



SATAN'S PRIEST

WILLOW MCQUERRY

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Willow McQuerry

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Do not email me to tell me how fucked up I am. I'm aware that I write some dark stuff.

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This is a **dark romance**. Please keep out of reach of children. They don't need to know mommy/daddy reads some messed up shit about demons. Seriously, they don't need to know.

Cover by ASDESIGNS

Edited and proofread by Brooke Washburn-Hazlip

*For the thirsty readers who wanted a book that has Sleep
Token vibes.*

Here you go.

Daddy Lucien and Daiman are waiting for you.

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BEFORE YOU BEGIN

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a **dark AF** paranormal horror romance. I do **not** condone the actions of the main characters in this book. Please **do not** use this book as a guide on how you want a relationship to be. The MMCs are toxic and bad people. You don't want a guy to treat you like Lucien and Daiman treat Grace.

This book is fictional and does not reflect how I believe relationships should be. Please use caution when reading *Satan's Priest*.

All of the characters in this book are 18+ years old. This is intended for an adult audience. Reader discretion is advised.



TAGS: I wrote this instead of sleeping; mental illness; age difference; disability; horror; inspired by *Jennifer's Body*; jealousy; manipulation; non-consensual; first-person POV; romance; sexual content; mythical beings & creatures; voyeurism; you made me do this; demon romance; duel POV; taboo romance; who did this to you; teacher/student romance; unholy priest/student; why-choose romance; rockstar romance.

GRAPHIC: sexual content; cursing; rape; Catholicism & God; mockery of God and Catholics/Christians; demons & devils; possession; mental illness (schizoaffective disorder, schizophrenia, bipolar, anxiety, paranoia, delusions, panic attacks); vomit; cannibalism; misogyny; death; murder; physical abuse & belt whipping; ableism & ableist language;

death of a friend; cult; abuse by religious family; blackmail;
child sexual assault (she's 18 and her dad fingers her, forcing
her to orgasm. This happens in chapters 29, 48 & 63);
bullying; slut shaming; fat phobic comment in chapter 42;
incest; condescending eating disorder comment

RELATIONSHIP: non-con; dub-con; consensual non-con;
degradation; praise; voyeurism; exhibition; masturbation; anal;
choking; spanking; anilingus; erotic asphyxiation; double
penetration; double vaginal penetration; cheating;
miscommunication; slapping; bullying; period blood play;
unprotected sex; monster sex



Par: demon language for *mate*

SATAN'S PRIEST PLAYLIST

“Mary On A Cross” by Ghost

“Call Me Little Sunshine” by Ghost

“Maneater” by Nelly Furtado

“THE DEATH OF PEACE OF MIND” by Bad Omens

“Cannibal” by Ke\$ha

“Living Dead Girl” by Rob Zombie

“I Spit On Your Grave” by ZAND

“Breakfast” by Dove Cameron

“Sail” by AWOLNATION

“Drown” by Kim Dracula

“The Summoning” by Sleep Token

“Take Me To Church” by Hozier

More can be found on my [Spotify](#).

SCHIZOAFFECTIVE DISORDER

Schizoaffective disorder is a chronic mental health condition that involves symptoms of both schizophrenia and a mood disorder like major depressive disorder or bipolar disorder.

Many people with schizophrenia are incorrectly diagnosed at first with depression or bipolar disorder.

Scientists don't know for sure if schizoaffective disorder is related mainly to schizophrenia or a mood disorder, but it's usually viewed and treated as a combination of both conditions.

Only a tiny number of people get schizoaffective disorder—.03% of the population. It's equally likely to affect men and women, but men usually get it at a younger age. Doctors can help manage it, but most people diagnosed with it have relapses. People who have it often have problems with substance abuse as well.

Symptoms:

- Delusions (false, sometimes strange beliefs that the person refuses to give up, even when they get the facts)
 - Depression symptoms (feeling empty, sad, or worthless)
 - Hallucinations (sensing things that aren't real, such as hearing voices)
 - Lack of personal care (not staying clean or keeping up appearance)
 - Mania or sudden, out-of-character jumps in energy levels or happiness, racing thoughts, or risky behavior

- Problems with speech and communication, only giving partial answers to questions, or giving answers that are unrelated. (The doctor may call this disorganized thinking.)

- Trouble at work, school, or in social settings



Source WebMD

GRACE

“God, you feel so good, baby,” Sebastian groaned into my ear as he rocked into me.

With each hard thrust of his hips, I gasped as he fucked me against the door of the janitor’s closet where we were hiding. His coarse pubic hair ground against my swollen clit with every smack of his hips against mine. He gyrated against me in a circle, pressing closer, aware that I enjoyed it, as it always led to an orgasm.

Sebastian silenced my moans and mewls when he covered my mouth with his hand during my climax.

His movements became jerky and slowed as he whimpered while following me into his own orgasm. We breathed heavily, and he dropped his hand from my mouth when it became too hard for me to breathe. With only a sliver of light filtering beneath the door, we made eye contact in the dimly lit closet.

