



a Slice for
MY DEMON

POSSESSIVE LOVE

K. L. HIERS

MOZZARUS SCOUT

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AN M/M PARANORMAL ROMANCE

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WARNINGS

Rough intercourse with blood play, blood drinking, bad pizza puns, a brief instance of homophobia by a drunk dude who gets his butt whooped, and a hellhound gets kicked in the face. Don't worry. The bad guy gets it too.

CHAPTER ONE

A Pizza Cake was a terrible name for a restaurant. Unfortunately, Kevin Hamill had come to that conclusion about twenty years too late, and now he was stuck with it.

The restaurant had belonged to his parents, and it was their pride and joy while they were alive. Kevin was a child when they died tragically, and his Uncle Al had taken over running the restaurant. When Kevin was old enough, Al taught him how to run the business and passed it on to him. Al stayed on for a few more years, but he'd left town this past winter to enjoy his retirement in a warmer climate.

Kevin was alone now, but that was all right.

Life was a lot less complicated that way.

At least, that's what he told himself.

He had bigger problems to worry about than how lonely he was—like customers coming in thinking the restaurant was a bakery because of the name.

It wasn't uncommon for someone to demand a dozen donuts or ask how much it would be for a birthday cake. After being in business for so long, Kevin had thought that everyone in town understood it was a pizza restaurant, but at least once a week he'd get someone who wanted to get some cupcakes or ask if they made giant novelty cookies.

He blamed his mother's love of puns.

Her humor was all over the menu—Cheesus Crust, their specialty stuffed crust; Sausage A Beautiful Pie, a deluxe pie

with three types of sausage; Cheese The Day, a pizza with a three cheese blend; and Hey Weirdough, a combination of pineapple, black olives, and mushrooms.

That had been his mother's favorite.

Kevin missed his parents terribly, and he thought about them every day. It was hard not to when he ran their restaurant and lived in the old arcade in the back.

They'd been murdered right in front of Kevin...

No.

He didn't want to think about that.

He had to go to work.

Getting there was easy at least, since all he had to do was walk out his front door, which was technically the old back door of the restaurant. The arcade had stopped being profitable over a decade ago, and Kevin had walled it off to create a large studio apartment for himself.

He'd kept most of the games, of course.

His red and white 1972 Chevy Cheyenne pickup truck was parked outside, a gift from his Uncle Al before he moved away. It was the same truck both his uncle and father had learned to drive in; Kevin had too when he was old enough. It had hundreds of thousands of miles on it and desperately needed some new paint, but it meant the world to him.

The truck and the restaurant were all he had left of his parents.

A house fire while he was in high school had claimed every photograph and personal memento, leaving him with nothing but memories. Even those were fading now, and it was hard to be thankful to have escaped with his life when he'd lost so much. He had trouble recalling his parents' faces, the sound of his mother's laugh, or his father's smile.

Even Uncle Al got fuzzy sometimes, but at least he was only a phone call away.

Kevin thought about calling him then just to hear his voice, but he knew Al was working on getting a new phone right now and couldn't be reached.

He hadn't slept well, not that he ever did, and he was a bit more melancholy than usual today.

There was a hole inside of him, a void that no amount of lovers or booze had ever been able to fill, and he did his best to hide his depressing temperament. He didn't want to be like this. He desperately wanted to be *normal*.

Kevin had always had the distinct impression that he wasn't like other people. Even as he longed for connection, it had never felt right. He was missing *something*, a spark that everyone else seemed to have but him. He could fake his way through relationships using humor and charm, but he was still left feeling the same way every time it inevitably ended.

Hollow.

He wondered if he'd felt like this before his parents died, but he couldn't remember. He'd become acutely aware of it in high school when even though he'd been popular and good at sports, he'd been miserable. No one had cared when he came out as gay, a blessing in such a small town, and he'd dated the one and only other queer boy in his class for almost two years. He should have been happy, but it had felt like a prison.

He'd hated playing football, he had loathed his superficial social circle, and his boyfriend had finally dumped him for being too distant.

Or something.

That was hard to remember now too.

Kevin sighed.

He really wanted today to be a good day, and he'd spent most of it dragging ass around his apartment. When he'd heard someone on the other side of the wall knock the first few beats of "Shave and a Haircut", he'd knocked back twice immediately.

He wasn't supposed to go into work for another hour, but he was desperate for a distraction.

Kevin grabbed his phone and his keys, and then he headed to the door. It was precisely that moment he realized he hadn't eaten today, so he made a pit stop in his kitchen to grab two Ding Dongs. He left, locked up, and walked around to the front of the restaurant.

It was a weeknight, so it wasn't unusual for there to be so few customers. Most of their business was delivery or pickup, though they still had a dozen cherry red tables for those who wanted to dine in. Kevin greeted them as he came in with a friendly nod, though his attention was drawn to the very frazzled blonde woman behind the counter.

It was Julie, the assistant manager of the restaurant. She was also the lead cashier, head waitress, and in charge of customer relations—that was to say she was a saint and had the patience to deal with blatant stupidity that Kevin did not.

Seeing her upset was troubling.

“Fuck, I'm glad to see you!” Julie moaned, clearly exasperated.

“What's wrong?” Kevin frowned.

“Pizza Hut called. Steve is trying to deliver their pizzas again. Got mad, stormed off.”

“Christ.” Kevin scrubbed his hand across his face as he joined her behind the counter. “Did he at least go to the right Pizza Hut and not the abandoned one?”

When Kevin thought of Steve, one word came to mind: *baked*.

Steve had worked for every pizza place in town and been fired from each one for failing his drug tests. Kevin had hired him and promised not to ever make him pee in a cup as long as he showed up to work and did his job.

Steve always showed up, but not always at the right restaurant.

“Well.” Julie snorted. “I can tell you he at least made it to the new store *eventually* since he tried to run off with their food, but I don’t know where he was before that.”

“Joe hasn’t called, has he?”

Joe Button was the owner of a local bar called Ripley’s that Kevin worked part-time at. He was a good friend of Kevin’s and helped keep an eye out for Steve.

“No, but listen!” Julie shook her head. “James is cooking a huge order right now for the Munsters House. *Two dozen* extra large pies.”

“Wait, what?” Kevin opened up the first Ding Dong. “Someone’s living there now?”

The Munsters House was the local nickname for an old Victorian mansion. It was impossible to miss, a dark behemoth of tall spires peeking out from behind a big cornfield near Kevin’s old high school. It was said to be haunted with a basement full of bodies and every other typical urban legend. The truth wasn’t as exciting—it was simply that no one had lived there for decades.

“Yup!” Julie confirmed. “My friend Greta told me that the old owner came back and moved in last week.”

“Seriously?”

“I’m just telling you what she told me, and now we have a big damn order to fill. Maybe they’re having a housewarming party.”

“Shit, it better not be a prank.” Kevin frowned, finishing up his snack and glancing back at James in the kitchen.

James was a young man with self-described chaotic goblin energy. His hair was never the same color for more than a week or two, he was easily excitable, and he was totally obsessed with anime. He was obsessed with a lot of things actually, like Satan apparently, but Kevin didn’t really understand all of it.

The only thing Kevin cared about was that James was the best pizza cook he’d ever hired and could run the kitchen solo

even on their busiest nights.

If James insisted on hanging up framed pictures of his OTP, Deku and Katsuki, back there, Kevin didn't care.

"Can you drive it over?" Julie asked worriedly.

"Of course." Kevin nodded. "Try to get Steve back on this planet while I'm gone, okay?"

"I'll do my best, but I'm not making any promises."

The bell on the front door jingled as a tall middle-aged woman came in. She looked around in faint surprise, but then she seemed to make up her mind. She approached the counter, saying, "Hello!"

"Hi," Kevin said. "What can I get for you, ma'am?"

"Do you have any cupcakes? With sprinkles?"

Kevin tried not to grimace. "No, ma'am. We are a pizza restaurant."

"But the name—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know." Kevin slid his other Ding Dong across the counter. "Here you go. Free of charge. Now what kinda pizza would you like?"

"O-oh, well..."

"Why don't you eat that Ding Dong first and think about it, huh?"

The woman got flustered. "But I wanted a cupcake! I don't understand why the name has *cake* in it if there's no cakes here!"

"I'm thinking of selling some of my cookies here, just so you know," Julie said as she shooed Kevin away from the counter.

"Go for it," Kevin grumbled.

"Hi!" Julie greeted the customer. "We have a wide variety of specialty pizzas, including a few dessert pizzas, such as our Fudging Great Chocolate Pie..."

Kevin left Julie to deal with the customer to check on James in the kitchen. He ignored that the shrine to Deku and Katsuki had grown and was now spilling over onto the prep counter. Judging by the stack of pizza boxes, James was almost finished with the order.

Kevin packed the boxes into hot bags, saying, “Hey, how’s it going?”

“Good!” James didn’t look up from cutting the next pizza. “There’s finally a new update on this fanfic I’ve been stalking, and I can’t wait to read it. It’s an AU where my guys meet at a pizza place! Isn’t that cool?”

“So cool,” Kevin agreed, even though he didn’t understand a word of it.

“If you want to read it, I can send you the link.”

“Uh, yeah.”

Kevin wasn’t completely sure, but he was pretty confident that whatever James sent him was going to be porny.

Not that he cared if people online wanted to write about fictional guys kissing, but he wouldn’t mind doing some real kissing of his own.

It had been over a year since he’d been on a date. His relationships tended to burn white-hot and then out very quickly. The initial connection with another person felt good, but it was never enough to last for more than a few weeks. That hollow feeling, that sense of *emptiness*, would always return and ruin everything.

Kevin had tried so many times, and he had grown tired of breaking hearts. He didn’t see the point in starting a new relationship when they all felt doomed to fail.

Because of him.

Because there was something *wrong* with him.

It was better to be alone.

Less complications, less guilt, less problems.

Yes, he was lonely. He lay awake night after night longing for the warm touch of another, to be held and loved, but that wasn't meant to be. Not for Kevin. He didn't know how to fix himself, and he was tired of hurting people.

If he wasn't smashing their heart into pieces, then he was being too rough in bed. He didn't mean to be, but every partner he'd ever had complained about it. It didn't matter what position he tried—he was always too much.

And other people just weren't enough.

Maybe that was the problem.

He hadn't been able to find someone who actually complemented his perceived flaws, a partner in every sense of the word who could actually help fill this miserable void inside of him instead of scratching at the edges. The thought comforted him, but it didn't give him much hope.

Kevin didn't see himself meeting Mr. Perfect here in this tiny speck of a town where the most exciting event was Mule Days, a festival dedicated to farm animals.

Maybe he needed to download one of those online dating apps.

Or give up and be alone forever.

That worked too.

James finished the pizzas and helped Kevin pack them up in the hot bags. He carried them out to his truck to load up the front seat and then got behind the wheel. He didn't need directions since he knew where the house was, so he cranked the truck and headed that way.

The drive was short, traffic was light, and soon he was pulling up through the open iron gates to the Munsters House.

It was every bit as creepy up close as Kevin thought it would be. It was a beautiful home, but there was something eerily sinister about the tiny windows framed with ornate woodwork. It made Kevin feel as if they were hungry eyes staring down at him, just waiting to find a way to gobble him up.

Shit.

He really hoped this wasn't a prank.

Getting a good tip would be nice too.

Kevin parked, grabbed the pizza bags, and then slid out. He had to make two trips and nearly forgot the receipt, cursing as he doubled back to grab it from his seat. He hissed as he somehow managed to give himself a paper cut, sucking his bleeding finger into his mouth.

This delivery was not off to a great start.

He shoved the receipt in his pocket and grabbed the bags again. He shut the truck door with his hip and then headed up to the porch. When he rang the doorbell, he half-expected it to be a bloodcurdling scream.

Kevin could definitely hear voices and music—maybe it really was a party.

The front doors both swung open, and a gorgeous older man was standing on the other side, wearing nothing but a smile and a thin sheen of sweat.

Well, this was a first.

The man was shorter than Kevin, with richly tanned skin and long dark hair streaked with silver that fell past his shoulders. He was bearded, his eyes were a shocking bright shade of blue, and he had a gold cap over his right canine. There was sly mischief in his smile, and his body was absolutely delicious—broad, thick, and powerful.

Kevin's first thought was that he looked like a sexy pirate captain.

Behind the naked man were more naked people. Very attractive men and women were drinking wine and mingling casually, while others were lounging around on plush furniture chatting. Kevin could smell sweat, musk, and some sort of funky incense. There were candles lit all over the place and lots of clothing scattered around a large plush mat positioned in front of a big roaring fireplace.

Kevin could have been wrong, but it definitely felt like he was delivering pizza for the aftermath of an orgy.

“Well, hello,” the naked man purred in a deep Southern drawl. “You are indeed hot and fresh, and I bet I can make you come in thirty minutes or less.”

Kevin scoffed, surprised at how fast his face heated up. “Wow, I do not get paid enough for this,” he mumbled, offering out the pizzas as he forced himself to keep his vision trained above the man’s nipples.

“Is that a no?” The man batted his eyes.

“Yeah, still on the clock and all.”

The man snapped his fingers, and a few naked people approached to take the pizzas from Kevin. “I assure you that you are going to be paid, quite handsomely.”

“Good. Thank you.” Kevin dropped his gaze to avoid seeing too much bare flesh, but he realized immediately that was a mistake because it put his vision precisely on the naked man’s cock.

Like the rest of him, it was very thick and—fuck, fuck, fuck!

Kevin stared up at the top of the door as his face caught fire.

He needed to get out of here.

“Is this blood?” the man asked.

“Huh?” Kevin stared at the receipt in the man’s hand. “Yeah, sorry about that.” He thought the receipt was still in his pocket, but he must have handed it to the man. “I cut myself grabbing it out of the truck. So, uh, you can see there that it’s gonna be six hundred and sixty-six dollars even.”

The man studied the receipt and then suddenly grinned. “Aw, sug, but why stop at cold hard cash when there is so much else I could offer you as payment?”

Kevin cleared his throat. “Look, man. I don’t know what’s going on here, and I’m not really interested in finding out. I’ve

already seen this horror movie.”

“Really?” The man smiled coyly. “You’ve seen the one where the pizza boy has wild passionate sex with a surprisingly flexible demon?”

“Demon, huh?” Kevin laughed, and he hated how nervous it sounded.

He could almost believe this guy was a demon.

Devilishly handsome described him well, and Kevin couldn’t resist taking another quick peek of the man’s fine figure. Kevin’s cock twitched in his slacks when he dared to look over the man’s ample girth again, and he quickly jerked his eyes back up to the man’s face.

There was something on the man’s cheek, just above the line of his beard.

It looked like blood.

The hair on Kevin’s neck stood on end.

“Absolutely,” the man teased. “*Pizza Boy Rails the Demon*. It’s a classic.”

“Nah, guess I haven’t seen that one.”

“There’s a sequel planned where they have a three-way with the pest control fellow.” The man posed seductively against the doorframe. “Why don’t you come on in, get comfortable, take all your clothes off, and we can recreate the opening scene. Sidebar, can you put your legs behind your head? Ah, no worries. I can.”

The man’s confidence was impressive—amongst the other things that certainly fueled it.

“I really appreciate the, uh, sweet invite.” Kevin scratched at the back of his neck. “I’m sure your legs look great behind your head, but I gotta—”

“Oh, they look *amazing*,” the man promised. “You have to be careful though. Can’t trust the pretty ones. And I am so very, very pretty.”

“Yup. That you are. But I gotta get going though. Maybe some other time.”

There was a woman covered in something red that was definitely not pizza sauce feeding a slice to another woman by the fireplace.

What the fuck kind of place was this?

“I should really go,” Kevin said.

“If that’s really what you think you should do, sug.” The man smirked, dragging his tongue along his bottom lip as he held out a stack of crisp hundred dollar bills. “You’re leaving me no choice except to start ordering a lot more pizza.”

Wait, where did that money come from?

Kevin had been too busy staring at the man’s tongue to be certain, but he was sure he hadn’t seen him grab it from anywhere. The man definitely couldn’t have hidden it on his very naked person. It was as if he’d pulled it right out of thin air.

The receipt was also gone, and the man’s hands were empty except for the cash.

“Well, uh... I’m not always the delivery person. So, maybe don’t.” Kevin couldn’t imagine poor Steve dealing with this man. He shook his head at the money. At a glance, it was easily a grand. “And, uh... That’s too much.”

“I think it’s just the right amount,” the man insisted. “I’ll be requesting you to make my deliveries from now on. I can’t imagine having anyone else handling my extra large meat after this.” He batted his eyes as he stepped closer. “I feel like we’ve made such a connection.”

Kevin could smell scotch on the man’s breath and could feel the heat radiating off his naked body. He scooted back to put some space between them, joking, “Heh, I’m not sure I could even handle all that meat.”

“No one likes a quitter, sug.” The man offered the money out again. “Now here. Take it. It’s very rude to refuse such *bulging* generosity.”

“Okay, fine.” Kevin decided it was only fair for putting up with so much nudity and weirdness, and he took the money this time. He shoved it into his back pocket, glancing at the blood on the man’s face. “You have a little something on your face. By the way.”

“Oh? Do I?” The man reached up to touch the wrong cheek.

“No, the other side. You know, don’t even worry about it.” Kevin wasn’t even going to ask for the bags back. They were a lost cause now because he definitely needed to escape as fast as possible. “Your friends don’t seem to mind.”

The man continued to paw at his face everywhere except where the blood actually was. He huffed as if greatly bothered, asking, “Where exactly is it? Just show me.”

“Here, just...” Kevin leaned in, using his sleeve to wipe the blood off the man’s cheek. He really hoped this was from some really kinky sex and wasn’t evidence from some sort of crazy ritualistic murder. “Maybe clean up from your orgy before you order next time, huh?”

“Have you ever been in an orgy?”

“No.” Kevin squirmed, aiming for levity as he teased, “You know, I’ve really been trying to cut back on my orgies and my kinky pizza parties.”

“Well, let me tell you that you work up quite the hunger, and it’s very easy to lose track of whose fluids are going where.”

“Right, well, just thinking out loud here, what about putting on some pants?”

The man winked. “Why would I want to cover up and potentially miss that gorgeously gobsmacked look on your face?”

Kevin actually laughed. “I’m glad you enjoyed it. Make sure you put that in your Yelp review.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already got it all planned out, sug. *Ale-bodied virile specimen of peak manhood handled my hot*

steaming meat respectfully and in a very timely manner.” The man glanced over Kevin ravenously. “Can’t wait to try his deep dish.”

Kevin laughed again.

Okay, yes, the man was definitely coming on like a dog in heat, but he was pretty funny too.

“Wow. Well.” Kevin shook his head. “On that note, I am going to go. This is me leaving now.”

“You have yourself a lovely night, sug.”

“I’m sure it won’t be as lovely or as interesting as yours.” Kevin backed up toward his truck. “Don’t forget to fill out the survey at the bottom of the receipt for a free orgy. Pizza! Shit, I meant free *pizza!*”

“Are you very sure it can’t be both? Because both sounds delicious.”

“Going. Bye now.” Kevin jumped into his truck and turned the key as fast as he could. He hit the gas hard enough to squeal tires as he sped down the driveway, glancing up into the rearview mirror to see if the naked stranger was still watching him.

This was, by far, the absolute weirdest delivery of his entire life.

No, this was the weirdest night period.

He had no idea what the man and his friends had been up to—were blood orgies even really a thing? Did people actually do that? He wondered if he should report it to the police, but he realized he didn’t even know what he’d say and they’d probably think he was nuts. Plus, the man would know exactly who had ratted him out.

Kevin tried to focus on happier things, like how he had one hell of a wild story to share with Julie and James. Steve too, if Steve ever remembered where he was supposed to be working tonight. He was surprised to find himself smiling as he replayed the bizarre conversation with the man again in his head.

He hadn't even gotten the man's name.

Maybe he'd look it up when he got back—no, he didn't need to do that.

Thinking about that crazy man was the last damn thing he needed, and he did not need a name to go with all of that gorgeous naked flesh that had been so boldly on display. Although it was easy to let his thoughts drift to what the man would look like with his legs behind his head, Kevin tried to forget about the whole ordeal.

After all, he figured he wouldn't see the man again.

Not unless he ordered more pizza.

CHAPTER TWO

Kevin could not get the naked man out of his head. It had been days, and he still saw that sly smile with the gold tooth leering at him. No new orders had come in for the Munsters House, and Kevin was surprised by how disappointed he was. Maybe the naked man hadn't been serious about wanting to see him again.

If anyone had requested Kevin for a delivery, Julie and James hadn't said anything.

Whatever.

It hadn't meant anything.

It was only some raunchy flirting with a man who said he was a demon and who had just finished up having some sort of blood orgy.

Jesus, Kevin felt insane.

He couldn't stop thinking about him.

Maybe some more work would help clear his head.

Kevin bartended at Ripley's every other weekend. It was an old barn that had been renovated into a bar with a stage for karaoke and a dance floor. Some of the tables were old horse troughs that had been flipped upside down, and one of the old stalls was now a private party room. They played country and classic rock, and there was little to no dress code enforced except the requirement of shoes and encouragement for their patrons to bathe before coming out.

Was it classy? Not really.

But Kevin loved it.

The warm atmosphere and the permanent smell of stale hay was comforting. It was one of the most popular places in town if for no other reason than it was impossible to miss, being a giant barn. It had the added bonus of being catty-cornered across the street from what used to be a Pizza Hut, another unique landmark that made it easy to find.

It was the same Pizza Hut that Steve sometimes mistakenly showed up at for work, and it was doubly wrong for being not only the wrong restaurant but also for having been closed for two years. If Joe saw Steve's car over there, he was kind enough to give Kevin a call.

It wasn't a terribly busy night, but it was enough to keep Kevin moving and prevent his thoughts from wandering back to naked men with pretty blue eyes.

Joe was on stage playing a cover of "Renegade." The crowd was loving it, and Kevin hummed along as he finished pouring a round of drinks for a group of fresh legal girls.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a man sit down at the bar. "Be right with you!"

He gave the girls their fruity shots and sent them on their way. He ignored their giggling as they were lightyears away from being his type, though he did his best to at least give them a polite smile.

"Okay!" Kevin turned to confidently address the new customer. "Hey there! What'll you..."

It was him!

Naked man!

Although he wasn't naked now. He was wearing a black brocade suit with a fancy purple shirt and black tie, and there was a violet flower pinned to his lapel. He had his hair pulled back in a tight ponytail, revealing a sharp widow's peak Kevin hadn't noticed before.

Oh, but that smile.

Kevin definitely remembered the smile.

“Hello, sug.”

“It’s you!” Kevin’s eyes widened.

“Yes. It’s me.” The man smirked. “Fancy meeting you here, pizza boy. You’re a man of many talents.”

“Right. You expect me to believe you just happened to come on by?” Kevin laughed. “Doesn’t seem like your type of place.”

“What?” The man batted his eyes. “I can’t appreciate the odor of body sweat and cheap beer?” He turned up his nose. “You’re only saying that because I bathe more than once a week and have all my teeth, aren’t you?”

“Ha ha, very funny.” Kevin chuckled. “What’ll you have?”

“Tequila sunrise with a slice of pineapple, please.”

Kevin had been expecting a fancy scotch or bourbon, and the selection surprised him. He set to work mixing the drink. Although the local crowd tended to order beer and straight shots, he did know how to make quite a few cocktails.

The man’s presence had drawn the attention of some regular customers. His loud suit definitely made him stand out a bit. The man noticed them looking, smiled, and waved.

They quickly turned around.

“Were you aware that there’s a young man working at your restaurant who smells like an entire field of marijuana spontaneously combusted?” the man asked.

Kevin laughed. “Oh! You met Steve.”

“Steve is an idiot.”

“Yup. That’s him.” Kevin poured the drink into a tall glass. “But hey, it’s a good night for Steve. If you met him, that means you got your pizza.”

“Yes, but that’s not what I really wanted. Which was to see you again.”

“Me?” Kevin’s heart fluttered.

“Why else do you think I dragged my lush little body down here? This is by far one of the most abysmal establishments I’ve ever dared set foot in.” The man glanced down. “Are those... peanut shells on the floor?”

“Hey, this place is as close to heaven as it gets, man.” Kevin scoffed, pinning a big slice of pineapple with a little umbrella to drop into the drink.

“If this is anything like heaven, then I’m much better off in hell than I thought.”

“Sorry it can’t all be orgies and pizza.” Kevin snorted as he slid the glass over to the man. “Here you go.”

“Thank you.” The man took a dainty sip, watching Kevin over the rim of the glass.

The intensity of his gaze made Kevin shiver, and he quickly found something to wipe down behind the bar.

“So. Pizza delivery boy, bartender...”

“Pizza restaurant *owner*, thank you. I just jumped on delivery because Steve was out.”

“Oh? Was Steve unavailable due to marijuana related charges?”

“Something like that.”

The man appeared thoughtful. “Don’t suppose you also happen to moonlight as an exotic dancer? Would certainly spice up my stalking of you.”

Stalking.

Was that what this was?

Kevin couldn’t help but be a little flattered. He didn’t think anyone else had made so much of an effort before. It was almost sweet—okay, it was *creepy*, but still.

“Hate to burst your bubble, but no,” Kevin said with a short laugh, glancing up at him. “Dancing has never been a skill of mine.”

“Never?” The man shook his head. “With that body? No, I refuse to believe it. I bet you’re incredible.”

“Incredibly *awful*.”

“Nonsense.” The man slowly licked his lips. “I can think of many little jigs I’d love to dance with you.”

“Sorry, can’t help you. I can work on your car if you need it. But that’s about all I got.”

“Why don’t you just work on me instead, sug?” The man winked.

“Wow.” Kevin laughed. “You really don’t take no for an answer, do you?”

“I’m much more fun than a car and my parts are softer until they’re not.”

“Yeah, yeah, I saw your parts, remember?” Kevin leaned against the bar, resting on his elbows.

The man grinned. “I definitely remember. Hard to forget how adorable you are when you drool.”

Kevin blushed. He checked to make sure no one was waiting for any drinks or happened to be in hearing range as he asked, “You wanna have some fun, is that it? Dance a little, take a roll around the back of my truck? Or take me back to your place for some weird Satanic orgy?”

“What kind of girl do you think I am, sug?” The man leaned in closer. “No Satanic orgies before the third date.”

“Sorry, I don’t usually make it to the third date,” Kevin quipped. “What a shame.”

“Sticky back seat fumblings, however, can be arranged much earlier.” The man sipped his drink. “Like now.”

Kevin’s face continued to heat up, and he could not deny that what the man was offering had its appeal. He’d never been pursued like this before, and there was something about the man’s smile that made Kevin’s pulse go crazy. He’d actually forgotten about the deep void in his chest because it was currently filled with a surprisingly strong flutter.

“Now what kinda girl do you think *I* am?” Kevin laughed. “I don’t even know your name, orgy guy.”

“Percival Pearl,” the man replied, offering out his hand. “A pleasure.”

“Kevin Hamill.” Kevin shook the man’s hand. “And for the record, *Percy*, there was no drooling, okay?”

“My name is *Percival*, not *Percy*, and you were absolutely drooling, Mr. Hamill.” Percy smirked. “I remember it like it was yesterday. You kept talking about wanting to stuff your big sausage in my personal pan.”

Kevin laughed hard. “Oh my God, I know for a fact I didn’t say that.” He grinned. “You really are a meat lover though, huh?”

“It’s true. Love it. Can’t get enough.”

“Christ.” Kevin laughed again, reaching for a bottle of Jack Daniels to pour himself a shot. He had a feeling he was going to need it. He tipped the glass back. “Mm, you know, I’m a little curious. Didn’t seem to be short of company at your place. Why are you so hot for me?”

Percy propped his chin in his hand. “Would you believe me if I said it was for work and not actually how I would have preferred to spend my evening?”

“Orgies are your job?” Kevin noticed Joe coming off the stage to a light round of applause, and he grabbed a pint glass. He headed to the taps to pour Joe’s favorite beer. “You really expect me to believe that?”

“Orgies aren’t part of the job per se, but being expected to host a large group of people and provide food and drink and entertainment...” Percy gestured vaguely. “Orgies just sort of happen with that crowd.”

“Right,” Kevin drawled, setting the beer over on the bar for Joe. “Sure. I mean, I can’t remember the last time this place didn’t turn into a drunken, bloody orgy by the end of the night.”

“You’re mocking me.” Percy pouted. “As if I have any reason to lie to you. I’m trying to establish getting filled on a weekly basis, sug. I want our relationship to be founded on honesty.”

“Honesty, huh?” Kevin shook his head. “Well, I can honestly say I’ve never met anyone like you, Percy.”

“Ditto, sug.”

Joe joined Kevin behind the bar, going right for the beer. “Thanks, partner!” He gulped the beer down. “Ah, you’re coming up for the next song, all right?”

Kevin grunted as Joe slapped his back, and he noticed how Percy scowled.

Joe glanced between Kevin and Percy, and he cracked a smile. “Sorry. Hope I wasn’t intruding on anything.”

“Don’t worry.” Percy tipped his glass back. “I’m fucking it all up on my own, thank you.”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself.” Kevin smiled. “You’re doing all right.”

Joe grinned, glancing at Percy’s empty glass. “Tequila sunrise, yeah?” He reached over to smack Percy’s shoulder. “Don’t you worry about Kevvy here. He loosens up once you get some whiskey in him.”

Percy casually dusted off his jacket with a strained smile. “I’m actually trying to get him to loosen me up, you see, but I’ll remember what you said about the whiskey.”

“Cheap stuff. Trust me.” Joe grabbed the bottles for another tequila sunrise just as the girls from earlier squealed from the other end of the bar. “You might wanna go get them.”

“How about I make this drink and you go deal with them?” Kevin asked.

“It’s not me they want.” Joe chuckled.

“Fine.” Kevin smiled at Percy. “I’ll be right back.”

“I’ll be here, sug.” Percy winked.

Kevin's cheeks flushed again, and he hurried over to deal with the girls. He found himself rushing through their drinks because he wanted to get back to Percy, and he saw Joe handing him another tequila sunrise.

Percy took a sip and smiled sweetly, but he made a face as soon as Joe's back was turned.

There was no pineapple.

Kevin grabbed a slice on his way back, dropping it into Percy's drink with a smile. "There we go. Need anything else?"

Percy's sour expression melted upon Kevin's return, and he teased, "Mm, if you're offering. I am in the mood for something salty, meaty, freshly freed from its denim prison, and filling my mouth." He slurped his drink. "Have anything like that, sug?"

Kevin laughed, and he knew his blush was spreading down his neck now. His cock twitched in his jeans like it knew they were talking about it. "I don't remember seeing anything like that on the menu."

"I'm looking to order off the menu."

"Hey! Come on, Kevvy." Joe smacked Kevin's arm. "Let's go. Your public awaits. You can serenade your boyfriend."

Percy preened. "Impress me and I'll throw my panties up there for you."

"Yeah? I'll be lookin' for 'em." Kevin laughed. "Leopard print, I imagine."

"Only one way to find out, sug."

"I better make it a good one then." Kevin finally gave in to Joe's pawing and let him lead him out from behind the bar.

"Break a leg. Don't fuck it up. Whatever it is people say." Percy waved. "Good luck!"

"Thanks! You're a real sweetheart!" Kevin grinned, following Joe toward the stage.

Damn.

He actually liked Percy.

Yes, the man was clearly insane, but he was funny, charming, and very handsome. Maybe he would take him up on some of that back seat fumbling. But first, he had to get through this song.

Their very drunk regulars cheered enthusiastically as Kevin and Joe headed up the steps. Joe picked up his guitar, and Kevin stepped up to the microphone. Even with the spotlight on, Kevin could see Percy still sitting at the bar, and that damn flutter was back again.

Joe played the opening to Bob Dylan's "Wallflower," and Kevin tapped his foot, finding the beat.

It was a popular song here, and the regulars always loved it.

He tuned out the crowd as he sang, his voice strong and a little rough, but beautiful. He'd always been able to sing well, and one of his best and most vivid memories was singing with his mother in the kitchen. As soon as Joe had heard him sing, he'd made it a point to put Kevin up on stage as often as possible.

Kevin hated it.

But he knew people tipped more when he sang, so he'd get up here and do what he had to. He focused on a familiar hole in the back wall, his go-to spot for whenever he was up here. He'd never been comfortable looking at the crowd and preferred to stare at that hole.

They were about halfway through the song when his gaze drifted to Percy at the bar. He wasn't surprised that he was looking at him, but there was something about the way Percy's eyes were trained on him that sent heat pooling in the pit of his stomach. Kevin didn't look away, and he sang even harder now, wanting Percy to keep staring at him just like that.

A group of men at one of the far tables were walking toward the bar, no doubt in search of more beer. Kevin had been ready to cut them off before Percy showed up, and judging by their stumbling, it wasn't a moment too soon.

One of the men wearing a trucker hat smacked the bar impatiently, trying to get Kevin's attention. Another in overalls laughed and pointed at Percy. Kevin couldn't hear what was being said, but he was sure it wasn't good.

Percy remained calm, and he didn't seem the least bit bothered. He said something to them, and all three men—Trucker Hat, Overalls, and the third one, Plaid Shirt—were clearly getting angry.

Kevin glanced back at Joe.

Joe nodded, though he continued to sing.

They both knew trouble from a mile away.

"Thank you very much," Kevin said quickly before darting offstage.

"Thank you, thank you! Please give Kevin a big round of applause!" Joe said into the mic. "What a guy!"

Kevin approached the men surrounding Percy, and he arrived just in time to hear Plaid Shirt jeering, "Little fuckin' overdressed, don't ya' think?"

"Ah, yes. Please." Percy rolled his eyes. "Give me a moment to pop down to the Walmart and get something more appropriate. Better yet, why don't you go for me? Find some soap while you're there. You need it. Desperately."

"Hey, hey," Kevin said as he gently urged the men away from Percy. "We got a problem here, boys?"

"When the fuck did we start letting in fancy fucks like this?" Overalls demanded. "This stupid fuckin' fairy—"

"Fairy?" Percy scoffed. "I think not. If I was a fairy, I could grant wishes. Like my wish right now is for you to disappear." He closed his eyes and then opened them again. "Damn! See? You're all still here."

Overalls moved in as if he was going to swing.

"Hey!" Kevin grabbed Overalls's shoulder. "Ripley's is open to anyone as long as they check their attitude at the door."

“Get the fuck off me!” Overalls pushed Kevin away and teetered.

“Come on,” Plaid Shirt snapped. “If anybody’s goin’, it’s this freak!”

“Easy there, pal. I think it’s time to call you guys a cab.” Kevin moved to stand beside Percy, offering a thin smile. He didn’t like to fight, but he knew how. Thanks to Uncle Al’s time in the Special Forces, he knew he could handle these jerks, but he hoped it wouldn’t come to that. “Why don’t I get you guys one last round while we wait, huh?”

“Fuck you!” Overalls shoved Kevin’s chest. “That’s bullshit! We don’t want him here!”

“If you ain’t gonna get him out, we will!” Plaid Shirt barked.

“Yeah!” slurred Trucker Hat.

Kevin barely felt the shove, and he remained calm. “Who died and made you Queen of England? I decide who stays and who goes. If anybody is leaving, boys, it’s gonna have to be you.”

“Would love to see you try.” Overalls pushed Kevin again. “We’re stayin’ here. Now go get us some fuckin’ beer so we can take out the trash!”

“I think I’m the trash,” Percy whispered loudly.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take it out. Right now.” Kevin grabbed Overalls’s arm, easily pulling him forward and throwing him to the ground. “I asked nicely. Now I’m not askin’, and it’s definitely not gonna be nice.”

Plaid Shirt came at Kevin, swinging wildly at his head.

Kevin ducked and watched him fall into an empty table by the bar. He jumped when he heard someone fall behind him, turning to see Trucker Hat on the ground.

Percy smiled innocently, sipping his drink as if he didn’t have anything to do with the man falling over.

Kevin grinned, and he sidestepped Plaid Shirt's next swing. He easily redirected him to the bar, letting him crash into it and collapse. Once he was sure everyone was done moving, he kneeled beside Overalls. "If you guys are done, I suggest you go ahead and leave. I'll call you a taxi, and then we—"

"Fuck you!" Overalls struggled to his feet, diving at Kevin from a crouched position to try and tackle him to the ground.

Kevin found himself suddenly overwhelmed by all three men, and he was forced to back up into the bar. He held up his arms to block, looking for openings to fight back. These guys were wasted, and it was laughably easy to punch Overalls in the nose, twist Plaid Shirt's arm back until he screamed, and drop Trucker Hat with a swift kick to his knee.

It happened in seconds, and they were all on the ground again. Kevin grabbed Plaid Shirt by his collar to drag him outside. He dumped him into the gravel lot, warning, "You stay the fuck down there while I go get your friends!"

As he walked back into the bar, Trucker Hat and Overalls were back up and clearly still looking to fight.

Percy was leaning over the bar, fixing himself a drink. He'd poured a shot of Jack for Kevin and offered it out to him as soon as he got close enough. "Here you go, sug. Stay hydrated."

"Thanks." Kevin took the shot with a wink and knocked it back. He dodged Trucker Hat's next blow, kicking his leg out and knocking him to the floor. He gave him a small nudge in the back of the head to encourage him to stay down.

"My pleasure." Percy took a swig from his purloined glass.

It was something clear—Kevin was assuming schnapps.

Overalls was at it again, throwing himself at Kevin and pounding the side of his ribs. He socked Kevin right in the mouth, splitting his lip. Kevin didn't feel it, but it did piss him off. He was tired of wrestling around with these assholes, and he'd had enough. He punched Overalls in the jaw, watching him collapse in a heap.

Percy clapped.

Kevin took a short bow as the rest of the bar erupted into applause, and he quickly dragged the drunks outside. He left them there in a pile, pausing to catch his breath and call a cab company to swing by here to take them home. He knew the operator who answered the phone because they were a regular at A Pizza Cake and promised to cover any fares if the drunks tried to get out of paying.

That done, he headed back inside to rejoin Percy at the bar.

“My hero,” Percy purred as he approached, batting his eyes.

“Anytime, little lady.” Kevin tipped an imaginary hat.

“Mm, you’ve got a little…” Percy took a handkerchief from his jacket, beckoning Kevin over. “Come here, sug. Allow me to clean up my hero, hmm?”

“You don’t have to do that,” Kevin said even as he came closer. “It’s nothin’ really.”

“Seems we both have a penchant for ending up with blood on us.” Percy chuckled as he gently dabbed Kevin’s lip.

“Guess we do.” Kevin tried not to drift too far into Percy’s touch.

“Thank you, by the way. That was very kind of you.”

“Just doing my job.” Kevin smiled and licked at his lip when Percy withdrew.

Huh.

He’d thought his lip was split, but he couldn’t feel anything. It must not have been as bad as he’d thought it was. “This place isn’t like that. It’s usually really easy going around here.”

“It’s quite all right, sug. I’m not unfamiliar with a little bit of adversity.” Percy put his handkerchief back with a deep grunt. “So, adding bouncer now to your list of jobs. Do you offer any kind of emotional support services by chance? I feel very traumatized.”

“Are you now?” Kevin chuckled.

“I may need physical affection. Perhaps even sexual relations to heal from this.”

“Well, damn. I can’t resist a damsel in distress.” Kevin grinned. “And you do seem really shaken. I wouldn’t be a decent guy if I left you in this kinda shape.”

“So.” Percy’s eyes glimmered with mischief. “What are you going to do about it?”

“Well...” Kevin invaded Percy’s space, leaning in close as if they were about to kiss. He was reaching around for the empty glass, but he was delighted to see how Percy’s expression morphed into hunger when their proximity increased. “I got about twenty more minutes until I’m off.” He winked as he pulled away, heading back around the bar. “For starters, I think I’ll get you another drink for your nerves while we wait.”

Percy watched him like a hawk, waiting until he was standing across from him to say, “And how do you intend to finish? Other than balls deep inside of yours truly, obviously.”

Kevin laughed. “Man, are you always gonna be this grateful when I defend your honor?”

“Without a doubt, sug.”

Kevin’s chest tightened, and he wished Percy’s sly smile would make him feel like this forever. He had no idea how long it might last, but right now it was everything he’d ever wanted.

Funny how ‘everything’ was a horny guy who had orgies for work, but the Lord worked in mysterious ways and all that.

Kevin smiled. “Well, I guess I—”

Joe clapped down on Kevin’s shoulder. “Damn, boy! That was bad ass! This is why I pay you the big bucks.”

“You also pay him to serve drinks, yes?” Percy scowled at Joe. “I’m sure he can perform that duty solo.”

“Hey, hey, don’t worry. I’ll get that drink for you, princess.” Kevin cleared all the dirty glasses from the bar to start a fresh tequila sunrise. He glanced at Joe, who was still hovering. “Thanks for all the *help*, pal.”

“What? Come on.” Joe laughed. “You had it handled. I know you hate it when I ruin the fun.” He dropped his voice low to tease, “Especially when you’re, you know, showing off.”

Not low enough apparently because Percy said, “Ah, so that was for my benefit? I do so love the idea of you flashing feathers to attract me as a mate. I don’t really need that much effort, but it’s sweet.”

“Hey, those guys were dicks and needed to go!” Kevin argued with Joe as he set Percy’s new drink down. He pointed at Percy. “And you, princess, stalked me here. I think I’d already won you over, no feather fluffing required.”

“You say stalking like it’s a bad thing.”

“Oh no, stalking is charming,” Joe teased, bumping Kevin’s shoulder. “Ain’t it, buddy?”

“Yeah, it’s super romantic,” Kevin said dryly.

“Well,” Percy said, “you haven’t dragged me outside to kiss the bricks like those inbred louts. I must be doing all right.”

“You’re not being an obnoxious asshole.” Kevin winked. “Not too much of one, anyway.”

“I happen to think I’m very charming. And it’s not every day I get to bear witness to such a gorgeous strapping young man performing noble heroics.”

“Hey now, you’re making me blush.” Kevin chuckled.

“Yoo-hoo!” a young woman called from the other side of the bar.

Kevin grimaced.

It was that pack of squealing girls again.

“I’ll be right back,” Kevin muttered. “Joe, just shut up.”

“What? Me?” Joe grinned.

Kevin grumbled, attempting to slide on a friendly smile before he was in view of the girls. They shrieked upon his arrival, and they ordered another round of fruity shots. He kept an eye on Percy and Joe, and he was surprised to see them chatting.

He didn't like that one bit.

He had no idea what Joe might be saying about him. Percy was still smiling at least, so maybe it wasn't bad.

He passed out the drinks to the girls, receiving a generous tip and two phone numbers. He thanked them and then practically ran back to Percy and Joe. He tucked the cash in his pocket and trashed the phone numbers. “Fuck, they're like piranhas.”

“Eager for a nibble, are they?” Percy asked sweetly.

“Jesus.” Kevin groaned. “More like a chunk. Turns out you're not the only one who likes watching me fight.” He dared to turn around, and the girls, who were still watching him, shrieked again. “And that's my cue. Joe, you care if I duck out a few minutes early?”

“You go right ahead,” Joe said. “I'll handle your rabid admirers.”

“Thank you. You have yourself a great night.”

“Good night, Kevvy!”

“I'm gonna take Mr. Pearl here home. Make sure he gets there safe and all.”

“Very safe,” Percy agreed.

“You two kids have fun.” Joe saluted them. “Night!”

Kevin grabbed his leather jacket from under the bar as he walked out and around to join Percy. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't excited. He couldn't get enough of how Percy was fucking him with his eyes right now, and he had no doubt that this was going to be fun.

“Ready, princess?” Kevin asked.

“I’m ready when you are, darling,” Percy replied.

“You drive here?”

“Uber. Please take me wherever you’d like.”

“I’m sure we can find a nice quiet spot somewhere for you to recover from your emotional trauma.”

“Bench seats are nice and quiet. So are cheap motel rooms and bar bathrooms. So many choices.” Percy boldly reached for Kevin’s arm. “Where would you like to take me?”

Kevin led Percy to the door. “I have a nice big front seat in my truck, and I know a real quiet spot. It’s not too far.”

“We can start in your truck, continue our evening in a cheap motel, and then just for fun, run back here to have a final round in the bathroom. What do you say?”

“I say you’re on.”

CHAPTER THREE

Kevin brought Percy out to his truck, and that light funny feeling was back in his chest. He hadn't been this excited about hooking up with someone in a long time, though he still couldn't quite place why Percy got him so excited.

He was far from Kevin's usual type—definitely high maintenance, probably owned five different kinds of cologne, and did not ever get his hands dirty. And yet, Kevin couldn't wait to be alone with him. Beyond the superficial ritzy facade, Percy's snarky humor and persistence had won him over.

Plus, he was really hot, shiny purple suit and all.

Kevin opened the passenger-side door for him, bowing as he said, "Your chariot, Your Highness."

"Why, thank you, sir." Percy turned to cup Kevin's cheek, his thumb sliding over his cheekbone. "I cannot wait to get my hands all over you."

"Yeah?" Kevin licked his lips slowly, glancing at Percy's mouth. "Don't worry, I won't keep you waiting long."

"You'd better not." Percy pressed in close, close enough that Kevin thought he was going to kiss him. But then Percy pulled away, that damn tease, and he smirked. "I tend to get cranky when I don't get what I want, sug."

"We can't have that now. No cranky princesses allowed." Kevin snuck a peek at Percy's ass as he climbed into the truck. He shut the door and then hurried around to the driver's door

to get in. His fingers trembled a bit as he cranked up the truck, alive with nervous little jitters. "I've got just the place."

"I can't wait." Percy's voice was a happy purr as he scooted over beside him. "I hope it's close, sug."

"Very close." Kevin pulled out of the gravel parking lot, stretching an arm out across the back of the seat behind Percy's shoulders. "Just a few minutes if you can contain yourself for that long."

"I make no promises." Percy slid his hand up Kevin's thigh. "Watching you take on those louts put me in a most amorous mood. You really are quite stunning."

Kevin's cock was getting hard, but he tried to play it cool. "Oh yeah? You liked that, huh?" He slowed down to turn at the abandoned Pizza Hut across the street.

"Oh, very much so."

Kevin checked for traffic before pulling out onto the main road. "They weren't too hard to fight, ya' know. They were pretty drunk."

Percy's fingers moved higher, massaging Kevin's inner thigh. "While that is true, it still doesn't detract from the absolute vision you were pummeling the shit out of them. It's good to know you can handle yourself, sug. I do love a man who can dish it out."

"I can definitely handle myself." Kevin inhaled sharply as Percy's hand dared to climb higher still. "Glad you enjoyed the show. Feel free to come by anytime."

"I just might." Percy chuckled. "Depending on how the rest of tonight goes, I may come by every night."

"Better bring my A game, huh?"

"You should. I have very high expectations for you, sug."

Kevin stole a glance at Percy and flashed a sly grin. "Here's hopin' I can make your dreams come true."

"Good luck."

Kevin laughed, enjoying the warm promise of Percy's hand rubbing right beside his dick as he drove them out onto a small dirt road away from the bright lights of the town. He slowed down to avoid bouncing around too badly as the road led into a thick forest.

"Hope you're not actually a serial killer," Percy teased, glancing around at the dark trees. "Although that could still be sort of fun."

Kevin laughed. "Well, I guess you're just gonna have to find out."

The trees opened up to reveal a stunning view of a moonlit lake. The water was still and peaceful, and the nearest dock wasn't for a few miles at least. The road was an old service road cleared for county workers when a new cell tower was going to be built here. The townspeople all but rebelled when they heard about it, and the project was scrapped.

The road, however, had remained, and Kevin liked to think of it as his own secret path to this side of the lake.

Kevin pulled off the road and parked near the water. This was not the first time he'd brought someone out here, and he knew the view could be an effective aphrodisiac. Most of his dates were more interested in getting in his pants, so it was sometimes wasted. While he knew exactly what Percy's intentions were, he thought that he might be one of the rare few who might appreciate it.

"Hope this is romantic enough for ya'." Kevin smiled. "I think I got a blanket under the seat and some booze in my toolbox."

"My panties are dropping as we speak," Percy crooned as he leaned in, playfully bumping his nose against Kevin's.

"I'm very excited to see them," Kevin teased. His cock was rock hard, and the brewing tension was delicious. They both knew what they'd come out here to do. It was just a matter of when.

"All of this for little ol' me?" Percy chuckled. "Mmm, I should stalk more often."

“What can I say? I appreciate the effort.”

With the engine off, it was totally silent except for the chirps of crickets and the thump of Kevin’s pulse in his ears. He touched Percy’s cheek, tracing the line of his jaw and scratching at his beard. Even though it was dark, the moonlight was enough to see Percy’s sly smile and the glint of his golden tooth.

“Good to know.” Percy’s grin was absolutely ravenous, and he pressed his lips to Kevin’s in a passionate kiss.

Kevin groaned lightly, and he wrapped his arm around Percy’s shoulders to bring him in close. He loved how eagerly Percy pressed against him, and when Percy growled, Kevin actually gasped. He turned in the seat to face him, letting the kiss heat up fast.

Percy was a fantastic kisser, and he tasted like sweet liquor and cinnamon. As soon as Kevin moved the seat back, he crawled right into Kevin’s lap.

Kevin welcomed Percy’s weight against him, and he slipped his hands under his jacket to tug his shirt up. He didn’t stop until his fingers found bare skin, and he groaned as Percy’s tongue thrust into his mouth. He sucked on it greedily, getting swept away by what was definitely one of the top five kisses of his entire life.

Percy rolled his hips, grinding down perfectly on Kevin’s aching cock. He never stopped, even as he stripped off his suit jacket and then raked his fingers through Kevin’s hair.

The drag of Percy’s nails into his scalp felt fantastic, and Kevin had to fight to control himself. His cock was hard enough to tear right through his jeans, but he didn’t want to hurt Percy. He allowed his hips to buck up in short jerks, and he pushed his hands up to trace the length of Percy’s spine as he murmured, “Fuck.”

“Soon.” Percy arched into Kevin’s touch, breaking the kiss with a playful nip to Kevin’s lip. He was breathless and grinning, asking cheerfully, “So, right here, sug? Or did you want to bend me over the tailgate? Or both. Both is good.”

Kevin could instantly imagine Percy in both places, and he couldn't decide. "Flip a coin?"

Percy laughed. "How about here then?"

"Here works for me just fine."

Percy slid out of Kevin's lap to start undressing, and Kevin kicked off his shoes so he could get his pants down. Although he'd already seen Percy completely naked before, there was something particularly thrilling about seeing him getting undressed knowing what they were about to do. "No leopard print panties?"

Percy winked. "Left them at home. My apologies."

"So, uh. Do you like to bunk in the top or the bottom?"

"As long as I'm in bed, I don't have a preference," Percy replied as he spread himself across the seat. "However, I will admit I have had a particular craving for that extra large meat of yours to thoroughly ruin my insides."

"That is definitely something I can do." Kevin shoved his pants down, staring at Percy's thick thighs and his big hard cock. "Fuck, you look fantastic right there."

"Like this, do you?" Percy had only stripped from the waist down, but that was plenty for Kevin to admire.

"Yes. Very fucking much."

Percy tucked one of his arms behind his head, beckoning Kevin over with a finger. "Come along, sug. This fine ass is not going to fuck itself."

Kevin wiggled out of his jeans and underwear, shoving them off in a bunch into the floorboard. He crawled up between Percy's legs and slid a hand over his thigh. "You are fucking gorgeous."

"I know." Percy tugged at Kevin's shirt. "This has got to go, sug. Let me see you before you stick it in me."

Kevin laughed and kissed him. "God, I love how romantic you are." He leaned back to pull his shirt over his head. "Now

don't get your hopes up too high. I'm just the pizza guy, remember?"

"Well, the pizza guy has a body men would sell their soul for." Percy gazed hungrily over Kevin's muscular torso, and he greedily caressed Kevin's chest and stomach. He reached lower to grab Kevin's hard cock and give it a firm squeeze. "This isn't bad either, sug. Mmm, not at all. Now, let's see what you can do with it."

"Sir, yes, sir." Kevin rocked into Percy's hand. "Fuck, that's nice... Hey, there's lube under the seat if you reach around for it. Dunno how old it is exactly, but we can—"

"I'm ready. Trust me." Percy smirked.

Kevin slid his fingers between Percy's cheeks, surprised to find his hole soft and wet with what he assumed was lubricant based on its texture. "Wow. Somebody was feeling very confident, weren't they?"

"I accurately predicted tonight's activities, yes." Percy smirked. "Come on, sug. I'm ready."

"Are you sure?" Kevin rubbed the head of his cock against Percy's hole, trying to get some of the lube on himself. "I know I'm not packing the monster you are, but I don't wanna hurt you."

"Aren't you thoughtful?" Percy hooked a leg around Kevin's waist. "Trust me, sug. I can handle it. Now. Give me what I want."

"You got it, boss." Kevin rocked forward, the head of his cock slowly pressing in. Percy was still tight, but he was able to push in a bit deeper with minimal pressure. Inside, Percy was hot and slick, and Kevin groaned loudly. "Fuck. You really were planning this, huh?"

"From the moment I met you." Percy gasped as Kevin gave him more of his cock, and he shuddered beneath him.

"I don't know if that's creepy or hot."

"It can be both, sug."

“Yes, boss.” Kevin inhaled sharply as he thrust with a bit more force, spreading his hand on the seat next to Percy’s hip to balance his weight. Percy was a flushed vision underneath him, and he couldn’t get over the sheer heat of his body. It was as if he had a fever, and Kevin had never felt anything like it before. “All that orgy going on... and you really wanted me?”

“Absolutely.” Percy grabbed Kevin’s hip, encouraging him to move faster. “They’re boring. You’re not.”

“Not sure what gave you that idea.” Kevin grunted as he pushed firmly inside of Percy, and he loved how Percy’s hot hole pulled him right in. He was so tight that it almost hurt to move, and he kissed Percy deeply as he thrust, starting a steady rhythm. It would be easy to lose himself in Percy’s gorgeous body, but he knew he couldn’t.

He had to be careful.

He had to hold back.

Percy groaned low and squeezed his powerful thighs around Kevin’s waist. He moved to meet Kevin’s thrusts, urging, “Just like that, sug... mmm, come on.”

“Fuck, your ass feels so fuckin’ good,” Kevin murmured, not stopping until he’d given Percy every inch of himself. He held there for a moment, fully sheathed and throbbing, and he kissed him again. Percy’s fingers in his hair and the swipe of his tongue made Kevin’s chest tighten, and he resisted slamming into him the way he longed to.

“Goddamn right it does,” Percy murmured as he dropped a hand to get a firm handful of Kevin’s ass, and he was looking up at him with an expression that appeared to be surprise.

“What?” Kevin laughed softly. “What’s that look for?”

“You feel absolutely fantastic.”

“Don’t sound so surprised.” Kevin grinned.

“Fuck me, Kevin,” Percy commanded, his eyes dark with lust. He tugged at Kevin’s hair. “Right now.”

“Sir, yes, sir.” Kevin pulled out so he could thrust back in, slowly increasing his pace until their skin was smacking

together noisily. The heated friction was amazing, and Percy rolled his body alongside Kevin's with surprising grace. Kevin bowed his head to suck at Percy's throat as he groaned hungrily.

"There we go." Percy gasped. "Mmm, that's nice... *Fuck.*"

"Yeah, you like that?" Kevin was so caught up in Percy's moans of pleasures that he lost his rhythm and slammed forward too hard. He tensed when Percy grunted sharply, certain he'd hurt him. "I'm sorry, I—"

Percy bit down on Kevin's neck.

"Fuck!" Kevin gasped.

"Don't stop," Percy snarled. "Don't you dare stop!"

"Yes, sir!" Kevin thrust into Percy as before, and he couldn't believe the moan that came out of the other man. He slammed into him again, letting some of his finely tuned control go, and was utterly amazed at how Percy just took it. The sensation was white-hot fire lighting up the entire shaft of his cock and made his head throb from the rush.

"Just like that, sug!" Percy pleaded hoarsely. "Yes! Fuck me up!"

Kevin had never been with anyone who encouraged him to go so hard, and it was amazing to finally let loose. He moaned loudly, letting his foot drop into the floorboard to give himself more leverage as he pounded into Percy's perfect hole. "Come on, baby. Come on. I'll give you all I fuckin' got!"

"Ah, fuck!" Percy's eyes widened, and he smiled madly as his face flushed a lovely shade of red. He stretched out his leg to the dashboard, tilting his hips down as his moans continued to grow in volume and frequency. "Fuck! Mm, just a little harder! Just, *mmm! Fuck!*"

Kevin couldn't believe the beautiful sounds Percy made, and he was obsessed with hearing more. His breathing had grown ragged as he fucked Percy hard enough to shake the entire truck, and he threw his weight into every brutal thrust. "Percy... Oh, fuck, baby."

Percy squirmed, and his toes curled up on the dash. He kept moving his hips until Kevin hit something he liked, freezing there as he threw his head back, groaning. “There, right there! Lucifer’s fucking tits, yeah... come on, baby... yes, yes, yes!”

Kevin focused in on the angle that had Percy crying out for him like that, and he chased the wicked pressure rising like a storm inside of his loins. Percy bit his throat again, and he hissed, the explosion of pain creating a new surge of pleasure that raced right down to his cock. He dared to fuck Percy even harder than before, and the snap of his hips was making the seat squeak in protest.

He’d never felt so alive, every nerve on edge and firing away in bright bursts, and his eyes were burning with the threat of tears. He was certain he’d found God pounding into the mercilessly tight heat of Percy’s body, and he didn’t want to sever the divine connection yet.

He knew it had to end soon—it was just too good, too perfect—and he wanted to make sure Percy was equally lost in the throes of passion.

Kevin kissed Percy breathlessly. “Come on, baby. You like that? You gonna come on my cock?”

“Yes!” Percy snarled as he squeezed down on Kevin’s cock. He was so tight that it was hard for Kevin to move, and Percy moaned deliriously, his eyes rolling back as he sobbed, “There! Fuck! Kevin!”

The rhythmic clenching of Percy’s inner walls stole Kevin’s breath away, and he grunted as Percy bit his throat again as his cock pulsed between them. He couldn’t get enough of Percy slamming himself down on his dick to meet him for every brutal thrust, and no one had ever rocked his world like this before. He surrendered to the beautiful pulsing grip of Percy’s hole, and he came.

God, and he *came*.

