding annoyed.

“Because he’s hot and made me feel good Lil, what else can I say?” I adjust my phone that’s so it’s resting between my cheek and my shoulder and start to roll up my sleeves a quarter of the way up.

“Whatever babes, I’m done trying to console you on your horrible choice in men. I’ll meet you at the bar in twenty.” Lilith hangs up, and I’m left in my slowly darkening room as the sun sets.

“I can do this. I’ll be fine,” I say aloud to myself, letting out a sigh as I do one last look over in the mirror.

I hate that I miss him so deeply. It feels as if my soul is physically burning out now that he’s gone. I’ve been feeling it for days now. It keeps getting more intense as time passes, and the aching, longing feeling deep in my chest accompanies it.

“Just shake it off, it’ll be fine. It’s not real,” I say, trying to convince myself that it’s just some placebo effect Apollyn left on me.

But the warm, burning sensation I once had that sparked to life when I first saw him, feels like it’s making its exit.



PART II
APOLLYN



CHAPTER ELEVEN

Apollyn

Getting back to Hell is absolute Hell. I know that's ironic, but It's my own torture being here after what feels like forever. In reality, when you live for as long as I will, nine months should feel like the blink of an eye. Months mean nearly nothing to me, but the time I had with Beckett made time itself slow down.

I look around my bedroom and sigh in relief, as nothing has changed. I'm not sure if anyone could sense I was back yet, so I take my time adjusting to being thrown back without much warning. I let out a groan as I feel a deep twinge in the middle of my back. My wings have been dormant for the longest stretch of time I have faced on Earth. I normally don't extend my visit past a week, unless of course, a group of stupid inexperienced kids manage to accidentally call upon

me. I still don't know exactly how they did it, but I'll give them credit for getting an archdemon, a king, to show up.

I get up and walk into my bathroom, switching on the black lantern-encased lights that parallel each other on each side of the large, gold-framed mirror above the sink. Placing my hands on the sink, I look up and study myself for a moment. I feel as if I haven't seen myself or taken the time to care about my appearance in ages. Beckett shows up in my life and here I am suddenly toying with the way my hair slicks back and if I should cut it, or style it differently.

What would Beckett prefer? Does he like it how it is?

I shake my head and turn the sink on to splash some water onto my face. I meet my own gaze again and turn to the right to get a view of my back and see what is causing my pain. The structure of my wings are fully back now, the midnight black, soft silken feathers are making their way out as if they're growing for the first time again. I shouldn't have been gone as long as I was, I don't appreciate the effects it's having on me.

"Fuck," I say, gritting my teeth. I grab onto the crown of my head, doubling over in pain as I try to keep my balance by gripping onto the sink. I feel the sharp points making their way through my skin, sending shock waves of crippling pain down my spine. I enjoy how I look when I'm no longer shifted into a full human getup, but fuck does the transformation after I'm back in Hell hurt.

I squeeze my eyes shut as I feel them halfway out, the initial pain is subsiding. Chills run up and down my body as I imagine what Beckett would think if he ever got to see me like this. His twisted way of wanting to indulge in the world of the damned makes me wonder how hard he would get the first

time his skin touches the silken wings. How his pupils would dilate to the point that his beautiful blue irises would be consumed by a black as dark as my existence.

Fuck.

I'm the demon of lust, I hold the ultimate sin within me. It is my purpose to carry on the rest of my immortal life making it known. I'm the one who makes others drawn to me, addicted to me; I bring on the twisted dark seduction and bring out someone's deepest desires. So why am I daydreaming about some human man who I only touched for a day, and corrupted for a few months?

I take a deep breath and feel the shaking lessen as my pain slowly subsides. It should be over now, even though under normal circumstances, it would've been over an hour ago. Taking one last look at myself in the mirror, I smirk as my black horns are glistening in the warm amber light. I trace my fingers lightly down the curves, each one angling towards the back. Satisfied, I hit the lights off and stop in front of my bedroom door for a moment before making my reappearance known.

I put my thoughts of Beckett behind me, and metaphorically try to leave them in this room. I don't need any of my lords or servants thinking I came back weak and corrupted myself, just because I spent time trapped with a human. I fear my spot at the throne is already in shambles. I already overheard servants passing by in the halls speaking of missing citizens. It's my job as king to ensure even the souls trapped here in Hell are kept guarded and safe within their respected circle. Those here who were banished to the second circle, live under the sins they committed of lust. The other eight circles all hold their own sins, and rule by their own decisions on how they treat the banished.

I try my best to be an honest, disciplined, and relatively fair king. The sin of lust is by far not the worst of them all, and I'd be a hypocrite if I punished harshly those who indulged in the thoughts and actions that I myself live by.

Most of my citizens, as I like to call them, are compiled of assholes who cheated on their wives, and angsty teenagers who couldn't control their hormones. Those who let their hormones and desires consume their entire lives to the extreme are different. Those citizens are kept under guard within the prison cell systems, due to the extent of how far they took their compulsion of lust.

Listening to the hearsay of missing citizens sends a wave of anger throughout my body, hitting every nerve I have.

When other kings hear word of another circle's king being absent, it's common for them to send groups of bandits and lost soldiers to kidnap citizens among them. Some do, and some do not. I for one, do not. I follow the standards my father had once put in place. It's the beginning signs of a throne being threatened; stealing a king's collection of souls that were banished to him. It doesn't take long after that before the circle starts to feel threatened. The citizens start to lose trust in their own king, making them agree to bargains to be ruled under another king. Once that king turns enough citizens, the throne can then be his. It sounds simple and too easy, but unfortunately, that's just how it is in Hell. It's every king for himself, no peace treaties, or vows of a ruling term. You either steal your throne within a circle and take on that sin to rule by or get handed down your spot on the throne by being the heir.

The last thing I need is for any one of my citizens and souls within my circle to think I am weak or losing my spot within this circle of Hell. I am not weak, I will never be weak, and I make it my sole purpose to maintain that. Only Beckett made me feel weak for the first time in my existence.



CHAPTER TWELVE

Apollyn

I step out into the hallway, and I'm already being stared down by the servants who were outside whispering.

“Continue on with your work,” I pause. “Don’t stand around gossiping. That’s not what you’re here to do in my Kingdom. You’re here to serve, not stand around and talk. I don’t want to have to warn you again.” I clench my fists together, my nails digging into my palms as I direct my hard, jaw-clenched stare to each servant in the hallway one by one.

I try to remember the names of my servants, but these three are not familiar to me. They’re in their assigned attire for servants, just a simple black with gold accent gown and their hair tied up and back.

“Yes our king, we are sorry. It will not happen again. We do not aim to displease you,” said one of the servants as she looked down, the bangs of her brown hair covering slightly over her eyes.

“Good. Keep it that way, you have work to do and that should be your only focus. You are here to serve me and my Lords within this Kingdom’s castle, not stand outside doors and speak of untruthful matters,” I say, my tone darkening to ensure my message is understood. I don’t have time for rumors to be spreading now that I’m back. Each of them looks frightened now, and I can’t lie and say that I’m not glad. I wave my hand at them gesturing in the direction down the hall as if to shoo them away. I pinch the bridge of my nose and close my eyes, letting out a deep breath as I make my way to my office.

I open the large doubled-arched door painted in gold with black handles and make my way inside.

“My king, what a relief it is that you are back,” my Lord Landon, says as I make my way to the round table. I pull out the seat at the end of the dark oak-finished table and sit. I relax myself by propping my feet onto the table, trying to come off as not worried in the slightest. Inside I may be a mix of emotions such as those involving Beckett, but I can’t let myself come off as distracted. I lift my hand in front of me to examine it, not making eye contact with Landon.

“Yes, my little trip to Earth has ended and I have returned. Please, sit,” I say, gesturing my hand to the chair across from me. “Inform me of any importance regarding the kingdom, My Lord,” I say, leaning back into the chair, putting my arms behind my head to rest it on them.

“My king, eighteen citizens of the Second Circle have gone missing, and five were injured while escaping their attempted kidnapping,” Landon says in a concerning tone. I swallow, the news of my kingdom, my circle, being compromised hitting me all at once. I knew it was possible, it was my only fear while being trapped in that house. I should’ve been sterner with Beckett; I should’ve forced him to get me out sooner. I shouldn’t have waited months. Thinking back, I can’t recall the moment when I decided to keep my little games going.

I became enthralled with fucking with him, watching him while he cautiously walked around the house scared to death in the beginning. Once I saw him become intrigued, I lost my focus on getting my freedom back. Seeing him trying to find the cause of his sleepless nights and moments of fear became so amusing. I found myself wanting to get even closer to him after two months; wanting to feel him and his fear. The first few times I gently grazed his skin, he was asleep. Over time he started to notice my touch, becoming aware of it. I recall the night he reacted to my touch, without fear. I was gliding my fingers up his sculpted, muscular thigh, and he stirred awake into a half-dazed state of consciousness. I watched as his cock twitched, slowly growing inside his tight, black boxer briefs. I always hoped he’d sleep fully unclothed one night, so I could watch and see the veins pulsing with need along his shaft. He definitely was big, and almost as thick as I am.

When he finally released me from my hold of the previous summon, I became his. I should’ve forced him to send me back immediately, but his fear spiked again, and I couldn’t help myself. I could smell his desire and heard his darkest, vile thoughts floating around within his subconscious. Beckett made it known he wanted to dance with the devil before he even looked at me for the first time. God, he looked so beautiful that night. His dark black hair was all messy, the sheen of sweat glistening across his forehead as his nerves made him shake lightly. He was so afraid, but also so

desperate for me to give him the time of day. I feel chills run down my spine, reaching all throughout my body, even into the tips of my wings. I need to understand what possessed me to drop my guard so low that a human was able to get under my skin. What made me not even have to use my seduction or convincing nature of lust to make him be drawn to me?

“My king?” Landon interrupts my train of thought, catching me off guard. I clear my throat and sit up straight, holding my hands together as I put my forearms on the table.

“Do we have names? Were they the common citizens, or cell goers?” I ask, rubbing my left thumb over the right one.

“I have the list of names, all were common’s, none from the prison cells. The bandits couldn’t get through the guards to reach them thankfully.” Landon assured me.

