



DEMON

Sons of Chaos: Book Five

JISA DEAN

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By:

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Because nothing is scarier than people.

Eden

I've always been the good girl, my dad's little angel, and even though I hate it, I can't deny it's true. I'm straight out of one of those princess fairytales. I even have an evil stepmother. She despises me. I never really knew how much until she set things in motion so I'll be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Now, I have an escaped convict trying to murder me, my father's life is in danger, and the only person I can trust is a man straight out of Hell itself. Can I even trust a prisoner named Demon or have I just bought myself a one-way ticket to heartbreak and more? And what does he mean when he says I'm his little angel and he's going to be my Daddy from now on? Is this going to be the worst Halloween ever or the start of something heavenly?

Demon

I'm just trying to live my life and get by. That's all you can do when you're the biggest monster in a prison full of the vilest kinds of people. And then a little angel comes knocking at my door. When something as sweet and innocent as her gets stuck in the worst kind of situation possible I realize she's going to need the monster I am to help her escape her demons. Only I'm one Demon she's never going to shake. Once I have a taste of Eden, I have no plans to give her back to the father who couldn't keep her safe to begin with. The people coming after Eden will learn no steel bars, no fiery pit, not even a prison riot will keep me from the paradise Eden is carrying around just for me. And I have the entire Sons of Chaos to make sure my little piece of Heaven is kept safe this Halloween.

Holy Candy Buckets, if you're looking for just the right bad boy to make your Halloween more spicy than sweet Demon has you covered. He's ready to set the mood and fight off all the scary things that go bump in the night. Are you ready to treat yourself to a steamy Halloween romance that will leave you asking for ice in the apple-bobbing barrel? Let the Sons of Chaos serve you a sweet treat with Eden and Demon, book number five in the Sons of Chaos series.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Epilogue I](#)

[Coming Soon](#)

[Keep In Touch](#)

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Chapter One

Demon

I stand in line and wait my turn. I've been waiting a long time it seems. All there is to do in here is wait. Wait and watch your fucking back. This place... makes you feel more like an animal than a man. Some of the men here have long forgotten what they started out as. They've lost their humanity. It's the only way to survive here.

That and think about what you did that put you here. Not like people walking around on the outside want you to think about it. No. You start replaying shit, trying to figure out where you went wrong so you won't fuck up again. Prison doesn't stop a person from doing the shit again, it helps them figure out how to do it and not get caught. After all, all you have in prison is time. Time to go back, time to replay things mentally, time to recreate and redo perfectly. It's why so many mother fuckers wind up back in here.

Me? What did I do to get locked away like an animal? I killed a man. Actually, I killed three but they only found one. But all three deserved to die. They were all bad guys. All three tried to attack me thinking they would have better luck if they ganged up on me. They were wrong.

Being six foot six and wider than a fucking bus puts a target on your back right from birth. Every limp-dicked, small-cocked mother fucker that has a predisposition to be a fucking bully comes at you. I learned pretty quickly the only way you can talk to some people is with your fists. Some men just need beating. Some need killing.

Never women and children. I'm not a fucking monster even if they call me The Demon in here. They call me that because I wouldn't hesitate to plant a shiv in anyone's back, I have no affiliation, no loyalty -except to myself, and the prison hierarchy doesn't fucking apply to me. As the guards say - the only thing that can control me is the damned devil that made me. And he ain't in here. One of the gangs found that out my first night in. They sent a 'representative' over to speak to me right before lockdown. He ended up in the infirmary. The next time they tried to request my presence in their little gang they made the mistake of trying to fuck a guard up to get to me. I saw and put a stop to it. Those men wound up with broken faces because they fell and hit the sink...at the same time and I wound up with my moniker.

The gangs backed off after that and the guards started calling me The Demon. I've been shanked twice, cut more times than bacon, and one motherfucker tried to strangle me with ripped-up bedsheets. Every one of those contestants won a lovely parting gift of broken bones and a round-trip ticket to a stay in the infirmary. I've only been in for two years of my fifteen-year stint.

One of the reasons it's hard to kill me is because I just don't give a shit. I'm not afraid of death, I don't care about power or wealth. All I care about is making it out of here so I don't die in this hellhole. Until...

“Would you look at that?”

The sound of Cricket's voice right by my side recalls me back to where I am. For just a second...I felt like I was... somewhere else.

Cricket is my cellmate and a pretty chill guy. Most of the time.

“Pussy so fresh you can almost taste it from here, mmm.”

A growl slips from deep down inside of me. Everyone around me takes a step back...including the guards. Everyone, except Cricket.

“Oh okay, D. I got it. She's yours and I like my eyes so I'm not looking anymore. Who we even talking about? I don't know. 'Cause I don't see anyone.”

Damn right, he ain't seeing anything. Because the little creature standing in front of the guards' office on the other side of the glass has already been claimed. By me! I lick my bottom lip and stare openly. Why not stare? There isn't a mother fucker alive that's going to tell me no when I come to take that soft little angel. I'm shuffled through one of the locked doors even as my mind starts spinning with ideas and thoughts of the heavenly creature standing outside.

I need information. I need a name. I need to find out why this sweet innocent is in this place. And I need to find a way to protect her until I can get to her. The atmosphere of the prison pops and crackles with a new energy. An aura hangs over the whole place, one of expectancy. Something is up. Something is about to happen. Everyone can feel it, everyone can tell something's coming. I let the feeling set in and bide my time. Something is about to happen, and I need to be ready when it does.

And this corner of hell...just got a whole lot more dangerous. All because of a little angel that came knocking on my door. This Demon just found an angel he's coming after. And there will be hell to pay for anybody that stands in my way!

Chapter Two

Eden

“Hey Adam,” I speak to the one guard who doesn’t make me feel like my skin is going to crawl off my body. When I come here, I try to always talk to him, if at all possible.

“What are you doing here, girl? Don’t you know this is no place for a young girl like you?”

And that is why I always try to speak to him, “Vicki left some paperwork here again. Do you think you can look in the interview room for me?”

“Yeah, just wait here and let me go check.” He gives me a warm smile even as he turns around cursing the fact I’m here. If he could, he would wring my stepmother’s neck.

I shift from foot to foot, wholly uncomfortable in this entire building. He’s right. I don’t have any right to be in this place. It is a prison after all, and I’ve not done anything to be here. Nothing except love for my father.

My dad is a lawyer who specializes in wrongful prosecution and unlawful arrests. It doesn’t make him very popular with the police force but some of the prisoners really like him.

Either reason makes a visit to the prison a nightmare for me. And the time of year doesn't help either. There is nothing spookier than a prison, so the closer it gets to Halloween the more my imagination runs away with me envisioning all sorts of bad things.

But I don't want my dad to suffer because I'm a chicken and don't want to do this favor for my stepmother. If I hadn't come, she would have sent my father back here after he got home from work which can be late into the night. So, I'm here, even though I hate it. Not just because of the inmates either. The guards look at me the same way the convicts do, at least the convicts are behind bars and can't reach me.

I'm not stupid or naïve. I know not to get too close, to stick to the guards that don't stare overly long, and to get in and out as quickly as I can. Adam comes out of the first interview room mumbling about my stepmother as he goes into the second one.

“That woman needs to not send a small girl to keep up with her work.”

I bite back a smile because I agree completely. I have a sinking suspicion she's doing it on purpose, wanting me to get hurt. She's made it no secret that she doesn't like me at all. Her affectionate nickname for me is The Brat. Dad told me he was thinking about divorcing her. He just wants to wait until the holiday season is over. I try to hold that close when she comes after me with her hateful words and sharp nails -she loves to sink them into my arm like a cat playing with a mouse. Only three more months and it will just be me and Dad again. Just three more months.

I start to look around wondering what is taking Adam so long when my eyes land on a line of prisoners being led from

one place to the other. I never stop them to ask where they're being taken and most of the time keep my eyes down on the ground when they come through. Last time I was here and a group of them came through I felt...different. Instead of looked at, I felt seen. I wasn't just a slab of fresh meat. It was...disconcerting.

That's why I don't drop my eyes to the ground this time. At least that is what I tell myself. But one of the prisoners captures my attention. How could he not? He's tall as fuck, built like he's not even real, like something out of a movie. His bright blue eyes rimmed in inky black lashes most women would die for also make him stand out. They do more than look, they bore into a person, staring all the way down to the soul.

Why do I feel like I can't look away? Why does it feel like I can't take a deep breath while this guy is looking at me? I eventually pull my eyes away from him and look back down. Is this the reason I felt weird the last time I came? Is he the person I can tell was looking at me?

Before I can stop myself from thinking about things I shouldn't be thinking, a loud siren goes off and echoes everywhere. The sound starts pounding in my temples coinciding with the thud of my heart which has crawled up into my throat.

“What's going on? What's happening?!” My voice is shrill over the alarm and full of fear and uncertainty.

A flurry of activity breaks out behind the partition that separates the guard room from the rest of the prison as lights start flashing alongside the blaring siren. Adam comes back out of the interview room and grabs my arm. He pulls me to

the smaller of the two interrogation rooms and shoves me inside without answering any of my questions.

“Don’t move! Stay here!”

“Wait! Adam!”

But he’s gone before I can even finish getting the first word out. I go behind the table in the room and hunker down behind the legs of the chairs as the realization of what is happening hits me. It’s a prison riot and I’m trapped inside. With hundreds of monsters way scarier than anything Hollywood can make up.

Chapter Three

Eden

I have to fight the urge to just scream at the unreal things happening to me right now. That's the last thing I need to do. I need to move this stupid table over to the door and wedge it up under the knob so no one can come in. There's just one problem...the table is screwed into the floor.

Right when I find this important piece of the puzzle out, the door bursts open causing me to yelp and crouch back down. I cover my mouth hoping the person coming in the door doesn't find me but it's no use. I can tell right away this guy isn't going away. He just confirms everything to me when he speaks.

“Well, well, well. Looks like it's my lucky day, huh, sugar.”

My stomach lurches as I identify the voice. It's Robert, one of the sleazy guards that look at me way too long and hates my father because he 'lets bad people out'.

I see him turn the lock on the door before walking over to the table, “I've been wanting a taste of Edmund Granger's daughter for some time now.”

Oh shit! Shit, shit, shit! I have no weapons to defend myself, I have no way to stop this...I can't even use the chairs because those are nailed down too. I stand and put the table in between me and Robert. He might get what he wants but I'm not going to make it easy on him. I fight down the urge to let my chin wobble as I slowly fall apart inside.

I start creeping to the side of the table so I can try to make a run for it. If I can get out maybe I can find another place to hide until someone can come...stop what is happening.

"I wouldn't do that sweet thing." He licks his fat lips as he takes in what I'm wearing. I'm so stupid because I came from helping my dad at the office. I'm in a skirt and flimsy blouse making it even easier for someone to do something bad to me. Like a big idiot. "You see, there's been a riot."

He confirms what I feared happened. I choke back the vomit wanting to rush up at the thought.

"You have a choice, sweet thing. You can stay here and deal with me." His hands drop to the buckle on his belt. "Or you can walk out that door and deal with hundreds of men waiting to take their own taste."

Shit! Shit! Shit!

I'm halfway around the table trying to think of option number three when Robert makes a lunge for me. The time to decide is up. I'll take door number two, Bob. I dance out of his reach and make a run for the door, knowing all too well that I'm going to have to fumble with the lock. But before I can even reach it, the door is kicked in hard enough that it bangs against the wall behind it. Noise comes pouring into the room. Horrible sounds of men shouting and people screaming. But

the scariest thing is what is standing in the doorway of the interview room.

Standing at the door is the big prisoner who caught my eye standing in line just minutes before. And he is even bigger close up than when he was standing behind glass. He raises his hand and a loud sound echoes through the little room causing my ears to ring. I turn and see a red cloud behind me on the wall and at my feet...Robert.

I start backing away from the man. He has a gun and there is no glass separating the two of us now.

“Come!” His voice is rough, like he doesn’t use it very often and deep. “Now!”

Before I can stop myself, I move closer to him. It’s a subconscious motion that I do before I can think of why I shouldn’t.

“Oh damn, man! You just told her what to do and she did it. That’s some wizard-y shit right there. No woman’s going to do what you tell them. And yet she came.”

Behind him a smaller man steps out, one I didn’t even realize was in the room with us. The creepy guard’s words come back to haunt me like a cold, dead warning from the grave. There’s no way I’m making it out of this in one piece. But at least now...

I make a dive for the gun I know is on the guard.

I don’t make it. The tall man reaches for me and snakes his arm around my waist lifting me off my feet, so they no longer

touch the floor.

“No!”

His hand comes up to cover my mouth even as I start yelling at him. “Little fool!” He gives me a little shake as I try to breathe around his wide thick fingers. He isn’t just covering my mouth but my nose too. “You think others won’t come if they hear your high-pitched screams! You think others won’t try to take you away from me if they realize you are here!”

My eyes widen even as the certainty hits me that I’m going to pass out. Shit, if I know what to do in this situation. I am certain I don’t want to be passed around like some sort of human...blow-up doll for the whole prison to use.

I start mumbling into his palm trying to talk to him. Maybe it’s the lack of oxygen or just the situation but desperate times call for desperate measures.

He takes his palm down so it is wrapped around my throat now so he can listen to what I am trying to say. When the words come out, they are barely above a whisper. “J...just you.”

He looks at me as a lone tear breaks free and trails down my cheek, a cold salty reminder of what I’m about to do.

“What?”

“I...if...if I go with you...you keep me safe and then...only you touch me. You make it so the others won’t...hurt me, won’t touch me.”

He looks at me like we have all the time in the world, like there isn't a riot running through the whole prison. He narrows his eyes and leans in so he can draw a breath right at the back of my ear. Smelling me, he's smelling me. "And you'll give me that pretty pussy without a fight?"

My mouth trembles open at how stark and crude he said it. I've never heard someone use the 'p' word before, except in movies. Teen movies not even sexy ones. I've only ever seen a couple of clips of the sexy stuff when I was spending the night with one of my friends. I meet his eyes and realize they're a cold blue yet they glow like he's got a fire inside of them. I swallow hard but nod my consent.

"What if I like a good fight, Angel?"

My mouth trembles open in shock once again. I have to lick my lips because they are so dry, my whole mouth is so dry. "I...I'll give you whatever you want, how ever you want it."

I'll do a fucking striptease if he'll just protect me from the rest of the prison. His face breaks into a big grin but I stop him before he can speak.

