

# SINFUL DISCIPLINE



DEADLY SINS

*PS. Nail*

**SINFUL DISCIPLINE**

**DEADLY SINS COLLECTION**



P.S. NAIL





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Dedicated to Carmen because

“You don’t earn wings here, my love, you treasure them.”

## INFORMATION

Warning: This book contains explicit language and loss of angel wings.

It also contains explicit sexual content that includes unprotected sex, spanking, extra *sexual* appendages, and swapping of bodily fluids, e.g. semen.

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# SINFUL DISCIPLINE



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## CHAPTER 1

### ASTRID

**W**hen your soul belonged to the King of the Angels, you shouldn't do stupid shit. Most of us knew not to be lustful, fail a mission, or steal. What you *definitely* shouldn't try to do was escape. Not unless you knew for sure your ass wasn't going to get caught, but I was too determined to let that stop me. Freedom wasn't very far from the horizon when I was dragged back to the Kingdom of Solace and manhandled all the way through the giant, golden gates of the castle.

There were several rules you couldn't break if you lived here. If you did, you would be exiled from the angel lands and your soul would belong to the King of the Demons. Fortunately for me, I didn't break one of those rules, so at least I still had a chance to beg for forgiveness. But unfortunately, trying to escape my *job* would still come with a harsh punishment, something with which I was extremely familiar.

At least I wouldn't be stripped of my wings. Right?

My knees bashed against the cold marble floor as I was thrown in front of the king. With my hands bound behind my

back, I wasn't able to push away the brown hair that had fallen over my eyes.

A long, exasperated sigh echoed through the giant throne room as it left the king. "What did she do this time?"

"She tried to escape again, sir."

I pursed my lips together to blow away my wayward locks so I could see him and hopefully figure out his mood. My eyes quickly darted to his golden wings, which were spread wide with a slight flutter to them. His blonde hair that fell just past his pecs didn't seem to have a sheen to it, which meant one thing: he was frustrated as fuck with me.

The look on his face told me he also wasn't surprised by my actions. Probably since I'd been caught three other times. "What is your excuse for this attempt, Astrid?"

I did what I always did when I was in trouble—I lied.

"I was just flying too close to the border, that's all. Since it's a cloudy day, I wasn't watching where I was going and didn't notice how far out I had gotten." I gave him a gleaming, angelic smile that was lit by the rays of sun shining through the window, revealing that it definitely wasn't cloudy. I reminded myself to come up with better lies *before* I'm caught in the future. "I won't do it again, sir."

The king's eyes darted to the asshat that apprehended me. "What really happened?"

The guard shifted uncomfortably before he cleared his throat. "She was beyond the gates and extremely close to the

Enchanted Circle when she was seized, sir.”

The king seemed like he would rather jab his own thumbs into his eyeballs than deal with any more of my shenanigans. “We can’t keep playing these games, Astrid. You failed in your earth life and you can’t go back, no matter how hard you try. With every idiotic thing you have managed to do, you’ve received *every* punishment we have along with extra training *and* guidance. Yet, somehow you’re *still* a worse angel than you ever were a human, and that’s saying a lot.”

“I know, I know. It won’t happen again.” I saddened my eyes so the impact of my lies was more believable. “I’m sorry.”

“Your apologies aren’t worth much anymore.” He shifted and crossed his extraordinarily large legs. I had been an angel for six years and thrown to the king’s mercy hundreds of times, yet I still wasn’t used to how massive he was. “I can’t keep punishing you over and over with no results. The archivist can’t even keep up with scribing your foolishness. They’re running out of scrolls!”

Calmness was a virtue for all angels, but especially for the king. The muscles on the side of my lip tightened at the fact that I made him raise his voice. It was rare when he did and, rumor has it, only I could make him that angry. My half smile quickly faded when his demeanor changed. A gloominess settled on his face as his bright green eyes glistened. It was something I had never seen before in my many, *many* times being in trouble.



“Astrid Jillian Westfall, you are sentenced to punishment by ostracization.”

The guards around me gasped as my heart thundered in my chest. “What? You can’t be serious!”