“Good, good. I’m thankful for the impressive guards to help protect even the worst of the sinners because even they deserve safety while living out the punishment of their atrocities.” I grab a cup and water pitcher from the center of the table and pour myself a glass. I start eagerly drinking to let the cold water ease my now dry throat.

“Certainly, my King, I made sure to assign extra guards on the gates and prisons once the first went missing. We were worried once you were gone for more than your usual time frame. But both us Lords and your citizens hold loyalty in knowing you would only do what is best for the circle. The other Lords are currently recruiting extra guards and soldiers in the event they are needed,” Landon says as his eyes meet mine. “We vow to make sure your kingdom is protected at all costs, along with the citizens, my King. I made sure to ensure all arrangements were made in the event your throne was

threatened.” Landon shifts in his seat, his tone sounding confident.

“Thank you, my Lord. One of the many reasons I assigned you as my High Lord was because of your loyalty and ability to act as I would, as my father would, in my absence.” I look down, closing my eyes for a moment as I recall my father’s image in my head. I never got as tall as him, but I did get his broad, muscular frame, white hair, and piercing blue eyes. I like to imagine I inherited his leadership qualities as well, but only time will tell.

“My King, I can promise you that we will never allow the fallout of your father’s rule to show any weakness of the ninth circle, even as they try to intimidate us now in vain,” Landon says as he rests his hands on his lap, sitting up straight to adjust his posture.

“Yes, their original assassination was made in vain, and they must be mad that I am still standing here as the successful heir to his throne,” I respond.

“As I stated, we have posted five additional guards at each gate and prison entrance, and a dozen extra throughout the kingdom’s square and village. They are ordered to kill without question if any bandit or member of the ninth circle makes their way through. We haven’t had anyone come through successfully in a month now, but tensions are still high.” Landon says as he stands up, holding his hands together down in front of him.

“Your citizens sleep easier knowing they are safer now and will be even more relieved when you announce you are back. Speaking of that, would you like to arrange that now?” Landon says, meeting my eyes again.

“Yes, I will announce my return to my kingdom, I just need to attend to one more thing before I do. Arrange for me to speak in the dining hall tonight, my Lord.” I stand up, pushing my chair back in. I take Landon’s hand, providing a firm handshake.

“Yes, my King, I will seek to arrange that now with the other lords. Please, call upon me if I can be of any further assistance.” Landon gives one last firm handshake and heads out the door.

The room is silent and calm. I finally feel as if I have a moment to clearly think. I need to visit the library to see if I can find anything that can explain this deep connection and why I can’t stop thinking about Beckett. I can’t shake this deep burning feeling, something is slowly tugging at me from the inside out. I throw on my suit jacket and leave the top few buttons of my black shirt undone. If I’m going to be spotted before I make it down the hall to the library, I need to at least look like my normal self and not like I’m on the border of breaking at the seams with stress. In a few short hours, I will be bombarded with questions and being begged for reassurance of the safety of my citizens when I make myself known again. I need to figure this shit out with Beckett before it makes me lose trust from my kingdom. I’m afraid if anyone even thinks for a second that my focus is not all there, tension will grow even tighter.

I open the door to head into the hallway, looking both ways before stepping out and rushing to the Library’s side entrance that the servants use. Once I close the door behind me, I press my back against the wall and catch my breath. “Please let me figure this shit out,” I whisper to myself, almost begging. I figure if I speak it into existence, my chances will be greater. I stalk my way down the dark corridor until I see the twelve-foot-tall, black-tinted oak bookcases towering in the distance. As quickly as I snuck in here, I immediately run right over to the section that holds lore and scripture on love

and lust for any creature type you can imagine. Scanning the shelves, I close my eyes and focus my attention, forcing my mind to focus on exactly the answers I need. I see it, five shelves up, ten books to the right, with a red binding. One perk of being a demon is the abilities I gain compared to most other creatures, or humans, such as being able to hone my vision clearly to seek out exactly what I need. I pick up the book, dusting off the top. It looks like no one has touched this in a while, or never needed it.

'Vinculum Nexu' is printed in an engraved gold script against the deep blood-red cover.

“Connection or link of a bond?” I ask myself aloud, grinding my molars together as it clicks in my head.

I'm terrified to read this book and find the answer I've been needing, because it will cause unimaginable chaos.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Apollyn

I keep staring at the book, waiting to open it. I keep alternating between sitting on my bed and standing to pace the room.

Connection or link of a bond, Is repeating in my head. I grab the book and start flipping through the pages to find my answer. I land on the tenth chapter and begin scanning through the pages. The further I read, the faster my breathing picks up.

“A successfully transformed Cambion can still possess the nature of human attributes. Over time these attributes sink further into the subconscious making them harder to obtain. When presented with a creature who is attracted to or pining for the Cambion, who can see past their true self, it is possible for a bond to form.” I gulp as I continue to read and translate

the Latin, my eyes moving quicker than I can keep up. I skip ahead a few pages, finding the subsection on humans specifically.

“A human can form a bond with a Cambion only if the human themselves is born capable of bearing the power that is held within the Cambion. Some humans are born destined to a supernatural or forbidden love and are able to do so without mutation or changes to their physical self or soul. Once the human knows they want the Cambion and can look past the nature of them in their true self, and acknowledges within themselves the undeniable attraction, a connection is formed. Both the human and Cambion will experience a low burn sensation when apart, as it is the beginning sign of the bond forming. The bond may only be broken by the death of the Cambion. If the human who shares the bond faces death, their soul will continue to live on carrying the bond, but the human vessel will perish.”

I throw the book down onto my bed and hold my hand over my mouth, shaking my head.

“I shouldn’t have let this happen; how did I do this?” I ask myself aloud, not fully processing what the lore is telling me. Beckett was born to be with someone like me? I’ve heard of supernatural and creature pairings before, such as those of humans and succubi, but what makes Beckett so special? It must have been some kind of fate that made every event that led me to Beckett happen.

The last thing my Kingdom needs right now is their King, the Archdemon of the Second Circle to show up one day with a living human by his side.

I need to see Beckett again, I need to find out how this happened, how he knew his attraction and need for me was

real enough to form the bond so quickly over those few months without either of us knowing. I feel my chest tightening so harshly that I hold my hand over my chest, trying to clench my rapidly beating heart. The human side of me is causing these emotions, I noticed it the moment Beckett arrived in that house. I didn't understand why I was so drawn to him immediately, how I got so distracted, why I didn't fight harder and quicker to get myself out of there. Now I know it was because he would be able to love me.

Demons never live a life with love, especially not with a human, but I was damned to live as half of a whole one from the moment I was born. The more I give in to that part of me with him, the more I bring out the human attributes that have been dormant for decades.

I'll never be Beckett's equal; I'll always be cursed to the life I live. I'll never be able to be more than half human mentally, and I'll always physically be a demon in Hell. I'll never be able to live permanently on Earth. I fought until I was on the brink of death to avenge my father's death and claim my rightful throne after he was assassinated.

I'll *never* give that up.

I need to see Beckett; I need to find out what's running through his mind even if he doesn't tell me.

And most importantly, find out if he's feeling the same burning sensation within himself, that's growing stronger and stronger within me.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN



Apollyn

The dining hall is packed. The entire village was invited, first come, first serve. I peer down from my vantage point on the balcony in the corner of the massive room. No one can see me from up here, only I can see down. I look up and take in the site of the glistening golden chandeliers, hanging from the black-painted ceiling. This castle is exactly how my father wanted it, and I can't argue with his excellent taste in décor and color organization. I scan over the crowd; everyone is gathered around the table. The most eager got here early enough to grab one of the thirty-two seats that surround it.

The rest are shoulder to shoulder spanning from the front door to the back. There are at least four hundred here. My Lord, Landon, sent out the announcement invitation only hours ago, in an attempt to speed this “*grand*” arrival up and

make it limited to those who wanted to make it a point to see me themselves. I'm hoping this is quick, I don't have time to stand around and talk about where I was, or what I was doing.

Or who I wanted to be doing.

We are going to make it seem as if my extended leave was due to me needing to gather extra souls to have here in the Second Circle to build up our soldiers. I will do my duty as king to ensure my citizens are confident in my ability to protect them, and then Landon will take over for final statements while I'll be able to make my exit.

It's not that I don't want to speak to the citizens I own, I'm just honestly not that worried about this situation. I know my kingdom is strong. The fact that the Ninth Circle has taken so few victims in comparison to stories I've heard among other circles assures me of this. The Ninth Circle holds the worst sinners, for the sin of treachery and is considered the underworld. In the underworld are the traitors; those who betrayed their loved ones, their country, and their God. They thrive on taking what isn't theirs and fucking over as many other circles and kingdom's as possible.

They don't scare me. I defeated them once already, after the assassination of my father. I will not bend nor break at the hands of mockery. Sending groups of bandits trying to scare me is pathetic. At this point, I'm not sure what could cause me to break.

Probably Beckett.

"My king, are you ready?" Landon's voice pulls me yet again out of my thoughts. "They're growing impatient," he says, his voice coming from behind me. I turn and give a single nod, heading to the stairs. I do everything in my power

to shake any thoughts aside from my kingdom out of my head. We make it to the base of the stairs, Landon standing to my left as we pause. I look over at him, exhaling slowly.

“Let’s get this over with, My Lord. Then my citizens may sleep easy.” I say, taking a step forward.

The roar of commotion and conversation comes to an abrupt stop as soon as I step in front of the head of the table, holding both hands on the top of the black and gold fabric-covered chair. I can feel the tension in the silence; I could cut it with a knife. I don’t have to look up into the crowd to know that all eyes are on me.

Slowly bringing my eyes up, I clear my throat and straighten my posture.

“I know everyone is questioning and worried regarding my absence. I can promise you, as your king, that I do everything in the best interest of my citizens. Due to the grave need for more soldiers, I chose to take some time away to collect more souls to fill our collection.” I look up and scan my eyes around slowly, trying to keep my composure.

“Rest assured, I can promise that the safety of my kingdom is my top priority.” I gulp as I feel my focus start to shift. The burning deep in the pit of my existence feels as if it’s expanding and starting to make itself more obvious.

“I will stop at nothing to make sure those who were kidnapped are returned safely,” my voice starts to crack.