Kevin groaned as loudly as Percy was beneath him, and he slammed his cock as deep as he could. He growled as Percy

yanked him by his hair into a fierce and breathless kiss, and he circled his hips, working them both through the brilliant, blissful shudders. His entire body was wrung out and trembling, and he'd never known he could come that hard. "F-fuck."

"Fuck, indeed," Percy agreed with a short laugh.

"You're incredible." Kevin stroked Percy's thigh and gave it a squeeze. "Holy shit."

"Well, we already knew that." Percy swept Kevin's hair back from his sweaty brow and grinned. "You being an absolute sex god, however, was a very welcome surprise. Consider me subscribed, sug."

"I'm glad I can live up to your expectations and all, but you had to have some idea." Kevin thrust teasingly, loving how Percy grunted.

"Well, I certainly had my hopes up, but I've been let down before."

"Then I'm calling this a win." Kevin propped his elbow on the seat to keep his weight off Percy. His heart was still pounding, and he couldn't ever remember having sex this good.

The closeness, the intimacy, being able to let go and fuck Percy right down into the leather.

Fuck.

"I'm glad you decided to stalk me," Kevin teased.

"Me too!" Percy laughed. "I look forward to getting bent over your tailgate."

"Fuck, you're gonna look hot as hell like that."

"Damn right, I am." Percy kissed him.

"Just give me a few minutes," Kevin mumbled against his lips. "Lemme grab a drink and I'll be good to go."

"Or, option B, we go again right now and save the drinks to celebrate some amazingly intense coitus."

“Damn, you’re just chompin’ at the bit, aren’t you?” Kevin laughed.

“Keep this up and I’ll gladly chomp on all your bits.”

Kevin’s throat burned slightly where Percy had bit him. He wondered if Percy had actually drawn blood. “Hey, what about getting bent over my tailgate?”

“We’ll save that for our second date.” Percy insistently rolled his hips down, grinding on Kevin’s cock. “Come on, sug. Give me some more.”

Kevin was surprised he was still rock hard, and the sting of sensitivity had yet to dull his desire. He wasn’t going to refuse such a gift, and he immediately thrust forward with a light groan. “Fuck it. Let’s go again.”

“Fuck yes.” Percy groaned happily as he slid his hands over Kevin’s back. “Your cock is absolute perfection, sugar.”

“I’m real glad you feel that way.” Kevin arched into Percy’s touch, rolling his hips slowly as he enjoyed the slick slide of his cock moving in and out of Percy’s hot hole. He gazed down at Percy, losing himself there in his bright eyes. “God, you’re fucking amazing. You’re just so... You...”

“How about you let that dick do the sweet talking, hmm?” Percy grinned, popping Kevin’s ass. “Come on, sug. Give it to me again.”

Kevin groaned, his cheek stinging in the wake of Percy’s palm. “Fuck... yeah. I’ll be happy to give you whatever you want, princess.”

“Of course you’re happy.” Percy shifted his hips down and pulled his knees toward his shoulders. “You’re fucking me, and I’m fucking brilliant.”

“You have a very high opinion of yourself,” Kevin taunted, even though he was inclined to agree. He couldn’t stop thrusting deep into Percy’s slick hole, chasing the sweet friction that promised another mind-shattering orgasm.

“Absolutely. I’m amazing.”

Kevin pushed against Percy's legs, folding him in half as he pounded into him. He was amazed again by how Percy took everything he gave him and moaned for more. He didn't have to worry about holding back and pulling his thrusts—he could just enjoy himself, live in this moment, and fuck Percy with the reckless abandon he'd never fucked anyone with before.

“There is nothing wrong... with knowing one's worth!” Percy panted. “You should do the same, sug.” He reached between them, his fingers touching where they were joined together. “Because you... are fucking amazing.”

Kevin reared back and slammed into Percy with a grunt. “Thanks. Don't forget to leave that Yelp review.”

“Will do!” Percy croaked. His nails dug into Kevin's back. “Mmm, ten out of ten... Would fuck... again! And *again!* Goddamn, yes! Right *there*, oh fuck!”

Kevin reared up to gaze at the writhing mess Percy was devolving into beneath him. He'd never felt so confident before, and he pivoted his hips harder. He had no idea how he was even keeping up this relentless pace, but it was incredible. He felt powerful, sexy, and he plowed Percy's ass without hesitation. “Mmm, maybe you'll get some free pizza!”

“Fuck! Breadsticks! And fucking breadsticks!” Percy arched off the seat, offering up another delicious series of moans. His face flushed dark red and he sobbed, his cock suddenly pulsing between them. He twitched and clenched around Kevin's cock, crying out, “Kevin!”

“Fuck yeah, say my name, baby.” Kevin felt like a *god*.

He fucked Percy into the seat, using his weight to deliver a series of merciless thrusts that drove him into his own orgasm almost instantly. He didn't stop, driving every drop of his load as far as he could, groaning ravenously. “Fuck, yeah! Take it all, baby!”

Percy sunk his teeth into Kevin's throat with a snarl.

Kevin could only moan, dropping his head down to Percy's shoulder. Percy was certainly sucking the world's biggest hickey right there, and Kevin couldn't be bothered to

care. He gave a few weak thrusts, murmuring, “I fucking love your ass, oh my God.”

“Goddamn right you do.” Percy lapped at Kevin’s throat. “My ass is fucking magical, sug.”

“Yes. Yes, it fucking is.” Kevin slid his arms around Percy and hugged him tight.

“You’ve earned yourself a tip, pizza boy.”

“Yeah? That’s awfully generous of you.” Kevin chuckled. “I’m happy to deliver for free anytime you want.”

“I’ll remember that when I have a craving for breadsticks.” Percy stretched his legs back out, grunting. “Which I’m starting to think is going to be a nightly event at this rate.”

“Every night, huh?” Kevin stroked Percy’s thigh. “Mmm, you must really love pizza.”

“Love it. Can’t get enough.” Percy pressed a sweet kiss to his lips.

Kevin sighed as he kissed back, licking into Percy’s mouth. He tasted blood, and he realized it must be his own. He was dying to check his neck to see what Percy had done to him, but he didn’t want to move yet. Even as his cock softened, he wanted to stay just like this.

Percy nipped at his lower lip. “Time for that drink, sug?”

Well, so much for that.

“Drink sounds fucking good,” he agreed, ignoring the urge to cuddle. He kissed Percy slowly as he pulled out, already missing the heat of his body around his cock. He pushed him up and into a sitting position, groaning as his bare ass sat on the cool leather. “Damn.”

Percy sat with a little groan, reaching between his legs to touch himself. “By Lucifer’s fucking tits, that was good.”

“Wow, definitely the first time I’ve ever heard that one.” Kevin smirked. “Hang on. Let me grab you somethin’.” He fumbled under the seat for what was hopefully a mostly clean towel. “Here.”

“And they say chivalry is dead.” Percy snorted, but he took it to clean up with.

Kevin found his T-shirt to wipe himself down, teasing, “Hey, I know how to treat a lady. You just wait right here.” He stepped out of the truck to get the whiskey out of his toolbox. He also grabbed a blanket before getting back in, hoping he’d be able to get a glimpse of Percy’s half-naked body while the interior light was on.

Percy was already dressed again.

Damn, that was fast.

“Here, baby.” Kevin offered him the whiskey.

“Be still, my heart,” Percy said with a bat of his eyes. “You are an absolute peach.”

“Yeah?” Kevin chuckled as he draped the blanket over himself. “That tracks. I was born in Georgia.”

“Were you really?”

“Yeah.” Kevin distinctly remembered his parents having Georgia plates before moving up here. “You’ve got your very own Georgia peach.”

“All right then, peaches.” Percy paused to take a swig from the bottle. “I’m trying to decide why you’re single. Do you snore? Bad morning breath?”

Kevin snorted. “I guess I snore sometimes. And hey, who doesn’t have morning breath?”

“I certainly don’t.”

Kevin wrapped his arm around Percy’s shoulders, bringing him in for a kiss. “No, of course not. Because you’re perfect.”

“Naturally.” Percy grinned. He closed his eyes, appearing to relax for a few moments. “You’re not so bad yourself, you know.”

“Thank you. That’s mighty kind of you.” Kevin laughed and rested his head back against the seat. He sighed contentedly. “This has been amazing.”

“Yes, it has. I’m looking forward to doing it again. On a semi-regular basis.”

“Oh really?” Kevin reached for the bottle to get himself a small swig. “Shit, is this where I give you my class ring and all that?”

“I’ll save a seat for you at lunch too.”

“Sounds good.” Kevin let his eyes fall closed.

“Ah. Don’t go to sleep yet. I’m not done with you.”

Kevin snuggled in closer. “I’m super awake.”

“Good. Because we’re not falling asleep in this truck. We are fucking again. Very soon.”

“I’m all over it.” Kevin smiled, enjoying the quiet sounds of their breathing as they held each other close. He didn’t think Percy would be interested in pillow talk, but he was curious about his bitey lover who had totally ruined him for any other lover. “So. What is it that you do anyway?”

“I was a small business owner of sorts,” Percy replied vaguely.

“Was?”

“I’m retired now. The orgy you crashed the other night was my going away party.”

“Hell of a send-off.” Kevin chuckled. “Orgies seem like a pretty cool job perk though.”

“Gets sort of old after a while.” Percy sighed. “Especially when none of them can fuck worth a damn. It’s why I always volunteered to take care of dinner. Even for my own party. Gave me an excuse to get away from it.”

“Well, then I guess it’s a good thing you’re retired now, right?” Kevin nudged him. “And you found someone who can fuck good.”

“I’m very satisfied with my choice of fuck partner. For now.” Percy cradled Kevin’s cheek, tilting his head down for a kiss.

Kevin shivered.

Even Percy's kisses felt amazing.

"When can I have you again?" Percy asked softly. "Are you free tomorrow?"

"Yeah, actually. I just have to check in at the restaurant to make sure Steve shows up and nothing insane happens. But, uh, yeah. I can be available."

"How wonderful for me. After this evening's performance, I'm going to need an encore."

Kevin laughed. "What? Twice isn't enough for you?"

"That was just a warm-up." Percy grinned slyly. "I'll absolutely need to fuck you again at least once more tonight and at least twice in the morning."

"You seriously wanna go grab a motel and fuck in the bar bathroom or whatever it was?"

"No, I will defile your body from the comfort of my own bed, thank you."

Kevin's heart thumped. "You asking me to have a sleepover?"

"If a sleepover means you coming over to spend the night so we can continue to have wild animalistic sex for hours, then yes."

"You got it, princess."

CHAPTER FOUR

Kevin got dressed minus his soiled T-shirt so he could drive them back to the Munsters House. He was honestly more than satisfied with how the evening had played out, but he couldn't say no to Percy.

Even after he got a look at what Percy had done to his neck.

The bite marks were deep and definitely broke the skin, but Kevin decided they were more than worth it to experience life-changing intercourse.

"Now we can have some real fun," Percy said as they pulled up to the house. He'd taken his hair down, and he swept it out of his face as he asked, "Are you ready?"

"Oh, I'm ready," Kevin promised. "Maybe a snack first though."

"I definitely have something you can snack on," Percy teased.

Kevin laughed. "Yeah, that big dick of yours is a fucking meal."

"Do you want a safe word, sug?"

"A safe word? Is that really necessary?"

The very idea of a safe word conjured images of leather and whips, and Kevin was surprised to find desire spiking through his trepidation.

"Maybe. Maybe not." Percy batted his eyes. "The night is young. We'll just have to see, won't we?" He patted Kevin's

thigh before hopping out of the truck.

Kevin followed, glancing warily up at the tiny windows. The house still gave him the creeps, but the promise of more incredible sex diluted his fears. He wanted that feeling again—that beautiful warmth, that blissful fulfillment of feeling whole for the first time.

Percy was special.

Kevin couldn't explain it, but he had never met anyone who affected him so. Hell, maybe he really was a demon. Kevin was surprised how easy it was to think of Percy as something other than human, and the mere recollection of his tight body clenching around Kevin's cock flooded his loins with a new wave of heat.

Percy was *very* special, and Kevin wanted more.

“Welcome to my humble home,” Percy said as he ushered Kevin inside.

Kevin had seen some of the interior when he'd delivered the pizza, but those glimpses hadn't prepared him for the gothic grandeur within. It really did look like it could be the home of the Munsters from the ghoulish paintings and dark ornate furniture, but it also oozed excess in the form of gilded vases, lush fur rugs, and crystal chandeliers.

The fireplace was blazing away, and the grand staircase was lit with dozens of elaborate candelabras. Despite how long the house had sat unoccupied, it didn't smell of must or mildew. Instead, there was a strong scent of musk and spice with a faint hint of something sour. It was by far the fanciest home Kevin had ever set foot in, and he stuffed his hands in his pockets to avoid breaking anything he couldn't replace.

Percy hooked his arm around Kevin's to lead him toward the fireplace. There was a lavish mahogany bar positioned against the far wall, and Percy dropped Kevin off on a plush stool before stepping behind the bar to pour them each a drink in a short glass.

“Jesus.” Kevin looked around as he sat. “This place is huge.”

“Well, it’s not much, but it’s home.” Percy offered out a glass with a wink. “I do hope you’re still hungry.”

“I’m always hungry.” Kevin shivered, that little wink setting a swarm of butterflies loose in his stomach. He sipped the liquor.

Scotch—warm, rich, definitely expensive.

“Damn.” Kevin took another drink. “Everything about you is so out of my fuckin’ league.”

“What can I say? The world of acquisitions was quite lucrative.”

“Acquisitions, huh?” Kevin thought that sounded purposefully vague, but he didn’t press it. “Good for you, man. Sure it pays more than a pizza restaurant owner and part-time bartender.”

“It certainly pays the rent.” Percy smiled.

Kevin drank more scotch, letting it hang on his tongue before he swallowed. “Fuck, this is amazing.”

“It should be with what it costs.” Percy took a dainty sip. “You know, I could offer you... some other employment. Something that might pay a bit better than slinging pizzas and booze. If you’d be interested.”

Kevin quirked his brows. “Yeah? Seems like a sexual harassment lawsuit waiting to happen. What exactly would this job entail?”

“I haven’t decided yet, but you’d obviously sign a very complicated contract preventing you from filing said sexual harassment suit.” Percy grinned. “We both know I fully intend to harass you in a sexual manner as often as I can, sug.”

Kevin laughed. “Oh, of course. I don’t expect anything less.”

Percy came around the bar, approaching Kevin and sliding his hand over his bare chest. “I intend to model my entire schedule around it, in fact.”

“I guess that means you’re gonna have to make sure my boss works my schedule around it too.” Kevin licked his lips. “I don’t wanna get fired.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that seeing as how your new boss is going to be a needy little slut for your cock.” Percy teased his fingers around Kevin’s nipple. “The needy little slut is me, in case you were wondering.”

Kevin leaned into Percy’s touch and set his glass on the bar. “I’m sure I can make it work.”

“Excellent.” Percy kissed Kevin, greedily licking into his mouth.

Kevin loved that Percy tasted of the scotch and something spicy, and he slid his hand into Percy’s hair as he sucked on his tongue.

Percy squeezed Kevin’s pec before going for his nipple again. He rolled it between his fingers until Kevin moaned. “How are you even real?”

“Me?” Kevin groaned again when Percy pinched his other nipple, basking in the sharp tingles of sensation. “I’m nothin’ special, Percy. Just a guy.”

Percy studied Kevin’s face with surprising scrutiny, and there was something dark in his eyes that made Kevin’s heart beat faster. “So you say, but I’m not sure if I believe you, sug.”

“Believe what you want, princess.” Kevin stood from the stool so he could run his fingers through Percy’s hair as he kissed him again. “Whatever I am, I’m yours for now.”

“Just for now, hmm?”

“You haven’t put a ring on it or anything,” Kevin teased, tugging on Percy’s hair. He gasped as Percy gave his nipple another pinch, and his hips jerked forward.

“Then I suppose I better make the most of it.”

“You’d better.” Kevin kissed Percy hard, pulling him close.

Percy nipped at Kevin's bottom lip. "I can think of some good ways to get us started."

"Yeah? Why don't you share with the class?"

"It's a surprise, peaches." Percy's eyes glittered with mischief. "Ready to retire to the bedroom?"

"Absolutely." Kevin grabbed his glass to finish off the scotch. "My safe word is Tyrannosaurus Rex. Lead the way."

Percy paused to calmly polish off his own drink before he took hold of Kevin's arm. He led him back to the staircase and ascended, passing more strange paintings and fancy artifacts.

Kevin didn't know enough about art to say what he was even looking at except it all seemed very expensive. The one thing he did recognize was an iron maiden posed at the end of the hallway.

Right. Not creepy at all.

Percy brought him into a lavish bedroom with a giant bed that had a brocade canopy and thick posts at all four corners. There were two new glasses of scotch waiting on the bedside table for them, and Percy gave one to Kevin. "After you've had that, undress for me."

Kevin was fairly buzzed, but not so much that he didn't find it strange that Percy just so happened to have two glasses of booze ready for them. The thought was fleeting, however, as he was more focused on the fact that he would never let Percy come over to his place. He literally lived in an old arcade in the back of a pizza restaurant.

Percy probably wouldn't be caught dead there.

He ignored the shame in favor of obeying Percy's command, and he tipped the glass back to chug it all down. It was the same as he'd had at the bar downstairs, and it was velvety warm and smooth. "All right, princess. You got it."

Percy took Kevin's empty glass, sipping on his own as he stared at Kevin expectantly.

Kevin slipped out of his shoes first, and then he went for his jeans. He dropped them with a wiggle of his hips. He

stepped out of them to toe off his socks next, and he smirked at Percy, enjoying his lustful gaze.

Percy ran his tongue over his top lip. “The rest if you please.”

“Yes, sir.” Kevin pushed his underwear down extra slowly, just to see Percy bite his lip.

“Satan’s knackers, look at you.” Percy grunted. “You are gorgeous.”

The sincerity of the praise made Kevin’s face heat up, and he now stood before Percy with nothing but a smile. “Thanks.”

In the truck, Kevin had felt so confident. He was in control and knew what he was doing. Here in Percy’s bedroom, it was clear that Percy was in charge now, and maybe he always had been. It was intimidating, but it was also turning Kevin on to follow someone else’s lead for once.

Percy walked around Kevin like a lion stalking its prey as he nursed his scotch, and he reached out to trail the tips of his fingers along Kevin’s hip. “Perfect. Now. Go get in bed for me. Nice and comfortable.”

“All right.” Kevin slipped into bed, plopping right in the middle and stretching out. It was the most comfortable bed he’d ever lain in, and he made himself right at home with the mountain of plush pillows.

Percy walked up to the side of the bed, still admiring Kevin’s body. He set the glasses down on the bedside table and then reached for something at the headboard.

A leather cuff attached to the headboard with a chain.

Shit.

Kevin’s stomach dipped, and he wondered if he was getting in over his head.

Maybe he should use the safe word and just bail...

No, he could handle this. He wanted it. He needed that feeling again. He didn’t want to feel empty again, not after having the pleasure of being whole.

“I am going to take what I want from you now,” Percy said as he fastened the cuff around Kevin’s wrist. He walked around to secure Kevin’s other wrist. “And if you come before I do, well, we’ll just keep going.”

“You got it.” Kevin smiled, his cock twitching at his thigh. “I won’t come.”

Percy undressed as he moved to the foot of the bed, removing his suit piece by piece. He smiled at Kevin, and his voice was a low purr as he said, “Look at that. Aren’t you just so very pretty all trussed up for me?”

That sense of being hunted had returned, and Kevin’s cock continued to thicken. “If you say so.”

“Oh, I do say so.” Percy crawled up onto the bed, moving between Kevin’s legs. He slid his hands over Kevin’s thighs. “This may be part of your new job. Just to lie here and look pretty for me. Give me something nice to look at after I’ve had a hard day.”

Kevin pulled at the restraints to test their hold, and he realized he had no chance of breaking them. He took a deep breath, teasing, “I think I could do a lot better job cheerin’ you up if my hands were free.”

“While that may be true, I think I like you just like this.” Percy straddled Kevin’s hips, grinding down against his cock. “Mmm, yes. Just like this. Mine.”

Kevin groaned and spread his legs a bit. “Well, you do put up a convincing argument.”

“I am very convincing, peaches,” Percy said as he continued to move, rubbing his ass down the shaft of Kevin’s cock. “It’s what made me so good at my job.”

Kevin shuddered. He didn’t understand how Percy’s ass already felt so wet, and he swore if he tilted up at the right angle, he could slide right back inside of him. “You could probably convince me to do a few things.”

“I know I can.” Percy smirked.

“Mm, come on.” Kevin longed to reach out for Percy’s voluptuous hips, but the restraints caught his hands.

“No touching, sug,” Percy taunted as he greedily groped Kevin’s chest. “You’re just here for my enjoyment right now. I’ll let you out. Eventually.”

“I’m much more fun with my hands,” Kevin insisted, trying to buck up against Percy’s ass to gain more friction. His cock was fully hard now, and the slick pressure of Percy’s taint felt good, but it wasn’t nearly enough.

“That remains to be seen.” Percy smiled sweetly.

“Thought I showed you pretty well earlier.”

“Maybe that was a fluke.” Percy chuckled wickedly, finally moving his hips so the head of Kevin’s cock pressed against his hole. He shifted slightly, sinking down with a soft moan.

Kevin gasped, savoring that first rush of penetration as Percy’s tight body swallowed him up. Percy’s hole was open and hot, and he slipped in as smooth as velvet. The familiar squeeze was intoxicating, and Kevin pulled at the restraints again, groaning low in frustration. “I promise it wasn’t!”

“We’ll have to see if you can do it again.” Percy braced himself on Kevin’s chest, palming his pecs as he sat back on his dick. “Mm, there we go. That’s it.”

Kevin grunted and thrust up sharply, smirking when Percy gasped.

“Oh, that’s lovely.” Percy’s lashes fluttered. “More of that, please.”

Kevin braced his feet flat against the bed for more leverage, and he pumped his hips to fuck up into Percy. The heated slide was as amazing as it was before, even more so now because he could see Percy’s lustful smile and track every twitch of his body. “You like that, baby? Is that good?”

“Mm, very.” Percy suddenly adjusted his weight, pinning Kevin’s hips flat against the bed. He tucked his arms behind his head and rolled his hips, grinding down on Kevin’s cock

like he was dying and getting his dick was the only cure. He circled his body, jerking back and forth, working himself from all angles as he used Kevin's cock like a toy.

With his long hair falling around his face and his stomach flexing, Percy looked absolutely stunning taking everything he wanted. He dug his nails into Kevin's skin, and Kevin didn't even realize he'd drawn blood until Percy was licking it off his fingers.

"Holy fuck!" Kevin was so caught up in the moment that he barely felt it or cared.

Four perfect crescent shaped cuts were left in the wake of Percy's nails, each one welling up a tiny bubble of blood. The very sight of it was somehow erotic, even as alarms went off in his head that Percy seemed to be enjoying drinking his blood a little too much. Maybe it was the sea of lust his brain was currently swimming in, but Kevin thought it was hot.

The way Percy was ravaging him made his cock ache, and seeing more of his blood on Percy's tongue sent the most delightful shivers all over his body. There was a singular connection here, one he didn't understand, but he was in awe of its strength. He met Percy's bright gaze and lost time there as Percy rode his cock, and he groaned brokenly. "You feel so fuckin' good... fuck!"

"I'm gonna come." Percy cried out, grinding and grunting ferociously when he found a particular angle that seemed to please him. "Oh, fuck yes. I'm gonna come on your fuckin' cock!"

"Come on, baby. Come on!" Kevin jerked up, meeting Percy's frantic slams to pound his cock into him. He could hear the bed creaking from the force of their tryst, and he urged, "Keep going. Come on. Get that fuckin' nut. Get it—"

"Shut up, I'm trying to come!" Percy grumbled.

"Oh excuse me!" Kevin growled as Percy fucked himself on his cock like he hated him. He was getting close now, lulled by the relentless friction of Percy's slick hole, and he had to fight back the urge to come when Percy did. That rhythmic

clenching of Percy's body all around his dick was utter perfection, and he watched hungrily as Percy's cock shot a thick load all over his stomach and chest. "Fuck yeah, baby."

"Yes! Fuck!" Percy moaned triumphantly as he continued to ride Kevin's dick. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"Shit!" Kevin squirmed. "I'm gonna fucking come!"

"Not yet, sug." Percy stopped abruptly, reaching underneath himself to squeeze the base of Kevin's dick. "Don't you dare. Not yet."

Kevin grunted. "Fuck! Asshole." He wiggled, trying to get more friction that he so desperately needed, but he was again denied. "What are you waiting for? Fucking Christmas?"

Percy chuckled cruelly, bowing his head to claim a breathless kiss. "Be a good boy, and I'll let you out. Would you like that?"

"I certainly fucking would." Kevin growled. He was ready to explode, and he wanted nothing more than to dominate Percy as he'd just done to him. The tiniest twitch of Percy's hips made his cock throb, and he gritted his teeth.

Percy slid a hand up toward the restraint holding Kevin's left hand. "And what are you going to do, hmm? Tell me."

Kevin growled again, surprising himself with the desire coursing through him. "I'm gonna fuck you down into this big ass bed until the only thing you know how to do is scream my name."

"Promises, promises," Percy teased as he released the restraint. He reached for the other, taking his time to unbuckle it. "Let's see what you've got, Kevin Hamill. You were rather impressive in the front seat of your truck, but I'm curious to see what you can do with some room to work with."

The second restraint released.

"Now." Percy's bright eyes glittered in an obvious challenge. "Show me."

"Don't you worry, princess. I bet I can do a lot with you." Kevin grabbed a handful of Percy's long hair and dragged him

into a fierce kiss. Percy's responding moan was like music, and Kevin got a hold of Percy's hip to roll them over without pulling out. He pinned Percy down on his back and relished the surprised expression on his handsome face. "I love my truck, but it doesn't leave a lot of space for creativity."

"Very true." Percy stroked the side of Kevin's face. "Let's see what you can do with an ample play area."

Kevin reared his hips back and slammed forward, grinding his cock deep. "Hopefully I still live up to your expectations."

"I do so have my hopes up." Percy groaned softly. "Come on, sug. Come on. Quit talking about it and just fucking *fuck me*."

Kevin grabbed Percy's hand to pin it above his head, and he slammed into him again.

Percy cried out sharply, and his mouth gaped.

Kevin tensed. "Was that too much?"

"No, no." Percy shook his head earnestly. He seemed surprised to be honest, but he was smiling. "Give it to me. I won't break."

"Just wanted to make sure," Kevin said quietly, dozens of ugly past experiences trying to invade his mind. "I don't wanna hurt you."

"You won't," Percy promised as he squeezed Kevin's hand. "Now, come on. Let's see what you can do."

Kevin nodded and thrust again, applying the same strength as before. He had to trust that Percy would tell him if it was too much, though he still tried to gauge Percy's reactions to be safe. He fucked him roughly, letting himself go and pounding into Percy even harder than he'd dared out in the truck.

He had the space to arch his back and really throw his weight into it, to spread his legs and power his brutal slams until Percy was a whimpering mess. Kevin loved the grip of Percy's hole pulling him back in for every thrust, and he groaned when Percy reared up to bite his throat again. "Yeah, there you go. Get you some, baby."

It was undeniable now that Percy was drinking some of his blood, and Kevin shivered. It felt so naughty and forbidden, and it sent a rush of heat back to his dick. He tilted his head to give Percy all that he wanted, and he panted feverishly. “Fuck, you’re perfect. You’re so fucking perfect.”

Percy lapped at Kevin’s raw throat. “Was just thinking the same thing about you, sug.”

Kevin grinned and fucked Percy mercilessly. He pushed forward to force Percy’s knees back toward his chest, grunting from the effort of every relentless thrust spearing into him.

“Fuck, yes! Fucking get it, goddamn you! You sweet fucking beautiful bastard! Give it to me!” Percy wailed beautifully, bucking beneath Kevin as his eyes filled with tears.

“Take it, baby,” Kevin growled. “Fucking take it!”

“Ah, fuck!” Percy whimpered. “Mm, I need... I need to fucking come! Ah, fuck!” His legs fell apart clumsily. “Come on!”

“I want you to come for me,” Kevin urged, slamming in hard and deep, rolling his hips to try and hit that exclusive angle that seemed to be Percy’s favorite. “I’m gonna come in you so fuckin’ hard, baby.”

Percy shouted when Kevin’s cock moved just so, and he sobbed as he came almost instantly, his fat cock pulsing between them. “Kevin! *Yes!*”

Percy’s sweet cries were as much Kevin’s undoing as the unforgiving clench of Percy’s viselike hole, and Kevin roared as he unloaded inside of him. He kept fucking him, trying to push his load as deeply as he could, and he didn’t stop until his thighs were shaking from the exertion. “Oh... *fuck.*”

Percy sagged beneath him, and he whined, “Kevin... oh God. *Kevin.*”

Kevin grinned breathlessly, and he cradled the back of Percy’s head as he drew him into a slow, passionate kiss. There it was—that beautiful feeling of being whole flooding the void inside of him until he thought he was going to burst.

His lungs were on fire as he struggled to catch his breath, and he wheezed, “Fuck, you may never get rid of me.”

Percy managed a weak laugh. “I’m ready to update my social media status.”

“You’ll have to help me make a My Face or whatever it is.” Kevin beamed as he carefully pulled out, flopping over to collapse beside Percy with a huff. “Wow.”

“Uh-huh.” Percy hadn’t moved, still panting and lying there with his legs spread. “Wow.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Kevin swept a hand through his damp hair. “I’m gonna need a Gatorade and, like, three sandwiches. Shit.”

“That can certainly be arranged.” Percy touched himself, petting between his legs with a soft whimper that Kevin wasn’t sure if it was good or bad. “Damn.”

“Are you all right?” Kevin frowned. “Look, I really don’t mean to get so carried away. Are you okay? Please. You gotta tell me if—”

“Oh, I am very okay, I promise you.” Percy rolled onto his side with a happy smirk. “Please feel free to carry me away to pound town like that anytime you’d like.”

Kevin’s heart stumbled over itself. “Any fucking time. You really mean it?”

“I do. Forgive me if I was a little... surprised. It’s been a very long time since anyone’s been able to dick me down like that. It’s an experience I look forward to having again very, very soon.”

“You’re incredible.” Kevin beamed, reaching for Percy’s hand. “Shit. I guess I really gotta make an internet profile thing, huh?”

“If you’d really like.” Percy chuckled and kissed Kevin’s cheek. “First, how about that Gatorade or whatever it was, hmm? You must be hungry.”

“I am starving. Should probably hydrate too.” Kevin grinned. “Been quite a workout.”

“Come along then.” Percy squeezed Kevin’s hand before letting go so he could drag himself out of bed. He stretched his arms over his head, popping his shoulders noisily.

Kevin watched him, admiring the curve of Percy’s ass and hips as he walked over to a closet to put on a black silk robe.

Percy pulled out a fluffy pink robe and then offered it out to Kevin. “Sorry, I don’t usually keep a spare for guests. This one might be a tad short.”

“Thanks. It’s just my color.” Kevin laughed as he stood, enjoying the heavy thrum in his back and thighs from the intense sex. He accepted the robe and put it on, snorting when he saw it stopped just above his ass, and his cock hung well below the hem. “Have a cocktail dress or something just a wee bit longer?”

“Oh, now there’s an idea.” Percy slid his hand over Kevin’s exposed ass as he strolled by him. “I can see it now. Something slinky, black... Mmm, definitely would have to wear a thong. Also black of course.”

“Oh God.” Kevin shook his head, already regretting his joke.

Percy snickered to himself as he headed out into the hall, waiting there for Kevin to follow. “What? Sounds like a perfect plan for our next date.”

“That’s at least third date material.” Kevin tied the silky sash of his barely there robe and shook his head, walking over to the doorway to join Percy.

A third date.

That meant a second date.

That meant a future of some kind, something wild and crazy and definitely fueled by wild sex, but it could be more—

Kevin grunted as he hit something.

It was as if he’d run face-first into a wall, but there was nothing in front of him except the open doorway. He frowned and tried again, but he was unable to step through. “What the fuck.” He laughed. “What the fuck is this, princess?”

Percy's face drained of color, and he whispered, "You stupid son of a bitch." He seemed to be speaking to himself and not Kevin, and he appeared extremely distressed. It only lasted for a moment before an angry leer took over his handsome face, and he spat, "I suppose I should have seen this coming. When exactly were you going to tell me about your little secret, Flappy?"

"Flappy?" Kevin laughed, but he was much more nervous now. Every part of his brain was screaming danger, but he honestly didn't understand what was going on. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Wow, look at that," Percy snapped bitterly. "You're actually a very good liar. I'm impressed."

"What? I've never lied to you." Kevin scowled, and his fear was fueling his anger like a wildfire. He pushed at the invisible wall or whatever it was, demanding, "What is going on? Let me out of here! How the fuck are you doing this?"

"All right, let's just get to it." Percy crossed his arms. "Who sent you? Was it Michael? Raph? Did no one get the memo that I'm fucking retired now? Come on, sug. Let's tell the truth now."

"What?" Panic crept up Kevin's spine, and he looked around frantically for another way out. "I don't know anyone named Michael! I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. Nobody fucking sent me! You stalked me, remember?"

"You were obviously sent as some sort of bait to trap me!" Percy growled back. "Look at you! I should have fucking known that you'd..." He shook his head, clearly dismissing whatever he was about to say. He gritted his teeth and snapped his fingers, and he was instantly dressed in a stylish three-piece suit and had a glass of scotch in hand.

"What the fuck?" Kevin stared stupidly.

He didn't understand how it was even possible, but—

Percy flicked his free hand toward Kevin, and the simple gesture launched Kevin across the room.

“The fuck, the fuck, the fuck!” Kevin screamed, grunting as his back slammed into the far wall. He was pinned in place, completely helpless and hanging several feet from the floor, and no amount of kicking or swinging could free him. He had no idea how Percy had been able to do *any* of this, and terror seized him, making his chest tight and his heart leap into the back of his throat.

Percy stalked toward him, his eyes cold now.

It was hard to believe this was the same man Kevin had just shared a passionate evening with, and it hurt like hell for Percy to look at him like that.

“Keep in mind that I’ve never made a habit of allowing your kind to live,” Percy warned with a scowl. “I am not about to start now.”

“What the fuck, man?” Kevin squirmed helplessly, shouting, “What are you even talking about? What fucking kind? Bartenders who own pizza joints?”

“No, sug. *Angels.*”

CHAPTER FIVE

What?" Kevin spat. "Angels?"

"No more games, Plucky," Percy warned as he continued to advance. "Whatever you think you're trying to do here is not going to work. Now. The truth. Who sent you?"

"Stop! Put me the fuck down!" Kevin struggled against the invisible hold that pinned him to the wall. Fear was taking over and making it hard to breathe, and he couldn't move his legs or arms no matter how hard he tried. He lifted his head a few inches from the wall before it slammed right back into the wall with a thud. "You literally came to my work and brought me here! What are you talking about?"

"Right. After you just so happened to make a delivery to my home?" Percy scowled. "Just all a big coincidence, huh? Bullshit."

Kevin gritted his teeth. "You literally ordered from *my* restaurant, man."

"It doesn't matter now. There is no way you're leaving this house, sug." Percy was right in front of him now, and he pointed down.

Kevin dropped until his feet hit the floor, but he remained trapped against the wall. "You can't keep me here. I'll get found, you know. Everybody saw you at the bar with me. They knew we left together."

"That's hardly a problem, and you're not going anywhere until you tell me the truth. No angel in his right fucking mind

would ever come to a demon's home unless they were on a mission."

"Right. Here we go with the angel thing again." Kevin laughed bitterly. "Angels. Demons. Wow, I sure am good at finding the crazy ones. Great."

Percy sipped at his drink, and his eyes narrowed. "You really have no idea what you are?" He searched Kevin's face. "And you don't know who I am? Really?"

Kevin trembled, trying to keep his fear under control as Percy leaned in close. He still had no idea how Percy was able to do any of this, and it took all of Kevin's strength to move his head the tiniest fraction. "I think you have me confused with someone else. I don't know what you're talking about. I just know you're the crazy hot guy who followed me to work, and..." He swallowed back the lump in his throat. "I thought we were having a pretty good time."

"So did I." Percy frowned, and he seemed unsure. Hesitantly, as if he thought Kevin might somehow break free, he moved the robe out of his way so he could lay his hand upon the bare skin of Kevin's chest.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"Think of this... as a spiritual cavity search."

"Excuse me? A fucking what?" Kevin bucked uselessly. He didn't want Percy to touch him ever again, and the very heat of his hand made Kevin's skin crawl. "Get the fuck off me!"

"Just shut up and look pretty. You can still do that, can't you?" Percy rolled his eyes.

"Bite me!" Kevin scowled, though the new burning sensation deep within his chest stole away a lot of his fight. He didn't understand what he was experiencing now, and it didn't hurt exactly, but it wasn't comfortable either.

Percy's eyes widened in shock, and he stared at Kevin in awe. "This can't be..." He touched Kevin's cheek. "You're fallen."

The burning had stopped as soon as Percy moved his hand, and Kevin panted haggardly. “What... the fuck... are you... talking about?” He grunted as he pulled against the invisible force holding him. “Please just let me go, man. I won’t call the cops, I swear!”

“Kevin,” Percy said firmly, “listen to me very carefully. In light of you giving me the most epic dick I’ve had in over two hundred years, I am willing to take... a chance on you. I am doing my best to believe that you don’t know what you are, that perhaps you fell and bumped your pretty little head on the way down.” He sighed. “Tell me where you were born. Tell me about your parents.”

“What?” Kevin spat. “I’m not telling you shit! Why would I tell you about my family after you fucking attacked me?”

“Sug, please.” Percy frowned. “Listen to me. It is vitally important that you tell me everything you remember. Or if you don’t remember anything about them at all.”

“Hey, no pet names, Sally psycho!” Kevin’s eyes stung with tears, and he didn’t get what Percy was going on about. He’d really thought this was something special, and now it appeared Percy was even more of a lunatic than he’d first imagined. He gritted his teeth, mumbling, “Never should have gone home with my stalker.”

“Kevin, please,” Percy pressed.

“Fine!” Kevin groaned. “My parents died when I was a little kid. My grandparents died right after that, so it was just me and my uncle! Happy?”

Percy took a step back, and his glass magically refilled. He took a sip, seeming to mull over Kevin’s response before asking, “All right. Dead parents, dead grandparents, and an uncle. How did they die?”

“Me and my parents were mugged,” Kevin said quietly. This was the absolute last thing he wanted to talk about with Percy. “Okay? Can we stop the fucking inquisition?”

“Nope. I need details, darling. That’s the only way this is going to work. Because only one of us can be right, and it’s

probably me.” Percy drank his scotch. “The mugging. Where did it happen? How old were you? What can you remember?”

Kevin sighed and tried to ignore the stab of pain that washed over him from the tragic memory. “We were walking home from a movie. I was eight.” He closed his eyes, not wanting to look at Percy right now. “Good enough?”

“No. What were their names? What’s your uncle’s?”

“For fuck’s sake, man! Come on!” Kevin grunted in frustration. “Tom and Martha Hamill. My uncle is Alfred Hamill. There? Happy now? I don’t know what else you want from me.”

“Tom and Martha...” Percy blinked slowly, and he looked as if he was about to laugh. “Do you realize that you have given yourself the same backstory as fucking *Batman*?”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Kevin finally looked at Percy then, glaring furiously. “Sure, maybe it’s similar, but this is my fucking life! That really happened to me. I had to watch them die and couldn’t do shit about it. Fuck you. I’m done answering your questions. Now let me go!”

“We’re not done yet, sug,” Percy said firmly. “Tell me about dear ol’ Uncle Alfred. Was he Special Forces? Maybe he taught you how to fight? Perhaps worked as a butler for some time? Any of that ringing a bell, sug?”

No.

It couldn’t be...

Kevin hadn’t told Percy any of that, and yet...

How did he know?

“Shut up!” Kevin shouted as his thoughts spiraled.

It was real. It was all real. It had to be. He *knew* it was real. He had no idea why anyone would make up something so horrible as seeing their own parents murdered right in front of them. That’s what had happened. Even if he couldn’t remember what his parents looked like or the sound of their voices or...

Anything at all.

“You can’t keep me here!” Kevin yelled angrily. “Let me go!”

“For fuck’s sake.” Percy snorted. “How did your uncle die then? Dropped into a vat of chemicals and developed a penchant for giggles?”

“No! He moved to Florida, you dick.”

“And your grandparents?”

“Fuck you.”

Percy stared expectantly.

Kevin groaned in pain as his body was pressed tighter against the wall. “You’re hurting me!”

“Sorry, but I think you’ll understand if I decide not to let you use your safe word at this time.”

“Fine.” Kevin scowled. “They went on a safari in Africa and didn’t come back.”

“Come on, sug. The details matter. What happened? How did they die?”

“You son of a bitch.” Kevin blinked back fresh tears, and his stomach twisted. “They fell off a cliff. There was a herd of wildebeests, and they were trampled... It... It was awful.”

“Are you shitting me?” Percy snorted, and he laughed. “That’s the fucking story from *The Lion King*! You think you’re fucking Simba now?” He swigged back his scotch. “You fell from heaven, lost your grace, and apparently concocted a backstory for yourself after watching too much television.”

Kevin’s face flushed, and he snapped, “You think I’m the crazy one and you’re telling me I fell from fucking heaven?”

Percy pursed his lips. “It would certainly explain why your blood tastes so good.”

“I’m not a fucking angel. I’m not fucking anything or anybody!” Kevin wanted to scream. “Why the hell would I

make this up?”

“An excellent question.”

“You’re crazy. God, you’re so fucking crazy.” Kevin sniffed back more angry tears. “I had parents. I had a family. I have a life.”

“Prove it.”

“What?”

“Do you have any pictures of your so-called family? Can we call Uncle Alfie up?”

“I lost everything in a house fire—”

“Oh! Convenient.”

“And Uncle Alfred is getting a new phone number.” Kevin sagged. “He... He said it might be a few weeks before he can call me.”

Percy batted his eyes. “A tiny bit suspish, wouldn’t you say, sug?”

“Fuck you! You can’t prove I’m an angel!”

“Oh, but I can.” Percy waved his hand, and a full-length mirror appeared beside him. “I’ll make a deal with you, sug. If I’m wrong, you can leave and I will never bother you again. If I’m right, you stay, and then you and I will have a nice, long chat.”

Kevin eyed the mirror. “I’m not Dracula. I can see my own reflection if that’s what you’re gonna ask.”

“It’s a *veritas* mirror. It shows the truth, even the things we try to hide.”

“Fine. Whatever. Deal.” Kevin glared. “I know you’re wrong. Go ahead. Let me at this damn thing.”

“Promise to behave yourself when I let you go?” Percy eyed Kevin warily. “No feathery little Batman tricks?”

“I promise. A deal’s a deal, and I just wanna go home.” Kevin sagged. “What do you want me to do?”

“I’m willing to bet you have two very nice scars up on your back. Say, one over either of your shoulder blades.” Percy nodded, and his hold on Kevin dropped.

Kevin crumbled to the floor with a grunt, and he saw Percy’s offered hand to help him up. He ignored it, pulling himself to his feet. “Whatever.” He stepped up to the mirror and shrugged off the thick robe, turning so his back would be visible in the reflection.

He couldn’t look.

He couldn’t bring himself to do it. As sure as he was, doubt had taken seed from Percy’s insane accusations, and now he didn’t know what was real and what wasn’t.

Kevin glanced at the mirror, and he froze when he saw Percy in it.

Percy’s skin was a rich shade of crimson, his ears were pointed, and there were tall, twisted black horns sprouting out of his forehead. His fingers had dark claws, and he had a long swishing tail that looked like a whip.

A demon.

Percy was an actual *demon*.

Kevin whirled around to stare at Percy, but he only saw him as a regular human outside of the mirror’s reflection.

“*Veritas*,” Percy said with a somber smile. “It shows the truth, remember?” He gestured to the mirror.

“Holy shit.” Kevin couldn’t see any trace of Percy’s demonic form, but knowing it was there lurking beneath his handsome face sent shivers down his spine. He was even more terrified to look in the mirror at his own back, and yet...

Somehow, he already knew what he would see.

Cringing, Kevin turned back to the mirror.

There they were.

Two thick ropes of scarred tissue ran along each of his shoulder blades, just as Percy had said. They were purple, knotted, and he reached around to touch one of them. He could

feel the raised tissue, and a few tears ran down his cheeks. “No, no. You saw them earlier. You knew they’d be there. This... This is some kinda trick!”

“No, sug.” Percy took a cautious step forward. “You know I’m right. There must be holes in your memories, right? Probably can’t remember the mascot of your high school or your mother’s middle name?”

“No! It’s... It was...” Kevin scrunched up his face as he tried to recall the elusive information. “I went to high school in Georgia and then here. I lived with my uncle, and... and... What fucking kid knows his mom’s middle name? The puns! My mom made up all the puns for our menu! I know she did! And I had a boyfriend. His name was... Oh *fuck*. His name was *Robin*.” His tears continued to fall. “This is insane. Angels aren’t real.”

Percy suddenly had a handkerchief in his hand, and he offered it out to Kevin. “Care to explain how I’m doing all this then?”

“You’re a fucking magician, asshole.” Kevin snatched the handkerchief away.

“I sold my soul over four hundred years ago and rose through the ranks to be reborn as a demon. I was quite good at it too. I filled my soul quota faster than any other demon in the history of hell and had just recently retired, thank you.”

“Yeah, sure.” Kevin wiped off his face. “Fine. You’re a fucking demon. And you’re still an asshole.” The more he tried to remember his parents, the more the fragments of memories slipped away. Now he wondered if they’d ever been real memories at all or something he’d conjured up to fill that void in his chest.

He thought...

It didn’t matter.

“I’m very... *sorry*... that this is happening.” Percy nearly choked on the apology. “I do believe you, if that’s any consolation. That you don’t remember who you are.”

“I’m...” Kevin staggered toward the bed, collapsing on the floor beside it. He sank into a heap and smothered his face into the handkerchief for a long moment. “I can’t believe this...”

He combed through his memories of singing with his mother, but he couldn’t name a single song they’d sung together. He didn’t know what color her eyes were or what her wedding ring looked like if she ever wore one. His mind was unraveling, and terror seized his heart as he came to the horrifying conclusion that none of it was real.

None of it was real.

“Trust me. I’m having a bit of difficulty believing it myself, sug.” Percy snapped his fingers, and a new glass of scotch appeared next to Kevin. He sat down on the edge of the bed a few feet away from Kevin. “What about this uncle? Do you remember anything about him? Are you sure he’s still alive?”

Kevin hesitated to take anything from Percy now, and he ignored the glass. “Yes. I know he’s real. I know it. Steve’s met him.”

“Steve?” Percy snorted. “He’d believe he’d delivered pizza to the Loch Ness Monster if you told him in a strong enough tone.”

“Okay, fair.” Kevin actually cracked a little smile at that. “But Julie and James have met him too.”

“I’ll pretend to know who they are and assume they do not bleed THC?”

“No, they’re good. And sober. I know Alfred is real.” Kevin frowned. “It’s just... the details. It’s all fucking fuzzy now.”

“So.” Percy clicked his tongue. “You took a little fall, assumed this persona, and ended up as a pizza man and a bartender.” He frowned. “You had to know you were different.”

Yes.

Kevin had always known there was something wrong with him.

He wondered what it meant that being with Percy, a demon, was the first time he'd ever felt whole.

He chose not to share that, instead replying dryly, "Look, I knew I was strong, I knew I was fast, but being an angel never crossed my mind."

"Never been sick, I take it? That never struck you as odd, sug?"

"I've been hurt." Kevin licked his lip where he thought it had been split at the bar, finding it healed. "I think. But no, never sick."

"I knew you weren't human from the second we fucked, but I have to admit... angel was not my first thought either. Especially since you liked me so much." He looked away. "I'm sorry for thinking your affections for me were not genuine."

"I really liked you." Kevin sighed. "I didn't... I..." His emotions rose up like a wave to drown him, and he reached for the scotch. He slugged it back and hissed sharply, squeezing the handkerchief. He didn't want to cry right now, especially in front of a demon. He took a deep breath and then whispered, "None of it was real?"

"I'm afraid not, sug," Percy murmured. "Unless you're talking about the unbridled wild passion burning between us like the innards of an actively spewing volcano." He smiled. "That is very, very real."

Kevin's glass refilled, and a purple crazy straw appeared. He smiled a little and took a sip. "Well, that's something I guess. You know, before you decided to hold me captive here."

"In my defense, I thought you were going to kill me." Percy huffed. "I still don't understand how you were able to get in unless our primal lovemaking somehow woke up some of your angel bits and set off my angel wards."

"Angel what now? Is that what trapped me in here?"

“Yes. It’s a bit like do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars for celestial beings.” Percy paused. “Which means you must still have some of your angel mojo left from your fall. Interesting.”

Kevin took another slurp through the straw. “So, uh, what do you mean... that I fell?”

“You were a happy little angel in heaven, became decidedly unhappy at some point, and fell to earth. You removed your wings and therefore lost your warm fuzzy angel bits. Think of it like losing your Jesus Loves Me membership card because you took a shit on God’s favorite sofa.”

“I find it really hard to believe I was ever like that.” Kevin pretended to gag. “It sounds like a cult. I bet I had a good reason to run.” He frowned. “Why wouldn’t I remember?”

“I wish I had an answer, sug. No angels in my top five on Myspace.”

“Right.” Kevin closed his eyes and leaned his head against the bed.

The void in his chest was gnawing at him, and he wondered if it was the lack of angel fuzzy bits or whatever Percy had said. There was a yearning now he hadn’t felt before, and he didn’t know what it was for.

For answers? To know who and what he really was? Sorting out his identity when he’d just discovered that probably ninety percent of his memories were bullshit was overwhelming, and he had the strangest urge to get in his truck and just drive.

Drive and drive until he hit the ocean.

Thinking of roaring waves and sunny skies made sense somehow, and he wished he had his toes in the sand right about now.

Would definitely be better than being trapped inside Percy’s bedroom.

“So.” Kevin glanced up toward Percy. “With that ward thing, you can just... keep me here forever?”

Percy didn't answer.

"Shit." Kevin drank more scotch. "You're gonna kill me, aren't you?"

"I could. On both accounts." Percy stared at the ceiling for a long moment. "Then again, no one on my end knows you're here or what you are, and we were having such a nice time." He cleared his throat. "We could keep on having... a nice time."

"Keep having a good time, huh?" Kevin narrowed his eyes.

Percy batted his eyes. "I'm very sorry about locking you in here and thinking you were trying to kill me."

"You wanna keep me here after all of this shit and you think we're gonna have some fun?"

Percy grinned sheepishly. "Yes?"

"What the fuck, man?" Kevin stood on trembling legs. "You're just gonna keep me a prisoner here as your own personal fuck toy and I'm supposed to like it?"

"I mean. Maybe?"

"Fuck you!"

Percy pressed his lips together in a thin line. "Well, there is another option. I could... let you go." He shrugged. "Probably erase your memory first, just to be safe... but I see no point in keeping you here if you truly don't wish to be."

"Seriously?" Kevin's stomach dipped like he'd just gone down a roller coaster. "That's not very demonic of you."

"I'm retired, remember?" Percy smiled.

"You can really do that? Just wipe my brain?" Kevin frowned, and he was surprised by how conflicted he was.

This had been such a wonderful night up until that miserably life shattering reveal, and he hated to think that the happiness he'd thought he might have found had been spoiled. His entire life was a convoluted lie, and the only thing he knew that was real was how he'd felt with Percy.

That had to mean something.

“Yes,” Percy replied quietly.

“Can we just go back somehow? To before we went to get snacks or whatever?” Kevin rubbed the back of his neck.

Percy’s expression was nearly unreadable, but if Kevin had to guess, he would have said it was surprise. He stood, adjusted his tie, and slowly approached Kevin. This was probably the part where Kevin’s brain got wiped, and Kevin stupidly wondered if he could ask Percy to only remove the last fifteen minutes.

He wanted his life back, even if it was all lies. He wanted *Percy* back and for him to look at him like he had when they were in bed together, as if no one else in the entire universe even mattered.

Probably not.

Kevin flinched when Percy’s warm hand cupped his cheek, and he sighed. “You’re never going to see me as anythin’ more than an angel... Are you?”

“I look at you, and I see a lot of things.” Percy smiled, but it seemed sad. “I see the pizza boy with the dazzling smile who charmed me and I knew I had to have, the bartender who got me hot and bothered defending my honor, and the incredible sex god who rocked my little world in his truck. Angel is honestly low on the list, sug.” His brow creased. “My concern is that you look at me and you see a demon of hell... Not exactly third date material.”

“I don’t think I’m really that surprised.” Kevin glanced at Percy’s brow where he now knew those horns were lurking. “You were having a bloody Satanic orgy when we first met, and you literally told me you were a demon.”

“Fair point, but no one ever believes me.”

“I didn’t. Not at first. Heh. But...”

“But?” Percy hadn’t moved his hand.

And Kevin’s brain seemed to be unwiped for now.

“Maybe you being a demon isn’t as big a problem as you think it is. But I’m thinkin’ me bein’ an angel might be to you. I mean, you have actual traps set up to catch me.” Kevin dared to hope, asking softly, “Are you saying you’d actually go for a third date? For *any* date? With me?”

“To be clear, I have traps set up to catch angels who are here to kill me.”

“Thanks for clearing that up.”

“Angels who might be interested in third dates and savage primal sex, well...” Percy’s expression softened. “I suppose it depends how interested you are in experiencing said savage primal sex again.” He shrugged. “If not, I zap your brain and go cry my eyes out in a tub of mint chocolate chip.”

“Okay.” Kevin’s heart soared, and he laid his hand over Percy’s on his cheek. “Let’s just roll with it.”

What the fuck did he have to lose?

Not a lot since his whole reality was the result of watching too many cartoons apparently. Percy might be the only person who could help him figure this out, and he was definitely the only one who could handle him...

Oh.

“Being an angel really does make a lot of things clearer now,” Kevin mused. “And hey, I can’t have you cryin’ over me.”

Percy’s eyes widened and he grinned—a big, beautiful, dopey grin—though he quickly reverted to his usual smirk. “And by rolling with it, you do mean fucking again, right? Just to be clear. Sex. The horizontal mambo. Shaking the sheets. Doin’ it, doin’ it, and doin’ it well.”

Kevin laughed, and the weight crowding his shoulders lifted. “Yeah, I do. Totally mean shagging, boning, banging, all of the above. I’m sure there’s a J-Lo song that fits too.” He kissed Percy’s wrist and smiled warmly. “I really fucking like you. If you can live with me being an angel, then so can I. I don’t wanna give this up. Not yet.”

“Thank fuck for that.” Percy dragged Kevin into a fierce kiss, clawing at Kevin’s hair. He moaned the moment their lips met, and Kevin wrapped his arms tightly around Percy.

Yes, this felt good. *This* was right.

An angel and his demon.

Kevin had no idea where this was going to go, but it was definitely going to be a hell of a ride.

No pun intended.

CHAPTER SIX

Kevin kissed Percy passionately and slid his hand over his shoulder, tugging at his jacket. “Fuck, I already took one of these off of you,” he grumbled as he urged Percy toward the bed.

“It just means you get the sweet pleasure of removing it from my lush body again,” Percy teased as he hit the mattress. He lay back and dragged Kevin on top of him, thrusting his tongue into his mouth. His hands greedily dragged over Kevin’s back beneath the silky robe, and they felt more like claws.

Moaning, Kevin arched into the rough touches. “Fuck, that feels amazing.”

He swore he felt a tingle when Percy touched where his wings had been. Somehow, he was aware of the scars when he hadn’t been before. He wondered if it was because he knew they were there now, so they were manifesting physically.

Or he was crazy.

“Oh, sug,” Percy growled, his voice taking on a deeper and inhuman quality. “You just wait... Now that I know you’re an angel, we can have some real fun.”

“Yeah?” Kevin shivered. He was surprised how hard he was, but that was probably something he could chalk up to his strange angelic abilities. He peeled Percy’s jacket off with a grunt. “Whatcha got in mind?”

“I won’t have to hold back.” Percy smirked, flinging his jacket aside. He pushed the robe from Kevin’s shoulders and

nipped harshly at his exposed shoulder. “And neither do you... You can’t hurt me, sug.”

“Really? That’s... Wow.” Kevin moaned and tilted his head, giving Percy room at his shoulder. “So, all this time I’ve been too much for everyone because I’m an angel?”

“Yes, sug. Angel mojo is quite impressive.” Percy bit him again. “Now, moving on—”

“What else can I do?”

Percy wrinkled his nose. “Healing, for one.” He dragged his thumb over Kevin’s lower lip that had been split in the bar fight. He touched Kevin’s chest where he’d drawn blood earlier, and the skin was healed there too. “No sickness can touch you, and you can walk off injuries that would kill a human. You’re also much stronger and faster than they are.”

“Shit. That makes sense. I get into a lot of fights, and I’ve never lost.”

Percy’s hand slipped farther down to grab Kevin’s cock. “Ah, and my personal favorite. Supernatural virility.”

Kevin rocked into Percy’s hand. “Fuck... that’s badass.”

“Yes, and we can put it to good use right this very second —”

“Wait, wait. Back up to the walking off injury thing. Like, someone tries to steal my reindeer and I fall off the roof, I would be fine and could kick their ass?”

Percy rolled his eyes. “Yes, sug. You would be able to get right back on up and rescue your reindeer friends.”

“Fuckin’ sweet!” Kevin grinned. He groaned as Percy latched on to his throat. “Wait, can I fly? Whoa, my wings. What happened to them?”

Percy sighed grumpily. “You or someone from your elaborate Batman backstory probably cut them off. Maybe it was the Joker. I don’t know.”

Kevin scowled and gave Percy’s nipple a hard pinch through his shirt. “Fuck you.”

“Ow!” Percy yelped. “Feathery *bitch!*”

Kevin pushed off Percy so he could properly meet Percy’s eyes. “You couldn’t get enough asking me questions a minute ago, and now you’re not interested? I have some fucking questions of my own.”

Percy dropped his head back on the bed with a heavy sigh. “All right, sug. I will answer your questions to the best of my ability so we may continue our filthy animalistic mating uninterrupted.”

Kevin snorted. “Sorry, I can’t exactly Google symptoms of being an angel.” He stretched out beside Percy, pressing a sweet kiss to his lips. “Thank you.”

Percy still grumbled, but the kiss seemed to soothe him. “Well, what else do you want to know? You’re basically Wolverine without the stabby bits. But you’re not actually Wolverine. Just to be clear.”

“Ha ha.” Kevin smiled as Percy rubbed his chest, and he laid his hand over Percy’s. “Any idea how long I’ve been like this? Clearly my childhood didn’t exist, so...”

“There’s no way to know for sure. Not unless you know someone who’s real and not a figment of your imagination that might be able to verify how long they’ve known you. That would at least give you a rough estimate.”

“Uncle Al would know,” Kevin said firmly. “I’ve known him the longest out of everyone in this town.”

“Are we sure that Uncle Al is real? He wasn’t shot by hunters in front of you or died off in the Swamp of Sorrows?”

“Fuck off, he’s real!” Kevin insisted, even as doubt crept into the back of his mind. Al had taught him how to run the restaurant, and the restaurant was real. He wanted to believe that meant Al was too.

But every other detail of Kevin’s life had been made up apparently. What if Al was too? What if Kevin really was alone?

“I’m sure he’s real,” Kevin said, trying to convince himself as well as Percy. “After him, I’ve probably known Julie or Steve the longest. Maybe Steve, because I think I met him when he delivered to me by mistake before I took over at the restaurant.”

“Steve.” Percy stared. “You want to rely on the mental comprehension of Steve, the same Steve who asked me why we park on a driveway but we drive on a parkway? *That* Steve?”

“Ha, that’s my Steve.” Kevin chuckled.

“I doubt any conversation with him would be fruitful. Unless what you desire is mentally irregular fruit.”

Kevin hated that Percy was right. Steve could barely show up to work at the right restaurant. Relying on his memory for information was a poor plan.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” Kevin’s heart dipped. “Maybe it’s better that I don’t know what happened to me.”

“It’s up to you.” Percy kissed Kevin’s brow. “I could help you find out if you really wanted to.”

“Yeah?” Kevin perked up a little at the kiss. “And how would you do that? Not another magical cavity search, I hope.”

“Not quite.” Percy traced a circle around Kevin’s forehead where he’d kissed him. “I would use my demonic powers to attempt unlocking whatever has blocked your feathery brain from remembering the truth. It’s quite impressive that you constructed this elaborate biography for yourself, and I’ll admit... I am curious. Because yes, you are fallen, but you’re not a demon. Your wings haven’t been destroyed.”

“You mean I was almost a *demon*?” Kevin’s eyes widened. Just when he thought this couldn’t get any crazier, here came Percy with a new revelation. “Okay, pause. My wings are still out there? Like, is somebody wearing them to live out their Victoria’s Secret fantasy?”

“They must be or else you’d be a demon. Think of your wings as a sort of conduit. They allow you to channel the full

power of your angelic abilities. They'd be useless to anyone except the angel to whom they belonged to. Aside from said Victoria's Secret fantasies, of course."

"Well, why the hell would anybody want them?" Kevin frowned, suddenly not liking the idea of someone having a part of his body locked up somewhere.

"Bragging rights, perhaps? Some demented collector of rare artifacts?"

"Is there a *find my wings* spell or anything like that?"

"Afraid not, sug." Percy traced a circle around Kevin's nipple. "I can detect some magical celestial energies, but only if they're close. Yours... is becoming stronger." His eyes flicked up to Kevin's. "You're reading as an angel to me now."

"I am?" Kevin arched into Percy's touch, though his curiosity still smothered his desire. "Okay, but why now and not before?"

"Perhaps we shook something loose with our wild primal sex. That sex I want to have more of, by the way."

"In a damn minute."

Percy sighed. "I believe it's safe to assume you've only ever bedded humans. You said yourself you always have to hold back for fear of hurting your partners, and I very passionately encouraged just the opposite. Letting you tap into your true strength may have been enough to wake up some of your angelic mojo, which is why the angel ward didn't go off until after we fucked so spectacularly."

"Wow." Kevin shook his head, leaning in to kiss Percy's lips. "So, earth-shattering sex is the magical answer, huh? Fuck it. I'll take it."

"And I'll take you, sug. Right now." Percy dragged Kevin in roughly, hooking his leg over Kevin's hip. "Any position. Every position."

Kevin's cock was fully on board with forgetting the questions and going right into the next round.

Too bad Kevin's stupid brain wasn't.

All he could think about was every other time he'd had sex—the panic, the guilt, the terror of potentially harming someone... including when he'd tried to let someone else fuck him.

Kevin broke the kiss. “Hey, hold on, one more question.”

Percy groaned loudly. “For the love of *fuck*.”

“So, I can fuck you, and it's okay for both of us. Does that mean... sometime... maybe, uh, you could try...” Kevin's face heated up, and he laughed nervously. “Maybe you could try fucking me?”

“Oh.” Percy's annoyance melted into a wicked smile, and he gazed over Kevin with a new hunger. “Does my sweet little heavenly angel want to get his ass pounded? Because that can certainly be arranged whenever you'd like, including but not limited to right now.”

“I'm just curious.” Kevin's face was on fire now, and he awkwardly ran his hand through his hair. “I mean, I tried once. Thinking it would be better, but... Well, it really fucking wasn't.”

“What happened, sug?” Percy urged Kevin onto his back so he could crawl on top of him.

Kevin stretched out beneath him, sliding his hands up Percy's thighs. “When shit got going real good, I clenched down, ya' know?” He cringed. “I almost broke his fucking dick.”

“So, what I'm hearing is that no one's had the pleasure of plowing your bodaciously beautiful back fields?”

“Uh, that's a super weird way to say it, but... Yep.” Kevin almost wished he hadn't brought this up now. “Very unplowed.”

“Would you, my dear Kevin, allow me the honor of plowing you?”

“Fuck.” Kevin gasped as his robe and Percy's clothing vanished. He moaned, arching up against Percy's naked body. “I'd fucking love that.”

“Then let’s get started, shall we?” Percy kissed Kevin, a heated press that made Kevin moan again, but Percy was all too quickly sliding down between Kevin’s thighs. He spread them wide with a wicked little chuckle. “Mmm, sug, I dare say this is going to be fun.”

Kevin laughed nervously. “Damn straight, it’s gonna be fun. I’m a fun guy.”

“That you are.” Percy tilted Kevin’s hips forward and then shoved his face right between Kevin’s cheeks, his hot tongue slithering out to lap at his hole.

“Fuck!” Kevin shouted, grabbing fistfuls of the bedding beneath him. Percy’s tongue was firm, slick, and already felt weird, like it was too big, too long...

And then it pressed inside of him.

“Holy shit!” Kevin gasped sharply. “Wow. Was not expecting that.”

It sounded like Percy laughed, but it was hard to be sure with his face currently smothered in Kevin’s ass. He thrust his tongue deeply, somehow easing it in without any pain and only a firm pressure as it filled Kevin’s hole.

God, it felt good.

So fucking *good*.

Kevin had always been too scared to try toys, terrified that he’d somehow break one off inside of him, and his own fingers had never given him that much satisfaction. Percy’s tongue was amazing, and Kevin had never known anything could feel so incredible before. It was thick, powerful, and the tiniest twirl of it made his toes curl.

Percy kneaded the underside of Kevin’s thighs as he continued to move his hips and legs, nearly folding Kevin in half as he devoured his ass. He fucked his hole with steady slams, his tongue twisting and reaching impossible depths with every intense thrust.

Kevin couldn’t believe this was finally happening.

He was going to get fucked...

By a demon.

Percy lifted his head with a noisy slurp, smacking his lips. “Mm, by Satan’s satin slippers, sug. You taste delicious.”

Kevin squirmed, trying to push his ass back in Percy’s face. He was far too turned on to be embarrassed, and he didn’t want Percy to stop. “Well, fuckin’ eat up then! Plenty more where that came from.”

“Don’t worry. I plan to enjoy my defiling of your body thoroughly.” Percy dove back in, thrusting his tongue harder than before. It felt like it was getting bigger, thicker, and it curled perfectly to hit the most amazing nerve endings inside of Kevin’s body.

“How the fuck are you doing that?” Kevin groaned as he stared down at Percy, grinding down on his tongue. “God, that feels amazing.”

Percy squeezed Kevin’s thighs, and his tongue kept going and going until Kevin thought he was going to burst. The slippery muscle was absolutely divine, and he couldn’t stop the frantic moans that were coming out of him right now.

He didn’t have to worry about anything. There was no fear of hurting his partner or being too much, and it was unbelievably freeing to have someone else be in control for once. He could trust his pleasure to Percy.

Yes, it was probably unwise to trust a demon, but Percy hadn’t let him down yet.

Percy gave one final thrust before pulling off with a very satisfied smirk. “Mm, I must say, I do believe you enjoyed that. Then again, I am very gifted.”

Kevin’s thighs trembled, and his cock leaked a dribble of precome onto his stomach. “That’s a fucking understatement.”

Percy kept Kevin folded, but he reared up to rub his cock around Kevin’s asshole. He was smiling, and it was...

Huh.

It was almost tender in a way Kevin hadn’t expected, and it made his heart do a silly little dance.

“Are you ready for me, sug?” Percy batted his eyes. “I’ll be so gentle... ish.”

“I’m fucking ready.” Kevin nodded eagerly, his eyes trailing down Percy’s gorgeous body to where his cock was preparing to push inside of him.

Shit, that thing was huge.

Kevin gulped.

“Uh, lube?”

“Trust me. I’ve got you, sug.” Percy tilted his hips just enough so that the head of his cock pressed in, and he groaned loudly.

Kevin’s breath was stolen away by the first taste of penetration, and he struggled not to tense. He was scared that he’d still manage to hurt Percy if he clenched down too hard, but he melted as Percy ducked his head down to claim a deep kiss. He relaxed then and reached up to tangle his hands in Percy’s long hair.

Percy moved slowly, easing himself in with steady thrusts as their tongues slid together. He shivered, perhaps with excitement, and he murmured hoarsely, “You feel divine.” He winked. “That wasn’t just an angel joke, sug.”

Kevin barked out a short laugh, but it was quickly swallowed by a loud moan as Percy pushed in deeper. “Shit! You’re fucking huge.”

“Shhh, it’s just the right size,” Percy teased as he fucked him, still taking his time and pulling his thrusts. “Tell me, how does it feel, sug? Does it feel good? Do you like getting fucked?”

“It feels... fucking insane.” Kevin laughed breathlessly. “God, there’s so much pressure. I’m so damn full. It’s good though.” He panted softly as he bucked his hips to grind on Percy’s cock. “It’s *really* fucking good.”

“Mm, that’s nice.” Percy grabbed Kevin’s ass to help guide his movement, thrusting with him. “Come on, sug... my sweet little Georgia peach... just like this.”

Kevin grinned at the nickname and rolled down to meet Percy's slams, groaning as his thick cock opened him so wide. He watched Percy's body as their hips synced up, and the resulting explosion of pleasure made him grunt. "Ah, fuck. Fuck!"

"There you go." Percy moved faster, urging Kevin to keep up. He was graceful for such a broad man, and each delicate roll of his hips brought him deeper into Kevin's body until he was finally fully sheathed. "Mmm, *peaches*."

"Fucking Christ!" Kevin cried out, his eyes burning with tears from being so full. It ached in a way he hadn't thought to expect, but he liked it. "Percy!" He wrapped his legs around Percy tight and braced himself on Percy's chest. "Holy shit."

"I do love how you say my name." Percy pumped his cock in harder, growling low in delight. The rhythm remained slow, but the strength in his thrusts was growing. He slid an arm under Kevin to grab his shoulder, dragging him down into each sweet slam.

Kevin sobbed as Percy handled him so effortlessly, and he felt small and vulnerable. That was definitely new, and it made his chest light. "Yes, just like that! Fuck!"

"Fuck." Percy nuzzled Kevin's shoulder and kissed along his collarbone. "You were made to get fucked. Your little hole is the sweetest thing I've ever felt."

Kevin threw his head back, giving Percy more access to nip at his throat. "Your cock feels like it's gonna break me."

"You can take it. You're gonna take everything, sug." Percy teased his teeth over Kevin's skin, and Kevin could feel the prick of his fangs. "I'm going to drink from you now. I'm going to open you up right here and drink your blood while I fuck you."

"That's so creepy and hot." Kevin groaned, moving with more confidence now to meet Percy's slams. "Do it. Mmm, just fuckin' do it."

Percy bit down, immediately drawing blood. Kevin could feel it dripping down his shoulder and around his back, and

Percy lapped at it eagerly.

“Look at that.” Percy groaned as he fucked Kevin harder. “You taste fucking perfect.” He latched on to the wound, sucking greedily as he pounded into Kevin feverishly.

Kevin was surprised how much he liked this. Percy drinking his blood while fucking him for the first time was by far the most erotic act of his entire life, and he couldn't get enough of it. He could smell his own blood, and the push of Percy's cock inside of him was a pleasure he hadn't thought he'd ever get to experience.

It was *heavy*, hot, slick, and utterly relentless.

Being filled over and over again was quickly becoming addictive, and Kevin tried to match Percy's frantic pace as he slammed down on his cock. Percy grabbed Kevin's hip to urge him on, their bodies meeting in a hypnotically brutal rhythm that soon had their skin slapping together.

Kevin's cock throbbed, but it was only half-hard—fuck, was that normal? As turned on as he was? He still felt like he might come, and he writhed desperately, pleading, “Percy! Fuck! Don't fuckin' stop! Please don't stop!”

Percy raised up to gain more leverage and when he bared his teeth, there was blood on them before he licked it away with a quick flick of his tongue. “Look at you. So hungry for your first taste of cock. I wonder if all angels are such sluts... or maybe it's just you?”

“Fuck you!” Kevin snapped, his face burning white-hot even as his insides turned to goo at the sight of blood and the incomparable pleasure of being speared on Percy's fat cock. He lunged forward, finding a new surge of strength to roll them over so he could pin Percy down to the bed. Percy's cock was so big that it hadn't slipped out, and Kevin slammed down on it as he argued, “I'm not a fucking slut!”

Percy looked genuinely surprised by the sudden change in their positions, but it only lasted for a moment before he was back to being smug. He slid his hands over Kevin's thighs as

he taunted, “Oh really? Because from here, you do look rather slutty to me, sug.”

“You should be nicer to me,” Kevin warned, lifting himself up until only the tip of Percy’s cock remained inside of him.

It was cruel to them both, but he was determined to make Percy squirm.

“Come on now, peaches.” Percy groaned, arching his hips in pursuit of Kevin’s body. “I have been nothing but a kind and hospitable host, have I not?”

Kevin grinned wickedly, moving so Percy couldn’t get another inch in. He laughed when Percy pouted, actually pouted, and he slowly pressed back down about halfway. “Well, I am technically being held prisoner here. Against my will.”

“Yes, but a most spoiled and very well-fucked prisoner, thank you.” Percy groaned loudly, running his hands over Kevin’s thighs and hips. He kissed Kevin passionately, still trying to arch up and push his cock back inside of him.

Kevin replied by slamming down to take it all, growling low. He bit down on Percy’s lower lip, sucking it into his mouth.

Percy thrust into Kevin, grabbing his ass roughly. He rocked Kevin’s body, using his superior strength to take over and guide his hips, forcing Kevin to grind on his fat cock. “There you go, peaches. There... You’re a fucking natural.”

“Fuck!” Kevin braced himself on Percy’s shoulders, gasping sharply. He could have never imagined riding anyone’s dick before, let alone like his life depended on it. It was amazing, and he didn’t want to ever stop.

“Come on,” Percy urged as he smacked Kevin’s ass. “Take what you need.”

Kevin groaned, rolling his hips fiercely. “All of it. I need it all!” He gave Percy everything he had, daring to let himself go and bounce on Percy’s cock as hard as he could.

“Fuck!” Percy moaned in surprise, and he bucked up to meet Kevin’s frantic slams. He grabbed Kevin’s cock, baring his sharp teeth. “It’s all yours, sweet peaches. Get what you need.”

“Yes, fuck! Percy! Touch my fucking cock. I wanna fuckin’ come.” Kevin panted as his thighs burned from his efforts. The heat in his loins was ready to boil over, and he thrust eagerly into Percy’s tight grip, moaning as he struggled to push himself over the edge. He was so open and tender, and being fucked was providing a wealth of new sensations that were delicious but also overwhelming.

Fuck, he was close.

He was just so damn close!

Percy stroked Kevin faster and faster until his hand was a blur. “Come on! Come on, peaches! Come on my cock!”

“Percy!” Kevin shuddered as his body surrendered to Percy’s command, and the heat inside of him exploded in a fantastic climax. His cock pulsed in Percy’s hand as his hips faltered, grinding erratically down on Percy’s dick. “F-fuck! Yes!”

He could feel himself clenching around Percy as his orgasm continued to shake him, and he groaned loudly when a new, warm pressure bloomed inside of his hole. He ached to know it was Percy coming inside of him, *claiming* him, and he collapsed against Percy’s chest in a boneless heap.

“Why, Mr. Hamill.” Percy caressed Kevin’s back, chuckling breathlessly. “I do believe you’ve taken quite nicely to getting fucked.”

Kevin laughed, ducking his head against Percy’s shoulder. “Yeah, well, I had a good teacher.”

“It’s true. I’m good at everything.” Percy kissed Kevin’s hair. “And as much as I am quite accustomed to being the one serviced, I will gladly defile your sweet little peach anytime you’d like.”

“Definitely going to keep that in mind.” Kevin smiled, closing his eyes as his heart continued to thump. He’d never

felt so whole before, like what he had been missing was finally here and had left him totally blissed out of his mind.

He could definitely get used to this.

“Okay, but real quick.” Kevin snorted. “We gotta talk about this peaches thing.”

“Of course we know you’re not really from Georgia, but I have grown quite fond of the pet name I just decided to give you. I’m very sentimental that way.”

Kevin laughed. “It’s been like three minutes! Do you know what it’s like to have mind-blowing sex with that damn Super Mario song stuck in your head?”

“I wasn’t aware of any such song, but no doubt it is a glorious ballad to primal uninhibited sex.”

“Uh, I mean you’re not wrong, I guess.” Kevin raked his fingers through Percy’s long hair, pushing it back from his handsome face.

“Mmm, I rarely am, especially about the important things.” Percy squeezed Kevin’s ass. “Such as the glory of this delicious peach.”

“Good lord.” Kevin rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t resist laughing. “Well, however you wanna put it... That was fucking amazing.”

“Will definitely need a repeat performance.” Percy laid Kevin back, gently pulling out of him. He stretched out beside him, sliding his hand down between Kevin’s legs to grope his soft hole. “I believe I ruined you, peaches.”

Kevin whimpered. Every nerve felt like it was on fire, and he had never felt so sensitive. “Fuck, I’d have to agree.”

“Mm...” Percy circled a finger around Kevin’s asshole before pushing in. “It’s a very good look on you.”

Kevin’s hole was so wet and open, and it made something deep in the pit of his stomach ache. He rolled his hips to grind against Percy’s hand, gasping sharply. “*Shit.*”

“Easy now,” Percy teased as he withdrew. “We don’t want to wear you out on your first official day as an angel.”

“Mm, fine. Quitter.” Kevin chuckled, turning to press himself into Percy’s arms. He was relaxed, warm, and damn...

Maybe even happy.

There was absolutely nothing that could ruin this moment.

Well, except the nagging need that he probably should find out about his past and who he really was. He recalled Percy’s earlier offer, asking quietly, “So, uh... You could really help me remember? All the angel stuff?”

Percy seemed surprised, but he nodded. “Of course. If that’s what you really want.”

“Yes.” Kevin swallowed. “Please.”

Percy walked his fingers up Kevin’s chest to his face and then promptly thumped his forehead. “There. Anything?”

“What the hell?” Kevin scowled and jerked away. “Really? That’s how we fucking do it?”

“That’s it.” Percy shrugged. “Feel any different? Any new memories rattling around in there, peaches?”

“Other than you just thumping me in the head, no. Nothing.” Kevin sighed. “Guess it didn’t work.”

“I’m sorry.” Percy cupped his cheek, kissing his brow sweetly. “We can try again tomorrow if you’d like. We can question Steve as well. While it may not be helpful, it will certainly be entertaining.”

Kevin managed a smile, trying not to seem as disappointed as he felt. This had been the best night of his entire life, bumps and all. “I’m sure Steve will be a treasure trove of great information.”

Percy stared.

Kevin burst out laughing. He didn’t know how he’d gotten that out with a straight face. He snickered, leaning in to kiss Percy deeply.

“Mm, what was that for?”

“That’s for trying. I appreciate it.”

“Of course, my sweet little peach.” Percy smiled. “Tomorrow is a new day. Now, are you ready for bed? Or do you need to be ravaged again?”

“Might need just a tiny nap first before any more ravaging, okay?” Kevin yawned, snuggling in closer and resting his head down beside Percy’s on the pillow. “I assume I’m staying the night again since I’m technically still locked in.”

“I lifted the ward a little while ago.” Percy ran his fingers through Kevin’s hair. “You’re free to leave whenever you’d like... but I do hope you’ll stay for breakfast.”

“I’ve never been one to turn down a free meal.” Kevin grinned, and that fluttery feeling in his heart was back. He gasped as the blankets magically tucked themselves around them. “Fuck, I’m never gonna get used to that.”

“What? How amazing I am? No, not very likely.” Percy kissed him. “Go on, peaches. Get some sleep.”

Kevin wanted to make another joke, but he was fading fast. He was exhausted, mind, body, and soul, and he’d never felt so satisfied in his entire life. He felt whole and happy, and he began to drift off with a smile. “Night night.”

“Good night. Sleep sweet.”

Kevin was out the moment he closed his eyes, lulled into a deep sleep. He didn’t dream at first, simply awash in a comforting darkness. He didn’t think he’d ever dreamed much or if he did, he never really remembered them.

But this time...

It was different.

There was something in the darkness calling to him. Kevin couldn’t see it, but he could *feel* it. It was a warmth that filled his chest and overwhelmed his senses until he wanted to sob from the raw intensity, but he wasn’t afraid.

He couldn’t explain it, but he knew he had felt this before.

He tried to walk toward it, but he couldn't get his legs to cooperate. It was like trying to run through water, and he couldn't keep up as it slipped out of his hands. He struggled to go after it, but he couldn't get close enough. No matter how hard he tried to grab it, the elusive warmth remained out of reach. He knew he had to get to it before it slipped away forever, but it was too far away...

Ocean waves.

He could hear the ocean.

The feeling was calling to him, and he needed to go. He needed to find it before it was too late. He had to go, he had to go right now, and—

Kevin woke up with a gasp.

“Kevin?” Percy asked groggily. “Are you all right?”

“My wings,” Kevin replied. “I know where my wings are.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Your what now?” Percy opened one eye, squinting at Kevin.

“My fucking wings!” Kevin sat up and flapped his arms excitedly. “Your weird thump actually worked!”

Percy propped himself on his elbow, snorting. “Oh! Well. All right. Just tell me where they are and we can go fetch them.”

“The ocean. Somewhere near the ocean,” Kevin answered confidently, as if that cleared everything up. “It’s crazy. I could smell the salt in the air. I could hear the waves. I’ve never even been to the beach!” He paused. “I think.”

“Which ocean? There are several.” Percy yawned as he crawled out of bed. He was instantly dressed in black silk pajamas and a colorful kimono robe. He smelled like he’d just sprayed cologne, and his hair was brushed back in a tidy ponytail.

Kevin followed after him, and something soft enveloped his body. He looked down to see he was wearing a yellow fleece onesie with big orange webbed feet. “What the hell is this?”

“Pajamas. Cute fuzzy one that makes you look like a duck. The hood has a beak, I believe.”

Kevin laughed. “Why are you all sexy and I look like it’s my first Halloween?”

“Because you’re my cute, adorable, feathery little angel.” Percy smooched his cheek as he breezed by him toward the

door. “And let’s face it, I always look sexy.” He batted his eyes.

“Okay, but I’m not adorable.” Kevin made a face, but he feared it didn’t have the desired effect in this stupid duck outfit.

“Focus now, quackers. What ocean? I can take us there, but you have to tell me where we’re going.”

“How? Like... teleporting?”

Percy sighed and vanished, suddenly popping up right in front of Kevin to steal a kiss. Before Kevin could fully register what happened, Percy was gone again. He reappeared at the doorway with a smug smirk.

“Demon, remember?” Percy smirked. “My powers, much like my libido, are endless and vast.”

“What the hell?” Kevin stared at the empty spot where Percy had just been and then up to where he now stood at the doorway. He hurried closer, his orange fluffy feet pattering softly. “Can I do that?”

“Probably. Did my thump jiggle anything else loose? As an angel, you do have powers of your own, peaches.”

“I don’t fucking know. How would I tell? Think happy thoughts and jump off the bed, hope I land somewhere soft?” Kevin snorted, unzipping the onesie a bit. It was getting hot.

“You simply imagine where you want to be and will yourself to move there. Since that’s clearly not working for you, how about you tell me more about this mysterious ocean?”

“Okay, uh...” Kevin closed his eyes and tried to remember his dream. “All I remember is...”

“Yes?”

“Ocean.”

Percy’s nose scrunched. “That is less than helpful. Do you at least know which direction it is?”

“It’s uh…” Kevin closed his eyes, and he was surprised to find he could still feel the warmth. It was weak, definitely far, but he found himself taking a step in a singular direction toward it. He pointed. “That way.”

“That’s west, peaches.”

“Okay, so we head west! I know we’ll find my wings if we just go that way. I can feel them.”

“So, what’s the plan then? Hop in the family station wagon and head that way on a fun-filled little adventure hoping to find your lost wings?”

“Are you busy doing anything else?” Kevin grinned.

“I was hoping to spend my retirement sexually defiling this gorgeous angel I met—”

“Road trips are totally fun! Come on!”

“—but now he wants me to go on a road trip, and it sounds absolutely awful.”

Kevin padded over to Percy, doing his best impression of a pouty duck face. “Awful? Really?”

“Road trips are dirty, sweaty, boring, and are nothing more than a wayward crawl between refueling stations that are likely epicenters of new pathogens, rest areas that should be condemned, and tourist traps meant to ensnare the softheaded and separate their money from their wallets.” Percy sighed dramatically. “But for you… I could be persuaded.”

“I could make it fun,” Kevin teased, pressing close and sliding his arms around Percy’s neck. “Think of all the places we could defile each other along the way.”

Percy reached for Kevin’s hip, frowning suspiciously. “All right. Keep talking.”

“Be just you and me.” Kevin rolled his hips forward. “Very close for a few days at least.”

Percy’s frown faded into a small smile. “Very close, hmm?” He squeezed Kevin’s hip. “Just how close?”

“Well, my truck has that bench seat.” Kevin leaned in to kiss Percy’s face, teasing his way along his jaw. “I could probably just lean right over and suck that fat dick of yours while you take a shift driving.”

“We’d have to pull over.” Percy shuddered. “I do believe that I’d find myself in need of a good, fierce fuck after that. Right over the tailgate of your quaint little rust bucket.”

“That could definitely be arranged. Who’s getting bent over though? You or me?”

“Definitely me. We’ll have a quick refresher course after breakfast.”

“I got your sausage right here.” Kevin wiggled his eyebrows.

Percy boldly grabbed Kevin’s cock through the onesie. “Shall we then?”

Kevin gasped. “Maybe skip breakfast and go right to dessert?”

“Let’s go, peaches.”



AFTER BENDING Percy over the dining room table and enjoying a lavish breakfast, Percy finally allowed Kevin to put on normal clothes. It was what he’d worn last night, though he swore his jeans were a smidge tighter than before. Kevin was too excited to even care. He had a chance to get some real answers and reclaim his true identity.

It was strange to mourn his old life knowing now it had been completely fabricated. Even though the memories were fake, they’d meant everything to him. He still felt the ache of missing his parents despite knowing they’d never existed. He didn’t know exactly what finding his wings would do, but the desire to seek them out was overwhelming.

He *needed* them.

They had to be the part of him that he'd felt was missing all of his life, and he wanted to be whole again. Percy's company had certainly been fulfilling and unexpectedly eased the pain of the void inside him, but this was different.

Kevin's wings were a physical piece of him that he'd lost. This wasn't like one of his fractured memories that never happened, but something real he could actually recover. He had no idea what was going to come after, but he did hope Percy would stick around.

They were as opposite as opposites could be, especially since he was an angel and Percy was a demon, but Kevin loved how being with Percy felt. The sex was obviously amazing, but he enjoyed talking with Percy and loved his snarky jokes. There was something about him that really did make Kevin feel complete, no wings required.

The simple brush of Percy's hand on his thigh when they got into his truck made his heartbeat stutter, and Kevin realized he was blushing as he fired up the truck. He adjusted the radio volume and then grabbed his cell phone to text Julie.

After all, he had to let her know that he was going to be out of town for a little while and that would mean leaving her in charge...

For how long, he didn't know.

Hopefully she wouldn't be too upset given the short notice.

"It won't take me but a minute to get packed up, and we could grab some food for the road from my place too," Kevin suggested, grinning at Percy.

He really was excited for the trip, even if he had no real idea of where they were going.

"I am a big fan of your Cheesus Crust," Percy replied.

"Really?" Kevin snorted as he pulled out onto the street. "I thought it was my big meaty sausage that you liked so much."

"That too." Percy chuckled. "I suppose you'll be wanting to drive this boneshaking heap then?"

“Hell yeah! My lucky truck.” Kevin patted the dashboard affectionately. “Have you even seen my magnet collection on the tailgate?”

“You’re going to stop at every state line to collect more magnets, aren’t you? You turned into that kind of human.”

“I mean, we’re gonna have to stop way more than that for gas, so might as well pick them up along the way!” Kevin stopped at a red light and then leaned over to kiss Percy’s cheek. “Fun!”

“Yes. Oh. Woo. Fun,” Percy drawled. “I am already so overwhelmed by joy, it’s difficult to describe.”

Kevin rolled his eyes, choosing to turn the radio up until he pulled around the back of A Pizza Cake. He parked, got out, and then opened Percy’s door for him.

“Mm, a good fuck and chivalrous. My favorite.” Percy smiled as he climbed out. He eyed the restaurant curiously. “Peaches, is this where you live?”

“Yep. Eat, sleep, work, and play video games.” Kevin beamed as he led Percy to the back door. He unlocked it and then ushered Percy inside. “Unlimited Pac Man. Whatever you want.”

“How... lovely.” Percy walked in, staring at the colorful carpet as if it might bite him. He purposefully tiptoed around the neon designs as he ventured farther in. “Don’t worry about packing too much. I’ve already got the essentials covered. Lubricants, paddles, dildos, cock rings...”

“Right.” Kevin laughed. “Make yourself at home. I’m gonna grab some more essential stuff.”

While Percy peered over the giant stacks of DVDs piled practically to the ceiling, Kevin grabbed a duffle bag to pack some clothes and toiletries. When he glanced up to see what Percy was doing, he saw Percy was lounging in a plush recliner that hadn’t been there before and holding a glass of liquor.

Kevin snorted. “Seriously?”

“What? You told me to make myself at home.”

There was a familiar knock on the far side of the wall from the restaurant side.

Percy blinked. “Do you have ghosts?”

“Fucking ghosts is the last thing I need.” Kevin knocked back, chuckling. “That’s Julie.”

“Julie?” Percy scrunched his nose and took a sip from his glass. “Is she anything like Steve or is she actually aware of reality?”

“No, she’s the opposite of Steve. She’s got it together.” Kevin grabbed some T-shirts to shove into his bag. “She’s gonna have to be in charge while we’re off on our adventure.”

“Ah, I like her already.” Percy tilted his head. “You should ask her about when she started working for you. She sounds like she’d be a much more reliable person to ask than someone who probably drinks bong water.”

“Oh yeah. That’s a good idea!” Kevin finished packing the duffle bag and zipped it up. He carried it over to the door, trying to think of anything else they might need. He grabbed a rucksack full of camping gear and a tent, noting, “Got some camping stuff too just in case.”

Percy made a face and kept drinking.

Kevin dropped the rucksack and the tent by the door, and he took one final look around.

Shit, this was it.

They were really going to do this.

“Okay.” Kevin ran his hands through his hair, pushing it out of his face. “I think that’s everything.”

All of the bags disappeared as Percy stood. The recliner he’d just been sitting in and his glass were gone, and he offered his arm to Kevin as he joined him at the door. “Shall we go meet the rest of your delightful employees? Steve has set the bar rather low, but I have high hopes for Miss Julie.”

Kevin took Percy's arm, chuckling. "Well, you know, he has his moments." He led Percy outside and paused to lock up before bringing him around the restaurant to the front door.

Seeing the sign made his heart ache.

If not his mother, then who had come up with the name?

He tried not to think about it as he opened the door, the smell of fresh baked pizza blasting them as they walked inside. There weren't any customers dining in which wasn't unusual right before the lunch rush. Julie was at her post behind the counter, and she did not look happy.

Her arms were crossed and her face was set in a scowl as she demanded, "Kevin. Dear Kevin. I've always been a model employee, right? Always gone above and beyond anything you've ever asked of me. So, why is it you've decided to suddenly abandon me and leave me in charge of Flopsy and Mopsy all by myself for, and I quote, maybe a week or so?"

Kevin cringed.

Percy cackled. "Oh, I do like her."

Julie cast her venomous glare on Percy.

"You'll be getting a raise when I get back?" Kevin's voice raised an octave, and he hurried over to press a kiss to Julie's cheek. "Look, it's hard to explain, but it's kind of an urgent thing." He licked his lips, genuinely afraid of Julie's wrath.

Julie was a very patient woman, but anyone who was stupid enough to piss her off would certainly suffer. Short of his mother's wrath, it was the worst he'd ever seen.

Well... his imaginary mother anyway.

Julie's scowl remained firm. "Urgent, huh?" She eyed Percy again. "And who is this? Is he why you're leaving?"

"This is Percy Pearl. He's the guy who moved into the Munsters House. Percy, Julie. The heart of this place." Kevin wrapped his arm around Julie's shoulders and gave her a hug. "The brain, the head honcho, the one that makes the whole Pizza Cake world keep turning." He tried his most charming smile, hoping that it would work to butter her up.

Julie's expression relaxed, but she was still looking at Percy like he was a bug.

"A pleasure, ma'am." Percy extended his hand to shake Julie's and when she gave it to him, he placed a chaste kiss upon it. "It's an honor to make your acquaintance. I do so love a commanding woman."

"W-well... I..." Julie blushed, and she quickly withdrew, clearing her throat. She fixed Kevin with another firm stare as she said, "A raise and a week off to recover from what I already know is going to be an utter nightmare. Steve told James anime sucks earlier, and I think James might try to put him in the oven."

"I *will* put him in the oven!" James shouted from the kitchen.

Kevin let out a sigh and facepalmed, unable to resist a quiet laugh at the image of James trying to stuff Steve into the oven. He smiled apologetically, saying, "A paid week off."

"With a bonus," Julie countered.

"He'll fit!" James called out. "I already measured!"

"No one is going in the oven!" Julie shouted back at him. She groaned, mumbling under her breath, "Lord knows Steve is already baked as it is."

Percy nudged Kevin, giving him a meaningful look.

Right.

"Julie, hey." Kevin cleared his throat. "Before I go, I was gonna ask you. Do you remember when we first met? Or meeting any of my family?"

"What?" Julie blinked. "Seriously? It's been almost ten years. You'd already taken over the restaurant from your Uncle Al by then. I think I only met him once if I ever met him at all—"

Percy stared at Kevin.

"—and I never knew your parents either. I don't think I was even living here when they died. We met after you put up

that help wanted sign in the window, and you hired me the same day you interviewed me. Best decision of your life, bud.”

Kevin ignored Percy’s pointed look, and he smiled warmly at Julie. “It was definitely the best decision. Can’t believe it’s been that long.” He felt immense relief that at least the last ten years of his life could be accounted for. If anyone could be trusted, it was Julie. “Hell, you were already way more qualified to run this joint.”

“Of course I was. That’s why you hired me.” Julie frowned, and her brow creased. “Are you okay? You’re acting sorta weird.” She dropped her voice. “Are you in some kind of trouble?”

“No, nothing like that.” Kevin squeezed Julie’s arm. “I don’t think.”

James peeped around the corner where he’d clearly been hiding. “I’ve read a bunch of really dark dead dove type fanfic, and I know at least eight different ways to dispose of a body.”

“Everything is good!” Kevin said quickly and loudly to make sure James heard him. “No bodies to dispose of!”

Neither James or Julie looked convinced.

“Can you at least tell me where you’re going?” Julie asked.

“The beach!” Kevin replied, unable to hide his excitement. “West coast. Gonna just drive and see the ocean.” He licked his lips nervously as he looked between Julie and James. They were the best friends he had besides Joe, and he didn’t want them to worry. He also didn’t want them to think he was insane, so he figured it was better not to tell them the truth. “It’s gonna be fun!”

“That’s the urgent trip? Going to the beach?” Julie frowned, and her gaze drifted to Percy, eyeing him suspiciously. “With *him*?” She scoffed. “Okay, is this some sort of a midlife crisis thing, sweetie? What’s really going on?”

Kevin laughed a little too hard at that.

God, if Julie only knew.

“Look, it’s a long story that I’m still trying to piece together. I promise I will try to explain everything when I get back.” Kevin smiled fondly at Percy. “Besides, he’s way more fun than he lets on.”

“It’s not the fun part that worries me.” Julie’s frown deepened. “Driving across the country with a man you barely know is.”

“Trust that dear Kevin is in very safe and very capable hands,” Percy promised. “I will take good care of him, you have my word.”

“Good.” Julie smiled sweetly. “Because James isn’t the only one who knows how to hide a body.”

The phone rang, drawing Julie away to answer it.

James frowned at Percy. “You look like a pirate.”

There was no way to tell if that was meant to be a compliment or not, and James slinked away without clarifying.

“A pirate, huh? I must admit, I do love plundering some fine booty.” Percy palmed Kevin’s ass.

“Hey! Percy the Pirate! That is inappropriate! This is a family place!” Kevin’s cock twitched, and he playfully swatted him away.

“What? I’m just admiring the view.” Percy smiled innocently. “Are you going to put an order in so we can get going, peaches? It’s probably best we don’t dawdle.”

“Oh yeah. Hey, James!” Kevin waited until James peeked back out. “Can you whip us up a Cheesus Crust for the road? Maybe some Mentally Irregular Bread? Pretty please?”

Before James could reply, Steve walked in with the distinct odor of marijuana following right behind him.

“Ah, Steve.” Percy waved. “My favorite little ganjapreneur.”

James scowled.

“James,” Kevin warned gently. “Play nice. For Julie’s sake.”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it,” James muttered. “Cheesus Crust, Mentally Irregular Bread with an extra large stupid Steve...”

Kevin sighed, turning to greet Steve with a friendly smile. “Steve! What’s up, man?”

Steve didn’t seem to notice James’s ire, though he looked shocked to see Kevin. “Whoa! Kevin! Dude!” He stared at Percy. “And... that guy!”

“Percival Pearl,” Percy drawled. “I answered the door naked and we discussed the mysteries of infrastructure. Ringing any bells? Or have the little people in charge of your brain all left for the day?”

Kevin nudged Percy in the ribs, coughing into his arm to stifle a laugh. “Don’t be an asshole.”

“Oh yeah. Of course, man.” Steve grinned at Percy. “How could I forget?”

If Shaggy from Scooby-Doo was real, he would be Steve, and his poor, blank stare made it hard to be sure if Steve actually remembered or not.

Percy batted his eyes at Kevin, asking, “So, do you want to ask him when you two met? Or are you afraid he won’t remember the make and model of the spaceship?”

“Am I an angel or an alien?” Kevin asked sarcastically, though he did have reservations about how helpful Steve would be.

“You’re probably an alien.” Steve frowned. “Wait, what do you wanna ask me?”

“How long have we been friends? Do you remember when we met?”

Steve looked uncharacteristically serious, and he put his hand on Kevin’s shoulder. “It was a Tuesday. It was warm outside. But there was rain. So, like, not too warm, but a nice, comfortable sort of warm. Like your balls won’t get stuck to your thigh, you know? But I do remember. I was here. You were there.” He pointed at the door. “You arrived in a blaze of dust and light, and Alfred was, like, carrying you into the

kitchen with every color of the rainbow. You were glowing, dude. You're totally not of this earth, but you know, now that I think about it, I've seen aliens, man. So, you're probably not really an alien. Even if you are, I still love you, dude."

Kevin sighed and dragged his hands through his hair. As crazy as it sounded, that was a lot of detail and a few kernels of truth might be hiding in there somewhere. He looked at Percy to gauge his reaction.

Percy held his index finger and thumb together to mimic holding a joint and rolled his eyes.

"Thanks for that, man." Kevin patted Steve's arm. "I love you too. You, uh, happen to recall anything about Al?"

"His eyes are like the sun." Steve smiled. "Did you know he used to be a butler, man?"

Kevin cringed. "Eyes like the sun, huh?"

"Yeah. Pretty sure he has lasers. Don't stare at them for too long."

"Wow," Percy said. "So very helpful."

"Thanks, bud."

"No problem, man." Steve saluted. "Now I gotta get to work before I'm late." He looked around. "Oh cool! I'm already here. Righteous." He wandered toward the counter, waving at Julie, who was still on the phone.

Kevin lowered his voice, saying, "Okay, some of that seemed pretty legit, right?"

"Yes. You were glowing and Alfred the butler has laser eyes." Percy snorted. "Maybe the little reefer ranger really was here when you first came stumbling into town."

"How would I know? I don't remember anything. Isn't that weird? I guess this place is really the first thing I really remember. Al training me, teaching me how to make pizzas and run the ovens. That's real. It's gotta be." He looked around the restaurant, trying to scratch and claw at any semblance of a deeper memory.

How did he get here?

If his parents weren't real, who did he get the restaurant from?

"Could whoever has my wings have erased my brain or something?" Kevin asked. "Like what you were gonna do?"

"It's possible," Percy replied, "but it may not even be something as nefarious as that. You have to consider that your angelic self might have *wanted* to forget."

Kevin frowned.

He hadn't thought about that. It was easier to imagine that someone had done this to him as opposed to it being the result of his own actions. He couldn't fathom why he'd want to forget, but he didn't know why he had wanted to fall either. He really hoped his wings had the answers he so desperately wanted.

James set down a pizza box and smaller box on the counter, and he glared at Steve. He backed into the kitchen, never breaking eye contact until he turned the corner.

Steve just waved, and then he looked at the pizzas. "Is this a delivery?"

Julie hung up, writing out an order ticket as she replied, "Yup." She nodded at Kevin. "You can deliver it right there."

"Hey, buddy." Kevin waved. "Don't even have to drive."

"Cool." Steve handed over the food and then stood there expectantly.

"Oh, of course. Just a sec." Kevin balanced the boxes with one hand and reached into his pocket to fish out a piece of gum. "Here ya' go, pal. Plenty more where that came from."

"Right on, man." Steve popped the gum in his mouth. "Thanks!"

Percy feigned a smile. "Can we go now, peaches? Or is there anywhere else we need to visit for more excitingly colorful conversations?"

“Behave yourself.” Kevin chuckled. “And yes, we need to stop by the bar real fast. Still gonna want my job when I get back.”

“You own this restaurant. Why bother?”

“When people think your pizza place is a bakery, every little bit helps.”

“Fair.”

Kevin and Percy bid farewell to everyone and with the pizza box and Mentally Irregular Bread between them, they drove to Ripley’s. He knew Joe would be there prepping to open later this afternoon, and seeing his big van there wasn’t a surprise. The black Cadillac Escalade, however, was unexpected. He assumed it was one of the staff here giving Joe a hand, and he hurried inside so he could talk to Joe. He’d told Percy to wait in the truck, promising this wouldn’t take long.

Joe was at the bar rolling silverware, talking to a man with platinum blond hair and a long, black jacket. Kevin had never seen him before, but the guy looked like trouble.

He was also staring Kevin down like he wanted a fight.

“Hey!” Joe waved. “What are you doing here? You don’t work today.”

“Hey!” Kevin smiled, though he kept his eyes on the stranger. “Nah, I’m actually here just to let you know I’m gonna take a few days off. Figured I’d tell you in person ’cause it’s such short notice. Finally taking the vacation you keep harping on me about.”

“Seriously?” Joe barked out a laugh. “Whoa, okay. Just a few days? So, you’ll be back for this weekend or no?”

Kevin rubbed the back of his neck. “Uh, probably not. Not sure though. Just kinda hittin’ the road and seein’ what happens to be honest.”

“All right. Sounds like a pretty serious vacation.” Joe looked to the stranger. “Could you, uh, give us a sec, please?”

The stranger grimaced, but he nodded. He got up, brushing by Kevin to wait over by the stage.

“Sorry.” Joe shrugged. “Surprise from the fire marshal’s office. Said it was a routine inspection.” He set down the silverware he’d been working on, frowning worriedly. “Are you really okay, man?”

“Yeah, absolutely!” Kevin focused on Joe, though he didn’t let the stranger move out of his line of sight. “Everything is good. Just have some personal stuff to work out, ya’ know?”

“Yeah, sure. I’m assuming you’re leaving Julie in charge, right?”

“Yep. Promised a raise and a paid vacation of her own when I get back.” Kevin glanced to the door where he knew Percy was outside waiting. “Maybe you can pop in and make sure the place doesn’t get burned down or anything while I’m gone?”

“Steve?”

“Steve.”

“Of course, man. Be happy to.” Joe walked out from behind the bar, his arms open for a big hug. “Have fun, man! See you whenever you get back!”

Kevin hugged Joe tight, and warmth bloomed in his chest. Maybe he didn’t remember anything from his true past and the family he thought he knew wasn’t real, but he did have a damn good family right here and right now that he cared for deeply.

Angel or not, he knew when this adventure was over, he was coming home.

“I’ll be back soon,” Kevin promised. “Don’t replace me.”

“What? With the way your pretty ass brings in the tips?” Joe laughed. “Never!”

“Good! Whole place would shut down in a couple of weeks.” Kevin winked. “All right. I gotta get going. See ya’ soon!”

The fire marshal or whoever he was was still staring.

Whatever.

Kevin ignored him and headed back out to the truck. He hopped in the driver's seat, grinning at Percy in greeting. "Hey!"

"Oh hello, peaches." Percy's face was shiny with grease. "Ready to finally get on the open road?"

Kevin frowned, and he poked at the pizza boxes. They were very light, and he opened them to reveal they were both empty. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"What? You left me alone for what felt like hours, and you didn't even crack a window. I was extremely distraught. I had to eat my feelings."

"It was five fucking minutes tops! Kevin sighed heavily. "Thanks so much for saving anything for me. Maybe I had feelings that needed eating too!"

"I'll help you drown your feelings later with raw, sticky, barbaric sex."

"That's not gonna keep me from getting hangry, but it's a start."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Kevin stopped at a gas station and parked at one of the pumps. He shut the truck off and reached across Percy's lap to crank the window down. He made it a point to bump against Percy's crotch, smiling sweetly. "Don't want you to get too hot."

"Trust that I am always hot for you, peaches." Percy grunted.

"I gotta fill up and grab something to eat since some rude ass didn't even save me a slice."

"What? I was feeling peckish." Percy smiled sweetly. "Would you be a lamb and grab me a pack of Twizzlers?"

"Ew, Twizzlers?" Kevin groaned as he slid out of the truck, grabbing the empty boxes to trash. "Red Vines are the superior licorice."

"Heathen."

"Cute."

"Could you also get some gummy worms? The sour ones."

"Okay, and—"

"And gummy sharks. And peach rings."

Kevin laughed. "Anything to wash all that gooey mess down with?"

"Cream soda." Percy licked his lips slowly. "Emphasis on the *cream*, of course."

Kevin followed Percy's tongue and fought the urge to crawl back into the truck. "You make even a soda sound dirty."

"It's a talent."

Kevin rolled his eyes, pausing to toss the trash away and hoping his half-hard dick wasn't noticeable as he headed inside the gas station. He hurried through the aisles, his arms quickly filling up with a load of snacks. He was pretty proud that he didn't drop anything, even when he stopped to grab some drinks.

Not wanting to test his luck, he hurried to the checkout to dump everything on the counter. He smiled at the teenaged clerk behind the counter, saying, "Hi! Gettin' this and fifty bucks on pump, uh..." He pulled out his wallet and ducked to look out the window. "Three."

The clerk nodded as she wordlessly scanned the snacks and bagged them. She pushed a few buttons on the register, mumbling, "Ninety-three sixty-four."

"Mm, I didn't realize having a sweet tooth was so expensive," Percy said, suddenly standing right beside Kevin and clicking his tongue.

"Fuckin' Christ on a tortilla!" Kevin gasped. "Don't do that!"

"Do what?" Percy asked innocently.

"Just magically appear out of nowhere!"

"I got bored." Percy shrugged. "Did you make sure to get something for yourself? I don't like sharing."

Kevin handed the clerk a hundred dollar bill, and he glared as Percy poked at a pack of Twix. "Hey, hands off. You take your gummies and your nasty ass Twizzlers and leave my snacks alone."

"Don't worry, peaches. I'm only interested in your *private* stash of snacks."

"Oh my God." Kevin got his change from the clerk, chuckling as he put it in his wallet. "Here." He fished out a

small gummy pizza from one of the bags to hand to Percy. “Since you enjoy freakin’ pizza so much.”

“Oh!” Percy laughed and smiled bright enough to light up the entire state. “Why, peaches. I’m touched. Aw, but I don’t have anything for you.”

“It’s okay.” Kevin grinned. “I just saw it and thought of you, and apparently you really like gummies—”

Percy smiled wickedly. “Would you be willing to accept a gift of delicious carnal activities from a lascivious demon?”

Even when Percy was being inappropriate, he still managed to send Kevin’s heart tripping over itself in his chest. He blushed furiously, though not as hard as the gobsmacked clerk, and scrambled to grab the bags. “Sorry about him. I broke him out for the day from the nut house up the road. I think I should get him back.”

The clerk appeared alarmed.

“What? No.” Percy pretended to look lost. “I don’t want to go back. You can’t make me. We haven’t touched butts yet.”

“Sorry! Sorry, sorry, sorry.” Kevin apologized to the clerk about eight more times as he swatted Percy toward the door. “Get out!” He pushed Percy outside. “She’s gonna call the cops about a pair of escaped looney toons.”

“Come now, peaches.” Percy snickered. “Could be fun. You do look so lovely in a pair of cuffs.”

“Save that for the third date.” Kevin chuckled, opening the squeaky truck door so he could drop the bags on the seat. “Get in the truck before you somehow start a riot.”

“Yes, dear.” Percy blew him a kiss.

Kevin caught it with a smile, watching Percy climb back in the truck as he got to work pumping the gas. He noticed the clerk staring at them through the window, and he waved.

She retreated quickly.

As soon as Kevin was done, he put the gas cap back on, tightened it, and closed the flap with a metallic clink. He

climbed into the truck to get buckled up. “All right, should be good to drive for a couple hours.”

“And where are we headed?” Percy daintily nibbled the head off a gummy shark. “Hit the road and let your warm angel fuzzies guide you?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Kevin shrugged and started up the truck. He put it in drive and started to pull out of the gas station. “Any better ideas?”

“As there’s no GPS app for this sort of situation, no.” Percy gestured out the windshield. “The interstate is only a few hours away. Head there and see what your fuzzies say.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Kevin turned onto the street, following signs for a small state highway that would eventually take them to the interstate. He grabbed a bottle of root beer, cracking it open as he got comfortable in his seat.

“How exciting!” Percy ate the rest of his shark. “Shall we play twenty questions to pass the time? I spy? Never have I ever? How long before this antiquated lemon breaks down?”

“Hey, this baby is solid.” Kevin set his root beer in the cup holder so he could pat the dashboard affectionately.

“Yes, solid as fetid Styrofoam.”

Kevin ignored him, musing, “Twenty questions seems pointless since my whole life is a lie... but I do have questions about you.”

“Lucky for you, I happen to be one of my favorite subjects.” Percy stretched his arms over his head, providing a distracting vision of his broad chest straining against his shirt.

“Not surprised.” Kevin slowed down to stop for a red light.

“What would you like to know, peaches?”

Kevin grabbed a Twix out of the snack bag and tore the wrapper open with his teeth. He glanced over at Percy as he took a thoughtful bite. “Were you always a demon?”

“Yes. There are several ways to make a demon, like destroying the wings of a fallen angel or when some nasty

human idiot sells their soul. But sometimes two demons love each other very much and they get together to have a lot of sex, and they make an adorable tiny hellspawn that's born directly out of the blistering brimstone in the lowest circle of Hell. That's me."

"I'm sure you were precious with your little horns." Kevin grinned, taking another bite of his candy bar. He drove forward when the light changed, and he was still stuck on imagining a tiny baby Percy crawling around Hell. "Did you have, like... demon preschool or something?"

"Or something." Percy chuckled. "It's more like endless, torturous aptitude testing that sorts out your strengths and weaknesses to decide what sort of demon you'll be."

"Interesting." Kevin licked some of the caramel off his lips. "So, what sort of demon are you?"

"I was a collector. My job was taking the souls from the damned when their time was up. I was very good at it, hit my quota within five hundred years, and I was allowed to retire."

Kevin dropped his candy bar. "Five hundred years? You retired after five hundred *years*?"

"Yes." Percy smirked. "After some tactful negotiation, of course. Hell does so love its paperwork and all their little rules, and I found a loophole that allowed me an out. So, I took it."

Kevin considered reaching for the candy bar, but decided against it. He couldn't remember the last time he'd cleaned the truck. "Sorry, but you said five hundred years?"

"I know. I look fabulous for my age, don't I?" Percy caressed his own cheek. "You're probably not as young as you think, you know. You're an angel, peaches. You're very likely older than me." He nudged Kevin's thigh. "Look at you, robbing the demonic cradle."

A strange feeling crept into the pit of Kevin's stomach, like he'd just fallen off a cliff and couldn't stop himself. Every new fact revealed about his true self sent him reeling all over again.

“Really? I’m... over five hundred years old? How is that possible? How could I forget that much fucking time?”

“It’s not as if you were probably doing much. Angels aren’t exactly known for being particularly entertaining. Most of them stay up in Heaven, basking in God’s glory and singing, lots of singing. If you ask me, forgetting a few thousand years of choir practice is not much of a loss.”

“Fuck, that sounds boring as shit.” Kevin snorted, looking out the window as they left town. He thought he’d feel sad since he hadn’t left in so long, but he didn’t know how long he’d actually lived here. “Please tell me it’s not a diaper situation like Cupid?”

“More of a flowy, glowing robe situation from my understanding.”

“Like Jedi? That’s kinda cool.”

“I can’t say for sure.” Percy snorted. “Trust that I’ve tried my best to avoid ever meeting an angel. Bad for business, you see. Since they’d smite me on sight.”

“Smiting sounds fun.” Kevin grinned, reaching over to prod Percy playfully. “How do we know if I can do that?”

“We don’t and no, I’m not going to be your guinea pig.” Percy popped another gummy shark in his mouth. “I’ll let you do all manner of sinful, disgusting things to me, but smiting is going to be a hard no.”

“No sense of adventure.” Kevin chuckled as he leaned forward to check traffic before merging onto the highway. “Just out of curiosity though... What kind of disgusting, sinful things do you have in mind?”

“Oh, peaches.” Percy smiled wickedly. “You just sit right there and hold on tight. It’s a good thing we’ve likely got a long drive ahead of us because it’s a very, very long list. The first one involves me, you, and a tub of Crisco...”

Kevin didn’t think it was possible to hear two straight hours of increasingly depraved sexual fantasies, but here he was. After hearing Percy’s fifty-sixth detailed vision of utter filth, Kevin decided he and his persistent erection needed a

break. The truck had but one modern addition, a Bluetooth stereo system, and he opted to turn on some music to hear something other than Percy describing all the terribly wonderful things he wanted to do to Kevin's asshole.

Kevin enjoyed a broad range of music, mostly focusing on country and rock. Frankly, anything would be welcome to hopefully ease the throbbing in his dick. He pushed the button on the stereo that connected his phone and before he had a chance to skip to another song, "Waterloo" by ABBA blasted through the speakers of the truck.

"Uh." Kevin laughed hysterically, hoping he looked shocked as he scrambled to turn the volume down. "I have no idea how that got there."

"No idea?" Percy smirked. "And here for a moment I thought you actually had some taste. How disappointing." He tapped his foot and nodded his head, staring Kevin down like he absolutely knew this was no accident.

"Rude!" Kevin pretended to be offended, and then he noticed Percy mouthing the words to the song. He tried to keep a straight face, but it went to hell as soon as the chorus hit. He belted out the lyrics along with Percy, smacking the dashboard in time with the beat.

Percy cackled. "I knew it! No idea how it got on there, huh? Ha!"

Kevin laughed as he kept on singing, knowing there was no point in denying it now. His heart was light, and it pattered pleasantly in his chest. Everything seemed so simple and fun with Percy by his side, and it was easy to forget the insane quest they were on to find his wings.

He was a fallen angel with amnesia on a road trip with a demon who had a raging libido the size of Texas, singing ABBA at the top of their lungs, and he was happy.

This truly might have been the greatest moment in Kevin's life.

Especially since all the others had been bullshit, it was nice to carve out something real, and he knew he was going to

remember this for a long time.

The hours flew by after that, punctuated with stops for gas, food, and whenever Percy stole Kevin's phone to play DJ. Percy had a passion for disco in particular, and somehow he figured out Kevin's password to download Sylvester, Donna Summer, Amii Stewart, and of course, more ABBA.

Kevin continued to let the warmth in his chest guide him once they hit the interstate, and he drove until the sun was dropping and they'd crossed over three state lines with the magnets to prove it. Something told Kevin to get off the interstate, and he followed his intuition until they were cruising through a little city called South Bend.

Wait, shit, they were almost in Michigan.

This couldn't be right.

Before Kevin could say anything, Percy drawled, "I admit that geography is not my strong suit, but I do believe we are a bit more decidedly north than west."

"I mean, uh, maybe." Kevin tried to get his bearings. The fuzzies had brought him here, so there had to be a reason even if it was technically in the wrong direction.

"Did my little angel get lost?"

"I don't think it counts as lost if you don't know where you're going to begin with." Kevin snorted, slowing down to twenty-five as they entered the city limits. He scanned the streets and buildings, looking for anything that might be familiar. "Wait! There!"