My heart raced so fast that it felt like it might fall out of my chest and land at my boyfriend’s feet. I gasped for air, trying hard to keep quiet as I did so. A sigh slipped from me as Sebastian pulled his softening cock out of me, and he stepped away while gently putting me back on my feet.

I fixed my skirt and panties so they were in place. Sebastian took off the used condom and tied the end into a knot. He glanced around for somewhere to throw it away and frowned when he couldn’t find anywhere.

“Aw, don’t do that. Gross,” I said, scrunching my nose when he discarded the condom into the cloth basket where the

dirty towels went. The janitor would most likely go to Father Thomas about this. Then the whole school would be called to the gym, where we would have to sit and listen to him talk about how premarital sex was a sin and would send us straight to Hell.

“What? It’s not that bad.” Sebastian fixed his pants, then adjusted the crooked tie I had wrapped around my hand and jerked a couple of times during sex. He innocently smiled and turned toward me, his eyes crinkling at the corners. “C’mon, we should go before Sister Theresa finds us.”

Yeah, I didn’t want any trouble with Sister Theresa. Sometimes I felt like she had some kind of vendetta against me. She would look directly at me while talking about people going to Hell for doing certain things. Other times, she said my name—or talked about the grace of God—but her gaze was fixed on me. It gave mixed signals, and I couldn’t help but assume she had something against me.

Sebastian cautiously opened the door and peeked outside to ensure it was safe. He dragged me out of the closet by my hand when no one was around. As soon as I closed the door behind me, the bell rang, and seconds later, students filled the hallway. The hum of their conversations drowned out any minor sounds as they spoke with their friends.

I fixed my plaid skirt, ensuring the back didn’t catch in my underwear. The last thing I needed was for the entire school to see my butt.

“Are you going to the concert tonight?” I asked Sebastian as we made our way through the busy hallway.

A person bumped into me and wrapped their arm around my shoulder.

“Hey!” I said, turning to them, then smiled as I noticed it was Layla.

“You still going with me tonight?” She grinned, and her hazel eyes lit up with excitement.

“I was just talking to Sebastian about it.”

She frowned. “He’s coming?”

“He’s right here and no, I don’t know about going. I heard they’re devil worshippers,” Sebastian said from my other side.

His grip on my hand tightened, signaling his discomfort with Layla’s presence. Their relationship wasn’t the best; she disliked him, and he could hardly tolerate her. Although I was unaware of why she despised him, she repeatedly mentioned he gave her bad vibes. It wasn’t a good enough excuse and no matter how many times I told Layla to lay off, she ignored me.

While we were walking down the hall to our next class, I turned to Sebastian and let out a sigh. “Those are just rumors, and you know how it is; they’re never true.”

“There is always a fact that makes these rumors come about. Who knows, maybe they really are devil worshippers.” He shrugged. “Their band name kind of gives it away.”

I must admit, Sebastian was right about their band name. Satan’s Priest screamed that the band was devil worshippers. But their music ... Oh man, I loved their music so much. I had to keep my love for the band a secret from my family, who were strict Catholics. They were so religious that they would have called the priest to “save” me if they found out.

Layla scoffed and unhooked her arm from my shoulder. Walking ahead of us, she turned around and walked backward, unconcerned about bumping into the crowd of students. “Well, if you don’t want to come to an innocent concert, then stay home, but I’m bringing my friend with me.”

Sebastian stabbed his fingers through his dark brown hair, giving her an annoyed look. “Maybe I want to spend time with my girlfriend.”

I sighed heavily and tightened my lips into a thin line.

I should have broken up this fight, but I knew Layla. She’d talk over me and continue to badger Sebastian.

“Well, your girlfriend is going to be busy getting dicked by some devil worshippers. Stay home, little man, and let the grown-ups have some fun.” She smirked.

Oh, god. Now I’d have to convince Sebastian that I wouldn’t cheat on him with some band members I didn’t know

aside from their music.

Sebastian stopped walking and turned toward me with a heavy sigh through his nose. He appeared bothered, a far cry from his usual happy-go-lucky demeanor. During his argument with Layla, he had messed with his dark hair, causing it to be out of place. He clenched his jaw and sighed, pulling me closer while still holding my hand. Despite his outward attitude, he was gentle with me when he tucked a piece of my blonde hair behind my ear.

“I’ll see you after class?” he murmured.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

A smile from him caused my heart to race and my stomach to fill with butterflies. We weren’t allowed to display any affection, yet he defied the rules and brushed my ear with his lips.

“Can I see you before you go to the concert tonight?” he whispered.

I grinned as I threaded my fingers through his short hair, causing him to shudder. “Of course.”

With a soft smile, he leaned away from me. “See you later.”

“See ya.”

I watched as he went inside his classroom. I shifted my gaze to Layla, who stood to the side with crossed arms and narrowed eyes.

“I don’t like him,” she said with a curl of her lip.

“Ugh,” I groaned, throwing my head back and brushing past her.

She walked beside me and clasped her hands together behind her back.