I can’t get him out of my damn mind. It’s like he’s suddenly consuming me, I don’t know how to stop it. I grab onto my chest, flattening my hand to make it look like I’m

holding my heart to the promise I just made, when in reality I'm trying to make sure my heart doesn't fall out. A wave of intense anger flushes over me as I feel my nerves start to burn.

Stop it. Get a hold of yourself, especially right now. I continue.

"I will seek revenge against those who harmed my citizens with the same urgency I had after my father's assassination," I say, not being able to focus my attention on any specific part of the room.

Why does this hurt? Is he feeling the same way? Why is this happening so intensely now. I feel my anger and frustration about to boil out of me. I clench my fists harder on the top of the dining chair, causing the fabric to bend under my fingertips. I close my eyes for a moment, hoping that I'm coming across as taking a moment to mourn my father.

"*BECKETT,*" I scream out in the void of my thoughts, feeling the emotion loudly strike in my mind.

"*BECKETT, PLEASE,*" I scream again, my ears ringing. Within seconds my vision goes blurry, and I'm greeted with the imagery and sound of what looks like a bar. It's darkly lit, LED lights flashing around the room.

"*BECKETT.*" I scream once more, feeling as if I'm about to burst, the burning sensation engulfing my entire body and blood stream. I squeeze my eyes harder and try to focus this scene I'm seeing playing out in my head.

My breath hitches as I see bodies come into focus. I see him. Beckett's got some guy grinding against him, his frame is smaller than Beckett's. They almost look good together, but

not as good as him and I. Beckett's hands are resting on the guy's waist, his fingers trailing as they dance together. The anger that was building all comes to its breaking point as I feel the jealousy burning in my gut.

No.

He can't have him.

He's meant to be mine.

It's already written in fate.

I will destroy this meaningless fucking waste of space that's grinding his ass against my sweet Beckett.

"STOP," I yell at Beckett, projecting all of my anger directly at him.

"I SAID TO FUCKING STOP, BECKETT." I freeze as I see him visibly react. His face says it all. He heard me. I see his jaw clench as his hands suddenly move from the guy's frame, and his eyes frantically chase around the room as he looks for me.

"MINE," I yell at him again, making god damn sure that he knows I can see him. He backs away, his chest rising and falling at a dangerous pace. I swear for a moment we make eye contact, but I'm not sure if he can see me. My heart stops as I look at his beautiful atlantic blue eyes.

Mine.

His breathing seems to stop as he gulps. My vision goes back to normal, and I'm faced with the dining hall full of my citizens again. Luckily, no one seems to look concerned with my moment of distraction.

I can't believe he is out at a bar with someone else. No, I never claimed him, I pissed him off and he sent me away. But now I can't get him out of my mind, my daydreams, and every single thought that consumes me.

"Excuse me, My King? Can you explain to us why there is talk that you are giving up your throne and disowning your citizens to leave us vulnerable? Why would you do that?" I blink rapidly, meeting the eyes of the disgruntled citizen who just spoke those lies. I waste no time and lunge, leaping across the table in one swift motion, my wings carrying me. I land in front of a blonde-haired citizen, who looks like he hasn't seen the light of day in years. He's useless to me, and this kingdom.

Without hesitation, I protract my claws and meet his neck with the sharp point of my index finger. I hold it there for a moment, turning to face the crowd.

"No one, I repeat, no one is to walk through my kingdom spreading lies and rumors such as this. This is absolute blasphemy and disloyalty to your King. I will not let it continue." Without turning back to face the man, I make one quick swipe of my finger and feel the warm, wet, velvety liquid course down my hand onto my forearm. I hear the thud of the vessel and the breathing of the room at a pause. I breathe in deeply and can't help the smirk that forms on my face, accepting that the demon in me is still alive and well.

Beckett flashes back into my mind and I watch as he frantically sprints across the bar, his head turning in every direction he can manage.

“*APOLLYN!*” He screams out loud, his cheeks turning pink as his breath becomes more ragged. Chills run down my spine. Between the thrill and excitement of killing with my bare hands again after so many months, and the sound of his voice, I’m in a state of pure bliss.

My smirk turns into a smile as I confidently walk back to the head of the table, not bothering to even look at the vile waste of soul on the floor. I focus my attention back on Beckett in my mind, making sure he hears me loud and clear.

“Poor, confused, Beckett. I’m coming back for what’s mine.”



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Apollyn

“Apollyn, My king, what got into you? I haven’t seen you get that irrational in over a decade,” Landon asks me as he closes the doors to my office. I’m sitting at the head of the table, my head in my hands, shaking back and forth. I was lucky enough to get a night away to get some sleep after the turn of events last night. Only being able to sleep while I’m in Hell is definitely a curse; I don’t think I’ll ever catch up for the months I was gone.

“I just got a wave of intense emotion, I couldn’t help it that he pissed me off, and besides, my citizens deserve to know that I am still in my throne, I still hold power above them, and that I still own them,” I say, while keeping my head down, rubbing at my temples. I hear Landon walking over towards me, pulling a chair out.

“My king, I’m worried about how the news of the kidnappings affected you. Is everything alright?” Landon sits next to me, his words sounding somber.

“Everything is fine My Lord, I can promise you that. I’ve been gone for a while, obviously, and the tension is very high. Isn’t it obvious?” I ask, leaning back in my chair, getting annoyed. I trust my Lord with nearly everything within this kingdom, but I can’t rely on him to read every emotion I have with complete clarity.

“I haven’t seen you be that brutal in a while, at least not while above ground and not within your prison quarters.” Landon’s eyes meet mine, his jaw clenching. His black hair, messy on his forehead, is making me have flashbacks to the way Beckett’s hair falls perfectly in his face. I bite my bottom lip, changing my focus back to the table in front of me. It’s probably not the smartest tactic to have my high Lord be as attractive as my current obsession.

“Anyone who is disloyal from this point on will have one fate, and it’s death at my hand. It’s what the citizens can expect, and I made it very clear,” I say, my tone darkening.

“Understood, My King. I just fear there is something more that you’re not telling me.” Landon shifts in his chair, his hands clasping together on the table. I look up and meet his eyes, and immediately feel a wave of regret and guilt. I haven’t told him the real reason for my actions, or why I have been on edge since my return. I’ve been keeping everything a secret, but the guilt has been consuming me. Even if he doesn’t like what he’s about to hear, there’s nothing he can do. He can’t risk showing disloyalty to me and my kingdom, after everything we have been through.

“Alright. I’ll be blunt because I don’t want to waste any more time with this. I formed a bond with a human, Beckett. The connection of the bond is now burning and getting harder to ignore the longer I’m back here. I’m not sure if he is feeling it too, but I will be going back to find out,” I say, keeping direct eye contact with Landon so he knows I’m not bluffing. Landon’s eyes grow heavy as he looks down towards his lap.

“Vinculum Nexu. The same thing that happened to your father,” Landon says, his voice quiet.

“My father had this happen?” I respond in shock, feeling chills go up my spine.

“Yes, My King. Your creation was a result of that bond. Unfortunately, the woman, your mother, passed away during your birth. That’s, unfortunately the fate of birthing a Cambion.” Landon shifts in his seat, his gaze meeting mine again.

“He never told me about her, just that she faced death soon after I was brought into this Hell.” I gulp, furrowing my brows as my curiosity peaks. I should feel saddened, or some form of guilt, but I made peace with the death of a woman I never knew centuries ago.

“Wait, I was birthed here in hell correct?” I ask.

“Yes, My King,” Landon responds, cocking his brow at me. “Why do you ask?”

My breathing picks up as a hundred questions run through my mind.

“She was able to enter Hell, as a human, without harm before having me?” I ask, running my index finger along my lips, my stare hardening.

“Yes. A human can enter the Second Circle unharmed, but,” Landon clears his throat before continuing. “They must give their soul to the demon they are entering with, so that in death, their soul is forever indebted to that demon. Your mother gave that up to your father, and her soul rested here until his death. The human soul will remain until the demon it belongs to no longer walks the realms of hell.”

I blink rapidly as this information settles like lead in my stomach.

“The bond allows the demon to host their partner in Hell, if they agree to this bargain. There is no record of this happening without the circumstances of a pregnancy, but the lore states nothing of complications if there is not one present. Would you consider this bargain with Beckett if he agreed?” Landon asks, his tone sounding curious.

“I need to see if he feels the same connection as me. That will determine my decision.” I respond, lifting my hand to rub along the back of my head.

I try to calm my breathing, unable to maintain focus on Landon. I was expecting backlash, not understanding.

“Then you better go find out, My King. If the connection is left ignored and not attended to, you both can suffer great pain. The bond is not meant to be forgotten once it is formed. A weak king is not what this kingdom needs right now. Even though the citizens may react poorly to their king having this bond with a human, most would rather see the completion of the bond regardless, just as it was with your father.”

I let out a sigh of relief, feeling some of the tension that was building in my shoulders let up. I lean back in my chair and look up to the intricately gold-laced ceiling and feel a smirk form across my face.

I can bring him here.

I get to make him mine for good. His soul will be mine.





CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Apollyn

I didn't even give myself enough time to hesitate before leaving for Earth. I'm back and outside of the aged gray exterior of the cabin-style house that I once grew to despise. I know he's in there; his blacked out 2014 Subaru BRZ is sitting parked in the driveway. I see his bedroom light on and immediately feel relief. It's still new to me, feeling things, especially towards a human. I told myself I would stop trying to think about it logically, and let it happen naturally instead. Part of me is technically human, even if it's buried deep inside. I make my way up to the front door and hold my hand up to the center. I close my eyes and inhale deeply, shifting my focus to the living room I remember being in with him. Within a second I open my eyes and look around to see the familiar couch, love seat, and lounge chairs. I smirk, looking down at my hands. The last time I was here, I was too weak to possess

any of my power, but a quick recharge in hell has me back to normal.

Though I've only been away for a week, I feel like I haven't been here in months. The longing to see him is consuming me. The subtle burning now feels like I set my insides on fire. It's reminding me of what happened the other night when I felt this, and everything I saw him doing in that bar. It's like the feeling is both a pain from being apart, while also acting as a warning that something is wrong.

My jaw clenches, and I step towards his bedroom. The immediate gut feeling is making me grow angrier with each breath I take.

He's in there with someone else.

I clench my fists and try to center myself, not wanting to scare him. Closing my eyes, I place my hand on the doorknob, turning it slowly without pushing it open yet.