"Just you...not um," I drop my voice low so only he can hear me, "not your friend. Just you."

His smile doesn't vanish or change. "Deal."

It's like making a bargain with the devil. You don't really want to, but it's the only way. I take in the size of him. Surely, I'll be able to take him, be able to...accommodate him...that way. Right?

Or have I made the ultimate mistake? One that will leave me altered forever...if I survive?

Chapter Four

Demon

This little thing has no idea what she's just done. I was coming for her just to keep her safe, no bargain required. But she was so quick to offer up that pussy. No way am I turning it down... or letting it go! Not now that I've heard her soft voice and gotten to breathe her scent in.

"Show me." The words leave my mouth in a harsh bark.

"W...what?" She keeps looking from me to Cricket.

"Show me you're willing to do anything for me."

I know we have to get moving but with all the hell breaking loose, this might be the only time I ever get with her. My only chance to look upon heaven.

"H...how?"

"Kiss me...and show me your tits."

Her eyes slide over to Cricket. “I...you promised. It would just be you.”

“Turn!”

“Turning.” Cricket gives us his back immediately.

My eyes land back on her once I make certain Cricket has done what I told him to do. She starts to nervously fumble for the buttons on her blouse. “I...We should...” She curls her lips around her teeth and the crease between her brows deepens. “Is time not a factor? Shouldn’t we...leave or something?”

“There’s time for this. Now show me or our deal’s off.”

Her eyes widen and her progress on the buttons quickens. Once her shirt is fully opened and hanging on either side of her bra, she darts her eyes back and forth looking anywhere but at me. Her fingers curl under the lace cups before jerking the material up over the soft round mounds.

And my fucking mouth starts watering. I reach out to touch one but don’t quite make contact with flesh. I want it, but I don’t want to sully the pristine beauty of it by putting my filthy hands on her either. Instead, I step in close and take her mouth with my own.

She’s not prepared for the kiss giving me the perfect opportunity to slide right in when she gasps out her shock. I take my first taste of her and lose all reason. The sweet cavern I’ve just plundered offers up information that hits me in the face like a two-by-four. It can level me like no man ever can. I pull her into me causing another breathless gasp when her soft skin hits the rough material of the shirt I have on.

I pull back only far enough to growl one word in her mouth. One word that can make the next hours or days very dangerous to everyone around. “Virgin.”

She cries out and opens her eyes to find mine. What she sees there causes her to go a lot paler and try to take a step back. “Please.”

I turn her head so I can whisper so only she can hear me, “Don’t worry, little angel. I’ll make sure I’m the only demon you have to put up with. The only devil you ever take to heaven.”

“D...don’t hurt me.”

I look down at her soft skin, sweet face, and pouty lips and make her a silent promise. I won’t hurt her. I’ll keep her little ass safe as long as I live. And if there’s a way, I’ll come back and protect her from the other side. “Let’s go!”

Her eyes widen as she makes a grab for her shirt but I’ve already buttoned her back up, closed temptation so I can focus.

“Can I turn around now, D?”

“Yes. Let’s go.” She fumbles to fix her bra underneath her shirt. I didn’t fix that for her.

Knowing what I do now, there’s an urgency to make it to the fucking warden’s office and start getting this shit controlled. I turn as soon as we’re out of the room, my eyes on her. Just because my eyes are on her doesn’t mean I’m not fully aware

of everything going on around me. Mother fuckers would be wise to understand this.

“Hold on to the back of my shirt and don’t let go. No matter what. Cricket, you okay taking the back.”

“Hey, as long as you’re going to be in front plowing through the masses, I have no worries about being the caboose.” He elbows the girl, “That’s the only time in prison I’ll ever be okay saying that.” He cracks himself up.

My angel isn’t laughing. Instead, she’s nervously chewing on the bottom swell of her lip and looking around like a cat in a room full of rockers.

“Hey by the way, what is your name? I hate to keep calling you ‘girl’ and if I called you Angel the way my man does, he would rip my fucking tongue out through my throat.”

“I’m...I’m Eden. Eden Granger.”

Fucking A! All the names in the world and she’s called Eden. The place man was locked out of for fucking up. I’m not a religious man but it seems almost too good. Guess it’s going to take a Demon to bust those gates open finally. But I’m possessive as fuck! There’s no way I’m sharing my Eden with anyone.

“Oh, that’s a pretty name. They just call me Cricket and the big man here is Demon.”

“Demon?”

“Yeah, you don’t get a lot of Sabastions and Kyles in places like this, but you probably don’t know that, huh? Hey, what happened? Are you a lawyer or something? Why are you in here with us?”

I’m about to turn around and tell Cricket to shut the fuck up when a burly bald man steps in front of me. I’ve seen him around. He seemed like a chill guy.

“I wrote to her daddy.” I feel Eden shrink behind me, trying to make herself as small as possible. “He never wrote back!”

I wait for him to get to his point. He licks his lips and tries to look around me. “I think I deserve some compensation in the form of that little thing you’re hiding behind you.”

This guy’s first problem was thinking. Something tells me he doesn’t do it a lot. “I’m her Daddy now!” I raise the gun and shoot him in the face. I step over his body before helping Eden do the same. “How’s that for compensation?”

Chapter Five

Eden

I try not to look around me, try not to think about... anything really. Just getting out alive. I especially try not to think about the line of bodies we are leaving behind us. I just keep my head down, tucked as far into the shadow of... Demon as I can get. Demon. What kind of name is that, anyway? I realize that's not his real name but still. Most people have nicknames like... well, like Cricket. I am trusting this man to walk me through the fire and bring me to safety AND his name is Demon.

Two more men step out in front of us and I tense up. Waiting for them to say something about me, my father, something awful. They don't disappoint.

“What you got there, Demon?” One of them has something sharp in his hand.

“You planning to share, brother?” The other man leers at me. I can feel his eyes on me even though I try to stay behind Demon.

“Demon doesn't share, dumbass.”

“Cricket, if it ain’t the bug of the cell block. I would have thought Demon here would have squashed you already.”

“Yeah, like the bug you are.” The second guy puts in.

“The two of you have two seconds to turn around and make a better decision than the one you’re about to make.”

The two men look at each other before giving us a grin that sends a shiver down my spine, “Yeah, see Demon, pussy this good might be worth whatever you’re handing out...brother.”

They rush forward. Demon pushes me back into Cricket who places his hand on my arm, “You might want to turn away, ma’am, er...Eden.”

Before I can answer Demon meets the two men with punches. He grabs the bigger of the two -still inches shorter than Demon himself- and makes a quick jerking motion with the guy’s head. There is an audible crack before the guy drops from between Demon’s hands. The second man, the one with the sharp object, takes a swipe at Demon, but Demon is as agile as he is large.

He knocks the man’s hand away, spins, and uses his other hand to hit the arm he is holding. The bone in the arm snaps and Demon ends up with the homemade knife. He jerks the guy up and slams the sharpened metal in his stomach before he pulls him closer.

“That ‘pussy’ is mine! I don’t share what belongs to me!” He jerks up as the man’s eyes grow wider and his mouth opens in a silent scream. “And I’m not your brother.”

He lets the man fall to the concrete floor. His eyes find mine as he bends over the first man and wipes his hands and the knife on his shirt. He comes to stand in front of me once he's got most of the blood off his hands. "You shouldn't have seen that."

His eyes shift to Cricket and narrow. Cricket holds his hands up, "Hey, I ain't touching your girl. I told her she ought not look, that's all I can do. I'm not ending up like those guys."

I hold my breath as the two men look at one another. "Smart man."

It's all Demon says before turning back around and heading off again. Cricket gives me a big smile before both of us rush to follow him. Even though we can hear the shouts and screams coming from somewhere else in the prison, no one else bothers us. We pass by one cell that is on fire and find a dead inmate in another. I swallow the scream that tries to wrench itself from my throat when we come upon the latter of the two.

I take a step back and run into Cricket who is also looking in the cells. "Eden."

My name is snapped out by Demon's gruff voice which pulls me from where I've been staring at the man hanging in his cell. A sound catches our attention and has Demon back in full protection mode. I look over at another cell and see...

"Oh my God! Adam!" I rush to go to him only to be lifted off the ground by an arm around my waist. I twist in his arms trying to get down. "Please, he...he was the only guard that didn't look at me...like, um...he was nice to me."

He looks from me to the wounded guard. “Fine. Cricket go help him.”

“Sure thing, Demon. I always liked Adam too. Decent sort of man.” It’s a struggle but finally, Cricket gets Adam up and helps him out of the cell. Adam is in pain but his first words confirm what an amazing human he is.

“Leave me. Get her out of here! She’s...too young...”

“Hold on, Adam. Just hold on. Demon won’t let anything hurt Eden. They have a deal...”

“Cricket! Shut up.” Demon interrupts Cricket before he can disclose our agreement. “I’m sure Eden doesn’t want the world to know what she did to survive this hellhole.”

Was...was he trying to protect my...dignity? We start back again, this time moving a little slower since we have an injured man with us. With luck and the single-minded determination of Demon, we make it to the warden’s office.

Some of the prisoners are in there already, setting files on fire before catching sight of Demon. They quickly ran out without saying a word leaving us free to enter the room. As soon as we make it over the threshold Demon is shoving shit in front of the door. He uses the filing cabinets first and then the desks -which are not nailed down in this room.

He makes his way to the very back where the warden has a private office, but it’s locked.

“Keeps a set of keys in the vent.” All three of us turn to Adam before Demon goes to the vent and yanks the cover off,

easily finding the keys.

He spins around as soon as he fortifies the new door, putting another layer of protection between us and the rest of the riot. “Call your father.”

“What?”

“Use the phone,” he points to an old-looking phone -a landline- on the warden’s desk, “and call your father.”

Chapter Six

Demon

I go to the locked cabinet in the corner and start trying the keys. Thankfully we came here quick enough, none of the other inmates tried to break the door down or bust through the glass. I open the case and find a treasure trove. I turn my eyes to the injured guard, “Do you think you can shoot if you had to?”

He nods as Cricket sits him down gently on the sofa in the corner. “D...daddy. It’s Eden.” I rack the shotgun as I listen to Eden talk to her father, causing her to jump and turn to look at me. Soon she’ll understand - he’s her father, I’m her Daddy. “I...I know. I’m here.”

I can hear the man on the line scream into his phone. “What?!”

“I...I’m here, daddy. I’m at the prison.” She pauses to listen to him. “Vicki sent me for some paperwork she left behind. I didn’t want you to have to pick it up on your way home.”

Son of a bitch! The girl wasn’t even supposed to be here. She’s not just a fucking angel, she’s a saint.

“I...I’ve not been hurt...yet. No, one of the prisoners...he helped me. Is helping me still.”

She listens before holding out the phone to me, “He wants to talk to you.”

I take the phone from her hands noting how cold they are. “Cricket, grab that blanket and hand it over here.”

I hold the phone up to my ear and wait to listen to what this man is going to tell me as I unfurl the blanket Cricket hands over and wrap it around Eden.

“What’s your name?”

“Demon.”

“Your real name?”

I reluctantly give it to him.

“If you keep my daughter safe...if you give her back to me unharmed, I’ll get you out of there.”

“What makes you think I can’t walk out now...with your daughter?”

“What do you want? Money? How much?” The thought of bargaining for Eden makes me see red. Especially when someone is trying to put a fucking price tag on her.

“Money means shit to me, mister.” I don’t like this guy.

“Please. She’s my only child. I’ll do any fucking thing you want if you protect her.”

Redeemed. “I’ll keep her safe. Then you get me out of here.”

“Deal. Yes. Absolutely.”

“We’re in the warden’s private office. Do people outside know what is happening?”

“They know some of it. The fucking warden took the fuck off at the first sign of trouble. I’m headed down there now. I think my...wife might be there too.”

“You want me to go look for her.”

“That bitch sent my daughter into a prison for a stack of fucking papers. If you see her, shoot her.”

Yeah, me and this guy can do business together.

“I’ll call you back when I find something out.” There’s a long pause before he continues, “Tell her I love her.”

I hang the phone up and tell Eden her father loves her. I look around the room. I have a guard bleeding all over the place, a snack-sized inmate, and an angel as backup. The phone rings but it isn’t Eden’s father on the other end. It’s a SWAT member asking me what ‘we’ want and what has to be done to end the riot. Like I know why this fucking happened because all of us think alike.

“Get Edmond Granger!”

I hang up and settle down in the chair behind the desk. Eden kneels down by Adam and talks to him softly. I don't like it.

“Eden,” her eyes flash up, “come here.”

She hesitates but eventually stands and starts walking to me. When she's close I reach out and wrap my hand around her wrist pulling her into my lap. She gasps and puts her hands up to catch herself since I jerked her off balance. I understand that's what happened but all my body knows is that Eden is in my lap and her hands are on my chest.

“Hey...” Adam struggles to sit up.

“No, Adam! I...I...we...it's alright.” She waves her hands around. “We're...um...”

“She's mine!”

Cricket goes over to Adam and starts talking to him, helping him settle back down in a comfortable position. Even though he lays back he doesn't give up, “Her choice or yours?”

“Mine. I...he saved me, Adam. From Robert.”

A look of pain crosses Adam's face. I know the look. I've seen it on other men's faces when they realize one of their own has betrayed them. This time he lets Cricket help him and closes his eyes.

“Is he going to be alright?”

I look over at the wounded guard before I answer her, never wanting to tell her a lie. “He’ll be alright. Better if we can get this fucking riot under control soon.”

“He has a wife and a baby on the way.” She says it softly, but I can already tell...Eden is led by her heart. She would bawl her eyes out if something awful happened to the guard causing his wife and unborn baby pain.

“He’s lucky you fought to bring him along.”

“He was always...kind to me.” She shifts on my knee but won’t give me her eyes.

“You mean he didn’t stare at your tits and lick his lips.” This time her eyes do come back to mine. She gives me a nod, telling me my words are closer to the truth than hers.

“Sometimes...I was afraid of the guards more than I was the prisoners.” She starts playing with the end of my white tank under my prison top that’s ridden up. “The prisoners were always behind glass, always handcuffed or shackled. The guards...they didn’t have anything stopping them if they...”

“Wanted to hurt you.”

She swallows, “Yeah. They don’t like my father because of the work he does.” She shrugs, “I guess they don’t like me by extension.”