“I don’t care that you don’t like him. But you need to play nice,” I warned.

“He just gives off these awful vibes. You need to dump him.”

Rolling my eyes, I climbed up the wide staircase that led to our class on the second floor. “I can’t dump him because you don’t like him. You’re not the one dating him.” I shot her a warning look. “Anyway, let’s drop it. I’m excited about the concert tonight.”

Mentioning our night together brightened her sour mood. “You won’t guess what I have.” She spoke in a sing-song voice, her shoulders dancing as she beamed at me.

We got to the last step and walked through the hallway, and I glanced at her with a smile. “I’m not guessing. Just tell me.”

“Aw, c’mon, don’t be a party pooper. Guess,” she whined.

Sighing, I shrugged and said, “I don’t know, Layla.”

She groaned and threw her head back with closed eyes. “You’re no fun.” She dropped her head and playfully glared at me as she punched my arm. The strength of the hit made me wince in pain.

We entered the classroom and sat next to each other in the back.

“Fine, if you don’t want to play, then I guess I’ll tell you. I got us VIP passes to meet the band.” Layla squealed and lightly clapped her hands, watching me for a reaction.

I turned in my seat, jaw dropped and eyes wide. “What? No way!”

While waiting for class to begin, Alison looked back and glared at us for being too loud.

“Mind your business,” Layla snapped at Alison.

Tensing up, Alison clenched her jaw and whipped back around to face the front of the room.

Turning back to me, Layla grinned and tucked a stray piece of brown hair behind her ear. “I know. I’m the best friend you’ve ever had, and we’re going to meet Satan’s Priest.” She lowered her voice when she said the band’s name. She had enough common sense to avoid drawing attention to

us and getting us punished for associating with something “evil.”

“I can’t believe it,” I said with my jaw still on the floor. “How did you manage to get them?”

She smirked. “Don’t worry about it.”

“All right, ladies and gentlemen. All eyes on me,” Sister Theresa called as she came through the door and stood at the front of the class.

“You can make it up to me later,” Layla whispered before she turned forward.

I didn’t know how to make it up to her, but I’d definitely pay her back for whatever she did to get these rare passes.

“Before I start class, Father Thomas wanted me to talk to you guys about staying safe this Halloween. I know it’s Friday and many of you have plans to celebrate the devil’s holiday.” She shook her head, her lips thinning. “You shouldn’t be celebrating such a wicked day, but I can’t stop you. Just remember, the Lord knows everything. When you get to the pearly gates in Heaven and have to explain why you celebrated the devil, don’t be surprised when you are thrown out of Heaven and into the pits of Hell.

“Please use your heads and do not get into any trouble.” She scowled at Justin, who was the bad boy of Sacred Heart Catholic School. “Don’t let your passions overcome you, and don’t listen to the devil when he whispers in your ear to fall into bed with your boyfriend or girlfriend, whom you should not be dating in the first place.” She looked at me this time, then turned to Brad, who was known as a man-whore. I couldn’t count how many times he’d been sent to Father Thomas’s office to confess his sins.

Even though no one made a sound, I could hear the eye rolls and silent promises that we wouldn’t listen to Sister Theresa. At least the majority of us. There was Alison, who was the brown-nosed girl who followed the rules to the t.

Even though the Bible said to forgo premarital sex, most of the class didn’t prescribe to that belief. I know I didn’t, though

I would feel immense guilt and worry about displeasing God. That night while I lay in bed, I would pray for forgiveness for falling into the desires of my flesh.

“And I don’t mean to dampen the mood,” Sister Theresa continued. “But ladies, please be safe. There are recent cases of girls around your age being kidnapped and killed, and I don’t want to come back on Monday and find out one of you is missing.”

The once easygoing atmosphere became tense and full of foreboding doom.

We were aware of the murders—at least, those of us who were paying attention were. The public knew a few details, but for the most part, the authorities kept us in the dark.

One of the girls was around my age, and her body was found near the town’s river, with an upside-down cross engraved on her forehead. She had burn marks on her wrists that could have been from a rope digging into her skin. Her throat had been slit, and she’d been bled dry. They didn’t find a drop of blood in her body.

Another girl was found in the woods by the highway, with the same engraving on her forehead and all the blood drained from her.

It was the scariest thing and made me hesitate to attend tonight’s concert now that Sister Theresa had to remind us about it.

Sister Theresa smiled with satisfaction, as if she had achieved her goal. “Anyway, let’s begin class.”

GRACE

“The Summoning” by Sleep Token played softly through my Bluetooth speakers as I prepared for the evening.

Layla lay on her stomach on my bed, watching me. Her hands cupped her cheeks and her feet kicked back and forth as I fixed the collar of my white dress, hiding my black bra strap beneath it. I planned to wear warm stockings and pair them with Sebastian’s leather jacket that I had borrowed and never returned. It would be colder tonight since it was October, and winter was drawing closer.