“Mmm fuck, just like that.”

I freeze. That's not Beckett's voice or sounds of pleasure. I tighten my jaw; a deep growl erupts from my chest. He's with that guy from the bar, it has to be. He must've still taken him home even after I demanded him not to.

Without thinking, I forcefully push the door open, bracing myself for what I might discover. I see him. *Beckett*. His pants are still on, but the other guy is fully naked, sprawled out on his back on the bed.

The bed I once lived under.

I haven't been noticed yet, and I haven't taken any steps further as I watch Beckett service this guy's cock. He's kneeling in front of him, his arms lazily resting on the other's thighs as his head moves vigorously. I listen as the man lets out various sounds of pleasure, his hand resting on the back of Beckett's head; the place my hand should be. My anger builds to a dangerous level, the longer I stand here and watch.

"Who the fuck are you!?" The guy yells as he quickly pulls Beckett off and grabs his shirt to cover his lower half.

"What the fuck are you doing here!?" He yells again. I can't help the smile I give as my eyes meet Beckett. I feel the weight lifting off my chest as I take him all in, looking at him in a new light this time around. The burning inside calms, nearly disappearing now that I am in his presence.

"I'm everything you can't control; your worst nightmare," I say with a grin, taking a few steps until I reach the bed. Beckett still hasn't said a word, and I watch his Adam's apple bob in his throat as he swallows hard. His beautiful atlantic blue eyes looking up at me remind me that I made the right decision. Now I have to deal with a waste of space. The man Beckett brought home is nothing compared to me. His strength is pathetic; not a single trained, lean, or valuable muscle in sight on his body. Coupled with the small cock I see him packing, I can't help but let out a soft laugh knowing that I'd have Beckett gagging and choking on mine, unlike he did. This guy is nothing to me, and he will be nothing to Beckett.

"My sweet Beckett, what have you done? I told you not to," I say, placing my hand under his chin to lift his face to me.

“Apollyn I...” Beckett says, his voice sounding raw and like he hasn’t been sleeping enough. I feel a tug at my heart knowing that I might have been a reason for that. At the same time, hearing him say my name sends a wave of bliss down my spine and right into my cock.

“Shhh,” I say, rubbing my thumb along his bottom lip. “I’ll take care of your mistake this time, but I expect better from you from now on.”

I step up onto the bed in one quick movement, grabbing the useless sad sack of a man by his hair. I throw him down onto the floor and straddle him.

“What a shame you thought you could have what’s mine,” I say, meeting his eyes. I keep my grip on his hair as I sit on his lap, my knees resting on the floor on either side of him.

“What the fuck are you? Who are you? WHAT THE FUCK, LET ME GO,” He continues to yell as I protract the claws on my left hand. I let out a deep laugh while shaking my head.

“Like I said, I’m your worst nightmare. Sometimes, the devil has a pretty face.” I study the last look on his dumb face as my index finger meets his throat, slashing in one quick motion.

I stay straddled over him for a moment, watching as the life drains out of him slowly. His face goes pale, his expression forever expressing his last moment of fear. I let out a deep groan as I feel my cock jump, the pressure from my tight jeans not allowing much room for me. Watching him for another moment, I get up and make my way back to Beckett, who is sitting on the edge of his bed in shock. I smile at him,

raising my hand at my mouth to slowly lick the fresh blood off my claw and finger that just took a life. Letting out a deep moan, I lean my head back for a moment before locking eyes with him again. Having two kills within this short period is making me feel stronger than I did the last time I saw Beckett.

“Apollyn, w-what the fuck!?” Beckett says, gripping onto the sheets, inching his body back a bit. It’s hard to read the expression he’s giving me. Confusion, disgust, fear, curiosity, and a touch of desire are painted across his perfectly sculpted face. His sharp jaw is clenched as he grinds his molars together, and fuck, does he look sexy right now. The slight fear in his eyes is making pre-cum start to leak from my aching cock.

“I told you,” I say as I push him back onto his bed, climbing over him. “You are mine. I told you to stop, and you didn’t listen.” I grab ahold of the waist of his sweatpants and boxers, dragging them down to toss them to the side. I press my hips against him to be closer, biting my lip as I feel how hard he is, too.

There’s my fucked up little lamb.

I take his wrists and hold his hands behind his head, slowly grinding on him. He lets out a soft groan, closing his eyes. With my free hand, I unbutton my jeans and drag them down, maneuvering my way out of them. Lucky for me, I don’t wear boxers most of the time. One less obstacle.

“I thought I was hallucinating; I was drunk, how could I know?” Beckett finally responds as he leans his head back, his cock throbbing against mine. I can feel the pre-cum leaking from him making it easier to rub our cocks together.

“Tisk, tisk, my sweet little lamb,” I say with a smile as I lean down to kiss the side of his neck. He lets out a deep strained groan, arching his back in response; I think he likes the new pet name he’s earned.

“You’re mine. Do you feel that annoying little burning sensation deep within you?” I ask, nipping at his jaw.

“How do you know about that?” He responds almost instantly, sounding panicked.

“Because Beckett, I feel it too. That’s the bond that’s drawing us together. We created it, and we can’t break it. It’s meant to be. You’re mine.” I say, saving the long-winded explanation for another time. I reach my hand down and stroke our cocks together, moaning breathlessly in his ear.

“B-bond? You feel it too?” He asks, panting between his words. He mewls softly as I speed up, throwing his head back.

“Mhmm,” I moan out in response, tightening my grip as Beckett’s sound of pleasure rings in my ear.

“That’s it, Beckett, you feel how good we are together? You want more?” I say through gritted teeth as I feel myself getting close. I’m not going to cum yet, I refuse to. Not until I’m inside him.

“P-please, I want to cum. I want us to cum,” He pleads, bucking his hips in response.

“You want me to take you? Fuck you until you know what’s mine?” I ask, sinking my teeth in his neck as I suck the tender skin, making sure to leave a bruise. He lets out what

sounds like a soft growl as he squirms underneath me. Beckett starts nodding his head 'yes' vigorously as he lets out a soft moan with every exhale. He's melting in my hands and it's fucking beautiful.

"I've been waiting for this since the first time I ever heard your voice," Beckett says, his voice raspy.

I'm mesmerized by how responsive he is to me, how badly he wants me. Knowing the fucked-up shit I do and have done, he's still able to look past the fear. His darkness and lust is natural. I haven't had to seduce my lust onto him, and that's what makes this so much better. Neither of us have to fake this burning need for each other.

I release his hands as I get up, positioning myself between his legs. I throw his right leg up over my shoulder, his left resting on my right hip. I spit generously onto my hand and stroke myself to get my cock slick for him, my other hand prepping him with two fingers. I don't waste any more time as I press my head against his entrance, slowly pushing in. He lets out a desperate, filthy noise as I enter him, his eyes meeting mine for a moment before I watch his eyes roll to the back of his head.

Letting out a low, rough grunt, I push myself inside of him a little more. I grip my hand hard around his right leg as I lean down, bringing his knees closer to him. I look down and can't help but release a primal growl as I see my cock disappear inside him with every painfully slow movement.

"Look at me, my little lamb," I say, grabbing his jaw with a grip tight enough to leave bruises of my fingerprints. "That is what you can expect from now on if anyone," I thrust myself fully into him, reaching the hilt. I groan, my cock throbbing as he tenses while getting used to my

size.
have you,”

“Even dares to look at you like they can

Thrust

“I mean absolutely anyone,”

Thrust

“I don’t care who it is, Beckett.”

Thrust

I force his head to the side so he can have a look at the man who he thought could have him, lying lifeless on the floor. I feel the chills that run down his spine. I reach down, gathering some of the blood on my fingertip from the useless man’s neck that has pooled around him. I run my finger along Beckett’s bottom lip, smirking as his eyes light up in confusion. “Do you taste that, little lamb?” I ask, watching as his eyes light up in desire. “That’s the taste of someone disrespecting what’s mine.” I thrust into him harshly again, picking up my pace.

“I will end anyone without hesitation. That’s what I’m good at.” I drive into him even harder now, pushing his knees as far up to his chest as I can get. His face reflects the pure, uncontrolled bliss coursing through his body.

Bringing his head back to face me, I run my thumb over his bottom lip, rubbing it back and forth, across the saliva as he starts to drool, making his lips glisten. He’s completely speechless as his pleasure mixing with fear consumes him. I loosen my grip on his jaw to spit onto his face, immediately

striking him with my palm across his right cheek. The filthy sounds that come out of him are my redemption.

“I could tear you apart if I wanted to. You know that, right?” I say, my voice growing darker.

“I know, Apollyn. But you won’t,” Beckett moans, throwing his head back onto the pillow. I reach down and start to stroke his cock, knowing he has to be close, just as I am.

“You’re going to cum for me, little lamb. And when you do, you’re going to scream the name of who you belong to, who owns you.” I drive myself harder into him, watching as his eyes roll back again in pure ecstasy. His cock throbs in my hand as I hit his prostate with quick, harsh plunges.

“Fuck, I’m gonna c-cum,” Beckett says as he lets out a needy moan. I wrap my hand around his throat, gripping tightly along the sides as my other hand strokes him with the same tight grip.

“Cum for me, little lamb,” I demand, my voice thick with desire. I watch as his muscles tense, his ass tightening even more on my cock.

“A-Apollyn, fuck! I’m coming, I’m fucking coming,” He screams, my name leaving his lips like he was meant to be the only one to ever speak it. I watch in awe as ropes of cum shoot up to his abs and I lose it.

“Fuck, Beckett, I’m going to fill this beautiful, tight ass.” I say, letting out a sonorous moan.

“You’re mine.”

Thrust

“All,”

Thrust

“Mine.” I growl as my head falls back, my release spilling into him. I had waited months for this moment, and I can hardly catch my breath. I fall down onto him, pressing my body into his.

“Such a good little lamb. So good for me.” I run my fingers through his hair, meeting his eyes.

“Fuck, Apollyn. I’ve never cum that hard in my life,” Beckett says, catching his breath.

“Get used to it. Your body is mine to control and pleasure. Got it?” I lean down and press my lips to his, kissing him deeply.