“No, angel. They liked you just fine.” My hand falls on her knee causing her to jump. “They saw something as fresh as you and wanted you for themselves. Some men can’t handle their sins.”

“Sins?” The word comes out as a squeak as I run my hand up under her skirt, touching the soft as butter skin on the inside of her leg.

“Lust. Greed. Gluttony. Given how close you are, you embody at least five of the seven. Maybe more.”

“F...five?”

“Hmm, lust and greed are a given. No one who looks at you can’t help but want you with a greed that would eat a man up.”

I trace my hand even higher, nudging her thighs further apart. Her breathing fractures and she swallows noticeably. “And the others?”

“Gluttony because having you once or twice wouldn’t be enough. A man would want to take all day, all week, years making you his over and over again.” The tips of my fingers brush against the silk gusset of her panties causing her to grab onto my wrist. “Envy at whoever has you, has your attention, even if just for a minute.”

“A...and the others?” Her voice is nothing more than a breathy whisper now.

“Any man with you would feel a sense of pride that would overwhelm any chance to be humble and pious.” I put my lips close to her ear. “And I don’t think I have to explain wrath to

you. Any man would kill to have you, to keep you, to make you his. You've seen that firsthand today."

Chapter Seven

Eden

He nips my ear, “Haven’t you, Angel?”

His fingers finally brush against the silk of my panties, and I fight the urge to cry out. The last thing I want is for Cricket and Adam to realize what is happening under this desk. Not because I’m embarrassed about the deal I made to stay safe. I...just really don’t want anyone to know I’m losing my shit over here. Fast.

Is that even normal? Being turned on and all the person’s done is just brush your leg. I’ve seen my dad and how he acts with women he’s married. He’s never been this...physical with any of them. He and Vicki rarely even touch. Neither one of them is ever breathless over brushing against one another. So...what’s wrong with me?

Is this just a fear response? My way of handling the situation I’m in? Once I’m out -if I ever get out that is- will I be ashamed of what I had to do, think back and cringe at how I let him touch me? Does it really matter if I wind up dead? Does any of it matter then?

His hand brushes the gusset again applying pressure. Enough pressure I almost stand up with shock when I realize

he's basically tracing the outline of my lips through my underwear. Even over the panties, the touch is intimate and raw, like nothing is between his fingers and my skin. He holds me in his lap and our eyes meet and clash with one another. I'm staring deep into his when he slides my panties to the side and slowly runs his fingertip up the middle of my bared sex.

Both my hands fly to my mouth to try to hold in the scream that wants to fly out. My eyes feel as wide as saucers while his seem to bore into me, looking into the core of who I am. He pulls his hand out from under my skirt, and I watch as he brings his finger -the finger that ran up my center- to his mouth. He does the whole thing while looking right at me, so I see him place the finger on his tongue before he closes his lips around it and sucks it...clean. A shiver hits me so hard I almost fall off his lap, but his hand is on my hip holding me tight.

His eyes close like he might be savoring...the taste, as my cheeks explode with warmth and color. His eyes snap open and pin me with a stare I've only ever seen on television, on nature shows...when the predator spots the helpless prey just before it pounces. He pulls me close so he can whisper to me. "Breathing is recommended."

It's only at his reminder that I realize I've been holding my breath this entire time. I lower my hands as I drag in a deep, and much-needed, breath of air. I don't have a chance to truly enjoy the renewed oxygen because his finger comes back and picks up right where it left off. This time he isn't satisfied with just one swipe. This time he wants more. His fingers go exploring as he runs his fingers up the inside lips of my...it's a place no one has ever touched except Demon.

He does it over and over again. It's like he's trying to memorize my body with the tips of his fingers. He's not content with just one digit either. This time he's using all of his

fingers, drumming along flesh, swiping across skin, and honing in on the place between my legs that aches sometimes when I wake up from a really good dream.

I start really squirming on his legs so he doesn't find out how...achy it can be. But his other hand holds me tighter and he gives me a look that clearly says we had a deal. I try to calm down and let him do what he wants to do to my body while still trying to stay quiet and still. I don't do a very good job since the second the pad of his finger brushes over the bundle at the top of the place he is exploring, I gasp out and have to choke back a strangled sob.

Cricket and Adam look over at us wondering what is going on. Thankfully I don't have to say anything because Demon is handling it. He gives Cricket a look that has him turning his back and distracting Adam. In case that wasn't good enough, Demon speaks loud enough for the others to hear. "Sorry, I must have rolled over something sensitive. Didn't mean to catch anything."

Adam settles back down when he thinks the only thing Demon is talking about running over are my toes. Demon squeezes my side, prompting me to mumble out a garbled reply, "I...it's alright. I...I'm okay."

The last is said for mostly me. I am alright. I am okay. The touch of a man's hand is not going to rock my foundation so much I lose myself. I'm not going to forget everything, especially not where I am and the situation I am in. His fingers go back to tracing and touching before coming back to the epicenter of feeling for me.

This time, he juggles me so we are closer to the desk, more hidden than before. It's an added benefit to me because I can rest my elbows on the hard surface while trying to fight the

emotions and sensations Demon is causing underneath it all. He starts playing with the hard nub of packed nerves and I have to curl my lips in between my teeth in order not to cry out.

I tried to touch myself once, but I could never relax enough to actually do anything. I don't understand why this situation is any different. It's not like this is a relaxing atmosphere or that I feel particularly at ease. So, why am I having to lean my head on the cool wood of the desk in order to keep myself sane, to keep from shouting for him to keep doing what he's doing?

His hand, the one not under my skirt, travels up my back in a shockingly comforting gesture. But the fingers on the other hand keep playing, keep strumming over the bundle of nerves at the center of my legs. I feel tense, shaky, and completely out of control. He takes me by the shoulder and sits me up so he can nuzzle in my neck and hair.

“You going to cum for me, angel? You going to give me what I want?”

I have to choke back the whimper before it comes out at his words. He takes one of my wrists in his hand and for just a second I think he might be checking my pulse to make sure I'm alright, then I realize he's doing it to tell how fast my heart is beating, how close I am to giving him what he wants. He takes my other wrist and adds it to the one he's already encircled.

He takes his hand away only to knock my legs open further so that they are draped on either side of his. My feet don't touch the ground when I'm on his lap and when he has me like this I can't help but feel small and helpless. It seems like everything is shaking inside of me now. I have to try to gasp

for breath without panting because that will draw attention to what is happening. Sweat breaks out on my forehead as I fight with my body not to lose control.

Something inside of me...some instinctual truth that lays deep inside, understands if I give him what he wants it will all be over. The fight, the line I don't want to cross, the barrier I put up to keep him away from the heart of me. If I cum for him...I'll give him more than what he is asking for because I can't separate what he wants, just my body, from what I'm willing to give him because of how he makes me feel. I'll fall a lot harder for him than he will for me. I'll confuse what is happening with my body with him feeling more than he does.

This isn't romance. It isn't love. Just because he wants my body, doesn't mean he wants my heart. So, if I can just keep my body from responding to him, I still have a chance to make it out without any hurt. Well, without too much hurt. I just have to hold on.

Chapter Eight

Demon

I can tell she's about to cum for me, to give me what I want. I don't just want her to hand her body over to me but I'm smart enough to realize if that comes the rest will follow. She's so wet both her thighs and my palm are soaked, and I have to be careful, so the others won't hear her wet pussy kissing my fingers.

I want so badly to enter her, to allow my fingers to fall back and sink into the warm softness of her entrance, but I need to get her ready for that. I don't want my fingers to cheat my dick out of the privilege of popping that sweet cherry. I watch her trying to fight it, trying to stave off the inevitable. She will cum for me. She will be mine in every way. Tears brim in her eyes as the struggle comes to an end.

And then the phone starts ringing, causing Eden to jump in my arms and the other men to look over at us. I breathe through the rage that automatically builds over the fact I didn't get to make Eden cum. I fight back the urge to break the goddamn phone since we kinda need it. "Go ahead and answer it, angel."

She reaches a shaky hand out to pick the receiver up. "H... hello?" Her voice quivers as she says the word. "Daddy." Her

relief can be easily heard in her voice, or at least I can hear it.

She listens for a little while, answering questions he asks, and then turns to me. Our hands bump as I take the receiver from her, hers are cold and shaky. I hold the receiver up to my ear and never take my eyes off her. “Yeah, I’m here.”

I bring my fingers to my mouth as I listen to her father on the other side. There’s something very filthy about talking to her father as I have the taste of her on my tongue and happen to be licking her pussy cream from my fingers. Eden realizes it too if the way she’s shaking says anything. Her eyes watch as I drag my tongue up the finger that played with her perfect little clit.

“Adam,” I take my hand away from my mouth and finally pull my eyes from Eden, “how many guards were working when the riot started? Do you know?”

He thinks for a minute and then shakes his head. “I know three were working with me and maybe nine more. Maybe.”

I relay the information to Eden’s father who has taken over from the SWAT guy who called me last time. “They want to know if any of them can help them?”

“Help them what? Knit a fucking hat. I don’t even know if those guys are still alive.”

“I know. It’s a stupid thing to ask but they wanted to know.” The man sounds just as fed up as I am with the incompetence.

“Why don’t they quit jerking off and actually try to end this shit.”

“On that note, I’m turning you over to the SWAT guys. They’re running the show as far as the riot goes.”

I spend the next thirty minutes on the phone with the head of the SWAT team. The team wants to breach the prison which is a dumb as fuck idea, especially the way they want to do it. We all realize it, Eden’s dad realizes it, a fucking near-sighted nun could tell how bad an idea it is, but the SWAT team can’t. I hang up and look at the couch where Adam is lying. Cricket has passed out on the floor right in front of it which leaves me and Eden as the only two awake.

And she owes me.

“Do you think, um, we’ll make it out of this? Alive?” Her eyes are open and honest, too soft and sweet to have seen the shit she saw today. It pisses me off that she’s been put in this situation.

“I think you’ll make it out alive because I won’t allow any other outcome.” Her eyes still hold all the worry they had before. “I realize you don’t know me, don’t understand how I operate, but I’ll tell you so you can start to understand. I don’t say things I don’t mean. I don’t make empty threats or promises. I don’t go around saying shit that isn’t true. Even if everyone else in this room has to die, you will make it out. If I have to burn down the whole goddamn prison to make it so, you will make it out.”

“Now come back over here and let me rub on that tight little pussy again.”

“Oh my God! Demon!” She turns around to find the two men asleep. She starts to back up, but I reach out and grab her

by the wrist. “We...I...I don’t want them to hear me.”

I settle her across my leg. “They won’t.”

I spin the chair around so that it’s facing away from the two sleeping men. I knock her legs apart and trail my hands up her inner thighs. Hers go to my wrist and tries to hold me back. Like that’s going to happen. “You wouldn’t be about to tell me no, would you? Not after our little agreement.”

“I...,” her grip loosens, “I’m not, no. I just... Don’t you want to just do it? It must have been a long time since you’ve been with someone. Why not just rush right to the good part?”

I sit back and look her over trying to figure out why a woman like this would want me to rush to the end and take what she’s offered.

“How old are you?”

My question catches her by surprise. “I, um, I’m nineteen.”

“Nothing more than a baby.” I slowly rub her thigh, getting her used to the touch of my hand and the feel of my skin against hers. “Your stepmother sent you here.”

She nods even though it’s not a question. “She...doesn’t like me very much.”

“Then she’s a jealous whore.”

“What?”

“You’re sweet, innocent, and kind. You came out here to do a favor for a woman who is a raging twat because you didn’t want your dad to have to do it. Even though you could have just told him what she was doing and get her ass in trouble. I’ve talked to your father. I understand the kind of man he is. He would never have been okay with you coming here. The bitch is jealous.”

The corners of her mouth tilt up. “My dad’s divorcing her. In a couple of months.”

The gears in my head start turning with a hideous idea. I would dismiss it, but I know how humans can be. I’ve seen the worst of humanity and can tell you, there is nothing scarier than human beings. “Does she know?”

“Know? About the divorce?” She thinks for a moment before she shrugs her shoulders. “I’m not really sure. Why?”

“Just a thought...it’s not fully formed yet.”

I start working the buttons on her shirt open. Once again her hands come up to hold my wrists. “Wha...what are you doing?”

Instead of answering her, I use a question of my own to distract her, “Is your stepmother on any of your father’s paperwork? Like insurance paperwork or stuff like that?”

It works because her fingers go slack where they are, “Um, I don’t...I don’t think so. I mean, if something happens to Dad, I’ll be next in line to inherit all his stuff. I guess, if something happens to me...it will all go to her then.”

I trace the edge of the cups covered in lace. I saw her tits before, but I didn't get a good enough look. I could have this little thing naked for days to just look at her and it still wouldn't be long enough. I tug one down and let the soft mound tumble out into my hands. Her breath catches and she tries to pull away. Our eyes meet as I bend my head forward and put the hard bud at the tip into my mouth. My other hand comes up to cover her mouth before she cries out.

At the same time, I skate my hand back under her skirt. I don't play around teasing her this time. I jerk the material to the side and go right for her clit. This time...she's going to give me what I want!

Chapter Nine

Eden

I wrap my arms around him. It's all I can do. His lips wrapped around my hard nipple makes my mind go empty and my body turn hot and molten. With every pull, I feel it not just where his mouth is but down deep in the bottom of my stomach and lower. Everything grows heavy and tight so that it feels like I'm going to break apart at any moment.

Thank God he has his hand over my mouth. His other hand is playing between my legs. Nimble fingers spread my lips wide as another finger slides over the bundle of nerves that have been tight and achy since the phone call interrupted us before. I suck in air through the narrow space I have between my nose and his palm and try to breathe through the building tension racking my body.

He doesn't let up or give me a much-needed break. This time he's going after what he wants. And there's nothing I can do but give it to him. Because of the last time and the interruption, it doesn't take long before I am past a breaking point, past help. He switches breasts, pulling down the cup of my bra with his teeth so he doesn't have to stop playing with my clit or take his hand away from my mouth.

It's too much and I find my body tightening even further until I'm gasping into his hand and repeating his name over and over again, like a prayer, in an attempt to find some center, some form of control. I finally let out a muffled plea before my body stiffens in his arms, muscles locked against the oncoming sensations taking over my body. And then my world is going white, my body spasming around nothing but air, as my hips mimic the movement I assume would happen if we were having sex. I scream into his hand and arch my body offering him everything. Every part of me, both the seen and the unseen.