“Do you think the members of Satan’s Priest are hot beneath all the makeup they paint on their faces?” Layla asked, still kicking her feet in the air behind her. “Oh! Oh! Do you think they’re going to wear their masks? Oh fuck, I hope they do. Something about wearing masks and keeping their identities a secret turns me on.”

I snorted a laugh and applied more mascara to my eyelashes. “I don’t know.”

There were a couple of pictures of the band lying around somewhere. They always wore face paint or their masks. Most of the time it was their masks, and Layla was correct. They looked hotter with their faces covered, giving them an air of mystery.

Glancing at Layla, I gave her a little smile. I smoothed the wrinkles of my dress over my stomach and turned around to look at my backside in the large mirror attached to the back of

my closet door. "I don't know," I said softly again, not paying much attention to Layla.

The dress hugged my curves, and the black webbed stockings made my thick thighs appear softer and my legs longer. When I wore them, my skin looked more tan and could easily knock any man off his feet at first sight. Not that I wanted anyone else, since I was happy with my relationship with Sebastian.

Had he known about my interest in the band's look, Sebastian would have been okay with it. Okay, he might have gotten a little jealous, but definitely not angry. I couldn't recall a time he yelled or got violent with me, especially in outrage over another man.

Layla rolled onto her back and extended her arms behind her head, pushing her ample breasts into the air as she stretched like a lioness after a nap.

"Mmm." She sighed, flopped her arms on the bed behind her head, and giggled. "I'm so excited for tonight. We're meeting the band!"

"Mmhmm." I gave her a little smile that she didn't see and pulled on Sebastian's leather jacket. It smelled like him still, even if the scents of leather, soap, and cologne had faded over time.

Layla spun around so she was back on her stomach and narrowed her eyes. "You don't even sound excited." She huffed like a toddler.

I turned back to her, frowning. "I so am!"

She sat up and crossed her arms over her chest, pushing her breasts higher in her crimson midriff shirt. "No, I don't think you are. You've been giving me noncommittal responses like 'yep' or 'mmhmm.' If you don't want to go, just say the word."

I knew she didn't want me to flake out. Which I wasn't. My mind was elsewhere, and I was nervous about seeing my favorite band.

“There’s no way I’m backing out of this, Lay.” I planted my hands on my hips and sighed heavily. “Tonight is going to be a fun night out. We’re going to sing our hearts out . . .”

A huge grin spread across Layla’s face, replacing her pout and lighting up her eyes with excitement.

“And we’re going to dance our asses off. Who knows, maybe you’ll find a nice boyfriend there.” I smirked.

Layla snickered. “If I’m going to find a boyfriend, it’ll be one of the band members of Satan’s Priest. Oh, maybe I can get with the lead singer! He has such a dreamy voice.” She sighed, her gaze drifting to the side as she imagined doing naughty things with him. “Can you imagine getting fucked three ways to Sunday in the back room where everyone can hear? I’d let that man defile me and call me his little whore.”

My jaw dropped, my eyes bugged out, and I clutched my imaginary pearls in disbelief. “Ew! I don’t want to know what you do in the bedroom!”

Layla rolled her eyes before shimmying off the bed. Her favorite heels added four inches to her five-foot-eight frame as she stood. I bought those shoes for her on her birthday this year and was glad to see she was using them. She tossed her wavy brown hair over her delicate shoulders. “What? You don’t like being called filthy names? Does your little *boyfriend* not like to whisper dirty shit into your ear while he fucks you?”

“No! I mean—” My cheeks grew hot.

Layla approached me with a grin, her eyes turning sultry as she raked her gaze from my head to my feet. “He doesn’t grab you by the throat, cutting off your air while he pounds your little kitty from behind?”

“*Little kitty?*” I choked out.

My breathing became quicker, and my heart started hammering in my chest. I could only think of Sebastian fucking me in a position other than missionary and getting rough with me.

My thighs trembled, and warmth pooled low in my belly as I imagined him doing bad things to me. It wasn't like him at all. Sebastian preferred to face me and be gentle during sex.

Layla walked behind me, her fingers dragging over my back. She came to my other side, her lips pressing to my ear as she huskily murmured, "He doesn't call you his little bitch and demand that you take it like a good girl?"

I spun around, facing her as my jaw hit the floor. "Where the fuck is this coming from?"

Layla scoffed and rolled her eyes. "I knew it. He's so fucking vanilla that he makes Father Thomas look like he's into some kinky shit. You need to live a little, Gracie. Let a real man handle you like he owns you and your pleasure."

How did she know any of this stuff? Was that something she was into? She never talked about her experiences, so I couldn't recall if she had sex or not. It'd always been me telling her that Sebastian and I had fucked. She always seemed interested, and I thought it was just because we were best friends. I didn't judge her, but I wouldn't be surprised if she'd had sex because of how crude she could be.

"Let's drop it," I sighed.

Layla rolled her eyes and laughed sarcastically. "Whatever. One day you'll see that Sebastian isn't good enough for you. His vibes aren't good, and it sounds like having sex with him is boring." She stuck out her tongue and pointed her finger toward her open mouth in a gagging gesture.

"Drop it."