I’ve never kissed anyone before, but Beckett makes it impossible not to want to kiss him. He lets out a pleased hum against my lips, kissing me back passionately, like he’s been waiting for this moment for a lifetime; just like me.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
Beckett

I wake up and almost scream as I see Apollyn's eyes focused on me. I forgot that he doesn't sleep, and god, is it a little creepy.

"Good morning, sweet Beckett," He says as he reaches out to caress my face.

"Do you ever sleep? Like ever?" I ask, cocking my head.

"Only in Hell, sweet Beckett." His voice sends a rush of excitement coursing through my body. My first instinct is to pull away and run. He hurt me; I didn't magically forget it. The only thing keeping me here in place is the fact he mentioned the burning feeling I've been experiencing since

he's been gone. How would he have known unless he felt it too? It's the reason he was able to reach me in my mind when I was out at the bar.

He explained it briefly to me before I passed out last night. He told me that because I was getting close to someone else, the burning of the bond increased so dramatically for him that caused him such intense pain. He got so angry, he was able to reach out to me even though he was in Hell. I'm going to get more answers out of him today once everything stops feeling like a daydream.

"So..." I say, clearing my throat to get rid of the sleep in my voice.

"Where's the body? What did you do with it?" I peer over the side of the bed where my former date, Tyler- *I think that was his name*- was previously lying lifeless. My breath hitches as I recall watching Apollyn take his life, without a care in the world.

The visual proof, right in front of my goddamn eyes that he is a vile and wicked monster didn't stop me from letting him fuck me senseless. At the moment I didn't care at all. I've admitted to myself countless times that I'm fucked up but sometimes I forget just how vile I am as well.

"Don't worry about those minor nonsense details, Beckett. We have bigger things to discuss." Apollyn says, removing his hand as he stands up. He tosses a shirt on and stretches his arms up towards the ceiling.

"Minor nonsense? Are you fucking kidding me?" I ask, sitting up.

“Yes, Beckett. Nonsense. Not important. Doesn’t matter.” Apollyn walks towards my door, turning to look back at me.

“Coming? Let’s have breakfast,” he says, the devilish smirk that I haven’t seen in far too long returning. He expects me to get up and just forget everything?

“No, Apollyn. We need to talk. That can wait.” I get off my bed and walk over to my desk, sitting down in my office chair. I can’t let him brush past this now that I’m fully conscious and sober. Last night was such a blur that I didn’t get to process what happened.

“You can’t just waltz in here and kill anyone who looks at me. You don’t have the right to do that.” I turn in my chair to face him, crossing my arms over my chest. He takes a few steps toward me, and I hate that it makes me nervous.

Now that he’s back, the pain I’ve been feeling in his absence is gone; it feels satisfied. He feels it, too. That’s what’s making it hard to not want to get up and run as far as I can and become untraceable, but I doubt it’s easy to outrun a demon. I look up and meet his eyes, watching as his lips slowly form a smile. How can someone who is so violent and full of sin be this attractive? I can’t help that all I’ve done in the time he’s been gone is fantasize about what he looks like in Hell. Apollyn reaches his hand out to my face and lifts my chin, forcing me to look at him.

“Look at me, Beckett. I mean it.” His gentle grasp of my chin suddenly turns to a harsh grip.

“I mean really look at me,” he says, his expression turning stern with stillness. He takes a final step closer and laces his other hand through my hair, gripping it as tightly as my chin. The fucked-up part of me fails me again as I feel my

cock twitching in my sweatpants. My breathing seems to still as I watch his eyes study me. This is the first time he's truly looked at me, and vice versa. Apollyn's brows furrow as if he's suddenly frustrated.

“Do you see the monster I am, Beckett? Do you feel it? Have I proven it to you through my words and actions yet?” He tightens his grasp in my hair, causing a soft, weak moan to escape my lips. As much as I am terrified, I'm also curious and full of need for him.

“No, Apollyn. I don't see a monster. I see a man hidden beneath that darkness. I see someone who caused me to be in pain for what felt like forever. I have been longing for you, and I fucking hate it as much as you do.” I try to thrash my head to the side as his stare becomes too much. He meets me with a gentle caress of his hand on my cheek as he hovers over me.

“You should see a monster, because that's what I am. Did you know I killed one of my own citizens when I saw you at the bar with that man? And what did I do after that?” He asks, his face now inches from mine. I feel his warm breath across my lips, making me want to lean up and kiss him so hard it would make him lose it.

“I came here and killed the man that I saw with mine. I don't share, not with someone I do not know, Beckett. I refuse.” Apollyn must've read my mind as his lips meet mine, kissing me with absolute wrath and jealousy. He feels human in this moment, with his emotions worn on his sleeve. How could I possibly see a monster when I feel like one myself?

“You bonded us. As soon as I was released under your beck and call, you did it. As soon as my eyes met yours, your soul claimed me. You were only ever meant to love a beast

like me.” He deepens the kiss, climbing onto me to straddle me. I feel my hard length pressing into his thigh, a groan escaping my throat.

“I don’t get it. Why? Why me?” I ask, panting between my words.

“Because Beckett. Some humans are born with their souls tied to darkness. You carry yours well because you only indulge in it through interests, and not out in the real world. Why do you think you couldn’t stop thinking about me before I was even freed?” Apollyn asks as he plants soft kisses down my jaw and onto my neck. I close my eyes, leaning my head back as I give into him.

“I am the demon of lust. I use my sin to force those I want to do my bidding. I didn’t have to force you. You gave in willingly. You wanted me all on your own. You are my equal, Beckett. You see me as no different than you,” he says, nipping on the soft flesh of my neck between his words.

I can’t speak as his words start to connect the dots that have been dancing around in my head. I was born with darkness. I was meant to be able to harness it, accept it, and thrive on it.

“Fuck...Apollyn,” I start to say, my cock aching as he continues to tease me.

“Yes, my little lamb?” He responds, trailing his hand down my chest, tracing over my pecs.

“No, seriously, Apollyn. What do we do? What does it all mean?” I say, trying to make my tone more serious as he continues teasing me.

“We just go with it. We can’t break it, unless I die, and I don’t plan on doing that.” He leans his head down as his hand returns to my hair, playing with it mindlessly. His mouth meets my chest, his tongue slowly flickering over my nipple. I inhale sharply and curse as my back arches once again into him.

“But what about being near each other? If we’re apart, it’s painful. It hurts so fucking bad,” I ask, feeling a bit nervous as my hand meets his hair, finally sinking my fingers through it. It’s just as feather soft as I imagined. It feels so wrong to be gently touching something so sinful.

“That’s easy. You come back with me.” Apollyn lifts his head up, his crystal blue eyes meeting mine and that stupid devilish smirk appears across his face.

“I...I can come back with you...to...to Hell?” I question, my body suddenly feeling tense. Why did I never think that this would be an option in this situation? How the fuck can a human enter such a dark and banished realm alive? Apollyn slowly nods his head yes as he races back up to kiss me. His kiss is full of hunger as both of his hands start gripping onto the sides of my face, pulling me closer.

“There’s only one catch,” he says, catching his breath before kissing me again.

“You have to give me your soul.”



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Apollyn

“My..My soul?” Beckett asks, his eyes going wide with both fear and curiosity.

“Yes, my sweet Beckett. You give your soul to me, so that when the day comes where you pass, you’re forever with me in my kingdom.” I plant a few more slow, passionate kisses down his perfectly sculpted jaw. I can’t seem to get enough of the taste of him. It’s the perfect mixture of masculine, darkness, and the sin I’m radiating into his perfectly corrupted soul.

“Will it hurt me?” He asks, his voice coming out like a breathless sigh. I watch the muscles in his neck tensing as I continue to slowly tease him. I want nothing more than to completely ravish him, but I know he’s not ready for that yet.

Last night was the first layer of what I want to do to him; it barely grazed the surface.

“I would never put you in danger, my little lamb,” I whisper into his ear, my voice laced with desire. “I was serious when I told you I’d never hurt you unless you asked.” I run my hand up to his neck, caressing the side before I place my firm grip around it like a perfect necklace made just for him.

“How do we do it? I’ll do it right now.” His eyes go even wider as he swallows. His hands meet my chest, and he grips my shirt as if he is hanging on for dear life, searching my eyes for answers. He must think I’m going to leave if he doesn’t do it.

In all honesty, I’d do anything I could to keep him near me. I have to. If I don’t, I’ll hurt us both in the end with the pain from the bond. I can’t go back and forth to Earth and my kingdom, not with the current events unfolding. The risk and threat of war is on the forefront, and I can’t put my aching human heart that’s just started to awaken in front of my duty as the archdemon king. I can’t show weakness with constant disappearances. If Beckett truly sees me for who I am beneath my sin, I shouldn’t have a problem. I can’t do this without him.

“Beckett, you should allow yourself to think about it. Where you go after your death is dependent on the decision.” I meet his eyes and almost wince at the pain I see. Not pain that hurts, but pain that has been building from longing for almost a lifetime. Within his eyes I can see everything he’s been through. I can hear the thoughts running through his head; he’s afraid of losing everything again. He’s had so much loss, betrayal, and disappointment in his life. The human part of me feels my heart pulling me to comfort him until every bad thought is cleared from his mind. He’s been battling himself until he’s filled with guilt for wanting me, but he’s starting to

understand that he was born to this fate. He needs me as much as I need him.

“Apollyn,” Beckett says, his tone sounding desperate.

“I have already gone through my own personal Hell. It’s the only place I have known, and I have grown comfortable with it.” Beckett reaches his hand up to my face, caressing it, and I swear I feel myself split in two when his touch registers in my mind. Gentle is not something I’m used to, because demons shouldn’t experience gentle. Was my mother like this with my father? I can’t help but wonder if this is what it’s supposed to feel like. Feeling accepted, and not shunned out of fear. I gulp, biting my bottom lip as I look down to avoid his stare.

“I already know I’m not destined for anything else, Apollyn. Even if I don’t give you my soul, I’d end up with you regardless, I just know it,” Beckett continues while rubbing his thumb along my cheek. “I’ll do it. We can’t avoid it anyway. The longer we go apart, the more it will hurt,” he says.

“Beckett, are you sure?” I ask again, looking back up.

“Yes, Apollyn. I’m all yours, even in death. My soul is your equal, you are my end game.” I can hardly even breathe as I lean down and kiss him like it was my saving grace; Beckett is my saving grace. As soon as our lips meet, sealing the deal, the burning feeling that was once causing me pain now feels like a warm embrace. It feels as if it’s awakening the parts of me I thought were gone for good. I grab the sides of his face, pulling him closer, not able to get enough. A soft moan escapes his lips and I shudder.