After, he slowly takes his hand from my mouth but not far, dropping it down to encircle my throat in a loose hold. My chest rises and falls as I take deep breaths to calm myself and try to fight what has already happened. I watch as he brings his fingers, the fingers he used to make my body break, to his mouth. Instead of putting them in his mouth and sucking them clean, this time he uses his tongue to lick off the stickiness I left there. And they are covered.

He closes his eyes like he might be savoring what he drew forth from my body. When he opens his eyes, those dark blue cold chips of ice, he pins me with them making it impossible to look away. "Pussy this good...you'd burn the world down to keep safe."

So...he is only protecting me because...I shake my head trying to clear the thoughts and doubts I have floating through my head. Is it me or is it because there aren't any other options around? Is it only about sex, just the action of it all, that keeps me safe? If we had met each other in a different circumstance, would he still want me or would he think I'm too much work? Would he take one look and go for someone much prettier than me?

I can't suss out all the what-ifs and convenience issues swirling around in my head. My eyes grow so heavy it's hard to keep them open and even though I am far from being safe and sound, with Demon petting my pussy and mumbling sexy things in my ear, I find myself letting go of the stress and fear of the day.

"Rest. I'll make sure you're safe." I want to tell him I don't want to rest. I want to stay awake so I can see what is coming. I need to stay awake. "I'll make sure nothing hurts you, angel."

"Because of how good I taste." The words are low and mumbled and I'm not even sure he heard them or can make them out.

He shocks me when he responds to my words, "Because you belong to me."

The next thing I know, I'm being jerked from sleep by the sound of something blowing up. A deep, loud bassy boom echoes through the whole building and causes it to shake. My head comes up off Demon's shoulder and I try to gain my feet, but he is there holding me to him. I'm not the only one who got disturbed as Cricket is standing and Adam is struggling to sit up.

"Calm down. It's just the SWAT team." Demon says it to me but it's for the whole room.

"Are the crazy bastards trying to end the riot by blowing the god damned building down?" Cricket looks more worried than I've seen him since this all started. "It's a sound way to stop the damned thing but we're in here! Demon, I got one week, man. I got one week and I'm out. I don't want The Man

blowing my ass up before I taste the sweet fresh air of freedom again.”

I look to Demon, but he isn't telling Cricket he's crazy or there's no need to panic. He isn't putting any of those fears to rest. “You should try to sleep some more if you can.”

Yeah, right. The sound of shots being fired and men screaming rises through the air and echoes throughout the room. And then, everything goes painfully silent. Nothing. Not a shout or a scream, not the rap-tapping of gunfire, no more booms or shaking. It's even worse than all the noise. And the tension in the room ramps up. Everyone is just waiting, waiting to find out if someone is going to come tell us it's all over, waiting for the doors to be breached by hundreds of prisoners coming for us, waiting for...

The phone ringing causes us all to jump and Cricket yells out before sitting down heavily on the couch beside Adam. Demon picks the phone up and holds it to his ear. After a minute he rolls his eyes, “No shit.” He looks at us. “The breach didn't work. They have one of the SWAT guys now and two of them have been shot.”

“We're not getting out of here, are we?” The realization just hits me.

What does it matter that I have sex with Demon when I'll never have to live with the outcome? What does it matter if we fuck in front of Cricket and Adam since they're going to be dead too?

“God damn it!” He sits up straighter and his hold on me tightens. “I told you. I told the fucking idiot in charge this wouldn't work. You're going to keep on until you end up killing us - not the damned rioters.”

His eyes grow a stormy gray.

“Alright assholes, listen up and listen well. There’s a service entry under the prison that some of the handymen use when they come in. A lot of the inmates don’t know about it so I doubt there will be a lot of resistance. I’ll make my way down and let you in that way. Once you get in, you’re going to want to go to the laundry room, from there...it’s up to you. Understood. Don’t give me any shit. I’ll meet you there in thirty minutes. Don’t fuck around with this.”

He drops the phone back down and the whole room falls into that overwhelming silence that I’m coming to hate.

“What the hell, man? What you’re doing...it’s suicide. Why not just wait for them? They’ll eventually get everything under control?”

“Not before they try to break in here. We’re good but we can’t fight the whole god damned prison, Cricket.”

“Man, I just...there’s got to be another way.” Adam and I look from one to the other as they argue about Demon leaving.

“There isn’t. This is how it’s going to be.”

“I’ll go with you.” Cricket stands up and gives Demon a serious look.

“No! Just me.”

“Damn it man, if some of the gangs find you by yourself, they’ll...”

“I got this, Cricket. Besides I need you here to take care of Eden.”

“Maybe we should all go?” I try to say it louder than a whisper but find I can barely breathe through the constriction around my chest.

“No, angel. I have to do this alone.”

“Why? Why do you have to do it? Why can’t they come in the damned prison on their own? Why can’t they...?”

He takes my face between his hands, so I have no choice but to look at him. “This is the only way I can keep you safe.”

“Please...” I want to tell him we’ll find another way. That I will be safer with him so he can’t leave. Anything to get him to not go.

I was right about everything. I was right...when I thought I would fall in love with the man I let make me cum for the first time. The man who touched me, not just my body but my soul as well. And now...I’m going to lose him.

Chapter Ten

Demon

She's holding onto me tighter than anyone else has ever before. I wish I could give her what she wants, do what she is begging me to do. But this is the only way. Just like I told her. And Cricket.

If I leave this up to the damned idiots on the outside, my angel runs the risk of getting hurt. And that I won't let happen. I go to the cabinet and start laying out the stuff I will need. She follows me, putting her hand on my arm to try to stop the inevitable. "Please, don't go."

"I have to get you out of here."

"Then take me with you."

I shake my head. There is no way in hell I'm taking her to the other side of the prison through God knows what.

"Alright Cricket. I'm leaving the two shotguns and a Glock with you." I grab him by the shirt, "Don't let anything happen to my angel. You best be dead if it does. Understand?"

Cricket nods his head so fast he's going to rattle his brains loose if he doesn't stop, "Yes, sir. I won't let anything touch her. I'm going to take good care of her, make sure she gets the hell out of this place, Demon. I'll do that for you."

"Help me move the barricades out of the way."

"Wait! Please..." I take her hand that she is using to hold me back and give it a squeeze before helping Cricket move the file cabinet out of the way so I can get to the outer office.

I have my gun ready just in case someone has gotten inside but hasn't made it into us yet. No use getting sloppy now. Once I've confirmed that the room is clear, the desks and cabinets still stacked against the door, I take Eden's hand.

"Cricket, give us a minute."

Cricket nods and goes back into the private office, closing the door behind him. I pull Eden to me and brush my hand down her cheek. It's damp where she's cried. Both of us realize it but neither of us say anything about it. If I acknowledged the fact she was crying over me, my resolve would waiver and I might end up doing something stupid like taking her with me.

"You going to give me a taste of that pussy before I leave?"

She looks down and nibbles on her lower lip. I plan to give her one last orgasm with my fingers and then fulfill my commitment to these guys, letting them in and helping them bring this fucking riot under control. But Eden shocks me by giving me a little nod and peeks at me through her lashes.

My brows rise at the tiny head nod. “Really?” She doesn’t look away. “You’re going to let me eat that pussy?”

“If you want to...yes.” Her voice doesn’t go above a whisper, but I hear her, loud and clear.

“Darlin’ a man would have to be dead not to want that pussy. And I am not a dead man.”

Her brow pulls down at my word choice.

“Even if I was, I’d come back to get a taste of this little thing.” I pull back so I can take a better look at her. “Are you letting me eat that pussy because you’re worried, I won’t come back?”

Her eyes fill with tears and she starts and stops trying to speak a few times before she finally says what’s trying to come out, “Yes. Yes, I’m worried I won’t ever see you again and even if you make it out of all this,” she sniffs and finally lowers her eyes, “we still won’t be able to...you know, because you’re in jail and stuff.”

“And you want to do ‘you know’ with me?”

She looks back up and meets my eyes before saying one soft word, “Yes.”

The smile that breaks across my face is instantaneous and has me moving before I can talk myself down. I wrap my hands around her waist and lift her off the ground as I walk both of us over to a desk. I yank it from the other desks so it’s away from the door and find myself a chair before laying her on top of the flat surface.

I push her skirt up even as I lean over and take her mouth with my own. This kiss is different from the ones before. This kiss isn't just me kissing her. This time, she's kissing me back. Her fingertips come up to brush against the stubble on my cheeks and chin, tracing my face.

I pull back so I can yank her panties to the side and look at the treasure hidden just for me, the promised land. Once I've bared her to my gaze, a sense of overwhelming possessiveness comes over me. I was right when I told her men would kill for this pretty peach. Picture perfect is how I would describe it if I had to put words to what I am looking at.

I run my fingertips up her center as I knock her legs further apart, wider open for me to inspect what is mine. No wonder they called her Eden, her body is a paradise. She tries once more to close her legs. Not so much to keep me out, but more because of the instinctual urge to protect herself. An instinct I am entirely thankful for.

I raise her legs and help her find the edge of the desk with the heels of her feet. The movement causes her little body to open to me like a flower unfurling in the light of the sun. She makes a move to place her hands over herself but I'm not having it. I take her hands and place them under her legs so she's holding on to the back of her thighs, holding herself open for me.

I look up and meet her eyes, "Don't move those hands, angel."

She's already breathing hard but gives me a quick nod. "Wh...what about the others?"

“Cricket won’t let Adam come out...no matter how loud you scream.”

Her eyes widen as I drag the chair closer and take a seat in front of the prettiest show on Earth. I could live like this, staring at her pussy all day and night. But I want to do more, and she’s fine with me going further. I lean forward and drag air into my lungs. Air scented with her fragrance.

“God damn, you smell good, sweetheart.” I keep giving her praise and encouraging her to show me more, to allow me to go further.

Could I have just swept in and ate her pussy like a deep part of me wants to? Yeah, but I want it flavored with her sweet cream when she cums for me. Nothing is going to be sweeter than having that on my tongue. That’s a prize I wouldn’t get if I rushed this.

“Are you ready for me, angel? Are you ready to have my mouth on your sweet pussy?” She doesn’t give me an answer verbally, but the little mewls she is letting out tell me all I need to know.

I spread her open wide with my fingers and take the tip of my tongue up the valley of her body. She cries out before slapping both of her hands over her mouth to cover the sound. When I end on her bundle of nerves at the top of her pussy, her back arches off the desk. She doesn’t realize it because of how innocent she is but the move pushes even more of her pussy in my mouth.

I latch on to what she is offering and suck and lick her pussy causing her to rock her head back and forth and try to close her legs. I wedge my shoulders in between her thighs to keep her open for me. I suck on one side and then the other before

finally giving her relief by sucking on her clit. She screams into the palm of her hands as her feet leave the desk in a wild flail.

I put her legs over my shoulders so I can come closer to her sweet heaven and start mimicking sex with my tongue in her tight entrance. Her back bows up again and her hips start rocking on my face. I can make out some of what she is holding in with her hands. Snippets of her screaming my name, begging me for something she doesn't understand just yet, and a prayer to God over and over again. All make me harder and harder.

I can't cum though. I have to stay focused and make sure I get her to safety. After Eden is safe, I'll turn my mind to finding the way to her, finding my own release. Once I'm in her sweet body. The thought of not shooting cum until I can put it in her little body causes me to eat her harder, use the broadest part of my tongue to lick her more, as I help make a mess of her pussy.

Chapter Eleven

Eden

My body is so tight, sweat has broken out on it and I can tell I'm digging the heels of my feet into Demon's back. I moan into my hand as he uses just the barest hint of teeth against the hard nub before sucking it into his mouth. This time when I arch up to meet his tongue the hold I had over my body snaps and the muscles around my sex pulse and throb with release.

"D...demon...I...", I need to tell him, need to warn him what is about to happen but the urge to just give in and cum becomes too great, "cumming."

It's all the warning I can give him as my climax rushes through me and my empty channel spasms around nothing but air. The world goes white, and I lose touch with everything around me. When I come back down from my sex high, it's to find myself shivering through tiny orgasms as Demon cleans me with his tongue.

When he stands to help put my clothes back in place the sides of his face are shiny. I don't need to be told what that is. I'm highly aware I've left my mark on him. I wonder if he knows he's left his mark on me as well. His mark might not be as easy to see as mine on him but it's every bit as glaring.

He pulls me up and helps me stand on legs as shaky as a newborn colt's. He drops a kiss on my lips sharing the taste of myself with me before pulling away from me and wiping his face clean. When he yells for Cricket to come help a piece of my heart drops. I guess some part of me thought maybe I could keep him with me, keep him from doing this crazy thing if I gave him...myself.

“Push everything back when I leave and don't open this until you know for sure it's rescue. Understand?”

Cricket nods and looks about as glum as I do. Demon turns and gives me one more kiss before slipping through the opening we made and leaving me. I help Cricket put the stuff back in jerky automatic movements, my whole being going on autopilot now that Demon is gone. Once we're back in the private office and barricade that door as well, I sink to the floor and start crying. Not soft gentle tears but wailing sobs that rack my whole body as I sit in front of the barred door.

“Try not to worry, Eden. If anyone can walk through hell and get out on the other side, it's Demon. He'll be alright.”

I turn wet eyes and trembling chin up to Cricket, desperate to believe him. “How do you know?”

“Because...any other outcome is too damned wrong and I don't want negative shit like that to bring me down and muck up the universe, just in case some higher power is listening.”

I nod and take the hand he holds out for me so he can help me to my feet. Cricket's right. I need to be sending out nothing but positive now. I help Cricket look over Adam's wounds and sit talking to the two men. But I'm only half here. The biggest part of me is gone, it left with Demon.

There are loud screams and another echoing boom that shakes the building as we all sit waiting for the worst. Have the inmates found out I'm here, that I'm unprotected now that Demon is gone? Is this it? It feels like we wait for hours as the clock on the wall ticks away our life second by second. The phone on the desk rings and me and Cricket look from one another to it. All three of us jump.

I find it funny that when Demon left no one wanted to sit in the chair he took when he was with us. It's like we all agreed without saying a word that he was the leader of our party. Now I walk to the desk, pick up the cold receiver, and bring it to my ear.

“Pumpkin, is that you?”

“Daddy?” I start crying again. “Daddy, what’s going on? What’s happening?”