She raised her hands, palms out, and backed away from me. "Whatever, Gracie."

Turning away from her, I did a once over in the mirror and called it good. "Let's go out to eat."

"Thank God. I'm starving." Layla snatched her clutch from the top of my vanity and walked out of the room.

GRACE

“Ugh, did you invite your boyfriend?” Layla huffed while chewing on a french fry.

I followed her gaze, looking over my shoulder from where we sat at the booth in our favorite diner. Sebastian walked through the front door, the bell hanging above it tinkling. He looked around the crowded diner, searching until his gaze finally landed and remained fixed on me. A smile spread across his face.

Butterflies filled my stomach, and I returned his smile with my own. He strode to our booth, and I scooted to the side, allowing him to sit beside me.

“Hi, bunny,” he whispered, pecking me on the lips while hooking his arm behind my back and resting his hand on top of the plastic-covered bench.

I smiled against his lips and kissed him again before I pulled away. “You made it.”

“Of course I did. You know I wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to see you.”

My heart skipped a beat, and a blush rose from my neck to my cheeks. Sebastian grinned at me, aware of how he affected me. His usual murky blue eyes were a bluish gray, and I loved it when they changed colors like that. The five o’clock shadow on his jawline made him look older than his actual age.

“Aww, how sweet. Now that you got to see Grace, you can go,” Layla said sweetly, her voice dripping with hidden venom. She waved her hand, shooing my boyfriend away.

“Please don’t start, Lay,” I sighed and turned back to my plate of greasy food.

Sebastian rested his arm on my shoulders and tucked me closer to his side. Despite having every right to do so, he didn’t reply to Layla. I didn’t know if I loved or hated his gentlemanly attitude toward her. My friendship with Layla had taught me to respond to her in the same crude way. Although she said it was a joke, I was paranoid that she meant every unkind word directed at me.

“Whatever.” Layla grabbed her cell phone and thumbed the screen. Her long nail clacked against it as she tapped. “The doors open in an hour.”

I sighed and looked at Sebastian, who eyed my food. It was most likely the hand-cut french fries that he wanted, and I didn’t blame him. They were the best in our small Washington town. Smirking, I pushed the plate toward him.

“Want some?” I bumped my shoulder against him, giving him full permission to pick at my meal.

He kissed my forehead and took a fry. “Thanks, bunny.”

Biting my bottom lip, I cozied up against him. I ate more of my food, which consisted of a greasy burger with everything on it, french fries, and a side of spear-cut fried pickles. Sebastian picked at my fries and shared my Coke with me.

“Hey, hun. You want something from the kitchen?” Katee (our waitress, who we knew very well because she had worked here since the early 2000s) asked Sebastian.

He popped the last french fry into his mouth and chewed. “Yeah, what do you got?”

“A customer who ordered chicken tenders and fries left before I could give it to him. You want it?”

“Hell yeah.”

Katee smiled. “You got it, kid. You ladies doing all right?”

Layla peered up from her phone. “We’re fine.”

The middle-aged waitress looked at me, an eyebrow raised.

I gave her an apologetic smile. “Yeah, we’re doing good. Thank you, Katee.”

“All right. I’ll be right back with your food.” She smiled at us and walked away.

Layla dropped her phone to the table and exhaled loudly. “I’ve got to tinkle.”

Sebastian and I watched as she shimmied out of the booth and sauntered toward the back where the one-stall bathroom was.

I released a breath, some of the tension easing out of me.

Sebastian tightened his hold around my shoulder. “You guys okay?”

I knew what he meant by that. It would take an idiot to miss the tension between us.

“Yeah. She said some stuff before we came here.”

“Like what?”

I nibbled on my bottom lip, debating whether to tell him. If he knew what my best friend said about our sex life, it could widen the rift between them, and I really, *really* wanted them to get along.

Don’t hold your breath, Grace.

Sebastian leaned into me, bumping my shoulder. “Come on. It can’t be *that* bad.”

I sighed. “Promise you won’t get mad?”

“Promise.”

“Okay.” I sucked in a breath and sighed heavily. “She somehow got onto the topic of sex and being degraded. I think she likes the whole concept of being manhandled and asked if I wanted that to happen. I was so shocked that I couldn’t say anything. So she said that our sex life is vanilla.”

I wasn't about to tell him she specifically said *he* was vanilla.

Sebastian sat there, gazing at me with a blank look. I fumbled with my phone, keeping my hands busy. His prolonged silence and intense gaze made me anxious. I looked away, regretting telling him.

"Sooo, you want me to ... *degrade* you in the bedroom?" he asked, confused.

I bit my bottom lip, imagining everything Layla said and putting his face to it.

God, it would be nice to be fucked like he hated me. The thought of him pulling my hair while he thrust into me from behind made my skin tingle and my body heat up. My clit throbbed, and I squirmed in my seat.

"Ahh, you do." He sighed. "We can try that if you want? I don't know if I could ever be mean to you in the bedroom, though."