The king took a deep breath and rose from his throne. The tight line his lips were pressed into confirmed the fact that he was one hundred percent serious. “Bring her to her feet!”

The guards hesitated before they yanked me up.

“King Hariel, please!”

A shining tear rolled down the king’s cheek. “I’m sorry,” he whispered and a realization, along with panic, hit me.

“No! Not my wings!” Even though I hated being here, my beautiful wings were the only thing that made me happy.

He raised his massive hand and gestured toward me. Golden sparkles of magic danced around my body, blocking my vision. My shoulder blades tingled for seconds before sharp pain replaced the feeling. Every ounce of angelic purity was removed from me as hundreds of white feathers fell to the floor. Now that I was wingless, an emptiness filled my soul.

“My king,” I whispered as I sniffed back tears.

“You’re a citizen of Abaddon Kingdom now, you are no longer under my reign. Avaress Vance is now your king.”

“NO!”

Another swift motion of the king’s hand and I was standing outside of a giant black castle. The angel guards who were

once holding me steady were now replaced by two demons that seemed just as shocked as I was.

“What the hell are you doing here?” one asked as he grabbed my arm.

“I was ... I was ...” My words were gone. My brain was barely processing the fact that my soul and body now belonged to the King of the Demons.

“Take her inside,” the other one said. “I’ll find out what the hell King Hariel is doing.”

My feet moved of their own accord as I was escorted through black halls made of stone. By the time we entered the throne room, tears of remorse were rolling down my cheeks.

At the head of the vast room was a black leather throne trimmed in gold, ornate wood. Upon it sat a brawny man with coal black hair and matching sharp horns that curled slightly. Behind his tanned, shirtless body was a set of blackish-gray, batlike wings. The span of them was the largest I had ever seen. Thick leathery skin stretched across sharp bones and tiny vessels of blood ran through them like a roadmap. Pointy talons protruded out the edge of the wings where each bone stopped. Shock filled me when I noticed tattoos covered his entire body. To say he was sexy would have been an understatement.

King Avaress’ face was stone cold as his eyes locked on me. “What is the meaning of this?”

The guard let go of my arm as I stumbled to a halt. “We aren’t sure. She just showed up outside the castle.”

The king tilted his head as his eyes wandered my face. “Why are you here?”

“I ... ” My voice must have been taken along with my wings.

“Spit it out!”

I squished my eyes together tightly, wishing this wasn’t real. “I was exiled.”

“Where are your papers?”

I opened my eyes and they met him. “My what?”

“Your papers. They can’t send you here without them. It’s not legally binding by our laws or theirs if you don’t have paperwork!”

In my mind, I immediately hoped that I would be magically saved by some dumb monarchy loophole.

“I have a message for you,” a woman said to the king as she entered. My hopes immediately dissipated when she handed him a small golden scroll with King Hariel’s signature wax seal on it.

King Avaress impatiently ripped the scroll open and quickly read it. “You were exiled for trying to escape?”

One of the demon guards laughed but abruptly stopped when the king’s eyes shot to him before they drifted back to me.

“I asked you a question, Astrid.” His voice was fierce, but I couldn’t help noticing that the deep timbre of it was sexy as hell.

“I was, sir.”

His cheeks tightened as a large smile fell upon his face. “Sir?”

“Shall I address you another way?” *Asshole? Fuckface?*

He rose from his throne and I was able to see just how massive he was as he made his way toward me. Stopping only inches from my face, he inhaled deeply.

“I can smell your soul. It isn’t pure.” I swallowed hard at the extremely true accusations. “You’re too nefarious for the angels. I’m surprised you lasted as long as you did.”

I bit my lip as his eyes trailed from my face, slowly down to my breasts. The way they devoured my body, inch by inch, sent tingles straight to my pussy. Since I was used to refraining from having sexual desires, I pressed my thighs together to keep the sensation away.

He let out a snicker as if he knew what I was feeling.

Once he was done eye fucking me, he raised a massive hand to my face. He curled his first finger forward and I sucked in a breath when a sharp claw emerged from it. He ran the talon down my cheek and whispered something in a language I had never heard before.