“The SWAT team is inside. They expect to get to you in the next couple of minutes. They need you to open the door for them and for none of the people with you to shoot them. Are you alright, sweetheart?”

No. Not really. I feel sick and I'm terrified for Demon. “What about Demon, Daddy? Is he...did he make it out okay?”

“He’s...hurt but otherwise he’s alright.”

“Hurt!” The word causes my vision to blur and my heart to ache. I open my mouth to ask for more information when a knock on the other side of the door comes through the walls.

“Open the doors, pumpkin. You’re safe now.”

But I’m not. I’m not okay. I won’t ever be okay again. Not until I know Demon is alright.

“It’s all over, Eden. It’s all over.”

His words echo through my mind and haunt my dreams for days to come. Is it all over? Demon told me he wouldn’t let me go, he said he would come for me. But was it all over for him too? Does he just want to put it all behind him and live his life without me? Is it really over?

Chapter Twelve

Demon

I come into the interview room and see the man dressed in a dark suit already sitting at the table. There's enough resemblance in the face that I can tell this is Edmond Granger. Eden's dad. I fall into the chair and wait for him to say something. The last three days have been hell for me not knowing if Eden is being taken care of, not knowing if she's afraid or having nightmares after all this shit.

“Eden has been asking about you?”

I break my rule to not give anything away, “Is she doing okay?”

I have to know. The man nods slowly and meets my eyes with no guile in them. “She's...sad. Different since all of this happened to her.”

I feel the tight squeeze around my heart at his words. My angel is sad, and I can't make it better for her. I fight down the lump that's settled in my throat and wait. He's not here to tell me his daughter's sad.

“Every prisoner and guard have been accounted for...except one.”

What’s this got to do with me? Why the hell would I care about an escapee?

“Snake Havelock.”

The name has my brows raising. I’ve heard of him. He’s been bragging for months that his girlfriend is going to bust him out of here. Guess she got the job done.

“One more person has gone missing since the riot as well?” I wait for him to tell me who. If the only prisoner was Havelock, then why would it matter who else is gone? “My wife.”

I lose all ability to remain unaffected, “Holy shit! Your wife is Snake’s girlfriend?”

“I think so. She was working on his case to see if we could get him early parole. The reason she’s left ‘papers’ here so my daughter could come pick them up.”

I lean forward at the mention of Eden, “Wait a minute. You think your old lady set all this up and brought Eden here so something would happen to her? That this was all a big game so this bitch could move pieces around?”

He stares at me for a long second before giving me a slow nod. My temper flares with a dangerous surge of hate and rage. I don’t know the woman but if she did all this so Eden could get hurt...she’s a dead woman walking.

“And what’s even more troubling...I don’t think she’s done trying.”

His words have me sitting forward again. “You think she’s still trying to hurt Eden?”

I look over to the door wondering if I could break out of here before they shoot me. This is a different prison, so I’ve not learned the ins and outs of it yet.

“You kept my daughter safe in a prison full of rapists and murderers. Not a hair was touched.” Not by anyone other than me. Never by anyone other than me. “Now I need you to do the same...when I get you out.”

My heart starts hammering but I don’t say a damned word.

“Can you do that? Can you keep my daughter safe? Safe from someone like this ‘Snake’ person?”

I sit back and really look at this guy. He’s asking me to keep his daughter safe. He’s a smart man. He understands there’s always a bargain to be made. He needs to know how things are going to be when I get out.

“You get me out, I keep Eden safe. What else?”

“Isn’t your freedom enough?”

I allow my smile to lift the corners of my lips as I sit forward. “If it was, you wouldn’t be here right now. Would you?”

His eyes narrow. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“I mean, you’re a smart man. You do this for a living. Chances are you’ve already studied my case and have found the holes in it that will get my case thrown out by the end of the day. Why are you here instead of a courthouse?”

The man swallows and I see him choose his words carefully. “It would seem you aren’t a dumb man either. Law enforcement doesn’t care for what I do. Meaning they can easily be persuaded to look the other way. I need someone I can trust with my daughter’s life. You’ve proven you are more than capable of doing that.”

Time to come clean with dear old Dad.

“If I do this...if I accept what you’re offering, I want the girl.”

He needs to understand Eden belongs to me and he needs to be okay with it.

“The girl? Eden? You want my daughter?”

I nod.

“Go to hell.” He jumps up and heads for the door. I don’t move.

I’ve already read the guy. I know how he works. His hand lands on the knob but he doesn’t turn it. He stops, just staring at the smooth metal and gray paint.

“Why did you keep her safe before?”

“She asked me to.” He turns and looks at me, confusion in his eyes.

“And yet you won’t do it now?”

“I didn’t say I wouldn’t do it. I said you need to get good with the idea that your daughter belongs to me.”

“Bastard.”

I turn to look right at him. “She knew right from the beginning what kind of man I was, that she could trust me. Do you trust your daughter’s judgment? Or are you going to doubt how you brought her up? After all, you raised her to be a smart, kind woman who can take care of herself in any situation. She didn’t need me. She just chose me.”

He comes back over to the table and sits down heavily in the chair he just vacated. “I have never been so furious at someone while at the same time being so charmed by them. I don’t know whether to kill you or hire you.”

We sit in silence and look at one another. “If you hurt my daughter, you won’t get a chance to go back in. Understood?”

The smile that stretches across my face probably does nothing to help the man decide what to do with me. But I think we realize where we are both coming from now.

Chapter Thirteen

Eden

I reread the same page I've read ten times today. Today was the day my dad was going to go see Demon. I've been going out of my mind for the last couple of days. I keep asking Dad if he can find out how Demon is doing and if he's okay. I really want to know if he's alright since Dad told me he got hurt.

It doesn't help that my stepmother's went AWOL, and my dad suspects she's run off with one of her clients. He won't tell me, but I wonder if it has anything to do with the riot. I jump out of my skin when my phone starts vibrating across my nightstand.

I barely bring it to my ear before I'm rushing through the pleasantries with my father. "Dad, did you get to see him? Is he alright? Was he still hurt?"

"He seems to be in good health."

"Did, um, he ask about me?" The long pause doesn't do my ego any favors. I rush past the question, so it doesn't sound so fucking needy. "Does he like the new prison? They treat him well?"

I try to pretend not to care as much as I do by adopting this semi-bored voice, but I've already given myself away. "He's been granted an emergency hearing tomorrow."

"Oh, that soon? Wow. You think it will go alright for him?"

"It looks promising. We'll know something soon, I'm sure. Where are you going to be today?"

That's an odd question. "Um, just home. I'm not really up for going anywhere just yet."

It's not a lie. I've been jumpy and restless ever since the riot and it's been hard for me to focus on anything really. Time and time again, I'll go back to the times I shared with Demon, picking apart every second we were together. Did he feel the same way or was it just an opportunistic thing for him? If he felt the way I do, wouldn't he have tried to get in contact with me somehow? Called? Asked my father about me when he saw him?

I just can't get my mind to stop.

"Well, keep the door locked, and don't let anyone in?"

"I won't, dad. I promise. Love you."

Just as I sit my phone down, I hear something that has me sitting up and listening a little harder. The noise comes again and has my heart beating harder and faster than before. I put my book down and stand up not taking a breath for fear of making a noise. Something is definitely off. I make my way to the door with my phone in my hand held tightly.

I barely get the door open before a loud crash sends me stumbling back so fast I lose my footing and go down. Even as I'm falling, I'm looking around trying to find something to defend myself with. There is literally nothing in the room to use. I don't even have fucking hair spray in here because all of that is in the hall bathroom.

I go back to the door on my hands and knees. This time when I open the door, I spot something moving on the landing that has me thinking about alternative solutions to being armed. This time I'm moving fast until I can shimmy my way under my bed. I have to control my breathing or else it's not going to do any good to hide because I can be heard. I try hard even as the door to my room slowly opens. I was never any good at hide and seek as a kid. I always got too worked up and ended up giving myself away.

Boots come through the door and stand for just a minute. I can almost see the person looking into the room. Heavy black boots come closer and stop in the middle of the floor. I don't have to wait long to find out what the person is doing. He's picking up my phone. God damn it, I dropped my phone when I fell on my ass and never picked it back up.

I shove my hand to my mouth, so I don't start cussing myself. The boots turn and walk out the door. I don't move though or even take deep breaths. I wait and listen. When I don't hear anything else I cautiously peek out from under the bed skirt without moving it too much. The floor is empty. Whoever was in my room took my phone.

I try not to freak out. Yes, someone is in my house. Someone other than my father since my dad doesn't wear big biker boots. Yes, now I don't have a phone and there isn't a landline in the house so I can't call for help. But the guy did leave...right? I just have to stay where I'm at until my father

gets home. Only...what if he doesn't come home until way late tonight? Or what happens if I have to pee? I kinda have to pee, damn it. See, this is why I suck at hide-and-seek!

Against my better judgment, I slowly slip from my hiding spot and crawl as quietly as I can over to the door so I can listen for any sound that might tell me someone is still there. I slowly open the door after a long pause where I don't hear anything at all. I peek out into the hall but don't see anything.

And then I'm falling forward as the door is jerked open fully but instead of landing on my face arms wrap around me and pull me from the floor. I fight to break free, kicking and thrashing around. Instead of thinking about my father or what will happen to me, all I can think about...is Demon.

Will my father still help him now that I won't be here to push him? Will he remember me? Will he be sad when he finds out what happened? Angry that he kept me safe for nothing since I ended up dead anyway?

"Stop, angel." There is only one person who has ever called me that. I go still thinking my mind has broken and I'm hearing what I want to since it can't be who I think it is.

"D...Demon?"

"You're not safe, little angel." I pull out of his arms and turn to look at the man standing in front of me.

It looks like Demon, but it can't be. The man standing in front of me isn't in a prison uniform. He is in all black and looking hotter than hell. I turn in his arms as he slowly lowers me to my feet. I reach out to touch his face, so familiar but

different now. "I..." then his words sink into my numbed mind, "what? What do you mean I'm not safe?"

"You have to come with me. I'll keep you safe."

I don't understand any of this. How did he get out? Why didn't my father say he was already out when we talked? Why does he want me to go with him?

"I...no, I can't go with you. My father..."

"Sent me. Your father sent me." That doesn't sound right.

"But...he didn't say anything. He said your hearing was tomorrow. Why wouldn't he tell me you were coming for me?"

"We don't have time for this?"

I put my hand up to his chest to stop him. "Why wouldn't my father say something about you coming to get me?"

"Because your fucking stepmother is trying to kill you." His words have my hand going slack as he picks me back up and starts walking to the staircase. "She helped someone escape so he could do the job for her. Your father thinks they are watching him and what he is doing. He knew if he told you I was already out and coming to pick you up they might try something before, and we couldn't keep you safe."

"Okay but wait. I...where are we going? I need clothes. Demon, I can't go out like this." I'm only wearing a thin tank with bottoms that don't do much more than cover my

backside. Demon stops walking to the stairs and looks me up and down.

I try not to act like I can feel his eyes as they run over my body like the ends of his fingertips and instead start making my way back to the bedroom. He grabs my wrist to keep me from going any further. When I stop to look back, he yanks me off balance until I'm falling. Right into his arms.

Something has definitely changed between the two of us but I can't quite lay my finger on what it is. His hand comes up and runs along my jawline before dropping to the soft skin of my neck and lower. My breath catches as he touches me like he owns me. "You got two minutes, angel. Then I'm coming in and you're going with me, one way or another. I have no problem taking you out of this house naked."

As soon as he's finished speaking, I'm taking off for the bedroom breathing hard and running for my life. The difference isn't a mystery anymore. The Demon I met was caged, trapped. Now...someone let the animal out and there's nowhere I can go that Demon won't follow.

Chapter Fourteen

Demon

I lick my lips as Eden runs for her room and I follow at a slower pace. Sweet little thing doesn't even realize. My mouth tilts up in a devilish grin. For all that she's been through, she's still so innocent.

I walk up to the door where she's not closed it all the way. Maybe she expects me to not look. Maybe none of the other men she's been around would. But she's not dealing with those men. They can't get the job done. I can. And I don't plan to do it by being a god damned gentleman.

Seeing her in that little bitty tank that barely covers her tits and those thin little cotton shorts showing more than they're hiding is making it hard to remember that we're not somewhere I can keep her safe. And that comes first. Eating her tight little pussy will have to wait until I get her to the compound.

I still take the time to watch as the little thing yanks the tank over her head giving me a perfect view of her smooth back and the barest hint of the swell of her breasts when she turns to find what she needs. Then the shorts come down and my angel isn't wearing anything under them. My dick throbs painfully in the column of my pants leg where it is all bound up. I try to

rearrange myself, but nothing is going to help my problem short of having that piece of heaven wrapped around it.

When she bends over giving me the full view of her sweet heart-shaped ass and the barest hint of her pussy, I can't hold back the grunt that is wrenched from my throat alerting her to me watching her. She's quick to pull up the leggings she's putting on before turning to me in just them and a black lace bra.

No use pretending. I push the door open the rest of the way and meet her eyes, stare to stare. Her eyes are wide and shocked like she might be surprised I peeked, and she grips the shirt she's planning on wearing tightly in front of her.

"Sweetheart, I ate your pussy in a goddamn prison office with two other men not feet away." I walk to her, pull the shirt out of her hands, and run my fingertip along the edge of one of the cups of her bra. "Don't ever think I'm the kind of man who wouldn't watch what belongs to him like a fucking hawk with prey. If you're naked...I'm going to be looking."

I jerk the shirt over her head as I help her put her arms in the sleeves.

"Now let's go. I need a hit of your sweet pussy and I ain't gonna get it until we're somewhere safe."

Her mouth pops open giving me the perfect opportunity to take her lips and show her with my tongue what I want to be doing to her pussy. When I pull back, she's breathless and holding onto the leather jacket I have on with tight fists. I take her hand to pull her out of the room, but she resists again. She grabs a backpack and starts shoving a few things in it in a flurry of motion before finally turning to me while putting it over her shoulders.

“Okay. I’m ready.”

I note she didn’t put as many clothes in that bag as she did books and paper. Her hand slips into mine and I feel her fingers wrap around my fucking heart. No one has ever willingly touched me like this. No one has shown me the amount of trust and care that this little angel just showed me.

The sound of an engine outside the house has me moving on reflex even as I’m still back in her bedroom holding her hand in mine. We’re halfway down the stairs when the shadow falls across the stained glass of the front door window. I pull her in tight to me and put my finger on my lips telling her to be as quiet as she can be. I pick her up and take the stairs two at a time and go to the back of the house.

If Snake is coming through the front, we’re going out the back. I have the door open and a gun out as I check to make sure Snake didn’t bring friends. Eden’s eyes land on the gun and a hint of fear streaks through her eyes. I wrap my hand around hers and we leave the house about the same time we hear the door in the front being kicked in.

The bastard could have just used the key I’m sure the traitorous bitch gave him but no, he wanted to make it as scary as possible for the person he was coming for. It tells me a lot about who I’m dealing with. For instance, it tells me Snake likes to play with his prey. He wants to instill that fear, that sense of never being safe anywhere you go, in his victims. Snake’s a dick. That’s what it tells me.

We make our way across the backyard to the woods where my bike is parked. When she sees it, she bows up and pulls at her hand but I don’t let her go. She looks at me with a lot more

trepidation in her eyes over the bike than she did over knowing the guy sent to kill her was at the front door.

“D...Demon, I can't...I've never, um...”

“It's easy, baby. Throw your legs over it and hang the fuck on to me.”

A sound echoes through the empty house and I wonder if Snake just found out he's too late. I take my jacket off and drape it around her because she forgot to bring something warm to wear over her thin long-sleeved shirt. Being on the back of a bike can get cold if you don't dress for it. Even though it can be cold, fall and spring are good times to ride. I crank the bike and help Eden on the back, showing her where to put her feet and how to hold onto me before I take off sending up a spray of dirt and leaves. I hear her let out a little yelp before she wraps her arms around me tightly and buries her face in my back.

I make sure no one is following us before I turn back to head to the compound. It takes us a little while to get there but once we do I feel myself relax considerably. It's not just the fence or the guard out front that gives me comfort. Here, I have people who can help me protect my angel. Here, people are just as mean as me and loyalty means everything. Other people have found safety behind these gated acres because of the men in this place. This is the compound of the Sons of Chaos.

Chapter Fifteen

Eden

We go through the gates after the man there looks us up and down.

“Diesel? Is that you, boy? How the hell are you, son? Hey, I thought you were in the slammer.”

“How you doing, Brushy? You know there isn’t a cage that can hold me when I don’t want to be held.”

“I’m doing pretty good. As good as can be expected when you get blown the fuck up.” The guy starts rubbing his shoulder like it’s the part of him that reminds him the most of his...accident. “Heard you’re going by the name Demon now? That mean you’re going to join the Sons?”

“That means I’m thinking about it. Not sure just yet.” Instead of getting upset the old man throws his head back and laughs.

“That’s it, boy. Keep ‘em guessing. Oden’s sure gonna be happy to see you though. Does he know you’re coming?”

Demon, or Diesel, nods and the old man starts to step aside when he notices me cowering behind him.

“What you got here? Did you go and find yourself an old lady?” He laughs and slaps his leg. “That just about seals it. All you boys are finding yourself caught up in the pussy. Me...I’m waiting for Cupid to strike me right between the eyes. Hopefully, it’ll be enough to kill me and I won’t have to see what I look like when I’m panting after some woman. Sure got enough of them in the club now though. Pretty little thing like her will fit right in.”

He finally steps out of the way and we make our way down the long drive to a boxy-looking place that could make some businesses green with envy. Very clean and neat, it’s much bigger than I would have thought the place would be when the men called it a ‘club’. The line of bikes lined up out front draws my attention and when Demon stops the bike my mouth runs away with me before I can control it.

Demon doesn’t look offended at all as he helps me off the back of his bike. “I think they prefer Motorcycle Club now.”

“Oh shit! Sorry.” I look around like someone from the inside might have heard my slur. He takes me by the hand and pulls me to a door.

“No worries. The Sons aren’t real particular what they’re called as long as it isn’t saying something bad about their women. The Sons have a real big thing for their women.”

We go into a room so dark that for just a second my eyes have trouble adjusting. Some of the men in the front turn to look at us but none of them act like there’s anything out of turn about us being here. One of the men, a huge tall man, unwinds

himself from a table and places a woman who is sitting in his lap in the chair he was just lounging in.

“Demon. Glad you could make it. You have any trouble?”
The two men do that thing guys do when they know each other but they don’t want to hug, pulling one another in for a shoulder bump as they grip hands.

“Almost. Got there right as he decided to stop by. We didn’t stick around and be neighborly.”

The man nods and turns his eyes to me. He has the coldest eyes I have ever seen but a friendly smile that sends the opposite message to a person. “Welcome to the Sons of Chaos Clubhouse.”

I give him a small smile before stepping closer to Demon.

“I took the liberty of putting you in the top room where your father’s old room used to be. You’ll have to tell me if you have as much fun as he did in it.”

He winks before turning his back and walking back to the little redhead looking over at us with intense interest. Before I can ask who she is, Demon takes me by the hand and we make our way to the stairs.

Once we get up to the room and the door is closed, it hits me that I’ve left with a man I barely know and now I’m locked in a room in a motorcycle club’s building with that man.

“Do you like those stretchy things?”

“Stretchy things?”

“The tight things? Do you like them?” He points to my leggings and asks me again.

“My leggings?” He nods. “Do I like my leggings?”

“Yeah. Do you like them because if you do you should take them off now.”

“What? Why?”

“Because I’m about to toss you on that bed and when I do, I plan to eat the fuck out of that pussy, and nothing is going to get in the way!”

Before I can say anything, I’m being picked up and tossed on the bed. Even though my mouth is still hanging open my hands go to the top of my leggings to do as he says. “Wait... can we talk about...I guess not.”

He doesn’t pause and keeps coming towards me with an intense gleam in his eyes. I start working them down my legs. I didn’t bring enough clothes to lose a pair. I raise my hips up off the bed to kick them off but apparently, I don’t move fast enough. Demon helps me pull them off the rest of the way and tosses them over his shoulder.

He runs his nose up my inner thigh before placing his mouth on me. My breath catches in my throat as he uses his tongue on me again. He did this before but somehow it was different then. It’s like my body has forgotten what it was like. Or maybe it will always be like this. This earth-shaking, breath-catching experience that rocks the foundations of my soul.

He pulls his face back just enough for me to understand what he is saying, “I missed the taste of your sweet pussy, angel.”

His words make me blush and breathe harder. They also go straight to my heart. Does it mean more to him than it normally would? Something tells me Demon doesn't bother with lies and things he doesn't mean. So, I understand he likes how I taste, but is that all, or does he feel something for me deeper than just wanting to perform oral on me all the time? And is it just because he has to take care of me and keep me close so I'm the obvious answer?

“Is...,” I stumble over the words I want to ask, “it normal to, um...oh, my God that feels good! Does it always feel like this? Do you normally like...um, doing this so much?”

He sits back far enough for me to see how his face glistens with my...

“I've never done it with anyone else so I don't know how anyone else tastes.”

His answer shocks me but also causes me to frown. I didn't think he would ever lie to me. But surely he's done this hundreds of times before. “You aren't going to tell me you're a virgin. That would be...it can't be...”

He chuckles, “No. I'm far from a virgin but that doesn't mean I was going to put my fucking mouth on any pussy out there. I wanted to keep that for the right person at the right time. I mean...it's my mouth for fuck's sake.”

“B...but you’re so good at it.”

He laughs again before wagging his eyebrows at me.
“Thank you. I always like a compliment.”

The fact he just shared something so personal with me stuns me. And makes my mind go so many different places. “What, um, else did you not do? You know, to keep it for just one person.”

He gives me a grin before ducking back between my legs. And then he makes all the questions, all the hundreds of different thoughts flying through my head stop suddenly leaving nothing but the thought of his mouth and how good it is making me feel.

Chapter Sixteen

Demon

I go back to eating her pussy. I'm not sure why the fact I've never eaten anyone other than her is so shocking. She saved herself for me. It seems only fair that I have something to give her. Did I know the woman I was going to take as my forever would be a virgin? No, of course not. But I still wanted to have something to give the woman I chose as mine.

I wasn't lying about missing the way she tastes. But that's just a small part of it. I also missed the way she gives in to the passion I create for her, the way she sighs out my name, the way her body tightens when she's close to giving me what I want. Like she's doing right now.

The fact she's still in my jacket just makes all of this that much sweeter. Dressed in my stuff, lying open for my every desire, with no restrictions barring me from her, I might as well be in heaven. And I'm getting closer to paradise as Eden's thighs start to shake under my touch and her body pushes itself closer to my mouth, seeking my tongue the same way my tongue seeks her sweet taste.

Her back arches off the bed and she cries out my name in a breathless gasp before she tenses and falls into the orgasm I've pushed her towards. Her body pulses around my face, flooding

my mouth with cream just the way she did before when we were back at the prison. But this time things are different. I pull my mouth away before cleaning her up with my tongue so I can stand above her and work my belt loose. This time I want that sweet scent on my dick.

A loud bang on the door has Eden's eyes flashing open and her body jumping. When she sees what I'm doing she tries to get up. I hold her down with a palm across her chest. I never stop working my jeans open, one-handed, even as another knock comes on the door and I answer it.

“What is it?!”

“Odin says you two should come down because her ol...her Da...god damn it, the girl's father is here and wants to talk to you and her.”

“Tell him to give us ten minutes and we'll be right down. And I'm 'the girl's' only old man, understood?”

“You got it, man.”

I listen to the boots walk away as I jerk my cock out. Eden gasps and tries to move again. “Demon...”

“Hold still and don't move.” She goes still immediately and gives me those big soft eyes.

“But...my dad...”

“Can fucking wait until I mark you as mine.” Her little mouth falls open and I have to fight the urge to put my dick

there. It's not the right time but that doesn't mean my dick understands that.

To satisfy my cock I brush against Eden's warmth causing it to jerk and bob with frustration at not being able to sink deep inside of her heaven. I line myself up so my cock can travel up her center, her warm, wet center. My head drops back at the blissful feeling of having just this much of Eden wrapped around me. Her sweet little pussy taking me in and wrapping all that warmth around my shaft has me losing my fucking balance.

It would be so easy to just slip right inside, to take what is already mine. But I'm not that kind of man. I want Eden to be here for it just as much as I am and the way she said my name and tried to back away from me...tells me she needs more time. I'm willing to give her forever if it means I get to keep her.

Her hands flutter around at times trying to push my hand on her away and others trying to grab on to the sleeves of my shirt like she's trying to pull me to her. "What...Demon...what are you doing?"

I slip up making sure to rub the tip of the broad head of my cock against the bundle of nerves at the top of her pussy. Her breath catches again and this time she is definitely pulling me to her. Her legs come up around my hips like she just can't grip me tight enough so she's trying with every part of her body.

"Making you mine, Eden. That's right, angel, squeeze up around me. Show me how much you want me to mark you. Show me how much..." I don't finish but both of us know what I was going to say. Show me how much you want me, you need me.

“Oh, my God. Oh, my God.” Her arms come up around me to hold me to her. Her hands burn through the back of my shirt so that I can feel her touch like it’s on my skin. Anyone who looks would think I am fucking the sense out of her the way both of us are acting. My cock throbs with the need to release, my balls drawn in tight to my body, as I keep pumping my cock through her damp pussy. “D...demon...I’m...”

Her head drops back and I take her mouth with mine wanting to add one more layer of touch, one more point of contact, for her. Her nails sink into my back and she tightens up around me before yelling out her release. I quickly follow her, spraying my cum all over her mound and lower. It feels like I just keep cumming. By the time I’ve pulled away to look down at the mess I’ve made of her, she has it from her belly button to the entrance of her pussy. I might have even tried to put a little inside of her just for good measure. Both of us are breathing hard and neither one of us wants to break the calm and silence that hangs around where we’ve come together.

But her father is downstairs and some things that need to be done to keep my angel safe. She puts her hands down to swipe her fingertips through a puddle of me. She brings it up to the light so she can take a better look.

“We have to go. Come on.” I reach my hand out, but she doesn’t take it. Instead, she just keeps looking at her glistening fingers. “Eden?”

Her eyes snap to meet mine, “Um...shouldn’t I...clean up or something?”

“No.” I give her a stark look. “That’s going to stay on your little pussy so the world will know, will be able to tell, you’re

mine. It's going to stay there until I can put more of it inside of you. Now, let's go before your father gets worried about you."

She gasps and places her other hand in mine finally. I help her into the stretchy things again. When we come down the stairs it's hand in hand. We meet up with Odin's right-hand man, Poe who takes us to the meeting room. Inside is Eden's father, Odin, his old lady, Lilith, and another woman smaller than Lilith.

Her father stands when we come in.

"Eden? Are you alright?"

She runs to him, throwing her arms around his neck and I fight back the urge to go pull her back to me. Instead, I fall into the nearest seat and wait.

"Are you alright? Demon said you didn't want anyone to know about him getting out early."

He's shaking his head. "No. I realized that bitch would be plotting something. I just knew it."

She takes a step back and then turns and comes back to me. I pull her down onto my lap showing the whole room that she's mine.

"Has everyone been introduced, or do we need to do that before we start? I'll go first. I'm Lori, or as I'm known here, Lilith. I'm with Odin who is my 'old man'." She speaks to just Eden now. "That means he's my man. We're married. Why they put the old part on is beyond me but..." She shrugs.

The other woman jumps up. "I'm Poe's. They call me Dolly but you can call me Pru if you want to."

Both women touch hands with Eden like they are not formally shaking but still acknowledging each other with a sign of respect.

"I...I'm Eden. This is my father, Edmond and, um, I don't have an old man?" It ends with a question mark as she turns her eyes to me.

Before I can inform her differently, Lilith is laughing. "I'm pretty sure you do." She looks at me too. "Does he get all growly when you're within arms reach of another man?"

"Or is willing to kill or die for you?" The other woman puts in.

"Can't take his eyes off you and has to have you in his lap? Yeah, you got yourself an old man, honey."

Chapter Seventeen

Eden

“You have an old man.” The second woman, Pru, says in total agreement with Lilith. I sit looking from one woman to the other. I open my mouth to say something but Demon’s hand lands on my thigh. “It can be shocking at first. But there’s nothing like a Son of Chaos falling in love with you.”

But Demon isn’t a part of the Sons. My heart drops at the girls’ confusion.

“She’s my old lady. Mine. End of story.”

My eyes come to his and he’s looking right at me. The corners of my mouth tilt up no matter how hard I work to keep them from lifting.

“I’m the president of the Sons, Odin. This is my VP, Poe, and we’ve both known Di...Demon since he was young. His father used to be a member.”

Lilith turns to Odin, “Ooh, you didn’t tell me that. You have got to tell me about it. I bet there are some stories there.”

“Later, Kitten. Right now, we need to figure out how we can best help him and Eden here.” Hearing a big man like Odin call a woman kitten is both shocking and pleasantly surprising.

All eyes turn to me and my father at Odin’s words.

“What have you found out?” Demon is the first to ask my father something but quickly follows it up. “He was there today. I barely got to her in time.”

“I know. He wrote a message in blood on the mirror. Apparently, he went on a hellbender and broke a lot of stuff causing him to bleed pretty badly.” My father looks from me to Demon. “I would show you the note but...not in front of you, princess.”

“Shouldn’t I know though? Shouldn’t I be aware of what is out there coming for me? I’m not a little girl, Dad. I can handle it.”

“But you don’t have to, angel. You can, but you don’t have to. You already know what kind of man Snake is, you don’t need to have it shoved in your face.” Demon’s words have me settling back down a little bit. He’s right. I do understand what kind of person ‘Snake’ is. It’s in his name for fuck’s sake.

“You mentioned ‘the bitch’, Edmond. Who is that?”

“My old lady. For now.” He gives Odin my stepmother’s name and just the very mention of it sends a shiver down my spine now. How can you hate someone so much you want them to be tortured before they die? Did she not feel any sense of like for me at all? “The video I was shown, shows her putting something in his hand before he’s taken back to his cell. She was also banging a guard to help with the escape.”

Oh God! My stomach pitches and rolls, “Which one?”

“Robert something.”

My eyes go to Demon. “Robert the guard was helping your old lady?”

My dad nods.

“Dad...he...he tried to...” I swallow trying to get the words out.

“I had to put that bastard down before he attacked my angel.”

“That...she sent him in there. He was supposed to hurt her first while she and Snake slipped away.”

My stomach rolls.

“You killed him?”

Demon gives my dad a nod. “Good. Some dogs need to be put down.”

My eyes widen and I look at my father, really look at him. He’s never...been this violent...or at least this vocal about it. My dad notices the shocked look on my face.

“He was trying to hurt my daughter, my only child because he was fucking my bitch of a wife. You damned right he needs

to be dealt with.”

“So, Snake wasn’t meant to come after Eden to start with.” All eyes in the room now turn to Odin. “That means Snake was coming after you, Edmond.”

“Daddy?” I look at my father with worry in my eyes.

“So why did he come after Eden now? Are we sure he wasn’t still coming after Edmond?”

“No, the message was about Eden. He is definitely coming after her.” My father brushes the concern for himself away and brings everyone’s focus back on me.

“That means she’ll be coming for you, Edmond. Not wanting to send someone to do her dirty work for her.”

“I’m not worried about me. I’m worried about my child.”

“Dad!” I’m not a child any longer.

“When do we think he’ll try again? Does he have any clue where she is? Does he know about Demon?”

“I have a man who might be able to help with that.” My dad turns and looks towards another door. And in steps Cricket.

“Cricket!” Me and Demon say it at the same time. You can tell I’m a lot happier - or at least a lot more willing to show it - but even Demon has a smile on his face. They slap each other’s hands in greeting, doing that buddy thing. He takes my hand and gives it a friendly squeeze.

“Ed get you out too,” Odin asks.

“Nah, my time was up. That’s what made the riot so damned scary. I was afraid I was going to be killed before I got a chance to be an honest man. But Mr. Edmond didn’t forget about me.”

“I asked him after everyone got settled back down if he could find anything out for me. Anything that someone like me might not be able to find. And he didn’t disappoint.”

“Word on the street is old Snake is planning a Halloween surprise for Ms. Eden here. He knows Demon got her and brought her here. He also knows that the Sons help out the local police force on that night with other MCs and gangs. That’s when he’s going to try to take her. And he wants her alive.”

Demon is vibrating with anger. I can feel it rolling off him. “I’ll give him a give him a fucking treat he’ll carry around with him his whole god damn life. What little is left of it.”

“Can you keep her safe?”

My back bristles at my dad speaking around me. Again. “Demon can keep me safer than any other man alive. He kept me safe during a prison riot, Dad! I think he’s already proven his ability to protect me.”

“Easy, angel. Your father’s just concerned that I might not do the best I can do because I might be all caught up...in you.” My heart thunders in my ears at the simple words.

“And are you? All caught up?”

I catch myself and start to squirm. I shouldn't have asked him that, especially not in front of these people, my father even. I just got all caught up in his eyes and his words and... lost my mind.

He puts his finger under my chin and lifts my face so I have no choice but to look at him. “Absolutely, angel. But that just makes me more dangerous. The man who tries to touch you will know why they call me Demon and I will be more than happy to take him straight to hell.”

“But...you'll be safe too, right?”

He gives me a lopsided smile, “I wouldn't do anything to bring you any sorrow, my angel.”

I brush my hand against the stubble on his chin.

“Not to interrupt but we have...,” Odin looks at his watch, “four days to set the trap, grab the man and bring this whole damned business to an end.”

But can they do that? It kind of sounds like magic, getting everything to fall into place at just the right time. Still, I listen with hope in my heart and fear running through my thoughts. Not just for myself, but for my father and especially for Demon.

Once we're back in the room, I can't fight the worry any longer. I turn to Demon and pounce. “What you are planning...it's not very safe?”

“I promise. I will be safe. I didn’t get you out of that prison just to lose you right after. I promise...I’ll always come back for you.”

“Did you mean what you said? About being all caught up in me?”

“Oh yeah. I’ve been caught up in you since I first saw you, standing at the front of the prison looking lost and small.”

“The first time our eyes locked...”

He smiles and starts making his way over to me slowly. “No. That was actually the second time I saw you. The first time you never looked up. You were in a pale pink shirt with little white buttons down the front and this black and pink skirt that had a small slit up the back of it. You were wearing heels and had on black stockings.”

“Oh my gosh. You remember what I was wearing?”

His hands find my shirt under his jacket and start working it up over my breasts. “I remember everything about you, angel. The way you look, the way you move, the way you smell, the way you taste.”

He pushes his jacket off my shoulders and yanks the shirt over my head in the blink of an eye. I’m left standing in the middle of the room in nothing but my bra and leggings. The entire time we were downstairs I could feel what Demon did between my legs, the wetness he left there. Now, the way my leggings stick to me when Demon takes them down my legs reminds me all over again of what happened in this room before we went down to meet with my father. And I don’t really want to fight it this time.

Chapter Eighteen

Demon

I pull her into me and start kissing the soft skin right below her ear. Her head goes back as she submits to me causing my dick to nearly break through the seam of my jeans. I work her bra straps down both shoulders and follow them with my lips while manipulating the clasps in the back holding the bra closed. It doesn't take me long before I have it opened and just like a present, I unwrap the gifts hidden beneath all the lace.

She gasps out loud when my lip finds one of her hard buds. Her body arches over the arm I have wrapped around her for support. With my free hand, I brush the back of my knuckles over the turgid nipple on the other side catching it between my fingers and giving it a soft squeeze.

“Oh my God! Demon!”

I suck first one then the other and play with the one not in my mouth. And while I have her fully distracted, I push her stretchy pants down her legs. Taking my mouth from her sweet tits, I hit my knees and put my nose right over her softness. I take a deep breath pulling the scent of her in. She cries out again and her legs wobble. I help hold her up by placing my hands on the backs of her thighs.

I slowly run my tongue over her pouty lips before spreading her legs wider. I place my mouth right over the heart of my woman and set to work bringing her to the brink of ecstasy. I suck and nibble her little clit as she trembles for me. I spread her even further and place one of her legs up over my shoulder so she's open for me so I can use my tongue to catch her dripping sweetness.

God damn does she taste amazing. Her body tenses and she starts rocking her hips back and forth, riding over my lips and coating my face in her cream. Her nails sink into my shoulders and she starts to tremble around my mouth. I spear my tongue into her entrance tasting her innocence before I feel it start to pulse and convulse around the muscle.

“Oh God! Yes! Yes, oh God!”

She shakes through her release, and I am quick to catch her when she falls, lying softly on the bed. I grab the back of my shirt and yank it over my head. And then...I see her eyes light on the bandage wrapped around my arm.

She sits up quickly, completely forgetting the fact that she's naked and bared to me. “What the hell is that? Oh my God! Is that where you got hurt? My dad told me you were hurt taking the SWAT team into the prison. Is that it?”

I rub the knife wound absently and set out to put my angel's mind at ease. “It's fine. Almost healed.”

“Then why do you still have a bandage around it? A man like you wouldn't wear a bandage just because.”

Damn, it would seem my little angel already knows me too well. “I'll tell you what. If you give me that sweet pussy, I'll

let you help me fix the dressing the next time I change it.”

She narrows her eyes and comes up on her hands and knees crawling towards me. “So all you want...is my pussy?”

Hearing that word fall out of Eden’s mouth is erotic enough but seeing her up on her knees for me is too much. “Holy fucking God, your beautiful.”

Her body is a work of art. Her breasts sway back and forth with every motion, her ass stuck in the air high and proud, and that pussy so tight and sweet all work to have my mouth watering and my cock leaking.

“You really think so?”

“Oh, angel! I more than think it. I know it!” I spin her around but don’t pull her from her knees. I want to taste that pussy just like this. I lick up the little slit and then start tongue fucking the cream right out of her. She still tastes like a combination of me and her from before and it makes me want to go all wild and animalistic.

I give her another orgasm before sitting beside her and pulling her over my legs on her stomach. She looks back at me with questioning eyes but doesn’t tell me to stop. I rub the curve of her ass, first one cheek and then the other before I run my thumb up the crevice between her legs. I go right for her clit and spend the next few minutes slowly massaging it while working her tight entrance with my fingers.

First, all she can take is one and then two, and finally, I can just barely put three in. I don’t try for any more. And the entire time I make sure she orgasms again and again. Finally, when she doesn’t move any longer I position her so she’s on her

knees with her chest down on the bed putting her ass up high in the air. And giving me a hell of a view of that sweet, soft pussy between her legs.

I notch my cock at her entrance and slowly push my way inside my woman, watching the entire time. Her pussy greedily sucks the tip of my cock into her body and I hear Eden gasp and bunch the sheets in her hands. “Oh my God! Demon!”

I slide in her wet entrance until the head of my dick pops in.

“Oh...it...so good! That...feels so good!”

“I know, baby. I know. You feel like heaven.” So much so that I can’t hold back cumming inside of her as soon as I pop inside. I slip in bit by bit until I bump against her innocence. “Take a deep breath, my angel. This next part isn’t going to be easy.”

“Oh...you already feel gigantic. You already feel like you’re going to break me apart.”

“Sorry baby. I’m not a small man. I’m trying not to hurt you. Now take that breath, angel.”

I push past the thin membrane after Eden does as I say. Even though I’ve tried hard to prepare her I can tell by the way she hides her face in the blankets and the grip she has on the bedding that it wasn’t easy for her. I wrap my arms around her little body and start playing with her clit to get her to relax for me. When I touch her there, she cries out and her body falls into a shuddering orgasm. At the feel of her pussy milking my cock I grunt out her name and fill her little body full.

“Oh...Oh my God, Demon! Did...did you just...inside of me?” I pick up the rhythm and really work on building her back up.

“Yeah. A couple of times.”

“Oh s...shit! Demon, I’m not on...oh God that feels good! What are you hitting to make it feel that good?”

“Your G-spot, little one. I am hitting your G-spot. And you are loving it, aren’t you angel?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!”

I’m aware of what she was going to tell me. She was going to tell me she’s not on anything. She’s not protected from my little swimmers. But I could tell her something too. I don’t care. I’m not shying away from any of it with Eden. If we’re lucky enough to have a little one then I am more than ready to take care of her and our baby.

Is she ready for that? Probably not. I’m just thankful she is loving this as much as I am. Speaking of love, I lean over her sweat-sheened body and whisper to her, “Angel...I love you!”

Her body shudders and goes stiff as her pussy flutters and pulses around my cock. I follow because where Eden is concerned what else can I do? Both of us slump to the bed and I roll us so we are on our side. I pet her hip, running my palm over her dewy skin.

“Don’t say it, if you don’t mean it.”

“What?”

She turns in my arms but just the top part of her body, so our eyes can meet. “Don’t tell me...what you told me... during, if you don’t mean it.”

“But angel...I do. I love you. I know what must be going through your mind but I don’t say anything I don’t mean. Remember? And I mean this. I love you.”

Her eyes mist up and start to sparkle in the low light of the tiny lamp in the room. A tear slips free as she raises her fingers to run them over my chin like I’ve noticed she likes to do. “I...I love you too.”

“Don’t say it if you don’t mean it?” I quote her words back to her but mean them just as much as she did.

Her lips brush against mine, “I do. I love you, my Demon.”

Chapter Nineteen

Eden

I have four wonderful days with my Demon. But like a dark cloud hanging over everything, the fact Halloween is looming weighs heavy on me. It's hard to push something as large as being killed to the back of your mind. They're moving us today, so we won't be so easy to find. Me and my dad.

We've decided to by car instead of on the back of a bike, so me and Demon are in one car while my dad is riding in another behind us. At a certain point on the route, the cars will break up and go separate ways. We'll meet back up again after Halloween. In the car with us is one of the members of the Sons named Pyro and another named Grimm.

The men wouldn't let any of the women come even though it pissed them all off they couldn't be with me. Over the course of four days, I've grown close to Lilith and the rest of the wives of the Sons. They call themselves the Daughters of Order, a little play on the fact the wives tend to hold everything together for the men. I inch my hand over the seat and touch Demon's hand. He goes further and takes mine in his bringing it to his lips for a kiss.

“Don't worry, angel. I won't let anything happen to you. I promise.”

It's not me I'm worried about. I worry about my father. I worry about Demon and what he is willing to do to keep me safe. I worry about what's going to happen when the threat is over and it's just me and Demon - no need for him to keep his eyes on me anymore. Will he still want me as much as he does now? God, I hope so. I hope this is real, as real for him as it is for me.

My thoughts are abruptly shut down when the car we are in is jostled. The men up front start moving, their whole demeanor changing, telling me immediately something isn't right. When another jolt comes to the back of the SUV, it's not something that can be ignored. They've come for me.

We're hit again and the car goes spinning off the road, but Pyro gets it back on the pavement only to start wrestling with the wheel again. "Oh, son of a bitch! They're shooting at the tires."

The car starts to roll off balance and we go over and over through the dead leaves and dirt until everything goes black. When I come to, it's to find the car has come to a stop up against a small tree on its roof. I'm being yanked from inside by hurtful hands giving me a pretty good idea who is trying to extract me. Not a friend, that's one thing for sure.

"Get out, bitch!"

Yeah, it was a good call about it not being a friend. I'm finally pulled free and dragged up on my feet. I stumble as my legs give out under me. I think my head is bleeding but I can't be sure since my hands are wrenched behind my back and I'm pushed away from the overturned car to another waiting on the road.

My heart pounds as my stepmother steps out holding one of the doors open for the person to put me inside. My mind, even if it is foggy and slow, can only think about Demon.

“Snake!”

Like my brain has conjured him out of thin air, Demon is standing in front of one of the open doors to the SUV.

“You pussy!” The word is spit out like venom.

The man pulling me turns and loosens his grip on my wrists. “What the fuck did you just say?”

“You heard me, or did you have the strap-on your old lady throws it to you with shoved too far in your ear.” Behind Demon one of the men starts laughing as he stands up straight. I think it’s Pyro. “Your old lady got you out of prison so you could kill her husband and when you failed she gave you a defenseless girl. There is no way that bitch isn’t throwing you the plastic dong after that.”

“You...,” he raises the gun to aim it at Demon causing the fog in my mind to clear like the sun on a summer morning.

“No!” I shout it so loud I make my own head ring.

“Oh, what? Are you gonna shoot me like a pussy?” Demon doesn’t show any sign of fear. He steps out away from the car with his hands out to the side, not in a gesture of submission but of one taunting and laughing at the man. “You couldn’t handle me in prison. What makes you think you can take me now in a hand-to-hand fight? Better use the gun, pussy. Wouldn’t want you to break a nail?”

On the other side of the car, Pyro is trying to help Grimm out. He laughs again, goading Snake along with Demon. “Break a nail. That’s a good one. I got to tell the others about that one.”

“You want to fight me, bitch. You want to go, we’ll go. I don’t need a fucking gun to kill your sorry ass.”

“Snake! Don’t!”

“Ooh better listen to your old lady, Snake. Sounds like you might be taking it with no lube tonight if you don’t.”

“Stupid bastard! You don’t scare me. You ain’t nothing but an over-hyped myth the guards used to keep stupid fucks in line. ‘Better not hurt us, we’ll call in the Demon.’ Nothin’ but a bunch of pussies. You don’t scare me.”

“Then shut your dick sucker and step into my hell!”

He shoves me to the gravel and drops the gun as he goes for Demon. “Snake! You ass! Stick to the plan. They’re just trying to distract you so the others will have time to show up, you idiot.”

“Shut up, woman! I can take care of this with my bare hands.”

He goes for Demon who meets him punch for punch until the two men are both on the ground. Vicki gets out of the car and goes for the gun still lying on the ground as she just keeps bitching at Snake.

“Snake, you simple-minded asshole. I told you to stick to the plan. We have the daughter; Ed will follow, and I’ll end him while you have fun with her. It’s taking too long.”

She raises the gun and points it at the two men. Demon is on top of Snake beating the hell out of him which means she’s pointing the gun at my Demon. Some of the propensity for violence I’ve seen in my father and Demon rises up inside of me and I grab a handful of gravel from where I’m sitting. I fling it at Vicki’s face, especially her eyes.

She cries out and lowers the gun giving me time to rush at her and knock her to the ground. She screams out even as I curl my fingers up and my arm shoots out to punch her in her fake-as-fuck face.

“You bitch! That’s my man you’re aiming at.” I hit her again and she goes limp underneath me. The other SUV pulls up right as Demon shoves Snake into a gas main close to the utility poles on the side of the road.

And then...my world turns upside down quicker than it did in the flipping car. Something happens and a spark lights along the ground. “Demon!”

I stand to run for him but am held back by my father and Odin. A ball of fire belches from the ground and then everything turns bright and blinding as the scream I let out echoes in my ears.

I hit the ground being brought to my knees by the fear eating at my heart. It stops beating in my chest as I watch everything set ablaze in front of me. And then...a black

shadow forms in the blaze. And suddenly, someone walks out of the fire. A tall someone who I call my own.

I don't hesitate to run to him. We meet feet away from the blaze and arms wrap around me that I would know anywhere. "Demon! Demon!"

I kiss him over and over again as we sink down to the ground wrapped in each other. "I told you. I would walk through hell to be with you. Nothing is going to keep us apart. Nothing!"

I laugh as tears leak down my face and I touch his face to make sure he really is alright. "Don't ever do that again."

Our lips meet as my dad and the other men gather around us. Pyro is the one who speaks first. "Uh, dude, I think your clothes are smoking."

I look and realize it's true. Smoke is still coming off Demon's jacket from where he was recently in the fire. I can't help but giggle and take another kiss from my Demon, the man who walked through hell to be with me. The man who set the world on fire to keep me safe. As the sound of sirens fills the evening sky Demon pulls back to look me in the eye.

"Marry me."

"What?" It's nothing more than a whisper as I look at this man in front of me.

"Marry me. I'm not asking because I don't want to give you a chance to say no." My mouth falls open. "I didn't want to do this until all this shit was over but this seems like the perfect

time. Marry me, be with me forever, angel. Because no one is going to love you more, go further to show you how special you are than me.”

And just like that...the fear of Halloween falls away and my heart soars as I wrap my arms around him and give him my answer.

“Yes! Yes! Yes, my Demon! I will stay with you forever. I love you.”

This angel will forever be in the arms of her Demon. Right where I belong! And who can be afraid of a night when you have your very own Demon by your side?

Epilogue

One Year Later

Demon

I hug my wife and drop a kiss on the top of her head. She gives me a smile, a beautiful beam of sunshine from an angel. An angel who has her hands full of pumpkin guts. Our little baby girl sits in a bassinet beside her laughing and giggling at her mom making funny faces.

The other women, all members of the Daughters of Order, are sitting around covered equally in guts. Children are everywhere, some toddling while others are in carriers and bassinets of their own. And the big, tough men who are better suited on the backs of bikes...playing with the ones in the playpens and hanging lights.

The Sons and Daughters are decorating the City Center for the Halloween party being thrown here tonight. Some of us will be here while others will be doing patrols with the police to keep bad things from happening tonight.

That's right, I'm a full member now. Joined not too long after the incident with Snake and Vicki. And just before the wedding which happened at Christmas because I couldn't think of a better time to marry my angel than Christmastime

with the snow falling all around us and our friends and loved ones all together. Our little baby girl was born just eight months after that.

“Your father going to be here tonight, angel?”

“Probably. You know he’s got his eye on Cindy.” She rolls her eyes. No one calls the girl by her name except for Eden. Everyone else calls her Cinnamon. And they are about the same age. Ed is over the hill for her too. She starts giggling, “No, he’ll be here a little later on to help set things up. She should already be here, though.”

She looks around until she finds her and gives her a smile and a thumbs up where Cindy is setting up the pie booths. Cindy sees and comes running over to Eden.

“Do you need help with the baby?”

“No, I just wanted to tell you, you’re doing a great job. I can’t wait to taste more of those pumpkin rum cookies you had last year.”

Cindy’s face falls, “Oh,” she looks like she might be ill, “um, I didn’t make any of those this year.”

Cindy won’t meet anyone’s eyes. “Well...I was um, afraid...the rum wouldn’t burn out of it well enough and um... I can’t...”

“Oh my God! Cindy!” My sweet wife starts wiping her hands clean as she takes the other girl’s arms, “Are you...?”

Cindy's face crumples and she starts hyperventilating. "Oh please. I know this looks horrible. I'm so young and he's so... not young and you're so sweet. And you can't tell him. I don't even know for sure if it's true or not but...I'm a hot mess."

Eden pulls her in for a hug and starts laughing. "Breathe sweetheart. Don't even think about the age thing. It's all going to be alright."

"So...you...you're not mad about this?"

She looks over at me with a secret smile on her face before giving Cindy a wink, "I couldn't eat them either if there was any worry about the rum not being gone from them."

Cindy's eyes light up. "You? But you guys are still breastfeeding little Lola, right?"

"Yeah. It turns out that whole thing about not being able to get pregnant while breastfeeding is a myth. Especially when you have a Demon doing the work."

I make a choking sound behind her as my face actually brightens with a blush. Both women laugh at my red cheeks and hug again.

"I couldn't be happier for you two. He needs you. You're good for him. I've never seen him like this with someone before."

It's Cindy's turn to blush.

“Never been like what before?” Ed comes up behind Cindy and wraps his arms around her much like I have mine around his daughter.

“Oh nothing, Dad. I was just telling Cindy about something little Lola did last night. How are you doing?”

“I’m great. Excited about tonight and all the celebrations.”

I see my chance and take it. “In that case, can you take over for us here so we can slip away for a few minutes? I need my wife for just a bit.”

I already have Eden up and away from the table when the two agree. I take my angel from the room and right to one of the little offices set aside for city officials to use. Once inside the room I turn and lock the door.

“Demon? What are you...?”

“Got to have a taste of that sweet pregnant pussy, angel. You know I can’t help myself when I know you are stuffed full of my babies.”

She laughs and pulls me closer. “You know...this reminds me of the office from the prison when you and I were trapped in the riot.”

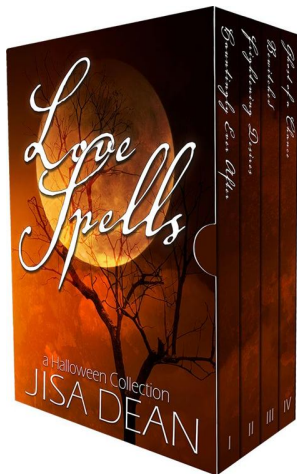
I start kissing down her neck and run my hands over her body. “Then let’s recreate that night, angel, and let me eat that sweet pussy.”

She gives me a shy smile under her lashes and whispers one word to me, “Yes.”

What more could a Demon ask for but the love of an angel willing to fight for you and the life you can make with her? It’s all this Demon will ever need!

The End!

* * *



Thank you so much for reading! If you enjoyed the story and want more, Love Spells is now live. Its a boxed set consisting of Hauntingly Ever After, Frightening Desires, Bewitched, and Ghost of a Chance - All with new Bonus Epilogues not found anywhere else. Go get your spooky romance on with [Love Spells!](#) today!

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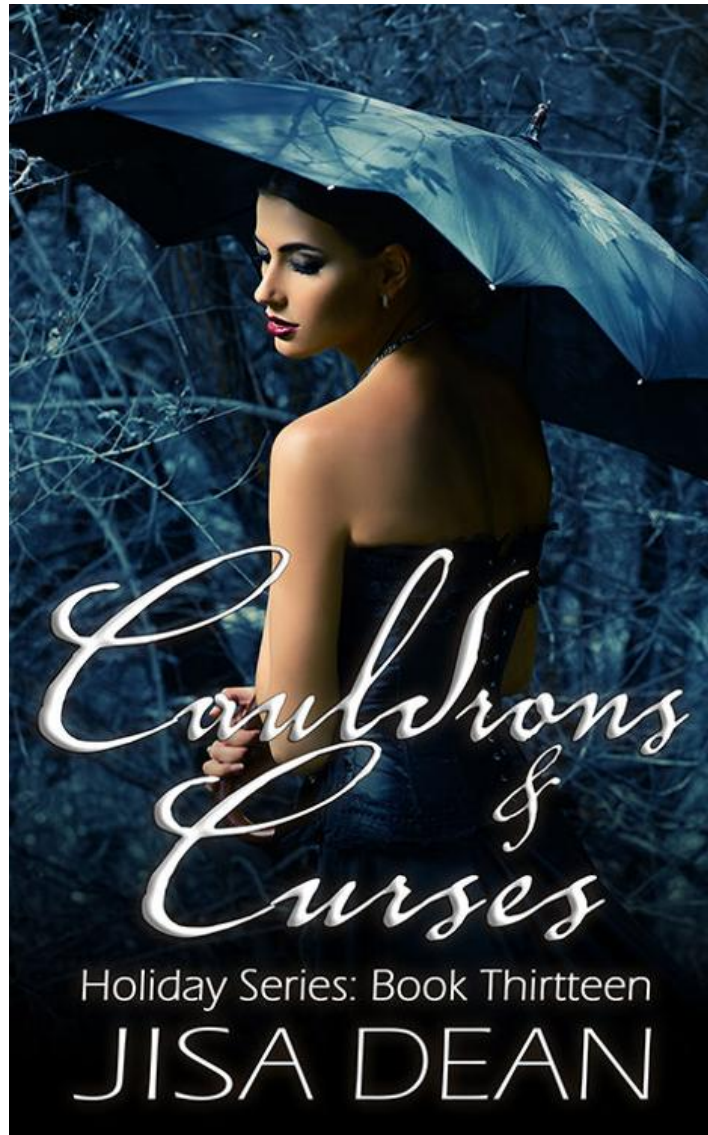
Look for the star...

Nova

I've traveled to this small town to find the Stone Island Witch, but I soon discover she's gone. What I find in her place is a hot mayor and decades of folklore and bedtime stories. Then, the feel-good story I was sent to town to write takes a dark turn when the bodies of young women who look just like me start popping up in the forests and creeks around the area. Is someone angry at me for writing my story on the witch, or did I bring this nightmare with me? Can I trust the one man who might be able to save me or is he the monster lurking in the shadows ready to make this Halloween a very dark one that I won't come back from? Oh, did I mention I only have two weeks to come up with all the answers or the whole town will suffer because of it. No pressure, right? I'm going to need a whole lot more than luck to make this Halloween a sweet treat instead of a horror story.

Nathanial

I have magic in my blood. But nothing I foresaw could have prepared me for the sexy little reporter who came to my town to find my mother. What she gets instead is me... I'm the witch of our island now. And I have to find a way to use what and who I am to save Nova because something tells me that if anything happens to her... I'll follow. No matter whether either of us likes it or not, we're connected - entwined destinies that can't be broken apart. But how far am I willing to go to keep my soulmate safe and how far will I take this overwhelming need to protect her? As far as I need to because she's my other half...I just have to find a way to show her, so she'll stay.



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