"Well." Someone walked past us, and I waited until he was out of earshot. "It would be kind of nice to have sex that isn't facing each other. Maybe even being spanked," I said, keeping my voice low enough for only him to hear.

My cheeks heated, and my heart hammered in my chest from the nerve-wracking fear that Sebastian was judging me. I raised my eyes, catching him looking at me. I couldn't help but notice that he seemed disinterested and unimpressed by all of it.

"I don't want to hurt you," he explained gently.

I winced and distanced myself from him, my gaze falling to the table.

"Never mind," I whispered.

Turning away from him, I grabbed my drink and sipped it through the eco-friendly straw.

"I don't want to trigger your symptoms, Grace," Sebastian argued softly.

Shaking my head, I set the cup on the table. “It’s whatever.”

Layla appeared at the booth beside us with a long groan. “Are we done here?”

“Yeah,” I blurted.

Sebastian looked at the side of my face, and my cheek tingled from his gaze. I refused to look at him, scared he would see just how disappointed I was.

This would be the last time I brought up adding some spice to our sex life. Fucking in the janitor’s closet at school was fun, but it lost its appeal after the third time. I wanted more from him, but apparently, he didn’t want to change a thing.

“Let’s go,” Layla ordered. She stood by the table, waiting for me.

Sebastian got up and held out his hand, but I refused to take it. He tucked his hands into his front pockets, looking at me like a puppy in trouble for peeing on the rug.

“I’ll see ya,” I said and pushed past him.

“Be safe. Watch out for those Satan worshippers,” he called from behind as I walked away with Layla.

That earned us a few weird looks from an older couple and snickers from a group of teens that went to our school.

Sebastian knew what he was doing when he said that, and that greatly disappointed me. Maybe our relationship wasn’t as perfect as it seemed. I might have more to think about than music at this concert.

GRACE

We arrived and made it in time for the first band. The place was packed, and I even spotted a few people I knew from school, which brought a smile to my face. Our small town in Washington had a couple of bars and venues for bands. Tonight we were at Twisted Bar, which was the oldest establishment here. There were rumors that this building was haunted, but I never believed it.

Despite the fact that we were eighteen, Layla managed to sneak a few drinks for us. We danced to the beat of the music while sipping our cocktails. I watched Layla with a grin. Her crimson top rose higher, showing the underside of her breasts. With her head moving side to side with the music, her long brown beach waves tumbled past her shoulders and flicked around her face. Sweat had smudged her smokey eyes and bright red lipstick.

The band played the next song, and I swayed with it, softly singing along.

Layla turned to me, holding her cup of Bramble—a drink with gin, lemon juice, simple syrup, and blackberry liqueur with ice on the bottom. She leaned into me, scream-singing to the song. I winced, my eardrum rattling painfully as she sang into my ear. I ground my teeth, but I grinned at her, singing along. I squealed with laughter as she grabbed my hand and twirled me around in a dance.

“My drink!” I laughed as my Bramble splashed over the rim and onto the back of my hand.

“Here, let me.” Layla held out her manicured hand, wagging her fingers impatiently for me.

With a shy smile, I gave her my wet hand. She circled her fingers around mine and brought my hand to her mouth. I sucked in a breath as she slurped the beverage from my skin, then swirled her tongue to clean up the rest.

“Layla,” I mumbled, embarrassed. I looked around us, making sure no one was watching.

She pulled back and giggled. “Aw, c’mon, babes. We can’t let it go to waste.”

I bit my bottom lip, my cheeks warming with a blush.

She turned toward the stage and went back to singing and dancing. Her hips rocked with the song as she belly danced with one of her hands in the air above her head. I silently stood beside her, my heart thumping against my chest. I shouldn’t have reacted this way to her touching me like that, but there I was, a little turned on.

God, Grace. She’s your friend, and you have a boyfriend you love very much.

“Thank you, everyone, for having us. We’ll see you next time!” the lead singer yelled through the microphone.

We all shouted. A few people whistled, and a woman screamed for him to fuck her. The singer chuckled and walked off the stage, disappearing behind the wall.

I giggled and looked at Layla as she turned to me with a beaming smile.

“They’re up next,” she squealed, and awkwardly clapped her hands while still holding her drink.

I brightened and rocked my shoulders in an excited dance.

Everyone talked and music blasted over the speakers while we waited for Satan’s Priest to come on stage.

“So, are you going to the Halloween party at Tanner’s place?” Layla asked, then sipped from her crystal cup.

I drank some of mine and swallowed, enjoying the strong, fruity drink that tingled my taste buds. My head was a little fuzzy from being tipsy. I shouldn't have been drinking because I took medicines, but once I got home, I'd just skip it so I didn't overdose.

"Who's Tanner?" I asked.

"I didn't think you'd know him." Layla gave me a cheeky smile. "He's a frat boy. He's throwing a huge party, and everybody who is somebody will be there."

I rolled my lips. "Mmm. I don't know. Why is some college guy talking to high-school girls?"

It was weird when older men talked to girls our age. It didn't matter that we were eighteen. They were often unaware of our age and assumed we were seventeen and below, which raised every red flag.

Layla scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Ugh. Don't worry about it, babes. Just go to the party with me." Concern must have shown on my face as Sebastian popped into my mind because Layla added, "I'll keep the boys away from you so you don't cheat on your *wittle* boyfriend."

"Let me think about it," I sighed.

Everyone in the room screamed and clapped. I looked at the stage, and my breath caught in my throat as I watched Satan's Priest cross the platform and stop in their designated spots. They all wore black and had white Roman collars at the base of their throats, making them look like priests. Tiny slits in their white masks allowed them to see out, and a red hand-painted, upside-down cross ran from the forehead to the mouth.

Only the lead singer's mask differed. The mouth and chin were cut out, leaving an upside-down U. He painted the exposed area black with white teeth over his lips to look like a skeleton. The artwork on his exposed chest—more black paint with some white bones—finished off the look.

The band didn't wave or say anything as they went to their instruments. The lead singer cupped the microphone in his

painted black hands.

On cue, Satan's Priest started to play.

Layla spun around, her eyes wide and the corners of her open mouth lifted in a smile. "Oh my god, they're playing 'Little Sinner'! Grace, that's our song!"

I grinned, squealing with her. We both jumped up and down, and more of my drink spilled onto my hand.

The lead singer began singing, and we sang along with him.

*"Won't you get on your knees,
And show me how holy you can be,
You pray to a god,
That you don't believe,
And, oh, my little sinner,
You believe in me,
I'm going to show you,
How evil I can be,
Don't tell Father what we do,
God cannot save you from me,
And, oh, my little sinner,
You believe in me,
I'm going to show you,
How evil I can be,
I'll leave behind bruises,
On your skin,
I've turned a good girl bad,
You're my little sinner,
Who prays only to me,*

Baby, I plan on tarnishing you with my sins.”

The song ended, and the lead guitarist went into the next song, the singer bobbing his head to it. I watched with my heart in my throat, a small smile on my face as I got lost in the music. Closing my eyes, I swayed, singing along and forgetting I was in a crowded place. I couldn't stop grinning because it was so surreal that I was in the same room with my favorite band.

One song turned into two, then three. The whole time, I kept my eyes closed, singing my heart out while covered in goosebumps. They sounded amazing live. The music thumped through the large speakers, rattling my eardrums, but I didn't care. It quieted the voices in my head and my racing thoughts.

I opened my eyes, still singing.

My breath caught in my throat, and I stumbled over a few lines as I noticed the lead singer's face turned my way. But he could have been looking at anyone. It was hard to tell because of the mask that hid his eyes.

As if he knew what I was thinking, he held the microphone in one hand, and the other reached out to the crowd, his fingers curling at me.

My face tingled from the weight of his gaze, and I quickly swatted that away in my mind. There was no way he was looking at me.

“Oh, fuck,” I moaned softly as he brought his hand to his bare chest and slid it down to his stomach and lower as he sang about fucking a woman.

I couldn't breathe as I watched him put on a show, touching himself.

When the song ended, he broke the trance he held me in by turning his back to the crowd as the next song started.

Layla turned to me. “I need to pee!”

“Well, go.” I nodded my head to the back of the room where the small bathroom was.

“What? Alone? No. What happened to girl code?” Layla shot me a weird look and shook her head. “C’mon.”

I squeaked as she grabbed my hand and dragged me toward the bathroom. Layla snatched my empty cup from my hand and deposited our glasses on the bar before we disappeared through a small hallway and into the restroom. I locked the door behind me and sighed as I leaned against it.

Layla slipped her thong down and raised her skirt to pool around her waist as she sat on the toilet. I folded my arms over my chest and couldn’t stop the smile that spread across my face as I thought about the lead singer.

“You think one of them is single?” Layla asked.

I raised an eyebrow and shrugged a shoulder. “I don’t know.” I narrowed my eyes. “You’re not going to be a groupie, are you?”

“What?” She breathed out, vibrating her lips together in a drunk scoff. “No way. I mean ...”

I raised both eyebrows and grinned. “You totally want to sleep with them.”

Of course she did. She mentioned getting with the lead singer earlier, but I just thought she was saying that. I didn’t know why it bothered me that she’d want to get with the singer. He wasn’t anything to me. Just a musician whose music and voice I happened to love.

“Well, I mean, we’re going to meet them. Sleeping with a band member has always been on my bucket list. Why not let it be one of the members of my favorite band?” Layla asked.

Hey, I wasn’t judging. I was okay if my friend wanted to get banged three ways to Sunday. “Then you should try.”

She flushed the toilet and washed her hands. “You should sleep with one of them, too.”

I rolled my eyes, pushed away from the door, and opened it. We walked out and made our way back into the room. Our spot was gone, and now we had to stand in the back of the crowd, which I didn’t mind. The music was still loud, and the

band wasn't even thirty feet away from us because of how small this place was.

Layla elbowed me in the ribs.

"Hey," I whined and rubbed the spot, pretending it hurt even though it didn't.

"Don't think you can brush off my comment. You should sleep with the band."

I scoffed. "I have a boyfriend, Lay. I would never cheat on him."

"Tonight, you don't. Besides, I'm sure Sebastian would understand. It's a free pass. All couples have them."

"What?" My jaw hit the floor, and I looked at her, bewildered. "I won't cheat on my boyfriend of three years."

Layla shrugged and flicked her wavy brown hair over her shoulder. "Fine. Whatever."

Silence stretched between us, and I stood awkwardly beside her as the band played. I tried to enjoy the show, but the tension coming from Layla made that hard to do. I couldn't believe she would get upset that I didn't want to cheat on my boyfriend.

Her words from earlier tonight went through my head.

"He doesn't call you his little bitch and demand that you take it like a good girl?"

"You need to live a little, Gracie. Let a real man handle you like he owns you and your pleasure."

GRACE

The bouncer held up his hand to stop Layla and me from passing through the door leading to the back room.
“Need to see your pass.”

Layla held up the VIP lanyard around her neck. “Can you see it better now?”

I winced and pinched mine between my fingers, then brought it up for the scowling bouncer. I was convinced he couldn’t see anything through those black-tinted sunglasses on his face. He wore the typical tight black shirt that stretched over his muscles, and a vein throbbed on his forehead as he frowned at us. He gave off the impression that he was about to tell us to fuck off and that we couldn’t go back there.

“You sure you’re old enough to go backstage? You girls look like you’re in high school,” he grunted.

He made an accurate observation, but I kept it to myself.

Layla gave him a dirty look as she rested her palm on her waist and popped out her hip. “We’re old enough. Now can we please go back there to meet the band? I paid too much for the passes to stand out here with your salty ass.”

I choked on my spit and whipped my gaze to her, pleading with her to keep her cool. Now that we were this close to meeting the band, I didn’t want to be booted out because Layla couldn’t hold her tongue.

The bouncer scoffed, and I swear I could see his eyes rolling behind his glasses. He opened the door and jerked his head, grunting, “Have fun, *girls*.”

Layla gave him a fake smile and flicked her hair over her shoulder, patting his chest as we passed him. “See? It wasn’t that hard, now, was it?”

“Layla,” I whispered. “Just drop it.”

She would get us kicked out if she kept this up.

Layla whipped her head toward me and scowled. “He won’t do anything.”

I clenched my teeth and balled my hands into fists. *Just drop it, Grace. It’s not worth the argument. It’s already over.* I took a deep breath through my nose and let it out through my mouth.

Layla arched an eyebrow and turned away from me.

The room was just as dimly lit as the hallway, and the black walls and furniture only added to the shadowy vibe. Other VIP pass holders mingled within the space. I kind of figured we wouldn’t be the only people with VIP passes.

Cigar smoke and vape clouds filled the room. A bartender at the bar in the back of the room mixed a drink for one of the band members, who still wore his mask.

I tripped over a step and stopped when I saw the singer. I could tell it was him because he still wore the mask from earlier. He frowned as he wrapped his arm around a girl about my age and posed for a picture. He didn’t smile, but the blonde girl beamed and clapped her hands after her friend snapped several shots.

“See ya,” Layla said before she walked ahead of me, pushing her way through the crowd and making a beeline toward the singer.

I clenched my jaw and awkwardly stood there, unable to make myself follow Layla. I really wanted to meet the band, but my heart wouldn’t stop pounding in my chest. What if I stuttered while I talked to them? What if they thought I was some stupid girl? Maybe their masks were riling up my nerves; they weren’t exactly welcoming and could even be considered frightening.

I winced as Layla shouldered a guy out of the way and stopped right in front of the singer. I loved my friend, but she shocked me with her actions tonight. She was usually a little rough around the edges, but seeing her shove people to meet the band embarrassed me.

A shadow passed in the corner of my eye, and I squeezed them shut to calm down.

Just think about Sebastian. How he makes you feel safe and loved.

I imagined the bright blue-gray eyes and sweet smile that he saved just for me. I also pictured how he made me feel safe while he wrapped me in his embrace, like all the times we cuddled in his bed as he played with my hair.

My heart slowed and I opened my eyes, feeling more stable.

That was a close call.

I blinked and swung my gaze toward Layla again. My breath caught in my throat. The lead singer stared right at me, ignoring Layla as she tried to talk to him. I checked around me to see if he was gazing at someone else, but I was the only person in his line of sight.

Oh god, oh god, oh god.

So, he really was looking at me.

I turned back to him, finding him still looking at me. He mesmerized me, making it impossible to look away. The weight of his stare made my legs tremble, and my skin broke out in goosebumps. It was as if he was dissecting me and looking at who I was at my core.

“Are you nervous, too?”

I jumped, blinking and turning my attention to the woman who'd spoken to me. Freckles littered her nose and rosy cheeks. It looked as if she'd been sitting outside under the sun for a few hours. She couldn't have been more than five years older than me. Dark-copper hair framed her face, and her green eyes glittered in the low light.

“A little,” I half-lied. