



Quadriceps

DEMON

POSSESSIVE LOVE

ASTER RAE

CUDDLY DEMON

MM PARANORMAL ROMANCE

POSSESSIVE LOVE

ASTER RAE

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Shoutout to my beta squad!!!! Tammy, Lauren, Janet, Missy, and Tracey!

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READER'S NOTE

Thank you so much for picking up *Cuddly Demon!* This book is a little different from my usual fare, because it's my first paranormal story. It's also my first book I've ever published without any Daddy kink!

Saint is a twenty-year-old English literature student who summons a demon using a spell he found on Tik Tok to help him with his coursework. He doesn't expect the blue-skinned demon he encounters in the campus library to be so gorgeous and charming! Mild content warnings for a homophobic and demon-phobic family that eventually comes around.

Get ready for lots of warm fuzzies, sweetness, and a sugary sweet HEA!



PROLOGUE

Onyx

It starts with a tingle in my spine.

I crack my neck, my head shifting in the hard clay of the Etruscan mausoleum my last master trapped me in three thousand years ago. He didn't like the price I charged for my services, and locking me up was his way of avoiding payment.

This isn't the coziest of prisons. The mausoleum has long been abandoned, and the only company I have are the other blue demons painted on the walls.

Today, something is different.

I can feel it in the air.

My eyes adjust to the dim light that filters in from the cracks in the ceiling above. The ancient space reeks of must and decay. My mind drifts back to the day I was sealed in this tomb. The memory fills me with intense anger, an unparalleled desire for revenge.

I flex my fingers, testing their strength after all these years of inactivity. The magic that binds me to this place weakens with each passing moment. My power is returning, slowly but surely.

A snarl escapes me as I pry myself to my feet. I stand up and look around, wondering when the portal will open. It should happen any second.

All at once, a blazing sapphire light illuminates the room. Embers dance before my vision, the telltale sign that I've been... summoned.

A vision of the perfect angel who called me flickers before me.

I see a young man, a college student slumped over a stack of textbooks in a library in New York. His baggy, oversized sweater hides his lean frame, and his unruly chestnut curls fall haphazardly over his forehead. He looks up from his desk, his eyes tired and strained from hours of reading. His name is Saint, and he's the one who needs me.

A smile crosses my face. It's been far too long since I've been called upon to do someone's bidding. I stretch my limbs, reveling in the feeling of my power returning to me.

Why this young man summoned me when no others have in three thousand years, I'm not sure. It doesn't matter. The important thing is that after so long, I'm free.

With a burst of energy, I step through the portal and soar across the Atlantic to help him.

ONE



SAINT

I sit in the library, biting one of my curls as my vision blurs. I've been studying obscure English grammar constructions for hours, ones no self-respecting sophomore should ever have to know.

Why did I choose to study *English* of all majors? I should've gone with something simple like management. Or pottery.

A sigh escapes me, and I blink hard to focus my tired eyes.

At that moment, a blinding light fills my vision.

A presence forms in front of me, and when I look up, I see a demon.

My heart races in my chest. *What... the hell?*

I never thought the summoning ritual I found on TikTok would actually work. I discovered it last night when I was fed up with my course load, and I waited until this afternoon to try it. The instructions said that I'd find the demon to help solve all my problems exactly one hour after I recited the magical chant.

My tall, blue, and *very* handsome demon savior stands before me, a wicked grin on his face. Giant sapphire horns sprout from his head, which look like they'd be great to grip while you're... oh, god.

My eyes drop down, and I groan when I lay eyes on his toned, beautiful body and bulging muscles. Some might think

it's impossible to be this strong, but this demon proves them wrong.

He's the type who'd be able to beat my childhood bullies up with a single punch and then cuddle me all night. The type to hold me close, read me bedtime stories in a beautiful voice, and never let me go.

"Who are you?" I ask, my voice trembling.

He chuckles, his eyes scanning my form. "I'm Onyx. Pleasure to meet you. First, I need to say thank you for freeing me."

I gulp, feeling a bead of sweat run down my temple. "Can anyone else in the library see you?"

"Only you. You're the one who performed the summoning spell."

Onyx steps closer, his hand reaching out to stroke my cheek. I flinch away, but he catches my chin and forces me to look into his deep eyes. "I'm here to do your bidding. What is it that you desire?"

I try to gather my thoughts. Well, I'll be damned. I didn't actually expect this to work.

Now that Onyx is here, I can't let the opportunity pass me by.

"I want to finish these assignments quickly," I say, gesturing to the stack of textbooks in front of me. "I want to ace all my exams and become the top student in my class."

Onyx nods, his eyes narrowing in concentration. "Consider it done."

With a wave of his hand, the books in front of me glow with a soft azure light. The pages flutter and turn on their own, and my pen scribbles notes on its own accord. I watch in awe as the words and concepts become clear to me, as if the information has been directly implanted into my brain.

Within minutes, I finish all my assignments for the week, and I feel more knowledgeable than ever before. I look up at

Onyx, who's still standing in front of me with a smug smile on his face.

"Is that all you desire?" he asks, his voice full of amusement.

I hesitate for a moment, but my curiosity gets the best of me. "Well, there's a new game I've been eyeing. It's out of my budget, but maybe you could make it magically appear for me."

Onyx rumbles something low, and before I can blink, the video game I've wanted for weeks is now in my hands. I can hardly believe it, but there it is, the packaging gleaming.

I look up, my eyes wide with wonder. "How did you do that?"

Onyx chuckles, his eyes twinkling. "I have my ways. But remember, everything comes with a price."

I frown, unsure of what he means. "What price?"

"My services aren't free. Each favor I grant you requires something in return. My last master didn't like the price I gave him, and when I ordered him to pay up in a different way, he locked me in an Etruscan mausoleum called the *Tomb of the Blue Demons*."

"Your last master?"

"Whoever summons me is my master."

My heart sinks. "I'm sorry you were locked in a tomb. That's not very nice."

"I'm just glad you called upon me."

I turn my eyes toward Onyx's, and a hum of excitement thrums in my heart. Onyx is... captivating. His deep, sapphire eyes seem to hold a world of secrets, and his cuddly yet muscular body radiates power and strength. He clearly contains centuries of wisdom and experience. Despite his demonic nature, I feel safe with him. In his presence, it's as if nothing can harm me.

A sudden urge to touch him rises within me, and before I can think it through, my hand reaches out and brushes against his chest. It's warm to the touch, and a jolt of electricity runs through me.

Onyx's eyes darken, and his lips twist into a wicked smile. "Tell me what else you want."

My heart races, and I feel a flush creep up my neck. "I... I don't know."

Onyx steps closer, his hand reaching up to tuck a stray curl behind my ear. "Are you sure? Sometimes, humans summon demons for other reasons besides asking for help with their schoolwork. I'm from Hell, so my ability to fulfill all sorts of desires isn't constrained by twenty-first century standards of acceptability. Don't hold back."

His eyes gaze into mine, and the library seems to fade away. I feel as if I'm falling into an endless abyss, a hellish one adorned with blue embers that call out to me. *All that matters is the demon before me.*

"I think we should get to know each other a bit." I smile, my cheeks heating. "You seem amazing, and I bet you have fantastic experiences to share. I'd love to grab a bite to eat or read a book with you in my dorm room."

Onyx cups my cheek. My breath hitches, and my heart picks up its pace. "Consider it done."

In a flash, the library disappears, and we enter my dorm room.

Onyx

This human... is so much better than I expected.

One look at Saint in the library, with his curly chestnut hair and baggy sweater, sparked something inside of me I thought was long dead.

When I still roamed free in Etruria back in the day—that’s where some of my brothers and I chose to go when we left Hell after we became adult demons—I had crushes on many cute men like him.

Of course, I was also younger then—not three thousand plus years old.

But Saint makes me remember the wonderful times I had of finding a special boy to cherish and protect.

Protection. That’s what I want to do for Saint.

I don’t know why, but something about him is so vulnerable. He clearly needs a strong demon like me to keep him safe.

Saint plops down on his bed. “This is my dorm room. It’s not much, but it’s home.”

“It’s perfect,” I say, my eyes scanning the space. “It’s cozy and filled with your unique scent. I like it.”

Saint laughs, his cheeks flushing. “Thanks. I’m glad. Do you want to help me pick out a book?”

I shrug. “Sure. I haven’t been out and about in three thousand years, so I might not know your favorite authors. But if you told me a bit about them, I might be able to help you select one.”

Saint grins and grabs a book off his shelf. “Have you heard of Oscar Wilde?”

I shake my head, a small smile playing at the corner of my lips. “Ah, no. He must have come after Homer.”

Saint laughs. “That’s one way to put it. He was a Victorian writer, and he was quite the scandalous figure in his time. His writing is beautiful. Here, let me read you a passage.”

Saint clears his throat and begins to read, his voice soft and melodic. As he reads, I feel myself getting lost in the words, in the rhythm of his voice. I watch as his eyes light up with passion and excitement, and I can’t help but feel a deep admiration for him.

When he finishes the passage, I lean in closer to him. “That was beautiful. Your voice is like music to my ears.”

Saint blushes, his eyes darting away from mine. “You’re sweet.”

I reach out and tuck a piece of hair behind his ear, my fingertips brushing against his skin. “Keep reading.”

Saint selects a different book this time, this one by a writer named Jane Austen. Our fingers brush against each other as I help him turn the pages, and a spark of electricity jolts inside me. I can’t help but wonder if Saint feels it too.

Our bodies are close, but not quite touching on his bed. It’s tough not to change that—to take Saint in my arms, then see what his pretty pink lips can do.

Saint turns his eyes up, and a tremor of lust pulses in my chest. It’s as if he’s studying me, exploring every inch of my body with his eyes.

Saint clears his throat, setting the book down. “Tell me about yourself.”

“I come from a cabal of demons who have been around for millions of years,” I say, my voice low and smooth. “We’ve seen the rise and fall of empires, the birth and death of countless civilizations. And yet, we remain. I’ve seen things that would make your hair stand on end. Things that would make you question everything you know about the world.”

Saint’s eyes widen, and I can tell he’s intrigued. “Go on.”

“I’m a wish-granting demon. So are my brothers. But as you know, those wishes come at a price. Before I was locked in the tomb, I granted many wishes. This was in Etruria, where I chose to move after I left Hell as a mature young demon. But I must admit. I’ve... never granted a wish for anyone quite like you.” I lean in close, my lips right next to his ear. “You’re beautiful.”

Saint’s eyes widen, crinkling at the corners. “Really? What makes me so special?”

I reach out and trace his jawline with my finger. “You have a pure soul. I can sense it. You’re not like the others who have summoned me. You’re different, and I’m drawn to that.”

Saint’s lips part, and I can see the fear in his face. “But... demons aren’t supposed to be drawn to purity, right? I’m a virgin. I’ve never been with a man, and that makes me a loser to most other humans.”

My eyes never leave his. “You’re wrong. Demons can’t control who they’re attracted to. Like you’d expect, my brothers were attracted to bad boys. Ones who walked the streets of Etruria picking up married men. They liked correcting their behavior, typically through spankings. I’m different.”

“I like that you’re different.”

“I’m a softer, more sensitive demon. Bad boys have their appeal, but I like sweeter guys. Ones who know how to cuddle, be open with their feelings, and truly give their hearts to a creature as unique as me.”

Saint nods. “I understand. Wow, this is a lot to process. I never thought I’d be having this conversation with a demon.”

I chuckle, the sound echoing in the small room. “Life is full of surprises. You never know what’s going to happen next.”

Saint bites his lip, his eyes flickering back and forth between mine. “What happens now? Are you going to... go back to Hell?”

“Do you want to know the truth?”

“Of course.”

“I’d rather kiss you.” I lean in even closer, my breath hot against his ear. “Only if you want me to. I won’t force you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with. But if you do want me, I promise to show you a world you never dreamt existed, beautiful boy.”

Saint’s eyes flutter shut, and I can see the desire in his face. “I’ve never been with another human *or* demon, but I’m

open to it. My life isn't very interesting, I'll have you know. I study a lot, watch TV, and I work at a diner near campus. At the very least, this would switch things up and make me feel alive again. I want to give it a shot. Experience what you have to offer."

Without another word, I close the distance between us and press my lips to his. It's a soft, gentle kiss at first, but as our bodies heat up, it becomes more intense. Saint's hands find their way to my hair, and he pulls me closer, deepening the kiss.

His heart beats rapidly against my chest, and I know he's just as into this as I am.

We break away, both of us breathing heavily. I run my thumb across his bottom lip. "That was amazing."

Saint smiles, a blush spreading across his cheeks. "It really was." He reaches up and brushes my hair away from my face. "Geez, this isn't exactly typical, but I'm so glad I summoned you."

"Me too. You helped me get free, and now it's my turn to help you."

TWO



SAINT

Onyx holds my hand as we walk through campus, his firm fingers gripping mine tight.

He's using his *hot stud* human form today, which is something he apparently can do. Safe to say we're drawing eyes.

My eyes flit around to the other students with their book bags and stressed looks on their faces, and it's tough not to feel like the lucky one for once.

I summoned a demon.

Not just any demon.

A protector demon, one who wants to help me with my coursework, kiss me on my wonky dorm bed, and who's even attracted to me.

I have to admit, that's something I *didn't* see coming.

I turn to Onyx... and forget how to breathe. He's a surprisingly good kisser, or at least I think he is. I've never kissed anything more than the back of my hand, so I'm not exactly experienced in that department.

Something bubbled to life inside of me when he called me *beautiful boy*, too. Now, I've read novels before where one parter calls the other sweet names like that, but I haven't actually fantasized about it happening to me. I... liked it. *A lot*.

I lean against Onyx's mighty strong shoulder. "Can no one else really tell that you're a demon?"

“They didn’t summon me. As I told you, only the human who calls upon my services gets the privilege of laying eyes upon my true form, unless you give me permission to shed my human disguise. They just see me as your smoking hot boyfriend.”

I blush, taking this in. “I wonder why no one else summoned you over the past three thousand years. That’s a loooooong time to be alone.”

“I assume people quit believing in demons. Three thousand years ago, demons were everywhere. You couldn’t miss them. Walk down the street, and you’d see them lurking in the shadows, offering deals to humans who were desperate for a way out of their problems.”

“I wonder what happened.”

“As time went on, I suspect humans found other ways to cope with their issues, and the internet convinced everyone that we weren’t real. Eventually, they forgot about us altogether.”

I introduced Onyx to a bunch of technology last night. My laptop mystified him, as did my Xbox. He’s still having trouble wrapping his head upon things that *feel* like magic, but which are just powered by electricity.

“That’s sad,” I say, feeling a pang of sympathy for Onyx. “But I’m glad I summoned you. And freed you.”

“Me, too. It’s great to breathe the fresh air again. And see the beautiful sun.”

Onyx murmurs something deep and low. A foreign language I’ve never heard rumbles free from his lips, one that sends shivers down my spine.

His words are like a spell, and I can’t help but feel myself being drawn in.

“What language is that?” I ask, lifting my gaze to meet his.

“It’s Etruscan,” he responds, his voice soft. “I picked it up after I left Hell as a young demon. It’s like a second nature to me.”

Etruscan. I make a mental note to check if that's even spoken anymore. Or perhaps it's a dead language. *How cool is that?*

Onyx reaches up and brushes a strand of hair from my face, his touch gentle and tender. My breath hitches, and I can't help but smile.

"Why did you use it after looking at the sun?"

"It's a language of power, one of the many languages spoken in the ancient world. Demons always thank the sun for its gift of life. When we feel its rays on our skin, it reminds us of our home."

"Hell," I say matter-of-factly.

Onyx laughs. "Yes, beautiful boy."

A tingle runs through me when I hear my nickname, but I force myself to concentrate on the matter at hand. "Hell scares me. All those flames and dead people."

"Oh, it's not as bad as you think. The pools of fire are actually like hot tubs, and the dead souls are just people who didn't make a deal with us. We don't hurt them, we just watch them. Eventually, the souls that get released from their earthly binds move on to wherever they're meant to go. There's no judgment or punishment. Take it from me, the dead aren't much to worry about. It's the living that can be dangerous." He wraps his arms around me and pulls me in close. "Don't be afraid. You have me now. I'll protect you from the true hell that exists here on earth."

I take in a deep breath, trying to process this. Demons, hell, the afterlife.

Yesterday, I wasn't even sure that I believed in demons. To be honest, I kind of rolled my eyes when that summoning video popped up on TikTok.

Now that I know the paranormal world is real, it's all so overwhelming. I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that I summoned a demon, let alone the fact that he's actually holding my hand while walking through campus with me.

“Don’t be scared.” Onyx must sense my distress. “I know you don’t understand all this, but I’m here to help you learn. There’s a lot I can teach you.”

“When’s the last time you went back home to Hell?”

“A little over three thousand years ago. Before my last master trapped me in the tomb.”

I frown. “Your family must be worried.”

“I think they are. I need to find a way to contact them.”

Onyx cups my face in his hands and stares deep into my eyes. His gaze is full of understanding and tenderness, and a warmth radiates from his touch. He smiles, his eyes twinkling in the sunlight. “It’s been too long since I’ve been home. But I’m sure one day I’ll be back.”

“I wonder what Hell is like for someone who’s still alive,” I say with a laugh. “I bet I’d turn into bacon.”

“Not when a demon is accompanying you. You could come with me. You’d be able to meet my family and see Hell firsthand.” Onyx brings his fingers to his chin. “Maybe you could even report back to humans that Hell isn’t the bad place everyone assumes it is. You could change a lot of minds.”

I’m learning more about Onyx every minute, and it’s fascinating. He’s not just a demon here to help me—he’s a fully formed entity with his own thoughts, feelings and distinct history.

Dare I say that I’m learning more than I have in all my years of schooling. Biology, English, math—none of these subjects have intrigued me like Onyx.

“Can I ask you something?” I turn to Onyx.

He stops, his deep eyes radiating lovingkindness. “Anything.”

“Can I hug you real quick?” I shift my gaze down, unable to look at his face if he rejects me. “You’re the first person I’ve connected with on this level in my entire life. I feel so safe around you, and while we haven’t known each other for

very long, my heart tells me that you're a good, good person. I'd like a hug to know that I'm not mistaken."

"You're mistaken about one thing, beautiful boy."

I gulp. "Uh oh."

"You called me a person. I'm a demon. Luckily, you're right about everything else."

He wraps his arms around me and pulls me in close. I melt into his embrace, feeling safe and secure for the first time in my life. "Thank you."

Onyx presses a tender kiss to my forehead. "You're welcome. Now, I'd love to find out how you spend your time here on campus."

My belly rumbles. "Well, there's a delicious café I go to sometimes. I could introduce you to American food."

Onyx rubs his tummy. "Lead the way."

Onyx

It's not long before Saint and I are digging into deli sandwiches, potato chips, brownies, and the most delicious-tasting iced drinks I've ever tried in my life.

Food has come a long way since the Bronze Age. I can't believe how tasty these treats are.

At the same time, I can't imagine they're very healthy.

I furrow my brow as I stare at the brownie. "This is too tasty to be good for you."

Saint grins, swiping a chestnut curl over his ear. "You're not supposed to eat brownies every day. I do, though."

My eyes narrow. "That's not good, beautiful boy. You need to take care of yourself."

Saint rolls his eyes. "You sound like my mom."

I take a sip of my drink, relishing the sugary sweetness. “Well, maybe your mom is right. You need to be kind to your body or else you’ll regret it later.”

Saint nods, taking a bite of his sandwich. “You’re right. Maybe I’ll start eating healthier.”

I pat his hand, my heart swelling with warmth. “That makes me happy to hear. You’re too cute to get health issues because you eat too many treats.”

Saint makes a face. “I know, but life’s too short to not indulge. When you’re studying all day in the campus library, a yummy brownie can keep you going.”

I nod, understanding his point. “I suppose that’s true. Life is short, especially when you’re a human. You need to enjoy it while you can.”

“However,” I add, “your life will be even shorter if you don’t add some leafy greens to your diet.”

It’s important to protect the humans who summon you in all ways, shapes, and forms. Guiding them toward the correct path of healthy eating is a terrific first step. One of my uncles, who was a Demon Daddy to a sweet cherub named Angelo, taught me that. I learned quite about protecting beautiful human boys from him.

Saint’s expression turns serious. “What was the food like in ancient times? Did you ever get tired of it?”

I sip my drink, thinking about his question. “Yes and no. It’s hard to explain. I’ve seen so much, experienced so much. But at the same time, there was always new food to discover. When the Phoenicians introduced Middle Eastern fruits and vegetables to Etruria, I was a very happy demon indeed. We didn’t have much processed food and our diet was all organic. There wasn’t much of a way to process ingredients, unlike these treats here.”

Saint lets out a laugh. “This is America. We like our sugar.”

I smile again. “And there’s nothing wrong with that. But someday, I’ll whip you up a delicious authentic Etruscan meal

that my brothers and I loved on weekends back in the day. It contains lots of fresh vegetables, lean meats, and homemade bread.”

Saint’s eyes sparkle with interest. “I’d love that. It sounds amazing.”

I chuckle. “It is amazing. But you have to promise me that you’ll eat your veggies.”

Saint grins. “I promise. As long as you promise to teach me more about the paranormal world.”

“It’s a deal.” I extend my hand for a shake, sealing our agreement.

Saint’s eyes soften. “Do you miss your brothers?”

My expression turns somber. “Every day. It was tough when my last master locked me in the tomb. To be honest, I didn’t see it coming—if I had, I would’ve escaped his clutches.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“A master is never supposed to treat the demon who helps them in that way. I assisted him as best as I could, and he backstabbed me. All because he didn’t like what I demanded in return. He knew the terms of the arrangement because I made them clear beforehand. I’m not the type of demon who blindsides his masters with demands after performing services. It’s wrong and a violation of consent. But I’m grateful to be here with you. You’re teaching me so much about the modern world. And I know you’d never hurt me like my last master.”

“Never.” Saint says this with as much determination as he can. “I can tell you have a good soul. You’ve experienced hardship and you didn’t deserve it. I promise to pay what you require.”

“It’s not all bad.” I grin. “Maybe someday, I’ll be able to go back home and see my brothers again.”

Saint groans, a hint of nervousness in his voice. “Hell.”

I nod. “Hell.”

Saint slides a sticky treat toward me. “Try this.”

I lift it up, my brow furrowing in confusion. “This doesn’t look natural.”

“You’re going to love it. It’s called a Zebra cake.”

Opening my mouth, I take a bite of the treat... and groan with delight. An explosion of sugary goodness floods my senses, and I can feel my taste buds dancing with joy.

“This is incredible,” I say, swallowing the last bite.

“I knew you’d like it. It’s one of my guilty pleasures.”

I chuckle. “I can see why. It’s like a party in my mouth.”

“It’s a classic American treat.”

I take another bite, savoring the chewy texture and the sweetness that lingers in my mouth. “I can feel my energy levels rising already. Maybe I should indulge in American treats more often.”

Saint chuckles. “Don’t go overboard now.”

A few students swing by our table. “Hey, Saint.”

Saint smiles. “Hey.”

One plops down in the seat next to Saint. “What’s up?”

Saint opens his mouth to respond, but then he looks at me.

I smile. “It’s up to you to decide whether you want to tell them about me or not.”

Saint turns back to his friends. “Just hanging out with my new boyfriend, Onyx. He’s getting his PhD in Classics. We’re trying some American treats.”

I watch as Saint’s friends look at me, hearts in their eyes. One of them raises an eyebrow. “Hiiiiii, Daddy.”

“You are *cute*,” another one drawls.

Saint’s face turns red. “Ignore them, Onyx. They’re only teasing.”

The group of students leaves, and Saint lets out a sigh of relief. “I’m sorry. I hope my friends don’t scare you away

from me.”

“I’m flattered, beautiful boy.” I let out a laugh as I pat his hand. “It’s been a long time since someone complimented me like that. Now, they’re lucky they didn’t see me in my true form. They would’ve screamed.”

Saint lets out a laugh. “Maybe I should drag my friends to Hell and leave them there. Then, I wouldn’t get jealous.”

“You’re ten times cuter than your friends and a bazillion times sweeter. I can sense their energy, and it’s too jock-y for me. I like cuddly humans. Sweet beautiful boys like you. Ones I can wrap in my arms and never let go.”

Saint’s chinks are redder than a cherry tomato. “You’re the best.”

We finish our treats and head back to campus. As we walk, I can’t help but feel grateful for Saint’s presence by my side.

He’s kind, adorable, and even though we haven’t spent too much time together, he’s already helping me adjust to the modern world.

Maybe it’s the sugar talking, but I think Saint’s one of the best humans to ever walk the face of the Earth.

That’s when a soft pain thrums behind my temples.

I growl, palming my forehead, trying to push it away.

What’s... going on?

A memory flashes through my mind. It’s my father telling me that, when a master doesn’t pay for our services, we’re tormented with excruciating headaches until we take what we’re owed from them.

THREE



SAINT

I've had the best afternoon with Onyx.

It's crazy to think that I'd never met a demon before yesterday. Onyx's life seems so real to me, almost as if I've known him since the dawn of time.

Right now, we're snuggled up in my bed, reading a book on my Kindle together. It's an adorable one that I showed Onyx I'd borrowed on Kindle Unlimited, a guilty pleasure.

Unlike my usual fare, it's not "literary."

No, it's sugary sweet and full of ooey gooey goodness.

Exactly like the brownies we ate this afternoon.

"I can't believe how cute this book is." Onyx presses his hand to his blue chest, his muscles rippling.

I snort out a laugh, burrowing my cheek in his shoulder. "I know."

"The Daddy in this novel cares for his baby boy sooooo much." Onyx shakes his head in amusement. "He treats him exactly like I used to treat my boys back in the day. Before my master locked me in the tomb."

"I still can't believe he did that." My fingers curl into fists. "What a jerk."

"You can say that again." Onyx's expression turns serious. "But I'm grateful to be out of there and to have met you. You're different from any other human I've ever met—even

the boys I really liked in Etruria. You're kind and understanding, and you don't judge me for being a demon."

"Of course not." I stroke his back soothingly. "You're just like a person, except with abilities that are beyond what humans can do. You have thoughts and emotions like a human. But you're so much more."

"I'm glad you think so."

Onyx leans in for a kiss, and I meet him halfway, my lips pressing against his.

The kiss is gentle at first, but soon it grows deeper, more passionate.

Onyx's hands slide down my back, pulling me closer.

I break the kiss, gasping for air. "I... don't know if we should be doing this."

"Why not?" Onyx pants as his eyes gleam with desire. "I want you. I've never felt this way about anyone before."

"But... you're a demon. And I'm a human." I shake my head in disappointment. "Is this even allowed?"

Onyx's expression softens. "Let me teach you a thing or two about human and demon relationships. Back in the day, humans experienced lots of prejudice when they fell in love with demons. It was forbidden, and many faced persecution for it. It was the same as loving outside of your race or social class. But over time in Etruria, things changed. People began to accept that love doesn't always follow the rules of society. And the same went for demons and humans. We learned to love whoever we wanted, regardless of what others thought."

I stare at him, my heart racing. "I wonder if attitudes have truly changed. In America today, people say we've made a lot of progress, but there's still discrimination. Even at the highest levels of society, people are ostracized because of who they love. I like you a lot, but I'm worried what people such as my parents would think if I gave my heart to a demon."

Onyx cups my cheek. "We have to be true to who we are in this life. I know you feel this connection we have. This spark

between us is... *undeniable*.”

I nod, knowing he’s right. There’s something powerful between us, something that defies all logic and reason. It’s like we were meant to be together, despite the three-thousand-year age gap we share.

“How old are you actually?” I wonder.

“I was twenty-eight when my last master locked me in the tomb. I’m three thousand and twenty-eight now.”

I lean in to kiss him again, and this time, there’s no hesitation. Our lips meet, and we both moan in pleasure. I run my hands through his hair, pulling him closer, and he responds by deepening the kiss.

We break apart, gasping for air. “I like you a *lot*,” I say, my voice husky with desire.

“I’m glad you said that. And I want you to know—I’m kissing you because I feel real affection for you. I know you probably think I kiss all my masters, but that’s not true. You’re sweet, kind, and the way you listened to me talk about my past was incredible. You’re not like the other masters I’ve met that pay lip service to tolerance and acceptance but shy away from giving me a chance when the time arrives. I like that about you, beautiful boy. You’re true.”

I lean in again, this time letting Onyx kiss me harder. He cups the back of my head, his tongue plunging into my mouth. My heart races as we kiss, and I can feel my body responding. I never thought I’d be in this position—*kissing a demon*—but I know I’m where I’m supposed to be.

This is real.

This is what love feels like.

Onyx pulls away, gazing into my eyes. “Do you want to take this further?”

My body screams yes, but my brain takes a few seconds to catch up. “Not yet,” I whisper, my voice trembling. “I like you so much, but I’m nervous. As you know, I’m... a virgin. I’ve

never even kissed a guy before, and you're my first in every way."

Onyx runs his right hand across my arm. "I'm so proud of you for telling me that. Thank you for being honest and expressing your emotions. We can wait as long as you need to. I'm not going anywhere. I'm here for you, and I want to make sure you're comfortable with everything we do."

Tears prick at my eyes as I realize how much I trust him. How much I want to be with him.

"Thank you," I say softly, before leaning in for another kiss.

Onyx is right. Love doesn't follow the rules of society. It doesn't care about race, gender, or paranormal species. Love is about two souls connecting, and that's exactly what Onyx and I have.

"Tell me about your brothers," I urge. "What are their names?"

Onyx pulls back, a grin spreading across his face. "Oh, they're quite a handful. I have one older brother and three younger brothers, all demons like me. There's Moloch, the oldest. He's always been the most responsible one—he's like a second father to us all. Then there's Leviathan, who's the joker of the family. He's always playing pranks on everyone, but he has a good heart. And then there's Asmodeus and Azazel, who are twins. Asmodeus is the quieter one—he likes to spend his time reading and studying. Azazel, on the other hand, is the rebel. He's always getting into trouble, but he's got a heart of gold."

"They sound like a lively bunch." I push out a laugh.

"They are. But they're also fiercely loyal to each other and to me. We may bicker and fight, but at the end of the day, we're family."

"I can relate to that," I say, thinking of my own family. "My parents and I don't always see eye to eye, but we're still there for each other when it counts."

"I'd love to hear more about your family."

I hesitate for a moment before speaking. Talking about my family always brings up mixed emotions for me.

“Well, my parents are both lawyers. They’re very successful and always busy with work. I have an older brother who’s a doctor. He’s always been the golden child, the one who’s done everything right. And then there’s me, the black sheep. I never had the same drive as my parents and brother. I always felt like I was meant for something different. I loved reading, so I wanted to become an English major. However, I’m not totally sure what I’ll do after I graduate. Do I go to grad school and become a professor? Apply to become a secretary at my parents’ firm? What jobs are there for English majors? I didn’t think it through.”

Onyx nods, understanding. “I can relate to that feeling. When I was still serving some of my old masters, I always felt like I was meant for something... more than just being a servant. That’s probably how you felt around your parents growing up. Did they push you into following their paths?”

“Yeah.” I let out a breath, unable to believe Onyx reads me so well. It’s like I’m being seen for the first time in my life. “They were livid when I chose English. They wanted me to study poli sci so I’d have the best shot at getting into Yale Law.”

“And what do you want to do?” Onyx asks curiously.

I shrug. “I don’t know yet. Maybe start a popular Book Tok account or travel the world. Or a book blog. There’s so much out there to see and do. The sad thing is that travel requires money. It’s hard to live a fulfilling life without a great job.”

“Well, maybe we can travel together someday,” Onyx suggests, a mischievous grin forming. “I *am* a demon, after all. We can go places without paying for camel rides.”

I snort. “A camel ride?”

“That’s how you go from place to place. Correct?”

I crack up with laughter. “Camels aren’t really... en vogue these days. We have cars and planes now.”

“Planes?” Onyx scratches his forehead.

“A plane is a big metal bird that takes you from one place to another.”

“That sounds incredible. I’d love to see a plane someday.”

“They’re not as great as you think. And they’re pricey to go on.”

“I tell you what. I’ll figure out how to access the demon transportation portal, and we can tour the world together, visiting all the places you’ve only read about in books. Egypt. Rome. Luton, England. All the wonders of the world.”

“How have you heard about England? That wasn’t formed yet when you were alive.”

“The book we’re reading has a character from England.”

We return to the book, and sure enough, one of the main characters is from Luton. The author describes him as having a “stunning English accent.”

I howl with laughter, sliding my Kindle down. “This author has never stepped foot in England in her damned life.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Luton... isn’t Oxford. Or Cambridge. It’s the worst city in England. There is no ‘stunning’ Luton accent.”

“Ahhhh. I assumed it was the home of English royalty.”

“Not exactly.”

“Well, it’s not very nice to say it’s the worst city in England. I’m sure there are good people in Luton.”

“You’re right, Onyx.” I smile, resting my head on his shoulder. “Thank you for correcting me. There are good people everywhere, and it’s important to remember that. We shouldn’t judge a place or its people based on stereotypes.”

Onyx wraps his arm around me, holding me close. “You’re so wise, beautiful boy. I love how you see the world.”

I blush, feeling his warmth and his affection. “I love how you see the world too, Onyx. You’re unlike anyone I’ve ever

met before.”

Onyx leans in and kisses me again, his lips gentle and tender. He swirls his tongue around my mouth, making my heart flutter.

The weight of my insecurities and fears lifts off my shoulders. I’ve found a missing piece of myself, a piece I never knew was missing until now.

With Onyx, I can be myself. I can finally breathe.

“I’m a little sleepy.” I blink my eyelids. “I could go for a nap.”

“Me, too.” Onyx yawns, then wraps me in his arms. “I have a hard time sleeping unless I’m holding someone like a big cuddly brown bear. Is that okay with you?”

It’s more than okay.

It’s everything I’ve ever wanted.

I burrow into Onyx’s chest, relishing the way his firm, toned arms hold me tight.

FOUR



ONYX

“Okay, mister.” Saint issues me a sleepy look, adjusting his server’s apron. “You wait here and don’t cause trouble.”

I’m accompanying Saint to the diner where he works today. He had to arrive early to set up, and the patrons will be coming any moment.

I survey our surroundings. The windows are freshly cleaned, letting in the sparkling morning sun.

The rich, red shine of the leather booths give off a sensation of nostalgia, each seat cushion displaying its worn-out patches.

The tabletops crackle with time, bearing chipped edges that speak of years gone by.

In the corner, the jukebox whips out a rockin’ beat that seeps into my core, making me tap my foot against the scuffed checkered floor.

The smell of crispy bacon mixes with the aroma of freshly brewed coffee, causing my stomach to growl in response.

The aroma of sweet syrup from the pancakes cooking in the kitchen and the subtle scent of cinnamon emanating from a tray of wheel-shaped donuts on the opposite side of the dining room isn’t bad, either.

“I’ll try my best,” I tease.

“Do better than your best.”

I smile as Saint pours me a mug of coffee. I like coffee, as I discovered at the campus café the other day. It gets me jittery and amped up, almost like I could harvest an entire field of grain with my bare fists if I so desired. “It’s tough when the food smells this good.”

Saint snorts. “If you behave, I’ll bring you a plate of pancakes in an hour. Okay?”

“Sounds like a plan.” I issue Saint a curt nod. “However, you have nothing to worry about. No one here can see me.”

Saint mulls this. “That’s right. I forgot about that. You’re invisible to everyone except me when you want to be, right?”

“I’m a demon, remember?” I chuckle, taking a sip of the hot coffee. “Invisibility is one of my many talents.”

Saint rolls his eyes, but there’s a fondness in his expression. “Just don’t get too comfortable.”

I glance around the diner, watching as customers begin to trickle in. “I just want to be around you for a little longer.”

Saint smiles softly, his eyes warm. “I’m glad you’re here. It’ll be nice to have someone to talk to in between serving customers.”

“I feel the same way.” I reach across the table and take Saint’s hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. “You’ll do a great job today. I believe in you. You’ll serve these patrons like no server has ever done in their life.”

Saint blushes at my words, but doesn’t pull away from my touch. “You have a funny way of making me feel confident in a way I’ve been before. Thanks.”

My heart swells with affection. “I’m glad I could be of assistance.”

Saint heads to the kitchen, leaving me alone at my booth. I sip my coffee as the customers trickle in, taking their seats at the booths and tables. They’re all human, of course, their auras soft and warm. I can sense their emotions, their hopes and dreams, their fears and anxieties. It’s like being a part of their world.

Saint emerges from the kitchen with a tray of steaming hot pancakes, their syrupy scent making my mouth water. He sets the tray down in front of me, grinning. “Enjoy, big guy.”

“That was sooner than I expected.”

Saint kisses my cheek. “You deserve it for making me feel so brave.”

I dig in, savoring the taste of the fluffy pancakes and the sweet syrup. Holy. Shit.

It’s... a simple pleasure, one I’m sure Americans eat every day. But it fills me with joy.

I glance around the diner, watching as the customers chat and laugh, enjoying their own meals. Are they going to eat pancakes too?

“This processed food is addictive,” I grumble to myself, forking another bite into my mouth. “I can see why humans love it so much.”

Saint chuckles, wiping down a nearby table. “I think that’s the sugar rush talking.”

I grin, the buzz of the sugar and caffeine coursing through my veins. “Maybe so. But it’s worth it.”

“You’re going to have to pace yourself. You don’t want to get a stomachache.”

“I’ll be fine.” I take another bite. “I have a demon’s stomach. I can handle anything.”

Saint shakes his head. “You’re something else.”

“I know.” I wink at him, reaching across the table to take his hand.

Saint’s gaze softens, and he leans in to press another kiss to my cheek. It’s sweet and tender, full of the same affection I feel for him. “I’ll see you soon.”

I can’t help but notice the way the customers interact with each other as I fork down my grub. Some are clearly regulars, chatting away with the staff and joking around with each other. Others are quiet, keeping to themselves as they eat their meals.

But there's one customer who catches my eye. He sits alone at a booth near the back of the diner, hunched over his plate of eggs and toast. His aura is dark and heavy, filled with sadness and despair. I can practically feel the weight of his emotions pressing down on me.

Without thinking, I get up from my booth and make my way over to his table.

I summon all my strength to make myself visible to only him for a few moments. "Excuse me, sir. Is everything all right?"

The man looks up at me, surprise and confusion flickering across his face. "What do you mean?"

"Well, your aura," I explain. "Everyone else's is colorful and happy, but yours is impenetrable."

"My aura." The man scoffs. "I don't know who you think you are, but you don't know anything about me."

"I'm just trying to help," I say, holding up my hands in a non-threatening manner. "Sometimes it's good to talk to someone about what's bothering you."

The man hesitates, his eyes flicking around the diner as if he's looking for an escape. But then he sighs and says, "My wife died a few months ago. I can't seem to shake this feeling of... emptiness."

"I'm sorry for your loss," I say, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Grief is a heavy burden to bear."

The man nods, his eyes filling with tears. "I don't know how to move on. Everything feels so... sad."

"Have you thought about seeking therapy?" I suggest. "Talking to a professional can be really helpful."

The man shakes his head. "I don't have the money for that. Plus, I don't want to burden anyone else with my problems."

"You're not a burden," I say firmly. "And there are resources available for people who can't afford therapy. It's important to take care of yourself, both physically and mentally."

The man looks at me for a long moment, as if he's considering my words.

I may not know what it's like to have lost a wife, but I know what it's like to feel alone. Three thousand years locked in a tomb will do that to you.

At last, the man looks lighter, like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. "Thank you," he says, his voice thick with emotion.

"You're welcome," I reply, giving his hand a squeeze.

I head back to my booth, my heart a little lighter now that I helped someone in need.

Saint pants as he plops down into the seat across from me. "I'm beat."

I smile and squeeze his hand. "You're a little sweaty, but still cute as ever."

"The diner's not normally this busy. I haven't had two minutes to steal a kiss."

"Can I tell you what I was getting up to?"

Saint waggles his eyebrows. "Of course."

I point to the man at the booth, sharing the way I comforted him. Saint listens intently, his eyes flicking from me to the man and back again.

"That's really kind of you," Saint says, squeezing my hand. "You have a good heart."

I shrug, feeling a little embarrassed. "It's nothing, really. Just trying to help out where I can."

Saint smiles at me, and I feel my heart skip a beat. "Well, I appreciate it. That's kind of you."

The diner quiets down as the breakfast rush subsides, leaving only a few stragglers enjoying their meals.

Saint leans in to kiss me, his lips soft and warm against mine. It's a gentle, sweet kiss, full of all the love we have for each other. It's like nothing else matters but this moment, this

connection between us. I'm on cloud nine feeling his lips on mine, unable to pull away.

Saint leans back, stretching his arms over his head. "I'm going to go clean up the kitchen. Our dishwasher is sick, so I'll be getting my hands dirty. Do you want to come back and help me?"

I nod, my stomach full of pancakes and my heart full of love. "Of course, beautiful boy. I'll help you with anything."

I follow Saint into the kitchen, enjoying the way his slender form moves as he walks. God, he's a catch. None of the guys in Etruria were half this pretty. I had to be summoned by an American to know true beauty.

The scent of grease and sizzling bacon fills my nostrils when we enter the kitchen. Saint expertly moves things around, picking up trash and organizing as he goes. He starts washing dishes while I dry them, our hands brushing against each other every now and then. The heat between us is palpable. His slim muscles flex and ripple under his shirt, and I can't help but feel a pang of desire shoot through me.

I sneak up behind him, wrapping my arms around his waist. "You know, when you're done with work, I have something else in mind for us to do."

Saint chuckles, turning around in my arms. "Oh really? And what might that be?"

I lean in to whisper in his ear. "You're gonna have to give into your devilish side to find out."

Saint pokes my nose. "One thing at a time, hot stuff."

I let out a laugh, shaking my head as we continue tidying up.

Helping him sweep and clean is a breeze, and soon we're finished and ready to head home. As we walk out of the diner, I can't help but feel grateful for the simple pleasures in life—like pancakes and being with the master you love.

Saint turns to me, his eyes wide with gratitude. "Thanks for accompanying me to work. I know it's not the most

exciting thing, but you helped me feel safe.”

“It’s my pleasure.” I lean in, and bury him in a hug. I inhale deeply, his scent mixing with the happiness inside of me. “I enjoyed learning what humans in the twenty-first century do for fun.”

“No.” Saint shakes his head. “That was for money. Not fun.”

“I had fun, so I assumed you did too. I’m still learning.”

Saint stares at me for a beat too long. A spark drifts out of his eyes and travels into mine.

His cheeks are pinker than I’ve ever seen a human’s. “I had fun too. Because of you.”

“Let’s head into your bed and snuggle some more. What do you think about that?”

“Yes.” Saint nods quickly, tugging me toward his bed. “I’d like that a lot.”

FIVE



SAINT

“Hey, girl.”

My best friend Becca waves me over to her table. “Hey.”

“The craziest thing happened to me last week.”

I settle into the seat across from Becca, taking a moment to drink in my surroundings here in the campus library. The air is rich with the aroma of crisp pages and freshly brewed coffee, which drifts through the space, invigorating and energizing me.

The library is buzzing with activity—the sound of rustling paper, soft chatter, and the occasional giggle fills the air. Students lost in thought are huddled over textbooks and laptops, with pale yellow lamps casting an ambient light on their tasks as they squint and wreck their eyesight.

Around the room, there are cozy nooks and crannies, adorned with plush, bright cushions and inviting armchairs. Sunlight pours in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a vibrant glow over everything.

The walls showcase colorful posters advertising upcoming campus events, adding a lively touch to the space. Large classical sculptures can be seen scattered throughout the library, which is supposed to make us interested in learning, I assume.

I’m not here to study today.

Onyx is taking a nap and I need this time to chat to my bestie.

Becca waggles her eyebrows. “Do tell.”

I gnaw my cheek, unsure if I want to spill the beans. It’s possible Becca will think I’m crazy or at the very least, having a mental breakdown. That’s something that afflicts quite a few kids here, and though I’ve escaped the clutches of poor mental health so far, I’m not immune.

“I summoned a demon.”

Becca stares at me incredulously. “Did not.”

“Did too.”

“That’s impossible. Demons aren’t real.”

I lean forward, my eyes widening as I spill the tea. How I stumbled upon the viral TikTok video, how I performed the ritual, and how Onyx appeared before me in my time of need.

Becca listens intently, her eyes wide with disbelief. “Are you sure you’re not just hallucinating or dreaming?”

“I’m positive Onyx is real. He’s been staying with me in my dorm.”

Becca howls with laughter. “You really stepped in it this time.”

I glare at her. “Not funny.”

“How are you going to get rid of him?”

Get rid of him?

“You don’t understand.” I crack my neck. “I like Onyx. I want to keep him.”

Becca shakes her head, still looking skeptical. “I don’t know, dude. This sounds dangerous. What if he’s evil? What if he hurts you?”

I hold up a hand, cutting her off. “He’s not evil. He’s actually quite sweet and kind. He helps me with my homework and we talk about all sorts of things. He accompanied me to the diner last week and he even helped someone in need. He’s not here to hurt me.”

Becca taps her pen on her laptop keyboard. She listens intently, her expression shifting from disbelief to concern to awe.

“That’s insane,” she says when I finish. “But... also kind of amazing?”

“I know, right?” I feel a little bit proud of myself. “He’s helped me so much already. And he’s not like the demons in movies or books. He’s... different.”

“Okay, but is it safe?” Becca frowns, tapping her fingers on the table. “I mean, what if something goes wrong?”

“Nothing will go wrong,” I say, though a small voice in the back of my head whispers doubts. “Onyx has been nothing but kind to me. And he’s helped me more than any therapist ever could.”

A small weight presses down on me. I don’t open up about my feelings regarding my family’s pressures much, but I’ve confided in Becca a few times.

She knows how vicious they were about me becoming a lawyer. It’s all they talked about when I was in high school, and they really wanted me to become a junior associate at their firm.

The fact that I chose to become an English major and reject their plans annoyed them. They raised their voices at me, and told me I wouldn’t amount to much.

Becca takes a sip of water. “Have you actually seen a therapist about your overbearing family? Because last you told me, you were trying to push your emotions down and figure it out on your own. I wonder if the stress...”

I let out a sigh. “No, I never saw a professional. But the good news is that I don’t need to. Onyx will help me figure things out, and he’ll be there for me.”

“Ugh.” Becca shoots me a sympathetic look. “I hate to be the one to say it, but... you’re positive you didn’t imagine this, yeah?”

“Wow,” I say, a sense of irritation creeping up inside me. “Thanks for the vote of confidence. Yes, I’m certain Onyx is real.”

Becca holds up her hands. “Okay, okay. I believe you. It’s just... weird. And I worry about you. This is uncharted territory.”

“I appreciate your concern,” I say, feeling slightly guilty for snapping at her. “But I know what I’m doing. And I trust Onyx.”

Becca nods slowly, still looking hesitant. “Do you have any pictures?”

“He only shows himself to me and people in need. He wouldn’t show up in a picture.”

Becca rolls her eyes. “This gets better and better.”

“You’re such a hater,” I groan, trying not to laugh.

“Just... be careful, okay? And keep me updated.”

“Of course.” I smile, feeling grateful for her support despite her doubts. “Thanks, Becca.”

Onyx

Humans are such funny creatures.

Take these guys on the show that I’m watching.

(Yes, Saint gave me permission to use his Netflix account.)

(No, I’m not watching anything naughty.)

They’re engaged in a competition, but they’re spending half of their time teasing each other in makeup. At some moments, they appear to be friendly. The next, they’re donning high heels and reading one another to filth.

“Drag queens,” I muse, pulling up DuckDuckGo, which Saint informed me is a search engine that respects your privacy. Etruria didn’t have search engines three thousand years ago. I bet we’d have fended off the Romans if we’d had

access to these resources. “What in the world is a drag queen?”

The search engine tells me that a drag queen is a person who critiques, analyzes, and satirizes gender norms by performing gender in a way that’s over the top and hilarious while often wearing fabulous makeup, wigs, and clothes. *Interesting.*

I turn my attention back to the show, intrigued by the colorful outfits and creative makeup. It’s so different from what I’ve seen on Saint’s campus, but I’m fascinated by it nonetheless.

“I love their makeup.” I zoom in on one queen’s face, totally in awe. “Goodness, I wonder how one becomes a drag queen.”

Is it something you’re born into?

Can you discover it later in life?

In the show, one of the drag queens is talking about their struggles with acceptance and how drag helped them find their true self. It’s a touching moment, and I can’t help but feel a sense of admiration for these performers.

I wonder... if I could ever do this. A burst of shyness rushes through me, and my cheeks turn from azure to pink.

I’m three thousand and twenty eight years old. That’s probably way too old to unleash my inner queen. Right?

I’m so absorbed in my research that I don’t notice Saint entering the room with a giant stack of books until he clears his throat.

“Hey,” he says, grinning as he sits down next to me, placing the books on the coffee table. “Whatcha doing?”

“Learning about drag queens,” I reply, smiling as I nod at the TV.

Saint raises an eyebrow. “You’re really getting into modern culture, aren’t you?”

“I find it fascinating,” I say, setting the remote down and turning to face him. “There’s so much to learn about this world.”

Saint chuckles. “Well, I’m glad you’re enjoying it.”

“Hey, Onyx,” he says, not looking up. “Do you think you could help me with this essay?”

“Of course,” I say, standing up to join him at the table. “What’s the topic?”

“Shakespeare’s use of symbolism in Hamlet,” Saint says, pushing the book towards me. “I’m having trouble analyzing it.”

I take a look at the book and begin flipping through the pages. “Tell me about the plot.”

“Well, it’s about a prince who seeks revenge for his father’s murder,” Saint explains, leaning back in his chair. “There are a lot of themes of death and decay, and I know there’s a lot of symbolism in there, but it’s hard for me to pick out.”

I nod, flipping to a random page and scanning the text. “It sounds like Shakespeare can be quite difficult to analyze without some guidance.”

“He sure is.”

“Let’s try this. Instead of trying to analyze everything at once, let’s focus on one symbol and see where it leads us.”

Saint looks skeptical but intrigued. “Okay, which symbol?”

“How about the skull?” I suggest, pointing to the scene where Hamlet holds up Yorick’s skull.

Saint leans in closer. “This skull might represent the inevitability of death?”

“Exactly,” I nod, impressed. “And what about the fact that it’s a jester’s skull?”

Saint furrows his brow, thinking. “Maybe it symbolizes the fleeting nature of life and how even the most comedic of characters can end up as nothing but bones.”

“Brilliant,” I say, smiling.

We break down the passages further, pointing out the different symbols and their significance. We work together for hours, analyzing different scenes and symbols and discussing the deeper meanings behind them.

It’s a refreshing change from my usual duties as a demon, I must admit. Even though I’ve never read Shakespeare before, I find myself enjoying the challenge of helping Saint with his studies.

“I wish I’d been born a little later,” I joke. “I could provide insight into the influences of ancient plays on Shakespeare. Unfortunately, I only knew of Homer and Hesiod—and then only because my brother Leviathan recited *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* around the dinner table at night. He worked in Greece during the day for a very wealthy master, so he was cultured. From what I’ve learned on the internet this past week, Greece was still in its infancy then as far as the performing arts were concerned. The heavy hitter tragedians such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus hadn’t been born yet. Euripides hadn’t written his masterpiece *Hippolytus* yet. I read that yesterday afternoon and it was phenomenal. I mean, God, to have been around to see that performed for the first time. To hear Phaedra’s cries as her nurse betrayed her. To watch Hippolytus meet his undeserved fate on the beach or perhaps it was deserved after all because he rejected Aphrodite, and woe to any man who rejects the goddess of Love. Never reject Aphrodite, beautiful boy. I’d never attempt to hide my eyes when she smiled at me.”

“I wonder if Homer influenced Shakespeare.”

“I would imagine Homer did. I’m not sure of the extent of Homer’s popularity over the past couple thousand years, but in my day, he was very popular.”

“Let’s look it up.”

I find it fascinating when we discover a website that says that Shakespeare was indeed influenced by Greek tragedy and epic poetry, including the works of Homer and Hesiod. We delve deeper into the topic, discussing the similarities and

differences between Shakespeare's plays and the works of ancient Greek writers.

As the night wears on, my eyelids grow heavy. Saint notices and suggests we take a break.

"Thanks for your help," Saint says, stretching his arms. "I think I have a much better understanding of the play now."

"I'm glad I could be of assistance." I stand up and stretch as well.

Saint's eyes lock on me as I lift my arms above my head. To my surprise, my shirt lifts up, exposing my rock-hard abs.

I turn to look at Saint quizzically, and he opens his mouth to say something—but seems to think better of it. "Have a great sleep."

I nod, winking at him. "You're welcome to cuddle with me some more. Maybe we can keep watching the drag queen show."

Saint grins. "I thought you'd never ask."

SIX



SAINT

As the semester wears on, I must admit, having a demon who helps me with my assignments, organizes my class notes, and even makes exciting gifts appear when I least expect it is exactly what I needed.

Last week, Onyx left a hand-drawn map of the campus in my backpack, complete with hidden spots for quiet study and secret shortcuts to avoid the crowds. It's become my go-to guide for navigating the hectic halls and crowded lecture rooms.

He also deposited a beautifully crafted crystal vase on my desk filled with my favorite flowers. It was unexpected, but it made me feel appreciated. Onyx has a way of surprising me with little things like that, and I love it.

I can't forget the book on my desk about the history of queer culture that I devoured in one sitting. It's amazing to think how far we've come, and how much further we still have to go.

I draw parallels between the treatment of gay people and demons over the years. The LGBTQ+ movement has helped queer people, but there hasn't been a similar movement for demons. That's why they experience so much prejudice when people believe in them at all.

But despite all the academic help and gifts Onyx gives me, I can't help but feel a growing attraction towards him.

It's not just his stunning looks and ripped physique that turn me on—although those certainly don't hurt. No, it's the

way he listens to me, challenges me, and makes me laugh.

Onyx is... everything I've wanted in a partner. He looks out for me, ensures I eat my vegetables, and always, always surprises me in the best and most thoughtful ways he can.

Also, he's a fantastic cuddler. That's the most important thing.

Onyx exits the shower and spots me on the sofa watching the romance movie channel. "Hey, beautiful boy."

My cheeks flush, because every time he uses that nickname, I get flustered. "Hey."

Onyx dries his thick, luscious black locks with his towel, shaking his hair out. I can't help but admire the way the water droplets cling to his muscular chest. My eyes trail down to his abs and then back up to his pecs. It's tough not to admire his beauty as he moves with fluid grace, his muscles rippling under his skin.

"Can I watch this movie with you?" he asks, sitting down next to me and pulling me into his arms.

I snuggle into his chest, my heart racing at his touch. "Sure."

"Want me to make popcorn or anything?"

I snort and grin. "Yeah, that sounds great."

Onyx gets up to make the popcorn, and I can't help but admire his tight, round butt as he walks away. Damn, this demon is fine.

I shake my head, trying to clear my thoughts. This can't be happening. I've never had a boyfriend in my life. I'm a total virgin, and yet the hottest demon to ever live wants me. How?

Onyx comes back with the popcorn and settles back onto the couch with me, and I can't help but feel a sense of rightness about it all. Okay, I'm starting to develop real feelings for Onyx. Ones that make me turn to mush inside, as warm and gooey as the brownies we ate in the campus café.

And?

No matter the circumstances, I have to trust that love will prevail.

Nibbling buttery popcorn, we both turn toward the movie. It's a new one about two people from different worlds who fall in love, despite the odds against them.

As we watch, I can feel Onyx's breath on my neck and it sends shivers down my spine. I turn to him and see him looking at me with a soft expression, his eyes reflecting the flickering light of the TV screen.

Without thinking, I lean in and kiss him. It's a soft, tentative kiss at first, but it quickly deepens as Onyx responds eagerly.

We break apart, and I look into his eyes. "I... I'm so confused about this, Onyx. Some days, I'm confident I should quit being a pansy and give myself to you. Other days, my heart tells me to wait. I'm letting fear win, and I hate that, but I can't make up my mind. You're beautiful inside and out, but I've never been with anyone in an intimate way before. I didn't even have a friend I jerked off with during sleepovers growing up. All I did was read... dirty books."

Onyx leans in, his nose rubbing mine. "That's perfectly okay. You can take as long or short as you need. The way you open up to me and express your true feelings tells me all I need to know. You're a good, sweet boy, one I'm honored and eager to spend time with. If you're not ready, I'll work every day to prove to you that I'm a great choice to give your virginity to. Hell—we don't even need to have sex, not right away. Maybe I'll just suck your dick and give you the best orgasm of your life. That'd be fun, wouldn't it?"

I blush, my dick hardening. "Yes. But not tonight."

"I respect that. It doesn't matter how long we take—one of my brothers once dated a human who didn't want to become intimate with him for an entire year. My brother didn't mind a bit. He knew that sex was important for this person, and he wanted to show them that he respected them. All that matters is that we care about each other, and we'll both know when the time is right."

Onyx holds me. Just holds me. His firm, muscular arms encircle me, and I take a deep breath, my heart full. I know what I want—and it's Onyx. The way he respects me proves he has my best interests in mind.

We snuggle up like two birds in a cozy, plush nest as we eat our popcorn and watch the movie. The couple on screen navigates obstacles that would hinder lesser people, and choose to fall in love despite everything.

Somehow, my right foot ends up in Onyx's hands. "Uh oh." Onyx grins. "Looks like this is my dinner."

"Oh, no!" I laugh as Onyx brings my foot to his mouth.

He pretends to growl, biting my toes playfully and sending happy shocks through my body.

"Onyx!" I giggle.

He laughs, his breath tickling my skin. "Just a little taste test. You taste delicious."

I blush, feeling my skin heat up.

Onyx kisses my foot and sets it down, then moves to cuddle me closer. We watch another movie, and I'm content in his arms.

The love growing between us fills the air. I feel safe and content, knowing I have Onyx by my side.

Onyx turns to me, his eyes searching mine. He places a gentle kiss on my forehead, and I melt into him.

SEVEN



ONYX

I love how open Saint is about his desires.

He wants me, but he wants to wait until we have sex.

Now, a lesser demon would grow annoyed with that behavior—no doubt about it.

They'd spit flames or cuss Saint out and lecture him about how he needs to get over his fears and "just do it already."

But me?

I understand.

I understand that Saint needs time to feel safe and secure with me.

I'm more than willing to wait until he's ready.

I can tell he's trepidatious, but I also can sense the pure feeling between us. It's a slow, gentle love that will only deepen over time—one that will come soon enough, but must be packed with honest and open communication.

That's the only kind of love I want to cultivate—one strong enough to last for eternity.

"Hey." A deep, familiar voice snaps me out of my daze. I'm currently playing billiards by myself in Saint's dorm lobby while he showers. No one can see me do it, which I prefer. In Etruria back when demons were more visible to humans, I'd sometimes get self-conscious. It's tough enough being blue and enormous without judgment.

My jaw drops when Moloch appears before me.

“Moloch?”

My brother rushes toward me and buries me in a hug. “Three thousand years. I never thought I’d see you again.”

“How did you find me?”

“I tracked the energy signature of your magic. You’re not able to hide from me, brother.”

I stare at my brother, unable to believe my luck. As the oldest in the family, Moloch’s always been the most responsible one. He’s blue-skinned like me, but he has a beer belly, one that he refuses to get rid of. He’s never been one to conform to society’s beauty standards, that’s for sure.

I love that about him. I learned a lot about loving myself the way I was from Moloch, and accepting my body. He’s a great older brother.

Moloch grins. “So, what have you been up to? And—*where* the hell have you been?”

“I was trapped in an Etruscan mausoleum called the *Tomb of the Blue Demons* for three thousand years. My last master refused to pay up, and I just got out recently. I’m with a human now—Saint. His summoning spell freed me.”

Moloch’s eyes widen. “You’re with a new master? Are you serious, brother?”

“I’m protecting him.”

He shakes his head. “This is crazy. I never thought you’d fall for a human again.”

“You know how it is. It’s very difficult not to fall for the master who summons you.”

My brother’s eyes twinkle. “I can tell you’re smitten with him. I can feel it in your energy.”

I snort. “Yeah, okay. I am.”

Moloch claps his hands. “This is great news. I’m happy for you. I’m sure your master is a great guy.”

My heart swells as I think of Saint. Perfect in every way is the least apt way to describe him.

I nod. “He is. He’s kind, caring, and he’s helping me adjust to the modern world. I’ve learned about brownies, Zebra cakes, drag queens, and so much more. I’m still adapting, but I’m getting there.”

Moloch smiles. “Love always finds a way. No matter the circumstances, you have to trust that love will prevail. Just like in ancient times. Love always wins, no matter what.”

I smile. He’s right. Love has a way of conquering all odds. I know that.

“Tell me what you and the rest of the clan has been up to.” I hand a pool cue to Moloch.

He fires off a shot, then blows blue chalk off the tip of the cue. “I’m not sure where Azazel is. Me and Asmodeus settled in a small town near Naples. We’ve been able to build a life there away from humans. We have a few businesses, and we grow vegetables on our own farm. Things have gotten worse over the past thousand years, brother. We’ve got to make sure that no one ever finds out about our existence.”

I furrow my brow. “How have things gotten worse?”

“People in ancient times were far more accepting of our kind, even if it didn’t seem like it then. Since new religions came into existence, people formed witch hunts to go after paranormal creatures. They’ve altered the notion of Hell to one that’s cruel, filled with evil beings. We used to try to raise awareness about their lies, but now it’s become too dangerous, so we try to stay under the radar. We stay out of sight. We don’t want to get into any trouble. It’s dangerous.”

My stomach churns. I figured it was bad, but I didn’t quite realize how bad it was.

“That’s awful.”

Moloch sighs. “It’s a scary world, brother. I just hope that you and your master will be able to stay safe. I’m sure you two will be able to find a way.”

“We will.”

“How will you extract payment from your last master who locked you in the tomb?”

“I’ll need the help of you and the others, of course. My old master must be long dead, but I’m sure his descendants still have the means to make good on his debt.”

Moloch nods. “We’ll do our best to help. We owe it to you.” He grasps my shoulder. “It’s great to see you, brother. I’m happy you were able to make it out and I hope you find your true love in the process. I’m glad you’re alright.”

I smile. “Me too. Now, let’s get back to our game of billiards.”

Moloch and I reminisce about our days back in Etruria, and the adventures we used to have. It’s nice to catch up with my brother.

When we finish our game and he departs, he leaves me with a hug and a few words of wisdom. I feel a little lighter, and I’m grateful that I got to spend some time with my brother.

Three thousand years is a long time to go without seeing your family.

Another bolt of pain hits my head.

I groan, setting down my pool cue, clutching my temples.

“I must find my last master’s descendants,” I grit out, trying to fend off the migraine. “It’s the only way to cure these headaches.”

EIGHT



SAINT

“I’m so grateful you came with me.”

Onyx squeezes my hand. “This helps both of us, beautiful boy.”

Onyx and I are at a sex shop near campus. Last night, I decided that while I’m not quite ready, I’ll eventually want to give Onyx my virginity.

The only way to ensure that I’m fully prepared is to buy gear to prep myself for my first time.

I can’t believe my eyes as I take in the interior of the sex shop. Shelves of assorted lubes, vibrators, anal beads, sex toys, and more line the walls. It’s a bit overwhelming, but the colorful and inviting atmosphere makes me feel more comfortable.

Onyx must see my hesitation, because he pulls me closer and whispers in my ear, “I’m here with you. You don’t have to be scared.”

Goodness, I’m such a virgin. I’m embarrassed and aroused at the same time.

I hide behind a shelf as I adjust my boner. “Is it bad that I’m hard?”

Onyx lets out a laugh. “To be honest, I’m a little hard too. I must admit, they didn’t have shops like this three thousand years ago. It’s amazing how far humanity has come.”

“Emphasis on the come,” I drawl.

Onyx glares at me. “I know you didn’t make a sex joke.”

“That’s up to you to decide.”

A sales associate walks over to us. “Hey there.”

I nudge Onyx’s ribs. “Make yourself visible.”

Onyx mutters something low and dark under his breath. A blue mist forms at his feet and swirls around him. He appears in his human disguise in all his glory, a tall jock with a chiseled face and broad shoulders.

The sales associate’s jaw drops open. “Oh my. Who are you?”

Onyx grins. “I’m Onyx, this young man’s demon guardian. I’m in my human form so I don’t give you a heart attack.”

The sales associate’s eyes widen. “Oh wow. I didn’t know demon... guardians existed. I’m terrified to meet you.”

Onyx nods. “I’m here to help Saint prepare for his first time. He’s a virgin, and since I’ll be taking his virginity, he needs to fit a really big cock in his ass.”

I issue Onyx a glare. “You don’t need to put my business out there like that.”

“You’ve got to admit, this is a bit amusing,” Onyx laughs.

I roll my eyes. “I’m sure the sales associate isn’t too amused.”

The associate chuckles. “I’m maintaining my composure. And I’m sure I can find all the supplies you need.”

“Thank you,” Onyx says.

The sales associate leads us around the store, and I’m left in awe. I can’t believe how much stuff is in here. Eventually, we settle on a few lubes, anal beads, and a vibrator for a starter kit. Onyx also grabs condoms, a few small dildos, and a butt plug.

“Oh, my.” I stop dead in my tracks when I see a twenty-inch dildo shaped like a monster tail.

Onyx bursts into laughter. “Wow. I didn’t realize they’d made a replica of the Hell Kraken’s penis.”

The sales associate lifts up the giant dildo. “Many of our customers are size queens. They enjoy large objects up their asses.”

I blush. “I’m not a size queen.”

Onyx wraps an arm around my shoulder. “But you still need to work up to it, right? That’s why we got the starter kit.”

I squeeze his hand. “Yes. I need to start small and work my way up.”

The sales associate smiles. “That’s the spirit. You’ll be ready for the Kraken in no time.”

We leave the store with our supplies. My head spins with all the new information as we head to the campus library.

“So that’s it, huh?” I ask Onyx.

Onyx nods. “Yes. Now you’re all set for your first time. Are you nervous?”

I take a deep breath. “Yes. But I’m also excited. I can’t wait to experience it with you.”

Onyx smiles. “Me too. I’m sure it’ll be amazing.”

I bite my lower lip. “You... don’t have anything like the kraken tail under your pants, do you?”

Onyx looks me dead in the eye. “I can’t tell if you’re joking.”

“I’m... scared.”

Onyx rams his hands on his knees and shakes with laughter. “I’m seven inches on a good day. Nothing to scream about.”

I thrust my arms around him, smiling like a fool. “I was only making sure. I wouldn’t want to get your hopes up and then not be able to fit you inside me.”

Onyx rises to his full stature, then cups my cheeks in his palms. “You’re so precious, Saint. I wish you could see

yourself the way I see you.”

He leans in and dusts my lips with a tender kiss.

“Now, let’s get back to the library. We have work to do.”

Later that day, Onyx is taking a nap when I take a bottle of lube and the starter kit into the bathroom.

I shut the door behind me, then pull off my pants.

“Let’s see,” I murmur, sitting on the edge of the tub as I pull the smallest butt plug out of the kit. “You’re not too big. I should be able to fit you in my hole.”

Squirting lube onto my fingers, I tentatively touch my asshole. I’m surprised by how good it feels, and I start to explore a bit more. I rub my opening with two fingers, then three, slowly stretching myself in preparation for the plug.

I insert the butt plug into my tight hole, groaning as it happens. It slides in without too much trouble, and I feel my body relax.

My cheeks heat up. I’m still a virgin, but I’m pleasuring myself like I know what I’m doing.

I stroke my dick as I work the plug into my hole. I experiment with the different motions I can make with the plug.

It’s a strange sensation, like pressure building up inside me. I push it farther and farther inside me until I feel full.

I take a minute to adjust to the feeling before getting up and checking the mirror.

My cheeks are flushed, my eyes are glazed over with pleasure, and I’m smiling.

I’ve just taken my first step into a whole new world.

Tugging the first plug out of my hole, I retrieve the second. This one is a bit bigger, and the sight scares me at first. I do the same thing I did before—I smear lube onto it, then suck in a breath.

When I slide it in, the pressure is intense. I groan, biting my cheeks, my body resisting the plug.

“Relax.” I scrunch my eyes shut, envisioning Onyx. “Pretend it’s Onyx. He’ll go at your pace and is tender and loving.”

This helps me relax. My ass isn’t so tight, so I stay in the bathroom for a few more minutes, exploring on my own. I can’t believe how amazing this feels.

Heat sweeps across my gut, lighting me up inside. Fuck knows why, but jerking off with the butt plug feels even better than without it.

My balls rise to my taint, and sweat pools on my forehead as I pump faster and faster, my moans getting louder.

When I finally come, it’s a force that shocks me. I cry out, my nipples budding, my body shaking as I squirt out shots of hot cum.

A stream of white splatters against the sink, and my asshole clenches around the plug, choking it.

When I catch my breath, I stare at myself in the mirror, unable to believe how great it felt. I... found so much pleasure in such a small thing.

I stand up, my legs trembling, and take one last look at my reflection. I’m still blushing, but this time, it’s with pride.

“Why did I wait this long to play with myself?” I could kick myself for being so dumb.

This time, I remove the medium-sized plug and replace it with the prostate vibrator. All I want is to experience another mind-blowing orgasm. One that shakes me, rocks me to the core.

I lay on my back, smearing lube on my hole. My fingers work into my body, stretching out my puckered bud that

spreads for them.

I flick the vibrator on, lube it up, then plunge it into my opening. It buzzes, the pressure pushing against me.

I gasp, my body arching as the vibrations travel up my spine. I twitch and moan, my breathing turning into pants as I rock my hips.

I slowly increase the intensity, and soon I'm shaking, my body quaking as I reach my peak. A guttural scream springs from my lips as I come, my thighs jolting as my eyes roll to the whites.

My orgasm lasts for what feels like an eternity, and I'm left in a blissful daze.

When it's over, I lay on the floor, panting, my limbs still trembling from the intense pleasure.

"Holy shit," I whisper, my voice shaking.

I take a moment to absorb and appreciate what I just experienced. I've never felt this kind of pleasure before.

I chuckle softly, realizing my first solo exploration was better than I ever imagined.

"Onyx is going to have to work hard to top this," I say to myself as I stand up to clean off.

One thing's certain.

I'm no longer the shy college sophomore I was before.

Now, I'm ready to be Onyx's equal in every way.

NINE



ONYX

I rub my eyes, grateful for the sleep. After three thousand years in a mausoleum, you'd think I wouldn't need any more rest, but you'd be wrong.

In the tomb, my rest was fitful. Plagued by nightmares.

In Saint's dorm room? Well, it relaxes me. Nothing beats closing my eyes and enjoying amazing dreams.

The smells of his gorgeous body on his pillow and sheets infiltrate my dreams, bringing him to life before I'm even passed out.

My heart stutters in my chest as I realize that I'm falling for this beautiful boy.

Hard.

"Knock it off," I grumble, scratching my muscular chest. "You've got to focus on finding your last master's descendants. Thoughts of truly becoming one with Saint can wait."

But all my reservations fade to the wings when Saint enters the bedroom in the cutest pair of pajamas I've ever seen—with a rosy flush on his cheeks.

He curls up beside me, slipping under my arm and resting his cheek on my chest. He doodles a heart on my neck with his index finger, then kisses my chin. "Hey."

"Hey, beautiful boy." I peck his forehead. "Mind telling me why you look so cute?"

Saint blushes even harder. “I... tried my toys.”

Ooh. La. La.

With a groan, I adjust my dick under the sheets. “You did, eh?”

“Sure did.”

“Tell me which ones you tried. Go on. Don’t be shy.”

“I did the first two anal plugs,” Saint muses, tapping his chin. “Then, the vibrator. Oh—and I beat off.”

“I’m proud of you, beautiful boy. You overcame your fears about exploring your body and tried something new.”

Saint leans close to my ear. “I liked it. A lot.”

Something tells me Saint is ready to try more things with me.

My heart thrums and jumps for joy.

I tuck a strand of his curly chestnut hair over his left ear. “I can tell. You can’t keep secrets from me. I’m a demon. I sense your energy shifting and flowing. So, tell me. What did you think of it?”

“It felt... glorious. Like I was in control of my own pleasure for the first time ever. I never knew it could be like this.”

“It can be anything you want it to be. Anything at all.”

“I know,” Saint whispers, lifting his chin so his lips can meet mine.

We kiss for a few moments, our tongues exploring each other’s mouths. I can’t help but growl when I feel his sweet breath against my lips.

Saint snuggles closer, his breath tickling my neck. “I’m glad you like that I used the toys. I feel like I can trust you with anything.”

Saint trusts me. I never thought this day would come.

I kiss the top of his head. “I’m so proud of you for telling me that. Thank you for making *me* feel special. Like I’m

treating you right. That's what I want to always do. No matter if I'm helping you with your coursework, analyzing Shakespeare, or helping you love your body in all ways."

Saint smiles and nods. "Can we... explore more together? I want to experience more. I wasn't ready before, but I am now."

This is it.

My insides turn all warm and mushy as I tilt his chin up. "Tell me if you know what you're saying."

"Oh, I do." Saint waggles his eyebrows. "Look."

He tugs down his pajama pants and shows me his cock. It's a gorgeous cock, at least six inches and—wait.

I've never seen a cock like this before.

I furrow my brow. "You're beautiful, Saint. But I need you to explain something."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, your dick doesn't look like any I've seen."

"I'm circumcised."

Saint explains what that means, and I recoil in shock.

"Ouch!" I leap back. "Did it hurt?"

"I don't remember when the doctor snipped me." Saint cracks out a laugh. "It happened a looooong time ago."

"Three thousand years ago, circumcision wasn't a thing. That's why I'm confused. This is a first for me."

Saint nods. "It's common in America. It depends on your parents, of course. And I think it happens more in the city."

I'm reminded of why I fell for Saint in the first place. His determination and bravery, his willingness to speak openly with me, his desire to explore and grow. He's everything I never knew I wanted. Teaching me things about life in this current epoch. He's my guide, my instructor, and I love learning about the world from him.

I wrap my fingers around his shaft. “Tell me if you’re uncomfortable at any time. I want this to be pleasurable for you, Saint.”

“Just keep me well-lubed. That’s the most important thing.”

“Thank you for telling me how to please you.”

Squirting lube onto my fingers, I stroke Saint’s gorgeous shaft. He groans, swooning into my body, his hands finding purchase on my shoulders.

“I feel so pathetic, Onyx. I’m in college—I should know what it’s like to jerk off with someone by now.”

“Hey.” I stare into his eyes, seeking to calm his nerves. “There’s no shame in waiting to meet the right partner. That’s who you are, beautiful boy. Not everyone is the same. You just found me.”

His face softens, and he leans in for a kiss.

“Thank you for understanding,” he whispers.

“Of course, beautiful boy. I want you to feel comfortable and safe with me. I want us to have a real connection.”

I jerk Saint’s shaft again. His cheeks flush pink, and he gasps, his fingers tightening on my shoulders.

“Yes,” Saint moans.

We kiss again, and he pumps against my hand, his breathing growing heavy as he veers closer and closer to the edge.

“Come for me, Saint,” I whisper.

Gasping, Saint’s body convulses and his cum jets all over my chest. I tangle my fingers in his hair, kissing his forehead as he calms down.

“That was amazing,” I murmur. “Damn, I’m soaked.”

“Oh, Onyx,” Saint moans, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. “You made me feel so good.”

I stroke him again, coaxing another orgasm out of him. He wails with pleasure, his hips rolling, and I'm in awe of his beauty and strength.

Saint's cum shoots over my body, and I enjoy every bit of it.

Jesus. Two orgasms in less than one minute. That must be a record.

Saint collapses in exhaustion. "That was amazing. I never thought it'd feel this good."

I chuckle, wrapping my arms around him. "That's why I'm here. To help you explore and learn more about yourself. To find out what brings you pleasure, and what makes you feel alive. Helping you does the same for me."

Snuggling against me, Saint breathes deeply, his body lax and content.

"Thank you," he murmurs.

We lay together in silence, my arms around him, until sleep takes us both.

This is the kind of connection I want with Saint.

I want us to be honest and open with each other and both experience the thrills of a fulfilling relationship.

I want us to be able to trust each other, to talk, to laugh together, and to create something beautiful.

Saint is so special.

I'm so lucky I'm in his life.

TEN



SAINT

I whisk the egg mixture diligently in the dorm's communal kitchen, preparing the best French toast the world has ever seen. I'm making breakfast for Onyx, and I'm determined to blow his mind.

My arm muscles ache from whisking, but I don't mind. Onyx's face when he tastes this will be worth it.

Onyx pads into the kitchen, his face lighting up when he sees the French toast. "My my my."

I turn to Onyx... and forget how to breathe. In his fluffy bathrobe, his blue muscles look delicious and refined. His thick black hair is wild and free, and when I spot his palms, I quiver when I remember how soft they felt on my shaft.

There's no one else in the communal kitchen right now, but even if there was, it wouldn't matter. When Onyx is in demon form, he's only visible to me.

"You look beautiful," I whisper. I don't want to sound so clingy, but around Onyx, it's tough not to.

Onyx grins, his cheeks flushing pink. "Thank you. You look quite handsome yourself."

"Saint," Onyx murmurs, threading his fingers through my hair. "God, you look good enough to eat."

He crushes his lips to mine. I moan, my tongue slipping inside his hot, wet mouth. Onyx tastes delicious, and I can't get enough.

“Let’s not get too crazy.” I grin, gesturing to the piping hot griddle. “I’m making you breakfast.”

Onyx’s eyes twinkle. “Smells better than the pancakes at the diner. That’s so sweet of you. I can’t wait to taste it.”

“It’s French toast with cinnamon and sprinkles. And whipped cream. That’s setting in the fridge. You should never keep your whipped cream on the countertop while cooking. It’ll turn back into regular cream, and no one wants that on their French toast.”

Onyx helps me cook. He’s a pro on the griddle which is a surprise, and he doesn’t even flinch when he flips the French toast without even using an oven mitt.

That’s the benefits of cooking with a paranormal creature used to extreme temperatures.

Onyx sits on one of the stools at the communal counter, and I plate his French toast, adding delicious blueberries and raspberries to the top.

When Onyx takes a bite, his eyes widen in surprise. “Oh wow. This is incredible. You’re an amazing cook.”

My cheeks burn, and I smile. I... feel like I’m doing something right. Something special only for him.

“Thank you.” I blink hard, fending off silly emotions.

Growing up, my parents never praised me when I did things right. All they did was get upset with me when I refused to become a lawyer. Onyx’s kind words are a soothing balm my soul didn’t even realize it needed.

Onyx takes my hands in his. “Saint, you’re so special. I’m so glad I have you in my life. I don’t know what I’d do without you. It’s not only the food—it’s everything.”

I blush. “You don’t have to lie to me.”

“I’m deadly serious. You’re sweet, thoughtful, sexy, and you’re an amazing chef. I’ll never go hungry again around you—I already know that.”

My heart soars. I never thought I'd find someone who could appreciate me. Someone who could make me feel this special and loved.

"Mmm," I purr, my lips moving dangerously close to his. "You know exactly how to make me happy."

Onyx's lower lip brushes against mine, and he pants heavily. "I think breakfast can wait."

With a growl, Onyx lifts me onto the counter. I moan with delight, my eyes widening. Onyx chuckles, his lips trailing down my neck.

"I've wanted to do this since the first time I saw you," he whispers.

My heart races as Onyx unbuttons my pajama top. His hands slide over my chest, and I arch into his touch, my breathing quickening.

"Onyx," I whimper, my eyes rolling back in pleasure as my cock grows. It doesn't matter that we're in the communal kitchen. If anyone walks in, let them see.

Onyx rips my PJ top all the way off, and I gasp when his hands find my nipples and tease them. His fingertips dance over my skin, and I swear, I'm ready to come right here and now.

"Holy fuck." My head jolts back, and my hips cant up. "Oh, Onyx. This feels so good."

Onyx dips his index finger in the whipped cream, then brings it to my lips. "I wonder what's sweeter. You or the whipped cream."

I suck his finger as he drops between my legs, then takes my cock in his mouth. A horny cry escapes me, heat bursting in my gut as Onyx licks and sucks me, driving me wild.

God, he knows all the right spots. I'm so inexperienced compared to him.

I grab onto Onyx's hair and cry out with pleasure as he brings me to the brink of orgasm. I'm panting, my whole body shaking with pleasure, my cum rising in my balls.

Onyx slaps my shaft with his tongue. “Come in my throat. Do it, beautiful boy.”

Holy. Fuck.

Onyx isn't only talented beyond my wildest imagination. He has a dirty mouth, one that's possessive and feral.

My eyes clamp shut. “I-I'm trying to hold off!”

“Not around me.” Onyx wags his tongue devilishly. “Be a good boy and let go.”

I scream, need jackhammering my core as cum splatters out of my dick. It squirts into Onyx's mouth, painting the back of his throat in white.

Onyx growls as he slurps up my cum, licking my shaft clean. He strokes me, his firm fingers tugging my shaft measuredly, refusing to let me off the hook too easily.

When Onyx is done, he looks up at me with a smirk. “I could eat you up all day.”

My cheeks flush, and my heart flutters. Onyx is so naughty and seductive—nothing beats it. No character in a book I've read. No actor in a dirty video.

“I want to please you.” I reach for his pants, desperate to see him. “I'm ready.”

Onyx moves back, shaking his head. “No, beautiful boy. I'm a demon, so my appendage is different from what you're used to. I get that you're horny for me, but I don't want to scare you away.”

“You won't,” I whisper, my eyes wide with excitement. “I'm curious. I trust you. I...I want to make you happy.”

Onyx looks down at me, his chest heaving. He strokes my cheek with his thumb, then slides his fingers down my neck. “I want to make you happy, too.”

He steps closer to me, and I gasp when I finally see it. His blue cock is thick and long, veiny and slightly curved. It's a deep azure color, and I can feel the heat radiating off it.

“Touch it,” Onyx commands, his voice low and deep.

My fingers tremble as I reach out and wrap my fingers around his cock. It's so hot—hotter than any human cock I've ever dreamt of.

Onyx groans, his eyes closing in pleasure. His crown pulses with sapphire light. I can't help but smile, proud that I'm able to make him feel this good.

He takes my hand, guiding it up and down his cock. The sensation is incredible, and I moan, my muscles quivering.

Onyx presses his lips against my neck. "Do you like it?"

"Yes," I gasp, my eyes rolling back, my core on fire.

Onyx slides his cock against my inner thigh, and I gasp as it brushes against my own cock, making it hard again. He teases me with it, drawing circles with it until I'm panting and begging for him.

I cry out when Onyx presses our shafts together, overwhelmed by the sensation of his nestled against mine. Onyx jerks us off slowly, his giant blue shaft dwarfing my own. He builds my pleasure until I'm trembling with anticipation.

I scream as I come, my orgasm washing over me in waves. "Onyx!"

Onyx follows soon after, roaring as an enormous spurt of cum rockets out of his blue tip. It slams into my cheeks, bathing me in his cream.

"Ah, shit," Onyx growls, his cock dripping cum. "That's three thousand years' worth of nut I just busted on you. Had to do it. It's what you do to me."

I stare into his eyes, wiping the cum from my cheeks. Onyx is... everything I've ever desired.

He's sexy. Rough. Real.

But he's also more sensitive than the sweetest men I've ever read about in novels, a creature with a heart made of marshmallow fluff.

I dip down, then take Onyx's blue shaft between my lips. He groans as I suck the remaining droplets of cum from his slit, then fondle his blue balls.

Onyx unleashes another orgasm on my face. This time, I purr as it happens, letting him splash me.

"Good boy." Onyx tilts my chin up.

I bathe in his praise. "Am I doing okay?"

"Yes," Onyx rasps, a wide smile gracing his lips. "Better than you could know."

Onyx heaves me into his arms. He takes me to the dorm bathrooms where he runs us a hot shower. We soak together, our skin touching as we gaze into each other's eyes.

We kiss in the shower, and Onyx scrubs me clean. He takes his time with the washcloth, going at a gentle pace, refusing to rush.

At last, Onyx carries me back to my bedroom. He lays me on the bed and covers me with a warm blanket.

"I'll go clean up the kitchen. Get some rest. Okay?"

I stare into his eyes, my heart full of love. I'm... falling for Onyx. This beautiful demon would cause most men to run, but he's the one my soul craves. "Thank you."

Onyx kisses my forehead one last time. "When you wake up, I'll give you a surprise."

ELEVEN



ONYX

I've hit the master lottery.

No ifs, ands, or buts.

Saint is... perfect. No human alive or dead compares to him.

I mean, homemade French toast? It was so delicious I couldn't stand it.

And the way he kissed me was so precious I couldn't resist sucking him off for the first time.

"I probably should've held off on showing him my cock," I grumble, my fingers locking around the bottle of rosé. "That could've easily gone south."

Thank Satan it didn't.

Saint is attracted to all of me, even my most secret parts.

I'm the luckiest demon in the world.

"That'll be thirty dollars and nineteen cents." The cashier at the liquor store smiles at me.

I grit my teeth as I reach into my pockets. "I brought some grain to give you. Will you accept that? I'm planning a special gift for my boyfriend."

"Grain?" The cashier makes a confused face.

"Isn't America a bartering economy?"

The cashier shoots me a glare. "Hilarious."

“I’ve been locked in a tomb for three thousand years. In Etruria, vendors accepted grain as payment.”

The cashier snorts. “This is America. We use money here.” He slides the bottle of rosé across the counter. “Now, can you pay for that or not?”

I shake my head. “Unless you can take grain, I’ll have to head back to my boyfriend empty handed.”

The cashier sighs. “Fine. Take the wine. I’m a bit of a romantic, so I’d never want you to return home without something to put a smile on your boyfriend’s face. But next time you come here, don’t think I’ll give you booze for free.”

I smile, so happy that someone understands my plight. “Thank you. You’re an angel.”

The cashier rolls his eyes, but I can see the hint of a smile on his lips. “I’m more of a devil than an angel, but thanks. Now, get out of here before I change my mind.”

I chuckle as I head to the door. I should probably feel guilty for getting a free bottle of wine, but I can’t help but feel grateful.

This is the kind of kindness that never goes unnoticed. As a demon, I’ll make sure I reward him.

When I arrive at the dorm, Saint is already in bed. I set the bottle of wine on the nightstand, then climb in next to him.

“Hey,” I whisper, brushing his hair back. “I brought you something.”

Saint opens his eyes, his face lighting up when he sees the bottle. “You got me wine?”

I nod, my heart swelling with love. “Yeah. I wanted to give you something special, something that would put a smile on your face.”

Removing candles from his bedside table, I light them. The radiant light flickers around the room, bathing everything in a soft glow.

“What are you doing?” Saint stares at me, his eyes wide.

I take out the bouquet of wildflowers that I picked myself on the walk home. “I wanted to give you a romantic evening. I know it’s not much, but I thought it would be nice.”

Saint’s eyes fill with tears. “No one’s ever done something like this for me before. It’s perfect.”

He takes the flowers and inhales their sweet scent. His fingers brush mine as he looks into my eyes, and I swear I can feel the love radiating off him.

“Thank you,” he whispers. “You’re too good to me.”

I grin, resting my head on the pillow. “Anything for you.”

Saint uncorks the wine, then hands it to me. I take a long, slow sip, relishing the taste on my tongue.

I give it to Saint next, who does the same. He settles back into his pillow, sniffing his flowers, enjoying the rosé.

“I have to tell you something, Onyx. It’s something that... I’m not sure you’ll be comfortable with.”

I furrow my brow. “What?”

“Well, it’s my family. They’re quite overbearing, and because I’m an English major, I’m practically dead to them. They wanted me to become a lawyer and work at their firm. In their eyes, I rebelled.”

My lips curl. “Tell me more.”

Saint takes a deep breath. “They likely won’t accept you because you’re a demon. They’ll never understand why I have feelings for you, and you must know that I *do* like you. Really, as real as the bed we’re sitting on.”

I take both of Saint’s hands in mine, squeezing them tight. “They don’t need to understand. I’m here for you, and that’s all that matters. I feel deeply for you too, and your family can’t change that.”

Saint smiles, and I see the tension in his body melt away. He leans in, pressing his lips to mine.

“You won’t break up with me because I don’t want to suffer through law school, will you?”

“That’s a joke. Right?”

Saint rolls his eyes. “Yes.”

“What you do with your life is your decision. I already know you’re brilliant, so whatever choices you make are the right ones. I’m sure your parents have your best interest in mind, but they’re going about it the wrong way. Parents should never force their children into something they don’t want to do.”

Saint gives me a relieved smile. “Thank you for listening. You made me feel a little better.”

Saint’s eyes lock on mine. All at once, he rushes forward and kisses me.

The taste of wine floods my mouth, and I groan as he plunges his tongue between my lips, desperate to grow closer to me.

I take control—I push him back on the bed, climb on top of him and swirl my tongue between his cheeks, cupping the back of his head to support him.

Saint moans, grinding his hips into mine. “I feel you.”

I bring his hand to my massive erection. “You do, eh? My big demon cock pushing into your chest?”

“It’s so big.”

Fighting a growl, I sink my teeth into his ear. “Bigger than the Kraken?”

Saint screams, ripping his PJ top off and surrendering to me. He spreads his legs, grabbing my rough fingers and grinding them on his male parts, massaging his folds.

“Take me,” Saint begs, his cheeks pink. “I need you.”

“You’re not ready yet.”

I’d never make love to Saint before he’s ready. Informed consent is the most important thing two partners can practice.

“Do something.” Saint sinks his fingertips into my hand. “Anything.”

“There is one thing I can do.”

Pushing his legs back, I ram my face in his ass, licking his juicy hole. Saint cries out in pleasure, moaning and panting as I dive deeper.

I push my tongue all the way in, exploring every inch of his tightness. I swirl it around, sending shockwaves of pleasure through his body.

“Oh my god,” Saint cries out, his body trembling.

I lick his ass, bringing him closer and closer to the edge. His delicious, juicy folds are ambrosia to my tongue, ten times tastier than the rosé we’re drinking.

Saint pumps his cock while I rim him. The way his hand furiously grinds on his dick lets me know he’s ready to come.

I kiss his folds. “Let it out. Don’t hold back. I know you want this, beautiful boy. It’s your first time getting rimmed—getting this sexy ass ate. You won’t be a virgin for long. Not at this rate.”

Saint hollers out as his orgasm explodes out of him. He comes all over my face, hot jets rocketing out of his tip, unstoppable.

I lick my way up his body, savoring the taste of his orgasm. Then, I kiss him passionately, letting him know how much I care about him and how special he is to me.

“Damn.” I suck his lower lip. “You’re divine.”

“You’re amazing,” Saint breathes, his eyes closed from pleasure.

I milk his shaft some more, adoring the way it jolts under my fingers. Saint scrunches his face as he comes again, squirting with even more intensity than before.

“Onyx,” he gasps, his body trembling.

I kiss his forehead and hold him close, whispering sweet words in his ear. When his breathing slows, his eyes flutter open as he smiles.

“Thank you,” he whispers. “I’m spent.”

I press a gentle kiss to his lips. “It was my pleasure. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“I did. Thank you for accepting me and not trying to change my interests. I’ll never forget it.”

“Me neither. I’m glad I could make you happy.”

It’s hard not to think that I’m falling in love with Saint.

TWELVE



SAINT

“You’re dead meat.”

“No, you are.”

“No, you.”

I maneuver my character into a sports car, then gun it down the street. Onyx attempts to follow suit, but he’s too slow.

“Crap,” Onyx hollers, shoving chips into his mouth. “I can’t figure out how to steer this thing.”

I roll my eyes. “I showed you before we started.”

“I forgot.”

With a groan, I grab his controller and jab the yellow button. “That’s the acceleration.”

Because I take my hand off my own controller, my dude in the pickup truck crashes into a tree.

The explosion is instantaneous. Fire sparks in the air, shooting into the sky as charred orange leaves flutter to the ground. Townspeople run and scream, ducking for cover.

Onyx and I are spending the day gaming. When he confessed that he’d never played a video game, I was in shock. I mean, I shouldn’t have been considering that he’s been locked in a tomb for three thousand years, but I still was.

Onyx suggested that I take the day off work and teach him how to play GTA.

Now, I'm not typically one to call off work—I'm too reliable of an employee.

However, when Onyx learned that I'd never taken a sick day in my life, he said that my time on Earth was too short not to waste a day having fun.

He also said that my boss wouldn't hesitate to replace me if I dropped dead tomorrow and that I shouldn't give my precious time to a business that treats me as human capital, but that's beside the point.

Onyx nudges my ribs. "You should have been more careful."

I chuckle. "You should have listened to me first. Then, I wouldn't have been distracted."

Onyx shakes his head, his expression serious. "I didn't mean to crash your truck."

I pat his leg. "I'm still alive. Now, let's try this again."

Onyx's eyes narrow in determination this time. He guides his character through the city, dodging cars and scaling buildings. I'm impressed.

"Damn, you're a natural."

Onyx grins. "Thank you. It's like riding a bike—once you get the hang of it, you never forget."

I laugh, the sound echoing through my dorm room. "That's true. Now, let's see if you can make it to the next level."

We spend the next few hours playing video games. I'm surprised at how quickly Onyx catches on. By the time we reach the final level, he's on par with me.

Well, not quite.

I still beat him by about ten bazillion points, but he's all right for a newb.

When we finish, Onyx turns to me. "That was fun. I can see why you like gaming."

I nod. "It's definitely a great way to pass the time. And, I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Onyx's eyes twinkle. "Me too."

He leans in and kisses me, sending a tingle down my spine.

I smile. "Let's play again."

Onyx shakes his head. "Actually, I had something else in mind."

This gets my attention. "HMMMMM."

Onyx gets on his knees before me. I drink in the sight of this monstrous creature, this massive blue-skinned demon, unzipping my khaki shorts and pulling out my cock.

He jerks me off, a dirty grin on his face as he spits on my pink crown. "Keep playing. Pretend I'm not here."

It's hard to focus as Onyx licks and sucks me. I grab onto the armrests of the chair, my eyes rolling back in pleasure as he ravishes my body.

My breathing is ragged, and sweat beads my forehead. I whimper, my thighs clenching as heat burns a hole in my tummy.

Onyx teases my crown, his eyes full of desire. "This is my game now."

His words send a thrill through me. I wail with need, pushing my hips forward as he takes me in deeper.

Onyx works his magic, pushing me closer and closer to the edge. I'm panting, my eyes shut as I'm ready to be rocked by waves of pleasure.

Finally, I come, my orgasm exploding inside me. My car slams into a building in the game, an explosion of glass and concrete bursting into the air.

Onyx catches every drop of my cum, licking it off his fingers before fingering my hole. I whine, giving my heat over to him, letting him wriggle his index inside me.

Onyx grins, his eyes twinkling. “Did you enjoy that game?”

My cheeks are bright red from pleasure. “I did. And I think I’m a fan of this new genre.”

Onyx laughs. “Good. I’m glad I could be your teacher this time. I’ve got to admit, it’s way more fun teaching you than having you teach me.”

Onyx rises to his feet, then tugs his pajama pants down. His aching blue shaft swings upward, smacking into his rock-hard abs.

He pumps it a few times, then explodes on my face.

I scream, smearing the cum around my cheeks, welcoming it onto my nose, lips, and tongue. Globes of cum spray into my hair, clumping it together into a tangle of curls.

“Damn,” Onyx growls in a guttural voice, patting my head. “I’ve been a little backed up.”

I stare down at the video game controller, which is dripping in Onyx’s come. “Great.” I sigh, holding it up. “You wrecked my controller.”

Onyx does something I don’t see coming.

He opens his mouth, and his blue tongue grows and grows. Like a snake, it swirls around the controller, seeping into every nook and cranny, cleaning it.

Onyx stares into my eyes while he does it, which makes me squirm. Two horns sprout on Onyx’s head, and the sight is so hot I grow hard again.

“What are you doing?” I gasp.

Onyx moves his long tongue from the controller to my shaft, swirling around it. “Shhh. Let me please you.”

I cry out, surrendering to the unexpected pleasure. My fingers grip my chair, holding on for support as Onyx jerks me off with his tongue.

My second orgasm crashes into me, and I scream out Onyx’s name.

When I come down from my high, I look down at the controller. It's sparkling clean, and I'm sure it works just fine. Same with my dick.

Onyx grins, retracting his tongue back into his mouth. "I knew I could clean it up."

I laugh, leaning back in my chair. "That was unexpected."

Onyx's eyes twinkle. "As I said before, this is my game now."

Oh.

Yes.

THIRTEEN



ONYX

My limbs twitch with excitement, every part of my body unable to believe I'm going to see how much magic has evolved over the past three thousand years.

Saint nudges my ribs. "Are you ready?"

"You bet I am."

Saint's taking me to a magic shop in Upstate New York today. I wasn't aware New York had magic shops or that they were even legal, but he told me not to worry.

As soon as I step through the creaky door, a strong gust of wind brushes past me, carrying with it the scent of old books and burning candles. The shop is enormous, far bigger than anything I could have imagined. Shelves line the walls, while towering stacks of books are scattered throughout the room.

Every inch of the space is covered in treasures, from colorful potions to sparkling crystal balls that emit an otherworldly glow under the dim light. The walls are adorned with hidden compartments that conceal secrets and riches within. A curved staircase leads up to a higher floor that's shrouded in darkness, piquing my curiosity. Even the walls themselves seem to pulsate, with colors and patterns that hypnotize me.

In one corner, a collection of wands of all shapes and sizes is displayed on a glass shelf. Each wooden wand seems to have its own story, and I can't help but wonder about the wizards and witches who wielded such powerful instruments. Demons have never used wands—we don't require them to

perform our magic—but we’ve always had respect for witches who do.

“This is incredible.” I run my fingers over the covers of ancient volumes, some with intricate symbols and designs. It’s almost as if the pages themselves are whispering secrets to me, whispering tales of enchantments and mythical creatures that I had only ever imagined.

Saint grins. “This came highly recommended by the modern-day magic association’s TikTok account. It’s supposed to be the best shop on the East Coast.”

I can see why. The air hums with a soft murmur, as if the very magic contained within the store is alive and pulsating with energy. I pause for a moment, simply taking it all in, allowing the incredible vibe of the store to wash over me like waves crashing on a shore.

This is a place of wonder and amazement, a testament to the power of magic and its ability to inspire and captivate those who seek it out.

“Hey, there.” A burgundy-haired female associate with a raven perched on her shoulder approaches us. “How can I assist you?”

Saint steps forward. “I’m here with my demon, even though you can’t see him right now. He needs his magic fix.”

The associate turns to me. “Actually, I can see him.”

My jaw drops. “You’re kidding.”

She smiles. “I hear him too. Most people can’t, but when you’ve been around magic for as long as I have, you learn to listen to the whispers in the air. What kind of magic are you looking for?”

“I’m not sure,” I admit, glancing around the store. “I guess I’m just here to browse and see what I can find. I want to see how magic has evolved since I roamed the Earth.”

The associate nods. “We have plenty of books that can help you out. Feel free to take a look around. And if you have any questions, I’m here to answer them.”

She leads us into the depths of the store, gesturing to the variety of items on offer. There are books about spells, potions, and charms, as well as ingredients for all kinds of magical concoctions.

I marvel at the power of it all, feeling a strange kind of kinship with the items.

Saint turns to me. “Do demons use spells?”

“It depends on the demon,” I reply. “Most of us draw our power from within. We don’t need to rely on spells or charms.”

He nods. “Interesting.”

A wide assortment of magical artifacts is on display in the back of the store. A set of silver chalices, a diamond-studded wand, and a glass mirror with a golden frame catch my eye.

“What are these?” I ask, picking up the mirror.

“That’s a magic mirror,” the associate says. “It can show you glimpses of the past, or the future, depending on how you use it. It’s a powerful tool for divination.”

My eyes widen. “That’s incredible.”

The associate smiles. “It’s a powerful thing to behold. But it’s not all that easy to use. You’ll need to practice getting the hang of it.”

I look at myself in the mirror. “This is amazing.”

Saint wraps his arm around me. “You’re the one who’s amazing.”

I laugh. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

“What do you see?”

“I see myself finally exacting payment from my last master’s descendants. It’s what I need to live free of pain.”

Saint wraps his arms around me. “I’ll help you do it. I’m not sure how we’ll track them down, but I’m here for you.”

The attendant presses her hands to her heart. “You two are so cute.”

We spend the next few hours exploring the shop, discovering new and exciting things. I find a book with spells for summoning creatures from other realms, a potion for invisibility, and an amulet for protection.

“How haven’t the authorities shut you down?” I ask the attendant with a laugh.

“Most of them don’t believe in magic. It’s hard to close our store when they think we’re crazy.”

Saint snickers. “It’s better that way. They’d probably use magic for harm instead of good.”

The associate nods sagely. “You’re right.”

By the time we leave, I’m loaded down with bags full of magical items.

Saint grins. “You’re going to be a powerful demon yet.”

I nod, feeling a surge of energy run through me. “I *am* a powerful demon. However, it’s never a bad thing to experiment with new forms of magic. One or two of these things will come in handy, I’m sure.”

The associate laughs. “Before you go, would you two like your picture taken by this large crimson candle? It’s said to be enchanted with a special spell that will capture and preserve your love forever.”

Saint and I look at each other and smile. We share a kiss, then follow the associate.

The light of the candle flickers as I wrap my arm around Saint’s waist. He leans into me, our faces illuminated by the warm glow of the flame.

The attendant takes our picture, capturing a moment of pure bliss between us.

When it’s done, Saint looks at me with admiration in his eyes. He takes my hands in his, and says, “I can’t imagine a better day.”

“Let’s take this picture with us,” I say softly. “We’ll frame it.”

The attendant lifts a wand and produces a gorgeous frame.
“Your wish is my command.”

FOURTEEN



SAINT

“I think it’s cute.”

I snuggle up next to Onyx as he hangs our picture on the wall beside my bed. “I hope the associate was right about the candle’s power.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, she said it’d keep our love strong forever. That’s what I crave.”

Onyx finishes hanging up the picture, then turns to me. He tilts my chin up, staring into my eyes. “Do you realize what you said?”

My breath hitches, and I nod slowly. “Yes. I do.”

Onyx wraps his arms around me, and I feel his warmth seep into my bones. I look into his eyes, and for not the first time, I feel a deep, abiding affection for him.

“Tell me exactly what’s on your mind. Don’t hold back.”

“I’m falling for you,” I whisper, my voice thick with emotion. “Each day, you tear down walls I didn’t realize I’d built up to protect myself. You care for me, go at my pace, and you always respect my feelings and needs. Yes, I’m in love with you, and my emotions only grow stronger. You’re a beautiful soul, Onyx.”

Onyx smiles, pressing a gentle kiss to my forehead. “I’m so glad you said that, because I’m... falling in love with you too.”

We lay there for a few moments, simply enjoying the warmth of our embrace. Then, Onyx leans back and looks at the picture.

“It’s perfect,” he says.

I nod, unable to take my eyes off of him. “It is.”

“Hey.” Onyx stares into my eyes. “Do you remember what I said back in the magic shop? About finding my last master’s descendants?”

“Of course I do.”

“Well, a new memory returned to me. There’s another way to break the curse put on me besides finding them.”

My jaw drops. “What’s that?”

“I have to get married to my true love in Hell,” Onyx explains. “However, it’s not just any love. It has to be a love that’s strong enough to break the curse placed on me. I need to find someone who truly loves me for who I am, not for what I can give them. And that’s not an easy thing to do. Finding a love that’s pure and true.”

I feel a lump form in my throat. “And... do you think that’s what we have?”

Onyx nods with a small smile. “I do. I feel it when I’m with you. I feel like we’ve been connected for centuries, and that nothing can break us apart.”

Tears well up in my eyes. “I want to help you break the curse.”

Onyx pulls me into a tight embrace. “Thank you. It means everything to me to have your support.”

“How does it work?”

“I’m not sure. My younger brother, Azazel, once had to break a master’s curse this way. He’s the rebel of the family, so he wasn’t content to simply extract the payment his deadbeat master didn’t give him. He wanted to find another way to live pain-free—he’s the one who actually discovered the power of love.”

“We’ll figure it out together.” My voice is firm. “We’ll find a way.”

Onyx mulls this. “I think the best way would be to speak to Azazel. The only problem is that I don’t know how to contact him.”

“That is an issue.”

Onyx nods. “He’s always been a bit of a lone wolf along with his twin brother. But I have an idea.”

“What’s that?”

“Moloch managed to visit me the other day when I was playing pool in the rec room. After he left, I remembered that there’s a magical portal that can take you to any location in the world in seconds—even the ones that humans don’t know about. If a demon wants to travel to a merely physical location, they can fly or use a plane like you taught me about. But if they want to go somewhere with spirits or demons, they’re better off using the portal. However, if they don’t prepare correctly, it’s dangerous.”

I squeeze Onyx tight. “I don’t want you to put yourself in danger.”

“I get what you mean. Only a few demons know how to access it, and even then, it’s not recommended. But if we want to find Azazel, we might have to take the risk.”

I swallow hard. “What kind of danger are we talking about?”

Onyx looks at me, his eyes serious. “The portal is known to disorient and confuse those who enter it. Some people have reported feeling lost in time and space, while others have never returned.”

I shudder. “Is it really worth it?”

Onyx takes my hand. “It’s worth it if it means finding a way to break my curse.”

I take Onyx to the sofa, then throw a blanket over our bodies. I burrow my head on his chest, relishing the gentle thumping of his kind heart, and his body heat warming me.

“Tell me more about your family growing up.” I trace a pattern on his palm with my middle finger. “I want to hear about your brothers. Moloch, Leviathan, Asmodeus and Azazel.”

Onyx smiles. “My brothers were a wild bunch. Our parents weren’t around much in Hell, so we ran free through the fiery pits, swimming in lava and playing pranks on the other demons. Moloch was always trying to prove he was the strongest; Leviathan was the most caring and nurturing; Asmodeus and Azazel always caused mayhem together; and I was the nurturer, so I had to look out for them all.”

I crack out a laugh. “That’s hilarious.”

He chuckles at the memory. “We had some great times. We used to sneak onto Earth when we could, exploring different parts of Etruria or Greece and meeting new people. It was like an adventure every time—we’d never know what we’d find! We’d explore ancient temples, visit secret hideaways, find hidden treasures. It was incredible.” He pauses for a moment before continuing. “Of course, our parents would be furious when they found out about our escapades—but that just made it more fun. Asmodeus and Azazel were especially daring—they’d come up with some of the craziest ideas to get us out of trouble.”

“I’m jealous.” I cozy up to Onyx. “My family wasn’t nearly as fun.”

Onyx holds me tight. “I’d love to hear about your family.”

I sigh. “My family was much more conventional. As you know, my parents are lawyers, so I grew up surrounded by boring conversations about legal cases and court rulings. Even when my parents weren’t working, they were still stuck in their work mindset—they’d talk about politics and current events as if those were the only things that mattered.”

“That sounds tough,” Onyx says softly.

I nod. “It was especially hard for me since I wasn’t like my brother—he was the golden child, the one who did everything right. I was always the black sheep, doing something wrong or

not living up to my parents' expectations. It made me feel like an outsider in my own home."

"Did you ever take any fun family vacations? Or have a blast with your brother?"

"Not really. When my parents weren't working, they'd usually take us to some stuffy dinner party, or a boring museum. We never did anything exciting as a family. I remember one summer, my parents rented a beach house for us to spend a week together—but my brother was so busy with his studies that he didn't have time to join us. So it was just me and my parents, sitting in silence most of the time. We never had any real bonding experiences. I guess my parents were too busy with work to really pay attention to us or spend quality time with us."

"I'm so sorry. That's no way to grow up."

I squeeze Onyx's hand. "I'm so glad I have you now," I whisper into his chest. "You make me feel like I can do anything."

Onyx's eyes lock on mine. A pulse of gratitude thrums inside me, and I feel myself leaning in towards him.

Our lips meet in a soft, tender kiss, and my heart swells with emotion.

At last, Onyx pulls away and looks deep into my eyes. "You are so special, Saint," he says, his voice full of emotion. "Don't ever forget that. You're strong, brave, and capable. No matter what your family thinks or how they try to make you feel—you can do anything you put your mind to."

He smiles at me with a warmth and understanding that I've never felt before.

"Thank you." Love overwhelms me. Goodness, Onyx is perfect.

Onyx plants one last kiss on my forehead. "Let's figure out how to track my brother down."

FIFTEEN



SAINT

Standing on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, I gaze at the enormous, awe-inspiring portal that looms before me. It's almost like a violent hurricane, except it's transparent, and it pulsates with an otherworldly light. The portal seems to stretch on for miles, completely dwarfing everything around it.

The colors swirling inside the portal are a dizzying kaleidoscope of dark, brooding blues, deep indigos and violent sapphire. They seem to stretch and contract, like writhing tendrils seeking to ensnare anything that comes too close.

The air around the portal is heavy, almost thick with the energy it emits, as if the very fabric of reality is being warped and twisted by its power.

Fear and wonder washes over me.

This... is it.

The portal that leads demons to the spiritual realm.

"Holy shit." I lean into Onyx, a beat of unease drumming in my chest.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Despite the overwhelming sense of trepidation the portal inspires, there's something undeniably alluring about it. Perhaps it's the sense of adventure it evokes in me. Or maybe it's the hope of helping Onyx meet Azazel and freeing himself from the curse.

Whatever it is, I know that I'm looking at something beyond human comprehension.

"How does it work?" I bite my lower lip as I look at Onyx.

Onyx smiles at me, his face illuminated by the portal's light. "It's actually quite simple in theory. The portal is powered by a combination of spiritual energy and magical spells. When someone from the spiritual realm wishes to visit Earth, they simply need to enter through the portal that connects their world with ours. The portal then opens up and allows them to travel between realms."

Onyx pauses, his gaze turning distant as if he's lost in thought.

"But it doesn't always work," he continues, his voice low and serious. "Sometimes the portal doesn't open when it should, or it won't let certain people through. It can be unpredictable at times." He turns back to me and smiles again, but this time there's a hint of sadness in his eyes.

I gnash my teeth. "I'm not sure about this."

"We'll step through it together and it'll transport us to where we can find Azazel. Then, we'll ask him how to break the curse."

I'm still in awe of the portal, but I'm also a little scared. "Am I really going to accompany you?"

"Humans are safe as long as a demon protects them. Don't worry. I'll be right beside you every step of the way. We'll be safe as long as we stick together."

"What actually goes on... inside the portal?" This scares me the most. It looks like a hurricane.

"An ethereal mist will immediately envelop us. It'll guide us to where we need to go. Along the way, we may encounter all sorts of creatures—both good and evil—so it's important to stay close to me and not get distracted or lost in this realm."

My jaw drops. "We'll bump into other paranormals?"

"Yes, we will. The spiritual realm is teeming with all kinds of supernatural beings, from angels to demons and every kind

of creature in between.”

I gulp. “Oh my.”

“But don’t worry, I’ll protect you.” Onyx gives me a reassuring smile. “You don’t have to be afraid.”

“Okay.” I take a deep breath, steeling myself for what’s to come. “Let’s do this.”

Onyx takes my hand, his rough skin sending shivers down my spine. His eyes meet mine, blazing with anticipation, as we step towards the portal. My heart pounding with excitement, I follow him into the unknown.

As soon as we cross the threshold, a cool mist envelops us, an eerie sensation that sets my nerves on edge. I can feel the portal pulsing with a powerful energy, an electric surge that threatens to overwhelm my senses.

The colors around us swirl and dance, a kaleidoscope of hues that defy description. The once-familiar shapes distort, folding into themselves and twisting into impossible configurations.

As I stumble forward, my feet sink into the shifting ground. It’s like a mossy cloud that’s impossible to stand up straight on.

Onyx’s grip on my hand never falters. His presence is a reassuring anchor as we navigate the chaotic landscape of the spiritual realm.

Other creatures pop up around us as they journey through various realms. Demons, like Onyx, lurk in the shadows, their eyes gleaming with primal hunger. Their forms constantly shifting between human and animal, their movements fluid and unsettling. Spirits and ghosts flit about like will-o’-the-wisps. Each one leaves a trail of whispers and phantom touches in their wake. The air is thick with their essences, the fragrance of their ethereal bodies sending a shiver down my spine. Even banshees wail in the distance to wispy spirits floating by, each with their own unique aura.

I freeze, my breath catching in my throat, when a pack of bloodthirsty hellhounds locks their eyes on us. They snarl and

howl, but Onyx pulls me forward, his grip tight. We move quickly and quietly, our every step soundless through the silence.

At last, the portal spits us out onto the ground. My palms smack into sand, and I fight not to bump my head.

“We did it.” Onyx smiles, his eyes twinkling.

My heart swells as I stare into his eyes. “You kept me safe.”

Onyx leans in, his lips brushing against mine in a tender kiss. I melt into him, my body humming with desire as his tongue glides over my lips. His hands dig into my hair, his kiss deepening as he pulls me closer. I moan, my body arching against his as a wave of pleasure washes over me.

We break apart, gasping for air. “I think I’m addicted to kissing you,” Onyx admits, his voice husky with desire.

I grin, feeling my cheeks heat up. “Me too.”

I lean in for another kiss, but Onyx pulls away, his expression serious again.

“We need to find Azazel. He’s the only one who can break the curse.”

I nod, pushing aside the desire that still lingers in my body. “Right.”

Onyx and I take a look at our surroundings. We’re on a gorgeous beach—that much is clear.

The grains of sand ebb and flow beneath my feet. The sun beats down on my skin as I look out into the vast blue ocean, but my eyes are quickly drawn back to the shoreline.

Stretched out as far as the eye can see is a collection of seashells, their intricate patterns and shapes creating a mosaic of white, beige and sand-colored hues. The shells vary in size and shape, some as small as my thumbnail and others as big as a fist.

There are also smooth rocks and pieces of driftwood scattered along the beach, as if placed there by some unseen

hand. The rocks are polished to a high shine, and I can't help but wonder how long they had been worn by the ocean waves.

I inhale deeply, the welcoming scent of sea salt and marine life entering my nose. The sound of waves crashing against the shoreline is both soothing and awe-inspiring, mixing perfectly with the ocean smells. Towering cliffs jut out into the ocean, their walls a mix of green and beige, dotted with moss and other vegetation.

“What... is this place?” I gasp. It's as if it's hidden away from the rest of the world.

“We're in Sardinia, Italy. Three thousand years ago, this was a rural land filled with people without the luxuries of modern life. The men were farmers and hunters, who diligently worked to provide for their families. They plowed the sandy soil with oxen and farmed goats and sheep. They hunted wild boar, deer, and birds for food.”

“Wow.”

“The women were equally busy, tending to the needs of their homes and children. They wove baskets and cloths from palm and wool, ground grains with large stones, baked bread in clay ovens, and cooked stews over open fires. The villagers often gathered around the fires after the day ended. They exchanged stories and songs, passing on their history and culture to the next generation. That's how Leviathan picked up so much Homer. Everyone practiced the tradition of oral storytelling because it was the primary way to record their culture.”

“But The Iliad and The Odyssey aren't historically accurate, right?”

“Of course not. That wasn't the purpose of epic poetry back in the day—it was to entertain and inspire. To teach lessons and morals through the tales of heroes and gods. The Greeks were masters of storytelling, and their epics have endured for thousands of years because of it. To be honest, The Iliad and The Odyssey were like the Hollywood blockbusters of their time.”

I nod, taking in the information. “So how did we end up in Sardinia?”

“Azazel must be here. I requested that the portal bring us to where he is, and it deposited us here.”

Onyx murmurs something in Etruscan. The low, enchanting rumbling is music to my ears.

“I know what Azazel is up to.”

My eyes widen eagerly. “I’m listening.”

“Azazel has been studying ancient texts and artifacts in Sardinia for years. He’s become a powerful demon sorcerer over the past thousand years, hiding out in Sardinia to escape human persecution. Sardinia contains ancient soil, so he’s been able to manipulate the energy of the island to his advantage. If we can find him, he’ll definitely teach us how to use true love to break my last master’s curse.”

I nod, my heart pounding with excitement. This is like something out of a fairy tale. “Awesome.”

Onyx scans the beach, his eyes sharp. “We’ve got to look for anything out of the ordinary. Azazel clearly doesn’t want to be found, so he’s probably hiding.”

Onyx leads me down the beach, his eyes scanning the rocks and crevices. I keep pace behind him, following as he climbs over boulders and hurdles pieces of driftwood with supernatural ease.

“Azazel?” I shout, eagerness bubbling up inside my voice.

Saint growls as he smacks my arm. “Hush. You’ll alert the locals to our presence.”

We peer in crevices in the cliffs, pull enormous rocks back, and even search behind the lush vegetation that surrounds the towering palm trees.

At last, I sit down, shaking my head. “It’s hopeless. Your brother’s not anywhere.”

Onyx settles into the spot beside me. “We’ve got to keep our hopes up. The portal wouldn’t have deposited us on this

beach if he wasn't nearby."

I nod, feeling a sense of comfort wash over me. Onyx always knows what to say to make me feel better. "You're right."

The sky turns a deep shade of orange as we continue our search. Our eyes scan every inch of the beach and cliffside. The hot sun beats down on our skin, but we don't let it deter us. Our stomachs growl with hunger, but we don't stop.

Suddenly, a faint whisper dances on the wind. It's barely audible, but it's enough to make me stand up straight and listen.

"Did you hear that?" I ask.

He furrows his brow, his eyes narrowing. "Hear what?"

"That whisper. It sounded like someone's voice."

Onyx stands up, his hand reaching for mine. "Be careful."

Onyx guides me into a cluster of palm trees, his firm hand locking on mine. His enormous blue body keeps me safe from the potential dangers ahead, acting as a shield.

The smells of sizzling pancetta and garlic bread fill the air as a male voice hums to itself.

Onyx tears back two giant palm leaves in front of us, the scene giving way to a blue-skinned demon making dinner over a crackling fire.

The demon whips around.

SIXTEEN



ONYX

It's Azazel.

My brother.

"Bro," I shout, rushing toward Azazel and burying him in a hug.

My brother laughs, slamming my back. "Well, well, well. I didn't expect you to turn up after all these years."

I take a good look at Azazel. He's still a few inches shorter than me, but he's grown more powerful since I last saw him – his skin is a deep shade of blue, and he wears an ornate robe with intricate gold stitching. His eyes are a startling shade of azure, and his hair is long and dark. His physique is muscular, indicating that he's been hard at work honing his magic skills.

What intrigues me most are the intricate tattoos that cover his blue skin. Each one clearly represents a different type of magic he must've mastered over the centuries, because I recognize a few of the ancient signs.

"Whatever you're cooking smells delicious." I sniff the air, my stomach rumbling.

Azazel looks me up and down. "It's good to see you," he snorts, pulling away from me. "It's obvious that you haven't changed a bit. Once a foodie, always a foodie."

I place my hand on Saint's back, pushing him toward Azazel. "This is Saint, my new master."

Saint blushes as he extends his hand, "Nice to meet you, Azazel."

Azazel eyes Saint up and down before grinning. “Well, aren’t you a delicious little snack? I can tell you’re going to be a handful for my brother.”

I shoot Azazel a warning look, not wanting him to make any advances on Saint. “Cool your jets – he’s my master, not yours.”

Azazel laughs, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “Oh, come on. I’m teasing.” He turns to Saint and winks. “Don’t worry about him. He’s always been a bit of a stick in the mud when it comes to fun.”

Saint smiles back at Azazel, clearly enjoying the banter between us two brothers.

“You look so much like Onyx, I can’t believe it,” Saint gushes.

Azazel smirks, flexing his muscled arms. “I’m the smarter, better looking one.”

I scoff, rolling my eyes. “Yeah, right. You wish.”

Azazel grins, his face lighting up with joy. “Ahh come on, you know it’s true. Besides, I have twin magic on my side and you don’t.” He turns to Saint again and winks. “You should stick with me if you want to get ahead in life.”

Saint laughs, shaking his head in disbelief. “I think I’ll pass – no offense, Azazel.”

Azazel shrugs good-naturedly before turning back to the fire and stirring the bubbling pot of sauce he was making. “Suit yourself. Twin magic is a powerful thing.”

“What’s twin magic?” Saint wonders.

Azazel smiles. “It’s a special kind of magic that only twins can possess. It gives us the ability to perform spells twice as powerful as any other demon.”

I huff in disbelief, crossing my arms over my chest. “Yeah right, like you’d ever be able to cast a spell twice as powerful as mine.”

Azazel grins mischievously, raising an eyebrow at me. “Oh really? Why don’t we put it to the test then? I bet I could cast a spell with five times the power of yours!”

Saint looks between us incredulously. “Wait, are you two actually going to have a magical duel?”

I nod my head in agreement before turning back to Azazel. “Hell yes.”

“You two better not blow me up or there will be hell to pay,” Saint warns sternly before stepping back and watching the scene unfold with amusement.

I scoff before lifting my blue palms and glaring playfully at Azazel. “Let’s see what you’ve got.”

I hum in Etruscan, a blue energy flowing out of my fingertips and into the air. A gust of wind whips around the clearing, causing my hair to fly up in the air.

Azazel takes a deep breath before beginning his own spell. His voice is low and powerful as he speaks words in an ancient language, a red energy radiating from his hands. The wind intensifies, pushing against my blue energy with an unseen force.

Our two energies collide, creating a powerful force that ripples throughout the air. A cracking sound that resembles thunder explodes between the two forces, shaking the leaves off the palm trees.

Then, I grunt and push back with all my might – sending Azazel’s spell flying backwards and dissipating into nothingness.

Azazel stares in disbelief before turning to me with a sheepish grin on his face. “Okay, I guess you win,” he admits reluctantly.

Saint claps excitedly, jumping up and down in excitement. “That was amazing! Can you teach me how to do that?”

I laugh, shaking my head as I look at my beautiful boy fondly. “I think you’ll have to sprout horns if you want to learn any real magic.”

Two horns emerge from Azazel's head. "Good luck, kiddo."

Azazel grins, his horns fading away as quickly as they had appeared. "See? Twin magic is real."

I chuckle before turning to the bubbling pot of sauce. "Come on, let's eat dinner before it gets cold. I'm starving."

"It's hilarious you think I'm sharing my pasta," Azazel draws.

"We're starving. You'd better," I grunt.

We all sit down around the fire, plates of steaming pasta carbonara and garlic bread in front of us. Azazel passes around a bottle of red wine and we all take a sip before digging into our meals with gusto.

"So." Azazel turns to us. "Why are you here?"

I tell Azazel about the last three thousand years and how I was trapped in an Etruscan tomb.

Azazel listens intently, his eyes never leaving mine as I recount my story.

"That's insane," he mutters, shaking his head in disbelief. "I can't believe you've been trapped in there for so long. What did you do to get out?"

I explain how Saint summoned me and how he used a spell he found on TikTok. Azazel nods along, his expression thoughtful.

"It sounds like you owe this guy your life," Azazel says, nodding towards Saint. "What are your plans now?"

I glance at Saint, my heart swelling with emotion. "I need to find out how you broke the curse your master put on you three thousand years ago after he didn't pay what you required."

"That was a long time ago, bro." Azazel chuckles. "I'm not sure if I remember."

"You've got to help me." I grip Azazel's hand tight. "I've found true love with Saint, but I don't know how to use our

love to free myself from my bonds. I know I need to get married in Hell, but I'm not sure of the specifics."

Azazel stares thoughtfully into the distance. "I'm starting to remember now. I'd found a beautiful boy while I was traveling to Greece to meet up with Leviathan. I'd never been sadder, because I was suffering from tension headaches due to my last master who left me high and dry. My boy's name was Nai."

Saint rests his head against my shoulder. "Keep going."

Azazel pauses for a moment, a faraway look in his eyes. "Nai had eyes like the stars, skin like silk and hair that shone brighter than the moonlight. He was everything to me, my one true love. Marriage between humans and demons wasn't common back then, but I took him to Hell where the resident priest of darkness performed our wedding ceremony. The second we kissed on the altar of brimstone, I was free."

"Thank you for telling me that."

Saint gulps. "I'm not sure I'm ready to go to Hell."

My eyes lock on Saint's. "You don't have to before you're ready, beautiful boy. Hell—this is a lot to take in even for me."

Azazel smiles at Saint. "I'd also imagine that the thought of marriage is a bit... much for you."

Saint nods. "I was a virgin before I met Onyx. He's my first real partner, and while I have real feelings for him, the thought of marrying him so soon is overwhelming."

Azazel nods in understanding. "I get it. Marriage is a big step, and it's not for everyone. But you have to understand, in order to break a curse like this, it requires a level of commitment and love that transcends physical attraction. It requires a bond that cannot be broken by death or distance."

I wrap my arm around Saint's shoulder, pulling him close. "We'll figure it out together. We have time."

Azazel nods, a small smile playing at his lips. "I'm sure you will. And hey, if you ever need a demon to organize your wedding, you know who to call. I'm something of a wedding

planner here in Sardinia. At least, that's why the locals think I stick around."

For the first time in three thousand years, I feel hope. Hope that I can break my curse and be free to love Saint without any restrictions.

"There's one other option." I gnash my teeth. "I could track down my last's master's descendants."

Azazel sucks in a breath. "I'm not sure how you'd go about that. Three thousand years is a long time to keep a family line going."

"I know," I say, a determined glint in my eyes. "But I have to try. I can't just sit here and wait for something to happen. I need to take control of my own destiny."

Saint squeezes my hand. "I'll help you in any way I can."

Azazel nods in agreement, a serious expression on his face. "We'll figure this out together."

I smile, feeling grateful for their support. "I don't know what I'd do without you two."

We spend the rest of the evening talking and laughing around the fire.

But as the stars come out overhead, a throb pulses behind my temples.

I try to ignore it, but it grows stronger.

"Christ," I snarl, palming my forehead, tension splitting my brain in two. "This is getting worse."

Saint leans in and kisses me. "I hope this helps."

For a brief moment, the pain dissipates. I swirl my tongue around his, feeling a rush of pleasure that momentarily distracts me from the ache.

SEVENTEEN



SAINT

Poor Onyx.

I sniffle as I tuck him into bed, then head to the beach with Azazel. “I’m worried.”

“This is a common plight for demons,” Azazel explains. “That’s why the ritual of marriage is so powerful. It binds them to their partner and helps alleviate the pain.”

“But what if I’m not ready to get married? And we can’t find his last master’s descendants?” I ask, my voice trembling with fear.

Azazel puts a comforting arm around my shoulder. “Then we’ll find another way. There’s always a solution. We’re powerful demons, after all. We just have to keep looking.”

I nod, feeling a bit more reassured. “I hate seeing him in pain. He’s changed my life in so many ways.”

Tears well in my eyes as I think of the wonderful ways in which Onyx has impacted my life. Before I summoned him, I was a lonely college sophomore, studying English and wondering what to do with my life. Onyx showed me that love was real, that there was more to life than just studying and getting good grades. He taught me how to enjoy the little things, like playing video games next to someone who keeps you warm. And now, seeing him in pain, it breaks my heart.

“I know,” Azazel says softly, squeezing my shoulder. “But we’ll find a way to help him.”

Waves crash against the shore as the moon casts a silver glow over everything. It's peaceful here, away from the chaos of New York.

Azazel and I stride along the beach in silence for a few minutes, the sound of the waves crashing against the shore providing a soothing balm to my soul.

"Tell me about Hell," I say, hoping it'll calm my nerves.

He pauses for a moment before continuing. "For years, humans have been told lies about what Hell is really like. They think it's a dark and dismal place, full of fire and brimstone, but that couldn't be further from the truth."

"Isn't there fire?"

"Of course." He smiles and takes in a deep breath of salty air. "But the truth is that Hell is beautiful. There are lush gardens full of exotic fire flowers, sparkling lava rivers filled with fish, and majestic ruby mountains with breathtaking views. The night sky is filled with orange stars that twinkle like sparkling embers in the night sky."

Azazel talks about how there are different realms within Hell—some more peaceful than others—each offering its own unique experiences for those brave enough to explore them. He speaks of the wonderful creatures that inhabit this realm—from demons to dragons—all living together harmoniously in one grand kingdom.

"But what really sets Hell apart from the rest," Azazel says with a twinkle in his eye, "are its inhabitants—the humans who have been sent here to wait for their next lives to begin amongst us demons. These humans," he continues, gesturing towards me with one hand, "often bring with them a unique perspective, a freshness of thought and an openness to learning that many of us demons lack. They're the ones who help us to evolve and grow, and it's through their eyes that we can see the beauty in Hell."

"So you see," Azazel says with a wink, "Hell really isn't so bad after all."

I can almost feel myself being transported there; my heart races with excitement at all of its possibilities. “That’s way different from what I learned in Sunday school.”

Azazel laughs. “You can say that again. Hell is a place of beauty, love, and acceptance. It’s a place where you can be your true self without fear of judgment or persecution. It’s a place to explore and discover new things about yourself and the world around you. And it’s a place where you can find peace knowing that no matter what goes on in your life, you’ll always have somewhere safe to go.”

“Tell me about the weddings in Hell.”

“The celebration of two souls joining together is taken very seriously in Hell. From the decorations to the fire-roasted food to the music, everything is carefully chosen and crafted to ensure that it reflects the commitment between the couple. They’re a sight to behold—full of vibrant colors and magical music that fills the air. The partners stand before the souls, their love for each other radiating from them like a beacon in the night.”

“My, oh my.”

“When they exchange vows, it’s as if time stands still and all of Heaven is watching.”

This makes me snort. “Wait. Heaven watches the weddings in hell?”

“Uhhhh, duh. Heaven and Hell are connected in ways that humans can’t even begin to understand. The love between two souls is a beautiful thing and it’s something that transcends time and space.”

I picture weddings in Hell. I can’t explain why, but something like excitement bubbles up inside me.

Closing my eyes, I imagine myself taking Onyx’s hand in my own, standing before the souls of Hell and declaring our love for each other. I can feel the heat of the flames around us, smell the fragrant smoke from the fire-roasted food and hear the music that fills every corner of this cheerful place. Our wedding guests enjoy dishes specially prepared by some of

Hell's finest chefs. The tables are decorated with exotic fire blooms that flicker like stars in the night sky while sparkling lava rivers run through them.

The flames that light up our altar are vibrant—reds, oranges, yellows, blues—each one more beautiful than the last. The enchanting music fills me with an overwhelming sense of joy and happiness that I never knew was possible.

As I picture us kissing for the first time as husbands, I'm enveloped in a feeling of eternal bliss like no other.

"I wonder if my parents would attend," I grimace, kicking a pebble into the ocean.

"Are they supportive of gay marriage?"

"It's more the demon thing they wouldn't be on board with," I lament. "Super close-minded."

"Maybe they'll surprise you. Sometimes people surprise us in the best ways possible."

Azazel gives me a reassuring smile, and I feel a little bit better. Maybe things won't be as bad as I had initially thought.

I turn to Azazel. "Do you ever swim here at night?"

"All the time."

We strip down and dive into the cool, salty water of the Mediterranean Sea. The moonlight casts a beautiful glow across the waves, and the energy of the sea surrounds us as we swim.

We run into all sorts of sea creatures in the moonlit aquamarine water—from electric-blue jellyfish to rainbow-colored starfish.

Azazel dives deep beneath the surface and brings up an oyster with a pearl inside. He holds it out to me, and I laugh as I take it, feeling its smooth texture in my hands.

Onyx lumbers out of Azazel's hut and spots us. "I'd better not miss out on the fun!"

Onyx rips off his clothes, then plunges into the sea with us. We swim together, laughing and playing like children.

For the first time in so long, I feel free, happy, and unburdened.

The weight of the world lifts from my shoulders.

I swim toward Onyx and wrap my arms around my waist. “Your brother... has altered my perception of Hell. He even told me about weddings.”

Onyx waggles his eyebrows. “You’re ready to marry me after all, eh?”

My cheeks flush pink as I lean in, my lips rubbing against his. “One day at a time.”

“I like the way you think.”

We swim back to shore and lay out on the beach, watching the stars glisten in the sky.

EIGHTEEN



ONYX

I chop fresh oregano, determined to create the best authentic Etruscan dish I can for my beautiful boy. I promised I'd cook for him in the dorm kitchen many weeks ago, and now, I'm fulfilling that promise.

"Let's see," I mutter, grabbing the goat's cheese. "I'll need to use the oven to toast the rustic bread. I hope I don't burn Saint's dorm down."

Cooking has come a long way from what I'm used to. My brother's beach fire is more suited to my needs, but now that we're back in New York, I've got to get with the times.

I'm making Moretum, a type of cheese spread made from sheep's milk cheese, garlic, and herbs like basil, mint, and oregano. The cheese and garlic are mashed together in a mortar and pestle, and then I'll add herbs to the mixture, ground and mashed together.

The resulting spread was enjoyed as a condiment or as a topping on bread. My Etruscan friends would've eaten this as part of their daily diet back in the day, and I'm excited to taste it again.

Saint wanders into the communal kitchen, freshly clean from his shower. "Something smells delicious."

I turn to him... and forget how to think. Christ, he's gorgeous. His hair is still damp from the shower, and drops of water glisten on his bare cheeks. He's wearing a pair of shorts that hug his hips perfectly, showing off his toned legs.

“Hey,” I manage to say, trying to keep my cool. “I’m making Moretum, an Etruscan cheese spread. Want to try some?”

Saint nods eagerly, and I feel a warm sense of satisfaction. It’s always nice to share a part of my culture with someone I care about.

I hand him a slice of the bread, and he spreads some of the Moretum on top. He takes a bite and his eyes widen in surprise. “This is incredible.”

I can’t help but grin. “I’m glad you like it.”

Saint chews eagerly. “It tastes so much healthier than what I usually eat for dinner.”

“I’m also whipping up steaks.” I smirk devilishly. “Tell me how you like yours.”

“I like it medium-rare,” Saint replies, with a small smile.

“Medium-rare it is.”

I season the steaks with salt, pepper, and a blend of herbs before placing them on the grill. The smell of sizzling meat and herbs fills the air, and I can feel my stomach growling with anticipation.

While the steaks cook, I pour us both a glass of red wine. Saint takes a sip and smiles. “This is good. What is it?”

“It’s a Chianti,” I reply, pouring myself a glass. “It’s one of my new favorites.”

Saint nods, taking another sip. “I can see why.”

When the steaks cook, I plate Saint’s and bring it to the table along with the Moretum.

Saint takes a bite of the steak, and his eyes light up. “Wow, this is amazing. You’re quite the chef.”

I feel a surge of pride at his compliment. “It’s all in the technique. You’ve got to sear one side before flipping it. And use lots of butter.”

Saint laughs. “Ah, I see. That’s why it tastes so delicious.” He takes a bite of the Moretum and grins. “I’m impressed.”

I can’t help but laugh at his reaction. “You’re not so bad yourself, you know? For a boy who usually just eats French toast and burgers.”

“Hey now,” Saint protests, pointing his fork at me in mock outrage. “Those are perfectly acceptable meals.”

“Maybe,” I concede with a smile, taking another sip of wine. “But nothing beats a good steak and homemade cheese spread.”

“You know what they say,” I joke, reaching for my own glass of wine. “Everything tastes better with Moretum.”

Saint scratches his temple. “Do they say that?”

“They did in Etruria back in the day,” I tease.

He shakes his head, laughing. “Well, it definitely makes my dinner a lot more interesting.”

I pour some more wine. “I’ve been thinking. I think we should get our own apartment, beautiful boy. Instead of living in the campus dorm.”

Saint’s eyes tick up. “Oh really? I think that’d be great. We could have a lot more fun and freedom living on our own.”

“Exactly,” I say with a smile. “Plus, it would give us the chance to practice our cooking skills. Maybe we could even try out some new recipes together.”

Saint grins, taking another sip of wine. “I’m up for anything that involves food.”

I chuckle, shaking my head. “Of course you are. The way to a boy’s heart is through his stomach.”

Saint laughs as he takes a bite of the steak. “If that’s true, then consider me yours forever.”

I continue, my voice light and playful. “Or we could switch it up. You do the cooking, I’ll do the cleaning. What do you think?”

Saint pretends to consider it for a moment before answering with mock seriousness. “I don’t know... you’d be getting off easy if you don’t have to cook.”

“I’m wiped out from hauling you to Sardinia and back. I need a break.”

Saint pouts. “But who’s going to make sure that my steaks are cooked the way I like? It takes a true master chef to get it right.”

“You’ve got me there. Alright, it’s a deal—I’ll do the cooking, and you can take care of the cleaning.”

“I like the sound of that,” Saint says, taking another bite of his steak.

We keep eating, enjoying the food and the warmth of our companionship.

“Uh oh.” I just realized something.

“What?”

“I guess if we’re going to be living together, we’ll have to get two TVs. I think you’re sick of watching that drag queen competition show.”

Saint snickers. “Yeah, that would be nice. Or maybe even get a bigger one so we can have movie nights together.”

“Ooh, I like that idea,” I say, taking a sip of wine. “I think we should also get a popcorn machine and some comfy chairs. We could turn our living room into a movie theater.”

Saint grins. “That sounds awesome. We’d just have to make sure that you don’t eat all the popcorn before I get the chance to have any... like last night.”

I smile wickedly. “That’s what happens when you live with a hungry demon like me.”

Saint feigns shock and points his fork at me. “I didn’t sign up for this kind of torture.”

We both burst out laughing. “As long as we have two TVs, we’re good.”

Saint shrugs. “I, for one, enjoy watching drag queens strut their stuff with you. It’s pretty entertaining. And the contestants are so sassy.”

I nod in agreement. “That’s true. But there are lots of other shows we can watch together, like The Great British Bake Off.”

Saint raises his eyebrows. “You’d really want to watch that?”

“I think it’d be fun,” I say with a smile. “We could have our own little movie nights every week. And when you get inspired to bake, you can whip me up something delicious.”

Saint grins and takes another sip of wine. “Alright then, it’s settled. We’ll get two TVs... except for the one in our room. That one will be reserved for video games.”

I roll my eyes and laugh. “Don’t even think about it. We both know how competitive you get when it comes to gaming.”

“Hey, what can I say? The thrill of victory is just too sweet.”

I take a sip of wine and shake my head in mock exasperation. “You’re hopeless,” I tease, reaching over to ruffle his hair affectionately.

“Maybe,” Saint replies with a shrug before turning serious again. “But at least we’ll never be bored living together, right?”

“You can say that again.”

After clearing Saint’s plate, I lift him onto the counter. “God, you’re cute tonight.”

“That’s so funny.” Saint runs his hand down my chest. “I was thinking how great you looked, Mr. Chef.”

“We’re doing nicknames now, eh?”

“Shut up and kiss me.”

I crush my lips to Saint’s, a spark of electricity making us both gasp. His hands tangle in my hair, and I pull him closer to

me.

His tongue dances around mine, exploring the contours of my mouth, and my heart slams wildly in my chest.

I break away for a moment to catch my breath before pressing back into him again with triple the force. Our kiss is explosive now, jam-packed with desire and longing that only intensifies with every passing second.

We cling to each other desperately as hot growls escape me, ferocious and primal.

I piston my hips against Saint's. "I know what you want, naughty little devil."

"You're the devil. I'm the saint." Saint unzips his pants and spreads his legs.

"Do you mind that we're in the communal kitchen?" I ask, glancing around. "Anyone could walk in."

"Not if you don't," Saint whispers.

With a growl, I rip his briefs off, drop to my knees, and spit on his gaping hole. I attack his folds like a wild animal, swirling my tongue around his sensitive flesh. Saint whimpers and moans as I go deeper and deeper, pushing my tongue inside of him.

I switch up my technique, alternating between long, languid strokes and fast, frenzied licks. I move to his balls, lathering them with my saliva before returning to his cock and pushing him over the edge.

His body pulses and quivers beneath me, and soon he's screaming out with his impending release.

"Oh God," Saint pants, leaning against the counter for support.

I ram my thumb into his hole as I suck at it. "Come for me. Let go."

Saint gasps, his moans loud and desperate as his dick snaps up. I run my tongue up and down his length as cum bursts

from his crown, exposing into the air, driving him wild with pleasure.

He grabs onto the counter, his knuckles turning white as I lick and suck him with fervent intensity, unwilling to stop.

I stand up and kiss him, our mouths slick with sweat and desire.

“You really are the saint and I’m the devil,” I whisper into his ear.

Saint grins, his breath still coming in pants. “Well, I don’t know about that. But I do know that living together is gonna be pretty damn awesome.”

I chuckle, my heart still pounding in my chest. “You can say that again.”

NINETEEN



SAINT

The elevator doors slide open with a soft ding, and Onyx and I walk down the hallway to our new apartment.

A fresh scent of polished hardwood floors and crisp white walls greets us. The spacious living room is exactly how it looked in the pictures online. It boasts floor-to-ceiling windows, bathing the space in the gentle afternoon sun. The modern kitchen has sleek black countertops and state-of-the-art appliances, which is what we need to make yummy food.

From the kitchen, I can see the entrance to the master bedroom. I take in the king-sized bed and en-suite bathroom that even contains a bubble bath, which both of us wanted.

I can't overlook the balcony. The city skyline stretches out through the windows, the oasis of Central Park beckoning us amidst Manhattan's concrete jungle.

I can't help but smile at the sight.

We did it.

At last.

Onyx and I have a place away from my college dorm.

"Can you believe this is ours?" I ask, my voice echoing off the high ceiling.

Onyx grins, his sapphire eyes scanning the room before settling on me. "It's perfect."

"Finally, some room to stretch out," I say, running my fingers through my curly hair. "Bye bye, cramped dorm life."

“Those dorms were not designed for someone like me.”
Onyx emits a growl, flexing his muscular arms.

I smirk as I stare at him, my heart flickering with desire.

“Or anyone, really,” I add, chuckling softly. “But now we have all this space to ourselves.”

My heart swells with gratitude for our newfound freedom. Closing my eyes, I picture our future together.

“Think of all the memories we’ll make here.” Onyx is reading my mind.

I lean into him, feeling the heat radiating from his demonic form. “Here’s to new beginnings.”

“New beginnings,” he echoes.

“Actually,” I say, furrowing my brow, “how were you able to afford this place? I mean, it’s a great deal, but...”

My voice trails off as I glance at Onyx. As far as I know, he doesn’t have a job.

Onyx smirks, his sapphire eyes gleaming with mischief. “I have my ways.”

I cross my arms, raising an eyebrow in suspicion. “What does that mean?”

“Remember who you’re talking to,” he says playfully, tapping his chest with a clawed finger. “I am a demon, after all. We have our... talents.”

I laugh, trying to keep the tone light. But deep down, I can’t deny my curiosity. What exactly did Onyx do to secure this amazing apartment?

“Come on,” I tease, poking him in the side. “You can’t just leave me hanging like that. Give me a little more to work with.”

“I might’ve used a bit of my demon magic to persuade the realtor to give us a good deal.”

“Oh, God.”

“Let’s say... I may have given her a glimpse of my horns. Nothing too drastic, just enough to make her a little more agreeable to our terms,” Onyx explains.

My eyes roll back, and I can’t help but snort. The thought of Onyx using his demonic powers for our benefit thrills me.

I look around our new home, and I realize just how much this means to him—how much we mean to each other.

Wow.

He was willing to risk showing the realtor his devilish side.

If that’s not the hallmark of true love, I don’t know what is.

I shake my head in disbelief. “I guess I underestimated your abilities.”

“Never underestimate a demon,” Onyx chuckles, wrapping his arm around my shoulders and pulling me closer. “Especially one who’s madly in love with you.”

“Point taken.”

I welcome his lips on mine, our bodies entwining as we move to the sofa. We sink into the soft cushions, his hand on my lower back.

The kiss deepens, our tongues meeting in a dance of passion as we explore each other’s mouths.

Onyx’s palm slides down my back, his touch igniting a flame within me that threatens to consume me whole.

I break the kiss, gasping for air as I gaze into his sparkling, lustful eyes.

“I love you,” he whispers, his voice thick with desire. “And I can’t wait to make more memories with you in this place. We’re going to have the best future.”

My heart swells with love and desire as I stare into his teal eyes. Our love would make most people run for the hills.

I don’t care about their opinions. All I know is that I’m right where I’m meant to be, in this beautiful new apartment with the demon I love.

“I love you too,” I reply, my voice barely above a whisper.

Onyx rips my shirt off, his lips going toward my nipple. I moan as he swirls his tongue around it, sending sparks of pleasure through my body.

I throw my head back as Onyx sucks and licks my neck. His hands roam my body, exploring every inch of my skin, igniting a flame of desire within me.

We grind against each other on the couch, our bodies entwined in a passionate embrace. Every touch, every kiss, every moment fills me with love and desire.

I spread my legs. “I want you to take me.”

“Now?”

I nod, mewling. “Please.”

“Not yet.” Onyx rubs my hole, causing me to wail. “You’re still a virgin, beautiful boy. I’m going to take your virginity the way you deserve. Candles and a fancy meal. On our new king-sized bed.”

“Then, at least do something,” I gasp, gripping his shoulders. “Let me suck your cock.”

Onyx leans back, unzipping his pants. His seven-inch blue cock swings upward, a drop of precum glistening on the tip.

I grin, my heart pounding in anticipation.

Onyx watches me hungrily as I take him in my mouth, his hands cupping my head as I swirl my tongue around his shaft. I moan in pleasure as I suck in more and more of him, my throat stretching to accommodate his size. He tastes salty and sweet, a combination that makes me weak in the knees.

Onyx’s body tenses. His grip tightens on my hair, and I can feel him trembling as he comes closer and closer to the edge.

Finally, he pulls out, and he groans, his eyes rolling back as I swallow his salty cum spilling from his slit.

We collapse onto the couch, our bodies intertwined. I lay my head on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

“That was amazing,” I murmur, closing my eyes.

Onyx chuckles, his fingers stroking my hair. “I’m lucky you enjoy sucking me off so much. Not every demon is so lucky.”

“I’m all yours.”

“This is only the beginning,” Onyx says, his voice full of promise. “You and me, living the life of our dreams. Nothing can stop us now.”

I slide our two video game controllers out of my backpack, then set them on the coffee table. “How about we set up the TV in our bedroom and fight to the death?”

Onyx laughs, squeezing my hand. “I like the way you think.”

We move our furniture around and mount our new flatscreen TV to the wall at the foot of our bed.

Before we know it, we’re lost in a world of our own making. We battle, laugh, and make unforgettable memories.

As I look around our new home, I thank my lucky stars for Onyx and the life we’re building together.

But there’s one thing that lingers in the back of my mind.

Onyx and I either need to get married or hunt down his last master’s descendants.

Neither option will be easy.

TWENTY



ONYX

I wake up to a blistering headache. Gritting my teeth, I roll out of bed, pinching the bridge of my nose in frustration.

I feel like my brain is being hammered from the inside, and every sound and light is magnified tenfold. The slightest movement makes my head feel like it's going to burst.

Even moving a little bit makes it worse, but I force myself to go to the bathroom. Each step feels like time is going by so slowly, and it's very uncomfortable.

I flick the light on, but it's too bright and causes a sharp pain in my eyes. I close my eyes and take deep breaths, trying to calm down. The throbs are like electric shocks in my head, and my temples pulsate painfully.

I hold onto the sink and rest my forehead on it, hoping for some relief. Unfortunately, it doesn't come.

I know what I must do.

I must find my last master's descendants and break the curse.

Or marry Saint in Hell to show the universe we've found true love.

"There's got to be a way to track those fuckers down," I growl, my vision swimming.

Saint knocks on the bathroom door. "Hey. Are you okay?"

I open the door... and lose myself in the sight of my beautiful boy. Saint's chestnut curls stick up in disarray, his

eyes filled with worry and love.

“I’m alive,” I manage to croak, wrapping my arms around him.

Saint looks into my eyes, and his expression softens. He knows what this is about. I finally confessed that the curse causes me pain, and he broke down in tears.

Saint takes my hand in his, and his touch is like a soothing balm on my aching head.

“Let’s at least snuggle for a bit,” he says, determination in his voice. “That will help your head, won’t it?”

I nod, grateful for his insight. “Yes.”

We head out of the bathroom and collapse onto the bed, our limbs intertwined. I close my eyes, savoring his warmth and love.

After some time, my headache subsides, and I open my eyes.

“Feel better?” Saint asks, his voice soft.

I nod, leaning in for a kiss. “Yes. I’m so lucky to have you.”

Saint smiles, and I can almost feel his pride radiating off of him.

“I know you can do this,” he says. “You’re the strongest demon to ever live, and if anyone can fix this, it’s you.”

His words fill me with a renewed sense of hope. “It’s tough because I’m not sure if I can use my powers to track down my last master’s descendants. That’s the only way to find them since I wouldn’t know their names. I don’t know if they’re even still alive.”

“You can do anything if you put your mind to it. You just have to believe in yourself.”

I smile, my heart swelling with love for my beautiful boy.

“You’re right,” I say. “I *can* do this. I’m going to figure this out.”

“Why do you think you couldn’t find them with your powers?”

I sigh. “Whenever a demon is summoned, it costs them quite a bit of energy. Using the portal and securing this apartment are also high-energy tasks. I need to refill my energy well, but that takes time.”

“What do you typically do to restore your well?”

“I have fun and take my mind off of things,” I reply. “I usually take a break from my responsibilities and just do something relaxing. Go out and explore, spend time with friends and family. Anything that’s not related to my powers.”

Saint grins. “Well, then let’s go have fun and restore your energy well.”

I laugh, appreciating his enthusiasm. “Are you sure you have time?”

“I always have time for you, Onyx.”

“That sounds like a plan.”

Saint’s eyes light up. “Have you ever been to an indoor water park?”

“No. In Etruria, water parks didn’t exist yet.”

“There’s a great one nearby. It has slides, wave pools, and a lazy river. It’ll be a perfect way for you to recharge your batteries.”

Saint’s enthusiasm is contagious, and soon, I’m as eager as him. “I’m so down.”

The water park is unlike anything I’ve ever seen.

Towering slides jut out of the walls, twisting and turning like giant snakes coiled up and ready to strike. Screams and

laughter echo throughout the enormous space, intermingled with the sound of rushing water from the various attractions.

The lazy river, a winding stream of bright blue water that carries inner tubes and swimmers alike around the park, beckons me. The water looks cool and refreshing, and I imagine myself simply floating along, letting my tension ebb.

In the distance, the massive wave pool sparkles. Walls of water crash down, creating tidal swells that rise and fall, giving swimmers the sensation of being in the ocean itself. A rush of excitement fills me at the thought of diving into those mammoth waves.

To my left, swimmers shoot down the twisting, turning chutes, their bodies flung this way and that as they speed towards the splash pool below. The slides are immense, the largest of them a spiraling behemoth that disappears up into the ceiling of the water park, a thing of pure adrenaline-pumping delight.

“Beautiful boy.” I turn to Saint. “You didn’t tell me the park was this big.”

Saint laughs, adjusting his bathing suit. I try to ignore how he looks good enough to eat with his bulge poking out, calling out to my tongue. This is neither the time nor place—*we’re here to have good, wholesome fun*. “I guess it’s a little overwhelming for a first timer.”

“A little?” A snort escapes me.

“Okaaaay,” Saint concedes, chuckling at me. “A lot. But don’t worry. That’s why I’m here.” Saint wraps his arm around my shoulder, his touch reassuring and comforting. “I’ll make sure you don’t get lost in the chaos.”

“Thanks.” I smile, leaning into him.

Saint leads me around the park, and soon enough, I’m laughing and splashing, my worries forgotten.

We play in the wave pool, taking turns riding the swells and trying to stay on our inner tubes. We also check out the slides, deciding which ones to go on.

I point to the biggest one. “Let’s try that one.”

“Are you sure? That one looks like it’s for thrill seekers.”

I grin. “I’m up for a challenge.”

We head to the top of the slide, and I take a deep breath. Saint scoots in next to me, and his presence steadies me.

“Ready?” he asks.

I nod, and we take off, screaming and laughing as we twist and turn our way down the slide.

The experience thrills the crap out of me, and when we land in the splash pool at the end, we’re both grinning from ear to ear.

“That was awesome,” I exclaim, my heart still pounding in my chest.

“It sure was,” Saint agrees, his eyes alight with excitement.

I brush a strand of hair from my face, feeling alive and invigorated. “Thank you for bringing me here, beautiful boy. This was just what I needed.”

Saint smiles, his eyes sparkling. “Consider it my pleasure.”

We spend the rest of the day exploring the water park, taking turns on the different slides, and floating along the lazy river.

To my pleasant surprise, my headache is gone. Not even a dull throb—it’s vanished as if it had never existed. I feel like a new demon, my energy restored and my spirits lifted.

When the day winds down, we make our way back to the changing rooms to shower and slide into our dry clothes. I can’t help but ogle Saint’s body in the shower, his petite hips and smooth frame turning me on.

Saint catches me staring, and he laughs as he shampoos his hair. His dick grows erect, but I stay in control of my senses and ignore it.

“Tease,” I growl in his ear after we leave.

Saint bats his eyelashes. “I’ve done nothing wrong.”

When we enter our new apartment, our bodies are tired but happy. We collapse onto the bed, our limbs intertwined as I maul Saint with kisses.

“That’s for turning me on,” I whisper, my lips brushing against his.

Saint pulls me closer. “You enjoyed it.”

“Maybe a little,” I admit with a smirk.

Saint flips onto my chest. His eyes sparkle with mischief as he straddles me. “You know what they say—once you go on a slide with your boy, you never go back.”

He leans down and kisses me deeply.

Our mouths taste like chlorine and candy apples, and I never want it to end.

“Let’s have a little fun before bed,” Saint whispers against my lips. He moves his hands along my body, exploring every inch of my skin with his fingertips. His touch is electric, sending sparks of pleasure through me with each caress.

I moan softly as he pulls out my big cock. My erect blue member throbs in his grip, and I suck his lower lip, encouraging him to keep going.

Saint skillfully stimulates my shaft with his fingers, stroking it with a gentle rhythm. His touch is delicate and precise, sending shivers of pleasure through me.

He teases the head of my penis, lightly flicking his tongue over it before taking it into his mouth.

I gasp as he sucks on me, my hips bucking against the mattress as I grip the sheets tightly in my fists, feeling like I’m about to lose control.

Saint’s tongue moves faster and faster, and it’s not long before I’m screaming as he coaxes out every last drop of pleasure from me, leaving me panting beneath him.

Finally, after what feels like an eternity of blissful pleasure, I collapse on the mattress.

Jesus. Christ.

I come undone so quickly around Saint.

“That was amazing.” I’m unable to find words to describe what just happened between us.

Saint kisses me tenderly on the lips, before rolling off of me and snuggling into my side. “Anytime you need some special attention, I’m here. No more headache?”

“No more headache,” I echo, my heart a bastion of warm fuzzies.

TWENTY-ONE



SAINT

I walk into our bedroom, setting down my book and stopping before I hit the light switch.

I pause, unable to believe my eyes.

Onyx filled the bedroom with flickering candles, the gentle glow reflecting off the walls. The air blooms with the sweet scent of roses, so overwhelming that I feel like I'm walking through a garden.

Our king-sized bed is adorned with rose petals, giving off a romantic feel. Every candle in the room elevates the entire atmosphere, creating unparalleled intimacy.

The shadows dancing on the walls from the flickering flames are mesmerizing, instantly soothing my nerves that are frayed from a long day of studying.

“Onyx?”

Two muscular arms wrap around me from behind. “I’ve been waiting for you. There you are. I’ve been pacing back and forth, losing my mind. I thought you got hit by a damn bus—ha. Never in my life have I been so fucking lucky to be wrong. I want you, every fiber of my being calls out for you. Screams your name in my dreams. Our souls are connected, interwoven as one. You’re the fire to my ice. The golden thread that keeps my limbs connected to my body. Without you, I don’t know what I’d do.”

I moan, surrendering to the sensation of his lips on my neck. His raspy breath is hot on my skin, sending a chill down my spine.

His hands travel up and down my chest, and my body responds to his touch. I cant my hips back, rubbing my ass on his waist, feeling his enormous length.

I turn around in his embrace, my hands working their way up and down his body as I look into his eyes. He gazes back at me with such longing and passion that I can't resist him.

Onyx tugs me closer, our lips crashing together in a passionate kiss. His heart thumps against my chest, and the erection in his suit pants lets me know he's wanted this for a long, long time.

Onyx takes my hand and leads me to the bed. He sizes me up with such intensity, his deep eyes sparkling with desire.

I swallow, my heart pounding in my chest. "I've practiced so much. Every morning, I slip into the bathroom and use my starter kit. I'm up to the big butt plug now, Onyx. For you. Even the anal beads go in easy. I'm stretched out and ready."

Onyx removes my clothes and pushes me onto the mattress, and I can feel the petals beneath my back. They're soft and smooth, providing a perfect sensation as Onyx climbs on top of me.

"I hope you're as ready for me as you say." Onyx pushes out a growl as he sucks at my jaw. "Because I'll start off gentle, but I won't finish that way."

My eyes lock on his, heat thrumming within me. "Tell me that tonight's the night you'll take me."

"I can't wait another day. I've tried to be good. I really have. But I'm going to go insane if I don't make love to you this second."

I cry out, clutching his muscular blue arms. "I'm yours."

Onyx moves his hands down my body, his fingers and lips driving me wild with pleasure. His tongue swirls around my nipples, sending a wave of sensations through my body. He takes his time, his movements slow and precise, as if he's savoring every moment.

Onyx rips off his suit. I groan as he reveals his ideal body that's sculpted to perfection. His blue skin is like silk, and his muscles ripple as he moves.

Onyx's seven-inch blue cock swings upward, slamming into his rock hard abs. Pre-cum pools out of the tip, making me ache to take him inside of me. It drips onto me, spilling over my flesh and trickling onto the sheets.

Onyx positions himself between my legs, his thick shaft hovering just above me. "Tell me you want this. This big shaft in your pucker."

"Please," I beg, my hole puckering. "Oh God, enter me."

Onyx slides inside me, his blue member stretching me out. I wrap my legs around his waist, welcoming him into the depths of my being. He begins to move patiently, thrusting in and out of me with each stroke.

His movements are slow and steady, and my hips buck against his as my passion consumes me. He grunts, his eyes never leaving mine.

My breathing is ragged as I cling to him, my body trembling with anticipation. Onyx smiles down at me, his lips curled in a satisfied smirk as his nuts slap against my ass.

His thrusts become deeper and faster, my pleasure intensifying with each movement. His breath is hot against my neck, and I can feel myself edging closer to the edge, his thrusts keeping me just at the brink of pleasure.

All at once, I'm there.

Onyx's horns sprout out of his head as he understands.

My body tightens as I reach the peak, and I cry out as my orgasm rips through me. One, two, three—oh Christ, I bust out torrent after torrent of hot white cum. Wave after wave of pleasure crashes over me, and Onyx joins me in ecstasy. His body shudders against mine as he roars, spurting his releases inside of me.

One.

Two.

Three.

So many I lose track.

Each shot of his cum fulfills me, a missing puzzle piece I didn't realize I needed.

We lay there for a few moments, panting and exhausted. Onyx stays inside me, grinding his shaft into my folds, never leaving. He plants a kiss on my nose as he wraps his arms around me, holding me close to his chest until our breathing returns to normal.

“You have no idea how perfect you are.”

I melt under his praise.

“I love you, Onyx,” I whisper, my voice barely audible.

Onyx smiles, his eyes filled with warmth and affection. “I love you too. *You're mine.*”

TWENTY-TWO



SAINT

“Becca!” I beckon my bestie inside me and Onyx’s new apartment.

She wolf whistles as she sets her bag down. “This is nice.”

Becca was hesitant to come over today to meet Onyx at first, because she was convinced I was imagining the entire thing.

Ha.

I told her to quit being so close-minded and that, despite what she thinks, no, I didn’t have a mental breakdown. Onyx is real, and I’m going to prove it to her.

Becca taps her foot on the ground. “I still don’t believe you. I mean, a demon? That’s real?”

I laugh. “Yes, he’s real. Just wait, you’ll see.”

We walk into the bedroom, and I take a deep breath as Onyx comes into view. He’s shirtless, wearing nothing but a pair of tight jeans. Becca’s jaw drops.

“Oh... my... God. You weren’t exaggerating. He’s beautiful.”

Onyx smiles, his face flushing slightly.

He extends his hand. “It’s nice to meet you, Becca. I’ve heard so much about you.”

Becca shakes his hand, her eyes filled with awe. “It’s nice to meet you too. I’m glad Saint found you.”

She turns to me, and her expression changes to one of surprise. “You’re glowing. I’ve never seen you look so happy.”

I smile, feeling my cheeks heat up. “I am happy. Onyx is everything I ever wanted and more.”

Becca grins. “Here I was, thinking that you belonged in the loony bin if you thought you saw demons. I never thought humans could be in relationships with them.”

Onyx slides into a fresh button-down shirt, then smiles at Becca. “That’s a common misconception, but it’s an unfounded one. We have the same emotions and desires as any human. We just look a bit different.”

Becca nods. “I see. Well, I’m glad you two are together. I’m sure you make Saint very content.”

Onyx wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me close. “Without a doubt.”

I swoon into Onyx’s firm arms. “Kiss me. Prove that our love is real.”

Time stops as Onyx leans in, his lips pressing against mine. Fireworks spark in my veins as our tongues intertwine and our souls blend into one.

Becca claps her hands. “If that isn’t proof, I don’t know what is. I’m thrilled for you two.”

Onyx looks into my eyes, his own twinkling with love. “I’m the most fulfilled I’ve ever been. I love you.”

I smile. “I love you too.”

Becca pulls a bottle of tequila out of her purse. “I brought this as a housewarming gift just in case you were actually real. I think we can drink it now.”

I study the bottle, then hand it to Onyx. “I’m not sure if demons can drink tequila.”

Onyx roars with laughter. “Demons can drink anything they want. I’m sure this will be no exception.”

He pops the cap off the bottle and takes a swig.

“That’s a good boy.” Becca and I giggle.

Onyx passes the bottle back. “Here. Let’s have a toast. To us and the future adventures we will embark on together.”

We clink our glasses and take a shot. It’s sweet, salty, and strong all at the same time.

“Cheers!”

I turn on some music and to my glee, everyone agrees with me that we should have a dance party. Onyx and I take the center of the room, our hands intertwined. We move with each other in perfect harmony, our bodies swaying to the rhythm of the beat.

Becca joins us, her hips swaying as she twirls around me. Her laughter fills the air as we all start making up our own dance moves.

Onyx lifts me off my feet and spins me around, sending my hair flying in every direction like a halo of fire. I laugh as he dips me low and kisses me deeply, then pulls me back into an embrace.

We’re breathless and laughing uncontrollably at all our silly antics. “I feel so corny.”

Onyx kisses my cheek. “Never say that about yourself when you’re having fun.”

Becca takes a break from dancing to grab some snacks from the kitchen counter. She brings out chips, salsa, guacamole and a few other treats that make my mouth water just looking at them.

Onyx pours us each another shot of tequila, and we cheers again before digging into our snacks with gusto.

“Okay,” Becca drawls, a little drunk. “I gotta know if you have any demon brothers.”

Onyx chuckles. “I do have a few brothers, yes. But none of them are straight or single. Sorry.”

Becca shrugs. “I’ll find my own demon one day.”

“Try a summoning spell on TikTok,” I drawl. “You’ll bump into a demon in no time.”

Onyx takes me in his arms and whispers in my ear. “You’re my everything. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

I smile and press my lips against his. “Me too. I’m crazy about you.”

Onyx kisses me back, his eyes twinkling with desire. “I love you.”

Becca watches us with a contented smile on her face.

“You two are perfect for each other. I’m so happy you found one another.” Becca is such a supportive ally.

“Me too,” I whisper.

The three of us spend the rest of the night dancing, drinking, and laughing. It’s the perfect way to celebrate the beginning of the rest of our lives.

TWENTY-THREE



ONYX

Saint screams as I plunge into his ass, bucking into him hard and rough. “Take it. This big cock only comes for you. No one else.”

He grips the concrete underneath him. “You’re huge.”

I growl, my eyes blazing as I grab his hips and slam into him, pushing him further than ever before. His tight walls grip me like a vice, milking me with every thrust.

Sweat pours down our bodies, our moans echoing off the brick walls of the abandoned alley. I fuck him hard and fast, my hips slapping against his ass with each thrust.

“Oh, Onyx!”

My nuts slap against his ass cheeks. “Keep clenching those cheeks. Lock that ring around my blue cock.”

I reach around and stroke his cock, increasing my thrusts. His body quakes and he shudders, screaming my name as he grows even more aroused.

All at once, his tight hole clenches around me and he wails, his orgasm rolling through him like a wave.

I follow shortly after, spilling my cum deep inside him.

We collapse against the alley, panting and exhausted.

“I’m so glad you agreed to my fantasy,” Saint gushes, running his fingers down my chest. “Sex in public is so hot to me.”

Saint is learning a lot about himself. Now that he's not a virgin, he's eager to explore his sexuality and find out what turns him on. From wild public sex fantasies to BDSM-inspired role play, Saint is learning more and more about himself with each passing day.

I'm so proud of him for embracing this newfound freedom and exploring his desires without shame or fear.

Two nights ago, we spent hours discussing our desires, our conversation becoming more and more wild.

Saint imagines a life full of adventure like he's read about in books. He dreams of going on safari in Africa or exploring the ruins of ancient civilizations in South America. I can see his eyes twinkle with excitement when he talks about these fantastical ideas.

The best part?

I can give him the life he wants.

As a demon, human limitations mean nothing to me.

With me in his life, Saint can go anywhere.

I help Saint off the ground. "You're a wild one."

"I'm practicing for when I descend to Hell with you," Saint teases. "I'll be surrounded by sinners so I need to get a little freakier."

I roll my eyes. "How many times do I have to tell you that Hell isn't full of malefactors?"

"You say that," Saint begins, "but I'll have to believe it when I see it."

I push out a sigh, shaking my head. "Hell isn't what you think it is," I explain, taking his hand in mine. "Yes, there are sinners down there, but they're not suffering or burning in agony. As I've tried to tell you, Hell is actually a place of pleasure and fulfillment. It's an escape from the mundane world of reality and a chance to explore the depths of your soul."

“Can I explore all my fantasies and desires without worry about society’s expectations?”

“Of course. Sometimes, people come to Hell to let go of their inhibitions and embrace their truest selves.”

Saint grins. “So, it is full of deviants. I knew it.”

I pause for a moment, then snort. “There are some deviants. In Hell, there are no limits. You can be whoever you want to be and do whatever you desire. Anything that brings pleasure is embraced here—from wild sex parties to intense BDSM scenes; from exploring new fetishes to indulging in forbidden desires; from trying exotic drinks to participating in dangerous rituals—anything goes. But it’s also a place of beauty and magic.”

Saint looks at me in awe, his eyes wide with amazement.

“You make it sound so wonderful,” he whispers.

I take his hand and squeeze it gently. “It is—it truly is.”

I lead in and kiss him. Saint surrenders to me, thrusting his tongue into my mouth and exploring me with wild abandon.

I kiss him back, lost in his embrace and suddenly aware that I *have* to marry this boy.

My heart swells with emotion and I pull away, smiling.

“Let’s go to Hell,” Saint says, his voice full of wonder. “I’m ready to get over my fears and do it.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sick of being afraid of trying new things. Yeah, I’m sure.”

It’s wonderful how much Saint has grown over the past few months we’ve been together. It’s obvious that he’s turning into a stronger, more open-minded person day by day.

“We can’t go right now.” I check my watch.

“Why not?”

“Hell runs on a different time zone. The gates don’t open until Monday.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding.”

“I’m afraid not,” I say with a laugh.

Saint groans in frustration. “That feels like a week away.”

“It’s okay,” I say, rubbing his back. “We can use this time to plan our trip. We can research all the activities we can do in Hell and pick out our favorite ones. It’ll be a great way to get ready and excited for our journey.”

Saint’s eyes light up with excitement. “I’m already looking forward to it.”

I take Saint back to our apartment. I prepare us spicy ginger tea as I draw a map of Hell from memory.

“This atrium is where the souls enter,” I explain, pointing to an area in the center of the map. “Then, they can choose which part of Hell they want to explore first. There are different realms to suit different interests, whether that’s art, music, or wickedness.”

Saint looks closely, taking in all the details. “It looks so cool.”

I point to a large room. “And this path leads to the pleasure district.”

Saint waggles his eyebrows. “Ooh la la.”

I growl as I palm his thigh. “Don’t get any funny ideas. You’re not to enter the pleasure district without me.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Saint bats his eyelashes.

I tell Saint about the different realms, and he marvels at the wonders that each one holds. We laugh and joke, and I teach Saint how to stay safe in the demon realm.

Saint sits on my lap. “I wonder what our wedding will be like.”

My heart races in my chest. “Did you... say wedding?”

“Yes, I did. I’ve decided that I want to marry you. Sooner rather than later, preferably.”

Any lingering tension in my skull vanishes. “I’d love to marry you. We can make it as wild as you want it to be. And I’ll make it fun for your parents and older brother too. It’d be a shame if they didn’t attend the wedding.”

Saint grins, his cheeks flushing. “It’s going to be epic, I can tell.”

I lean in and kiss him passionately, and he melts against me. We make love right there on the desk, our bodies on top of the map of Hell.

As I enter Saint’s tight body, I can feel the connection we have growing stronger. I pour my love and devotion into him, and he returns it tenfold.

We move together, merging our souls and uniting in a way that I never thought possible.

Saint screams as he comes, his dick spurting out shots of hot white cum.

“Oh, Onyx,” he wails, his eyes rolling back. “Yeah, like that. Right in my hole.”

With a growl, I rip my dick out of his ass and explode on his face. Shots of hot cum cover his cheeks and chin, and he moans in pleasure.

A new world is opening up for us. One I’ve never explored with a human before, but which I’m so glad to.

Saint and I lay there in each other’s embrace, our hearts beating in time. The thought of our future adventures fills me with excitement, and I know that, together, we can make it happen.

TWENTY-FOUR



SAINT

The day of our wedding has finally arrived.

At last.

When the portal to Hell opened Monday morning, Onyx and I descended into the underworld at once.

We met demon tailors who took our measurements to put together the finest tuxedos. Caterers who prepared Hell's finest foods. We rehearsed our wedding ceremony, which left me full of warm fuzzies.

I can't believe I get to tie the knot with Onyx.

My heart beats wildly in my chest as I stand at the altar. The air around us is thick with anticipation, and blue flames dance around us like a protective shield. Heat radiates off of the fire-lit stone walls, shooting out in every direction.

The demon priest stands before us, his dark eyes glinting in the firelight. He reads from an ancient book, his voice deep and dripping with power.

Around us are demons of all shapes and sizes; some with horns or wings, others with tails or scales. They watch silently as Onyx takes my hands in his own.

My parents are even in the audience. So is my older brother.

Can you believe it?

When I informed them what was going on, they flipped out. Needless to say, my mother eventually came around and

said that attending her son's wedding in Hell would be a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

I smile as I gaze at Onyx, who's reading his vows.

"My beloved Saint, I promise to love you and honor you for all eternity. To be faithful and loyal to you, through good times and bad. I vow to protect you, care for you, and cherish you always. You are my life, my love, my everything. With you, I can move past the curse placed upon me due to my last master's actions. *Be mine.*"

My heart swells with emotion as Onyx finishes. He looks at me with so much love in his eyes that it takes my breath away. His words wrap around me like a warm blanket, comforting me as tears well up in my eyes.

Now, it's my turn. My throat is tight with emotion as I begin to speak.

"I do," I whisper softly before pressing a gentle kiss against his lips. "I love you, Onyx. You're my best friend and the love of my life. My protector. My keeper. I promise to always be there for you, no matter what. To support you when times get tough and to laugh with you when things are going great. Even if we run into your old master again. I vow to trust and respect you, to never take advantage of your kindness or take your loyalty for granted. I will cherish every moment we have together and never forget how lucky I am to have found such an amazing demon to live my life with."

Onyx slides a ring onto my finger, its fiery band heavy with meaning and symbolism. He says the word '*mine*' before leaning forward to kiss me passionately.

The demons around us erupt into cheers and applause as Onyx holds me. We embrace each other tightly, our hearts beating as one.

"Well!" Mom exclaims, her eyes dazzling. "I'm proud of you both. I'm sure you two will make a great couple!"

Dad smiles at Mom. "I'm inspired by their love."

My older brother grins. "Saint made the right choice."

Onyx pulls me close and wraps an arm around my shoulders. “Don’t worry, sir. I’ll take good care of your son.”

I smile and squeeze his hand reassuringly. “We’ll take care of each other.”

We love one another and that’s all that matters.

The demon priest claps his hands together gleefully. “Let’s celebrate with a feast!”

A banquet appears before us. All sorts of delicious dishes and drinks are spread out on the tables. We all dig in, sharing laughter and stories.

I take in the buffet of Hell’s finest dishes that appear before us. There’s grilled rat, roasted bat, and other delicacies both sweet and savory, all of which are cooked to perfection. There are iced cakes and devilish pastries, fruit pies with pungent spices, and hot dishes of barbecued meats. There’s even grilled demon steak and fire-roasted goat, both of which are tasty.

A blue hellhound comes bounding to my side. It barks, then rubs its furry head against my leg.

“Oh, you like the food, do you?” I ask, scratching the hound behind the ears. It barks in response and licks my face.

Everyone laughs and gawks at the sight. Dad shakes his head in mock disapproval.

“Well, I’ll be,” Dad says, his voice full of wonder. “That’s one adorable pup.”

Onyx and I smile at each other. He laughs and takes my hand in his. “I think someone wants to eat with us too!”

The night passes in a blur, and soon it’s time for us to head to the dance floor. The music starts with a low rumble and builds to an exciting pitch. The beat is intense, the rhythm entrancing. The fire-lit room pulses with energy as demons of all shapes and sizes twist and turn to the music, their movements hypnotic and graceful.

The smell of brimstone fills my nostrils and I can taste its smoky flavor on my tongue. It’s not unpleasant though; it’s

oddly intoxicating. Every now and then, a plume of smoke wafts through the room, carrying with it a hint of exotic spices that further heightens my senses.

My eyes are drawn to a group of demons twirling fire batons in a mesmerizing display. They leap and spin around one another, their flames painting a dazzling picture against the darkness of Hell's sky.

My feet glide and skip as if they have a mind of their own. I'm barely aware of what I'm doing, but feel completely in control at the same time. The ease and grace with which my body moves surprises me.

Onyx's gaze is on me as he watches me dance. His eyes drink me in. Lights flash brightly all around us, creating an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colors that reflect off his eyes like stars in the night sky.

Suddenly, everything else fades away.

There's just us two in this moment together.

Onyx takes me into his arms and we sway together to the rhythm of the music. His skin is hot against mine, sending sparks through my body that make me feel alive with joy. We laugh together as we sway on the dance floor, lost in our own little world for just this moment in time.

"Hey." Onyx tilts my chin up gently with his finger and our eyes meet. His lips are so close I can feel their warmth on my skin. His breath is sweet and intoxicating, like a mix of honey and clover.

He leans in to kiss me, slowly pressing his lips against mine. The sensation is electric. Onyx's lips are warm and soft, yet firm enough to let me know he means business. His tongue caresses mine as if it were made of silk, sending shivers down my spine and making me feel like I'm melting into him.

The taste of the brimstone lingers on his lips, adding a tantalizing smokiness to the mix. His hands move gently over my body, exploring every inch of me with a passionate intensity that leaves me breathless.

Our tongues dance together tenderly. I wrap my arms around him tightly and press myself closer to him, feeling his heart beat against mine as if trying to keep time with the music playing all around us.

“You’re so special. I can’t wait to be your husband for the rest of my life.”

“Are your headaches gone?” I furrow my brow.

Onyx scratches his temple. “Huh. I’d have thought they would be by now, but I still sense something’s not right.”

That’s when a man appears on the far side of the dance floor.

A rope is tied across his lips. He struggles to break out of thick chains that bind him to the wall.

“Who’s that?” I gasp.

Onyx’s eyes go dark.

“My old master.”

TWENTY-FIVE



ONYX

When I see my old master, something dark thrums to life within me.

What is he doing in Hell during my wedding?

This is the man who stiffed me out of my deserved payment. The asshole who trapped me in the Tomb of Blue Demons for three thousand years.

I remember the betrayal like it was yesterday. He told me that he was ready to share a kiss, which was the payment I required after I assisted him with getting his cattle back from a thief. He wanted to kiss me “somewhere secluded” where no one would see. The second I entered the tomb, he hit me over the head. When I woke up, a group of dark magicians was performing a spell on me. I was “painted” on the walls of the tomb, unable to move.

“Wait here.”

Saint grips my hand. “No. Remember what we said at the altar? We’re here for each other through thick and thin. Nothing anyone does or says can keep me from supporting you. Whatever happens, I’ll be by your side.”

I turn to Saint, my heart melting in my chest. “What did I do to deserve a husband so sweet?”

I crush my lips to Saint’s, needing to taste him before I complete whatever unfinished business I have with my old master. I feel Saint’s arms wrap around me, pulling me close to his body as we deepen the kiss. The taste of his lips, the feel of

his body against mine, all of it is so much better than I could have ever imagined.

Finally, I break the kiss, my eyes never leaving Saint's as I take a deep breath, steeling myself for what's to come. I clench my fists, feeling the fire in my veins begin to burn hotter.

“Let's do this.”

I stalk over to my old master, my steps purposeful and my eyes dark with fury. He struggles against his chains, fear in his eyes as I approach.

“My disobedient little pet has come crawling back.”

“I'm no longer your pet,” I growl, the heat in my body flaring hotter. “I've come to settle a score.”

“You think you can take me on?” he taunts.

I lunge forward, reaching for his throat. His chains rattle as he struggles to break free, but I'm too quick for him. My fingers wrap around his neck, my grip tightening as I feel the power welling up inside me.

“You owe me, and I'm here to collect,” I snarl.

My old master's eyes widen in fear as he realizes his fate is sealed. I can feel the flames licking at my skin as I draw on my demonic power. I'm ready to release it all, to unleash my wrath upon this man who has wronged me for so long.

But then Saint's voice cuts through the darkness.

“Onyx. Stop.”

I turn to see Saint standing there, his eyes full of understanding and compassion.

“Let him go,” Saint pleads. “He's not worth it. We have a new life ahead of us, and this isn't the way to start it.”

I take a deep breath and loosen my grip on my old master. I feel the flames inside me begin to die down as I turn away from him, Saint's words echoing in my mind.

“Tell me why you're here in Hell,” I demand.

“I-I never wanted to hurt you,” my old master stammers. “I wasn’t able to pay what you demanded. I was in the closet and I wasn’t ready to go all the way with a demon. After I put you in the Tomb, a swarm of hellhounds appeared while I was sleeping and dragged me to Hell. I’ve been here for three thousand years waiting for you to come back so we could clear up this misunderstanding. I’m sorry.”

His words are a punch to the gut. I can feel the rage slowly dissipate from my body as understanding washes over me.

“You needed to tell me that you weren’t ready to be my partner instead of placing me in the Tomb,” I grit out.

My old master nods. “I wasn’t able to own up to my desires. I was wrong.”

My tension headache fades in an explosion of blue flames.

Saint hugs me while it happens. “You’re okay.”

I turn to my old master. “The curse has been broken. However, I’m not done with you.”

Saint shakes his head. “Let’s not seek revenge.”

“You’re right.” I tug Saint close to me, my hands running up and down his lithe body. “Thank you for reminding me to put kindness over destruction. It’s important to put positivity out into the world, and not contaminate the delicate fabric of the universe with negative energy.”

“This is what you can’t have,” I say to my old master, my voice dripping with disdain. “This is what you lost—my love, and my life-giving energy. It’s way too late for you now.”

My old master sobs, his face pale and his eyes brimming with tears. I take Saint’s hand and lead him away, leaving my old master to wallow in his regret.

Saint’s eyes twinkle with joy and satisfaction. He wraps his arms around me, kissing me deeply.

“You’re incredible,” he whispers, his breath tickling my ear. “You showed him exactly what he missed out on.”

I smile, my heart full of love for my husband. “That I did.”

My future with Saint is full of adventure, love, and excitement. We'll never need to look back.

We turn and walk away, leaving my old master in the darkness. I can feel the curse finally broken, a weight lifted off my shoulders.

This is the start of our new life.

I'm ready to face it with my true love by my side.



EPILOGUE

SAINT

“Get over here!”

Bones, the hellhound we adopted, shakes the bone in his mouth and wags his tail. His eyes dance with sapphire flames, no doubt because he thinks this is playtime.

Onyx crosses his arms over his chest. “If you don’t behave, you’re going in timeout.”

No use. Bones continues to act out, not giving two whips about our desires.

This freaking dog.

I turn to Onyx. “Puppy training school is in Bones’s immediate future.”

“Will they accept hellhounds?”

I grin. “They’d better.”

I leave Bones to his own devices as I leap into Onyx’s arms. My lips find his, and I kiss him passionately, tenderly, pouring my heart and soul into it.

My right hand migrates to his, and when I feel his glistening ring, I melt a little more.

Onyx... is my husband. Today. Tomorrow. Forever.

We’ve come so far in our journey. When I summoned him using that spell I found on Tik Tok, I never thought it’d lead to true love.

Onyx, too, has changed in wonderful ways. He's starting to embrace his true identity as an out and proud queer demon in the twenty-first century, and he's even exploring drag. We attended a live drag show last night, and Onyx wants to try performing.

Becca and I both think that's a stellar idea. There aren't any demon drag queens out there, so Onyx would provide a fresh take on the art form.

He's perfect.

Onyx wraps his arms tight around my body. His lips feast on mine, nibbling my lower one, before sucking the upper. His firm hands grip my backside, and I moan as I swoon into his chest, letting the tides of our love take me out to sea.

"I'm so happy you're mine," Onyx whispers, his nose nuzzling my cheek. "You help me stay patient, level-headed, and not use my powers for evil. Only good. You're the ray of light I needed in my life."

"You build me up day by day, Onyx. Thank you for being there for me. For showing me I'm enough. Worthy of love. Yours."

Onyx sees me in a way no one else ever has. I was never a lonely sophomore English student in his eyes. I was his everything.

Onyx snaps his fingers.

Blue fireworks burst outside our apartment window.

They explode over Central Park, radiating with intensity, shimmering in a way that reminds me of the skies of Hell on our wedding day.

I gasp, unable to believe the sight. "Are those real?"

"They're real for us."

I grip Onyx's horns that sprout from his head, pure love bubbling up inside of me. Yeah—he's everything I've ever wanted.

Caring. Compassionate. Willing to show his love for me every single day.

“I love you,” I whisper, lost in his embrace.

“I love you too.”

Thank you for reading *Cuddly Demon*!!! I had a blast writing Saint and Onyx’s love story :) If you enjoyed this book, please leave a review or star rating on Amazon! It’s the best way to tell the algorithm to show this book to new readers :) Make sure to check out the other books in the *Possessive Love* multi-author series!

ALSO BY ASTER RAE

Aster Rae has written over twenty MM Daddy romances that are all available to purchase or binge in the Kindle Unlimited program.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aster Rae is a USA TODAY bestselling author of MM Mafia Daddy romance who can always be found buried in a Kindle.