There was a brick building ahead with a big sign that said Corby's Irish Pub.

"I know this place!" Kevin said excitedly. "I used to come here after I played football with my friends."

"There?" Percy scrunched his brow. "Are you sure? Wow. That was quite a drive considering you thought you went to high school in *Georgia*."

"Well... I don't know. Maybe it was an away game." Kevin was too pumped about recognizing something from his

memory to let the very likely possibility that it wasn't real get him down. "Not like we couldn't use a drink either way, right?"

"With any luck, it'll at least be cleaner than that rat trap you work at."

"Hey! Ripley's is great. Shut up." Kevin swatted at Percy as he steered the truck into a parking spot on the street beside the bar.

"Ah yes. The crunch of peanut shells underfoot speaks volumes of class and refinement."

Kevin rolled his eyes and got out of the truck, walking around to join Percy and stopping short as he realized Percy had changed clothes.

He was now wearing a plaid shirt, a trucker hat, and sinfully tight jeans. His hair was down and framing his handsome face. He flashed a naughty grin, his golden tooth shining in the light. "What? I'm merely trying to blend in with the locals. Come along, peaches."

"Shit." Kevin's eyes trailed over Percy's incredible ass, and it looked very much like a present wrapped in denim. He wanted to tangle his hands in Percy's beautiful long hair, but he knew they'd never make it inside the bar. "Let's go. First round is on me."

"I can't wait." Percy tipped his hat.

Kevin fell into step beside Percy as they walked around the building to get into the bar.

The entrance was right on the corner beneath a green domed awning. Corby's was written across it just like the big sign, so there was no mistaking they were in the right place. Inside was a cozy space with table seating and a large wooden L-shaped bar. The walls were covered with a collage of framed pictures, notes, dollar bills, and assorted sports memorabilia. There was a giant neon sign that said Corby's above the bar and some pool tables in the back.

"Delightful." Percy glanced at the floor. "At least there's no peanut shells."

“The place is the poorer for it.” Kevin chuckled as he looked around.

It was definitely familiar, but somehow it wasn't at the same time. It wasn't like Ripley's where he knew the smells, the sounds, and the people. He decided it was just because he hadn't been here in a while. It wasn't too busy, and Kevin scanned the available seating for a place to sit.

“Come on.” Kevin nudged Percy and gestured toward the bar. “Probably a good place to start, right?”

There were two seats open directly across from the door right in front of one of the big TVs and Percy took the one closest to the wall. “All right. So, tell me. What were high school boys doing celebrating their little away game at a bar? Is the legal drinking age here eleven?”

“Okay, fair.” Kevin sighed as he sat beside Percy. “Maybe it was when I was in college. That would make more sense.”

If he even went to college.

“Uh-huh.” Percy did not appear convinced. “Tell me, this football team of yours. What do you remember about it?”

“I know I had a lot of trouble making the cut. I was good, but I was kinda small. I also had bad grades, and we didn't have that much money.”

“You? Small?” Percy wrinkled his nose. “Were you a particularly late bloomer? Because as it is, you're every bit of six foot two and built like a brick shithouse.”

Kevin frowned. “I don't... I don't know.”

The bartender came over then, asking politely, “Hey! What can I get you gentlemen?”

Kevin wasn't sure, too busy being muddled in fragments of what he hoped was a real memory. He bumped his shoulder against Percy's. “What do you want to drink?”

“Blue Hurricane, if you'd be so kind,” Percy replied.

“I'll have whatever he's having,” Kevin mumbled, still struggling to make sense of the mess in his brain. There had to

be something real here—there just had to be.

“Coming right up.” The bartender walked away.

“Okay, so yes, I could have been a late bloomer,” Kevin said, trying to pick back up on the conversation he and Percy had been having. “Maybe I hit a growth spurt in college or something.”

Percy purposefully gazed over Kevin. “I highly doubt it. Considering that your body is sculpted perfection that would make Adonis weep, I’m confident this is the form you fell to Earth in.”

The absurd compliment made Kevin blush and turn away, shaking his head. “I think you’re nuts.”

“I think you’re gorgeous, and I can’t wait to get started on my list.”

“What list?”

“You know what list.”

Kevin laughed at that, certain Percy meant the long list of kinky fantasies he’d described for hours in the car. He happened to glance up at a poster beside the TV, and his laughter faded.

It was the movie poster for *Rudy* and in it, Sean Astin was walking across a football field with a bag of gear. Other signed memorabilia was clustered all around it. There were more photos of the cast in their football gear, and Kevin’s heart sank down deep into his gut.

He closed his eyes, trying to ignore the overwhelming frustration and despair that settled over him.

It wasn’t his memory.

This was the damn bar where they filmed part of the movie, and his fractured recollection of struggling to join the team was part of the damn plot.

“Never mind.” Kevin scooted his stool back. “This place was a waste of time. I’ve never fucking been here. Let’s go.”

“Oh no. Absolutely not.” Percy wagged his finger, and Kevin’s stool jerked forward. “After nearly twelve hours in that wretchedly rusty death trap, I need the beautiful elixir of life that is Malibu rum, pineapple juice, orange juice, blue curacao, and if the bartender is worth a hair on a frog’s ass, a squeeze of lime juice, to cure my currently sour disposition. We’re not going *anywhere*.”

As if summoned by Percy’s wrath, the bartender set down two big glasses full of blue liquid decorated with fruit slices and little umbrellas. “Here we go, gentlemen. You enjoy.”

“Come to papa,” Percy crooned as he snatched one of the glasses.

“Oh fuck.” Kevin grimaced as he pulled the other glass close for inspection. “What the hell is this?” He stared at it as if the bartender had put an eyeball in it. “Is that a Blue Hurricane? Really? This is, like, college girl on spring break who wants to get wasted but can’t stand the taste of booze.”

“Shush.” Percy took a long sip, sagged, and sighed happily. “The college girl is busy enjoying her delicious drink now, thank you.” He polished off the rest of the drink in mere seconds, and he was already waving at the bartender for another.

Kevin made a face but leaned in to suck experimentally at the straw. He’d made this drink for the sort of girls who liked to squeal at him when he was on stage at Ripley’s, but he’d never actually tried one. He was instantly struck by the wave of fruit flavors, and it wasn’t half bad.

“Finish your delicious college girl drink and then tell me why coming here is a waste of time,” Percy said firmly.

Kevin took another sip, though he wasn’t anywhere close to being done. He pointed at the *Rudy* shrine on the wall. “Look. Part of the best football movie ever was filmed here.”

“What?” Percy followed where Kevin was pointing and then he snorted. “We followed your warm fuzzies to another damn movie memory?”

“Apparently.” Kevin sulked, taking another big slurp. It really was delicious, but he wasn’t planning to let Percy know how much he was enjoying it. “I don’t get it. Why would I come here?”

“I have no idea. But if you get any warm fuzzies about visiting Gotham, I hate to tell you... it’s not a real place.”

“Yeah, I get it. I’m not Batman.” Kevin scowled and sucked at his drink until it was just ice at the bottom. Then he slurped it extra loudly out of frustration. His stupid angelic fuzzies had cost them an entire day of driving for nothing. “So what now? You wanna hit the road or hang here for a while?”

“Well, we did come all this way. Certainly we should enjoy what little this charming watering hole has to offer.” Percy nodded his thanks as the bartender brought them fresh drinks and took away the empty ones. He slid his hand over to squeeze Kevin’s thigh. “Come now, my sweet peaches. Turn that frown upside down. You did say the best football movie ever was filmed here. We should make the most of it. Take selfies. Deface something. Whatever it is people do.”

Kevin smiled, and he put his hand over Percy’s. “Yeah, you’re right. We’re here. We can at least get drunk in Rudy’s bar, right?” He grabbed the new drink. “You play pool?”

“I’ll play anything, as long as it’s with you, peaches.”

“You’re almost sounding kinda sweet.”

“Don’t worry. It’ll pass.” Percy winked. “There’s a table open. Let’s go.”

Kevin squeezed Percy’s hand before he slid off his stool.

He nudged Percy and grabbed his drink, crossing the bar to the empty pool table. He took a long drink from his glass and then set it down on a small nearby table. “You want me to rack ’em?”

“Help yourself,” Percy replied, raising his glass. “I’ll supervise from here.”

Kevin collected the balls to place them in the rack, switching them around as needed to get them in order. When

he was done, he dragged the rack into place, leaning over the table to make a few adjustments.

“I will say,” Percy teased from behind him, “the view back here is lovely.”

Smirking, Kevin stuck out his ass much farther than he needed to. “What was that?” He glanced over his shoulder to wink at Percy, lifting the rack away from the table.

“I said, I would love to eat your ass bent over that billiard table,” Percy declared loudly.

Kevin’s neck heated up as some curious glances were thrown their way. He grabbed a pair of cue sticks from the wall and gave one to Percy.

“Better?” Percy asked sweetly.

Kevin bumped his hip into Percy’s as he brushed by him. “Well, I guess we know what your prize is gonna be if you win. Also, the prize if I win.”

“Those are some very exciting stakes.” Percy grinned. “Why don’t you go on and tap those balls, and we’ll see what happens? I’m sure I can figure this silly little game out.”

“I’ll tap some balls for ya’.” Kevin snorted, deciding where he wanted to stand to break. He picked a spot near the corner and leaned forward, setting the cue ball down. He lined up his shot and thrust, launching the cue ball into the racked balls and scattering them across the table.

Two solid balls rolled into the side pockets, and Kevin smirked. If Percy was as inexperienced as he was making out, this was going to be an easy win.

“Excellent ball tapping,” Percy praised.

“Thank you, thank you. I’m pretty good at handling balls.” Kevin was proud he managed to say that with a straight face as he moved around the table. Facing Percy, he leaned in to line up his next shot. He looked up to meet Percy’s gaze where he was hovering by the corner as he hit the cue ball, knocking another solid into the pocket there.

Percy grinned. “You’re not making it easy to decide if I want to try to win or lose.”

“Do you really lose either way?”

“No, I suppose I don’t.” Percy slid his tongue out to tease the tip of his straw.

Kevin got caught up watching Percy’s tongue instead of what he was doing. He hit the cue ball and then watched it bounce off the side, not hitting a single other ball.

“Aw, that’s too bad.” Percy set his drink down so he could follow the cue ball to where it stopped. He clumsily bent over the table and held the stick like a spear, awkwardly aiming it. He sighed and batted his eyes. “Would you be a lamb and help me? I don’t seem to know what I’m doing.”

“Gladly.” Kevin leaned his stick against the wall so he could come stand behind Percy. “First of all, don’t stab the ball.” He reached around to show him how to hold the cue stick properly, enjoying the closeness. “Like this.”

“Thank you ever so much.” Percy arched back against Kevin, grinding his ass into his crotch as he adjusted his grip. “Mm, is that better?”

Kevin groaned, his dick instantly stiffening in his jeans. “Excellent.” He nodded, inhaling sharply and pressing firmly against Percy’s perfect ass. “Now, just uh... point and shoot.”

Percy grunted and took the shot, the cue ball zooming across the table and sinking a striped into a far corner pocket. “Well, will you look at that? That means I get to go again, doesn’t it?”

“Sure does.” Kevin grinned. “Nice job.”

Percy abruptly slipped out from beneath Kevin to line up his next shot...

And he made it.

Again.

Kevin scoffed in disbelief. “I think I’ve been fucking hustled.”

“As if I would ever do such a thing, paragon of honesty and truth that I am.” Percy blew him a kiss and then proceeded to run the table. One after another, he sank every shot until all of the stripes were pocketed. The only one that remained for him to claim victory was the eight ball.

“I am very much going to enjoy the pretty moans you make later when my tongue is deep inside of you,” Percy said as he got ready to take the final shot. “I might even record them. Turn them into a ringtone.”

The front door opened as Percy pulled the cue stick back, and he shuddered like a bucket of ice water had been poured on him. He flubbed the shot, the end of the stick scratching across the felt. “*Shit.*”

“Ha!” Kevin crowed. “About time your luck ran out, you damn cheater.”

“Peaches.” Percy’s tone was strained. “We need to leave.”

“What? You mean because you’re gonna lose now?” Kevin laughed until he saw Percy’s horrified expression, and his amusement died instantly. He turned to see what Percy was staring at.

It was the man who had just walked in—the platinum blond fire marshal Kevin had seen at Ripley’s that morning.

“Percy, what’s wrong?” Kevin demanded. “Who the fuck is that?”

“That man is a demon hunter. He’s here to kill me.”

CHAPTER NINE

Kevin's eyes widened.

The fire marshal was actually a demon hunter and followed them to kill Percy.

What the fuck?

He had a thousand questions, but right now getting Percy out of there safely was all that mattered. He dropped the cue stick on the table and grabbed Percy's hand. "Come on. There's a back door, and we... What the—?"

Percy had changed clothes again. More than that, he was a completely different person. He was an old man with a gray beard in a blue denim jacket. He squeezed Kevin's hand, his voice still his own as he teased, "I do so love a good back door. Let's go."

Kevin pulled Percy behind him as he hurried to the rear of the bar. He ducked into the hallway toward the restrooms. He wasn't sure how, but he knew exactly how to get out of there. "This way, gramps!"

"Was this in the damn movie?" Percy asked.

"No, uh. I don't think so." Kevin led Percy down to a door marked "employees only" and went right through into a kitchen. He mumbled some quick apologies to the bewildered staff, but he kept moving until they hit the back door that led out into the alley behind the bar.

He squeezed Percy's hand as they neared the truck, and his chest felt heavy and weird. He let go of Percy to unlock the passenger door. He ran around to the other side to do the same

and glanced back at the bar to make sure they weren't being followed. He quickly got in and cranked the truck.

Percy smacked the dashboard.

While the interior of the truck remained unchanged, Kevin watched as the hood warped and turned into that of a small black sedan. "Whoa. That's a pretty fucking cool trick."

Maybe it was the adrenaline, but Kevin didn't think his voice sounded right.

"I swear I will restore it to its rusty glory once we're out of here, but for now, a little bit of a disguise will help us all."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. You're beautiful just the way you are," Kevin promised the truck as he reversed out of the parking spot and then peeled out onto the street.

"So are you, peaches," Percy said with a bat of his eyes. "This isn't exactly how I pictured getting you into lingerie, but I'll take it."

"What the fuck are you..." Kevin recalled his chest feeling weird earlier, and he looked down to find he'd somehow grown a pair of boobs.

And wide hips.

And red nails and oh God, he was a girl.

"What the fucking fuck?" Kevin nearly drove into the side of a building as he looked at himself in the rearview mirror. A pretty young woman with long blonde hair cascading around her shoulders was staring back at him. His voice was a woman's too, a squeaky and high-pitched one as he groaned, "Oh no, no, no, no."

"It's temporary," Percy soothed. "I had to change our appearances, all right? Sebastian knows what I look like. He saw me at the bar the other night, which means he probably knows what you look like as well."

"Wait, you know him? How do you know he's a hunter? Why the hell is he after you?" Kevin focused on the road and managed to keep the incognito truck in the lines as he sped

back toward the interstate. He hated how he sounded to his own ears now. “I thought you retired!”

“Retiring doesn’t make me any less of a demon!” Percy groaned. “Listen. One thing at a time. When I first visited your crusty liquor barn and had myself a drink, I realized someone had blessed the glass. Burned like hell, no pun intended, and trust that no one randomly sanctifies barware unless they’re hunting for a demon. Being the absolute badass that I am, I finished my drink and acted like everything was fine. I guarantee that towheaded twat or one of his men was certainly there watching, and he decided to follow us here!”

“But how do you know his name?” Kevin pressed.

“Sebastian Something Italian. I don’t remember the rest! The same way you know who the Kardashians are even if you’ve never watched their vapid programming! Demons talk, they pass around his picture. We know who hunts us, all right?”

“You didn’t think at any point to mention a fucking word of this?” Kevin snapped.

“No! I made it through the stupid little test and when no one tried to kill me, I was certain whoever it was had moved on,” Percy argued. “This isn’t the first time I’ve had to deal with demon hunters. It is, however, the first time I’ve been hunted by Sebastian.” He sighed. “We need to pull over somewhere. Soon.”

“Yeah, so you can fucking change me back,” Kevin grumbled. “Do you want me to stop now or find somewhere farther away from here?”

“The sooner, the better. I’d like to know how they followed us so fast.” Percy glanced up the road. “As soon as we get back on the interstate, find us a nice little spot where I can take off your clothes, please.”

“If you just wanted to get me naked, you should have just asked,” Kevin teased, hoping to add some levity to the stressful situation. Hearing it in his melodic, girly voice, it didn’t really help.

Oh, he hated this.

Kevin drove until he saw a sign for a rest area. “Hey. Rest stop in ten miles. Sound like a plan?”

“Perfect.” Percy reached for Kevin’s hand.

It was a little strange considering it wasn’t Kevin’s normal hand, but he held on tight anyway. He didn’t like how stressed out Percy seemed to be, and he hoped this hunter problem had an easy fix. He pulled off at the rest area and drove to a section of the parking lot that was secluded and dark. He backed into a space as far away from everything else as he could and then parked. “So?”

“All right. You’re a big, gorgeous man again. Now hold still.” Percy pulled Kevin’s shirt up and slapped his hand over Kevin’s chest, his fingers vanishing inside.

“What! What are you fucking doing?” Kevin wheezed, not even having a second to enjoy being himself again. “I know for a fact that I am not Indiana Jones!”

“Hush, it’ll just be for a moment.”

Kevin squirmed at the strange pressure of having Percy dig around inside of his chest like this. It was hard to breathe, though he was grateful when Percy changed back so he at least had a familiar face to glare at.

Percy withdrew his hand, holding a small blue ball of light. His eyes narrowed. “Have you seen Sebastian before tonight?”

“Uh, yeah.” Kevin rubbed his chest. “He was at the bar when I said bye to Joe. Said he was a fire marshal or something.”

“Fire marshal? Ha! Cute!”

Kevin frowned at the ball of light. “What is that?”

“It’s a tracking beacon.” Percy scowled and crushed the ball into nothing, smothering the glow. “Did he touch you?”

Kevin frowned as he tried to recall every detail of the brief encounter. “Yeah, maybe. I mean, he kinda bumped into me

when he walked by. But that was it. Wait, are you saying he put that inside me?”

“And didn’t even buy you dinner. How rude.” Percy sighed. “He must have been watching us. Saw that we left together. Shit.”

“I’m sorry.” Kevin shook his head. “I brought him here.”

“It’s not your fault. He’s not hunting you. He’s after *me*. And you didn’t even know demons were real until very recently. I wouldn’t expect you to be on the lookout for tracking beacons and the like.”

“I should have been more careful though. I knew the guy was acting weird. If I could fucking remember a damn thing, I’d know this shit!” Kevin smacked the steering wheel in frustration as his emotions rose up to overwhelm him. Guilt, fear, and anger warred for control, and he settled on anger because the very thought of Percy getting hurt enraged him.

But if it was because of Kevin...

Ah, guilt had just taken the lead.

“Peaches,” Percy soothed as he took Kevin’s hand. “Stop beating your truck. You might break something.” He cupped Kevin’s face, turning him until their eyes met. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. Finding out you’re a feathery fuck machine from Heaven seemed to be enough of a shock for you. I didn’t want to overload your gorgeous little brain by telling you every fantastic and horrible thing that goes bump in the night, all right?”

“All right.” Kevin leaned into Percy’s gentle touch, angry tears stinging his eyes and threatening to fall. “But I still don’t want anything to happen to you. Especially because of me.”

Percy flinched, and he stammered, “Well, th-that’s...” He cleared his throat, saying firmly, “You don’t have to worry about that. I’m an extremely badass demon and now we know that shit is stalking me, we can be ready for him and his friends.” He smirked. “You may just get to practice smiting after all.”

“Sounds fun.” Kevin managed a small smile and turned his head to kiss the palm of Percy’s hand. He still felt on edge and sickened by the thought of being hunted.

The memory of being hunted.

Kevin took a deep breath. “I don’t think this is the first time I ran outta that bar.”

“No?” Percy’s smile dipped. “That same bar? Are you sure it wasn’t part of the movie?”

“Same bar. I knew right where to go. Like I’d been there before.” Kevin closed his eyes, trying to snatch any details from his muddy memory. “I was with Uncle Al. He was teaching me how to play pool.”

“For the love of Satan’s gargantuan gonads.” Percy groaned loudly. “Uncle Al again?”

“Yes! I’m telling you, Percy. He is fucking real!” Kevin pulled away, unbuckling his seat belt. “You’ll see. He’s not in my head.”

Or so he hoped.

Other than the crew at A Pizza Cake and Ripley’s, Kevin had the most memories of Uncle Al. Some of them were even boring, like counting down the drawer at the restaurant or running to the store for Uncle Al when they’d run out of his precious Diet Coke, the only thing Al liked to drink. Those memories had to mean something. They just had to.

“Whatever you say, peaches.” Percy patted his shoulder. “I suppose we should look for a hotel for the evening? I’m assuming you still need to sleep, yes?”

“Yeah. Don’t you?”

“I don’t need to, no.”

Kevin glanced around the rest area. It was quiet, dark, and mostly empty aside from an RV and semitruck on the other side of the lot. “I can just grab a couple hours here.”

Percy was horrified. “You’re going to sleep *here*? In the... truck?”

“I’ve slept in the truck plenty. It’ll be fine.”

“You cannot be serious. I am not sleeping here.”

“You just said you don’t even need to sleep, and for the record, you found it more than comfortable the other night.” Kevin smirked, turning his body to face Percy. The mere recollection of having fucked Percy right down in the seat where he was currently sitting was enough to make Kevin’s cock twitch.

Percy narrowed his eyes. “For short periods of time... I suppose it can be enjoyable.” His shoulders relaxed, and his gaze grew heated. “I do, however, much prefer the comfort of a nice, soft bed for my sleeping and non-sleeping related activities, thank you.”

“Don’t need all night.” Kevin grinned. “Just long enough to collect my prize and maybe a short nap—”

“Your prize? Ha!” Percy grabbed Kevin’s thigh, sliding his fingers inward toward his groin. “I seem to recall clearing that table.”

“And scratching on the eight ball.” Kevin’s grin grew. “Pretty sure that means I win.”

“Oh no.” Percy pretended to look upset, but he was still smiling. “Whatever shall I do? I guess I’ll just have to accept my wretched loss, won’t I?” His eyes flicked down to Kevin’s lips.

“Good sportsmanship is super important.” Kevin cradled Percy’s cheek.

“So very important.”

Kevin pulled Percy in for a sweet kiss, his heart pounding from the tension brewing between them. He loved how easy it was to joke with Percy, to laugh and tease, and the passion was effortless. The feeling only seemed to grow the longer they were together, and Kevin knew without a doubt he had no prior memory of anything like this.

It was special.

Kevin groaned as Percy's hand rose to grab his dick, rubbing him through his jeans. His hips jerked up into Percy's palm, and he nipped at Percy's lower lip, sucking it into his mouth as his cock grew hard. "Fuck, Percy."

"Later, peaches. I believe you have a very special prize to claim first." Percy chuckled wickedly, biting at Kevin's top lip hard enough to draw blood. He kissed Kevin harder, his tongue flicking out to claim it.

The metallic taste of blood was far hotter than it should have been, and he bucked into Percy's hand. He growled and broke the kiss, pushing at Percy's chest. "You're right, I do." He licked his bloody lip. "Come on. Get out."

"Sir, yes, sir."

Kevin hopped out of the truck, glancing across the bed to see Percy following his lead. They met back up at the tailgate, and Kevin dropped it down as quietly as he could. They were hidden in the shadows here, but if anyone drove by...

Fuck, that just made him harder.

Percy smirked at the open tailgate. "Should I assume the position, peaches?"

"Absolutely. Better keep quiet too. Don't wanna wake the neighbors."

"I will do no such thing," Percy declared as he bent over the tailgate. "Don't worry. If someone calls the police, I promise to bail you out."

"Oh good, that's awfully kind of you." Kevin pressed in close behind Percy, rubbing his hip. "I guess be as loud as you want then."

"I'd definitely planned to. Carry on."

Kevin slid his fingers around to the front of Percy's pants to pop the button and pull down his zipper. "You think I can get you off just from eating your pretty ass out?"

Percy chuckled as Kevin peeled his jeans and underwear down to reveal his full, round ass. "I'm definitely looking forward to finding out."

“Sounds like another challenge to me.” Kevin gave Percy’s ass a playful slap before spreading his cheeks. “Damn, I wish we had some light.” He sighed dreamily, his thumbs sliding inward to rub against Percy’s asshole. “You have the most gorgeous ass.”

Percy groaned softly. “Mm, thank you. All natural, you know. No fillers. Organic even.”

Kevin snorted out a laugh as he kneeled, eagerly lapping between Percy’s cheeks. “Tastes great, less filling.”

“All part of a well-balanced, nutritious diet,” Percy teased, though he sounded a bit out of breath.

Kevin laughed and smacked Percy’s ass again. He dove back in, lapping hungrily at Percy’s hole and squeezing his cheeks as he spread them. He loved how Percy tasted, how he smelled, and he breathed him in as he devoured his ass with greedy swipes of his tongue.

“Lucifer’s luscious tits, yes,” Percy groaned. “Mmm, that’s it... Mm, *Kevin*.”

Kevin loved hearing Percy say his name like that, and he probed at Percy’s hole until he could press the tip of his tongue inside. He kept going, breaching that tight ring of muscle and using his thumb to help ease the way until he could thrust his tongue deeper and open him up.

Percy was true to his word and made no effort to be quiet. His cries only grew louder as Kevin really got going, and he humped the tailgate, urging, “Come on, fuck... more! Fuck, give me more!”

Kevin’s cock throbbed as Percy squirmed. He ate Percy’s hole ravenously, thrusting his tongue as far as he could and fucking his thumb into him at the same time. He could feel Percy’s body relaxing to allow more of his tongue and finger to explore, and he slid in his other thumb, delighted by Percy’s immediate groan of pleasure.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Percy kept grinding against the truck, chanting, “Don’t stop, fuck, don’t stop, don’t stop—” He

tensed and shivered, his hips stuttering as he came with a low cry. “Oh fuck yes, that’s what I’m talking about! Fuck!”

Kevin fucked his tongue into Percy’s clenching hole to work him through his climax, giving his cheeks a firm squeeze. He pulled off with a loud slurp, licking his lips and grinning triumphantly. “Damn, that was fast, baby.”

“Mm, Kevvy,” Percy purred, still slowly rolling his hips. “That was... well worth losing.”

“Very glad you enjoyed yourself.” Kevin wiped his mouth off on his sleeve and got to his feet. He crowded in close, pressing his clothed cock up against Percy’s ass. “How much more do you think we can get away with?”

“As much as we want.” Percy groaned, pushing back on Kevin’s cock. “Say, just for example, if someone wanted to fuck me over the tailgate of their filthy truck.”

“Hmm, somebody definitely might.” Kevin was already undoing his jeans so he could shove them along with his underwear down to his knees.

Percy stretched out over the tailgate. “It is a nice night for it, eh?”

“Absolutely gorgeous.” Kevin was definitely referring to the vision of Percy’s arched rear and not the scenery. He slid his hands up Percy’s strong back, sliding his hard cock between his cheeks.

Bracing himself on his elbows, Percy glanced back at Kevin with a smirk. “Me or the rust bucket? Or both?”

“Definitely both,” Kevin teased.

“I still appreciate the compliment.” Percy pushed back impatiently on Kevin’s cock. “Some dick to go with it would be just lovely.”

“You love getting fucked, don’t ya’?” Kevin rocked his hips, teasing his cock against Percy’s taint.

Percy grunted. “When it’s done well, yes.”

Kevin stroked Percy's hips and up his sides, teasing, "I can definitely make that happen."

"How about making that happen right now?"

"Patience." Kevin smirked, grinding with more purpose now. "It's comin' when I'm good and ready." He playfully smacked Percy's ass. "You just relax and I'll take care of you."

"Bastard!" Percy groaned as he tried again to push onto Kevin's dick. "I am relaxed. I am so very relaxed, but do you know what would be more relaxing? A nice hard cock."

Kevin chuckled and pulled away to deny Percy his cock. He growled quietly, squeezing Percy's ass cheek where his handprint was blooming. "You know, you've been really fuckin' bossy."

"Can't help it." Percy's fingers flexed against the truck bed. "Sort of happens when you're the boss."

"Well, you're not the boss here." Kevin bowed his head to kiss up Percy's spine. "I am."

"I didn't vote for you."

"Hush now." Kevin rubbed his cock around Percy's asshole. "I'm gonna take care of you. Now you just lay there and look pretty."

"Oh you fucking—ah!" Percy groaned sweetly as Kevin pressed in. "Mmm, thank fuck."

Kevin inhaled shakily as the tight heat of Percy's body swallowed up his cock. He loved how Percy arched his hips to meet him, inviting him to plunge deeper, and he moaned low. He draped himself across Percy's back as he gave him every inch, pinning him down flat. "Fuck yes."

"Finally," Percy managed to gripe.

"So impatient." Kevin chuckled, mouthing at the back of Percy's shoulder. He thrust slowly, enjoying the hot slide as he buried himself inside of Percy's hole. Percy reached back to grab his hip, and Kevin laid his hand over his, fucking him a little harder. "Mm, there you go... Is that what you wanted, baby?"

“Yes.” Percy hissed. “Satan’s sinful sack, yes. Mm, fuck, just like that. Just like *that*.”

Kevin loved the hoarse, breathless sounds Percy made, and he slammed his cock as deep as he could with every slam. The friction was delicious, and he could already feel the pressure winding up in the back of his loins and making his dick throb. He laced his fingers with Percy’s, fucking him fiercely.

“Mmm, fuck... fuck!” Percy groaned brokenly, and he squeezed around Kevin’s cock.

Kevin slipped an arm beneath Percy to grab his shoulder, dragging him back to meet the pounding of his cock. He knew he couldn’t keep this ferocious pace up for long, not with how Percy was squirming so perfectly beneath him. “Fuck, you feel so fuckin’ good.” He nipped at Percy’s neck. “You gonna come for me? Make a mess all over my pretty truck?”

Percy whimpered, crying out with every deep thrust. He was clenching down with enough force to make Kevin’s cock ache, and he nodded, gasping desperately. “Yes! Fuck! I’m so fucking close... Yes! Pound my fucking hole, you goddamn motherfucker! Make me come again!”

Kevin grabbed a handful of Percy’s hair and pulled, biting at his neck as he taunted, “Maybe you should ask more nicely.” He slowed the frantic plowing to a hypnotic grind, tilting his hips downward until Percy was mewling.

“Oh, you bastard, right there!” Percy whined, gritting his teeth. “Mmm, come on, peaches. Please, come the fuck on!”

Kevin chuckled huskily, still thrusting teasingly slow. “That doesn’t sound very nice at all.” He zeroed in on the spot that made Percy whimper so beautifully, but he refused to speed up. “This right here? Mm, ask me really, really nicely.”

“You... *mmmph*...” Percy grunted in frustration and tried to grind back on Kevin’s cock. When that didn’t work to give him the friction he clearly wanted so badly, he growled quietly, “Please...?”

Kevin’s heart skipped a beat, and he grinned. “Much better.” He squeezed Percy’s shoulder and reared back,

slamming into him hard. The sudden increase in friction made Kevin grunt, and he didn't stop, fucking Percy with enough force to rock the entire truck. He could let go and give him everything he had, and it was amazing.

Having no fear of hurting Percy allowed him to fully enjoy every passionate moment, and the heat burning between them was staggering. He buried himself inside of Percy over and over, nuzzling and panting at the nape of his neck as he urged, "Come on, Percy... Fuckin' come for me."

"Kevin!" Percy howled, his entire body rippling beneath Kevin as his cries grew ragged. He tensed, shuddered, and then melted as his orgasm hit, his hole seizing up around Kevin's cock. "Fuck! Yes!"

Kevin grunted at the tight squeeze around him, and he knew his own climax was upon him. He smothered his moans against Percy's neck, pulling his hair as he thrust erratically, chasing that sweet release. It hit him hard, nearly knocking the breath from his lungs, and the ache in the head of his pulsing dick drew a broken moan from his lips.

He went limp, weakly grinding to carry himself through the final quivers as he hugged Percy tight. His head was swimming, his muscles burned, and he didn't want to ever let Percy go. "Baby. Oh fuck, baby, baby, baby."

Percy laughed softly, and he sounded out of breath. "Mmm, *fuck*."

"You're incredible." Kevin loosened his grip on Percy's hair, sliding his fingers soothingly across his scalp. He lined Percy's shoulder with soft kisses and sighed contentedly. "Absolutely incredible."

"I know." Percy laughed. "You're not too shabby either, peaches."

"Why, thank you."

Percy turned to flash Kevin a dazzling smile, playfully grinding his hips back. "Made a righteous mess out of me, didn't you?"

“Sure fuckin’ did.” Kevin grinned. “I bet it looks damn pretty too.” He moved his hand down Percy’s body, stroking his side reverently. “Next time, we should do this somewhere I can take pictures.”

“Pictures? You dirty boy. I’ll have an oil painting commissioned.”

“Fancy.” Kevin groaned as he pulled free, turning so he could flop on the tailgate next to Percy. “Seems kinda excessive though, don’t ya’ think?”

“Nonsense.” Percy laughed. “I want a giant painting to hang over my fireplace. You’ll have to keep fucking me for hours for them to properly capture it.”

“I better load up on some Gatorade and snacks.” Kevin stretched out and let his legs dangle over the end of the tailgate. “I’m sure it’ll be a huge hit at your pizza parties.”

Percy was quiet for a moment, and then he said casually, “I don’t think I’ll be having any more parties.” He eyed Kevin. “Unless that’s something... you’d be into.”

“Really?” Kevin was surprised, and he couldn’t help the smile tugging at his lips. “You trying to say you’re a one angel kinda demon?”

“Don’t let it go to your head.” Percy huffed. “I can’t help that you’re the best fuck I’ve had in over two hundred years.”

“That’s something I’m pretty proud of, just saying.”

“As you should be, and I am... I am not inclined to share the experience.”

“Well.” Kevin took Percy’s hand. “I mean, I am curious about blood orgies and all, but I’m also not sure I’d be good at sharing.”

“Then... we don’t have to.” Percy laced their fingers together. “Unless the urge for an orgy happens to arise, then you just let me know, peaches.”

“You’ll be the first to know.” Kevin propped his other arm behind his head, “Until then, we can eat pizza, play in blood, and fuck like bunnies all we want to on our own.”

“Sounds rather nice, doesn’t it?” Percy chuckled. “Me and my filthy little angel, fucking like bunnies, running from hunters, traveling the country... stopping in disgusting bars...”

“I ain’t mad at the idea.” Kevin grinned, giving Percy’s hand a squeeze. “Just roaming around, rolling from town to town and all that.”

“As long as we stay in hotels and not in your death wagon. My lush body demands the orthopedic comfort of a proper bed.”

“What a fucking princess.” Kevin laughed.

“I’m a queen, thank you. You may address me as such from now on.”

“Nope, you’re definitely a princess. Hey, what about camping?”

“Camping? Will there be air conditioning and a hot tub? What about a water bed? These are the bare minimum necessities for me to engage in said camping.”

“Your highness,” Kevin teased, absolutely delighted by how high maintenance Percy was. “I guess I have always been curious about fucking on a water bed.”

“I’ll settle for anything that’s not a truck bed right now, thank you.”

“Come on then, my pretty princess.” Kevin pushed himself up, leaning in to kiss Percy’s cheek. “I’m sure there’s a suitable place somewhere close by.”

“Oh, I hope they have room service.”

“I’m sure there’ll be a McDonald’s or something around.”

“Let’s both pretend you didn’t say that and hit the road, shall we?”

CHAPTER TEN

The ocean waves crashing around Kevin were cool, and the wind blowing by was warm. He could feel the contrasting temperatures perfectly, he could taste the bitter salt in the air, and he knew this was where he was supposed to be. It was night, and the moon above him was full, lighting up the waves rippling around him. Sand crunched between his toes, and he realized he was standing right on the beach, and the waves were lapping over his feet.

It was beautiful.

The ocean, yes, that's where he was going. The warmth was calling him here, and its pull was mesmerizing.

He needed to go—

Kevin blinked himself awake, squinting against the blinding glare of the sunlight streaming between a crack in the hotel window curtains. It was brighter than the blazes of Hell, or at least so he imagined. He rolled away from the window and right into the gorgeous sleeping visage of Percy beside him.

They'd found a cheap hotel off the interstate and gotten a room for the night. Percy had complained about the lack of room service and other amenities, but he still said it was better than sleeping in the truck. As soon as they'd fallen into bed together, Kevin had passed right out.

Waking up beside Percy was definitely something he could get used to.

That fluttering feeling was back in Kevin's heart and a surge of butterflies danced in his stomach. He didn't think he'd ever felt this way about anyone before, and he couldn't resist leaning in and pressing a soft kiss to Percy's cheek.

Percy stirred at the kiss, and a smile crept onto his lips. "Mm, good morning. Money's on the dresser. Lock up on your way out, please."

Kevin let out a quiet laugh, and he gently brushed Percy's hair back from his face. "I think you're a little short. I definitely deserve a bonus. And pancakes. Gonna have to get my pimp in here."

"I don't want any trouble." Percy opened his eyes, grinning. "I'm sure we can work something out."

"I sure hope so. Julie doesn't mess around. That woman means business."

"Here. How's this?"

The warm smell of maple syrup wafted by Kevin's nose, and he looked down at the foot of the bed to see a giant stack of pancakes, a carafe of syrup, and a plate packed with bacon on a silver tray.

Kevin sat up, and his stomach immediately growled at the sight of the Scooby-Doo sized portions. "This is a real good start. We can definitely work something else out to cover the rest." He bowed his head to kiss Percy.

Percy cradled the side of Kevin's face as he kissed him back adoringly, but all too soon he was pulling away. "Mm, go on. Eat up. Another exciting day of staring at the open road is ahead of us."

"Uh-huh." Kevin's cock throbbed from the awesome kiss and early morning hour, but he scooted down toward the tray. Food was the priority right now. "You want some?"

"I'm fine, thank you." Percy pulled himself up against the headboard, and he had a large cup of coffee in his hand.

"Hey, more for me." Kevin set the tray in his lap. "I thought maybe we could look for some fun stuff to do while

we're driving. Something to do along the way to break it up."

"Oh yay," Percy drawled. "More tourist traps, movie sets, and the like?"

"Yeah! I mean, it's kinda hard to plan since I still don't know where we're going exactly, but maybe we'll find something cool." Kevin drowned the pancakes in syrup before cutting a bite out of the whole stack. He shoved it into his mouth, which didn't stop him from speaking. "Wah 'bout that hunter guy?"

Percy grimaced. "No sign of Sebastian, but that doesn't mean he's not still out there. Without the tracking ward, however, he won't be able to follow us, but there are other ways to locate us. Most of which I've done my best to block.

"Wah odder kendah wayhs?"

Percy made another face.

Kevin held up his hand while he finished chewing, and he grabbed Percy's coffee to steal a sip to wash the pancakes down. It was no surprise that the coffee was syrupy sweet, and he handed the mug back. "Thanks."

Percy scowled, snatching his mug away.

"What other kinda ways? How else can he find us?"

"There are multiple types of spells they could cast if they get a hold of our glasses or the cue sticks."

"Wait, they can use what we touched at that bar to find us again?"

"Any item or surface we touched for a prolonged period of time, yes. I've put up a ward to hide us, but they can still use divination rituals to track my demonic energy." Percy raised his mug. "Hence the coffee. Its magical abilities aren't merely limited to making humans into higher functioning creatures. It will help dilute my essence and I might be able to pass as a mortal and slide under the radar. At least until we get far enough away from them."

Kevin hated the panic trying to rise up and choke out his good mood. In just a few days, he'd gone from a normal guy

to a fallen angel on the run from hunters with a demon. He had no idea where he was even running to, and he couldn't help feeling guilty for dragging Percy into a big dangerous mess.

Percy sighed. "I should have just burned down the bar..."

"Hey, what about me?" Kevin asked between bites of bacon. "Do I have angel essence?"

"Of course you do. But no one I know of hunts angels. You're the good guys, remember?"

"Is there anything else we can do?"

"I've done all I can, but Sebastian is an extremely persistent son of a bitch. He's a half-demon who decided to turn his back on Hell and make it his life's mission to hunt every demon on earth, including a particular passion for seeking out those who have left Hell's service. We're easier targets, you see, because we're usually alone."

"I don't know this Sebastian guy, but I do know one thing. You're not alone." Kevin reached for Percy's hand and squeezed it firmly. "I may not have my angel superpowers, but I can take care of myself. I'm not gonna let a fucking thing happen to you."

Percy looked surprised, and the lines of his face softened.

In the morning light, he was practically glowing. He looked years younger and like he could have been an angel too.

Percy was quiet for a long moment, and then he squeezed Kevin's hand back, saying quietly, "Thank you."

Kevin smiled. Maybe it was silly wanting to protect the powerful demon who could probably crush him with a snap of his fingers, but the urge remained nonetheless. He cleared his throat, looking down at what remained of his pancakes. "You sure you don't want some before we hit the road?"

"I'm fine, really. Thank you." Percy slid out of bed, pausing to smooch Kevin's cheek. He was dressed instantly, wearing a tight black v-neck T-shirt and black jeans, still

sipping his coffee. “Are the warm angel fuzzies speaking to you yet?”

“Oh yeah! I had a dream!” Kevin sat up straighter, bouncing excitedly. “I saw the beach again! It was really pretty. Dark. Just the moonlight. I could smell the salt and everything. It’s definitely that way.” He pointed confidently at the far wall.

“West again, eh? Should we actually consult a map or do you know which way that is?” Percy smirked. “Because yesterday we almost drove to Michigan. I don’t say that as a critique of your navigation skills or lack thereof, merely an observation.”

Kevin scowled, reaching out to smack Percy’s hip.

“Watch the goods, peaches!” Percy swatted him back.

“Look, I remembered something at the bar. There has to be a reason the warm fuzzies took us there.”

“But we still need to go west? I’m assuming the coast. Hopefully you’re actually dreaming of the beach and not a sandbox.”

“Yes, it was the damn ocean. I saw it. I was standing in it. The water, the waves.” Kevin snorted. “I wish I could narrow it down though.”

“The signal, so to speak, should become stronger the closer we get.” Percy slurped more coffee. “In theory.”

“Okay. And there’s nothing else we should be doing to keep Sebastian Fuckface from finding us?” Kevin got up to start packing up his duffle bag. “Nothing at all?”

“Not that I can think of.” Percy sighed. “I’ve cast every spell I know, and the best thing we can do is keep moving and stay out of his range. Divination rituals can take days to get a result, so it’s in our best interest to get as far away as possible. With any luck, they’re still back at that bar, scratching their asses and trying to figure out where we went.”

“All right. So, we just keep driving then. Stop for gas, sleep some, find the World’s Biggest Ball of Twine. That

sounds good to me—”

“The biggest what now?”

“The World’s Biggest Ball of Twine! It’s totally a thing.”

“Sure, peaches.”

“Yeah, yeah, we’ll see. You just wait.” Kevin pulled out a T-shirt from his bag to put on.

It was a *Star Wars* shirt with Luke Skywalker in a flight suit at its center with the words *Join The Alliance* emblazoned across it. The colors were faded and it had a few holes worn into the soft fabric. It was one of Kevin’s favorite shirts, a gift from Uncle Al.

Maybe.

Percy was staring at the shirt with a strange look on his face.

“What?” Kevin asked.

“Did you not ever find it suspicious that you have the same last name as the man on your shirt?”

“Are you high?” Kevin scoffed at the question, looking down and pulling the shirt away from his body to confirm what he was wearing. “This is Luke fucking Skywalker! Maybe you’ve heard of him? Kinda badass, kinda annoying. Definitely wanted to bang his sister. Luckily, she had far better taste in men.”

“Yes, yes, and who was played by the actor, Mark Hamill! Who also did the voice of the Joker on that little Batman cartoon.” Percy gasped. “And Batman was voiced by Kevin Conroy! Even your damn name is part of your deranged Batman fantasy!”

Kevin’s face fell, and his heart sank down to the very bottom of his stomach. He thought he was going to throw up.

Even his damn name was fake.

It made perfect sense since he was an angel and would probably have some fancy name, but it hadn’t occurred to him until that very moment. Every step they took in finding out

who he really was destroyed another piece of his identity and confused him.

Was there anything in his life that was real?

Kevin sat back down on the bed, facing away from Percy. “I picked my name from a fucking cartoon. None of my lame ass friends knew Batman well enough to ever put it together.” He sighed. “If I ever even had any real friends...”

Percy reached over to cradle both sides of Kevin’s face, urging him to look at him. “First of all, peaches, you clearly had terrible friends with poor taste. Second of all, so what? You needed an identity and you latched on to something that may have brought you comfort when you needed it most.”

Kevin reluctantly met Percy’s eyes, his own hot with the threat of tears. “I mean... I really do fucking love Batman.” He laughed a little. “So do you apparently.”

“Me?” Percy scoffed. “I suppose it’s all right...” He cleared his throat. “Kevin Conroy’s performance was pure perfection and humanized the character in a way never before or since captured by any other actor. I do favor Michael Keaton’s theatrical performances, although I am willing to give that Pattinson fellow a try.”

“Wow.” Kevin couldn’t help but smile, and his heart felt light. “You’re, like, really gay for Batman.” He stood up to steal a kiss from Percy’s lips before he could argue.

Percy allowed himself to be silenced, but he started speaking as soon as Kevin pulled away. “I’m gay for a lot of things. The vision of you in black rubber is particularly striking. You be my Batman and I’ll be your Boy Wonder, peaches.”

Kevin’s smile grew. “Oh, hell yeah. Costumes? I’m in! We throw a great Halloween party at Ripley’s.” He could already imagine Percy in tight spandex, and it was very tempting to drag him right back in the bed.

“I’ll pretend like I don’t care about the state of the floor.” Percy paused. “And the bar. And the stools...”

“All right, princess.” Kevin held Percy close and leaned his forehead against Percy’s for a moment. “Let’s go. Got another day of fun ahead of us!”

“Oh goody.”

After checking out of the hotel room and stopping to top off the truck, Kevin and Percy got back on the road. Percy probably would not have described the long day of driving as fun, but Kevin had a blast. He liked Percy’s company even when he was complaining, the warmth of his hand on Kevin’s thigh, and of course, their rambunctious singalongs whenever the right song happened to pop up on shuffle.

Percy took control of Kevin’s phone, and they belted their way through Cher’s entire *Mamma Mia* cover album as they zoomed along the interstate into Illinois. Guided by Kevin’s warm fuzzies, they found their way into Chicago. Kevin had thought Percy would appreciate the H.H. Holmes castle, but it was only an empty lot. Percy’s foul mood was eased, however, with a slice of Chicago style pizza from Lou Malnati’s, and then they headed on into Iowa.

If angels didn’t need to sleep, Kevin’s body certainly hadn’t gotten the message. They stopped in a hotel just past the state line and enjoyed another athletic round of filthy sex before crashing for the night. They continued westward the next day, stopping again for gas, snacks, and to visit various attractions along the way.

Calling Percy *dad* and asking him to play catch at the Field of Dreams in Dyersville, Iowa, was probably Kevin’s favorite moment of the trip thus far. Capturing the annoyed expression on Percy’s face with his phone was priceless, especially when Kevin tried to convince him that his wings might be out in the corn.

Percy was not amused.

The warm fuzzies took them past one bridge of Madison County before they spent the night in a little motel outside Omaha, Nebraska. Percy fucked Kevin until he almost passed out, and they fell asleep in each other’s arms. Kevin dreamed about the beach again, but there were also a lot of random corn

stalks this time, and he blamed the endless fields they'd been driving through. He really hoped to never see corn again, but the following day brought even more of it.

As boring as it was, Kevin would gladly take endless acres of corn over seeing Sebastian. There hadn't been any sign of him or any other demon hunter people since they'd fled Corby's. Percy was confident they'd lost them thanks to his spells and extra large cups of coffee, and Kevin tried not to worry.

They'd only been back on the road for a few hours, but Kevin was restless. The warmth in his chest was pulling harder than ever, so he knew they were going the right way. Still, the urge to get out and stretch his legs was nagging him. He was dying to get out of the truck for a little while, and he gasped when he saw a big sign up ahead:

The World's Largest Ball of Twine

"I'll be damned." Kevin laughed. "Percy! It's real! Look!"

Percy had been munching on some gummy octopuses, and he stared at the sign. "By Satan's prickly pubic hair, are you serious?"

"You bet your prickly pubes!" Kevin cackled, slapping the steering wheel excitedly.

Percy made a face. "You're planning to stop, aren't you? You just can't resist the siren's call of that kitschy trap."

"Hell yeah, we're stopping! Are you crazy?" Kevin grinned. "We're definitely going. And oh, I'm definitely getting a magnet."

"If you really feel we must... I suppose it will be a tolerable experience."

"I think you mean an amazing experience." Kevin nudged Percy's side, bouncing in his seat. "How big do you think it is?"

"Judging by the size of the headache I have right now just thinking about it, I imagine quite large."

“Aw, come on, princess. How about some more Donna Summer? That always cheers you up.” Kevin cranked up “Love To Love You Baby” as it popped up on shuffle and they took the exit into Cawker, Kansas.

The town looked like it was right out of an old movie, small and adorable. The main drag through downtown was lined with old tiny buildings, and a water tower with *Cawker City* written across it loomed in the distance. There were several big signs for the Ball of Twine, and Kevin eagerly followed them down until he spotted a large wooden roof that housed the ball within.

“Holy shit! Look!” Kevin exclaimed. “There it is!”

Percy clasped his hands together as if in prayer. “Dear baby Jesus, I know we haven’t always gotten along with me being a demon and all, but I would appreciate it if you’d do me a solid and get me out of here. Burn the ball of twine. Send a tornado. A flood. Anything.”

“You’re no fucking fun. Jesus has better things to do than destroy a perfectly innocent ball of twine.” Kevin pulled up to park in front of the ball, and he grabbed his cell phone. “Come on, princess. Let’s go!”

Percy shoved a handful of gummies into his mouth, no doubt to silence whatever complaints he was about to spew. He still mumbled as he followed Kevin toward the wooden gazebo, but it was impossible to understand what he was saying.

Probably for the best.

There was a sign next to the gazebo that read *World’s Largest Ball of Sisal Twine, Started by Frank Stoeber in 1953*. The sign also boasted the ball’s current weight as being over twenty-seven thousand pounds and that it was over eight million feet of twine. In the middle of the gazebo on a concrete floor was indeed a very large ball of twine. It was over ten feet tall and easily three times as wide.

There were three other people visiting the ball—a young couple and an old man. The couple was reading the board

while the gentleman took pictures of the ball.

“Wow. It’s just as thrilling as I imagined,” Percy drawled.

“Come on! This is cool!” Kevin insisted, approaching the ball as soon as the old man moved out of the way. He touched the thick twine, running his fingers along some of the strings and grinning like an idiot. “We gotta get a picture! Get over here.”

“Are you serious?” Percy groaned even as he came over to join Kevin. “If I do this, you realize it means we’re getting that oil painting done.”

“Look, have I not been documenting every second of this trip? This is an important stop! It’s the largest ball of twine!” Kevin curled a strong arm around Percy and pulled him in tight against his side. “Smile, princess! Say *we’ve got a big ball* on three!”

Percy grumbled, but something magical happened when Kevin dragged him in so close.

Percy smiled.

A real, dazzling smile, gold tooth shining and all. They were cheek to cheek, both grinning at the camera with the giant ball behind them. Percy turned as the camera on Kevin’s phone continued to click to snag a sweet kiss.

Kevin’s heart fluttered away in his chest, and he just kept taking pictures as they kissed. He knew he was smiling when he pulled away, and he glanced at his phone to see if they were even still in the frame.

Damn, he hoped he got those pictures.

He opened his mouth to comment on how adorable he was, but he froze when he saw a familiar face in the display creeping behind them around the side of the ball.

It was *Sebastian*.

“Princess,” Kevin said quietly as his heart thumped with dread, “we got company.”

Percy tensed, his eyes finding Sebastian on the screen. “Shit.”

Sebastian didn't realize he'd been spotted, and he slowly reached under his jacket.

Percy squeezed Kevin's hip. “I apologize in advance, peaches. Hopefully this doesn't hurt.”

“What—”

Percy flung Kevin out of the gazebo.

Kevin grunted as he landed over in the grass, the air knocked right out of his lungs. He pushed himself up, his eyes wide as he saw Sebastian pointing a gun at Percy. The tourists screamed and fled, and Kevin wheezed, “Percy!”

Sebastian fired.

“Ow!” Percy hissed in pain and dropped to one knee. “You asshole!” He thrust his hand toward Sebastian, sending him flying into a nearby parked car.

Kevin struggled to his feet and then rushed toward Percy, but a man in a black coat came out of nowhere and tackled him to the ground. He ate grass again, grunting as the man shoved his head down. “Hey! Fuck off!”

“Stand down!” the man shouted. “It'll be over soon!”

Kevin threw his elbow back, smashing it into the man's ribs as hard as he could. He heard something crunch, and he shoved the gasping man off of him. He'd always known he was strong, but he was surprised at how high the man flew into the air before landing back in the grass beside him.

Whatever.

He had to get to Percy.

Percy was on his feet and scowling at the bullet holes in his chest as if a bird had shit on him or something similarly inconvenient. Sebastian had pulled himself off the car and was trying to reload his gun. Percy charged him, smacking the gun out of Sebastian's hand with a wave of his arm.

Kevin stumbled when the man he'd shoved grabbed his ankle as he tried to get up. He managed to keep his balance and turn, kicking the man's face until he saw red. "You stay down, assclown!"

Percy and Sebastian were out of his line of sight now, their scuffle having taken them behind the ball of twine. Kevin ran to them, but a second man in a black coat, taller than the first, appeared with a vial of clear liquid in his hand.

"Begone, foul fiend!" the tall man roared as he splashed the vial's contents in Kevin's face.

"What the hell?" Kevin sputtered through a mouthful of...
Water?

He spat it out as he lunged forward, slamming the man into the ball of twine. He punched him repeatedly, but the guy managed to heave Kevin off him with a furious grunt. He then drew a large dagger from his side, nearly long enough to be a sword.

He swung wildly at Kevin as he roared, "You will die, whore of Satan!"

"What the—" Kevin ducked, the sword barely missing his head. "What is your fucking problem, asshole? You're ruining my damn vacation!"

The tall man screamed and came at him again.

Kevin dodged the next swing, and he grabbed the man's arm, snapping it like a twig. The sword clattered to the concrete, and Kevin quickly snatched it up while he wailed in pain. Kevin smashed the hilt into the side of the guy's head. He crumbled to the ground, and Kevin looked around desperately for Percy.

Percy was still behind the gazebo, backing down a steep hill as Sebastian closed in on him. Blood poured from where Percy had been shot, and there was a large gash across the side of his neck.

No doubt it came from the giant *broadsword* Sebastian was holding as he said calmly, "It is time to die, foul servant of

Satan. I must cleanse your filth from this earth.”

“I have three moods,” Percy warned as his horns sprouted out of his brow. “Off, on, and what color would you like your casket to be. So tell me, worm, shall it be a classic blue or little bitch black?”

In spite of the big talk, Percy’s wounds were clearly hindering him. He was moving slow and his breathing was ragged, and Kevin didn’t understand why Percy didn’t teleport to safety. The very sight of him hurt filled Kevin with a dreadful rage he’d never known...

And *fear*.

He’d finally found the most incredible guy—yes, technically a demon, but still—and he was building something *real* for the very first time. He had never felt this way about anyone, and even if he never found his wings, he knew he could be happy as long as he had Percy in his life.

There was no way he was going to lose him now.

Kevin focused on the warmth burning inside of his chest, and he hurled himself at the World’s Largest Ball of Twine.

It didn’t budge.

“Fuck me,” Kevin groaned, peeking around the ball to see Sebastian raising the sword as he closed in on Percy. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!”

He pushed it again with everything he had—his fear, his anguish, every moment of rage and despair he’d felt since finding out the truth about himself. The warmth inside of him burst forth with a rush that felt like a thousand orgasms and opening presents on Christmas morning combined, and the ball shifted and then rolled forward.

Kevin cheered as he gave it another shove, running alongside it as it picked up speed rolling down the hill.

“I condemn your soul back to the fires from whence you came,” Sebastian declared. “Return to Hell, demon.”

Percy’s eyes bulged when he saw the ball of twine, and he quipped, “You first.” He grunted with obvious effort and pain

as he tried to blink out of the way. He flickered like a skipping DVD before he vanished.

Sebastian turned just in time to see the ball hurtling toward him, but it was too late for him to flee. The ball rolled right over him, flattening him to the ground. It rolled forward until it hit an upslope at the bottom of the hill, and then it came right back on top of Sebastian.

Percy reappeared a few feet in front of Kevin, offering a weary smile. “I take it back. The World’s Largest Ball of Twine is pretty damn awesome.”

“Fuckin’ told ya’!” Kevin’s heart soared and he grinned, throwing his arms around Percy. He hugged him as tight as he dared, tears stinging his eyes. “For fuck’s sake. Look at you.” He pulled away to cradle Percy’s face and inspect the wound on his neck. “We need to get you cleaned up.”

“Nothing but a scratch,” Percy fussed. “I’m fine—”

The sound of a car alarm startled them, and Kevin turned to see the ball of twine bouncing off a car as it made its way down the street. He turned back to see Sebastian staggering to a knee, bloody and very much alive, glaring their way.

Kevin gulped. “Shit.”

“Well.” Percy grabbed Kevin’s hand. “I think that’s our cue to flee, peaches.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

F uckin' hell, what is that guy?" Kevin ran, pulling Percy with him toward the truck.

"Half-demon, remember?" Percy replied. "A tad tenacious!"

They broke apart to hop into the truck, and Kevin clutched the sword as he slid in behind the wheel. He dropped the sword into the floorboard and then fumbled with his keys, cranked the engine, and sped away, tires squealing. He zoomed through the tiny town toward the interstate.

A particularly tight turn made Percy groan in pain.

"Hey, hey. Here." Kevin reached under the seat to grab a small red bag. "First aid kit."

"I'll be fine. He shot me with blessed bullets, that little shit." Percy cringed as he ripped open his shirt, his skin briefly turning red as his demonic form peeked through. "We need to get as far away as possible so I can change. In my true form, I'll be able to get these bullets out and heal much faster."

"Fuck, demons are tough bastards."

"What about you?" Percy reached for Kevin's thigh. "Are you all right? Are you hurt?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Kevin wished his heart wasn't still trying to pound out of his chest, but he didn't have a scratch on him. "Totally fine. I'm not the one gushin' blood all over the fuckin' place!"

"It's only a little bit of blood." Percy managed a pretty hearty eyebrow wiggle. "Want a taste, peaches?"

Kevin couldn't explain the overwhelming need to lick Percy's bloody neck, but he was certainly curious. "Maybe when we stop, uh..." He felt claws sprouting from Percy's fingers, and he squeezed his hand. "Hey, what's wrong?"

"I'll be fine. Just get us to the interstate." Percy inhaled shakily as his horns sprouted from his forehead. He grunted low, hissing between his teeth, "F-fuck."

It was hard to focus on the road when his gorgeous new boyfriend was morphing into a full-blown demon right beside him. While slightly terrifying, it was also thrilling. "Shit, shit... Are you sure you're okay? You do not sound good."

"I'll try to bleed more quietly," Percy drawled.

"That's not what I'm saying, asshole!" Kevin sped up to merge onto the interstate, swerving as he stole a peek over at Percy.

Percy had finished his magnificent transformation. It was lucky he was short, otherwise his horns might have hit the roof. He dragged his fingers over a bullet hole, hissing as he dug into the wound. "I'm fine, peaches. Trust me."

Kevin glanced over, grimacing as he saw Percy extract a bullet.

Percy grumbled as he fought with the hand crank to roll down the window. "Fucking old ass truck."

Kevin squeezed the steering wheel and whispered an apology to his truck on behalf of Percy. "It's okay. He doesn't mean it."

"I most certainly do." Percy flicked the bullet out the window. "Ugh."

"Hey, we should have kept that for the scrapbook!"

"Don't worry. There's plenty more."

Kevin couldn't see exactly how many bullets Percy pulled out, but there seemed to be a lot. He did his best to keep his eyes on the road, but Percy's demonic form was very distracting. He was possibly even hotter with horns, and that was definitely something Kevin wanted to explore later. He

knew when Percy was done because he reverted to his human form once more and then rolled up the window.

Percy hadn't bothered to change his bloody clothes, and his long hair was out of its usual ponytail, hanging around his face in a tangle. He took a deep breath and mumbled, "Well, that was fun. *Not*. Let's do that again never, shall we?"

"Yeah, no, I agree. I mean, the ball was ten out of ten. Would recommend. The rest, not so much." Kevin laughed, and he hated how borderline hysterical it sounded. He was crashing from the adrenaline rush and while it appeared that Percy would make a full recovery, the reality of what had just happened was overwhelming.

Three men, including one that was half-demon, had tried to kill them.

Kevin had been in plenty of fights, brawls at the bar mostly, but he'd never been in a position where he'd been afraid for his life—or the life of someone he cared about. The gravity of the danger of being followed was finally sinking in, and he felt sick. He'd never been hunted before.

At least, not that he remembered.

His discomfort must have been obvious because Percy put his hand on Kevin's thigh as he soothed, "Hey, we're all right now. We're safe. From what I saw, you fucked up Sebastian's little cronies. They're human and not likely to recover any ol' time soon. That should slow them down some." He sighed. "I don't understand how they found us so quickly. Even with our stops, they should not have been able to catch up this fast."

"Yeah. This does not feel right at all." Kevin dropped his hand over Percy's, hanging on tight. "I don't get it. None of their tracking crap should have worked, right?"

"Maybe I didn't drink enough coffee."

"Ha, I'll pump coffee right into your fuckin' veins if that's what it takes."

Percy snorted. "Oh. Yes. Right away." He paused. "Unless..."

“Unless what?”

Percy was quiet for a few more moments. “Unless we have to start an IV for you, peaches. It’s very possible they were able to deduce you were an angel from whatever essence you left behind at that little football bar.”

Kevin grimaced.

He didn’t think he could feel any worse, and yet, here it was. Possibly being responsible for Percy’s injured state caused his stomach to slosh harder. He should have been drinking coffee right along with Percy just to be safe. He should have been taking steps to cover his essence or whatever, or perhaps he should have never gotten Percy involved.

“We can stop at the next town,” Kevin said. “Extra large double espresso whatever for both of us.”

“Yes, and then we need to keep going. We can drive in shifts, and I would suggest that we don’t give in to the temptation of any other roadside attractions.” Percy grunted, and Kevin looked over to see him rubbing his throat.

“No more stops,” Kevin agreed, feeling particularly guilty for all the detours they’d already made. If they hadn’t stopped for the stupid ball—

Percy gasped. “That little shit...!”

“What’s wrong?”

“That little shit, Sebastian, poisoned me. That ridiculous sword of his has been dipped in the ground ashes of some saint. I’m healed, but I won’t be at my full strength for a few more days. Until we get your wings, we’re a tad more vulnerable than I would like.”

“Poisoned?” Kevin echoed, his frown deepening. “What the hell do we do? Is there a demon 911?”

“I’m retired, remember? I no longer have access to the precious amenities of hell like demonic healthcare. They weren’t very happy with me finding that little loophole, so

they cut me off. I'm on my own, and there's nowhere to go. Well..." Percy sighed. "No, don't worry about it. I'll be fine."

"No, hey, I'm very worried about it." Kevin squeezed Percy's hand. "Just tell me where to go."

"There's only one haven for demons, retired or otherwise, and that's Las Vegas. Big surprise, I know." Percy huffed. "I'm too weak right now to teleport myself there and depending on the direction of your warm little fuzzies, such a detour could add literal days to our trip if we drive. You still have no idea where on the west coast we need to go. Getting your wings back is more important, peaches."

"My wings will be there." Kevin shook his head. There was a sign that said ten miles to the next town, and he sped up. "Literal days are worth it if it saves your fucking life."

"Kevin, please listen to me," Percy said firmly. "We stand a much better chance against Sebastian if you've got your wings. A fully restored angel would be a welcome advantage against that halfling prick. Angels tend to trump demons in the rock paper scissors of celestial beings. And I'm going to be fine. I'll be healed up by the time we get to wherever the hell it is we're going."

Kevin wanted to believe him, but his stomach still clenched with dread. He tried not to think about all the blood, aiming for levity as he teased, "If this is all just some crazy plan to marry me in Vegas..."

Percy laughed. "Oh, peaches. Trust that I have means of seduction much more pleasant and less bloody than almost having my head cut off to employ in procuring your hand in marriage."

Kevin cracked a little smile. "Fine, we won't go to Vegas right now. We do need to get you cleaned up though if you can't poof it away right now."

"I will absolutely poof it once I've had a moment to catch my breath," Percy insisted grumpily. "If anyone asks, I'm a method actor and I'm expecting a role in *The Walking Dead*."

"You know that show's over, right?"

“Shush. There’s spin-offs.”

Kevin snorted, though he was grateful Percy was feeling well enough to make zombie jokes. “What about the poison?”

“Demons and holy things do not mesh well. Very oil and water, peanut butter and mayo, that sort of thing. Little crispy pieces of a damn saint are literally floating in my bloodstream, and it’s going to take some time to work itself out. Lesser demons would die, but I’m Percival Pearl and I’m fucking awesome.”

“You are very fucking awesome,” Kevin agreed, slowing down as the next exit sign came into view. He turned onto the ramp, and he heard the sword sliding across the floorboard. “Hey! Can we do something with that?”

“With what?” Percy glanced at his feet. “The sword?”

“Yeah! You know, besides go back and stab that motherfucker in the heart with it.”

“You’re an angel. You may be able to bless it if it’s not already. Sebastian still is half demon, after all. Holy items can still harm him.” Percy smirked. “If you want to kill him though, you’ll have to cut off his head. Stabbing him is very likely to just piss him off.”

“Both sounds like a good plan.” Kevin stopped at the red light at the end of the exit ramp, and he reached over to gently touch Percy’s cheek. “Let’s get you cleaned up and you can give me a lesson on blessing a fucking sword. And *then* I can stab that motherfucker and chop his head off.”

“Mmm, is it strange that just made my dick hard? Probably be weirder if it didn’t.” Percy cackled as Kevin turned off the ramp and toward a large truck stop.

Kevin found a parking space on the far side where there weren’t a lot of other vehicles. He grabbed his jacket out of the back to put on so he could hide the short sword underneath it. When he zipped up his jacket, the blade was small enough to stay hidden. He wasn’t going to be caught without protection again.

Knowing Percy hadn't packed any clothes for himself, he paused to grab a T-shirt out of his duffel for him to borrow. "We should hurry."

"No shit." Percy snorted. "Is that for me?"

"Yeah, here." Kevin handed Percy the shirt. "Yours has, you know... bullet holes."

"Thanks."

After Percy changed into Kevin's *If Daryl Dies, We Riot* shirt, they headed into the store to access the restrooms in the back. They walked in, and there was a man at the sink washing his hands who gave them a funny look—mostly Percy, who was still crusted in blood.

Kevin waved and laughed. "*Walking Dead* convention."

"I rage quit after the tiger," Percy added, "but Daryl Dixon is my soulmate."

The man left without drying his hands.

Percy headed to the sink where the man had forgotten to turn off the water, and he started rinsing off his arms. "I don't think he could handle how much I stan Norman Reedus."

"I'm sure that's what it was." Kevin snorted, checking each stall to make sure there was no one else in the bathroom. He locked the door and then hurried back over to Percy. He grabbed a handful of paper towels from the dispenser and ran them under the faucet. "Didn't know you were such a Daryl fan."

"I'm a Norman Reedus fan, first and foremost. We'll have to watch a fun little film called *Dark Harbor* sometime."

"I'm down for a Norman marathon." Kevin chuckled as he patted the back of Percy's neck with the damp paper towels. "*Boondock Saints* next."

Percy shifted into his demonic form, his broad body bulging at the seams of his clothing. He sighed in relief as if maintaining the disguise had been strenuous, and then he took off the borrowed shirt. "Sorry about the blood, peaches."

Kevin stared at Percy's chest in the reflection of the mirror, and his cock twitched. "Uh, it's fine. It'll wash out."

Percy washed off his chest, and his thick pecs were glistening now. He rinsed off his face, and he happened to catch Kevin's eye in the mirror. He grinned. "Oh? See something you like?"

Kevin's heart thudded, and he slid his fingers over Percy's shoulder as he licked his lips hungrily. "I like it a fucking lot."

Percy suddenly whirled on Kevin, his clawed hands grabbing Kevin's hips. "You like it in the sexy way, don't you?" He flashed his fangs. "Why, peaches. I think you might have a fetish."

Kevin inhaled sharply, and he felt so small in Percy's tight grip—a feeling that no other man had been able to instill in him before. "Is it a fetish to think your boyfriend-type person is hot?"

Percy peered up at him in a curious sort of way, and he asked, "First of all, *boyfriend*? I'll gladly make TikToks of us sucking face to gain followers if that's the level you see us at."

"Whatever. I don't know what to call you—"

"Second of all... You really want me like this?"

Kevin shrugged, a blush creeping over his face. He threw the paper towels into the trash without looking, his focus on Percy's wide smile. He grabbed Percy's forearms, and his skin looked stark white against Percy's crimson flesh. "I very, very fucking much do."

"Then I'm all yours." Percy's smile grew and as a demon, his gold tooth was a long, glittering canine. "You can call me whatever you'd like, and I suppose I might be inclined to fuck you up against this filthy bathroom wall right now." He slid his hands over Kevin's back, drawing him in against his chest.

"I would definitely be into that." Kevin's cock thickened, and he grabbed Percy's shoulders. "And the whole you being mine thing." He pressed close, but he flinched when it caused the sword under his jacket to dig in. "Hold that thought."

While Kevin pulled out the sword to lay across the sinks, Percy watched with a strange little smile. “When Sebastian was trying to cut off my head with one of those, the only thing —” His voice cracked, and he tried again. “The only thing that kept me going was thinking of you. The need to ensure your safety and long life as an absolutely phenomenal lay.”

Kevin quickly hugged Percy’s neck and bowed his head to rest their brows together. His chest was tight, and he swallowed down a lump in his throat. “I couldn’t let anything fucking happen to you. My sex life is finally, well, awesome. And not just the sex... but *everything*.”

“Ditto, peaches.” Percy steered Kevin toward the wall, his bright eyes burning into Kevin’s. “I’d say a good bit of every part of my life is the better for knowing you. But especially experiencing your sweet, insatiable little hole.”

“Fuck, I love how you can be sweet and nasty at the same time.” Kevin’s heart was about to burst out of his chest, and he groaned as his back hit the wall.

“I think I need to ravage you in a most expedient and yet still pleasurable manner right this very second.”

Kevin rolled his hips forward, panting. “Fucking ravage away, my demon.”

Percy kissed him fiercely, and his fangs pricked Kevin’s tongue. “Pants down. Turn around.”

The order made Kevin whimper, and he obeyed without hesitation. His pulse was running at a thousand miles per minute, and he knew they had to be quick. The urgency just made him hotter, and he dropped his jeans and underwear in a bunch around his ankles as he turned to face the wall.

Percy yanked Kevin’s jacket off, and then he went for his shirt. He closed in behind him, and his hard cock slid between Kevin’s cheeks. His claws curled back into Kevin’s hips, and he dragged his teeth over Kevin’s neck. “Just breathe for me. I’m going to get you ready before I fuck you into the brick.”

Shuddering, Kevin pressed his ass back to grind on Percy’s cock. “Fuck...” He took a deep breath and tilted his head to

give Percy more access to his throat. "I'm so fucking ready."

"No." Percy chuckled, and although his hands were clearly on Kevin's hips, phantom fingers plunged inside Kevin's hole, stretching him wide and spreading slick lube. "But you will be."

Kevin groaned as his body opened up around Percy's magical fingers, and he loved the deep ache. "Christ on a cracker... yes."

"There you go," Percy urged, the phantom fingers vanishing as he pushed the head of his dick up against Kevin's hole. "Here, peaches. Here it is."

Kevin sighed contentedly as Percy's cock pressed inside of him, and he loved how hot it felt, like it could actually start a fire within his body. He reached back over his shoulder to grab one of Percy's horns. "Percy!"

Percy growled low, plunging deeper into Kevin's asshole. He worked himself in inch by inch, fucking Kevin into the wall. His long tail curled around Kevin's thigh, and the tip teased Kevin's balls. There was something desperate in the way Percy was touching him, as if he simply couldn't get enough of him and he had to be as connected as possible.

Kevin tried to keep quiet, but he failed horribly. The earnest thrust of Percy's cock was drawing out helpless moans, and there was something incredibly sexy about Percy's tail and the prick of his sharp claws. "Percy, f-fuck..." He rocked back for more, groaning as Percy buried the rest of his cock deep inside. "Just like that, just like that."

Percy kissed the peak between Kevin's shoulder blades as he fucked him relentlessly. Every brutal thrust created a new, searing friction that made Kevin's knees tremble as surely as Percy's deep growls did.

"There you go. There you go, peaches." Percy snarled. "This is what you need, huh? To have your sweet little angelic hole fucked wide open?"

"Yes! Fuck!" Kevin slapped the wall with his free hand, the other still pulling on Percy's horn. He humped the rough

brick, desperate for any friction against his throbbing cock. “Fuck me, Percy. Come on! Fuck me!”

“I’ll fuck you...” Percy smothered his face into Kevin’s back, panting frantically as he plowed his ass. “I’ll fuck you forever, peaches.” He slid his arms around Kevin’s chest and grabbed his shoulders, his claws breaking skin as he pulled him back into every fierce slam.

“You fucking better!” Kevin cried out, completely helpless in the wake of Percy’s thorough fucking. Percy’s cock felt even bigger in his demonic form, and Kevin thought he might split right in half. The burning stretch and the merciless friction were absolute bliss.

“Come here. I need to see you.” Percy pulled out hastily so he could whirl Kevin around.

Kevin gasped as Percy hoisted him up on the wall, the rest of his clothing suddenly gone as Percy guided his legs around his waist. His loins surged with a spike of lust at how easily Percy manhandled him, and he whimpered, clinging to Percy’s shoulders as his big cock thrust back inside of him. He hugged Percy’s waist with his thighs, and his nails cut into Percy’s red flesh.

All of his terror from those awful moments when he thought he might lose Percy and the overwhelming desire to protect him suddenly crashed into him like a tidal wave, and he couldn’t possibly get close enough to Percy.

Percy’s gaze glowed with a brilliant fire as he stared in Kevin’s eyes, and he bared his sharp teeth. The difference in their height forced him to crane his head upward to claim a deep kiss, pushing his tongue into Kevin’s mouth as he bounced him on his cock.

The sudden rush made Kevin moan brokenly, and he grinded down on Percy’s thick cock. He sucked on Percy’s tongue and grabbed his horns, using them for leverage to slam himself down. “Mmm, f-fuck! Yeah!”

“Just like that, yeah! Just like that, peaches! Just. Like. That!” Percy punctuated his words with devastating thrusts,

growling as his tail slithered up to wind itself around Kevin's cock, giving it a tight squeeze.

"Percy!" Kevin shouted, his hips jerking up into Percy's tail. He could barely fathom how hot that was, and the sensation was incredible. He loved being so full, and his very insides were throbbing. "Percy, yes... Oh fuck! That's amazing!" He sobbed, clinging to whatever parts of Percy he could as he got fucked into next month. "Fuck, I love your tail."

"Gonna come," Percy grunted, his tail stroking Kevin's dick faster. "Are you ready? You want my come, sweet little peaches?"

Kevin let go of Percy's horns as he collapsed forward, smothering his face in Percy's shoulder. He surrendered himself to Percy's insane slams, and the pressure inside of his body was threatening to boil over. "Yes... Please! Come on. Give it to me!"

"Come on, get it! Fucking get it. I want you to come for me while I fill your sweet ass up!" Percy bit Kevin's jaw, instantly drawing blood that he then eagerly lapped with a hungry groan. His savage pace never slowed, even as he came and pumped his hot load deep inside of Kevin. He fucked him impossibly faster, and his tail stroked Kevin's cock at the same insane speed.

Kevin whimpered, his senses overwhelmed by the scalding surge deep inside of him, the coppery scent of his own blood, and the merciless friction on his cock. It all rose up in a rush that made him swear he was about to black out, and he came with a shout, his cock shooting between them in quick spurts.

Percy roared, and the mirrors and stall doors rattled. He reared back to watch Kevin climax, but his long tongue stretched to continue lapping at Kevin's bloody jaw. He pounded Kevin through his climax, his come gushing out from around his thick cock. "Oh, *peaches*."

"Princess," Kevin sighed, still trembling. "Holy fuck, that was incredible." He whimpered as more come dribbled out of

him. Percy's strong embrace was the only thing keeping him from melting into the floor. "You're... amazing."

"So are you. Absolutely stunning." Percy held him tight.

"That was... wow." Kevin couldn't catch his breath, but he needed to kiss Percy. He pressed their lips together with a low whine, and he dragged his hands through Percy's hair. "So fucking *wow*."

"If we weren't on the run from demon hunters, I'd have you again." Percy chuckled, bumping their noses together.

"Hey, there's other truck stops." Kevin laughed and kissed Percy's cheek. His jaw burned where Percy had bitten him, and he loved it. He knew it was probably going to heal, but for now he could enjoy it.

"I..." Percy cleared his throat. "I've never had anything I was afraid to lose before. So, really, getting your wings back now almost feels selfish."

"Why?" Kevin's heart skipped a beat.

"Because if anything happened to you..." Percy closed his eyes, and he hugged Kevin closer. "I don't think I'd handle it very well, all right? I've become more than a little fond of you. As long as I have a biscuit, you'll have half. That sort of fond."

Kevin's heart zoomed into his throat, and he couldn't remember ever feeling this way about anyone. He'd never had anyone of his own before, really and truly his, and he could not imagine one minute without Percy now.

"Sharing your food kinda fond? That's pretty serious, huh," Kevin teased, nuzzling against Percy's jaw.

"Afraid so, peaches."

"You're not losing me. You're pretty damn stuck with me now."

"Good. Otherwise, I was just going to trap you in my house again." Percy laughed, but then he winced.

Kevin frowned. “Hey, why don’t you put me down, huh?” Guilt pricked at his gut for letting Percy fuck him within an inch of his life while he was still clearly hurt. “Let me get you sorted out so you can rest, okay?”

“I’m fine,” Percy said quickly, though he pulled out so he could set Kevin down. He stayed close to kiss him passionately. “I’ll fuck you silly at the next stop.”

Kevin whimpered, both from the emotion in Percy’s kiss and being left so empty. “I’ll hold you to that.” He had zero intention of actually doing it now that he could see the sheer exhaustion in Percy’s face that he was trying so hard to hide. He kissed Percy again and caressed his cheek reverently. “Come on. Someone had to have heard that.”

“The sounds of our primal mating? Most definitely.” Percy winked as he shifted back to his human form. The remnants of blood still remained, and he squeezed Kevin’s hip before heading over to the sink. “Would you like to scrub my back?”

“Of course.” Kevin glanced down at his naked body. “As long as I can have my clothes back.”

“Strong maybe.”

Kevin was allowed to get dressed again once Percy was cleaned up, and they hurried back to the truck before the cops were called. He noticed immediately that Percy was moving slower than usual, and his snarky attitude had dimmed somewhat. They got back on the road, and Kevin didn’t stop unless it was for gas or food.

Despite all of Percy’s assurances that he was fine, Kevin was worried sick. His concern only grew when Percy cut his driving shift short in favor of stopping at a hotel to sleep and sleep was truly all they did. They hit the interstate again in the morning, but Percy didn’t seem any better even after a full night’s rest.

Kevin let Percy control the music, hoping it would lift his spirits, but Percy’s beloved Donna Summer wasn’t enough to perk him up.

Something was definitely wrong.

The truck's air conditioning struggled as they drove through the barren South Dakota badlands, but the heat was a small price to pay in Kevin's opinion for such stunning views. Percy was not nearly as fascinated with the bison and prairie dogs they drove by, but Kevin thought it was all beautiful. The signs for Crazy Horse and Mount Rushmore were tempting, but he ignored them and kept driving.

They had stopped for gas in Sundance, Wyoming, where Kevin had been thrilled to add a Sundance Kid magnet to his collection. Even though he was worried about Percy, he tried to focus on the positive. He knew they were headed in the right direction, and he knew his wings were closer than ever now.

They'd only been back on the road for about an hour when Kevin spotted the signs for Devil's Tower, a well-known landmark for its role in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. He was about to ask Percy if he'd ever seen the film when smoke suddenly poured out from under the hood of the truck, the engine sputtered, and Kevin had to pull over on the side of the road.

The truck was completely dead.

He tried turning the key again, and the engine gurgled, groaned, and then did nothing.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Kevin shouted.

Percy stared at the smoke. "I admit my knowledge of cars and their functions are limited, but is it supposed to do that?"

"No. No, it's fucking not."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Kevin did his best not to panic about being stranded in the middle of nowhere with nothing around them for probably miles, and he took a deep breath. He unbuckled his seat belt and offered Percy a strained smile. “I’m gonna check it out.”

“I’ll help supervise,” Percy said with a wink. “Come on, peaches. It can’t be that bad.”

Kevin slid out of the truck, pausing to pull the lever to unlock the hood. He closed his door and then walked around to the front of the truck. When he popped the hood, smoke came billowing out in a thick, black cloud. “Fuck me.”

“Maybe later. This doesn’t seem like the right time,” Percy teased as he joined Kevin. He eyed the engine. “So. That’s not good.”

“No, it’s fucking not,” Kevin grumbled again as the smoke cleared away enough for him to take a look. He leaned in to examine the engine, check the fluid levels, and so far, nothing seemed amiss, but...

Oh shit.

There was a hole in the damn radiator.

“Shit.” Kevin groaned. “Houston, we have a fucking problem.”

“How bad of a problem?” Percy asked. “Bad as in we should set the truck on fire and start over? Or just a minor bad where we can fix this with chewing gum or something and get back on the road?”

“You’re not setting my truck on fire,” Kevin said firmly, giving Percy a warning glare as he walked around to lean against the driver’s side door. He sighed in frustration. “Chewing gum ain’t gonna fix it either, MacGyver. There’s a hole in the radiator.”

“Would you like me to give it the ol’ demon try?” Percy sauntered over to stand in front of him. “I’m still very powerful, not to mention attractive and charming. I’m sure I can repair a hole in a radiator.”

Kevin snorted, a smile tugging at his lips. “You’re very much all those things and more.”

“Obviously.”

“One quick thing.” Kevin leaned in to steal a quick kiss. “If you wanna fix it though, you should know it’s a radiator.”

“Details.”

“By all means, give it the ol’ demon try.” Kevin waved, and his heart broke a little thinking the truck might actually be toast. He knew Percy’s powers weren’t still fully recovered yet, but they couldn’t afford to be stranded like this.

“Stand back now.” Percy waited for Kevin to be clear of the truck before he raised his hand toward the hood. “This is going to—” He’d barely wiggled his fingers before he went flying into the dirt. He landed on his back, looking both surprised and extremely angry. “What in the fuck was that?”

“Percy!” Kevin ran to his side, dropping down beside him. He helped Percy sit up and pressed his hand over Percy’s chest. “Are you okay?”

“I’m just dandy.” Percy grunted, laying his hand over Kevin’s. He glared at the truck. “That damn heap of rust is fucking warded.”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you remember the ward in my bedroom to keep angels away? Do not pass go, all that? This is the demonic version.”

Kevin frowned, wiping some dirt from Percy's cheek. "I have no idea how to even do that."

"Well, someone did." Percy stood in a huff and dusted himself off. He stalked back to the truck, his hand outstretched as if feeling for something in the air above the engine. "This is definitely a demon ward, specifically designed to deter demonic magic. It feels..." He dared to inch a little closer. "Old." He glanced at Kevin. "You might have done this yourself before you lost your memories."

"Oh goody. More ways past me fucked over future me." Kevin sighed, and he stood beside Percy, staring at the engine. "Does that mean I can break it somehow?"

"You can certainly try." Percy slowly stepped back. "You're more powerful now than ever. Even without your wings, you may be able to tap into enough of that angelic mojo to destroy it."

"Okay, so we just—"

"Or you might blow up your truck."

Kevin's jaw dropped, and he stared at Percy in absolute horror. "No fucking way! Nope! Not if it's gonna blow up my truck! No way. Not happening." He crossed his arms stubbornly.

Fuck.

They didn't have time for this.

Not with that epic fuckface Sebastian and his minions no doubt catching up by the hour.

Kevin looked at Percy again, and he frowned.

Percy definitely wasn't in the best of shape right now—that much was clear from how exhausted he looked, no matter how hard he tried to hide it from Kevin. Kevin knew they would be sitting ducks if they stayed here. He had to do something.

Even if it meant potentially blowing up his most precious possession in the entire world.

“Fuck! Shit! Son of a bitch!” Kevin kicked at the dirt, stirring up a cloud of dust as he stormed off from the truck. He circled back after cursing a few more times, and he took a deep breath. “Okay... What do I do?”

“Come here.” Percy took Kevin’s hand, leading him around to the front of the truck. He stood behind him and guided Kevin’s hand toward the engine. “Concentrate. Take a few deep breaths.”

“Okay?”

“You should feel a pull. It will be... a sort of warmth. There on top of the engine. It’ll feel like a big ring, almost as if you could grab it and put it on like a bracelet. It will be tangible, even if you can’t see it with your eyes. You need to grab it, hold it tight, and break it.”

“Sure. Magical bracelet.” Kevin huffed and closed his eyes. He focused on the truck, trying to imagine the energy Percy had described.

Wait...

There!

He could actually feel it!

It was a pulsing, warm ring of energy hovering just above the engine. It did indeed feel like the size of a bracelet, and Kevin grabbed it with both hands. He pulled as hard as he could.

There was a strange pop...

And then there was a small explosion, and the force threw Kevin back several yards. He crashed into the asphalt, landing flat on his back. “Ow.”

“Peaches!” Percy hurried over to Kevin. He offered him his hands to help him stand and get him out of the road. “Are you all right?”

“Fuck!” Kevin winced, leaning heavily on Percy as they walked back to the safety of the dirt. “I think I made my truck mad.”

“Just a wee bit.”

Kevin sighed as he looked at the new plume of black smoke pouring out from the engine. “Guess that didn’t work.”

“I’m going to say no.” Percy checked over Kevin, as if looking for any injuries. When he found none, he cradled Kevin’s cheek with a little smile. “Time for plan B, my sweet peaches. Do you have Triple A?”

“Yeah. I’ll fucking call.” Kevin sighed, leaning into Percy’s hand. He was disappointed that he couldn’t fix this himself, and the worry that Sebastian might catch up to them soon was nagging him.

What good was being an angel if he couldn’t cough up a miracle?

Kevin returned to the truck to rifle through the glove box so he could find his insurance paperwork. He got the number for roadside assistance to make the call while Percy entertained himself by summoning a small lawn chair and an umbrella, lounging beside the truck while Kevin was stuck on hold.

The operator Kevin spoke with promised him that there would be a tow truck out there in an hour.

The hour ticked by, no one showed, so he called again.

More promises, more waiting, and it was getting dark now. People kept driving right by them, but no one stopped to offer aid. Kevin couldn’t blame them. He’d probably be leery about stopping to help two strange men, especially with Percy now sunbathing in nothing but a tiny pair of speedos.

Once the sun dipped down in the sky, it was becoming clear that no one was coming to help them anytime soon.

A final expletive-filled call got Kevin another promise for aid, but now they weren’t coming until first thing in the morning. There had been a multi-car collision further down the interstate earlier that day that had caused a big pileup, hence the massive delays.

Great.

“Fuck it.” Kevin tossed his cell phone into the truck with a scowl. “Guess we’re not getting any help tonight.”

“No?” Percy asked from his lounge chair.

“No, some huge wreck on the interstate has everybody tied up. They don’t think anybody will get here until tomorrow morning. We can just camp here.”

Percy grimaced.

Kevin offered him an apologetic smile. “I can probably pull up *Close Encounters* on my phone...” He gestured toward the silhouette of Devil’s Tower standing against the sky of oranges and pink as the sun continued to drop. “We could have a cozy movie night.”

“Camp?” Percy looked around in horror. “Here...?”

“It’s fine! We can’t just leave the truck and walk.” Kevin gestured to the wilderness around them. “I brought all my gear. We’re good to go.”

“Gear? What gear?” Percy wrinkled his nose. “Are you referring to the dilapidated pup tent I saw you grab back at your place?”

“My tent is perfect! Don’t be such a princess.”

“What are we supposed to eat? Dirt?”

“I have some snacks and stuff!” Kevin walked back to the truck, reaching for the tent bag he’d stashed in the bed.

“Snacks?” Percy followed, clutching his chest. “Snacks, you said? No, that simply will not do. While I may not have the power to teleport or break that ward, you can be sure I will find it in myself to summon habitable sleeping quarters and adequate sustenance.”

“Seriously?” Kevin dropped the tent bag with a frown. “You’re gonna waste your energy on some burgers or some shit? I’m telling you, I got this!”

“And what would you have us eat? Some dirt with a side of cactus? Maybe that lump over there by the road that appears to be a very misplaced armadillo?”

“Ew, stop it.” Kevin snorted, grabbing his duffle bag out of the back. “Here.” He unzipped the largest compartment and grabbed a chocolate mint Cliff bar. He tossed it to Percy. “Food!”

Percy caught it, looked at it, sneered, and then promptly dropped it. “No.”

“Sorry my shit isn’t good enough for you, your highness.” Kevin picked up the Cliff bar. He opened up the wrapper and took a big bite.

Percy made a face like Kevin had taken a bite out of the possibly misplaced armadillo. “Please. Allow me.”

There was suddenly a large tent beside the truck. It was more than large enough to fit two grown men and then some, but Kevin had a feeling there was more to it.

“What’s in there? Best Western?”

“A princess gets what a princess wants,” Percy replied coyly. “Why don’t you take a look, hmm?”

“Maybe I will.” Kevin took another bite of the Cliff bar as he walked up to the tent. He unzipped the flap so he could step inside, and he nearly choked. “Whoa.”

Inside was a giant space that defied all logic as to how it existed within the tent. The walls were made of a soft white fabric, and it had a high, pitched ceiling with a large chandelier. There was a giant bed covered in lush blankets and pillows, a kitchen with an island stove, a sitting area with a large TV, and there was a single mesh window behind the bed that had a perfect view of Devil’s Tower off in the distance.

Kevin’s jaw dropped. “Holy fuck, are you serious?”

Percy strolled in with a smug little smile, closing the fabric over the tent flap behind him. “Quite an improvement, don’t you think?”

“This is fucking insane! You could have been poofing this up the whole time?”

“What? I was working on my tan!” Percy scoffed. “And yes, of course. Obviously. But I was trying to save my energy

for absolute emergencies.”

Kevin rolled his eyes, shoving the rest of the Cliff bar in his mouth as he walked to the kitchen. “We’ve been waitin’ out in the damn heat, sweatin’ our asses off, and we could have been in the Four Seasons of tents.”

“I like the heat.” Percy winked.

“Of course you do.” Kevin found the trash can under the sink to dispose of the Cliff bar wrapper. “So, I suppose you want me to cook you something?”

“If it’s not too much trouble.” Percy batted his eyes. “I hear you’re good at baking pizza pies.”

“I guess I’m all right.” Kevin chuckled, reaching for Percy’s hand. “Can you poof up a pizza oven?”

“Of course.”

The kitchen expanded and warped to add a pizza oven, and Percy sagged briefly. He perked back up almost immediately, teasing, “Anything else, peaches? Saint Andrew’s cross? A set of leg spreaders perhaps?”

“Nope. I’m good. Pretty sure the fridge is fully stocked.” Kevin didn’t like how Percy had wavered, and he tried ushering him toward one of the chairs. “Come on. Go sit down and look pretty.”

“I can look pretty right here,” Percy protested.

“Stubborn.” Kevin kissed his cheek. “Well, fine. What kinda pizza are you in the mood for tonight?”

“I was a big fan of your Weirdough. The one with mushrooms, black olives, and pineapple.”

“Aw, that’s a classic.” Kevin stopped himself before he mentioned it was his mother’s favorite since he knew now that was made up in his head. He dug through the cabinets to find a pizza pan and other tools he’d need, and then he opened the fridge, pleased to see the ingredients he wanted and more. He started pulling out what he was going to use, asking, “Anything you’d like to add to it?”

“Not a thing. It’s pretty close to culinary perfection as is, you know.”

“I know, right?” Kevin grinned. “Cheese stuffed crust or no?”

“As if you even have to ask.” Percy scoffed like the question offended him. He waited for Kevin to drop off the ingredients on the counter so he could slip up behind him, squeezing his hips. “You know how much I love stuffed things.”

Kevin groaned and rolled his hips back slowly. “Yeah, you fuckin’ do. Big meat stuffed things.” He chuckled, turning his head back to snag a kiss.

“Usually I prefer to be the one stuffed, but you do look so delicious like this. Playing with your little ingredients, getting ready to cook for me.” Percy sighed, grinding against Kevin’s ass.

“Oh yeah? Want me to teach you step by step?” Kevin’s skin heated up, and he took a deep breath.

“Mmm, yes, please. Daddy likes.” Percy squeezed Kevin’s hips. “I might have a competency kink.”

“Guess I don’t have to worry about Steve ever stealing you away.”

“Steve? No. I’m not really into men who aren’t aware of the current year and would probably bleed green.” Percy snorted.

Kevin laughed.

“Come on, peaches. Show me how you make those delicious pizzas. I can certainly assist with the stuffing.”

“I bet you can.” Kevin bumped his ass back against Percy as he reached for the premade dough he’d found in the fridge. “We’re just gonna have to cheat a little bit because I feel like if I don’t feed you soon, you’re going to get hangry.”

“That is a legitimate concern. So, tell me. What do we do first?”

“Crust first. Gotta stuff it real good.” Kevin smirked as he laid the dough on a big pizza pan. He kneaded it out, making it as flat and smooth as possible with a bit of excess around the edges. He reached for the cheese, but he dropped some when Percy went for the fly of his jeans. “Sh-shit.”

Percy undid the button with a twist of his thumb and seamlessly drew down the zipper. He slipped his hand inside to palm Kevin’s cock through his underwear. “So, we stuff it... and we have to really work that dough, yes?”

Kevin squirmed, dropping the cheese down along the edge of the dough. He went back for more as his cock hardened beneath Percy’s firm touch. “Not the dough I’m talkin’ about.”

“But it’s the dough I’m interested in right now.”

“That is definitely a health code violation, sir.” Kevin inhaled shakily as he sprinkled more cheese.

“You’ll just have to fine me,” Percy taunted as he squeezed Kevin’s cock. His other hand dragged Kevin’s pants and underwear down to expose his ass. “I’m especially interested in the thick dough back here.”

“Yeah?” Kevin gasped and pressed back against Percy as he folded the dough over to form the stuffed crust. “You were just starving though.”

“I’m hungry for something else now.” Percy’s voice was a low husky purr. His fingers slid between Kevin’s cheeks, and they were magically slick as they probed at his asshole. “Something very hearty, very meaty... Full bodied and flavorful.”

“Jesus fuckin’ crust.” Kevin moaned brokenly as Percy’s fingers plunged inside of him.

Definitely a first while cooking.

His hands shook as he finished rolling the dough over, and he took a few deep breaths to steady himself.

Percy continued his sweet torture, thrusting his fingers in deep though he only gave Kevin’s cock a few teasing strokes. “Come on. What do we do next, peaches?”

Bowing his head, Kevin took a moment to enjoy the lovely sensations. It felt incredible, but it made it very difficult to focus. “Sauce,” he managed, well aware it had taken him far too long to answer. “White or r-red sauce?”

“Definitely red.” Percy nuzzled Kevin’s shoulder. “Pairs so well with the sweetness of the pineapple, don’t you think?”

Kevin groaned, grinding back on Percy’s fingers as he reached for the jar of pizza sauce. He lamented cutting another corner by using premade sauce, but he was going to be lucky to make anything edible at this rate. “Yes. Yep. Pineapple. Sure.”

“Gotta have the pineapple.” Percy rubbed his hard cock against Kevin’s ass. “It’s an absolute fact.”

“Uh-huh.” Kevin shuddered. “F-fact.”

“Go on, peaches,” Percy purred. “Spread that sauce.”

“Shit.” Kevin dropped the lid to the sauce, but he couldn’t be bothered to pick it up. He grabbed a spoon, trying to be as steady as possible as he scooped sauce over the crust in spite of Percy’s persistently probing fingers. “Sauce. On it. Yup. Less... less is more.”

“Easy now.” Percy chuckled. “Don’t want to make a mess. Take your time.”

“Do you want pizza or do you wanna keep playing in my ass?” Kevin grunted as Percy massaged over his prostate.

“Both. Both is good.” Percy twirled his fingertips.

Kevin gasped. “You’re gonna get somethin’ extra special on the pizza if you keep that up.”

“A special ingredient, hmm?” Percy pushed harder. “Sounds tasty.”

“Yeah? Who needs ranch?” Kevin rocked onto Percy’s hand, smearing sauce across the crust as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm him.

“Ranch?” Percy pulled his hand from Kevin’s cock.

Kevin groaned as Percy's tail wound around his cock. Judging by how much thicker Percy's fingers felt now and the tail's appearance, he was pretty sure Percy had transformed. "Yeah. Ranch dressing. Tastes great on pizza."

"You filthy heathen."

Kevin moaned as Percy's tail stroked him, and he smacked his hand against the counter. He pushed the sauce away so he could reach for the cheese, snapping, "Eat me!"

"Well, if you insist." Percy kneeled, pulling out his fingers to make way for his long tongue.

Kevin glanced back, confirming Percy had transformed and whimpering as Percy's claws pricked his ass cheeks. He moaned as Percy spread him wide to devour his hole, and his tongue pushed right in. "Fuck! I didn't mean literally... I..."

The ability to speak departed as Percy's tongue fucked his hole hard, and Kevin's head tipped forward. He felt around for another bag of cheese and then ripped it open clumsily, scattering cheese everywhere. He managed to get a handful out but his hand tightened into a fist as Percy's tongue swelled inside of him. He grunted, dropping the cheese in a clump in the middle of the pizza.

"Fuck, that's so good," Kevin croaked, shivers cascading down his spine from the way Percy's tongue twisted and curled along his inner walls. It was incredible, matched only by the sweet, teasing tug of Percy's tail on Kevin's cock.

Wait.

Oh.

Percy's tongue *vibrated*.

That was fucking new.

"Oh dear fucking Christ!" Kevin nearly knocked the jar of sauce off the counter as he writhed. "Holy fuck! Percy!" He dumped the bag of cheese out in messy handfuls, struggling to create something that even closely resembled a pizza of his own recipe.

Percy's tongue thickened as it continued to thrust in Kevin's hole, and his tail tightened its grip as it wound around the base of Kevin's cock and held there. Percy kneaded Kevin's cheeks, groaning loudly as he showed zero signs of slowing or stopping, clearly intent on keeping this sweet torture going for some time.

"Percy..." Kevin groaned, alternating between rocking back on Percy's tongue and forward into his tail, hoping to gain some friction. The tail squeezed harder, but otherwise didn't move.

Fuck.

Kevin panted as he grabbed some mushrooms and a small knife. Getting reamed by Percy's awesome tongue definitely made a simple task challenging, and he tried to focus as he sliced the mushrooms to toss haphazardly over the pizza. He moaned as Percy's tongue curled against his prostate, and his entire body jerked forward.

The knife slipped and cut right through the side of his left index finger.

"Shit!" Kevin snapped.

Percy immediately withdrew. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yeah, it's nothing serious." Kevin shook his head and dropped the knife, looking for something to stop the bleeding. He barely felt it, much more interested in getting Percy's tongue back inside of him. "Don't stop. It's fine. Just a scratch."

Percy was on his feet now, crushing Kevin up against the counter as he pressed close. His claws snaked along Kevin's arm as he seized his injured hand. His long tongue slithered out to lap at the blood dripping down the side of Kevin's hand. "Oh, peaches."

"Percy." Kevin groaned, unable to fathom why it was so hot to see Percy licking up his blood. Even the sting of his spit was wildly erotic, and he shuddered. "Fuck. You like that, huh?"

"Very much."

Kevin gasped when Percy's hard cock pressed very purposefully against his ass, and he watched Percy's tongue wind around his finger to claim more blood. "Sh-shit."

Percy growled. "You are... the most incredible thing I've ever tasted."

Kevin rolled his hips back and tried to get Percy's cock where he wanted it. Percy pulled his hand back to suck at the cut, and he whimpered. "Drink up then... Take whatever you want, fuck!"

Percy's cock slotted between Kevin's cheeks and he thrust, grinding against Kevin's taint. The hot slide felt good, but it wasn't nearly enough. He needed Percy inside of him, to fill him up and fuck him senseless, and he needed it now. He moaned, writhing from all the teasing.

"Fuck, come on," Kevin pleaded. "Give it to me." His knees wobbled as Percy sucked harder on his finger but still refused to press his cock inside. "Come on, come on, come on!"

"All in good time." Percy chuckled wickedly. "Don't you have a pizza to finish?"

"I wanna finish something else first." Kevin pushed his ass back with a grumble.

"Pizza. Then playtime." Percy licked Kevin's finger. "Hate to ruin all that beautiful work you've put into such a culinary masterpiece..."

"Fuck." Kevin growled and used his uninjured hand to grab the can of pineapple chunks. He popped the top so he could clumsily spoon out the fruit and throw them on the pizza. "There. Done. Good. Fuck me."

"You forgot the black olives." Percy rubbed the head of his cock against Kevin's slick hole. "They're a critical part of the flavor profile."

"You're a fucking black olive." Kevin whined desperately.

"That doesn't make the slightest bit of sense."

“Shut up.” Kevin managed to get the olives open and then tossed them over the pizza in a messy spray. Some of them bounced off onto the floor, but Kevin didn’t care. “Anything else, your highness? Or can I have your pepperoni now?”

“The extra large pepperoni is all yours... as soon as you put the pizza in the oven.”

“Goddammit!”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Kevin slammed his hand down on the counter, blood still dripping from the cut. His cock was throbbing now, and he was ready to throw the pizza across the kitchen. He didn't care about the food. He wanted dick, and he wanted it now. Judging by Percy's absolutely evil chuckle, however, there would be no compromising.

Fuck.

Kevin grumbled as he grabbed the pizza paddle so he could slide the pizza onto it, bumping Percy back so he could carry it to the oven. "Why can't you just magical woo woo the pizza into the oven?"

The second the pizza was inside, Kevin found himself sitting on the island counter with his legs spread. The timer on the stove dinged to indicate it had been set, and the paddle had vanished from Kevin's hands.

Percy was standing between Kevin's thighs with a toothy grin in all of his demonic glory, taunting, "Because it's more fun to magically woo woo you over here like this."

"Fuck! You gotta warn a bitch." Kevin grabbed Percy's shoulders to bring him in closer. "Come here. I need you so damn bad."

"I'm all yours." Percy grabbed a handful of Kevin's hair to drag him into a heated kiss, and his cock bumped up against Kevin's hole. His teasing was brief, and only a few seconds went by before he was finally pressing inside of Kevin's hot hole. "Ah... there we go."

“Percy!” Kevin moaned happily as Percy thrust every fat inch inside of him, and he shuddered. “Yes, yes, yes, please, *fuck*.” He spread his legs wide to ease the stretch, and he was so full that he never wanted it to ever end. He was aching from the overwhelming feeling, and his fingers trembled as he clung to Percy’s shoulders.

Percy dragged his claws up Kevin’s thighs to keep his legs parted wide as he pounded into him. His cock was hot, thick, and the force of his slams shook the entire counter and everything on top of it. His bright eyes burned into Kevin’s, and he bared his sharp teeth.

The very sight of those fangs made Kevin moan, and he loved how easily Percy could throw him around. He loved getting roughed up like this, and he wanted Percy’s teeth in his skin, tearing him open. He twisted his head to the side to offer his neck, pleading, “Fuck! Come on! Bite me!”

Without hesitation, Percy snarled and bit the crook of Kevin’s shoulder, immediately drawing a gush of hot blood that ran down Kevin’s chest. He pulled off to greedily lick at the mess as he fucked Kevin without mercy. “Oh, my sweet, sweet peaches... how delicious you are.”

Kevin scrambled to hang on as Percy drilled into him so savagely, and his skin prickled with goose bumps from the searing sensations washing over him. He could smell his own blood and Percy’s sweat, and the slick heat of Percy’s tongue lapping over the bite made his very core tremble. “Yes... fuck! Percy!”

Percy continued to chase the blood with his tongue as it ran down from the bite he’d left, and his claws dug into Kevin’s hips. “You’re so beautiful... So fucking beautiful, and so *mine*.”

“Yours!” Kevin sobbed, nearly hysterical as Percy latched on to his shoulder to suck at the wound. He could hear Percy’s greedy gulps, and the hot suction was a new level of connection and intimacy he’d never known was possible. His cock bounced as Percy fucked him, and it was so hard it hurt now. “F-fuck!”

Percy pushed Kevin back with his powerful thrusts until he was laid out on his back on the counter and Percy was right on top of him. The pizza sauce jar rolled off and onto the floor, the cheese was scattered, and the remaining ingredients and tools were knocked aside. Percy took half a second to adjust in the new position before going back at it, and he bowed his head to kiss Kevin fiercely.

Kevin stretched out, knocking more utensils onto the floor as he wrapped himself around Percy. He dragged his nails up his back and grabbed one of his horns to guide the kiss deeper, grinding down to meet his brutal thrusts.

Percy hitched one of Kevin's legs higher around his waist, sacrificing speed for strength as he pounded his ass with several slow, devastating thrusts. He grinned at Kevin with open admiration as Kevin writhed beneath him, whispering, "Beautiful."

"Fuck." Kevin panted, reaching back to find the far edge of the counter to brace himself with. Something else fell onto the floor and shattered, but he was too caught up in Percy's intense gaze and perfect slams to care. With Percy looking at him like that, he could almost believe he was truly beautiful. "You really believe that, don't you? About me?"

"It's the absolute truth." Percy slid an arm under Kevin to grab his shoulder, pulling him down into the savage roll of his hips as he sped back up. "You are flawless. Absolutely flawless." He nuzzled Kevin's bloody bite, sucking at it hungrily.

Kevin moaned as the depth of Percy's eager thrusts increased, and every nerve ending in his body sparked as Percy continued to plow his ass. The friction was immense, leaving him gasping and grunting for more, and he took it all with a blissful smile. The pressure within his loins was burning white-hot, threatening to explode as Percy's relentless assault dragged on.

"Percy!" Kevin whimpered, the ache in his balls pulsing all the way back into his taint and up the head of his cock. "Fuck! I'm gonna come... I'm gonna fucking come!"

Percy snarled, and then his body did the impossible—his cock vibrated. It was more powerful than what his tongue had done before, and the deep shudders increased as Percy fucked him faster. “Come for me, peaches... come on! Give it up for me!”

“Jesus Christ!”

“Just Percy is fine, thanks!”

Kevin groaned, feeling like nothing more than a sex toy for Percy’s pleasure in that moment and struggling to resist the vibrations. They were resonating all throughout his loins, and he knew he couldn’t last much longer. “You first! I want you to come first! Fucking fill me up!” He slapped Percy’s ass, urging him to go faster and faster. “Come on, come on, come on!”

“Yes!” Percy roared, rearing his head back as he suddenly came, his thick cock flooding Kevin’s hole. His load gushed out as he continued to rail him. “Take it, peaches! Take every fucking drop!”

The increase in pressure deep inside took Kevin’s breath away, and he sobbed as he finally surrendered to the sweet vibrations. He shouted as his cock pulsed, his legs twitching helplessly and his hips jerking up. He couldn’t believe how hard he’d come, and the vibrations dragged his climax on impossibly long until his entire body was shaking.

Just as it reached a point of aching, the sensations eased off, and Kevin let out a breathless laugh. He pulled Percy in close to rest their foreheads together, grinning wide as he gasped for air. “Oh fuck. I can’t even breathe.”

Percy hugged Kevin, and his shoulders sagged as he nearly collapsed fully on top of Kevin. “That was... magnificent.”

“Yeah, it was.” Kevin’s shoulder throbbed from the bite, and he absolutely loved it. Percy marking him up was hot as hell, and he hoped it wouldn’t heal too quickly. “Wow. I never knew it could be like this.”

Percy pressed little kisses along Kevin’s jaw. “Neither did I,” he confessed softly. “I’ve never... I’ve never quite felt this

way with anyone before.” He paused. “And I’ve had a lot of sex. I do mean a *lot*. Entire orgies in fact. Orgies on top of orgies that then became entirely new orgies.”

“Yeah, yeah, lots of orgies.” Kevin chuckled and gazed up at Percy sweetly. He brushed Percy’s hair back from his face, teasing, “Just needed an angel, huh?”

“Angel, pizza man, bartender, absolute hellcat in the sack...” Percy smiled. “What I needed was you, Kevin Hamill.” He kissed him, cradling the side of Kevin’s face. “Just you.”

“Percy...” Kevin’s heart fluttered away, and he felt warmth seeping down to his toes. There were so many emotions bubbling up to the surface and threatening to spill over. He urged them back with a shy laugh. “Where have you been all this time? All this time on Earth and I could have been yours. Hell, I’d have fallen centuries ago.”

“While I appreciate the thought, I only just recently retired.” Percy smirked. “I think we met at precisely the correct time to properly enjoy one another’s company without any outside distractions. Other than being hunted by half-demon bastards, of course.”

“Hmm. Well, fair.” Kevin chuckled. “Sounds like we have plenty of time now though, right?”

“All the time in the world.” Percy’s smile dimmed a little, and he stifled a yawn. “As long as you’ll have me. Being an angel and all, you could have your fair pick of the litter, you know.”

“Oh, well, I guess I better keep my options open just in case,” Kevin teased.

Percy yawned again, and his brow wrinkled as if he was in pain. “Just you wait. I have a very convincing argument to make. It involves me, you, and my asshole.”

“Yeah, but...” Kevin frowned and gently caressed Percy’s cheek. “I think maybe a nap before we go for another round. What do you think?”

“A nap? Ha! I don’t need a nap. I’m a demon, thank you. I do not require sleep like some pitiful mortal—” Percy yawned again, and he scowled. “All right. Perhaps just a quick little break. We do have a pizza to eat, after all.”

“Pizza will definitely help keep up our strength.” Kevin kissed Percy again, not ready to let him go yet. He savored the weight of Percy’s body pressed against his own, and having his soft cock still buried inside of him made the moment sweeter still. “Fuck, I love this...”

Percy’s lips parted as if he was about to say something, but he stopped. He smiled instead, saying, “You’re quite something, you know. Showing a demon what heaven looks like.”

Kevin was curious what Percy had been about to say, but the romantic words he chose to share distracted him. “Look at you, all sweet and sappy.”

“I blame you. Your angelic blood is making me soft.” Percy laughed before he leaned in for another kiss. He finally crawled off Kevin and then offered his hands to help Kevin down from the counter.

When Kevin’s feet touched the ground, he and Percy were suddenly both clean, dry, and dressed in matching black silk pajamas. While Percy’s was a normal set with a modest long-sleeved top and pants, Kevin’s was a crop top with very short shorts.

“What the hell? You really think I dress like this?” Kevin was equal parts offended and amused, and he laughed. “Seriously?”

“With that incredible body, it’s exactly how you should dress,” Percy retorted.

“Yeah, no. Don’t hold your breath on that.” Kevin rolled his eyes and headed over to check the pizza, yelping when Percy smacked his ass as he walked by. He had every intention to retaliate, grumbling as he shifted the pizza around to ensure it would cook evenly. “Just about ready.”

He turned around, ready to twist Percy's nipples, but he stopped when he saw how tired Percy looked.

Percy was slouched against the counter, his shoulders drooping, and apparently stuck between his human and demon form. His skin was an odd shade of pink, one horn was taller than the other, and his tail hung listlessly on the ground. He was clearly exhausted.

"All right, I'm gonna let you get away with that little ass smack, but know that my revenge will be coming." Kevin smiled and nudged Percy toward the couch. "Come on. I need a break. Pizza's almost finished."

"Fine, if you insist. Didn't mean to tucker you out." Percy held his head high as he strolled over to the couch. "I suppose you're still not at your full angelic stamina and all that."

"Yeah, guess I can't quite keep up yet. But as soon as I get my wings, it's on."

"Looking forward to it." Percy sat down with a heavy sigh and then lifted up his arm, inviting Kevin over. "Come on, peaches. It's break time, right?"

"Don't mind if I do." Kevin joined Percy on the couch and snuggled in, leaning his head on Percy's shoulder.

Percy hugged Kevin against his chest, kissing his forehead. He smiled, and the light caught his gold tooth, making it shine like a star. From here, they had a great view of Devil's Tower through the little mesh window, but Kevin couldn't look away from Percy's smile.

"Wow," Percy murmured, his eyes focused on the view outside. "Look at that."

"Fucking gorgeous." Kevin nodded in agreement, though his gaze remained fixed on Percy. He barely noticed the mountain.

Percy turned, catching Kevin's stare, and his smile turned bashful. "Sweet talker."

"No idea what you're talking about." Kevin batted his eyes coyly as he leaned in for a kiss. His heart thumped as Percy

kissed him back passionately, and it would be so easy to get lost right here—

The timer dinged.

“Damn,” Percy mumbled. “I suppose you should get that. Unless we want extra crispy pizza.”

“Not a fan of that.” Kevin sighed, reluctantly dragging himself off the couch. He hustled over to the oven, well aware that his ass cheeks were definitely hanging out from the bottom of the shorts as he bent over to pull the pizza out. He laid it on the counter, asking, “Okay, what should we have to drink with the pizza?”

Percy didn't answer.

Kevin looked over to see Percy was fast asleep, having fully transformed into a demon with his head tilted back so his horns were poking through the tent fabric. Kevin frowned, and his stomach lurched with worry.

This was definitely not normal.

“Hey.” Kevin came over to wake him, gently shaking his shoulder. “Percy. Hey. Dinner is ready.”

Nothing.

Percy was breathing, but he didn't stir.

Shit.

Kevin grabbed a blanket from the bed so he could cover Percy, trying not to panic. Percy was definitely still sick, and he cursed himself for letting him use so much of his power for this ridiculous glamping setup. That plus the incredible sex must have worn Percy out, and Kevin had no idea what to do since they were still trapped here until the tow truck came in the morning.

If they came...

Shit, shit, shit.

Kevin's worries rose until they crushed his chest, and he looked to the door of the tent.

The ward.

He had to break it somehow. They had to get the hell out of here so he could get Percy somewhere safe. What good was being an angel if he couldn't take care of his demon boyfriend?

Kevin headed outside, zipping the flap up behind him. He walked up to his truck and cracked his knuckles, saying, "All right, lady. We gotta do this, okay?"

He'd like to think the truck would have said something encouraging, but it was thankfully silent. He probably couldn't have handled any additional insanity like a talking truck right now, so it was definitely for the best.

Kevin closed his eyes, trying to focus on the power of the ward as Percy had described it before. It took a few minutes of concentration and several quiet swears before he was able to curl his fingers around the thrumming ring of power. It burned miserably, but he didn't let go this time. He refused to let it push him away, gritting his teeth as he struggled.

He had to do this.

He just fucking had to.

What if Percy didn't get better? What if he kept getting worse? Could demons die?

No, no, no.

He couldn't lose Percy, not now.

Not *ever*.

Kevin poured every ounce of desperation and fear into his grip, and he pulled as hard as he could, harder and harder—it snapped!

An invisible wave exploded from the truck and knocked Kevin promptly on his ass.

"Fuck," he croaked, staring up at the night sky.

"Kevin?" Percy's voice called out.

Kevin looked up to find Percy standing beside the truck.

Percy was struggling to stay human as he stared worriedly down at Kevin. “Are you all right? What happened?”

“Holy shit. Did you feel that?”

“Yes! I thought that prick Sebastian had caught up to us!” Percy blinked in surprise. “That was you?”

Kevin was honestly as stunned as Percy was, and he laughed as he got to his feet. “I think I did it.”

“Did what?”

“The ward! I kicked its stupid ass!”

Percy touched the side of the truck. “Holy shit. You really did it. You broke it.”

Kevin beamed as he dropped a hand on Percy’s shoulder, looking the truck over proudly. “So you can magical woo woo and it’s all fixed, right?”

“Absolutely.” Percy closed his eyes, and the truck immediately came to life, cranking right up. The tent vanished from behind them, and Percy nearly collapsed, catching himself on the side of the truck.

“Percy!” Kevin was beside him in an instant, curling his arms around his waist to help steady him.

“I’m fine!” Percy protested. “Let’s just get going, eh?”

“Come on, let me help you.” Kevin guided Percy around to the passenger side to help him up into the seat, dread pooling in his stomach. He didn’t like how heavily Percy had to lean on him to move now, and he was trying to stay calm.

Percy leaned back in the seat, fumbling with the seat belt as sweat beaded up along his brow. “Feeling those wings, peaches?”

“Yeah, really strong now.” Kevin closed Percy’s door and then sprinted around to get behind the wheel.

Percy sighed, closing his eyes. “I think... I think we really need to go.”

“Don’t you worry. We’re goin’.” Kevin lightly smacked the steering wheel, hoping to lighten the mood by joking, “Damn. We didn’t even have time for the movie!”

“Next time.” Percy offered a tired smile. “We’ll camp out right on top of the damn thing. How’s that?”

“That sounds fun.” Kevin chuckled, glancing in the mirrors before pulling back out on the road. He looked to Percy and did his best not to fret, saying quietly, “You just sleep, okay? I’m good to drive for a while.”

“I’m fine!” Percy argued. “I just need to shut my eyes for a moment.” He sighed, already sagging down in the seat. “Sorry about the pizza. I didn’t think to save it.”

“Don’t be sorry about it.” Kevin patted Percy’s thigh. “I know how to get another one.” He frowned when Percy took his hand, surprised by how cool and clammy Percy’s was. He’d never seen Percy so weak, and his stomach continued to churn.

“And so we shall,” Percy said stubbornly. “But next time, I’m getting the extra large pepperoni.”

“Whatever you want, princess.”

Percy was quiet after that, drifting off to sleep in minutes. It was concerning to see him unconscious for so long considering how often he’d insisted that demons didn’t need to sleep.

Kevin drove along the road through the darkness, trying to enjoy the sight of Devil’s Tower as long as he could. The night sky was beautiful, with stars as far as the eye could see in a way that couldn’t be experienced in the city. Even rural counties didn’t have a view like this, and Kevin tried to use it to distract himself from worrying about Percy.

He turned on the music to break the silence, singing to himself quietly so he wouldn’t disturb Percy. The warm fuzzies were stronger than ever, and he knew he was definitely headed in the right direction now. The truck was running better than ever before and other than getting gas, he didn’t stop for anything. Hours dragged by as he soared down the interstate,

determined to keep going all night and into the next day if he had to.

The knot of dread in his stomach had decided to move in permanently, and it only grew as Percy continued to sleep through the night. Kevin tried to wake him once and couldn't even get him roused for a *Mamma Mia* sing-along.

This was bad.

There was an exit ahead for I-15, an interstate that ran north to go deeper into Montana or south toward Salt Lake City and...

Las Vegas.

Shit.

Kevin remembered what Percy had said about Las Vegas, and he knew going there would be his best bet to getting his boyfriend some help. The pull of his wings was overwhelmingly in the opposite direction, and he knew Percy would be angry if he took the detour. He fought with himself as he continued straight, telling himself that Percy was right and getting his wings back was the priority here. Kevin needed to be at full strength with his angel powers to the max should Sebastian cross their path again.

If Kevin continued westward on I-90, the interstate he was currently on, they would be driving into Idaho and then Oregon to the coast. That was where his wings were, he knew it. They were by the ocean somewhere, and he was certain this was the right way to go. He and Percy could be playing in the waves and getting sand in unsavory places by noon tomorrow if Kevin kept driving.

But what if Percy didn't wake up?

Kevin's stomach twisted again.

In the same amount of time, Kevin could drive them down to Las Vegas and get Percy the help he so desperately needed. The seconds were ticking down and the exit was fast approaching. Kevin knew he had to make a decision and make it fast, and the inability to choose was tearing at his heart.

One last glance at Percy's unconscious body was all it took, and Kevin yanked the wheel over to take the Vegas exit.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Kevin rolled into Las Vegas just after noon, and he was immediately caught in heavy traffic driving down the main strip. The flashing lights of the grand hotels and casinos were mesmerizing even in the middle of the day, and he didn't mind having to crawl through because it gave him time to admire the incredible sight.

He'd done it.

He'd driven all night and then some, and they'd made it to Sin City.

Kevin was too excited to feel an ounce of exhaustion, though he wondered if his newfound energy was a result of tapping into his angelic powers. Whatever the reason, he was here now and they could get Percy the help he so desperately needed.

He'd been so caught up in staring at the fountains in front of the Bellagio that he nearly ran into the car in front of him. He had to slam on the brakes, cringing as Percy lurched forward sharply. "Shit. Sorry, princess."

"What in the fuck...?" Percy opened his eyes and scowled, squinting against the bright sun as he stared out the windshield. His skin was shifting between tan and crimson, and his fangs were out as he grumbled, "Peaches, why does it look like we're in Las Vegas?"

"Well, um... because we're in Vegas?" Kevin chuckled, glancing at Percy and offering a small smile. "Not sure where this demon hotel is at though, so you'll have to tell me where to go."

“You absolutely adorable moron!” Percy sighed. “I told you to go find your damn wings first!” He struggled to sit up.

“Yeah, well. I do what the fuck I want. You couldn’t argue in your damn coma.” Kevin reached over to steady Percy.

Percy squirmed. “This... This is a very unnecessary detour!”

“Seems necessary to me. Doesn’t help to find my wings if you’re dead.”

“I’m fine!” Percy argued. “It’s just taking longer than usual for my body to work out the poison, that’s all!”

“Uh-huh. Right.” Kevin reached for Percy’s hand. “Hotel?”

Percy sighed haggardly. “It’s up here just off the main drag. Go up two lights and take a right. Even though this is absolutely not needed because I’m totally fine—”

“You’re not fucking fine, Percy!” Kevin snapped, turning to glare at him as they stopped for a red light. “You were out. Like, I couldn’t wake you up to see if you wanted food, and you haven’t spoken a word in, like, twelve hours!” He squeezed Percy’s hand as tightly as he dared. “You’re *not* fine.”

“I...” Percy’s anger fizzled, and he sighed again. “We’ll have to be quick. Sebastian will no doubt suspect we’re coming here.”

“Right, got it. I’ll give back the Thunder Down Under tickets I bought us.”

“What even is that?”

“Australian male dance thing. I don’t know! You were asleep.” Kevin dragged Percy’s hand over to kiss it. “I wasn’t thinking clearly, you know. With you not wakin’ up and all.”

Percy smiled softly. “Couldn’t stand the idea of losing me, could you?”

“Something like that.” Kevin tugged on Percy’s hand. “It’s just not an option, okay?”

They drove in silence for a few moments until Percy pointed out their turn, and Kevin continued on for a few blocks. There was an empty lot with a big red sign, but the sign was faded and impossible to read. Percy directed Kevin to park there along the sidewalk, and Kevin hesitated to get out of the truck.

“Are you sure this is it?” Kevin asked. “Think maybe it got moved.”

“No, this is it.” Percy fumbled with the door. “Just park here. You’re fine. Trust me. It’s there.”

“Did you hit your head?”

“What? No!”

Kevin frowned as he leaned over to look out Percy’s window. There was absolutely nothing there except a lot full of weeds and trash. “Percy, this is not a hotel. You bitched about my tent and brought us here? Seriously?”

“It is there! It’s not my fault you can’t see it.” Percy struggled to get out of the truck. “Come on. Just follow me. The door is literally right here.”

Kevin swore as he got out and then hurried around the truck to help Percy. “Here, let me help you over to the imaginary—fuck!” He yelped as he tripped over...

Something?

He couldn’t see anything, but there was definitely something large that he’d stumbled right over and nearly busted his ass.

“What the hell is that?” Kevin demanded.

“Hellhound,” Percy replied, panting quietly as if merely walking to the edge of the empty lot was exhausting. “I’d move very slowly if I were you. He still seems to be sleeping. For now anyway.”

“What?” Kevin hissed as he looked back down and still saw nothing. “What the fuck is happening? You really see some fucking dog right now?”

Maybe Percy was sicker than he realized.

“Only demons can see them,” Percy explained slowly, as if he was talking to a child. “Just like the hotel. It’s hidden from the mortal world, all right? Magic. Woo woo.” He stumbled forward and looked like he was going to fall into the lot, but he caught himself on something.

A wall, perhaps.

But it was invisible.

Percy’s hand moved as if he was grabbing a doorknob and pulled. “Here we go. Now come on. Let’s get in before that hellhound wakes up and decides to take a nibble out of your feathery ass.”

Kevin grunted as he was dragged into the lot, and he gasped when he was suddenly standing inside the lobby of a magnificent hotel with gorgeous black chandeliers, red marble floors, and fancy papered walls. It was dark and decadent, and he was completely stunned. This had been an empty lot, and yet here they were.

There was quite a crowd of people, most of them very well dressed, seated on the lush couches and chairs or at the bar. They barely spared Percy a single glance, though a few of them eyed Kevin curiously before looking away.

“I thought you were fucking with me,” Kevin confessed. “This is insane.”

Percy chuckled lightly, his demonic form falling into place. “This is the Foiled Sin. A refuge for demons and imps of all kinds. Even esteemed retired fiends such as myself can visit, but... we shouldn’t stay too long.” He weakly trudged to the service counter, but there was no one there to greet them. He slapped the bell and then a key appeared. “Ah, there we go. Room sixty-eight. Just one more and it could have been perfect.”

“Well, we can sixty-nine in the room if you’re feeling like it later.” Kevin grabbed the key.

“Absolutely. Oh, and seventy-one too.”

Kevin wasn't sure what a seventy-one was, but he was more concerned with getting Percy to the room. He offered his arm to lead Percy toward the elevator, glancing warily around the lobby. He doubted any of the people here were human, and he wondered if they were all demons.

Not exactly a comforting thought.

"Is there a number for a demon doctor or something?" Kevin asked, guiding Percy into the elevator.

"Yes." Percy leaned against Kevin's side once the doors shut. He pointed to the elevator panel. There were no buttons, only a slot for a key. "Stick the key in, turn it, and voila, we'll be at our room. There will be a phone..." His eyes fluttered. "There will be a phone there. You dial one one nine."

"One one nine? Cute." Kevin put the key in as directed. The elevator shifted and the doors opened almost instantly to reveal a long hallway with a single door right in front of them. "Okay, guess this is our stop."

"The big number sixty-eight should be a clue." Percy croaked out a weak chuckle as he stumbled toward the door, still leaning on Kevin's arm for support. He waited for Kevin to unlock it so he could lurch inside.

It was a large suite as luxurious as the rest of the hotel with plush furniture, fancy pillows, and a beautiful view of the city thanks to floor-to-ceiling window walls. In spite of the short elevator ride, their vantage was from high above the city as if they really were on the sixtieth floor.

The kitchen was bigger than the one back at A Pizza Cake, and the living room was the size of Kevin's entire apartment. Percy pushed his way through a set of French doors to reveal a lavish bedroom with a king-sized bed, a recessed hot tub, and more giant windows looking out on the strip below.

Percy collapsed face-first into the bed and lifted his arm to point at the bedside table. "Phone."

"Oh yeah! Of course." Kevin shook himself out of his stupor and hurried to the phone. He picked up the receiver and

dialed the three digits. It started to ring, and he realized he had no idea what to say. “What do I even tell them?”

“Tell them it’s a code fifty-seven, unknown source,” Percy mumbled through the pillow.

“Hello, thank you for calling Brimstone Emergency Services,” a female operator greeted politely through the line. “What is the nature of your emergency?”

“Uh, code fifty-seven.” Kevin sat down on the edge of the bed beside Percy. “Unknown source. It’s... It’s really bad.” He stole a glance at Percy, whose red skin was glistening now with sweat. “Please hurry.”

“Is the patient currently possessing a human or animal, in possession of their own meat receptacle, or are they a damned soul caught between inter-dimensional planes?” the operator asked in the same polite tone.

“What the fuck does that even mean?” Kevin laughed hysterically and dragged his fingers through his hair, looking back at Percy. “Uh, hey, princess. Is this your own... meat... receptacle?”

“Yes,” Percy muttered. “It’s mine. I’m all natural.”

“Noted.” Kevin rubbed Percy’s back, replying to the operator, “He’s got his own meat. You know what I mean.”

“Room number?”

“Sixty-eight.”

“Someone will be with you shortly, sir.” The line disconnected.

Kevin hung up the phone so he could scoot closer to Percy, saying, “They said someone is gonna be here soon, okay?”

Percy turned his head to peek up at Kevin. “Thank you for this. I’m afraid I may have been acting... a bit stubborn.”

“Ya’ think?” Kevin petted Percy’s hair. “Being a complete idiot is more like it.”

“I still stand by the fact that getting you your wings should have remained the priority.”

“Shut up. Come on, let’s get you more comfortable, stubborn ass.” Kevin urged Percy to roll over.

Percy fussed as he moved onto his back, and he reached up to wipe his brow around his horns. “If we run into Sebastian again, even at my full strength... it will not be an easy battle. He already beat me once.”

“We will figure it out, okay?” Kevin frowned. “We will beat him. I don’t know how, but dammit, none of it matters if you’re already dead.”

“I wasn’t planning on actually dying, thank you!” Percy huffed angrily. “I just perhaps underestimated Sebastian’s weapon a teensy, tiny bit, and I wasn’t in the correct state of mind to admit that I was wrong.”

Kevin cupped Percy’s cheek, his heart thudding hard. “Look, for apparently the first time in my life I have something real. I have you. Without that... I don’t really care about my wings. Okay?”

Percy’s scowl softened, and he laid his hand over Kevin’s. “I will continue to adore you and want to commit all levels of unnatural sin with the very heaven that is your body, with or without your wings. They don’t matter to me, not in the way you might think. With the ultimate goal of being alive and therefore in a position to commit said unnatural sins, however, we should not dally on their retrieval for too long.”

“Fine, we’ll hurry. Nobody was looking at summer homes, ya’ know?” Kevin shook his head as his heart continued to sink. He patted Percy’s cheek before getting up, turning his back to him so he could rub at his stinging eyes. He felt stupid for getting so upset, especially when Percy didn’t seem bothered in the slightest by how close he’d appeared to being on death’s doorstep. “I’m gonna see if there’s a room service menu or something. You haven’t—“

“Hey.” Percy reached out to grab Kevin’s arm. He waited until Kevin met his gaze to say, “You do know that if anything did happen to me that I wouldn’t hesitate to crawl through miles of hellfire and sulfuric rivers to get back to you, right?”

Kevin's heart skipped a beat, and he swallowed nervously. "Yeah? You'd really... You'd really come back for me?"

"Yes," Percy said, giving Kevin's arm a little squeeze. "And it's not just because I love your extra large sausage. While that's a lovely bonus, I have very much enjoyed our little adventure together even when we're not in the throes of filthy passion. I'm not ready for this to end on account of a minor inconvenience like me dying."

Tears stung Kevin's eyes again, and he leaned down to press a sweet kiss to Percy's lips. Losing Percy, even if he could somehow return, was still not something he wanted to think about. "How about we just don't let you die, okay?"

"I'll do my best, peaches."

There was a knock at the door.

"Ah, that'll be our demon doctor." Percy closed his eyes, lying back in the pillows. "Would you mind?"

"I got it." Kevin walked to the door, pausing to check the peephole. He didn't see anyone standing there.

Odd.

Or maybe they were invisible like so many other demonic things were apparently.

He opened the door to find a large cart with a silver tray on top of it. He lifted the lid and underneath was a giant glass syringe with a needle so long that it immediately made Kevin cringe. He hesitantly picked it up and stepped back, closing the door behind him. He brought the giant needle over to Percy, asking, "Uh, is this what you were expecting?"

"That's it." Percy nodded as he struggled with the buttons of his shirt. He bared his chest with a sigh. "Right here, peaches. You're going to have to inject it right into my heart."

"What the fuck?" Kevin squeaked, looking at the needle and then back to Percy. "Uh, I didn't sign up for that!"

"It won't hurt me. Much. Demons didn't exactly spend a lot of time developing gentle medical procedures, all right?"

You have to do it.” Percy shuddered as if in pain, letting out a sharp exhale. “Soon, please. Pretty please with me on top.”

“Okay! Okay, I’ll do it!” Kevin was instantly nauseated, but it was clear that Percy was getting worse. His fingers shook as he removed the cap from the needle, and then he carefully crawled into bed.

Percy took his other hand, guiding it over his heart. “Here. Right here.”

“Fucking hell.” Kevin gulped. “I just... plunge it into your fucking heart?”

“Yes, peaches. The whole thing.” Percy smiled weakly. “Try to imagine it’s your cock and you really want to give it to me.”

“You’re so fucking weird.” Kevin snorted, trying to steady his grip as he brought the tip of the needle to rest against Percy’s chest. “Here goes nothin’.” He slammed the needle down, squirming at how easily it pushed into the soft flesh. He hated to hear Percy whimper, and he tried to hurry, pushing down on the plunger to deliver its contents inside. “There! There! I did it!”

“Great. Wonderful.” Percy wheezed. “You can pull it out now.”

“Shit! Sorry!” Kevin pulled the needle out and tossed it onto the bedside table. He pressed his hand over Percy’s chest, asking worriedly, “Are you okay?”

“Peachy keen, jelly bean.” Percy panted and dropped his hand over Kevin’s, lacing their fingers together. He grimaced miserably for a few more moments, but then he seemed to relax. He took a few deep breaths, and he cracked a little grin. “You really know how to give it to a guy, don’t you?”

“So I’ve been told.” Kevin chuckled, certain he looked more like a ghost than an angel in that moment. He squeezed Percy’s hand and kissed his forehead. “Fuck, that was terrifying. So, uh, what just happened? What was that stuff?”

“You injected me with a concentrated dose of unholy seed. Super demon semen, if you will. About the most vile and

impure substance on the planet to counteract the holy poison.”

“I just injected demon jizz... into your heart?” Kevin blinked slowly.

“Demon jizz that’s been boiled down and brewed into a very potent medicine, yes.” Percy winked. “You don’t seem to mind it one bit when I inject it into you.”

“Ha!” Kevin rolled his eyes. “Maybe that’s why my powers aren’t stronger.”

Percy opened his mouth to argue, but he paused. “Okay, perhaps that might have a little something to do with it. I suppose that means you’ll just have to top until we’re clear of Sebastian.”

“Shit. I was joking, but do you really think that has something to do with it?” Kevin kicked off his shoes so he could climb fully into bed to lie beside Percy.

“It’s certainly possible. Not exactly a lot of demons and angels getting it on, so it’s hard to know for sure.”

“You just want my pepperoni. Admit it.”

“Oh peaches, I always want it.” Percy laughed breathlessly as he cuddled against Kevin’s chest. “It’s not my fault your deep dish is so tempting as well.” He closed his eyes as his human form returned. “Thank you. Not just for having a delicious deep dish or a splendid sausage whatever. But for actually caring enough... to put my needs first. That’s... never happened to me before.”

“Better start getting used to it.” Kevin smiled, leaning in to kiss Percy’s cheek and then hug him tight. “I care about you a lot. I just... I just want to keep you safe. I don’t want you to get hurt because of me.”

“The feeling is very mutual,” Percy said quietly. “I suppose we’ll just have to keep each other safe, won’t we?”

“Sounds good to me.” Kevin embraced Percy as tightly as he dared. “You’re okay now? Really okay?”

“Yes, yes, yes, I’m fine.” Percy sounded grumpy even as he smiled and reached down to grab Kevin’s ass. “Feeling

good enough to get a slice of that extra large sausage of yours.”

Groaning, Kevin smacked Percy’s hip playfully. “You were mostly dead a minute ago and now all you can think about is dick?”

“I have my priorities, peaches. Don’t slut shame me.” Percy rolled his hips forward.

Kevin’s cock was definitely on board, and he licked his lips as familiar heat surged between his legs. He kissed Percy, sliding his tongue into Percy’s mouth and grinding back slowly.

Then Kevin’s stomach rumbled.

Loudly.

Percy laughed. “Ah, and I see you have yours. I suppose we should get you fed first, hmm? Did you not stop to eat last night?”

“I wasn’t really hungry.” Kevin sighed, rolling away and trying to get his dick to stand down. It was probably better to give Percy time to recover before hitting the sheets again so soon, even if certain parts of Kevin’s anatomy disagreed. “Is there room service here?”

“There is, but I wouldn’t recommend it. It’s mostly virgin blood, tainted blood, more blood, and booze.” Percy grinned sheepishly. “It is a demon hotel, you know.”

“Nope. I’m good.” Kevin made a face. “That’s... *Nope.*”

“There is, however, a legendary pizza buffet not too far from here. Pizzas with truffles, twenty-four gold karat shavings, the works.”

Kevin’s stomach growled again. “Holy shit. That sounds delicious and also out of my budget. You can really eat pizza with gold on it?”

“Apparently. How about it, peaches? A quick bite to eat before we get back on the road? Even if Sebastian does track us here, he’s not foolish enough to expose himself and attack us in a city full of demons.”

“Fair. Let’s go eat some damn pizza then.” Kevin kissed Percy once more before pushing himself out of bed. He turned to offer his hands to Percy to help him up.

Percy stood and as he did, his clothes changed. He was now wearing tight black jeans, black cowboy boots, and a white dress shirt with black suspenders. His shirt was unbuttoned to show a tease of his broad chest, and his hair was slicked back in its usual tight ponytail.

“Damn, look at you.” Kevin grinned, his eyes moving over Percy hungrily. “You look sexy. Save a horse, ride a cowboy type of thing.”

“Thank you, peaches, but I’ll be the one riding you later.”

“Giddyup.” Kevin winked.

“Would you like to freshen up before we go?”

“For truffle pizza, I think I better. But my clothes are down in the truck—”

“How’s this?”

“What the hell?” Kevin looked down to see his new outfit.

The snug fitting blue jeans were fine and had been expected.

The green sequin shirt, however, was a problem.

Kevin tugged at the hem of the glittering shirt. “Do I really look like the rhinestone cowboy type to you?”

“It brings out the color of your eyes,” Percy cooed sweetly. “Come along now, peaches. Let’s get you fed.”

Kevin grumbled as Percy led them back down the elevator and out through the fancy lobby. Percy definitely seemed to be feeling better judging by how easily he was able to use his powers and how fast he was moving now. His bright smile was back—the same one that was somehow both sweet and wickedly sly and made Kevin’s heart beat faster.

As soon as they stepped outside, the hotel appeared to vanish again and Kevin stared at the empty lot. “That’s still really fucking weird.” He glanced around, freezing before he

took another step. “Can you see the dog I tripped over? I don’t wanna do that again.”

“He’s right there.” Percy pointed to a spot a foot away from Kevin. “He’s staring at you. Just don’t pay him any mind. If you look at him for too long, he might follow us.”

“Well, how can I look at him if I don’t see him?” Kevin searched the seemingly empty spot. “I think you’re fucking with me again.”

“What?” Percy scoffed. “It’s not my fault you can’t see demonic energy!”

“That sounds so made up.” Kevin carefully stepped around the supposed hellhound, taking Percy’s hand as they walked down the sidewalk.

“You looked at him, didn’t you?” Percy accused. “Because now he’s following us.”

“How would I possibly know? I can’t see him!” Kevin looked behind them, and he tensed when he saw a few pieces of litter scatter as if something was walking over them. There was no wind. “Oh shit, something is following us.”

“Yes. A hellhound. I just told you that.” Percy chuckled. “Now the restaurant is just over here on the other side of the strip. Are you ready?”

Kevin saw tiny puffs of dirt being kicked up now as the hellhound closed in. “Y-yeah. I’m ready. Uh, ready for what?”

“I wanted to warn you before I did this.”

“What the—” Kevin’s stomach dipped, and they were suddenly standing at the far end of the Las Vegas strip, surrounded by towering hotels, grand casinos, and cascading lights. “Holy shit. Uh, I guess you really are feeling better, huh?”

“Yes, sweet peaches.” Percy squeezed Kevin’s hand. “I’m nearly back to my full strength, and that includes access to my incredible arsenal of powers.”

“Damn, that shit works fast.”

“Demon jizz is very strong.”

Kevin wondered if he'd just imagined how sick Percy really was, given how fast he'd recovered. Either way, he was happy that Percy was back to his normal self. He let Percy lead him through the crowds, and he was struck by the eerie pull of familiarity. “Shit. I think I've been here before.”

“Oh?” Percy snorted. “My innocent little angel has been to Sin City?”

“There were a few of us. Other angels? Maybe I had friends. Angelic bachelor party?”

“Not likely.”

“Well, there were definitely strippers. I think up on a roof.”

“A roof?” Percy wrinkled his nose.

“I think so.” Kevin searched the skyline for a building he might recognize. “It's weird. I just... The sounds and the lights, I swear I've seen it all before. Kinda fuzzy, though.”

“What else do you remember?”

“Uh. A baby wearing sunglasses.” Kevin laughed and shook his head. “In, like, a little backpack. I wasn't carrying the baby though. Babies freak me out.”

“A baby?” Percy narrowed his eyes and asked very slowly, “Was there a tiger in your bathroom?”

“Holy shit!” Kevin stopped dead in his tracks to stare at Percy. “You were there! You had the baby, didn't you?”

“No, you fucking adorable dolt!” Percy groaned, pressing his hand to his forehead as if he had to fend off a headache. “This is the plot to another movie. *The Hangover*! It seems your fractured memory isn't exclusive to eighties and nineties cinema.”

“Wait... This memory is another movie?”

“Yes!”

“Shit!”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

This is bullshit.” Kevin raked a hand through his hair, frowning. “I still don’t know how to tell what’s real and what’s not.”

“Well, you can simply try to recall whether or not I was there with you, touching you in your private places,” Percy said cheerfully. “If you can’t recall said private touching, then chances are it’s not a real memory.”

All That Pizzazz stood before them, looking more like one of the casinos than a pizza buffet, with flashing signs and a red carpet leading up to the front doors.

“So, what you’re saying is nothing in my life was real until I met you?” Kevin drawled as he opened the door for Percy.

“Well, it certainly wasn’t any fun until me,” Percy replied sweetly as he strolled inside.

Kevin sighed as he followed, instantly taken aback by the incredible aroma that filled the air. His stomach was roaring now, and he stared in awe at *four* buffets, each lined with dozens of delicious pizzas.

This was pizza paradise and put A Pizza Cake to shame.

“Are you all right?” Percy asked quietly. “Peaches, are you... Are you going to cry?”

“Fuck you.” Kevin smacked Percy’s arm.

Yes, perhaps his eyes were a bit damp, but he couldn’t help how beautiful it was.

“Later, darling,” Percy teased as he led Kevin to the host stand.

“Hi! Welcome to All That Pizzazz!” a smartly dressed man said as they approached. “Just two for this afternoon?”

“Yes. One adult, one child,” Percy replied. “Thank you so much.”

“Bitch, I better get a coloring page,” Kevin grumbled.

“My pleasure!” The man didn’t seem to hear Kevin and guided them to a table beside one of the buffets. “We’re having our Mad Margarita Lunch right now where you can get two pitchers of margaritas for twenty dollars until two o’clock!”

“Thank you, but no,” Percy said. “Water for me, apple juice for the little one.”

“Coming right up, gentlemen!” the man replied. “You’re free to help yourself to the buffet whenever you’d like.”

“Thanks so much.”

Kevin stared at the buffet, and his mouth filled with spit. “I want one of fucking everything. We may need to plan time for a food coma.”

“By all means, indulge.” Percy grinned, swatting at Kevin’s bottom as he steered him toward the start of the buffet, where a long counter held trays and silverware. “Dive on in. There’s something over there with sashimi that looks promising.”

“Hot sushi? Gross. That’s wrong on all kinds of levels.” Kevin grabbed a plate and headed for the first pizza that caught his eye—a pizza with another entire pizza as the topping. “Oh yes. Come to papa.”

“Now that’s just lazy,” Percy complained. “A pizza on a pizza?” He grabbed a slice of truffle pizza, glancing down the line. “Oh look! That one has Kobe beef!”

“I’ll try some of that.” Kevin snatched a slice of the Kobe pizza, another truffle variety, and a veggie pizza that was sprinkled with gold leaf. He was stunned by the selection, and

there were still three other buffets to sample. His plate full for now, he headed back to the table with Percy to get started.

“Is it everything you imagined?” Percy teased as he sat across from him. “Or are you left wanting more?”

“It’s insane. There was something with sea urchin on it. What the hell?” Kevin laughed, taking a big bite of the pizza on pizza slice. “Yeah, now... mmm. This is good.”

“Giving you any ideas for your menu back home?”

“Yeah! Pizza on a pizza? It’s genius.” Kevin groaned as he went in for another bite.

“I sense plans for your own double-decker creation taking root?” Percy chuckled, using a knife and fork to cut up his truffle pizza.

“Most definitely. Double The Fun. See? Already got a name.”

“Cute.”

“Come on! Think about it! It would be perfect for parties or Satanic orgies!” Kevin chuckled, nudging Percy’s leg under the table.

Percy’s smile dipped. “I had already decided that my time in orgies has come to an end.”

“We could get some strippers and give it a try. What happens in Vegas and all that.”

“Strippers?” Percy cut his pizza more aggressively. “They’re exotic dancers, you sloppy brat, and not all of them are that kind of sex worker, thank you.”

“Jeez, I was just playing!” Kevin dropped the pizza back on his plate and frowned, licking some grease from his fingers. “Kinda uptight for a guy with a dozen people doing whatever the hell y’all were doing when I delivered pizza to you.”

“That was before I decided to be a one angel sort of demon.” Percy stabbed his pizza. “And I thought that’s what you wanted as well.”

“Yes! Absolutely! I was just fucking around, princess.”

“Like you want to fuck around with strippers apparently.”

“Hey! Come on now,” Kevin soothed. “It was a stupid joke. I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry too. My apologies for not realizing you’re an absolutely stubborn little minx who puts everyone else’s needs above their own up until *strippers* are involved—”

“Percy!” Kevin’s frown grew. “Are you seriously mad at me about that?”

“It...” Percy took a deep breath, dropping his voice to mumble, “It hurt my feelings. All right? There. I said it.”

“Percy.” Kevin sighed. “I definitely didn’t mean to hurt your feelings.” He offered a nervous little smile. “You’re used to orgies and a whole lot of hot naked people running around your house. I really didn’t think a joke like that would bug you so much.”

“This is not easy for me,” Percy said quietly. “I... I’ve never quite felt this way about anyone. It is difficult to believe that you might actually feel the same way about me.” His bright eyes flicked up to meet Kevin’s. “There is truly nothing else I want more in the world than to be with you and you alone, peaches. Just you.”

Kevin’s heart pounded so hard and fast that he was sure Percy could hear it from across the table. “Hey, guess what. Me neither. If I have, well, I sure don’t fucking remember it.” He pressed a kiss to Percy’s hand, holding his gaze. “I’m yours. Whoever or whatever the fuck I am. I’m yours.”

“You’d better be.” Percy’s eyes glittered. “Because I have every intention of keeping you indefinitely. And might I add, to keep you exclusively.” His smile was bashful now. “After decades of wild hedonistic sex rituals, I can say without a doubt that none of it compares to being with you. I hope... I hope this old demon is enough for you, sweet angel.”

“Percival Pearl, my princess.” Kevin stood up halfway so he could lean over and press a kiss to Percy’s lips, cupping the side of his face. He couldn’t believe it. His perverted, lascivious demon was insecure and needed to be reassured.

“You are everything and more than I ever could have hoped for.”

Percy blushed, a brilliant shade of red that traveled down his neck until he was crimson all over. He swallowed and shakily put his hand over Kevin’s. “Well then... I think we’ll be just fine.” He turned to kiss Kevin’s palm. “I’m all yours, peaches.”

“Look how pretty you are when you blush.” Kevin grinned and bumped their noses together.

“I’m not blushing,” Percy grumbled, his usual indignation returning. “Shush.”

“Now.” Kevin got settled back in his seat. “How can I make it up to you?”

Percy laughed. “How about you eat your next slice off my blushing ass?”

Kevin barked out a laugh, and he was surprised at how much he liked the idea. “If I thought for half a second that I could get away with it in here, you bet that blushing ass that I would.”

“Oh?” Percy’s face lit up. “My sweet little angel would eat me out right here, huh?”

“Mmhmm.” Kevin licked his lips slowly as heat brewed in his loins. “Don’t think even in Vegas they’d let that slide though.”

“You do realize I could entrance this entire restaurant with a thought?” Percy batted his eyes. “I’m all jacked up on demon jizz and gold leaf pizza, and most of these patrons are blitzed thanks to that lunch margarita special. They’d be easy to put on pause for a little while, so to speak. At least long enough to convince me of how very sorry you are for hurting my feelings earlier. But then again... I don’t think you’ll do it.”

Kevin narrowed his eyes slightly, and he glanced around the crowd.

Percy couldn’t really freeze all these people, could he?

“You don’t think I’d eat pizza off your ass right here?” Kevin crossed his arms.

“No, I do not.”

“I’ll drag you right over there and pick out one of those fancy dessert pizzas right now.”

“There’s a lovely bit of counter there on the end, right by said fancy dessert pizzas.” Percy grinned wickedly. “I still do not believe for a second you’d actually do it. Even if the perfect scenario presented itself...”

The restaurant was deathly quiet as all the patrons and staff abruptly stopped moving. Though they appeared to be breathing, they otherwise did not budge. They were in some sort of trance, staring blankly into space as if hypnotized. One man was stuck with his butt hovering inches from the chair he’d been about to sit down in.

“What did you just do?” Kevin looked around.

“I created the perfect scenario for you to put your money where your mouth is.” Percy smirked smugly. “And by that, I mean for you to put your mouth on my ass.”

“Fine, princess.” Kevin stood with a bold grin. “Come on then.”

“And where are we going?”

“Right over there to the desserts.” Kevin tugged on Percy’s hand to pull him out of his chair. “Pretty fitting, don’t you think? I’ve already had my double-decker pizza and now I want my dessert.”

“You’re serious? You’re actually going to do it?” Percy cackled as Kevin led him over to the counter.

“Fuck yeah, I am.” Kevin grabbed Percy’s hips and lifted him up on the edge of the counter. He stood between Percy’s legs, rubbing his thighs with a sly grin. “Might even want seconds.”

“Why, peaches,” Percy purred. “How scandalous.”

“Now, let’s see.” Kevin looked down the long line of sweet dessert pizzas. “What pairs best with ass?”

“For the rich, vibrant flavor of my delicious asshole, I would have to say cinnamon streusel would be best.”

“All right, I’ll trust your expertise. Kinda curious how you know what your ass tastes like, but okay.”

“I’m extremely flexible.”

Kevin laughed. “Okay, so, cinnamon. Where is some cinnamon?” He grinned when he spied a cinnamon roll dessert pizza and grabbed the whole pan. “This is gonna be awesome.”

“Wait, what are you doing?” Percy made a face.

“Eating pizza off your ass.” Kevin stuck his finger into the pizza for a taste. “Your idea, remember?”

“What?” Percy scoffed indignantly. “I was joking, you feathery little tart! You’re welcome to devour my hole, but without that sticky pizza goop, thank you.”

“It’s a great idea.” Kevin sucked on his finger and wagged his eyebrows. “It’s gonna be so fucking good. Now play nice and let me have my dessert.”

Percy narrowed his eyes. “I don’t take kindly to being given orders, peaches. Even from gorgeous angels with extra large sausage. Also, you didn’t say please. So, no.”

“*Please* let me eat pizza off your ass?”

“Thank you! That’s better. But, hmm, *no*.”

Kevin set the pizza down next to the edge of the counter where the trays were stacked up. “Come on. I really think you’re going to enjoy this.”

Percy made a face but allowed himself to be moved. “Perhaps.”

“That’s the spirit!” Kevin went for Percy’s belt.

“Why can’t you eat pizza like a normal person?” Percy complained even as he helped Kevin take his pants and

underwear off. “You really expect me to believe that you want to eat it right off my asshole?”

“Hey, stop making me eating pizza weird! We don’t kink shame! It’s not weird, okay?” Kevin snorted. “You came up with this idea, I think it’s a good idea, it’s hot, and we’re fuckin’ doin’ it.”

“You have sixty seconds to show me how good it is or I’m throwing that pizza right in your face.”

“Challenge accepted.” Kevin grinned as he scooped up a generous dollop of the goopy cinnamon topping. He spread Percy’s thick thighs, urging him to lean back as he smeared the topping over Percy’s taint and down across his hole. “Fuck, this is gonna be the best pizza ever.”

“Sixty seconds,” Percy reminded him. “Sixty seconds to prove it’s worth soiling my precious organic body with high fructose corn syrup garbage.” In spite of his complaining, his cock was already hard and at strict attention.

“Wow, you really are a princess, huh?” Kevin licked his fingers clean and then tilted Percy’s hips back to give himself more room to work with. “Don’t like bein’ all sticky?”

“Fifty-four... fifty-three...”

“All right, all right! Sheesh!” Kevin laughed. “Don’t have to be in such a rush.” He licked a long stripe over Percy’s hole, humming at the delicious mix of hot skin and spicy cinnamon. He moaned, going right in for another greedy lap all the way up behind Percy’s balls.

Percy groaned lightly, and he began to pant. “I suppose... perhaps... you can keep going a bit longer.”

“So kind of you.” Kevin smirked as he nipped at Percy’s inner thigh before licking again at his hole. He lapped up every drop, swirling his tongue around Percy’s asshole with a hungry groan. He spread Percy’s cheeks to get in there as close as he could, sucking the sweet topping from Percy’s skin.

“Well, you do seem to be enjoying yourself,” Percy said breathlessly. “It would be cruel of me to deny you... mmm...”

ah, *fuck*.” He slumped onto his back, spilling a tower of trays onto the floor. “Satan’s fucking tits, yes... Kevin!”

Kevin shivered, loving all the sweet sounds Percy was making. He licked him clean and kept going, and he groaned when Percy grabbed his hair to give him an encouraging tug. He kneaded Percy’s plump ass as he ate him out, and he reached over to grab another handful of cinnamon topping to spread over Percy’s hole. “You are fucking delicious.”

“F-fuck!” Percy whimpered. “Go on then. Eat all you fucking want, peaches.”

“This is gonna be the only way I wanna eat pizza now,” Kevin mumbled between greedy licks. He turned his head to lap at Percy’s thigh, unable to resist the urge to bite down and dig his teeth in.

“Lucifer’s fucking nuts!” Percy grunted. “I think th-that can be arranged!” He whined when Kevin bit him again, and he tugged roughly at Kevin’s hair. “Perhaps we could try... some of the chocolate. See how that pairs.”

“Yeah? I’d hate to be contaminating your organic natural whatever.” Kevin licked over the bite mark he’d left behind, surprised at the inexplicable desire to break skin. “I think we’re just going to have to try them all. For the sake of science and shit.”

“Yes. Science. Very noble.”

“So noble.” Kevin ran his tongue over Percy’s balls, and he slid his thumb over the bite mark. “We could try all kinds of flavors... like...” He hesitated to say what was running through his mind, even as his own cock throbbed from the mere thought of it.

“Tell me what you want, peaches.” Percy lifted his head up to stare down at Kevin. “What is it?”

“Blood,” Kevin blurted out. “I want to... I want to taste your blood.” He was suddenly embarrassed and rambled on, “You seem to love tasting mine, and it’s always so fucking hot when you drink from me, and I thought maybe I could try maybe tasting you—”

“Yes,” Percy cut in immediately.

“Yeah?” Kevin’s pulse thudded. “You sure that’s not gross or anything?”

“No. Do it.” Percy pushed up on his elbows, his eyes wild as he gazed down at Kevin. “Right now.”

Kevin didn’t think he could actually open up Percy’s skin with his teeth since he didn’t have fangs, and he looked around desperately.

“Here.” Percy thrust a pizza cutter into Kevin’s hand from the stack of utensils next to him.

“Is this even sanitary—”

“Fucking do it *now*.”

“Christ.” Kevin’s hand trembled as he pressed the blade against Percy’s thigh right next to the crease of his groin. He didn’t want to hurt Percy. That wasn’t the goal here. As much as he wanted to taste his blood, he hesitated to cause any physical harm.

“It’s all right,” Percy said, his tone suddenly gentle, as if he knew the cause of Kevin’s hesitation. “I want you to. Go ahead.” His hand folded over Kevin’s to guide the blade. “Do it.”

Kevin gasped as Percy pressed the pizza cutter into his own skin, and certainly some of his demonic powers were at work because the tiniest amount of pressure opened up a small slit in his skin that immediately bubbled up little beads of dark red blood.

Oh God.

Fuck.

Christ, the feeling washing over Kevin in that moment was like dropping down on a roller coaster. His stomach dipped, his heart pounded, and the entire restaurant spun around him as he tried to come to terms with how turned on he was seeing Percy bleed for him.

“Go on,” Percy urged. “Please, peaches. Drink me. Drink me now.”

Kevin lunged forward and latched on to the bleeding cut, sucking hard until he had a mouthful to swallow. It was rich, oddly sweet, and burned like whiskey as he gulped it down. The rush was instant, and a powerful warmth filled his chest and hardened his nipples.

Percy’s happy moans spurred him on, and Kevin reached up to grab Percy’s cock. He squeezed him as he licked at the small wound, losing track of the pizza cutter as he got lost in the incredible taste washing over his tongue. No liquor on earth had the same tingling heat or savory depth, and Kevin’s very bones ached from the rush of it.

It was at once addictive, and Kevin jerked Percy’s cock erratically as he was torn between drinking more of his awesome blood or seeing to Percy’s pleasure. He tried to wake up from the strange haze, and he clumsily nosed his way up Percy’s dick, dragging blood along the shaft as he kissed it.

He took the fat head into his mouth and sucked hard, daring to push it right into the back of his throat. Percy’s responding moans made Kevin want to challenge himself, and he bobbed his head, fucking his mouth with Percy’s cock.

“Kevin, my darling.” Percy slowly thrust to bury himself deeper, and he groaned excitedly. “You are fucking sensational at sucking cock.”

Kevin flushed at the praise, and he whimpered around Percy’s cock as he fucked his throat. He gagged but worked himself through it to make sure he swallowed down every inch. Even as his eyes watered, he looked up to meet Percy’s bright eyes and watch his blissed-out expression.

Fuck, Percy was so beautiful.

The steady rock of Percy’s hips continued to test Kevin’s limits, and he sucked Percy as hard as he could. He took quick breaths in through his nose and shuddered as Percy cried out for him.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Percy praised. “So perfect... Look at you. So perfect sucking me! Keep sucking me, peaches.” He was melting into a moaning mess, his hips rocking faster. “I’m gonna come. Fuck, yes. Make me come.”

Kevin sped up, growling hungrily and sucking Percy without mercy. Percy’s body jerked, and Kevin’s mouth was filled with a hot load of come that he eagerly swallowed.

“Yes!” Percy whimpered desperately as he rocked into Kevin’s mouth. “Kevin!”

Kevin sucked down every drop, swallowing it all ravenously. He pulled off with a gasp, immediately turning his attention to the cut in Percy’s thigh. It had already started to close, but there was still a dribble of blood that he greedily lapped up.

“Wow,” Percy mumbled. “Fuck, that was good.”

“Right? Fucking delicious.”

Percy suddenly surged forward, wrapping his legs around Kevin and dragging him in for a fierce kiss.

Kevin took Percy’s face between his hands as he kissed him back passionately, loving the taste of blood dancing over their tongues. He sucked on Percy’s hot tongue as his hips rolled forward, his dick aching for more. He loved how Percy kissed him like he was the only thing in the world that mattered, and it was easy to forget the frozen audience currently surrounding them.

“Kevin,” Percy groaned, pleading now, grinding his ass against Kevin’s crotch.

Kevin’s pants and underwear were suddenly around his knees and Percy’s hand was on Kevin’s cock, stroking him fast. “F-fuck, baby.”

“Fuck me,” Percy demanded. “I need you, peaches. Right now.”

“Yup. Yes. Doing that. Right now.” Kevin thrust into Percy’s tight grip, and he groaned as Percy guided his cock to his slick hole. He followed his lead, pushing in deep and

squeezing Percy's hips as he buried himself inside of him. "Fuck, you feel so good."

"So do you." Percy gasped quietly as he slid his hands over Kevin's back, tracing along the thick scars there adoringly. "By Lucifer's lashes, so do you."

Kevin shuddered, whispering, "Those were really my wings, huh?"

"Yes," Percy murmured. "You just wait... They'll be yours again soon."

Kevin thrust slowly, letting himself enjoy the slow build. He could still taste Percy's blood on his tongue and a faint hint of cinnamon, and he loved how Percy smiled deliriously when he bottomed out. The tight heat of Percy's body was hypnotic, and Kevin fucked him harder, rattling the remaining stacks of trays.

"There we go!" Percy groaned loudly and slammed his ass down to meet Kevin's thrusts. "Mmm, yes, fuck!"

"Holy fuck." Kevin gritted his teeth as a new wave of energy rose over his body, and he pounded into Percy with everything he had, grinding his cock as deep as he could get it. He dug his nails into Percy's thighs, urging him to move with him. "There, baby. Come on, get it. Fucking get it!"

"Ah, Kevin!" Percy buried his face against Kevin's neck as he struggled to keep up.

Kevin drilled into Percy's hot hole until he swore he was seeing fireworks every time their bodies collided. The friction was beyond anything he'd ever experienced before, and he could barely spare a thought to wonder if this was the result of drinking Percy's blood.

God, it was incredible.

"Right there, there, there!" Percy gasped, spreading his legs wide and lifting them up into the air. "Oh, you perfect bastard! Just like that! Just like that!"

"Percy... Shit!" Kevin was aware of the counter creaking as he continued the merciless pace, and he felt it shift. "The

counter is gonna—”

“Don’t you dare stop!” Percy hugged Kevin’s neck and locked his legs back around Kevin’s waist. “Don’t you fucking dare!”

“You fuckin’ got it!” Kevin curled his arms under Percy’s thighs to hold him up as the counter gave way with a loud crack, and he pulled him down into each fierce thrust. Lifting Percy felt effortless, and he grinned as he fucked up into his body, bouncing him on his cock with low grunts. He might have been an angel, but in that moment he felt like a god.

Percy couldn’t even speak, only able to whimper and pant as he ducked his head against Kevin’s shoulder. He was trembling all over and clenching around Kevin’s cock like a vise, letting out a violent sob of pleasure.

Kevin was honestly stunned by his own strength, and the rush surging through him from how easily he could drag Percy onto his cock was exhilarating. He felt powerful, ferocious, and he swore their frozen audience was captivated by the spectacle of him fucking Percy raw. “Come on, princess. You gonna come for me, huh?”

Percy moaned brokenly in reply, and he leaned back, holding on to Kevin’s neck with one hand so he could grab his cock. He bared his teeth, fangs flashing, and stroked himself furiously. His climax ignited in seconds, and he howled as his load pulsed between them. He whined, lurching forward to crash their lips together in a feverish kiss.

The clenching shudder of Percy’s body around Kevin’s dick made him ache, and he kept pounding up into him, chasing his own end. His heartbeat roared in his ears like thunder, and his chest heaved as he surrendered to the pressure burning in his loins. He came with a frantic shout, pumping his come deep inside Percy’s hole.

“Kevin.” Percy’s voice was soft, breathless, and he melted in Kevin’s arms as Kevin filled him. “Mmm, mine. My fucking angel.”

Kevin inhaled sharply, his head spinning like he was falling. His knees wobbled, but his strength stayed true, and he slowly fucked up into Percy as he worked in every last drop. He kissed Percy, their lips meeting in frantic presses and quick slides of tongue. “My demon.”

Percy cuddled close, dragging his fingers through Kevin’s hair. “We should fight more often. You’re very good at making up.”

Kevin chuckled. “Yeah? Or, you know, we could just fuck like this without the fighting part.”

“I’m game. If there are any other restaurants you care to defile, just let me know.”

“Pretty sure we can find one or two along the way.” Kevin nipped playfully at Percy’s lip, his heart fluttering. He wanted to enjoy this sweet moment, but a strange sound distracted him.

Something was panting.

Loudly.

Afraid that one of the patrons had become unfrozen, Kevin glanced over his shoulder with a sheepish grin. He froze and his smile vanished when he saw what it really was.

The hellhound.

It was the biggest, most horrifying dog he’d ever seen. Its build was similar to a Great Dane, though its massive size would have easily dwarfed it. Its fur was short, jet black, and glimmered as if it was scalding hot. Its eyes were two glowing coals, and its mouth was packed full of razor-sharp teeth.

It walked right up to Kevin and Percy, sniffed them, and then head off to investigate the buffet.

Kevin screamed and nearly dropped Percy.

“Oh!” Percy clung to Kevin’s shoulders. “The hellhound... He followed us.”

“No shit!” Kevin exclaimed, hugging Percy tight. “That’s the fucking dog I tripped over?”

“What were you expecting? A *poodle*?”

The hellhound wolfed down a whole truffle pizza in one big gulp, its tail wagging away. It turned back to Kevin, its long tongue flopping out of its mouth as it stared at him expectantly.

“I think...” Percy tilted his head. “I think he followed *you*, actually.”

Kevin swallowed thickly. “Uh... good boy?”

The hellhound barked.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake. Please don’t fucking eat me.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Kevin didn't think he'd ever get used to the way Percy could simply poof them from place to place, including their terrifying new dog. Percy had assured Kevin that the customers and staff at All That Pizzazz would wake up from their stupor with no memory of their sexual escapade, and he reasoned it was probably for the best.

There would have certainly been questions about the broken counter and several missing pizzas courtesy of the hellhound.

As they appeared back in front of the demon hotel, Kevin was amazed that he could see it now. It was a black brick monolith rising from the street and towering over the entire skyline.

"Holy fuck." Kevin staggered back a step, staring up at it in awe. "It's not just an empty lot."

Percy snorted. "The blood." He took Kevin's arm to lead him through the lobby and to the elevator with the hellhound in tow. "You have a little bit of demon in you now. It's why you can see the hotel and our hellish new friend."

"Fucking cool." Kevin used the key on the elevator panel and then reached over to pet the hellhound's head. He was surprised by how velvety soft its fur was, and he smiled. "Guess he needs a name now too, huh?"

"We're keeping it?"

"Of course we're keeping him! Look at him!" Kevin scratched the hellhound's ears. "Can we, like, ask him his

name or something?”

“I don’t see a collar, so I suppose you can call him whatever you want.” Percy glanced over the hellhound. “Ah, beg my pardon. *Her*.”

The elevator opened to bring them to their room, and Kevin stepped forward to unlock the door. “Wow. So, she’s really just a stray? That’s a thing?”

“Her previous owner may have been exorcized, had their head cut off, or any number of things,” Percy replied as he followed Kevin into the bedroom. “Unfortunately, it’s not too uncommon. Especially with zealous pricks like Sebastian running around.”

“That’s sad.” Kevin patted his leg to urge the hellhound to come with them. “Can’t she, you know, go back to hell?”

“Not on her own. Unattached hellhounds tend to gather at the hotel, drawn by the demonic energy. It’s said they get attached very easily, so...” Percy gestured to the hellhound, who was staring intently at Kevin. “It seems you have yourself a new pet.”

“Can we really keep her? We could call her... Cher!”

“Cher?” Percy laughed.

The hellhound barked loudly and wagged her tail.

“I think that may be a yes,” Percy teased. “Cher it is.”

Kevin tried not to flinch at Cher’s booming bark, and he scratched her head. “You like that, baby girl? Do you wanna come on our road trip? Do you want us to be your new daddies?”

Percy made a face.

Cher barked some more, turning in circles and knocking over what was probably an expensive lamp from the bedside table.

“Oops.” Kevin grinned.

Percy sighed. “She’s not sitting in the truck with us.”

“She’s sure not riding in the bed!” Kevin argued. “That’s dangerous.”

“Well, what do you suggest then? While I admit I’m still riding the high of being thoroughly filled like one of your delicious stuffed crust pies, I don’t believe there is room for the giant hellhound.”

“I’ll come up with something. Don’t worry.” Kevin kneeled to gather up the remains of the lamp. He dumped the pieces back on the table. “Hey, lil’ super glue, I can fix that.”

Percy waved his hand, and the lamp instantly put itself back together.

“Show off.” Kevin snorted. “You know, you could sit next to me and Cher could sit by the window. Like a cozy little family.”

“You want me to be crushed in between you and the sulfuric drool factory?”

Cher growled.

“Yes, you do,” Percy retorted grumpily as if Cher had argued. “You’re drooling right now!”

Kevin wrapped his arms around Percy’s waist and pulled him close. “Somehow, I think you’ll live.”

“You’re a mean, mean angel. I think that demon blood has gotten to you. It’s made you cruel.” Percy pouted, reaching down to pinch Kevin’s ass.

“Ow. Maybe it has.” Kevin chuckled and smacked Percy’s ass in reply. “Maybe I’m just learning from you.”

“Vicious lies.” Percy leaned up for a kiss. “I’m a paragon of kindness, generosity, blah blah blah.”

“Whatever.” Kevin laughed out loud and hugged Percy tight, pressing close as he kissed him.

Cher nosed her way between them, staring up at Kevin expectantly and whining.

“It begins.” Percy grunted in annoyance and glared at Cher. “You know he’s an angel, right? He’s the enemy,

technically.”

Cher panted, her long tongue hanging out of her mouth as her tail insistently wagged.

“She’s clearly defective,” Percy observed. “Definitely abandoned.”

“You’re so mean!” Kevin scratched Cher’s ears. “Don’t you listen to him, sweetie. I’m not the enemy. I’m your dad now.”

“How cute. The angel and his hellhound.”

“Hush up, meanie,” Kevin teased, nudging Percy toward the bed. “Why don’t you get settled and I’ll see what kinda booze we can get from demon room service? We can have a movie date with Cher.”

“As tempting as that is, we should really get going,” Percy said even as Kevin laid him back in bed and crawled on top of him. “We have to assume that Sebastian has had plenty of time to catch up and probably knows we’ve come to Vegas by now. While he won’t attempt to harm us in a city of demons, we’ll lose any protection the second we leave.”

Kevin sighed heavily, bowing his head to mouth along Percy’s throat. He pinned Percy’s hands to the mattress, agreeing, “Yup. Time to go. We’ll pile into the family station wagon and hit the road.”

“Yes. Hitting the road. Right now.” Percy kissed Kevin passionately, and he hooked one of his legs around Kevin’s waist. “Right this very second.”

Kevin groaned, grinding down against Percy as he slid his tongue into his mouth. He squeezed Percy’s hands as his cock grew hard, rubbing against Percy’s and teasing them both. He knew they really needed to leave, he could feel the draw of his wings calling to him, but right now the only thing that mattered was the gorgeous demon beneath him.

Percy’s tail curled around Kevin’s thigh as their hips slotted together, and Kevin knew they weren’t going anywhere for at least another thirty minutes, maybe an hour—

Kevin's phone rang.

Judging by the Aerosmith ringtone, it was Joe.

"Don't," Percy pleaded.

"Saved by the bell." Kevin chuckled, nipping at Percy's bottom lip. "Hey, you're the one who said we gotta hit the road."

"Right after you hit this sweet ass," Percy growled.

"Hang on." Kevin leaned back, untangling Percy's tail as he reached into his pocket to retrieve his phone. "I'll make it quick, promise." He pressed one last kiss to Percy's lips before he answered it. "Hello?"

"Hey, partner!" Joe's voice greeted Kevin cheerfully. "How's the wide-open road treating you?"

"Hey, man! Ah, a few bumps here and there, but pretty good so far!" Kevin smiled. "Actually getting ready to pull out of Vegas!"

"Vegas?" Joe laughed. "Wow! You really have been just driving like a lunatic, huh? Did you win big or are you gonna come crawling back to the bar?"

"Rich as hell. Way too good for that piece of shit. I'll grace you with my presence now and then though."

"Oh! How nice of you to come mingle with us common folk!"

Kevin smirked, turning when he felt Cher nosing his leg. He gave her some scratches, saying, "Hey, I got a dog!"

"A dog? Wow! Uh, what kind? Just found 'em out on the road?"

"Uh..." Kevin eyed Cher. "A mutt. Yeah, just a stray mutt out on the strip. Likes pizza."

"Aw, mutts are the best." Joe sounded like he was smiling. "Well, I won't keep you long—"

Percy impatiently unzipped Kevin's pants so he could reach inside and grab his cock.

“—but I just wanted to see how the trip was going!” Joe went on. “Hope you’re having fun!”

Kevin groaned softly, not quite covering the phone in time. “Yup. *Mm*. A blast.” He swatted at Percy, scolding quietly, “You’re worse than the damn dog!”

“Woof.” Percy winked as he stroked Kevin’s cock.

“Everybody misses you around here,” Joe continued. “Julie might murder Steve and James, so don’t be surprised if you need to do some hiring when you get back.”

“Miss you guys too,” Kevin said, only half-listening. He couldn’t help but rock into Percy’s hand, rambling, “No murder, that’s bad. Uh, it’s been fun. So much fun. Truck gave us some trouble but nothing too serious.”

“That’s right. You and mister fancy pants, yeah? He’s still with you?”

Kevin couldn’t remember if he’d told Joe that, but he assumed Julie might have said something. “Yeah! We’re having a good time. Seein’ the sights, all that.”

Percy squeezed Kevin’s cock. He was apparently on a mission and to make his point crystal clear, all of their clothes vanished.

“Stop it!” Kevin hissed.

“You okay?” Joe asked worriedly.

“Yeah, just, uh, fussing at the dog.”

“Okay, cool, cool.” Joe cleared his throat. “So, leaving Vegas today and then what? Headed back home?”

“Uh, the coast! Wanna see that ocean before we head back!” Kevin panted. “I’m hoping Julie can hold out just a little bit longer.” He leaned in to kiss Percy slowly, tilting the phone away.

Percy kissed Kevin back adoringly, and he rubbed the head of Kevin’s cock against his magically slick hole.

“Oh, okay.” Joe chuckled. “You’d better bring that woman back some of your big Vegas winnings.”

“Son of a bitch,” Kevin murmured as his head slipped inside of Percy’s hot body all too briefly. “Mmhm, yep. Will definitely bring her back whatever is left.”

“All right, man. You take care of yourself and...” Joe paused. “Are you okay?”

“Yep, yeah, super good.”

Percy pushed Kevin’s cock back inside with a low growl. “Time to hang up, peaches.”

Kevin groaned, rocking forward and grabbing a handful of Percy’s hair. “Sorry, Joe. You’re breaking up. I should probably let ya’ go.”

“What? You okay, partner?”

Percy snatched the phone, making hissing noises and muffling his voice as he said, “Oh, *sscccreech*, losing you! *Srrrech!* Bye!” He ended the call and then threw the phone. He grabbed Kevin’s shoulders with a grin. “There! Now, I believe we have a quickie to get to, don’t we?”

Kevin cackled, catching Percy’s mouth in a sweet kiss. He rolled his hips, grinding his cock inside the rest of the way and thrusting hard. “Better be really quick.”

“Fuck! Yes, so quick.”

Quick for Kevin and Percy meant three positions and two ejaculations before they were finally ready to check out of the hotel. Kevin didn’t miss Percy casually slapping a Las Vegas magnet on the tailgate, and he was all smiles as they pulled away from the hotel with a very full truck. He curled his arm around Percy’s shoulders and held him close, popping “Viva Las Vegas” on the radio through his phone as they left the city behind.

Percy was less than thrilled about Cher being crammed into the seat beside him, but it did allow him to cuddle up extra close with Kevin. Once he figured out he could roll the window down for Cher to stick her head out, the rest of the drive was relatively smooth.

Other than stopping for gas, snacks, and potty breaks, they drove straight through all night. Cher was a trooper, running around to do her business while Kevin filled the truck and then hopping right back in beside Percy when it was time to leave. Having an invisible dog was pretty funny, and she always seemed to turn up with some random food she'd stolen. Once she came back with a whole rotisserie chicken.

The farther north they traveled up toward the coast, the stronger Kevin could feel his wings. It was more than mere warm and fuzzies now. It was like something was pulling at his very soul, and he couldn't have slept even if he'd wanted to.

The moon was hanging high up over the horizon when Kevin caught his first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean. He smacked Percy's leg excitedly, bouncing his shoulder that Percy had been using as a pillow. "Percy! Hey! Look!"

"What?" Percy grimaced.

"It's the Pacific Ocean!"

"Ah, yes." Percy looked out the window, squinting at the darkness. "Just as I always imagined it would be."

"What? Beautiful?"

"Wet."

They followed the coastal highway for a few more hours, and Kevin wanted to crawl out of his own skin. They were so close to his wings that he swore he could taste it. The scars on his shoulders ached in a way they hadn't before, and he found himself rubbing his back against the seat to get momentary relief.

Almost there.

They were almost there.

The sun was just peeking over the horizon when Kevin saw it—a giant rock hundreds of feet tall rising from the edge of the shoreline. It had to be over twenty stories, and the waves were coming in around the sides as the tide rolled in.

This was it.

Kevin knew it immediately.

That was where his wings were.

“There!” Kevin nearly drove the truck off the edge of the road as he scrambled to hit the brakes. “Holy shit, they’re there!” He frantically pulled off into a small parking lot, tapping the steering wheel anxiously as he searched for a space.

“Where?” Percy stared at the giant rock. “There? That right there?”

“Yeah! That big fucking rock!” Kevin pulled into a space near a set of stairs that led out onto the beach. “I don’t know why or how, but…” He took a deep breath. “I know they’re there. They’re definitely there.”

“Jesus fucking Christ on a popping pogo stick.” Percy smacked his hand to his forehead, and he sighed.

“What? Percy! What the hell is wrong with you? We’re fucking here!”

“Baby. Honey. Sweetie. My dear peaches. My beloved bedroom hellcat.” Percy pointed out the windshield. “That is the fucking rock from *The Goonies*.”

Kevin looked back out toward the rock, and he frowned. “Okay, so, maybe it fucking is! That’s still where they are! Maybe the whole movie thing has been clues I’ve left for myself!”

“Clues? Who are you now, fucking Hansel?” Percy groaned and rubbed his hands over his face. “I am trying to be a nice, supportive boyfriend. I am trying. But how sure are you exactly? Is this another gut feeling? Or is it a taint feeling?”

“Taint all the way. I am completely sure. They’re there. The whole ass rock is basically glowing to me!” Kevin gestured toward the beach. “I feel it! Them! Whatever! I can feel them calling to me. What more do you want? Beep, beep, beep, wings are here!”

“Fuck me running sideways up a hill.” Percy groaned again.

“That sounds dangerous, but I’ll give it a try.” Kevin grinned.

“Ha ha,” Percy muttered as he leaned around Cher so he could open the door.

Cher leapt out with a happy bark, barreling down the stairs and off out of sight.

“Beep, beep my fucking ass to the fucking moon if your fucking wings are on the damn fucking *Goonies* rock,” Percy grumbled along with some other unintelligible nonsense as he climbed out of the truck.

Kevin quickly followed, his heart in his throat as he followed Percy toward the stairs. He paused on the first step to get his first real look at the beach below. He breathed in the sea air and the cool wind blowing by, looked out at the waves made gold by the rising rays of the sun, and he knew this was exactly where he was supposed to be.

This was the place from his dreams.

“Coming, peaches?” Percy called out to him from the bottom of the stairs. “Or should I say, *hey, you guys!*”

“Your ass is mine, and it’s gonna pay up when you see that my wings are indeed on the fucking *Goonies* rock!” Kevin shouted back, skipping down the steps. With Percy at his side, he headed toward the waves.

Cher was already there, jumping around and playing. She lapped at the salt water, snorted, and then ran away, shaking her head furiously.

Kevin reached for Percy’s hand and pointed at the rock. “I promise you, princess. They’re right there.”

Percy sighed haggardly. “Either way, my One-Eyed Willy is getting some serious action. This is... difficult to accept. But I believe in you. If you think they’re there, then that’s where they are.”

“That didn’t seem like you were trying to placate a child at all,” Kevin grumbled. “They’re there, dammit. I’ll bet you anything.”

“I am making a sincere effort here!”

“Uh-huh.”

“All right. So, how are you planning to get over there? Tide’s coming in and I don’t see a boat in the back of your truck.”

“Swim?”

“Why don’t I just pop over there real quick and see what’s what?”

“Yeah?” Kevin grinned. “Then you can just magical woo woo me over there too?”

“Yes, the magical woo woo. I want to make sure it’s safe.”

“Okay, I’ll wait here. Be careful.”

“It’s just a big rock. I’ll be fine.” Percy glanced at Cher. “Stop the hellhound from eating whatever that green lump is.”

Kevin followed Percy’s gaze and groaned when he saw Cher chomping on a big glob of seaweed. “Ew! No! Don’t fucking eat that!”

Percy chuckled. “You two have fun.”

“Hurry back.” Kevin whistled to Cher. “Hey! You! Drop it! That’s gross!”

Percy vanished, and Cher perked up, trotting back to Kevin with her tail wagging away and the seaweed in her mouth.

“You are disgusting,” Kevin cooed sweetly as he kneeled to pet her. He pulled the seaweed out of her mouth. “Absolutely revolting, yes, you are!”

Percy reappeared beside them, completely soaked and grimacing, and he spat out a mouthful of sea water. He swept his hair out of his face, growling low. “So. Good news, bad news.”

“Percy!” Kevin dropped the seaweed, which Cher immediately picked back up, and he grabbed Percy’s shoulders. “Uh, bad news is you went for a swim without me?”

“So, your precious *Goonies* rock?” Percy shook himself off, instantly dry though his hair was puffed out like he’d been shocked.

Kevin reached out to touch Percy’s frizzy hair.

“Focus.” Percy swatted his hand away. “It’s absolutely warded against demons. That’s the good news. Means there must be something special hidden there. Bad news is that I cannot take you there. I might be able to get you close, but you’ll have to swim the rest of the way on your own.”

Kevin’s pulse sped up, and he hugged Percy tight. “Ha! I fucking told you! They’re here!” He gave Percy an excited shake. “Okay! Let’s do that! I can swim! I think.”

“You think?” Percy was alarmed. “No, no, no.” He snapped his fingers, and a pair of neon pink inflatable water wings appeared around Kevin’s biceps.

“Seriously?” Kevin flapped his arms. “This is fucking nuts.”

“I did not survive driving across the entire country, being forced to camp in the wilderness like a peasant, fighting a half-demon cunt and being poisoned, and then hours of being drooled on by a giant hellhound, just to finally get here and have you drown!” Percy glared.

An inner tube shaped like a unicorn appeared around Kevin’s waist.

“For fuck’s sake,” Kevin grumbled, and he batted at the unicorn’s head. “This is absurd. I’m a fucking angel of the Lord or whatever. I’m sure I can fucking swim to a rock.” He didn’t want to know how ridiculous he looked right now.

“An angel of the Lord who thought he had a tiger in his bathroom.” Percy scoffed. “I’m not trusting your broken recollection to accurately reflect your swimming abilities or lack thereof.”

“You’re a dick.”

“A dick who doesn’t want you to drown.” Percy kissed Kevin’s cheek. “Hold on tight, peaches.”

The beach vanished, and Kevin was now wading in the waves crashing around the base of the rock. Kevin could see Percy standing back on the beach with Cher, both of them watching anxiously.

Kevin bobbed along the waves, flailing until he realized he could at least dog paddle. He swam toward the rock, and the unicorn inner tube kept him from crashing into it too hard. He grabbed the nearest ledge he could and pulled himself up, which was more difficult than he'd expected with the waves crashing into him.

The water couldn't seem to decide if it wanted to smash him against the rock or drag him back in the water, and he growled, "Whoever hid my fucking wings here is a fucking moron!"

Kevin grunted as he managed to climb up, navigating tiny nooks and crannies to get out of the reach of the water. As soon as he was able, he turned to look back at the shore. He waved to Percy, immediately regretted it when he thought he might slip, and clung back to the rock again.

Percy waved back. It was hard to be sure at this distance, but Kevin thought he looked worried.

Kevin climbed up to a small outcropping where had just enough room to stand, and he looked around. "Well, shit. Now what?"

He didn't see anything useful, and he wondered if he needed to climb higher. For all he knew, his wings were sitting right on top in a wicker basket. He touched the rock he was currently leaning on, and he swore it felt familiar...

He'd been here before, this exact spot. He was sure of it. He turned around carefully to examine the rock, searching for anything out of the ordinary.

There.

A tiny, glowing crack.

"Seems fine and good, totally normal." Kevin stretched out his hand to touch the crack, and he had to scoot to the very

edge of the ledge he was standing on to reach it. His hand vanished inside of it. “Shit!”

Much like the demon hotel in Vegas, the rock was more than it appeared.

The crack was a large opening, and Kevin’s heart was in his throat as he looked back over his shoulder one last time at his demon boyfriend and demon dog. He pulled himself through what had appeared to be solid rock to stumble into a narrow tunnel.

The opening acted as a window, allowing light through to illuminate the first few yards of the tunnel. Beyond that, the tunnel curved sharply to the right and was completely dark.

“Here goes nothing.” Kevin swallowed over the lump of fear growing in his throat and walked forward into the darkness. He took his time, feeling along the wall and trusting his feet to shuffle him safely ahead.

He couldn’t help but think that this place should bring back some memories—real ones, not just misplaced movie plots. He had to have brought his wings here to hide them, and yet he had no recollection of swimming through the waves or climbing up into this dark tunnel.

It didn’t matter.

In just a few moments, he’d be able to remember everything.

The butterflies in Kevin’s stomach were swarming, and they seized up into a violent tornado as he took a step into nothing and fell. He landed right on his ass, sliding downward along a curvy, steep incline for several miserable seconds. He found the bottom of it with his face, groaning in pain as he waited for the vertigo to pass.

It took a couple of seconds for his eyes to adjust before he could see he was in a large cave. A hole in the rock above allowed a beam of light, and it was just enough to navigate forward without fear of falling again.

He’d been expecting something out of Indiana Jones—booby traps, old skeletons, and his wings on display. Instead,

after tripping over his own feet, he found a bundle on the cave floor right beneath the beam of light.

It was black fabric, cotton, and he recognized the Batman logo immediately. It was a Batman T-shirt.

“Holy shit,” Kevin whispered. “This is them.”

He ripped the old T-shirt away and there they were...

His wings.

Smaller than he'd thought they'd be, maybe the size of a hawk's, but they were gorgeous and absolutely pristine. They were white with silver tips, and they lit up the entire cave when Kevin touched them to feel the soft feathers.

He'd never seen anything so beautiful before, and his eyes filled with tears and his heart ached as he cradled them against his chest.

Yet he remembered nothing.

His mind remained blank, other than a complex maze of his recent adventures with Percy, fragments that certainly belonged to films, and the nonsense he'd made up to fill in the gaps.

No, this couldn't be right.

He probably needed to put them back on first. He had no idea how to do that, and he hoped Percy might have some ideas. He wrapped the wings up and held them tight as he climbed back up the way he'd come down. He slid to the bottom more than once before finding enough footholds to escape.

Back in the tunnel, he hurried to the opening and stepped out onto the ledge. He squinted against the sunlight, watching as the opening closed up behind him. The crack vanished, and the rock was rock once more when he poked it. He turned to find Percy and Cher, spotting them on the beach where they were before.

No...

Something was wrong.

Percy was in his demonic form and poised to attack, and Cher was crouched beside him. Kevin could hear her angry snarls from here, and he shifted his gaze in search of what had them so riled up.

Sebastian.

And he wasn't alone.

There were at least four more hunters with him, and they were almost at the bottom of the steps.

“Percy!” Kevin shouted, but his voice was lost to the wind and crashing waves. His heart plummeted when he realized he'd have to swim the whole way back.

Percy and Cher could both be dead by then.

He couldn't let that happen.

Kevin kneeled, hurriedly unwrapping the wings once more and cursing under his breath. “Fuck, fuck, fuck! How the fuck do I put them back on?”

He unfolded the wings and spread them wide, and he got the silly idea to simply throw them onto his back like he was putting on a backpack. He had no idea what else to try. There was an instant burn as the wings fused to his skin, lighting up the scars like hot pokers. Bone crunched, muscles tore, and the agony was intense but thankfully brief as his wings joined his body once more.

Kevin gasped when he realized he could *feel* his wings.

And they were big.

Very big.

Kevin launched himself into the air, flapping his arms and hoping his wings would follow.

They did not.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

Kevin screamed as he plunged toward the water, and his feet dipped into the waves before the part of his brain that actually knew how to use the wings came online. His wings

flapped furiously, and he soared up into the air with a triumphant shout.

It was far from graceful, but it would get him where he needed to be.

He clumsily flew toward the beach where Sebastian was closing in on Percy and Cher, shouting, “Hold on, princess! I’m comin’!”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

As Kevin soared closer, he could see Percy blinking away from the violent swings of Sebastian's sword while Cher made mincemeat out of the other hunters. Judging by how none of them seemed to see her coming, Kevin had to assume they were human.

Percy must have heard the swoop of Kevin's wings because he turned to look right at him, staring in awe. His mouth moved and though Kevin wasn't close enough to hear him, he could read his lips.

A singular word—peaches.

Sebastian took advantage of the distraction, thrusting his sword at Percy's chest.

"Fuck you, you fucking fucker!" Kevin declared as he tucked his wings in for a dive, crashing into Sebastian and taking him to the ground.

Sebastian went down, but he rolled away and into a crouch, his sword still in hand. His expression registered faint surprise and then morphed into a scowl. "Abomination of heaven, you will fall just as this whore of hell is destined to beneath my blade."

"Always so cheerful, isn't he?" Percy rushed to Kevin's side, but he hesitated to touch him. "You have your wings!"

"Fucking told you!" Kevin stood with a grunt. "Found 'em wrapped in a Batman T-shirt. Was definitely leaving clues for myself, so ha!"

“A Batman shirt.” Percy actually laughed. “Of course you did.”

“Face me, foul creature!” Sebastian shouted angrily.

Kevin ignored him, touching Percy’s cheek. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, peaches,” Percy replied sweetly. “Promise.”

“Hello!” Sebastian bellowed, standing now and lifting the sword high. “Abomination! I was speaking to you!”

Kevin snarled, his wings flapping and kicking up sand as he took a step toward Sebastian. “I wasn’t fucking talking to you, bitch!”

Sebastian looked outrageously offended, and he couldn’t even muster a response.

Cher came bounding up to Kevin then, her tail wagging. She had an arm in her mouth. It was unclear who it belonged to.

“What a good girl!” Percy cooed.

Kevin patted Cher on the head and grinned. “Hey, nice job! Good lil’ hellhound.”

Cher dropped the arm so she could sniff Kevin’s wings. She seemed unsure about them, but her tail was still wagging.

“It’s okay, sweet girl,” Percy soothed her. “I’ll make sure your daddy smells right again later. He’ll get a fresh, hot load of demonic—”

“Enough!” Sebastian roared. “This ends now!”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake. He really just needs to get on with it.” Kevin barely glanced Sebastian’s way, and annoying him was bringing him no end of joy.

“He’s so tense,” Percy said. “Maybe he needs a vacation.”

“Probably.”

Sebastian roared in frustration, and he hurled a vial from his waist at Percy’s face.

The vial shattered, and Percy hissed in pain and clutched his smoking face.

“Percy!” Kevin reached for Percy, trying to get whatever had exploded off his face.

“Fucking holy water!” Percy seethed as his skin melted away. “Fuck! I’m fine! Go fuck him up!”

Cher howled and charged Sebastian, going for his leg and trying to bite down. Sebastian was too fast, and he leapt out of the way. He turned, kicking Cher right in the face and sending her flying.

Her pitiful yelp made Kevin’s rage hit a whole new level, and he was physically shaking. “Don’t fucking touch my dog!” He flew through the air, throwing himself at Sebastian like a battering ram.

Sebastian grunted as Kevin grabbed him right off the ground, and his eyes flashed as he stabbed the blade through Kevin’s shoulder. “Die, abomination!”

Kevin roared, his wings flapping furiously as he fought through the pain to fly higher in the air. He carried Sebastian with him until they were over the rock, and he punched Sebastian in the face. He’d planned to drop him, but now Sebastian wouldn’t let go.

“As soon as I’m done with you, I’m going back for that wretched hellspawn!” Sebastian raged, twisting his sword cruelly. “His kind is not fit to walk the earth, polluting it with his filth!”

“You’re gonna keep your filthy mitts off my boyfriend and my dog, you bag of dicks!” Kevin gritted his teeth, hissing through the pain. He summoned a surge of strength, pulling Sebastian off and hurling him down into the giant rock below.

Watching Sebastian splat like a bug on a windshield was incredibly satisfying.

Seeing him stand back up, however, pissed Kevin off.

Sebastian snarled as he waved his sword, staggering along the rough rocks as he shouted, “Face me, you vile disgrace!”

Face me and meet your end!”

Kevin hovered safely out of reach, and he flipped Sebastian off with both hands. “Eat me! You want me? Come get me!”

Sebastian scowled and lowered his sword to draw a big silver gun from his hip.

Well, shit.

Kevin dove to one side as Sebastian fired, grunting as the bullet clipped his wing. “Fucking fucker!” He managed to avoid the rest of Sebastian’s shots, waiting until he was stopping to reload before diving down to smash him into the rock. He ripped the gun away from him and hurled it off into the ocean. “Why won’t you just fucking die?”

“Not until my mission is done, you foul heathen!” Sebastian punched Kevin in his mouth.

Kevin barely felt it, and he grinned.

This was familiar.

This was *home*.

He punched back, pinning Sebastian down as he pounded his fist into his face as hard as he could. He enjoyed how Sebastian’s head snapped back from each blow, but he was having so much fun turning Sebastian’s face into hamburger that he didn’t realize what Sebastian was doing with his legs.

Sebastian raised his knee, driving it into Kevin’s groin.

“Fuck me!” Kevin wheezed, grabbing his balls and nearly falling right off the rock. He was sure he was going to puke, and he tried to recover, certain Sebastian was readying to attack again at any second. He looked up just in time to see Sebastian’s sword coming down at him.

Kevin rolled out of the way, but he wasn’t fast enough to avoid the blade entirely. It caught his arm, opening up the skin like a hot knife through butter, and Kevin roared. He swept Sebastian’s legs out from underneath him and pounced, jumping on his back and hooking his arm around Sebastian’s throat.

Sebastian was too fast, and he used Kevin's momentum to easily pitch him right over his shoulder, slamming him down into the jagged rock with a furious growl.

Kevin gasped, the wind knocked out of him and the sharp rocks tearing at his body. He knew a broken rib when he felt it, and he definitely felt it as he tried to escape. He scrambled back and up the side of the rock, trying to get out of Sebastian's reach.

"Peaches!" The wind carried his name, a roar that echoed in Kevin's ear and drew his attention back to shore.

It was Percy!

He was jumping up and down, holding something over his head that gleamed in the sun.

The sword!

The sword Kevin had put in the floorboard of the truck.

"Fuck yeah, princess!" Kevin summoned a burst of strength to fly off the rock, trying to get closer to shore. His wings struggled to carry him, pain shooting through them as he fought to stay in the air.

"Here!" Percy heaved the sword toward him.

It glittered as it soared through the air, and Kevin stuck out his hand to catch it.

And the blade pierced right through the middle of his palm.

"Cock! Shit! Ass! Motherfucking son of a bitch!" Kevin howled in pain. "Percy! You fucking stabbed me!"

"Accidentally!" Percy shouted back.

"Pathetic!" Sebastian cackled, leering up at Kevin and wiping some of the blood from his face.

"Your mom is pathetic!" Kevin snapped back, gritting his teeth as he pulled the sword out. Blood dripped from the blade as he clutched it in his left hand, hoping he could still fight with this hand.

“My mother was a foul succubus of Satan. She was absolutely pathetic right up until the moment I cut off her head.” Sebastian pointed his sword at Kevin. “Now, I’m going to send you to her.”

Kevin flew back to the rock, diving down and slashing awkwardly at Sebastian’s sword. Sebastian easily deflected it, and he leapt up to hack at Kevin’s side, drawing blood. Hissing angrily, Kevin veered away from him before swooping back in, hoping to hit any part of Sebastian that he could.

Sebastian easily parried and swung back at Kevin, barely missing him. He was on the offensive now, his sword a blur as he stabbed at Kevin relentlessly.

Kevin was stronger and faster than he’d ever been, but he was getting drained fast. He’d been lucky enough to avoid any other major injuries, but Sebastian was getting a lot of small licks in and the wounds were taking their toll. He was getting slower, and Sebastian was taking him apart, piece by piece.

He had to do something.

Even as blood still poured from his right hand, Kevin switched the sword over. He held it as tightly as he could, giving a few experimental slashes through the air. It hurt horribly, but his arm seemed to know just what to do. This felt good, natural, and though he still didn’t remember anything about being an angel, he was certain he’d been good with a sword.

He smirked down at Sebastian. “Hey, turns out I’m not left-handed.”

“So?” Sebastian scoffed.

“So, I’m about to fuck your whole world up.” Kevin swung the sword with new skill and confidence, driving Sebastian right to the edge of the rock. He could almost see what Sebastian was about to do before he did it, and it only took a few powerful strokes before he knocked the sword from Sebastian’s hand.

“Damn you!” Sebastian howled.

“Oh yeah! I was a real badass.” Kevin grinned as he swooped down, grabbing Sebastian by his throat. He squeezed hard and forced Sebastian to his knees. “Shouldn’t have fucked with my vacation, ass hat.”

Sebastian bared his teeth and then spat in Kevin’s face. “Rot in hell, you befouled prostitute of Lucifer!”

“Speaking of, say hi to your mom for me.” Kevin winked, stepping back and gripping the sword with both hands. He swung, chopping Sebastian’s head clean off. He watched with great satisfaction as it tumbled down the side of the rocks, getting caught in a small dip.

“Did you win?” Percy shouted. “I can’t fucking see!”

Kevin opened his mouth to yell back, but then he thought of something even better. He flew over to where Sebastian’s head had landed, and he grabbed a handful of Sebastian’s hair. He soared into the air, flying toward the beach as he belted out the chorus to “We Are The Champions.” He dropped Sebastian’s head and kicked it, launching it away into the middle of the ocean.

“Nice shot!” Percy clapped.

Kevin glided down to the beach, his wings finally giving out and forcing him to wade through the shallows. Cher came running up to meet him, and he rested his uninjured hand on her back as he trudged up to the beach.

Percy remained on dry sand, smirking as he teased, “Did you have fun, peaches?”

“Yeah! A blast!” Kevin spat some blood out, dragging his wings behind him like a deflated parachute. He collapsed as soon as he reached the sand, laughing as Percy tried to catch him and they both went down. “Shit! Hi!”

Percy wrapped his arms around Kevin tight, murmuring, “My peaches. My sweet peaches.” He dragged Kevin’s head up for a kiss, whispering urgently, “I was so fucking scared.”

“Me too.” Kevin hugged Percy tight, burying his face in his broad chest. “Fuck. But man, you should have seen it.

Total *Princess Bride* moment. I sucked hard core trying to use my left hand since *someone* stabbed me—”

“It was an accident!”

“—and then I switched to my right hand, and I was awesome!”

“I didn’t stab you! I threw you a weapon so you could stop getting your ass kicked!” Percy stroked Kevin’s hair. “It’s not my fault you decided to catch it with your hand the wrong way.”

“Eat me,” Kevin grumbled, leaning into Percy’s fingers. “Sure didn’t get my ass kicked nearly as bad as you did.”

“Shut up. I had holy water in my eye. It was very unpleasant and oh, right, it fucking blinded me.” Percy snorted. “I’m just glad you’re all right, peaches. I’d be... very upset...” He cleared his throat. “I mean, if anything happened to you. You mean... quite a lot to me.”

“Yeah, yeah. Love you too.” Kevin petted Percy’s cheek. “I’m gonna live, pretty sure. Might need some pizza and demon jizz to get me back to normal, ya’ know.”

Percy’s face was curiously blank, and he pressed a hand over Kevin’s, his eyes bright and glistening with the threat of tears. “I really do, you know. At least, I think I do. As close to that feeling as a fiend like me can feel anyway. It’s a warmth? Sometimes with a bit of nausea? And I can’t imagine feeling this way about anyone else or ever wanting it to stop.”

Kevin’s heart nearly leapt right out of his chest as Percy spoke. He hadn’t even realized what he’d said until now, surprised both by how much he’d meant it and to hear Percy felt the same way. “Fucking hell, I...”

“Yes?”

Kevin pulled Percy into a deep kiss, holding him there as his heart soared.

Percy held Kevin tight, kissing him back deeply. “Oh, *peaches*.”

Kevin's wings flexed and spread, covering both of them as they made out there in the sand. He loved Percy. He knew it down in his very soul that there would never be another for him, and he'd never been happier.

Percy's hands moved over Kevin's back, but he paused when he came to the wings. "So, does this mean you remember your real name so I know what to scream later?"

Kevin's smile faded, and he felt like the icy ocean had just crashed over him. "No. I... I don't remember a fucking thing."

"What?" Percy frowned. "What do you mean? But you... you have your wings." He cradled Kevin's cheek. "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay. I mean, I really thought when I got them that it would all come back." Kevin sagged. "And nothing. When I strapped them on, still nothing. Just knew how to kick ass like Jason Bourne."

"Well, Kevin or Jason or whoever you are—" Percy inhaled shakily. "—I do... you know. Feel that certain way about you. With all my heart. No matter what happens next, coming all this way was worth it, if nothing else than to create the wonderful opportunity to hopelessly fall for you."

Kevin's chest ached, and his eyes stung, totally overwhelmed. Part of his anguish was mourning the potential centuries of his life that were apparently lost forever. So few of his memories were actually his own, and he desperately wanted to know what he was missing. He'd been counting on his wings to fix everything, and disappointment barely began to describe his sorrow.

But he had Percy. And they had a dog, a future together, and life was better than he could have ever hoped for. He was in love, and the rest shouldn't matter.

He hugged Percy tight, trying to focus on what he had right in front of him. "You're worth everything, Percy. I'm really sorry I don't have more to offer you than a pizza place, possibly with no employees."

“I don’t want anything else,” Percy insisted. “Only you.” He chuckled. “Besides, I’m rich. We’ll be fine.”

Kevin smiled warmly. “Shit, heh, we should just road trip around the world then.” He rested his forehead against Percy’s. “I’m yours. Whoever the hell I am.”

“You’re the man I love. That’s good enough for me.”

Cher nosed between them with a low whine, lapping at Kevin’s bloody face.

Kevin laughed, and he gave her a gentle pat. “Let’s get the fuck outta here, huh? Got a long ass drive ahead of us.”

“Home, eh?” Percy peeled himself away, swatting at Cher when she tried to lick him. “Me, you, the hellhound, and your rust bucket?”

“Yeah, that sounds really good right now.” Kevin groaned as he stood, taking Percy’s hands to help him up. His wings flexed, and he had to focus to get them to fold up against his back.

“You should be able to tuck those away. Might not fit so well in the truck.”

“Yeah? And, uh... how do I do that?” Kevin wiggled his nose and blinked his eyes, trying to will the wings away. He glanced over his shoulder, sighing when he saw they were still there. “Shit.”

“Try again, peaches,” Percy urged. “Try to think about what it feels like when one of your balls goes up inside you.”

“The fuck?” Kevin barked out a laugh. “Sure, okay.” He closed his eyes, focusing hard on his wings and trying to will them away once more. He felt a weird twitch, a strain, and then nothing. “Did it work?”

“There!” Percy grinned. “Flawless.” He reached for Kevin, hugging him close. “Are you ready to go home now, peaches?”

“I am very ready to go home, princess.”

“Then let’s go.”

There was a quick gust of wind, Kevin's stomach dipped, and they were standing right outside the back of A Pizza Cake at Kevin's door—truck, dog, and all.

Kevin gasped. "Holy fuck nuggets." He grinned at Percy. "That's damn impressive."

"I know." Percy smiled smugly. He waved to the door. "So, shall we celebrate at yours or mine? My bed is bigger, but I could be persuaded to see how creative you can be in confined spaces."

"Hey, wait a second. Where's my sword?"

"Safely tucked down in the floorboards."

"You're the fucking best."

"I know."

Kevin leaned in for a kiss, and he squeezed Percy's hip.

They were home, safe and sound, and yet...

Kevin didn't feel much better.

Waves of depression were washing back over him, threatening to drown him, and he wasn't sure what to do. Not only was he worried about what shape the shop was in, he was struggling to contain a thousand more conflicting emotions and thoughts swirling in his brain. He didn't want to upset Percy, but Kevin desperately wanted a few minutes alone in his quiet arcade apartment to get cleaned up, take some deep breaths, and probably have a small meltdown.

"I should probably check to make sure Julie hasn't actually killed everyone." Kevin chuckled, trying for a small smile. "I... I kinda need a second. Alone. Can I bring some pizza over in a few hours or so?"

Percy was visibly stung, but he smiled all the same. "Of course. Whatever you need." He kissed him again. "I expect an extra large, steaming hot, stuffed pie. And some pizza with cheese packed into it would be nice as well."

"You got it." Kevin hugged him tight. "I'll bring that pepperoni you love so much too." He took Percy's hand and

gave it a squeeze. “I love you, princess. I won’t be too long. Promise.”

“I...” Percy stammered. “I love you too, sweet peaches. Do hurry.” He smirked. “I don’t like to be kept waiting.” He vanished.

Cher barked, sitting in front of Kevin and staring up at him with a low whine.

“Hey, it’s okay. We’ll see your other daddy in just a little while.” Kevin booped her nose. He was surprised by how Cher was fading now from his vision, like a fuzzy image on a TV screen. He figured the demon blood was wearing off and made a mental note to get some more from Percy. The thought made him smile, and he tugged his keys out from his wet pants pocket. “Come on, let’s go inside.”

He unlocked the door, and Cher bolted right in. He followed her, chuckling as he dropped the keys on the table beside the door. He shut it behind them, saying, “Make yourself at home.”

Cher zoomed through the apartment, sniffing and nosing at everything. She jumped on the couch and rolled around, and then she took off to jump on Kevin’s bed. She apparently liked that spot the best, curling up and panting happily.

Kevin laughed at her antics, still in disbelief that he had his very own hellhound now.

And that wasn’t even the craziest part of his day.

Kevin walked into the bathroom and flipped on the light, getting a look at himself for the first time since the battle. He was a mess. While a lot of the smaller cuts had healed, the bigger wounds were still closing up. His shirt was shredded, he was covered in blood, and he looked like the sole survivor of a horror movie.

Wanting to check on his wings, he focused on letting them free. Instead of a graceful unfurling, however, they shot out from his back and cleared everything off the shelves. “Son of a bitch!”

Kevin turned to pick the items up, but his giant wings crashed into the mirror, knocking it off the wall and into the sink where it shattered. “Fucking of course! Why wouldn’t that happen?”

Groaning in frustration, he left the bathroom to find a broom for the broken glass. His wings tipped over a stack of DVDs, sending them tumbling across the floor. “Goddammit!” he shouted angrily, tears stinging his eyes. Every emotion from the roller coaster of a road trip crashed into him like the waves of that damn beach, and he slumped down onto his couch with a sigh.

There had been a lot of good but also some not so good mixed in.

He genuinely thought finding his wings would restore some semblance of who he once was.

Instead, he’d almost gotten killed, almost gotten Percy killed, and now his giant wings were wrecking his apartment. He’d come so close to losing the few things in his life that were real, and he hadn’t even realized he’d started crying until Cher was licking the tears from his face.

“Thanks, sweetheart.” Kevin wiped at his face and then kissed the hellhound’s face. “Let’s get this cleaned up, huh? Before your other daddy thinks we bailed on him.” He sniffed as he stood again, staggering into the bathroom.

After cleaning up the broken mirror, he stripped down to take a hot shower. He washed away the blood and sand, letting himself soak until the hot water ran out. When he stepped out, his injuries already looked better than before.

He made quick work to bandage what was still healing, like the wound in his shoulder and his hand. Confident now that he wouldn’t terrify anyone, he tapped out the starting beats to “Shave and a Haircut” on the wall.

There was no answer.

Weird.

He knew the restaurant was open, and he wondered if Julie was just busy. He felt a twinge of guilt for being gone so long,

but Julie never called him or texted, so maybe she was just getting rid of the bodies—

Two loud bangs rattled his door.

Kevin jumped, and Cher barked. He gently shushed her, though he wasn't entirely sure if anyone else could hear her. He answered the door with a tired smile, quickly willing his wings back into place before they could be seen.

It was Julie.

“You...!” Julie shouted as she glared at Kevin. Whatever anger she had melted away as she studied Kevin's face, and she seemed confused. “Wow, you... you look great!” She launched herself into Kevin's arms for a rib crushing hug. “If you ever leave me with these idiots for that long again, I will quit! I don't care if the place burns down. Do you understand?”

Kevin stumbled backward from the force of Julie's embrace, and he hugged her back tightly. He wasn't proud of the squeak he made when she squeezed him, but he didn't pull away. “I promise, never again. You are getting a vacation, a raise, and a medal.”

“Damn right, I am!” Julie laughed. “I deserve one for not killing everyone.”

“Are they still alive then?”

“Alive, yes. For now anyway.” Julie cracked a grin. “Steve smoked something he bought from a guy named Ernie he met under a bridge and now he can smell colors. James filled his car with itching powder because Steve made fun of him for crying over a dead dove fic, whatever that is, so now Steve might take off his clothes randomly because the space bugs are coming to get him.”

“Damn. I'm actually kinda bummed I missed all that.” Kevin laughed as he let Julie go and took a step back.

“Dead doves and all?”

“Yeah! Dead dove, do not eat.” Kevin laughed. “That one I know. They got it from *Arrested Development*. James told me

in the fan fiction world it basically means that a story is exactly what it says on the tin and you should have expected it. Usually not good things I gather.”

“Gross.” Julie wrinkled her nose. “Well, come on. You can help me fold pizza boxes and tell me all about your trip.”

“Sounds good! I gotta make a special delivery pretty soon, but I’m all yours while James cooks it!”

“Hopefully there were no dead doves or dead things of any kind.”

Kevin wasn’t sure exactly how much he should share about his adventure, but he did say, “It was a wild ride. That’s for sure.”

He left Cher to her own devices, hoping he still had an apartment when he returned. He followed Julie around to the front of the restaurant, grateful to see both of his other employees still alive and, for the moment, not fighting. He filled them in on the less extraordinary details of his trip, and they were still pretty great—from Rudy’s bar to Vegas, he and Percy had really had a great time.

Other than the whole being hunted down and nearly murdered and all that.

Kevin decided he might tell them more later, but he needed more time to process it all himself. He’d probably still leave out the murder stuff though.

As soon as the pizzas and cheese bread were ready, he said goodbye and promised to be back in the morning. He stopped to pick up Cher, ignoring how she’d redecorated with items from the trash and feathers from his pillow. They drove over to the Munsters House, and Cher ran ahead of Kevin toward the front doors.

Which were open.

Kevin frowned as Cher vanished inside, and he soon lost the fuzzy bit of her that he could see.

Did Percy see them coming? Or had he simply left the doors open?

“Honey, we’re home!” Kevin called out as he walked in, setting the food boxes down on the nearest table. The hair on the back of his neck instantly stood up, and he knew something was wrong.

The house was too empty, too quiet—Percy wasn’t here.

A quick search of the house confirmed it. There was no sign of a struggle or anything else nefarious, but Percy wasn’t anywhere to be found. Desperate, Kevin decided to call Joe. He needed to let him know that he was back in town anyway, and there was a chance Percy had gone out for a drink and was late coming home.

“Come on,” Kevin muttered as the line rang. “Pick up, pick up—”

“Hey, partner!” Joe said cheerfully.

“Hey, man!” Kevin tried to keep his voice calm. “Just got back in town a few hours ago, and uh, have you seen my well-dressed boyfriend anywhere?”

“Percy? Oh yeah.” Joe sounded like he was smiling. “He’s right here.”

“Thank God, I was—”

“He’s a feisty one. Do you have any idea how many demon traps it took to keep him from running off?”

Kevin’s instant relief was incredibly short-lived. His blood turned to ice in his veins, and he was quiet for a long moment as he tried to decide if Joe was screwing with him or if it meant what he dreaded it did and that Joe had indeed kidnapped Percy. He clenched his jaw, replying as calmly as he could manage, “Joe, what the hell are you talking about, buddy?”

“Don’t be coy.” Joe laughed. “You know exactly what I mean.”

“Come on. You’re sayin’ crazy stuff—”

“Your boyfriend. The demon. The one I’m about to kill.”

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Yeah, I reckon he's the one who killed Sebastian. Maybe you two did it together, I dunno." Joe sighed. "But I am gonna make sure Percy here doesn't cause any more trouble. Once he's settled down anyway, I'll be able to cut off his head."

Kevin's head swam as several pieces clicked together—Sebastian didn't need to guess to figure out he and Percy were in Vegas. Joe probably told him himself. Anger and anguish took over as he tried to come to terms with one of his most trusted friends betraying him.

His rage won out, and he barked, "No, you son of a bitch! I killed Sebastian all on my own. You just hold tight. I'm gonna show you just how I did it."

"Kevin, you—"

Kevin hurled his phone into the wall, not sticking around to see it shatter into a thousand pieces. He called Cher to him, whistling sharply. "Come on, Cher. We gotta save the princess."

The drive to Ripley's had never felt so agonizingly long before, and Kevin was grateful that the local cops were apparently preoccupied with more important things than his speeding. When he parked outside the bar, it looked like it did any other day, yet every nerve in Kevin's body was coiled and ready to spring. He had to stop Joe before it was too late. If it was...

No, he wasn't going to think about that.

Kevin let Cher out of the truck, pausing to retrieve the sword from the floorboards. He got out, falling into step beside Cher as they walked to the front door of the bar. The open sign was off, and the door was locked.

He scoffed and pulled out his keys to open it. He went inside with Cher right on his heels, slamming the door shut behind them. Cher growled low, and Kevin's heart twisted when he saw Percy.

Percy was up on stage, bloody and bound, trapped inside a complicated maze of symbols painted across the floor, walls, and ceiling. He was laying on his side in his demonic form, one of his horns was broken, and he wasn't moving.

Cher snarled and took off, racing toward him.

Percy stirred then, squinting through a swollen eye. "Kevin? No... peaches... don't!"

"Wait! Cher!" Kevin tried to stop her, but Cher wouldn't listen.

Cher bolted ahead, but she came to a screeching halt. She barked and turned in circles, and Kevin saw more symbols painted on the floor.

"Trap." Percy coughed weakly. "It's a trap... Just... run!"

"I'm not fucking leaving you!" Kevin hurried toward the bar where he knew Joe kept a shotgun. His face slammed into an invisible wall before he could reach it, and he tried again to walk forward. He looked up, seeing a different style of symbol painted on the ceiling. "No!"

An angel ward.

Had to be.

Kevin's wings erupted from his back as he swung the sword at the barrier, but it simply bounced off.

"Dumbass," Percy groaned miserably.

"Bite me!" Kevin grumbled.

Joe came out from behind the bar where he'd apparently been hiding, and he slowly approached Kevin. "Sebastian said

you guys had grabbed a hellhound in Vegas. I'm guessing they're tied up in a trap right now or I would have been ripped to pieces." He whistled when he saw Kevin's wings, remarking, "Wow! So, it's true. You really are an angel. Imagine that."

"Yeah, imagine that," Kevin spat. "How fucking long have you known?"

"Oh, I've known you weren't human since the day I met you." Joe laughed. "Wasn't sure what you were exactly, but I've never seen anyone heal up like you do. Or be as strong or as fast. You know, all the little things like that. That first night you came in here and broke up that big brawl? Do you remember that? You got stabbed with a beer bottle and walked it off. So, yeah, I've known for a good long while."

Kevin cringed, trying not to scream. Right when he thought his heart couldn't hurt more, Joe ripped it out and stomped on it. "You asshole!" he barked. "You knew! Is that why you were my friend? Just waiting until you could kill me? What the fuck took so long?"

"I'm not really much of a demon hunter to be honest." Joe tiptoed a little closer to the edge of the ward. "Runs in the family, you see, but it was never really my thing. Besides, you weren't a demon. You're an angel with the stupidest case of amnesia I've ever seen. You hadn't hurt anyone as far as I could tell, so I decided just to keep an eye on you." He glanced over at Percy. "And then that one showed up and forced my hand. It's one thing to overlook an angel with a broken brain, but my family would never forgive me if they knew I let a demon move into my town."

"Fuck you! He hasn't hurt anyone either!" Kevin punched the barrier angrily, his wings flapping. "Let him go! He's not gonna do anything, okay? You really don't wanna do this. You said it yourself, you're not a hunter."

"Do you know why he was able to retire?" Joe snapped. "Do you have any idea what that means? What kind of fucking monster he is? No! He only deserves death! Plain and simple!"

“You were supposed to be my fucking friend! Friends don’t kill their fucking friends’ boyfriends!”

“I am your friend,” Joe said earnestly. “It’s why I protected you for so long! I never told anyone what you were or what I thought you might be, not even my own family! But it’s why I have to do this. It’s the only way to save what’s left of your soul.”

“F-fuck... you!” Percy muttered defiantly.

“Shut the fuck up.” Joe sighed, turning to the bar and reaching out to grab something behind it.

“Hey, hey! Listen to me!” Kevin smacked the barrier, trying to get Joe’s attention. He didn’t know what Joe had stashed at the bar, but it was probably nothing good. “Listen. I love him. Do you hear me? I don’t give a fuck what he did. He’s not that kind of demon now, okay?”

“Much appreciated, peaches,” Percy croaked.

“Just let us go, Joe,” Kevin pleaded. “Your family still doesn’t need to know! We won’t be any trouble, I fucking swear!”

Joe hesitated, and he took a few steps back toward Kevin as if he was considering it.

“Can’t say I’m not going to be trouble though.” Percy wheezed. “If he lets me out, I am definitely, definitely going to kill him.”

“Oh. My. Fucking. Christ. Percy!” Kevin banged his forehead against the invisible wall. “None of that is fucking helping!”

“See?” Joe scoffed. “He’s threatening to kill me!”

“Only because you’re trying to kill me!” Percy protested. “I’m just planning to kill you first is all.”

“Wow. Such a fucking saint.” Joe shook his head as he walked away.

Panic set in as Joe turned away from him to head over to the bar, and Kevin shouted, “Hey! I’m still talking to you, Joe!”

Come back here! Don't you dare fucking touch him!" He took a few deep breaths to steady himself, trying again to plead, "Please! Look at me! Not at him! Okay? I wouldn't let him go around hurting people."

"It's too late for that." Joe smiled sadly. "I've already told my family. They know everything. Why do you think Sebastian came here? Who do you think called him? He's my first cousin." He gestured to the floor. "Who do you think showed me how to make these wards? I sure as hell didn't know how to do it."

"You know me!" Kevin screamed helplessly. "We just wanna live with our dog and our little pizza place. Come on."

"If I don't kill you, my family will. It doesn't matter!" Joe laughed bitterly. "Yeah, it's real sweet you guys wanna have a happily ever after, but that thing over there—" He pointed at Percy. "—is still a heartless monster who's taken thousands of human souls! He needs to die!"

"I had to go glamping," Percy whined. "Isn't that punishment enough?"

"Shut the fuck up!"

Kevin was doing his best to stay calm as he searched his invisible prison for any way to break free. He couldn't believe that Percy was potentially on the edge of death and bitching about glamping. "Hey, hey! Joe, listen to me! Just listen to me! Please! Let me out of here and we can figure something out."

"Yeah? And how is that gonna work in your tiny brain?" Joe sneered. "I just let you go? Just like that? You killed Sebastian! My family is going to come here! And they will fucking kill me too if I let you assholes leave!" He scowled as he finally reached behind the bar to retrieve a large ax. "This is the only way. You both die. I clean up this mess. Family is avenged. Everybody is happy."

"Except us!" Percy balked. "On account of the whole being dead part!"

"What he said!" Kevin tried to stab the wall of the trap with the sword again. It did nothing, and he wanted to throw

up. “You don’t even have the balls to fight me fair and square!”

“Fair?” Joe laughed at that. “What would be fair about an angel fighting a human? It’s not about balls, partner. It’s about brains. We both know what would happen if I let you out.”

“I don’t want to kill you, Joe. I just want Percy.” Kevin shifted the sword in his hand, and his wings flapped. A few feathers floated to the floor, resting on the edge of the ward. He knew what he would have to do to get out of the trap.

He knew what it would take.

He could remember what Percy had told him, about how close he’d come to becoming a demon.

Well, he didn’t know a lot about these things, but he could tell that the symbols used for the demon trap were nothing like the ones used for the angel ward.

The choice was obvious.

“Come on, buddy,” Kevin warned. “Last chance to do this nice.”

“Threatening me now? Wow!” Joe lifted the ax over his shoulder. “You’re the one who was so willing to throw himself at an actual fucking demon! You had to know what he was! Even just a little part of you had to know how evil he is!”

“Guess we didn’t know each other as well as we thought,” Kevin shot back bitterly. “Funny, for all my man whoring, Percy is the only fucking person for me. He’s the only one who I can be myself with, even if I don’t know who that is!” He held Joe’s gaze, his vision blurring with tears. “He helped me get my wings back. You didn’t do that. You had to know they were out there if you knew what I was.”

“Would you have believed me if I told you? Please!” Joe rolled his eyes. “You would have thought I was crazy! You were so happy pretending to be human! Everything was great!” He tightened his grip on the ax. “Until him.”

Kevin gritted his teeth. “Yeah, I was so fucking happy. Shows how well you really knew me.” He tensed. “None of

this... not a fucking thing... is Percy's fault."

"Yeah, it is." Joe sagged. "Yeah. He showed up here, bewitched you, and changed everything. And now I have to kill you both."

"I'm really sorry, but there's not a snowball's chance in hell that I'm going to let that happen." Kevin growled, his wings spreading out as wide as they could.

"Sorry, partner." Joe took a deep breath, and he marched toward Percy.

Kevin's stomach wrapped itself in knots, and he clenched his jaw in anticipation of the pain that was coming. He wasn't going to let Joe hurt Percy.

No matter what.

Kevin raised his sword above his head, twisting his wrist to point the blade toward his shoulders. With all the strength he had in this awkward position, he brought the sword down to where his wings had only hours ago been reattached to his body.

The pain was instant.

Agony.

He screamed as he ripped the blade through the flesh and bone of the right wing before moving to the left, severing both from his body. Each wing fell to the floor in a bloody, feathery heap, and he dropped to his knees on top of them. He was light-headed, dizzy from the sudden loss of blood, and he groaned brokenly.

His vision was getting dark, he felt sick, and he had to shake himself awake as he renewed his grip on the sword.

He wasn't done yet.

It wasn't enough to lose his wings. He had to fall all the way.

With a pained roar, he brought the sword down to stab each wing. He slashed at the feathers and bone until there was nothing left except scraps that burst into bright blue flames.

Their destruction created a small explosion that blew Kevin against the wall of the barrier, and then the barrier shattered.

“Peaches!” Percy tried to protest all too late. “Peaches, no!”

Kevin fell to the floor, panting as blood ran down his back.

Cher whined, and she pawed at the wall of her trap.

“Kevin?” Joe watched in horror, frozen in place with the ax in midair. “What... what the fuck did you just do?”

Kevin groaned, pushing himself up to his feet. He took a few wobbly steps forward, and the room spun. He tried to get his balance and breathed in deeply, shuddering as a new rush of power washed over him. It rivaled the strength he’d found when he’d strapped his wings on, and every muscle was alight with tingling sensation.

Wow.

He heard Cher whining, and he turned to look at her, stunned by how clearly he could see her now. He’d never noticed the little flames dancing over her black fur or how her eyes glowed like embers. He cracked his neck, meeting Percy’s stunned gaze and throwing him a reassuring grin before he turned to face Joe. He bent over to pick up his sword, replying sweetly, “I just royally fucked up your day.”

“No...” Joe shook his head wildly. “You can’t. You just... You’ve just damned yourself to hell, you fucking idiot! And for what? Some pathetic demon?”

“Honestly? So I could chop your fucking head off like I did your cuz, Sebastian.” Kevin smirked. “Damned eternity with Percy is kinda just icing on the cake now.” He stalked toward Joe. “You could have just let us go.”

“That was never an option,” Joe said quietly. “Even if you kill me, the rest of my family will come. They will hunt you. And trust that they’re a lot better at this than me.” He sighed. “I’m sorry, Kevin... or, you know, whatever your name is.”

“Then I guess we can consider this practice for the family reunion.” Kevin’s brow throbbed, and he reached up to feel

short black horns sprouting there. The length of his spine ached briefly as he grew a long tail and his skin turned a rich scarlet as his new demonic form fell into place for the first time.

Joe trembled fearfully, but he nodded, trying to keep his chin up. “Y-yeah, I guess.” He abruptly took off, raising the ax above his head as he charged at Percy.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking fuck!” Percy hissed, scrambling against the far edge of the trap. “Kevin!”

Cher barked furiously, slamming herself into the invisible wall of the trap.

Kevin ran with inhuman speed, easily catching Joe and tackling him to the floor. “Don’t you fucking touch him!” He reared back and punched Joe right in the face, watching blood explode from his busted nose.

Joe gurgled, and he weakly swung the ax, but he didn’t have enough room to give his strike any power. He turned it instead, jabbing the blunt side of the head into Kevin’s throat.

Kevin laughed. The blow barely made him cough. He got to his feet, placing himself firmly between Percy and Joe. He pointed the sword at Joe, sneering, “That the best you got?”

“May God have mercy on your soul.” Joe stood and then immediately charged, swinging the ax at Kevin with an enraged snarl.

Kevin ducked, driving the sword up through Joe’s chest. He felt Joe shudder, heard him let out a wet cough, and Kevin bit back a sob.

Joe dropped the ax and went limp on the blade. “K-Kevin... I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry too, buddy.” Tears rolled down Kevin’s cheeks as he lowered Joe to the ground. He pulled the blade out and blood gushed from the wound. “You son of a bitch. You were my best fucking friend. You...” He didn’t know what else to say.

Joe coughed again, and blood bubbled over his lips. He smiled crookedly, whispering, “They’re coming. They’re...” He stopped talking.

Breathing too.

Joe was dead.

“I’ll be ready for them,” Kevin murmured. “Let ’em come.”

“Kevin?” Percy said quietly. “Are you all right?”

Kevin angrily wiped away his tears, and he patted Joe’s shoulder before climbing to his feet. “I’m all right.” He stepped around Joe’s body as he hurried to the stage. He paused at each intricate symbol, using the tip of the sword to carve enough away to break the line and finally make his way to Percy.

He cut through the ropes holding him and then dropped his sword so he could pull Percy up into his arms. He held him close and peppered his hair with kisses. “I got you, princess.”

Percy collapsed into Kevin’s embrace, weak but determined to hang on. “I’m so sorry. Your wings, peaches. Your beautiful wings... I...” He cupped Kevin’s cheek. “I’m sorry.”

“Hey, it’s okay. Who needs ’em anyway?” Kevin kissed Percy fiercely, though he tried to be mindful of his injuries. He gently wiped blood from Percy’s face. “I’m sorry too. This is all my fucking fault.”

“No, it’s my fucking fault,” Percy grumbled. “That little shit tricked me. He told me you were in trouble to lure me right into a trap. I should have known he was full of shit.” He grinned. “Like you’d ever get into any kind of trouble you couldn’t kick the shit out of.”

“I thought...” Kevin swallowed thickly and let his eyes fall closed. “I thought he was gonna win for a minute there.”

“I did too.” Percy stroked Kevin’s hair and kissed his brow. “I wasn’t looking forward to the climb back up, but I was ready to do it so I could tear that bastard into tiny shreds.”

“I’d come down and fucking get you myself,” Kevin said seriously. “Without hesitation. I’d—”

Cher barked impatiently, cocking her head and whining.

“Coming, baby! One sec.” Kevin rubbed Percy’s side. “Can you walk?”

“I can walk, fuck, and dance, though not necessarily in that order.” Percy cringed a little, but he smiled.

“Dancing and fucking sound really good.”

“Later, peaches.”

Kevin shivered as Percy squeezed his hand, surprised that the ache of his wounds faded. “That you? Did you just heal me?”

“Sorry I can’t do more.” Percy frowned. “That little shit had that ax blessed. Didn’t feel so great getting smacked around the head with it.”

“Hey, I’m fine. It’s you I’m worried about.” Kevin kissed Percy’s hand. “I’m sorry. If we hadn’t split up, this never would have happened.”

“I think it’s better we know that your friend and former employer is from a crazy family of demon hunters.” Percy snorted. “Besides, you needed time to do... whatever it was you were doing. I know that finding your wings was important so you could remember who you are, and I’m sorry that it didn’t work. But... maybe you don’t need to. I happen to think who you are right now is pretty damn special.”

“Yeah?” Kevin smiled. “I’m glad you think so. And I think maybe it’s better I don’t know. Whoever that angel was, I’m not him.” He walked over to Cher’s trap, kneeling down to scrape away at the ward holding her.

As soon as Cher was free, she jumped on Kevin and lapped excitedly at his face. As quickly as she’d tackled Kevin, she was gone and racing to Percy, standing on her hind legs to lick him.

“Ugh, please. No!” Percy groaned in disgust, but he resigned himself to his fate and petted her grumpily. “Five

more licks, you rotten hell beast, and then no more!”

“She was worried about her daddy,” Kevin teased, his heart fluttering to see Percy and Cher both alive and safe.

His little demonic family.

Kevin joined them, urging Cher to stand down and curling an arm around Percy’s waist. He petted Cher and kissed Percy’s cheek.

Percy continued to grumble, but he hugged Kevin back while Cher wiggled between them, licking at their hands with happy little whines. She tensed suddenly and whipped around to face the door. All of the hair on her back stood up, her flames burned brighter, and she growled.

“Shit!” Percy pulled away from Kevin. “Hunters? Already? That was fucking fast.”

“Son of a bitch.” Kevin scrambled to grab his sword, readying himself to attack and moving in front of Percy. “Think we can take ’em?”

“There’s always plan B. Me, you, and our brimstone fur baby magical woo woo the fuck out of here—”

The door opened and in walked...

Steve.

Steve the delivery driver was here, followed by his ever present perfume of marijuana. He smiled when he saw Kevin and Percy, and he waved. “Whoa, hey guys! Thought that was your truck out there. It was either your truck or a copy placed there by the space bugs to confuse me.” He looked down. “Hey, cool dog, man.”

Kevin burst out into hysterical laughter, and he dropped the sword to the floor. Relief flooded through him, and he grinned from ear to ear. “Fucking wow, Steve.” He hurried over to pull Steve into a back breaking hug. “I have never been happier to see you.”

“Aw, I love you too, man.” Steve patted Kevin’s hair. “Hugs are nice. Yours is kinda sticky.”

“Just what we need.” Percy scrubbed his face. “Maybe we’ll get a secondhand high and my headache will go away.”

“Did you do something with your hair?” Steve asked. “You look different, man.”

“Uh, yeah! Got a haircut,” Kevin replied, quickly trying to will his demonic form to vanish away. He checked his hands to make sure they were a normal color again and let out a quick sigh of relief.

Percy had also transformed back into his human self, dressed in a clean black suit with purple flowers in his lapel and a deep violet tie.

Steve didn’t seem to notice anything was amiss.

Cher cautiously approached Steve, sniffed his leg, and then turned away with a huff.

“I’m holding if you need somethin’, man,” Steve said cheerfully. “I don’t usually share, but you make Kevin glow. And that’s cool.”

Kevin froze.

Wait, didn’t Steve say something about a dog?

Kevin pulled back, holding Steve by the shoulders and looking him over carefully. “You can see Cher?”

“What?” Steve gasped. “The Dark Lady is here? For real? I haven’t seen her since last Tuesday. She was getting a slushie. Nobody believed me when I said it was Cher ’cause she was too short, had a different nose, and, uh, different hair, but that’s because she was in disguise.”

“Steve, everyone.” Percy clapped.

“Steve, I fuckin’ love you, dude.” Kevin laughed again, reaching down to pet Cher’s head. “This is Cher! Our dog!”

“Oh. So the Dark Lady isn’t here. Bummer.” Steve shrugged. “The dog is still cool though.” He scratched Cher’s ears, and she wagged her tail.

“She’s invisible to almost everyone.”

Steve's eyes widened. "Does this mean I have special powers? Man, I knew my dentist put some kind of antennae in my fillings." He kneeled down to pet Cher some more.

Cher continued to wag her tail, and she licked his face.

"Far out, man. I think part of your dog is on fire."

"That's because she's a hellhound," Kevin said casually. "We picked her up in Vegas at this demon hotel."

"Oh, cool, man." Steve kept petting her.

"What are you doing?" Percy asked from the corner of his mouth, eyeing Kevin. "Why are you telling him all of this?"

"It's Steve! We can trust him," Kevin insisted.

"Seriously?"

"Come on. It's *Steve*."

Percy groaned. "My only solace is that no one will ever believe him."

Steve didn't seem to hear them or care, saying happily, "I bet Vegas was bitchin'."

"Vegas was really cool actually. Awesome pizza." Kevin scratched Cher's back, watching Steve's face as he continued, "Truth is, Steve, Percy is a demon. I'm an angel. Well, I was. Now I guess I'm a demon too."

"Oh, so, like, you converted for him. That's real nice." Steve beamed. "Congratulations!"

"And no one will ever believe him," Percy repeated.

"I guess I did convert for you, huh?" Kevin snorted out a laugh.

Percy smiled warmly, and he took Kevin's hand to kiss it. "I suppose you did, peaches."

"Wait." Steve looked concerned. "Was it one of those deals where they gotta nip the tip? Or is that the thing where they dunk you in the water?"

Kevin snorted out a laugh, unsure if he should share the gory specifics. "Well, uh..."

Steve glanced over Cher and frowned. “Hey, also, uh, not trying to hit anybody with negative waves or anything, but did you guys know there was a dead body in here?”

“Oh? Really?” Percy drawled sarcastically. “We hadn’t noticed.”

“It’s right there. It’s the body on the floor. With the blood. And it’s the one that isn’t moving.”

Kevin sighed heavily. The levity Steve’s presence had granted was swallowed up by the harsh reality of his former best friend’s dead body. “So. About that. Joe was a demon hunter and tried to kill us.”

“Bummer.” Steve stood up to pat Kevin’s arm. “I’m sorry. That was very not cool of him.”

Kevin managed a little smile. “Thanks, bud. It was definitely not cool.”

“Well, hey! Do you guys want some pizza?” Steve perked up. “I got lost trying to deliver to this one house and when I came back to work, it was, like, closed.”

“Closed?” Kevin arched his brow. “I’m thinking maybe you tried to go to the Pizza Hut again. You don’t work for Pizza Hut, okay? You work for me.”

“Groovy. The guys at Pizza Hut were assholes. You’re cool.”

“Thanks.” Kevin chuckled. “You know, some pizza sounds great. Why don’t you head out and me and Percy will be right there.”

“Are you sure we don’t work at Pizza Hut?”

“Nope, we sure don’t.”

“Okay. Yeah, cool, man.” Steve nodded. “And oh yeah! I hear white vinegar will get blood stains out of wood.” He waved as he headed outside. “Bye, cool doggy!”

Cher barked in reply.

“Fuck, I really love that guy.” Kevin laughed softly. “He’s a trip.”

“I suppose he’s entertaining at times,” Percy griped. “Still a tiny bit concerned that he’s a potential witness to your second murder of the day and how he can see our demonic pooch.”

“Must be the weed.”

“I shudder to think about what kind of marijuana he’s smoking that lets him see demon dogs.”

“Look, if it becomes a problem, you can just magical woo woo his brain, right?”

Percy scoffed. “I don’t think there’s much left to work with, but yes.”

“It’s gonna be fine. Steve is a good guy.” Kevin tried not to look at Joe’s body. He cleared his throat. “So, who’s gonna clean all this up?”

“Pffft. As if your boyfriend isn’t a very powerful demon.” Percy wiggled his nose.

Instantly, the blood, wards, and Joe’s body vanished. The ax was gone, though the sword remained, freshly cleaned and polished.

“There!” Percy waved around them. “See?”

“Holy shit.” Kevin stared at the pristine bar in shock. “Wow, I’m never cleaning again. That’s a cool trick!”

“Let’s get over to my place and I promise I’ll show you an even better one.” Percy wrapped his arms around Kevin, leaning up for a kiss.

“I can’t wait.” Kevin hugged him close and bumped their noses together. “Come on, princess. Your chariot awaits.” He led Percy toward the door, pausing to grab the sword. He opened the door with a bow, gesturing for Percy to go ahead of him.

“About that. Quick question.” Percy raised his brow. “Why didn’t you just fly here?”

“Uh.” Kevin hesitated. “Oh, well, uh... because... I forgot I could do that.”

“I love you, peaches. I really do.”

“I love you too.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Guess I'll be going back to driving anyway, huh?" Kevin took Percy's arm as they headed outside. "Since flying requires wings and all."

"That is one downside of being a demon," Percy lamented. "No fancy fluffy wings."

Kevin opened up the passenger-side door of the truck for Percy. "Lame."

"With some time, you can learn to woo woo yourself around though," Percy said as he hopped up into the seat.

"I do like the magical woo woo." Kevin grinned, waiting until Percy slid over and Cher jumped up to join him. He set the sword back in the floorboard and then closed the door. He headed over to Steve's car, cringing at the plume of smoke that billowed out as Steve rolled down his window. "Hey, buddy. Glad you stopped by."

"Me too, man!" Steve grinned dopily. "It was most righteous."

"Why don't you keep one of those pizzas for yourself?"

"Whoa, that's rad, man." Steve paused. "Does this mean I need to tip myself? Since I'm delivering to me?"

"Why don't you just take the rest of the night off and call it even? Let Julie know delivery's been suspended."

"Yeah, totally." Steve handed Kevin a pizza box. "Thanks, man!"

“Have a good night!” Kevin gave him a little salute before heading back to his truck to get behind the wheel. He presented the pizza to Percy. “Mystery pizza!”

“Charming.” Percy set the box in his lap, shooing away Cher when she nosed at it. “Hey, you have a steak dinner waiting for you at home. Quit!”

“Why does she get steak dinner and not me?” Kevin was actually offended and a tiny bit jealous.

“Because you promised me pizza,” Percy replied with a bat of his eyes. “And I am definitely in the mood for some hot, steaming deep dish.”

Kevin sighed dramatically, even as his cock twitched in his pants. “With some extra-large pepperoni?”

“You know what I like.”

They arrived back at Percy’s house and went inside, Kevin juggling the pizza and his sword while Cher followed right behind him. Percy took the lead, strolling into the living room and igniting a blaze in the fireplace with a wave of his hand.

“How about a nice, quiet evening in front of the fireplace?” Percy suggested. “We can eat our pizza, take off our clothes, touch each other in naughty places...”

“You still know how to make a girl feel special.” Kevin grinned. He set the pizza down on a nearby chaise. “Need a big shag rug to really complete this picture of romance you’re painting.”

A rug of the shag variety, bright pink, instantly appeared.

“Ask and you shall receive.” Percy sat down on the new rug, his clothing melting into a black, silk robe. “You know, you’ll be able to do this too someday. You’re a new baby demon who was an angel. You’re bound to have some exciting powers hiding away in there.”

“You think so?”

“Of course. There’s no telling what you might be capable of.”

“Fuck me.” Kevin sat beside Percy, glancing down at his bloody clothes. “Would you mind? Please. No onesies.”

“How’s this?”

Kevin’s clothing turned into a cropped white T-shirt and red gym shorts that barely covered his ass.

Kevin snorted. “Shit! Them shorts are tight.” He pulled at them, trying to avoid a wedgie. “Damn!”

“You mean, these shorts fit wonderfully on my taut, muscular ass.”

“No, I definitely wasn’t thinking that. But thanks for calling my ass wonderful.” Kevin chuckled. “Hey, but seriously. Will you teach me how to use my powers?”

“Of course, peaches.” Percy stroked Kevin’s cheek as his demonic form slid into place. His horn was still broken, but it appeared to be growing back. “I’ll teach you everything I know. We need to be ready in case Joe’s little family decides to come pay us a visit.”

“We will be.” Kevin leaned into Percy’s hot palm. “Can the two of us beat them?”

“Together, I’m confident we can do anything.” Percy took Kevin’s hand and pressed a kiss to it. “I love you, peaches.”

Kevin’s heart fluttered, and a new surge of warmth washed over him, heating up his face. “I love you too, princess.” He squeezed Percy’s hand and leaned in for a soft kiss.

Percy pressed close, the kiss turning deep fast. He slid his tongue into Kevin’s mouth, gently urging Kevin to spread out on his back so he could crawl on top of him.

Kevin went willingly, and he loved how soft the rug felt beneath him. He brought his knees around Percy’s hips and wrapped his arms around Percy’s shoulders. “Pizza is gonna get cold.”

“Does that mean you want me to stop?” Percy pressed his hips down.

“Not on your fucking life.” Kevin growled, rocking up to meet Percy’s movements. His cock was already hard, and he was suddenly desperate to touch every inch of Percy. He raked his fingers down Percy’s back, scratching his nails against his skin.

“Didn’t think so.”

Kevin squirmed as Percy kissed along his throat, and his cock was straining against the tight shorts. He grabbed a handful of Percy’s hair, bucking up against him. “Don’t you dare stop. Don’t you dare.”

“Never, peaches.” Percy’s claws slid down Kevin’s thigh as their hips continued to slide together. He nipped at Kevin’s throat, teasing his sharp teeth over his pulse point.

“Fuck.” Kevin gasped. “Bite me. Please!”

Percy sank his teeth in without hesitation as he firmly thrust against Kevin’s groin. He growled as he drank, noisily swallowing back a big mouthful of blood. “O-oh, *peaches*. You taste... incredible.”

Kevin moaned brokenly, and he shuddered as Percy went back in for another taste. It was so hot and he’d grown to love this, but he was suddenly worried he wouldn’t taste the same. He feared now that he’d taste boring, sour, or worse. “You really mean that? You’re not... disappointed?”

“Why? Because you’re a demon now?” Percy smiled. “It doesn’t matter what you are. Angel, demon, pizza man. I love you, sweet peaches, and nothing has ever tasted as sweet as you.”

“Percy,” Kevin murmured. The sentiment overwhelmed him, and he tilted his head up to catch Percy’s lips in a passionate kiss. He licked into Percy’s mouth, chasing the metallic taste of his own blood. “I love you so much. I’m yours. I’m so fucking yours.”

“Mine.” Percy pushed Kevin’s shirt up, ducking his head to suck on Kevin’s nipple.

Kevin gasped and arched up from the rug, his fingers suddenly sprouting claws as his skin turned red. “Shit! I...” He

was aware of his tail, now winding around Percy's leg. "I'm... well, oops. That happened."

Percy grinned. "Premature corporeal eruption? I'm flattered." His tail followed Kevin's, looping alongside it around his thigh. "Look at you, my beautiful little demon. How does it feel?"

"It feels... good. Different." Kevin closed his eyes. "I feel powerful. Hot. Definitely horny, no pun intended." He peeked open one eye to squint at Percy. "What do you think? Does it feel different to you?"

"You're glowing." Percy smiled. "You look absolutely radiant. As if, maybe, this is exactly who you are supposed to be."

Kevin whined as Percy went back to sucking on his nipples, giving one a playful nibble before moving to the other. "M-maybe it was... Maybe I was always supposed to destroy them."

"I'm just happy you're mine. I'll take you any way I can get you."

"Ditto, princess."

Percy's claws tore at the shorts, shredding them in an instant. He pulled what remained out of his way, his hard cock bumping up against Kevin's hole. "I can't wait to be inside you, but first..." He winked as he slid down farther, his long tongue snaking out to tease along the crease of Kevin's groin.

"No!" Kevin whimpered, writhing at being denied. "I want it now!"

"Aw, is the baby demon mad at daddy?" Percy laughed as he licked between Kevin's cheeks. "You're gonna have to wait. I have to get you ready, don't I? I want your first time as a demon to be perfect."

"You and I both know you can magically woo woo my asshole into being ready in, like, two seconds." Kevin grumbled, though the grumpy sounds melted into a groan as Percy's tongue lapped over his hole. "Fuck, that tongue, though..."

Percy chuckled wickedly, and he rubbed Kevin's thigh as he ate out his ass. He lapped greedily, the tip of his tongue probing insistently as he sought to press inside.

"Fuck yes." Kevin moaned, trying to rock down on Percy's tongue. He felt so empty, and he needed his new body to be claimed. It was heavier somehow, rippling with raw energy, and he wanted Percy inside of him so badly that it was making him crazy.

Percy thrust his tongue, and the pointed tip finally pushed inside Kevin's hole, plunging deep. He kneaded Kevin's thighs as he fucked his ass with long strokes of his tongue, groaning happily.

"Christ!" Kevin cried out, and the sting of Percy's claws was the perfect complement to the delicious pleasure. "Fuck! Yes! More, please."

Percy grunted in reply, and his tongue thrust faster. The swell of the thick muscle was incredible as it stretched Kevin's inner walls, daring to delve farther inside of his body.

"Yes! Fuck me, princess. Come on!" Kevin moaned, and he grabbed Percy's shoulder, his claws drawing little beads of blood. He fucked himself on Percy's tongue and tried to take more.

Percy reached down to grab Kevin's tail, unwinding it from his leg. He got ahold of the thick, pointed tip, and then he slid it up to Kevin's hole.

"Fuck, what are you..." Kevin squirmed. "That's my tail!"

Percy hummed, and he kept on moving Kevin's tail until the tip was right there, pressing in alongside his thrusting tongue. He slid in more, fucking it in the same delicious rhythm as he stretched Kevin's hole open even wider.

There was something so delightfully dirty about being fucked with his own tail, and Kevin was surprised how well he could feel the heat and slick grip of his body. Combined with Percy's tongue, it was divine, and the sweet pressure in his loins was building fast. "Come on... fuck! I'm gonna come!"

Percy fucked him faster, twirling both tail and tongue to tease over Kevin's prostate as they pulled out only to slam back in with devastating strength. His eyes flicked up to meet Kevin's, feasting on his every moan and blissed out cry.

Kevin suddenly growled, a deep and inhuman sound he'd never made before. His shock was short-lived as his orgasm erupted, and he growled again as his cock shot across his stomach. He couldn't believe how hard he was coming or how much, and each powerful shudder seemed to last longer than the one before it. He greedily rode Percy's face, grinning wide. "Fuck yeah."

Percy fucked him through every sinful quiver, and he withdrew with a low hiss. He surged forward to lap at Kevin's cock to claim his load, eagerly slurping up every drop he could before licking up the mess on Kevin's stomach.

"Percy." Kevin panted, melting down into the rug. His body ached sweetly, and the horror and pain of the day were being washed away by each hot swipe of Percy's tongue. Kevin reached down to pet Percy's broken horn, and he smiled warmly as Percy lapped up the last of his come. "Fucking hell, you make me feel so fucking good."

Percy smacked his lips. "Oh, I'm just getting started." His silk robe vanished as he mounted Kevin, roughly pushing between his legs and pinning his arms over his head into the rug.

Kevin shuddered, instantly turned on by how easily Percy could pin him. He'd only just gotten off, but he wanted to go again. His libido had always been strong, but this was like being a teenager again.

At least, what his false memories assumed being a teenager was like anyway.

"Come on," Kevin urged. "I want it."

"Easy now," Percy soothed. "You'll get it, I promise." He rocked his hips, his cock dragging along the cleft of Kevin's ass. He tilted his body until the head pressed against Kevin's slick hole and slipped inside.

“That’s it.” Kevin hooked his legs around Percy, trying to pull him in closer as he savored the throb of Percy’s cock pushing into him.

Percy thrust forward, working himself in with steady pumps of his hips. He squeezed Kevin’s thigh as he fucked him slowly, and he let go of Kevin’s hands. “Almost there, peaches.”

“Fuck yes.” Kevin eagerly curled his arms around Percy’s neck. “You feel so fucking good. Want you to make this new demon yours.”

“I will. You’re mine. You’re all fucking mine.” Percy slammed the final inch of his cock in, and he groaned. He remained fully seated and circled his hips wide.

“Yours!” Kevin loved the ache of Percy working over his ass like that, and he squeezed his legs around Percy. He pushed his hips down to meet Percy’s, and he moaned low at the burst of pleasure it created. “Fuck, I love you.”

“I love you,” Percy whispered. “I love you so fucking much.” He grinded his cock in deep and then started to move. He bottomed out just as Kevin tilted his hips, making each thrust sing with hot friction. He slid his fangs along Kevin’s jaw. “Funny... You’re a demon and you still feel like heaven, peaches.”

Kevin whimpered, and he stroked the back of Percy’s neck. The slide of Percy’s cock was incredible, and he felt much more sensitive now. He didn’t know if it was a demon thing or what, but he never wanted it to end. “This is better than heaven could have been.”

“It’s only heaven because you’re here.” Percy pressed a soft kiss to Kevin’s lips as he slid his arm beneath him to grab Kevin’s shoulder. He pulled him into his growing thrusts and sucked on Kevin’s tongue, fucking him faster and harder. His tail went for Kevin’s cock, squeezing around it tight.

“Percy!” Kevin groaned loudly, his body lighting up as Percy slammed him down on his dick. He clawed at Percy’s back and shouted, his hole stuffed full over and over without

mercy. He could hardly kiss Percy's lips for need of precious air, gasping and crying out as Percy fucked him hard enough to scoot him up the rug.

Percy yanked Kevin back down for a fierce slam.

Kevin sobbed, the sudden bolt of sensation dancing between pain and pleasure. He grabbed firm handfuls of Percy's round ass to keep them close, and his head rolled back against the rug. The fire was warm against his overheated skin, he could smell Percy's sweat, and he was overwhelmed by a thousand and one wonderful feelings, each more lovely than the last.

As Percy fucked him into the rug, Kevin canted his hips forward and let his legs fall apart. "Oh! Fuck! This! Percy, just like this!"

Percy maintained that same beautifully brutal rhythm that had Kevin moaning frantically, arching forward and tilting his head back. Percy bared his fangs, his gold tooth glinting in the light of the flames. He reached up to drag his claws over his shoulder and across his pec, drawing long lines of blood punctuated with little rivulets. "Drink, peaches. Fucking drink. Be mine. Forever."

Kevin was certain that there was nothing on this planet or in heaven or hell as fucking gorgeous as Percy was right now. His heart pounded in his chest, and he'd never needed anything like he did Percy's blood then. He leaned up off the floor, clinging to Percy's neck as he lapped at the ruby trail. He moaned as the blood hit his tongue, and he gasped.

"Princess... oh fuck." Kevin sucked at the cuts and curled his fingers into Percy's hair. The blood was sweet and smoky with a hint of copper, and it was absolutely intoxicating.

"There you go," Percy urged with a low grunt. He fucked Kevin until their bodies lewdly slapped together, growling eagerly. "Take it. Take everything you fucking need."

Kevin simply couldn't get enough, and he ran his tongue over his teeth, suddenly aware of his new, sharp fangs. He

pulled Percy's hair, twisting his head to the side so he could bite Percy's throat.

Percy roared in delight, and his entire cock vibrated in reply. "Oh, *peaches*."

Tears rolled down Kevin's cheeks as he sucked hard, unable to get enough blood to satisfy his inexplicable thirst. He surged forward, using his new strength and speed to push Percy onto his back. He slammed his hips down as he took his place on top, making sure Percy's cock was still firmly in place as he pinned Percy's hands to the floor, mirroring their earlier position. "Fuck, I need more."

Percy stared up at Kevin in awe, and he chuckled low, a deep and throaty sound. He bumped his hips up playfully. "By all means. I did say you could take whatever you needed."

Swallowing a thick gulp of blood, Kevin peeled off his shirt as he fucked himself on Percy's cock. He rode him savagely and then lunged for his throat again. He savored a thick mouthful of blood, the tension in his loins about to burst. His cock was hard and leaking all over Percy's stomach, and Kevin let out a broken moan as Percy slammed up into him.

"Come on." Percy's tail slid over Kevin's cock, sliding in all the precome as he jerked him off. "I know you're getting close."

Kevin bounced on Percy's dick, thrusting up into the tight grip of the tail. He sat up straight, using his full weight to slam down on Percy as hard as he could. He swore his body was lighting up with fireworks, certain Percy had never been so deep inside of him before. "Yes... close!"

Percy clawed at Kevin's ass as they moved together so ferociously, and his tail stroked Kevin even faster. The tip of Percy's tail slid over Kevin's slit as he urged, "Come on, peaches... Come on. Give it up for me."

"Fuck!" Kevin whimpered and shook. That little tease at his slit was all it took to send him falling over the edge. He came with a shout, bouncing on Percy's cock as his come pulsed across Percy's chest. He moaned when he felt a warmth

blooming inside of him as Percy came with him, and he grinded down to milk every drop. “Fuck! Yes! Give it to me!”

“Yours. It’s all fucking yours.” Percy pulled Kevin in for a kiss, still rocking up and fucking Kevin with slow thrusts. “Mm, peaches.”

Kevin kissed him back breathlessly, enjoying the taste of sweat and blood. “Wow.”

“You are extraordinary,” Percy whispered. “Absolutely extraordinary.”

“Right back atcha’.” Kevin grinned and rolled his hips down just to feel another zing of pleasure. “I would go so far as to say amazeballs.”

“Amazeballs? Oh, that’s high praise indeed.”

“The highest.” Kevin smooched Percy’s cheek, reaching to adjust himself. He was still hard, and he grinned slyly. “Now, sweet princess, it’s my turn.”

“Your turn? What did you have in mind?”

“Just hang on. I have an idea.” Kevin hugged Percy tight and closed his eyes. He scrunched his face in concentration as he imagined them moving to the big bed upstairs. He took a deep breath and waited. “Did it work?”

“Did you just try to magical woo woo us somewhere?”

“Yeah?”

“Then no. It didn’t.”

“Fuck!” Kevin opened his eyes.

“That one takes a little time to learn.” Percy chuckled. “Don’t worry. You’ll get there. Would you like me to perform said woo wooing?”

“No, I’ll just whisk you away the old-fashioned way!” Kevin grinned. “And I’ll rhyme while I do it!”

“Is that really rhyming? *Away* and *way*? Feels lazy.”

“Shut up.” Kevin grunted as he lifted himself off Percy’s cock. Percy’s come dripped down his thighs as he gave Percy

a hand, helping him stand so he could sweep him off his feet. He cradled Percy against his chest. “Shall we?”

“Yes, we shall.” Percy grinned as he hugged Kevin’s neck. “I could get used to this.”

Kevin smooched him as he headed toward the stairs, but the crunch of cardboard drew his attention back to the living room.

Cher was frozen on the chaise with the pizza box, and half of the pizza was already in her mouth.

“Son of a bitch.”

Percy cackled. “So much for pizza, eh? Don’t worry. I’ll let you have her steak.”

Kevin snorted. “Thanks. That’s so sweet of you.”

“I know.”

Kevin grinned as he carried Percy upstairs, though he hesitated a little as he walked into the bedroom. “Hey, I can move around in here now!”

“Of course you can.” Percy scoffed. “You’re not an angel. You’re one hundred percent demon now.”

“Well, excuse the shit outta me for bein’ excited about new things.”

“You’re very cute when you’re excited.”

“Glad you think so.” Kevin playfully tossed Percy onto bed, taking in the sight of him stretched out before him like a scrumptious meal.

Percy spread his legs wide as Kevin crawled up to join him, and he pulled him into a deep kiss. His tail tangled with Kevin’s as he murmured, “Trust me. I know so. You’re the most adorable baby demon that’s ever demoned.”

“Stop it! I am not adorable! I killed two people today!” Kevin protested as he rubbed his cock against Percy’s ass.

“Oh, tough guy.” Percy chuckled wickedly as he arched up, positioning Kevin’s cock so it slid right over his hole. His

tail guided Kevin's around his hip, the tips of both tails teasing between Kevin's cheeks.

"Hi there, boys." Kevin glanced back at their tails with a grin, and then he beamed down at Percy. He lined himself up, teasing the head of his cock inside. "Mmm, are you ready for me, princess?"

"I'm always ready for you."

"Noted." Kevin winked as he pushed into Percy's hot body, and he groaned as Percy pushed their tails into his soft hole. Being penetrated while his dick was wrapped up in tight heat was intense, and he groaned with pleasure. "Oh, fuck yeah."

Percy moaned in agreement, his legs squeezing around Kevin as he pushed their tails in deeper. He grabbed Kevin's ass and kissed him hard.

Kevin kissed back hungrily, but he only moved his hips at a glacial pace. He thrust barely an inch or two at a time, pulling back almost all the way out so he could grind back on the tails in his ass.

Percy let out a sob when Kevin was just over halfway in, and he was already shaking. He wrapped himself around Kevin so there was barely a fraction of space between them. "Yes, fuck. Just like that."

Kevin slid his arms around Percy, hugging him tight. He gave Percy a little more of his cock, shuddering at the clenching heat of Percy's hole swallowing him up. "You feel fucking perfect... Almost there. Just a little more."

"Give it to me," Percy pleaded. "Come on, please. Give it to me." He thrust his tail and Kevin's deeper, trying to urge Kevin to sink the last bit of his dick inside.

Kevin whined and his hips jerked forward, finally burying himself all the way. He groaned and kissed Percy, and he had to take a few deep breaths and settle himself so he didn't come too fast.

Percy whined, squeezing around Kevin's cock as they made out. He rocked down, clearly desperate for friction, and

he fucked Kevin's hole with their tails. "Lucifer, yes. Fuck, yes, yes, yes."

Kevin grinded back on their tails between thrusting forward, enraptured by the onslaught of pleasure. It was amazing, and a hard slam of the tails caused him to lurch forward, gasping. "Fuck!"

"Go on, peaches." Percy whimpered. "Go on. Fuck me. Fuck me!"

"Comin' right up!" Kevin pulled out halfway, took a deep breath, and thrust back in with a snarl. He pounded into Percy harder than he'd ever dared, and he loved how Percy was instantly writhing beneath him.

Percy fucked their tails into Kevin's ass at the same rough pace, and he sobbed, clawing his way up Kevin's back. "Yes! Fucking give it to me!"

Kevin lost any semblance of control, flexing his new demonic strength and fucking Percy until the entire bed was shaking. He snapped his teeth at Percy's neck, licking at the bite marks he'd left there as he purred, "Gonna come on my cock, princess?"

"Yes! Fuck, yes!" Percy's eyes rolled back, and he pulled his legs up as Kevin fucked him raw. He grinned madly, lost to the pleasure as he hugged his knees to his chest, and he pounded their joined tails into Kevin's ass relentlessly. He curled his tail, dragging Kevin's with it, pressing into Kevin's prostate.

"Percy!" Kevin roared, overwhelmed by the combination of being inside Percy while the thick tails fucked him so perfectly. It was out of this world, and the wicked pressure in his loins was ready to erupt. He wanted to take Percy with him, and he focused on stalling his own climax as he gave Percy everything he had. "Come with me, princess... Come on! Give it up for me!"

Percy tensed, shuddered, and his cock shot his load between them in thick spurts. He gasped and mouthed at

Kevin's neck, frantically fucking his tail into Kevin as he pleaded, "Come on, peaches. Give me your fucking come!"

Kevin let out a howl that was definitely not human as his cock pulsed inside Percy's clenching hole. He fucked him hard, his hips stuttering as his climax made him see stars. He pushed himself as deeply as he could, panting hard. "Yes! My princess! Fuck! Take it all!"

Percy whimpered low, and his back arched off the bed as he squirmed on Kevin's cock. He went limp, staring up at Kevin with a blissed-out smile. His face was flushed a dark shade of crimson, he was shiny with sweat, and he chuckled breathlessly. "Oh, peaches. That was lovely."

Kevin grinned triumphantly, and he kissed the beautiful smile on Percy's lips. He petted Percy's cheek and bumped their noses together. "Lovely indeed."

Percy dropped his arms and legs, sagging into the mattress as he weakly withdrew their tails from Kevin's body. "That was... *mmp*h." He laughed giddily. "You were amazing, peaches. Careful. I'll make a new ward just for you to keep you trapped here."

"Wouldn't that be such a shame?" Kevin nuzzled Percy's jaw as he slowly pulled his cock free. He rubbed Percy's thigh, and he kissed him one more time before he dropped onto the bed beside him. "Trapped here, having to be your sex slave forever. Damn."

Percy remained as he was, relaxed and smiling, though he turned his head to eye Kevin. "You could... if you really wanted to. Not trapped, of course, but you could... stay."

Kevin draped an arm over Percy as he cuddled close, and his heart skipped a beat. "Stay? You mean the night or... something a little longer? Like, I dunno, forever?"

Percy licked his lips, and he actually looked nervous. He rolled over to press himself against Kevin's chest. "Forever would be a good start, seeing as how we're damned for eternity anyway."

“Forever, huh?” Kevin hugged Percy, his fingers trailing down his spine. He couldn’t even try to stop the idiotic smile he knew he had, and he was too happy to even care. “Sounds good to me.”

“Besides, let’s be real.” Percy smirked. “We’re never sleeping over at your place. But I am willing to let you turn one of the spare rooms here into a game room.”

“My place isn’t good enough for you, huh?” Kevin laughed.

“No, it’s not. My lush body demands a higher thread count than you can offer, thank you.”

“Really? You totally are a princess.” Kevin cackled. “We fucked in my truck and on a buffet counter, but you draw the line at shoddy sheets?”

“Primal fucking can happen anywhere, but I need at least a fifteen hundred thread count caressing my naked flesh if I want to rest properly. Sleep not being required, of course, since I’m a demon, but I refuse to settle for anything less than absolute luxury for my beauty rest.”

“Well, I’m not really thrilled with the new potential commute to work, but...” Kevin gazed at Percy, and he swore his heart completely stopped for a moment. “Throw in a pizza oven for the backyard, and I guess I can live here. With the game room, of course.”

Percy grinned. “I have a feeling you’ll get over it, peaches.”

“I’ll get over it.” Kevin laughed. “Don’t worry.”

“I know you will. I love you, peaches.”

“And I love you, princess. Always.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

As Kevin and Percy approached their one month anniversary, Kevin was the happiest he'd ever been. After all, this was already by far his longest relationship, and he'd never been so in love. No previous partner could compare to Percival Pearl, and everything they did together, from their bedroom acrobatics to the simple joy of snuggling on the couch with Cher to watch TV, was perfect. Yes, Percy was a demon, but that hardly mattered.

Especially since Kevin was one too.

Percy took Kevin's new baby demon training very seriously, and he did his best to make sure Kevin understood how to use his many abilities. The magical woo wooing of teleportation remained elusive, but Kevin could summon and dismiss small items, shift into his demon form at will, and he'd almost perfected intimate preparation. While the last one wouldn't help them fight Joe's family of hunters if they ever showed up, Kevin had considered it a priority.

There hadn't been any sign of the hunters, and the local authorities investigated Joe's disappearance as a missing persons case until his body was discovered washed up on a beach in Oregon with his cousin, Sebastian Rossi. Though both bodies were badly decomposed from being in the water, it was determined that they'd killed each other dueling with swords.

Maybe it was because he was a demon now, but Kevin didn't mourn Joe's loss much. It could also be that Joe had betrayed him and tried to kill his boyfriend and his dog, so he

didn't miss him. He thought perhaps he sometimes missed the friendship they'd had, but he knew now it had been a lie.

He didn't think about the past very often now. He had such a wonderful present to enjoy and a bright future ahead of him. Sometimes he still wondered about his old life, and the angel he was, but he never lingered on it for long. He was all but sure now Uncle Al had been just another figment of his broken mind, and he thought it was more important to focus his attention on what was real.

His restaurant, his friends, his dog, and of course, his loving boyfriend.

Percy was so loving of a boyfriend, in fact, that he had actually volunteered to help out at the restaurant while Julie was gone on her two week cruise to the Bahamas. It had taken a little while to plan the perfect vacation, and Kevin had insisted on paying for it. She was leaving tomorrow and had popped by the restaurant while her husband finished up a few last minute errands for their trip.

When she saw Kevin trying and failing to teach Percy how to work the register, she'd decided to hang out for a bit to enjoy the free entertainment.

The training was not going very well.

Apparently, demons and electronics did not get along. As in, every time Percy touched the register, it beeped when it should have booped, booped when it needed to beep, and it wouldn't stop spitting out horrendously long receipts for no reason at all.

Percy was on his third attempt to ring up a simple pizza order, and Kevin swore he could see Percy's horns trying to peek through. He leaned against the counter, reaching out to pour the contents of a blender into Julie's glass for her next margarita.

Julie had pulled a chair over to get a better view of Percy's latest meltdown, and she had mentioned wanting a margarita earlier. It was little surprise that Percy just so happened to find

all the ingredients, including a blender, to make said margaritas in Kevin's old apartment.

Knowing damn well he'd never owned a blender in his life, Kevin was certain Percy had used magic. With the way their training was going so far, he was about to ask him to magic up some whiskey.

"No, wait, wait, wait," Kevin protested as the register squawked at them. "Push the button for the item first. So, like a large pizza. Then you add the toppings."

"No, see. I do that, and it beeps at me." Percy scowled at the register's touch screen. "I am going to set it on fire."

"Do not! It's beeping at you because... Well. What the hell is it beeping for?" Kevin frowned, pushing the button to cancel the order. The register instead processed the order, and it printed a receipt of gibberish that was at least a mile long. "Julie. Help. You're the only one this old thing likes!"

"No can do." Julie slurped at her drink.

"Wait! I've got this!" Percy sneered as he jabbed a few more buttons. The register vibrated briefly, but then the screen changed to reflect the sample order they'd been trying to put in. "See? Look at that."

"Genius! I knew you'd get it." Kevin kissed Percy's cheek, certain that more magic was probably involved. "We'll make a cashier outta you yet!"

"Goody gumdrops." Percy rolled his eyes.

Julie saluted with her margarita. "Remember to smile pretty and don't make faces like that in front of the customers. They don't like that."

"Yeah. Try big smiles and low cut shirts. Always improved my tips personally." Kevin grinned.

"Right." Percy nodded. "Show boobs. Got it."

"Do not show boobs," Julie said sternly. "The last thing we need is a health inspector coming in here, asking why there's all this chest hair in the food."

“I’ll wax?”

“Don’t you dare,” Kevin scolded.

“Fine then. I’ll just have to try and be charming then.” Percy winked. He coyly leaned against the counter, but he accidentally bumped against the register and prompted it to spit out another long receipt.

Julie fixed Kevin with a pointed look.

“What?” Kevin scoffed. “We’re gonna be fine.”

Percy scowled, and he made a strangling motion with his hands.

“Super fine,” Kevin assured her.

Percy smacked the register. “Fucking worse than an audit in hell!”

Julie slurped her drink noisily. “Sure about that, boss?”

Kevin snorted, glancing at Percy. “I have mostly total confidence.”

“Uh-huh.”

James poked his head out from the kitchen. “Does this mean I can take lunch now?”

Kevin nodded. “Go right ahead.” He held up a firm finger. “But no margaritas.”

“Yes, senpai,” James said in a mocking and high-pitched voice as he scurried out of the kitchen to join Julie.

Percy continued to stab the register with his fingers.

Kevin flashed a smile to Julie and James, and he leaned in close to Percy, sliding an arm around him. “So. Worse than an audit in hell, huh?”

“Peaches, I would rather pull my toenails off with my own teeth,” Percy said sweetly.

Kevin chuckled and started humming “Peaches” by Jack Black. It popped into his head nearly every time Percy said his nickname now, and he hummed a little louder as he rubbed Percy’s back.

Percy groaned dramatically. “No, don’t you start.”

“Come on! It’s our song!” Kevin teased. “You know you want to sing along.”

“No.”

Kevin cackled and then started to sing the chorus.

Percy groaned more as Kevin wrapped his arms around him from behind, rocking him back and forth as he belted out the I love you. Percy dropped his hands to hold Kevin’s forearms, and he finally sang with Kevin, laughing as they choked out the final dramatic vocalizations.

Julie and James applauded and cheered.

Percy blushed, grumbling, “All right, all right! Show’s over!” He kissed Kevin, brief but passionate, and then shooed him away to a respectable distance. “Focus now. I have to conquer this miserable device!”

“Don’t deny it. You loved that,” Kevin teased, licking the taste of Percy from his lips. He smiled as Percy resumed his battle with the register, and he chuckled as more receipt paper came shooting out.

“Oh, yes! About as much as I love filling out forms in triplicate,” Percy mumbled, though he was clearly trying to hide a smile.

“I bet your handwriting is beautiful.”

“Fuck off.”

Kevin laughed, and he looked over to make sure Julie and James weren’t listening. He also pretended not to notice Julie slipping James some of her margarita. He didn’t want to upset Percy, but he was curious about something.

“Hey, what fuckstick said about how you got out...” Kevin tried to choose his words carefully. “Was that a lot of paperwork too?”

“You’re asking me about that *now*?” Percy scoffed. “Really?”

“No! I mean, yes. It just popped into my head when you said the audit thing.”

“And what if I tell you I had to sign everything in baby blood and seal it with cute puppy guts?” Percy scowled. “That’s what you’re expecting me to say, isn’t it?”

“It wouldn’t matter,” Kevin said firmly, “and I shouldn’t have asked. It’s not any of my business.” He hated how he’d clearly hurt Percy’s feelings and that he’d even brought it up. “I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry.” Percy sagged. “I’d been wondering why you hadn’t asked to be honest.” He lowered his voice. “Ever since Joe said all that... before.”

“I meant what I said. I don’t care. It wouldn’t change anything.” Kevin shrugged. “I was just curious.”

Percy was quiet for a moment.

Julie and James laughed about some comment on a fan fiction he was showing her on his phone. She slipped him more of the margarita and Kevin again pretended not to see it.

“When I said I found a loophole, I was telling the truth.” Percy tore at the receipt paper and crumpled it up into a big ball. “I had a ninety-five percent clear rate within a hundred years. As in, I would clear ninety-five percent of a city’s population by getting them to sell me their souls.”

Kevin tried very hard to keep his face neutral.

Ninety-five percent...

“Okay.” Kevin nodded. “Depending on the city, that could be... a lot. I dunno. Math is not my thing.”

“Ah, yes. But it was mine, you see. I also developed a particular interest in municipal law, especially for what constitutes a city or town, what have you. Like, having twenty-five percent of registered voters in said area sign a petition and ignoring the five-hundred citizen minimum so I could declare a very unusually small area of land as a city. An area, oh, no bigger than an apartment, for example.”

Kevin stared blankly as his brain worked through what Percy had just told him. When it finally clicked the light bulb came on. “Wait, that’s fucking brilliant. So, ninety-five percent of an apartment. Not a real city.”

“No, no, no.” Percy clicked his tongue. “According to the great states of Georgia, Florida, and so on, they were all indeed cities, thank you.” He winked. “I found a way to give myself an unrivaled clearance rate, and every contract in hell is based on the percentage cleared within a single municipality, not by any specific number of souls.”

Kevin’s grin grew even bigger. “Damn, it’s really sexy how your evil mind works.” He leaned in to nudge Percy’s shoulder. “I don’t know what the average retirement age for a demon is, but I’m impressed.”

“It’s funny. It wasn’t even anything evil that first made me think of it.” Percy flicked the side of the cash register. “Unlike this amalgamation of horror and hate, it was seeing someone’s good deed.”

Kevin tilted his head as he listened, growing more curious with each detail revealed. He didn’t think his opinion of Percy would have changed even if he had admitted to collecting tens of millions of souls. He’d kinda expected it, to be honest. This, however, was not.

“A good deed?” Kevin repeated. “Really?”

“Yes.” Percy hesitated.

Julie had taken the blender and was now pouring a margarita for James. Steve, who had appeared in a cloud of smoke, subtly turned the open sign off, coughing loudly into his elbow.

“Are you sure you want to hear this?” Percy asked. “It’s not... a great story. No happy ending, peaches.”

Kevin’s smile dipped, and he turned to lean his hip against the counter. “I mean, if you wanna tell me, I’m listening. I wanna know everything about you, but you don’t have to tell me though. It isn’t gonna change how I feel either way.”

“The short version is I had to collect a soul,” Percy replied quietly, making sure to keep his voice below the reverie of the margarita party Julie had created. “Average bastard, sold his soul for money as most of them tend to do. His time was up, and he was choking on a hot dog. Not a very glamorous end, but that’s not my department. I just had to collect since I’m the one who signed, all right?” He fidgeted. “Well, there was a man there. Some fellow with the stupidest hat I’d ever seen doing everything he could to save this poor idiot.” He laughed bitterly. “He was crying, praying, begging for a miracle, and well... someone actually answered.”

Kevin was listening attentively, and he gave Percy’s arm a gentle squeeze. “Someone came to save hot dog guy?”

“An angel.” Percy inhaled sharply. “Trust that I didn’t stick around to see what actually happened. As soon as I saw a blob of holy light descending from the sky, I made a gracious and fast exit. But here’s the real kicker. I still got that man’s soul. He still died via hot dog. That man in the funny hat? All his prayer and blubbering, actually summoning an angel from heaven, and it didn’t matter. None of it did.” He scoffed a little. “It got me thinking that maybe, just maybe, I didn’t want to keep doing this for the rest of eternity. So, that’s when I decided to start doing a bit of research for what would constitute an early retirement.”

“Even an angel couldn’t save him? That’s stupid.” Kevin frowned.

“Told you it didn’t have a happy ending.” Percy’s shoulders sagged.

“I’m really sorry.” Kevin squeezed Percy’s arm again. “That’s actually making me glad I can’t remember anything.”

“I doubt you’re missing out on much. Angels aren’t known for their raging parties or orgies.”

“Yeah, I figured. But you know, you’re wrong about one thing.”

“Excuse me?”

Kevin pulled Percy into his arms and hugged him tight. “That story does have a happy ending. It made you retire and find me.”

“I... I suppose you’re right.” Percy’s cheeks turned a pretty shade of pink, and his bright eyes were a bit damp as he gazed up at Kevin. “Technically, you found me. Delivered my pizzas and were instantly enraptured by the sight of my hot, naked body.”

“Well, obviously. Semantics.” Kevin chuckled, and he cupped the side of Percy’s face. “Whatever had to happen to get us both here, I think it was worth it.”

“Agreed.” Percy kissed him sweetly.

Kevin didn’t want to get too carried away, but he let the kiss linger a few moments longer before pulling away. “See? Worth it.”

“Absolutely.” Percy chuckled. “I’m serious about that stupid hat though. I’ll remember that thing until the day I die.” He snorted out a laugh. “It was a purple bowler. Not even a pretty shade of purple, but sort of a vomitous combination of violet and mauve. Oh! And it had feathers—“

The front door opened.

Well, shit. Steve didn’t lock it.

A tall, older gentleman walked in, and he was wearing...

A purple bowler with feathers.

He looked around in faint surprise, no doubt perplexed that half the staff were drinking margaritas and the rest were making out behind the counter.

“That’s...” Percy pointed at the man. “It was a hat just like that as a matter of fact. We should go buy a lottery ticket right now.”

Kevin couldn’t reply because he’d forgotten how to speak.

The man...

He *knew* him.

“Uncle Al!” Kevin grinned from ear to ear, his heart soaring as his initial shock faded.

His very real, very not made up uncle was right there.

“Uh, hey! Kevin! Good to see you, slugger!” Al looked around the restaurant again, trying to hide a smile. “If you’re going to close to do whatever it is you all are doing, might I suggest actually locking the door?”

“What the fuck?” Percy’s jaw dropped. “You mean he’s *real*?”

“I fucking told you!” Kevin declared in a singsong voice.

“I thought I did lock it... Huh.” Steve hummed thoughtfully. “Maybe I only thought I did and figured my body would follow my commands, like when I dream. Might be interference from the space bugs.”

“Nice to see some things are still the same.” Al chuckled.

“You remember Julie, of course,” Kevin said, hoping Julie’s memory was at least more reliable than his own. “Steve, and... James?”

“Julie!” Al gave her a big hug.

“Hey, Al!” Julie swayed a little, but she was smiling. “Nice to see you!”

Al grunted as Steve stood up to hug them both, and James politely waited his turn to be introduced. Kevin actually got a bit misty-eyed watching them interact, again overwhelmed by the simple fact that Al wasn’t just from a movie. Kevin really did have a family, and it was such a good feeling to have them all here together.

“Hey!” Kevin called. “I got one more person for you to meet.” He beamed. “Percival Pearl, my boyfriend.”

“I’ll get to him in a second. Gotta give my shovel talk and all that since he’s datin’ my favorite nephew.” Al smiled as he came around the counter, taking off his hat.

“Your only nephew.” Kevin chuckled.

“See? That’s why you’re my favorite!” Al laughed and gave Kevin a warm hug. “Come here, big guy!”

Kevin melted into Al’s arms and hugged him tight.

He was *real*.

Not every part of Kevin’s life was from some movie after all, and he thought he might actually cry from the surge of emotions overwhelming him. He really did have an Uncle Al. He knew Al couldn’t be his real uncle unless he was also some kind of wayward celestial being, and it certainly created a lot of new questions, but none of them mattered right now.

Al suddenly tensed. “You, though. You seem... different.”

Kevin frowned, his own muscles winding up now. “Uh, what, what do you mean?”

“It’s nothing big, I just...” Al’s gaze happened to move over Kevin’s shoulder to Percy, and his eyes narrowed. “*You*.”

“Me?” Percy asked.

“Kevin,” Al said sternly, “we may need to have a little chat. In private.”

“Is this about Kevin’s boyfriend being a demon?” Steve asked loudly, pausing to sip his margarita. “Because, like, dude. Al. We know that.”

“Sure, we do,” Julie said sarcastically. “Kevin is a demon now too, and they have a demon dog.”

“Hellhound,” James corrected, chuckling. “Who they leave at home because she’s invisible to everyone else except them and Steve.”

It was obvious neither James or Julie believed Steve’s stories as predicted, but Al had the funniest look on his face.

A look that said he just might.

Kevin frowned. “Hey, what’s up? Do you know Percy or somethin’?”

“Kitchen. Now.” Al gently but firmly dragged Kevin into the kitchen.

Kevin shot a quick, worried glance to Percy as Al pulled him around the corner by the prep table, out of sight from the others. “Al, what’s wrong?”

“I have something to tell you,” Al said, his brow pinched. “Something I don’t think you’re going to believe.” He took a deep breath. “You’re an—”

“Angel?” Percy cut in as he marched into the kitchen with a scowl. “Yes, we know.”

“How?” Al asked Kevin, ignoring Percy as he added, “And what the hell are you doing running around with a demon?”

Kevin’s stomach was in knots as he replied hesitantly, “It’s a long story. Been a crazy few weeks while you’ve been gone.” He rubbed the back of his neck nervously, afraid to meet Al’s eyes. “I’m not an angel anymore either.”

“That’s... that’s what I was afraid of.” Al sighed. “You found your wings then. How much do you remember? Anything? About how we met? Why you fell?”

“Wait, you know about all this?” Kevin finally looked up at Al, unable to hide his shock.

“Of course I know! Who do you think helped you hide your damn wings inside the *Goonies* rock?”

“Wait, wait, wait. That was you?”

“Yes!”

Kevin’s brain hurt, and he rubbed at his neck again. “Okay, so, yeah. I found my wings. I had them for a minute, but I never remembered anything. Not a damn thing.”

“You.” Percy pointed at Al. “Man with the ugly hat.”

Kevin snorted. “His name is *Alfred*.”

“Actually, it’s Alan.” Al smiled. “I just stopped trying to correct you after the first five years or so.”

“Well, shit.”

“Whatever his name is.” Percy scowled as he eyed Al. “Start talking. From the beginning.”

“All right, all right.” Al held out his hands. “It was almost fifteen years ago. I’d tried to save a man from choking to death —“

“On a hot dog?”

“Yes.” Al narrowed his eyes. “I knew that was you! You were there to collect his soul, weren’t you?”

“Wait a minute, hold the fucking phone.” Kevin was having trouble keeping up. “Al was the man in the ugly hat?”

Al glanced at his bowler. “Hey, come on—”

“Yes,” Percy confirmed.

Kevin froze as the full weight of this new information hit him. “Holy fuck nuggets. I was the angel, wasn’t I?”

“Yes.” Al made a face at Percy. “And he was the demon.” He looked back to Kevin. “I didn’t know that man, but I still tried to save him. I prayed to God, to anyone who might be listening. It was you who answered. You came down to try and help me, but... it was too late. You were angry. You didn’t understand why God would have let you come to Earth if there was nothing you could do.”

“So I fell. You helped me hide the wings instead of destroying them? Then what? Brought me here?”

“I didn’t want you to do anything you couldn’t undo. Especially when you were angry.” Al smiled sadly. “So, yeah. I moved you in with me. Wasn’t really sure what else to do with you, heh. You’d stay at the house and watch movies while I worked here at the restaurant. I’d told you to call me Uncle Al, and well... the longer you were on Earth, the more your memories faded.”

Kevin swallowed over the lump growing in his throat. “I replaced them all with the fucking TV.” He snorted, rubbing at his stinging eyes. “From the sound of it, I’m probably not missing out on much.”

Al reached out to squeeze Kevin’s shoulder. “You seemed so happy pretending to be human, working with me at the restaurant, and I... Well, it was easier than having to remind

you every week who and what you really were. It got to a point that when I would try and bring it up, you'd get upset and then just forget all about it again. I don't think you wanted to remember."

"Yeah, no. I'm sure you did exactly what you should have done." Kevin managed a smile. "Thank you. It really is probably better that I don't." He reached for Percy's hand. "Except for you. I wish I remembered seeing you."

"Ha! Even if you did have all your memories, I don't think you would." Al cackled. "That chicken tucked tail and ran as soon as you landed."

Kevin laughed and then stuck his tongue out at Percy. "Big bad demon afraid of little old me."

"Little old you was a holy celestial being who would have smited me on sight," Percy grumbled.

"I mean, maybe. Or maybe I woulda thought you were cute."

"Uh-huh."

"Hey..." Kevin frowned at Al. "Maybe a dumb question, but, uh, how did you know what to do with my wings and all that?"

"I used to be a hunter," Al said, smiling wearily. "We've had this conversation before, but heh, you forgot that too naturally."

"Great. Wonderful." Percy groaned. "More hunters."

"Look, you're gonna have to just get used to it. He's your Uncle Al now too." Kevin playfully nudged Percy's side. "Hear that, Uncle Al? You got yourself another nephew now. 'Cause he's mine and he's staying."

Percy eyed Al. "Yes, of course. Super. An uncle who might kill me."

"No, no." Al shook his head. "You're safe from me. Both of you. I promise." He winked. "Break my favorite nephew's heart though, and I still know my way around a demon trap."

Percy sighed heavily. “Shovel talk received.”

“Aw, this is beautiful.” Kevin smiled, genuinely happy. He could hardly believe how well everything was falling into place. Knowing he’d crossed paths with Percy so many years ago made this feel even more right than before, as if this was exactly where and what he was supposed to be. He held out his arms, waving Al and Percy closer. “Come on! Bring it in.”

“For the love of Beelzebub’s blistered balls,” Percy grumbled as he allowed himself to be dragged into the big hug.

Al chuckled and hugged them both tight. “Hey.” He beamed at Kevin. “Been a long time since I’ve seen you smile like that.”

“Probably been a long time since I’ve ever been this fucking happy.” Kevin’s smile only grew, and his chest was flooded with a wonderful warmth. He squeezed Percy and Al, sighing contentedly.

Percy grunted.

Kevin snickered. “I feel the start of a beautiful friendship comin’ between you guys.”

“Can we stop hugging now?” Percy sighed. “I don’t usually touch people this long if I’m not planning to have them inside me.”

Al laughed, and he gave Percy enough space to escape. He turned to pull Kevin in for another big hug. His shoulders trembled for a moment, and his voice was a hoarse whisper as he said, “I’m sorry I wasn’t here. I’m so, so sorry.”

Kevin tried not to crush Al, but he did want to hug him just a little tighter. “It’s okay. You’re here now. And I’m good. I’m really good.” He pulled back so Al could breathe. “Besides, you never would have let me take a road trip with a demon.”

“Hey! I might have surprised you.” Al laughed. “You know, we took one hell of a road trip together years ago. Do you remember any of that? When we went to hide your wings?”

Kevin narrowed his eyes thoughtfully for a moment, and then he grinned. “Yeah! Wait, did we go to the *Rudy* bar? Then for some reason flee the *Rudy* bar?”

“Hey! You remembered!” Al slapped his hand on Kevin’s back. “Yeah! Ran into some old hunters who didn’t like that I’d gotten out. Had ourselves a little tiff and then we booked it out of there. Right through the back door.”

“See!” Kevin smacked Percy’s arm excitedly. “I told you! I *had* run out of that place that way before!” He laughed, delighted that at least one memory rolling around in his head was confirmed.

Percy rubbed his arm with a pout. “I didn’t say that *all* your memories were made up. Just that probably *most* of them were.”

“Wait.” Al glanced between them. “You went back to Corby’s?”

“Yeah!” Kevin replied. “We were looking for my wings and I guess that’s why I felt like we needed to go there. That’s really the only part that rang a bell.”

“Well, I’m back for a while. You can tell me all about your trip and I can tell you about the one we took.” Al smiled. “Maybe you’ll even remember it this time.”

“You get your phone or whatever it was figured out?”

“Yeah, got the new phone. New number too. But then they found black mold in my new house. Can you believe that shit?”

“That sucks, but I’m really glad you’re here though. It’s nice when you’re home.” Kevin smiled and leaned into Percy, tilting his head to kiss his temple. “Got the whole family here now.”

“Yes,” Percy mumbled. “I love having family who can trap me at their leisure.”

“Hush you.” Kevin chuckled, but he stopped as an unpleasant thought popped into his head. “Hey. Al. Did you know Joe was a hunter?”

“Joe?” Al scoffed in disbelief. “Joe *Button?* Owns Ripley’s? Come on now. Is this something from one of your movies?”

“No! I’m serious.” Kevin shook his head and pointed at Percy. “Joe kidnapped him and was gonna kill him. Before that, he sicced his fucking psycho half-demon cousin on us. Followed us across the whole damn country tryin’ to kill us.”

“Who?” Al asked worriedly.

“Sebastian Something Italian,” Percy chimed in. “Absolute prick. Zero out of ten, would not recommend.”

Al slumped against the prep counter. “Sebastian Rossi. Holy fuck.”

Kevin couldn’t be certain, but he thought this might have been the first time he’d ever heard Al cuss.

“Wow.” Al scrubbed his hand over his face. “We have a lot to talk about. And I mean a lot.” His expression hardened. “What happened? Have they been dealt with? I’m not too old to go to work.”

Kevin grinned. “While I would love to see you be all big and badass, I already drop-kicked Sebastian’s head into the ocean.” His smile dipped as he continued, “I took care of Joe too. He said he has more family though, and we’re not exactly numero uno on their list of happy things.”

“I’m so sorry.” Al sighed. “Not about the head kicking or whatever, but for Joe. I know you guys were friends. I had no idea he was a hunter. When we came here, I thought it would be safe.”

“It could potentially become very unsafe at any time,” Percy said gravely. “Any help would be very—”

“Wait!” Julie’s slurred voice called out. “Are you saying someone is gonna try to hurt Kevin?”

There was a loud *thwump* as Steve and James hit the floor at the corner of the kitchen doorway. Julie landed right on top of them.

The smell of sweet and sour mix was very strong.

Kevin stared at his friends in horror, worried that what they may have overheard would ruin everything. “Uh... hi, guys.”

“Hi.” Steve waved.

Kevin’s stomach felt like it was filled with grasshoppers as he walked over to help them up. He got Julie up first, asking, “You okay?”

Julie stumbled forward, and she leaned heavily on Kevin. She poked his chest and demanded, “Tell me the truth! Is someone messing with you? ’Cause I’ll fuck ’em up.”

“I do so like her,” Percy teased as he helped up James and then Steve.

Steve took Percy’s assistance as an invitation for a hug and wrapped his arms around him. “Yeah, there’s bad people who wanna hurt ’em ’cause they’re demons. Way not cool.”

“Who? Where are they?” Julie snapped. “I might be on vacation, but I can still whoop someone’s ass!”

Kevin laughed and kissed the top of Julie’s head. “Listen, short version is yeah. Someone tried to kill us, but they’re not gonna be a problem anymore. Their family might be though.”

“Okay.” Julie swayed a little. “I’m gonna need you to explain the whole killing you thing. And the demon thing.”

“Look, it’s a long and weird story,” Kevin said. “If y’all really wanna hear it, I’ll tell you.” He grinned. “But we’re gonna need to lock that front door and make another round of margaritas.”

“I’ll get the tequila.” Percy peeled himself away from Steve, pausing to kiss Kevin’s cheek as he breezed by. “Love you, peaches.”

“Love you too, princess.”

The thought of fighting Joe’s potentially crazy and murder happy family was not very appealing, but Kevin would do what he had to. No matter what, he had his own family now, and they would figure this out.

Him, his demon boyfriend, his very real uncle, his pet hellhound, his fierce manager, his anime-obsessed cook...

And of course, Steve.

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ABOUT K.L. HIERS

K.L. “Kat” Hiers is an embalmer, restorative artist, and queer writer. Licensed in both funeral directing and funeral service, they worked in the death industry for nearly a decade. Their first love was always telling stories, and they have been writing for over twenty years, penning their very first book at just eight years old. Publishers generally do not accept manuscripts in Hello Kitty notebooks, however, but they never gave up.

Following the success of their first novel, *Cold Hard Cash*, they now enjoy writing professionally, focusing on spinning tales of sultry passion, exotic worlds, and emotional journeys. They love attending horror movie conventions and indulging in cosplay of their favorite characters. They live in Zebulon, NC, with their family, including their children, some of whom have paws and a few that only pretend to because they think it’s cute.

<https://www.klhiers.com>



ABOUT MOZZARUS SCOUT

Mozzarus Scout makes dogs pretty by day and writes naughty adventures with their best friend by night. Their writing journey began with the Reading Rainbow Young Writers and Illustrators contest at age ten, culminating in the release of their first book in 2022, *13 Days of Monster F#cking Volume 2* with K.L. Hiers.

Mozz can be found looking for monsters in the untamed wilds of Idaho with the help of an army of dogs, cats, rats, a gecko and Jensen Ackles' favorite Poodle.

They are 100% doing this because Kat talked them into it.



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