Confusion and anger settled in me and I pulled away from him. “What does that mean?”

A satisfied grin spread across his face. “It means *you’re mine.*”

Anger is what got me killed on earth. Since I was only twenty-eight years old when I died, my guardian angel took me to the kingdom of angels so I could learn to be less wrathful, and I had been biting my tongue ever since. At this point, I had enough with being polite and well mannered.

“The fuck I am!”

A small, dangerous laugh left him. “Your soul is mine, which means *you* are mine.” His eyes darted to one of the guards. “Take her to a room and have her change out of this angel garb.”

I tripped over my feet as demons turned me around. Quickly craning my neck over my shoulder, I watched the demon king as I was escorted away.



## CHAPTER 2

### AVARESS

I really didn't like it when my normal daily routine got interrupted. Stealing souls and disbursing punishments was always at the top of my agenda. But when Astrid was hauled into my castle, it put a halt to my tasks. At first I was frustrated as fuck with having to deal with *another* wayward angel that my brother sent over, but this girl was different.

*Asshole* and *Fuckface* aren't normal things angels think when they're upset. It drew me to her so quickly, my dick still hadn't softened even though hours have passed. The smell of her impure soul was intoxicating, but the smell of her fear mixed with hints of lust was enough to drive any demon insane. Her lightly tanned skin, dark hair, and big brown doe eyes made her attractive enough, but when she turned around and I saw her pure white gown clinging to that perfect ass of hers, I almost lost it. If my guards wouldn't have been there, I probably would have fucked her on the floor until her screams echoed through the throne room.

I was pacing my chambers as I continued to think about her. As I disrobed, I caught sight of my throbbing cock in the

mirror. The six prongs on the end of it were still shivering, wanting to be inside of her. I wrapped my hand around the shaft and squeezed begging it to stop. Visions of her dark hair and thoughts of her tainted soul kept blood pulsing through my erection. Immediately needing to resolve this situation, I focused my mind on her location in the castle. Having telepathy was a gift that I was grateful for, but the best gift ever was being able to see anyone in the kingdom without them knowing.

A large circle made of black sparkling magic appeared in front of me. The visions of her in it were so clear it was like I was standing next to her. She had changed out of her angel gown and was now in a solid black chemise. Making her way to the window, she drew the curtains closed before she headed toward her bed.

After pulling back the covers, she laid down and her perky breasts pointed to the ceiling. Needing her to touch herself, I decided to use a little more magic and plant some erotic thoughts. Her nipples hardened through her silky gown as I inserted some telepathic visions into her head of me fucking her. At first, she tried to fight them by closing her eyes and scrubbing her hands down her face, so I took it one step further and implanted some words.

*Touch yourself. You're allowed to do it now that you're not an angel.*

Her breathing sped up and she ran her hands over her nipples. She squeezed her thighs tightly together as she started



to squirm. I was wondering if I had gone too far when I planted the image of my pronged cock, but when her thighs fell open, I knew I was in.

One of her hands slid across her stomach, gripped the edge of her nightgown, and yanked it up. Her fingers gently slid into the edge of her panties before she let out a gasp.

“Oh, fuck,” she groaned. “I missed this.”

Knowing she probably hasn't had an orgasm in a while had me running my hand slowly up and down my shaft, keeping rhythm with her. It had only been a few minutes when she started to go faster.

*Not yet, slow down.* She did what I said in her mind and leisurely moved her fingers in circles with one hand, while the other grasped at her breast.

When she yanked her hand out of her panties, I almost stormed down to her room to finish her myself. My stroking continued when she shimmed her underwear off and dropped her knees completely open. Moving my view of the magic portal, I now had a perfect view of her juicy pussy.

Wasting no time, her hand immediately went back to work. Gliding her fingers between her lips, she spread them open and dipped them inside of her, bringing the wetness back up to her clit. Each time she did it, I thumbed the end of my cock, pretending it was in her. Deciding to change up the visions, I pulled my dick out and slid down her body. I let my forked tongue be seen before I put it to use.

“Oh my god,” she screamed when I rolled it around her clit. Each individual end of my tongue was two separate muscles and I had major control of each one. I moved them in different directions, causing her to buck and grind on my face.

Her thighs trembled as she dug her hands into my hair. A loud moan filled the empty room as her body convulsed. “Oh, fuck!”

“Yes, baby. Come for me,” I whispered as I felt my own orgasm getting closer. Gripping tight, I stroked a few more times before my cock pulsed and cum shot out of me.

With heavy breaths, I opened my eyes. My new little friend was panting furiously, sprawled out on the bed, completely sated.

“Get some sleep.” Astrid sat up in shock from the sound of my voice and looked around the room. “You have many orgasms ahead of you.”

She sucked in a gasp and I let the magical circle disappear.



## CHAPTER 3

### ASTRID

**L**ast night I thought I had a fantastic imagination until I realized I wasn't alone. Well, technically I was, but he was there with me somehow. He was in my head. After the shock wore off, I expected to be mad, but I wasn't. Probably because it was the best orgasm I had in an extremely long time but I sure as hell wasn't going to let him know that. I couldn't help but wonder if the things that happened in my visions could happen in real life. His cock was literally vibrating inside of me! If that's not a thing, it really should be.

Was being owned by the demon king such a bad thing?

A knock fell upon my door so I made my way over and opened it.

A stone faced guard stared at me. "The king is waiting for you at the breakfast table."

"Well, you can tell him I'm not coming!" As I started to slam the door in his face, his hand stopped it.

"I have been ordered to carry you down there if you don't oblige."

“For fuck’s sake!” I stormed over to the closet, grabbed a robe, and slid it on. I gave ole demon guard a dirty look as I emerged from my room.

My bare feet were cold against the black marble floor as I followed him down to the dining hall. At the head of a massive table filled with food sat the man, the demon, I had imaginary sex with last night.

He glanced towards my direction with a half arrogant grin. There was a hitch in my breath from the way his eyes took me in.

“Today is a special day for you.” I gave him a look that basically said I didn’t give a shit as I stopped and stood next to the table. “Sit.”

The way he said it was more of a command than an offer. A guard pulled out my chair and I took a seat.

“What is so special about today?” I asked as I started spooning food onto my plate.

He never responded as I continued to serve myself. Once I was done, I glanced up at him. He was watching me so I decided to repeat the same line he said to me yesterday. “I asked you a question, Avaress.”

An arrogant grin spread across his face. “When I’m speaking to someone, I prefer their eye contact.”

“Really, because you weren’t making eye contact when you were *speaking* to me last night in my bedroom.” I stabbed a chunk of meat and shoved it in my mouth as I held his gaze.

The smile fell off his face in an instant. One nod of his head and the guards left the room. I swallowed down the half chewed bite out of fear when he rose from his chair. My heart raced uncontrollably as he made his way over to me. Grabbing my chin, he tipped my face up towards his.

“Would you like me to make eye contact tonight when I ravage you?”

My breaths were heavy as I quietly stared into his gorgeous, icy blue eyes. I didn't answer, I couldn't. My pussy, on the other hand, had a mind of its own when it clenched in excitement.

He inhaled deeply and gave me a huge smile. “I'll take that scent as a yes.” Releasing my chin, he went back to his seat and I immediately missed the closeness of him.

I couldn't help but wonder if I really wanted him or just wanted my brains fucked out.

“So, like I was saying. It's a special day for you.” I stared at him, waiting for him to elaborate, but was met by silence. Then he raised his hand and small black sparkles of magic danced their way toward me.

A tingling sensation ran from my shoulder blades to my lower back seconds before a strong sense of power filled me. My body was pushed slightly forward when large black demon wings emerged from my back.

It took me a year to earn my wings in the angel land so confusion filled me as I stared at the beauty of them. Each

strong bone was covered in the same fleshy skin the king's wings were. "You gave me wings?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I?"

I swallowed back tears as the weight of my new wings gave me a familiar comfortableness. "Because I haven't earned them yet."

"You don't earn wings here, love, you treasure them."

I was grateful for my new found wings, but I had a feeling he was going to regret giving them to me. "Can I explore the grounds after breakfast?"

"Of course. Just don't go past the Enchanted Circle."

"I won't." I smiled through the lie and continued eating my food. The Enchanted Circle was the barrier between the living world and the realm we lived in. It was exactly where I was going to go.



**A**fter breakfast, I immediately changed into some black trousers and a tank top. I slid on the gold bangles I was wearing on my arms when I arrived and made my way outside. None of the demon guards even gave me a second look when I passed them. Standing in the middle of the huge garden filled with magenta and black dahlias, I flapped my wings and ascended into the sky. The familiarness of the cool breeze blowing my hair back was exhilarating. I flew around for a good twenty minutes, getting a view of the area. For demon

lands, it was surprisingly green and plush. I guess I was expecting hellfire and brimstone, but all I got was flowers and waterfalls.

Now that my wings had gotten a good stretch, I decided to execute my plan. Taking a sharp right, I headed towards the Enchanted Circle. There was one thing the demon king didn't know about: I had spent years building up my flying speed and I was fast as fuck.

With each flap of my wings, all I thought about was getting coffee from Cool Beans Cafe. It was a little place close to where I used to live on earth. I had yearned for their coffee for the last six years of my afterlife. It was inexpensive, delicious, and significantly better than Starbucks.

When I got past the first boundary, my heart raced with fear and excitement. Looking over my shoulder, there were no demon guards chasing me, which slightly took the thrill out of it. Part of me wondered if I really did want to escape this realm and return to earth or if I just loved the adrenaline that trying to escape gave me.

The Enchanted Circle was only about fifty feet ahead. I could feel the magical powers radiating off of it as I sped up. Freedom was so close I could taste it when suddenly my wings slowed. They felt heavy like they were covered in sludge. Each flap was like another boulder was added to the weight of them.

When I was only ten feet from the circle, the closest I had ever been, my wings completely disappeared. I sucked in a



hard gasp as I plummeted to the ground. Fear filled me and I closed my eyes tight as I waited for the death I deserved. Could I die again? I had no idea.

Before I had a chance to find out, I was caught in a set of massive arms. Looking up into the face of the demon king, he had his ever standing smirk.

*Fuck. I'm in trouble.*

“Did you seriously think you could get away that easily?” he asked as he shot further into the sky at a faster speed than I could have ever gone. I was a fool for thinking I could escape, but as he pulled me close to him, I wondered once more if I really wanted to.

The scent of his body was intoxicating. Hints of sandalwood and citrus lit my body on fire. I never knew a demon could smell so good.

“Put me down!” I screamed in protest. I couldn't have him think that I actually liked him.

“If you insist.” He let go of me in an instant and once again I was plummeting toward the ground. After a short freefall, a loud scream left my mouth and within seconds, he caught me again. This time I was slung over his shoulder.

“You're such a bad girl!” Pain radiated across my ass cheek as he smacked it. The sting his hand left behind was new to me, yet somehow I wanted more. “Are you purposely trying to be punished?”

Was I? This was a new revelation to me, one that I was willing to explore.

He stayed quiet as did I as we made our way back to the ground. Once we landed, he sat me down. One of his hands immediately went to my hair and gripped it tight while the other pressed against my back and pulled me into him. “That was fun,” he whispered next to my lips. “Want to do it again?”

Pure lust radiated through my body, making my panties instantly wet. “No,” I said through fast breaths. I was completely lying. I wanted to recreate this situation every day for eternity. The adrenaline rush it caused was beyond any I had ever experienced on earth.

He leaned in and sniffed up my neck and stopped at my ear. “Your lies smell so fucking good.” And that was all it took for me to grab his face and kiss him.



## CHAPTER 4

### AVARESS

The smell of the lust radiating off her was so strong, I wanted to rip her clothes off and fuck her in the garden. Her hands landed on my cheeks as her lips found mine. With sheer force, her tongue darted in my mouth and licked around like it was looking for something.

*Oh my god, the forked tongue is real!*

*Do you want to see what it does?* I asked with my mind.

She pulled away in shock. “You can hear my thoughts?”

“I have all kinds of powers.”

She bit her lip as she contemplated *all* the things I could do. It didn't take her long to decide that she wanted to experience them. Jumping into my arms, she wrapped her legs around me and stuck her tongue back in my mouth. Her luscious lips were soft and sweet and I was dying to feel them on my cock. Not wanting to waste time, I used a little magic to transport us to my bedroom.

Once we landed, she pulled away again. “How did you—”

I pressed my finger over her lips. “We can talk later. I have things to show you.”

Carrying her over to the bed, I slammed her down onto it. She bounced with a slight giggle—*so she does like it rough*. With a snap of my fingers, her clothes were completely gone. She sucked in a surprising breath as my eyes drifted to her perfect breasts.

Grabbing her hips, I flipped her over onto her stomach. I knew she was on board with what I was about to do when she immediately got on her hands and knees.

“Astrid Jillian Westfall, you’ve been caught trying to escape the kingdom and must be punished with a spanking. Do you have anything to say before this punishment commences?”

“No, sir,” she moaned as she stuck her ass further into the air.

Her calling me sir had my cock throbbing to be inside her, but this was about what she needed, not me.

I rubbed my hands together excitedly before I released hell onto her ass. She let out a squeaky moan. I did it again and again until her ass cheeks were fire red. I reached my hands between her thighs and felt the silky smoothness of her arousal rolling down them. She was ready for me so I grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her back.

Kneeling before her like the goddess she was, I ran my hands up her thighs before spreading them wide. She let out

panting breaths as her fists tightly gripped the silky black sheets.

“I want to see your tongue,” she moaned.

“You can see it later. Now you get to feel it.”

She moaned again as I spread her pussy open. My tongue darted out and immediately went to work. Each fork tip moved in unison as I lapped up her juices. My claws extended in excitement and she had no idea what they could do. Before inserting a finger inside of her, I used my magic to soften the talons and round the edges. As soon as I inserted it, I curled it forward and pressed the softened talon against her swollen g-spot. She let out a loud moan, moved her hands to my hair, and gripped it tight. Deciding to show her what I really could do, I made the muscles in my tongue work separately, going in opposite directions of each other.

“Oh, fuck. That’s amazing!”

*I know.* She let out a moanful laugh as I continued to devour her. With each lick and suck, I sent her to the highest place of pleasure.

“Please don’t stop, I’m gonna, ahhh ... ” She bucked forward and rode my face as she yanked on my hair. Once she was done coming, her body went lax with satisfaction ... but I wasn’t done with her yet.



## CHAPTER 5

### ASTRID

**T**he orgasm I had when he was licking me—*forking me?*—was the best I ever had. The spanking was a huge surprise to me. I had never been punished this way before but I loved it. Getting up from his knees, he crawled up my body, stopping only for a moment to lick my breasts. It was exciting to see both tips of his tongue caress each side of my nipple. It was like they had a mind of their own.

Bringing his face up to mine, he stopped and gazed into my eyes. The only thing I could think of was how bad I wanted to see his vibrating cock.

“The whole thing doesn’t vibrate,” he said and my eyes widened. I was going to have to get used to him hearing my thoughts.

Before I had a chance to ask if I could see it, he crawled up to my head and put a knee on either side of my body. I was now face to face with a massive cock. At the bottom of the head of his shaft were small fleshy lumps. Six to be exact. They seemed to be moving at a rapid speed under the skin.

“Touch them,” he commanded.



Dying to do what he said, I wiggled my arms out from under his thighs and grabbed his shaft with one hand. Lifting my other hand, I ran a finger over one of the prongs. My eyes widened again and he laughed.

“Suck on it.”

I couldn't help but wonder how I could even come close to pleasing him with my mouth the way he could please me with his fancy equipment.

“Look at me, baby.” I glanced up at his face and swallowed hard. “I'm going to give you a power that only a small amount of demons have. The power to hear and wield your thoughts. You will know what I like and when I like it. It's the perfect roadmap to pleasure.”

He raised his hand and a tingle spread through my brain.

*Now stick it in your mouth and roll your tongue around the tip.*

I did what I was told and gently placed the head of his cock in my mouth and rolled my tongue around it. The vibrating bulbs tickled slightly, but the more I felt them, the more I wanted them inside of me.

Being in his head was weird at first, but the more I listened, the more I learned what he liked. Once he was satisfied with my mouth, he pulled away.

*It's time to show you what you've been missing all your life.*

A large moan escaped my lips as he crawled back on top of me.

*Yes. Please.*

Grabbing his cock, he didn't waste time inserting it inside of me. The massiveness of it filled me completely, pushing the vibrating beads against my g-spot. They were so powerful, it was almost too much to handle. As soon as I had the thought, their vibrations slowed.

*I can change the speed at will.*

I completely ignored him because the feeling was too amazing to have thoughts anymore. Gripping my nails into his back, I moaned and panted with each thrust he took.

"Fuck, yes." I dug them in further the closer my orgasm got. "Don't fucking stop!"

Electricity seemed to shoot through my entire body as it convulsed below him. The muscles on his back tensed under my grip as a pool of warmth filled my insides.

It should have been a glorious moment, but as a woman who had multiple pregnancy scares in my earth life, my first thought was, *Oh, no!*

"My semen will only get you pregnant when I want it to," he whispered through fast breaths.

"Oh." My heart rate slowed as his cock softened inside of me.

After a few minutes, he rolled off me. I was about to go clean up when he snapped his fingers. The mess he had left behind was now gone.

“Woah,” I whispered and he gave me a huge smile.

I rolled to my side and he immediately pulled me into him. The heaviness of his body behind mine was safe, comforting. We laid quietly in the darkness for a while before I started yawning.

“Make sure you try to escape again tomorrow,” he whispered into my hair.

I laughed before yawning again and closing my eyes.



## CHAPTER 6

### AVARESS

**A** year had passed since Astrid showed up here. The connection I had with her was like no other I had ever experienced before. She loved my rough side and I loved her asshole shenanigans.

I loved them enough to marry her mean ass.

“The Queen is escaping again,” a guard said, bringing my head up from the letter I was writing to my brother thanking him for coming to the wedding.

An evil grin spread across my face when I realized it was Tuesday. With quickness, I snapped my fingers and landed in the sky, only twenty feet behind her. She looked over her shoulder and smiled at me. Her beautiful brown locks were flowing through the wind as she darted forward.

Once she was close enough to the Enchanted Circle, she started to slow. Changing my direction, I bolted down and positioned myself under her. I went as low to the ground as I could because she liked the thrill of the fall. Glancing up, I waited patiently as she fell into my arms.

“Did you forget it was Tuesday, my King?” she asked as soon as I caught her.

Every week we had the same routine: she would try and escape and I would chase her until she was caught. Sometimes it would take two minutes to catch her, sometimes an hour. It really depended on how horny she was. But the end results were always the same: I would take her back to our room, punish her, and fuck her brains out.

“I did forget, my Queen.”

She gave me that mischievous smile of hers. “Don’t let it happen again or *you* will be punished.”

The threats she made sent blood pulsing straight to my cock. I slammed my lips onto hers where they would stay for eternity.



## SINFUL DEMAND

### COMING SOON

**T**he smell of my success is in the air as another human manages to break their contract. It clearly states *for eternity*. Considering it was his daughter's life he waged, I guess he wasn't *overly* concerned. Bound by blood, her soul is mine now. The sweet scent that's seeping from her pores fills my lungs. It's the fear she is pretending not to show. Usually, I'm not attracted to any human entity, but I am inexplicably drawn to her. She thinks I don't know her soul is tainted like mine. I'm going to break it open and take a peek at the hidden evil buried deep inside, but not before she pays for her father's debt. She's filled with too much *pride* to fulfill an obligation to a demon. I'll strip that away as well. Either she meets my sinful demands or spends eternity wishing she did.



## ALSO BY

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dreaming of becoming an author since she was a young girl, P.S. Nail finally took the plunge and decided to self-publish her debut paranormal romance, *Violet Flames*.

She enjoys playing guitar, video games, reading, and spending time with friends and family. She currently lives in the United States with her husband, three sons, and pets.

She will continue writing until death, dismissal, or dishonor.