“Mine,” I say, a primal growl following my words.

“Every part of you, is now mine.” I grind myself against him again, my cock aching from the friction.

“Your body, your mind, and now your soul. My sweet Beckett, my little lamb.” I wrap my hand around his throat again, gripping hard enough to cause him to lean his head back. I lean down and bite the center muscle, feeling the vibration on my lips as a groan makes its way up. I feel his length hardening against my thigh again,

“You’re my dirty, vile little thing aren’t you.” I growl into his ear, smiling when I feel him shudder. I reach my hand down, gripping his length in my hand. He’s had enough teasing from me, and I’m not letting him suffer another round of coming in his sweatpants because of me. I laugh at the thought as it crosses my mind, causing him to look up at me.

“What is it?” Beckett asks.

“Oh nothing, Just thinking about how intoxicated with true lust I could make you by simply just taking your cock into the back of my throat,” I say, my voice filled with sin. He nods. He fucking nods at that statement, and I can’t stop the smile that forms on my face. Demons don’t do adorable but fuck he’s nothing but.

“You want that, my little lamb?” I ask, palming his pulsing cock while placing soft bites along his neck.

“Please, Apollyn. I’ll do anything.” He pleads, his voice sounding desperate.

“Anything?” I ask, cocking my head to the side, my smile growing wider.

“Yes, anything. Please just touch me.” Beckett pleads again.

“I will. But I want to bring you down with me first.” I get off his lap, keeping my grip on his throat as I coax him to stand with me.

“W-what? I thought you were gonna suc-” His sentence is cut off as I hold my other hand over his mouth.

“Shhh, no questions. You’re mine now, sweet Beckett. Do you trust me?” I ask. Beckett nods slowly, his eyes growing wide.

“Last night, I fucked you to mark my claim. Tonight, I want it to be out of pure, natural lust. I want to feed off of the darkness you hold inside. I want our sins to mesh together to create something beautiful in a place that’s filled with wickedness and despair.” I move my hand to press my lips to his, kissing him deeply and roughly. I pull away and study him for a moment. He’s so fucking beautiful. The thoughts running through his mind are filled with desire and darkness and I don’t think I will ever get enough of him.

“I trust you, Apollyn. Do your worst,” Beckett says, smirking.

“Oh little lamb, my worst will be your absolute best nightmare,” I say.

“Don’t you mean worst?” He teases, biting his lip. I tighten my grip around his throat again and try to ignore my aching cock as I watch the wave of pleasure across his face.

“No. For you, it will be your best. Only for you,” I respond, pulling him closer to me so that our chests are pressed together, bodies aching for each other.

“Let me take you to my home. My kingdom,” I say, taking a deep breath as I crash our lips together again.

“Our home,” Beckett responds.

I smirk before I begin plunging us into darkness.



CHAPTER NINETEEN

Beckett

Time feels like it completely made an exit from my life. I open my eyes and try to take in my surroundings. I thought Hell would be absolutely the opposite of what I'm seeing now. This definitely isn't a bedroom, but it also isn't a field on fire, which is what I kind of expected. I blink a few times, taking in my surroundings. The walls and ceiling are a beautiful matte black, and the room is lit by gold-painted lanterns hung along the sides. There's golden detail etched into the black tiled floor, matching the arched door I see ahead of me. It takes me a moment before I realize that I'm sitting in a chair, which would be normal in any other situation.

Except I can't move my arms.

I try to pull my wrists apart and quickly realize they're tied together by what feels like chains. I gulp, realizing this must be a part of Apollyn's plan. Fear and excitement course through my veins as I hear movement in the distance outside of the walls. The door opens, causing light to shed in. I can see the silhouette of what's standing at the doorway. The darkness of this dimly lit room, mixed with the brightly lit hallway is casting a shadow on the figure, leaving my imagination to start racing. My eyes go wide as I notice the outline of thick, curved horns, and the shape of wings that perfectly extend out from the shoulders all the way down to the hips.

"Apollyn?" I ask, my voice sounding hoarse, probably from the trip down. I don't remember nearly anything from it, except the intense feeling of heat once Apollyn pulled me into him and squeezed with all his strength. The next thing I knew, I opened my eyes, and I was here, in this room.

Is this is personal torture chamber that he told me about?

I anxiously look around the room, noticing things that I swear were not there before. I see chains hanging from hooks, forming what looks like a suspended harness swing. I look over to my left and see a St. Andrew's cross attached to the wall, with a row of hanging knives, more chains, and various types of handcuffs.

"Yes, my little lamb?" Apollyn says, his voice sounding drunk with the lust that he holds. I see the figure, Apollyn, take a few steps closer, shutting the door behind him. Once my eyes come back into the focus of the change in light, I finally see him, my demon.

"What are you doing?" I say, my voice trembling. As much as I've grown to want and trust Apollyn, I can't help but keep my guard slightly up. Were bonded, but my heart is still

unsure. I'm never the one that's looked at as anything special or worth holding on to. Yet, Apollyn looks at me like he's been starving for decades and I'm the first meal he's come across. It's all new to me, being wanted, having someone who sees my darkness and exceeds it.

“Are you hard again for me, little lamb?” Apollyn says, coming into full view. I feel my breath hitch as I look up, his white eyes meeting my gaze.

He's beautiful.

The long, black, curled horns on his head do something to me that I don't understand as I feel warmth pooling in my stomach. I find my breath again, just to lose it as his wings expand into their full glory. Black feathers that look soft as silk coat his entire wingspan.

I look back up, biting my lip as I'm overcome with intense need.

“Y-yes,” I say, my voice still trembling. Apollyn cocks his head to the side and studies me for a moment. I try again to move my arms with no luck, the chains even tighter now.

Apollyn flashes me that goddamn sexy devilish grin of his as he steps right in front of me. His hand laces through the top of my hair, pulling my head back, and forcing me to make direct eye contact.

“Good boy, Beckett. Such a good little lamb. I have a lot planned for you before I give you the grand tour. This is the first stop. My personal torture chamber. I haven't had anyone in here in decades, so you can imagine how pent-up I am.” He

grips my hair tighter, his other hand working to pull my sweatpants down.

“Are you gonna take that out on me?” I ask, feeling more comfortable. Something in me feels like it clicked, like the pieces came together. This darkness inside me was meant for me to feel it. I denied it for too long, trying to push it back down, blaming my desires on the curiosity of the occult and paranormal. But this is real and raw, and exactly what I was destined for.

“Does my little lamb want to play with the devil?” Apollyn says, a primal growl following as he places his hand on my throbbing length. I nod eagerly, a whimper escaping my lips as my eyes roll to the back of my head. He starts stroking me faster, his grip tightening.

“F-fuck, Apollyn,” I cry out, already feeling my release building.

“You are going to tell me when you’re about to cum, you understand?” Apollyn commands.

“I understand, I’ll do whatever you want,” I manage to say between the desperate moans that I can’t help but let out. Apollyn looks me in the eyes and within seconds I nearly lose it.

“S-stop!” I cry out, my back arching. He immediately removes his hand, taking a step back. I look down and helplessly stare at my throbbing length, watching as it twitches and hits my stomach a few times. I catch my breath and come down from the impending release and can’t help but whimper.

I've never been denied like this, I never thought I'd like it. But with Apollyn, everything is different.

Apollyn walks behind the chair, and I feel him loosening the chains around my wrists.

"When I release your arms, you are to stand and follow me," he commands, his voice stern. I nod, taking a deep breath as I hear the chains drop to the floor with a heavy thud. I stand, still holding my arms behind my back. Apollyn takes my wrist in his hand and walks me across the room, over to the side where I noticed the St. Andrew's cross.

"Turn around, face your back to the wall, arms up," he commands again, guiding me against the wall. I bite my lip, trying my best to follow everything he wants of me. I've never been this dominated before; I've always been designated the top, the one in charge. I've gotten to bottom a few times in my life, and definitely enjoyed it, especially with Apollyn. I'm used to being the one in charge, but Apollyn makes me weak. I never thought I'd find complete submission comfortably with someone else. Check that off my bucket list.

"These cuffs are going to secure you here at your wrists," Apollyn says as I look up and see black, padded cuffs with gold buckles strapped across my wrists as he fastens them.

"And these cuffs are going to secure you at your ankles." He does the same gentle buckling at my ankles, while also making sure I can't move.

"Were going to have a safe word, little lamb. It's going to be Jesus. Because that's the last thing that you should be screaming down here with me, understood?" Apollyn says, smirking down at me.

I take a minute to adjust to my new restraints, looking up at my wrists while trying to wiggle them a bit.

“Don’t even think about it. It’s no use,” Apollyn says, his voice growing gravely and harsh. I feel his hand on my cock again, causing me to gasp at the sudden contact. He begins stroking again and pressing his free hand against the wall next to my head. I look up and meet his eyes as a deep moan escapes my lips.

“Now remember, you are to tell me when you’re about to cum. Got it, little lamb?” Apollyn commands as he licks his lips. He looks down and watches as he strokes me, letting out a pleased hum. I watch as his chest rises and falls as his breathing picks up. He’s enjoying getting me off almost more than I’m enjoying getting off. I throw my head back and try to force down the release I feel suddenly building again because I know it’s about to be cut short.

“F-fuck, almost there,” I moan, writhing my body as I try to thrust into his hand.

“Fucccck, please let me cum, Apollyn. Please.” I beg, thrashing on the restraints as I grow frustrated. I must not have noticed the flogger he grabbed as I feel it hitting against the top of my thigh as his hand releases my cock.

“Count,” Apollyn says.

“One,” I respond, wincing at the new pain that I haven’t experienced before, the stinging lasting for several seconds. He raises his arm again, this time the flogger makes contact with my other thigh.

“Two,” I say before he asks again, my voice cracking. Another blow lands right above the base of my cock, along the sensitive part of my pelvic bone.

“FUCK,” I cry out, trying my best not to have to use the safe word.

“Three.” I brace myself for another, but it never comes. My cock is aching with the need for release as I watch his hand slip below his jeans. He turns and grabs the chair I was sitting in, dragging it over to where I’m hung up for display. He comes back over to me for a moment, holding his hand up to my mouth.

“Spit.” Is all he says, and I do as told.

I watch as he unbuttons his jeans, pulling them down just enough to reveal his solid length. I lick my lips when I notice the beads of precum already forming at the head. He starts stroking himself, using the hand coated with my saliva. His head falls back as he groans deeply, grinding his hips up into his hand. He pulls his wings back behind him, resting them together so they’re not in view anymore. All I want to do is touch them, feel the silk feathers between my fingers.

“I bet you wish you weren’t up there right now huh, little lamb,” Apollyn moans, his voice laced with desire.

“I’d do anything, please, Apollyn,” I cry, my cock unbearably hard, nearing the point pain.

“Mmmn, you can beg better than that.” He starts stroking himself faster. “Fuck, Beckett. It feels so good,” Apollyn teases, looking up directly at me. “I want to hear you beg for what’s yours.” He releases his grip on his length, and I watch

as it throbs, hitting his belly button as he leans back in the chair.

“Please Apollyn, please let me ride your cock. I need you, I need to cum. I want us to cum together again,” I cry out, panting so hard I feel myself getting lightheaded from the tension and pleasure.

He stands up, walking back over to me. Before I have another second to try begging again, his hand hits hard against my right cheek, causing my head to fall to the side.

“I said, fucking beg for what’s yours, little lamb,” Apollyn says, his voice low and rough. I feel my cock jump as he presses close to me. I swallow hard, taking in a shallow breath as I turn my head back to face him. I know he’s testing me, making sure I can ask for what I want. He needs to make sure I know that I have a say in whatever happens to me.

“Give me,” I say in between my panting breaths. “My. Fucking. Cock. Make me cum while riding you, make me scream your name.” I can’t help the groan that comes from my lips as I feel his cock pressing against mine. Apollyn grips my jaw, pressing his mouth to mine, taking a greedy, hungry kiss from my lips.

“Good little lamb. I knew you would figure it out.” He starts unbuckling the restraints in a hurry as he seems to become as desperate as I am. He wraps his arms around my hips as he picks me up and I wrap my legs around his. I lean down and kiss him again, desperate to taste him. As soon as he sits down, I feel the head of his cock pressed against my entrance.

“Do you feel how hard I am for you, Beckett?” he asks. I shudder at the use of my name, instead of his pet name for me.

“Yes, you’re just as needy for me, as I am for you,” I whisper, my lips hovering above his. I feel him reach down onto the floor as he grabs his jeans, pulling something out. He starts stroking himself again for a moment before teasing his middle finger on my entrance. I feel the cool, slick feeling of lube as he preps me. How considerate.

“Neither of us are going to last long,” I say against his lips, kissing him deeply.

“I don’t care, little lamb. Any moment like this with you, is without the value of time. I’ve been waiting painful centuries for you. No one has felt right. No one but you,” Apollyn says, caressing the side of my face.

“Stop being so nice, and fuck me like you truly mean that,” I say, my voice gravely as I grind impatiently on his cock.

He does as I ask and pushes himself into me in one fluid motion. I let out a sudden scream of pleasure as he fills me to the hilt.

“Mine. You’re all mine,” He says through gritted teeth, a deep moan vibrating in his chest.

“I’m all yours, just as you are all mine,” I respond, throwing my head back as I match his thrusting by grinding my hips with his rough, fast rhythm.

I feel my release building with urgency as he hits the perfect spot on my prostate, causing me to fall onto him. I bite

down on the top of his shoulder, crying out with every thrust. I'm not even touching myself, as I feel myself about to cum.

“Holy f-fuck, Apollyn, don't stop. I'm-I'm gonna cum,” I yell, pushing myself back up.

“That's it, little lamb. Cum for me. Show me how good I make you feel,” Apollyn says, letting out a deep growl as I feel his cock throb inside of me. I take my cock in my hand and in three, tight strokes I watch as ropes of cum hit his stomach and chest. Desperate, filthy noises and curses leave his lips as his hands tighten their grip around my hips. I feel his nails dig into each side, forcing me down harder on him.

“Good boy, just like that. Keep riding this cock. Such a perfect tight ass,” Apollyn says, breathing shakily between each praise.

A sudden wave of curiosity hits me as I look down and study him for a brief second. I carefully move my arms up and start caressing my hands gently along the curves of his black horns, shuddering at the rough feel of them. I grow hard again as I grip them, watching as his eyes open wide. He lets out a deep moan, as he slams his cock into me even harder.

“That's it, get a good grip.” I watch his eyes roll back as I do just that, using his sinfully crafted horns to keep myself in place as he unleashes his pent-up frustration on me.

It must do something for him, touching his horns like this, because the way he's reacting is the same as I was when he was edging me, desperate and almost feral. I bite my lip, feeling like I'm on top of the world as I hear the filthy sounds coming from him. I reach my other hand back, gliding my fingers gently across the top curve of his wings that outstretch from his shoulder blades, feeling the softer feathers. I shudder

as I realize his wings feel the same as his hair. God he's so fucking sexy like this, *I can't wait to tell Lilith that I still like him even when he's not shielding himself as fully human.*

He leans his head back, letting out one final deep, primal, raspy growl as I feel him release inside me, staking his claim once again. I fall back down onto him, shaking with the feeling of coming again, this time without even touching myself.

He stays inside me, wrapping his arms around the middle of my back, holding me close.

"I think I found the king's weak spots," I tease as soon as we both catch our breath. Apollyn lets out a soft laugh as his face is buried in my neck. The sound vibrates right into my heart.

"Don't get used to it, sweet Beckett. You caught me," he says, his voice sounding relieved and exhausted.

"Can you show me your room now? I'd love to actually watch you sleep for once," I laugh, running my fingers through his hair. He responds with a pleased growl as he slides out of me, and I whine with the sudden empty feeling. He stands us up, continuing to hold me.

"I'll show you anything you want, Beckett," he says.

I sigh happily, leaning my head down to rest on his shoulder as he walks us out of the room.

I'm realizing how fucked I really am when the first thought that crosses my mind is *'I want you to show me if you*

can love.'



CHAPTER TWENTY

Apollyn

I open my eyes to see Beckett, sound asleep curled up into my side. I don't know what dynamic changed within the last day, but I'm not going to question it in fear of losing it. I am starting to feel things, and I'm terrified. I have never felt this warm, connected feeling in my entire life. The bond is to blame, but it wouldn't have happened if it wasn't meant to. Beckett was made to be by the side of someone as powerful as me. He confirmed it as soon as he gave his soul over to me, without hesitation.

I can feel it stirring inside me, his soul. It's almost pure, if pure could be cast with a shadow of sin and still be considered untainted by darkness. He's mine to protect from this moment on.

From the first moment I heard him bringing boxes inside that house, I could hear his thoughts. I listened for weeks and weeks until I was able to finally touch him. He slowly let me in, as his interest in me grew stronger; he saw past every layer of my darkness.

Knowing Beckett has been through horrendous treatment from previous boyfriends makes the need to shelter him even stronger. I always listened closely when he would have his Witch friend Lilith over as they drank and complained about men.

I vowed to myself to one day find each of the scum who dared to try and dampen his beautiful darkness that I now hold and throw them into the deepest pits of this Hell.

Beckett stirs awake, making a soft groaning noise as his body stretches out beside me.

“Good morning, my sweet Beckett,” I say, caressing his cheek. He looks so happy, finally. Again, I’m not one to feel things or emotions like this. I can register, recognize, and use emotions as needed to get what I want, but it’s never been real. Beckett makes it feel real.

“Morning. What time is it? Or does that not matter here?” He asks.

“It’s around 10:00am, so yes time works the same. Actually, I made my Circle run on Eastern Standard Time to make things easier when I travel. I stay mostly north anyway.” Beckett lets out a scoff as his arm wraps across my chest, squeezing himself closer. I have a tightening feeling in my chest causing my breathing to hitch.

Once again, I am feeling things. Things I don't understand or know how to understand. I love feeling him this close to me finally. I've been waiting months. The bond is settled deep within me, causing a constant warm, low humming inside me. The closer he gets to me, and the more I start to feel things such as happiness, and admiration, the warmer it gets, as if it's satisfied. Last night, as we were leaving my dungeon, I heard the thoughts he had in his head. He asked if I would be able to love and I haven't stopped thinking of what the answer would be. If that's what this bond is forming between us, I can't stop it; I'm not sure if I would try to anyway.



A violent banging on the door startles Beckett, making him jump upright, clutching onto my arm.

“What was that?” He asks, his sexy as sin morning voice sounding raspier as he lowers his voice. It's probably thanks to a good night's sleep without a certain demon pestering him from under his bed. The banging on the door gets faster.

“Come in, be warned we are in bed,” I yell, knowing it's probably just Landon with a morning update. He's used to me sleeping in most days and having to find me in bed to talk to me instead of in my office.

The door opens and Landon quickly rushes in, closing the door behind him. The first thing I notice is the blood sprayed across his face. It can't be his, I don't see any visible wounds or cuts.

“My King,” Landon says, out of breath. “I'm sorry to intrude, I know it's a bad time,” he finishes, his eyes bouncing between me, and then Beckett.

“They're here. The Ninth Circle is here.” Landon steps closer toward the bed, not caring to ask any details on how Beckett agreed to give me his soul, and how the trip back went. I replay the words he just spoke in my head and then it hits me.

“What the fuck do you mean they're here, My Lord? Where is the blood from? Are you all right?” My questions come out one after the other as my mind floods with panic and rage. I get up, hurrying over to my closet to rummage through it in case fighting gear is needed.

“We're under attack. They just broke through the gates. The bandits came in a pack much bigger than we were prepared for. Our guards couldn't hold all of them back.” Landon leans down, cupping his head in his hands.

“I'm sorry we had to meet like this, Beckett. I'm hoping Apollyn didn't leave you in the dark regarding what was conspiring here in his kingdom,” Landon says, his voice weak.

Beckett clears his throat, sitting up more in bed. I toss him a pair of armored leather pants, black shirt, and the highest quality pierce proof vest I have. I'll have to go in with my second best, the one I wore the last time an attack like this happened. I gulp, holding down my rage and anger,

remembering how hard I fought for my father yet failed in the end. This time, I will not fail.

“Yes, I filled him in. What caused this so suddenly without warning? I thought we’d have more time,” I ask as I finish getting dressed, signaling Beckett to get up and do the same.

I walk over to my bigger wardrobe, opening the golden doors to see my black crown sitting upon a blood-red pillow on the top shelf. Flashbacks of seeing my father lying in a pool of his own blood as I clutched onto him for dear life, begging him not to go. I grab the crown, putting it atop my head, shaking off the building sadness. Beckett’s eyes meet mine, and I watch as he studies me. I make sure the crown is in its proper position, angling it correctly to fit around the base of my horns. He bites his lip, and looks down, his expression looking nervous as he’s never fully seen me as being a king until this moment.

“Their King, Nix, made it known that he could feel your human side making its presence known.” Landon looks over at Beckett, his jaw flexing as his features tense up.

I freeze, as all the dots connect in my head. The bond, feeling emotions I can’t explain regarding Beckett, the attacks ever since I was gone the first time. He thinks I’m growing weak, when I’m the fucking opposite of weak right now; I’m the best I’ve ever fucking felt.

“How many are injured?” I ask, opening the cabinet that’s within my wardrobe to sort through my personal artillery, grabbing my favorite sword. I pause as my fingers land on a machete, and I grab it without questioning myself. I walk over and place it in Beckett’s hand, nodding to him. I sheath my sword on my hip, and grab the finishing touch, my black and

blood-red royal jacket. I haven't had to fully dress for battle like this in so long that I begin to panic. Panic is also a new feeling I've come to feel since meeting Beckett. *Little did I know I've felt it plenty of times as the King, go figure.*

“At least 100 right now. We need to go, we need to find you safety, My King,” Landon says, standing up, walking toward me to place his hand on my shoulder. “You don't have to go through this again, Apollyn,” he says, his tone filled with guilt. I swallow hard, shaking my head. I take a moment and look over to Beckett as he proudly stands with his arms crossed low in front of him. *I can't deny it, he looks really good as one of my personal soldiers.*

“I promised as the King of the Second Circle to defend the souls I keep within this realm. I will not bow down at this threat, because I am not weak, and I will not falter, My Lord,” I say, grinding my molars together.

“It's not in my power to fight you, My King. I will be by your side as you need me,” Landon says, bowing his head at me.

“I will be more than happy to serve beside My King, Apollyn.” Beckett takes a few steps towards us, his jaw tensing as he approaches us.

“Beckett, you are not trained for any kind of bat-“

“I don't want to hear it, Apollyn. If you die, my soul does too. It will be restless with nowhere to go. You said it yourself. My existence depends on your survival. I will stay by your side to make sure my soul will get to rest with you forever,” he says, tears forming in his eyes as he quickly swipes them away with his hand. I look down, sighing deeply as I hear the commotion outside the walls.

I freeze, Landon's grip releasing from my shoulder.

"I think we need to stop this discussion now and act on it. My King, follow my lead, Beckett, follow beside him. Don't stray from either of us," Landon says, meeting my eyes. I nod, silently watching as he heads to open the door.



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Beckett

We enter the hall, and it's eerily quiet. I watch as Landon and Apollyn stalk in front of me, their eyes darting every which way as we make our way to the stairs. I hold my breath to suppress a gasp as I see the massive gold room; it looks like a dining area. The massive table stretches all the way out of view. My eyes widen as the view comes more into focus, noticing the pools of blood everywhere. I see bodies, thrown all around on the floor, the chairs, and across the table. My mouth opens but a scream doesn't come out as a hand covers it.

"Shhh...Becket. Just stay with us," Apollyn whispers in my ear as I start shaking. We continue stepping forward slowly, and I feel nothing but fear. It's too quiet in here for what must have happened only moments before we started

making our way out. I look around, taking in the breathtaking art and sculptures all around the walls and onto the ceilings.

We descend the long, wide stairs, crouching as we reach the bottom. I try to look away from the massacre in front of me. I'm used to seeing this kind of stuff in horror films, but never in real life. I take a deep breath, closing my eyes for a moment as I hear the other two start moving forward again. As soon as I open them again, I hear a sword unsheathing from a scabbard.

“MY KING, APOLLYN-” Landon's voice cries out. I open my eyes as I hear a deep roar, and I can't believe what I'm seeing. *There's blood. So much blood.* My knees drop to the ground as a horrendous, raw cry bursts from my chest. Landon falls onto his back as the monstrous looking bandit tackles him, both of them falling with a loud thud. I see Landon's long, black blade piercing through into the back of the bandit, leaving it lifeless. He quickly throws it off of him as he scrambles to run over in front of him. To Apollyn.

Apollyn is on the ground.

He's not moving.

A burning pit of heat builds deep inside me.

“NO. No, no, no, APOLLYN!” I yell, crawling over to where his body is lying lifeless.

I look down at the amount of blood pouring out of him, as black as his soul. The burning turns into a sharp, aching pain coursing through me and it gets harder to breathe.

“Apollyn, please, open your eyes. Everything is okay.”

I love you.

I repeat those words over and over again in my head, hoping that if some part of him is still conscious, still breathing, he will hear it and react to it. I scan his body and find the source of the blood. His heart. That fucking waste of existence pierced through his heart. Wait, he wasn't wearing his best armor, he gave it to me. I let out a desperate cry, throwing my head back as I tear the jacket he gave me off, placing it over his lower half.

“Apollyn, please, you can't go yet,” I cry. “Landon, please do something. There must be something you can do,” I cry, my voice becoming raw.

“Beckett, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry,” he responds, his hand falling onto my shoulder. I hear the sounds of chaos outside, the citizens all running for their lives as the bandits move in closer, while their king lies here hopeless. This can't be real. I wasn't ready to let go yet; I never planned on having to.

Apollyn coughs, the blood spurting from his mouth as he nearly chokes on it, struggling to breathe.

“Apollyn...please,” I beg again, tears falling faster than I can wipe them away. I watch as they fall onto his chest, like a leaking faucet.

“I will walk through what will now be a charred ruin of scorn barren wasteland if it means I get to be by your side. You can't give up on me yet. I just finally got you,” I say softly, feeling my anger build up towards King Nix of the Ninth Circle.

“APOLLYN.” I scream, my voice cracking. I start shaking his almost lifeless body, begging for a miracle.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

I cry out in my mind over and over, closing my eyes as I yell it louder each time, hoping that if his subconscious can hear it, he will know I’m still here. The bond will let him know I’m right here.

He has to still be here; he can’t go yet.

I look down, holding my breath as I see him try to blink. Even covered in blood that’s half his, half someone else’s as he lays here surrounded by his slain citizens, he’s still beautiful.

I see his lips twitch as he swallows, and I swear I’ll never wish the pain I’m feeling as the bond tugs at me violently on anyone. His eyes meet mine as his blinking slows and he lets out a harsh cough.

“I love you too, sweet Beckett.”

To be continued...

Acknowledgements

First of all, I'm sorry about the cliffhanger. I had to do it.

Yes, I am aware of many things that were left unfinished, or not explained in detail just yet. Such as Apollyn's 'powers' that are mentioned in the beginning. I promise, those will be touched on further in book two, it was on purpose.

I wrote my first book, Beautifully Broken in July of 2022, and did not expect the response that I got. It hit the top charts 6 times and was the #1 new release in its categories on and off for a month! That couldn't have happened without you guys, the readers. With almost 200k pages read (as of right now) it's safe to say my debut novella did pretty good. Because of this, I had the confidence and support to be able to write.

Nightmares of Apollyn is the 'monster romance' that I kept wishing I could find. I wanted the mix between human and paranormal being to sort of dip my toes into the genre. The second book will have a lot more exploration into Apollyn's 'features' (wink, wink) and I hope to really hit the mark with it!

Now onto the sappy shit.

I have so many people to thank, which is incredible. First of all, my boyfriend, Zachary. Without you, none of this would have even started. My dream of becoming an author has been in the back of my mind since I was 15. You made me believe in myself enough to be able to start writing and not stop. Because of you, I was able to leave my 9-5 job to go work part time, so I'd have more time to pursue writing. You always have the patience to listen to my rantings about what I'm writing, or what I want to write. Without you, I truly believe none of this would have ever happened.

Now to get past the sappy part, I have more people to thank. To those on Instagram and TikTok who I always see in my notifications, and who are always sharing my posts and showing support for me; thank you. I appreciate you guys more than I can express. Lindsey, Amy, Allie, Marianne, Rylee Hale,

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Without all of you, even those whose names I might have missed, I wouldn't be where I am now. I'm so grateful that you all are part of my support system.

Now, a special thank you is needed for my lovely editor, Tori. You found me through a TikTok I posted about Beautifully Broken, and immediately started supporting me and cheering me on. As soon as you reached out and told me you'd love to edit my next book, I had to jump right on it. Through video calls, snapchats, and texts, you got it done. You loved this story as much as I did and made sure it was perfect for the readers. I can't wait to see you grow your editing dreams and I hope you continue to work with me and my crazy book ideas. You really became more than just an editor throughout this process, and that's so rare to find. I can't wait to see what the future holds for both of us! Thank you for being such a beautiful soul.

Thank you again to everyone who has enjoyed my books. Without you guys, I wouldn't be an author.

If you're bored while waiting for the next book to come out, feel free to head on over and read *Beautifully Broken!* It's available on Kindle Unlimited, and paperback.

If you made it this far into my endless rant, I have a special secret for you. I'm in the works of another novella. It will be another MM romance featuring best friends to lovers!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Meagan Bates (MP Bates) lives in upstate New York where she spends most of her time reading, playing with her cats Nellie and Zelda, or hanging out with her boyfriend, Zach, and daughter. Meagan hates third person speaking.

I have been writing short stories here and there since high school. My original writing style started with inspiration from Twilight when it first came out, and TV shows such as Supernatural. Now I write dark romance, and plan to write

books that I keeps wishing I could pick up and read myself but can't seem to find.

Meagan is active on social media such as Instagram, Twitter, and TikTok, and would always love to engage with anyone who enjoys her work!

Instagram: meaganbatesauthor 

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Facebook group: MP Bates readers support group

Follow for updates on Meagan's next upcoming books! Dreams of Apollyn, part of The Second Circle duology, a Dark paranormal MM romance, is expected to release in 2023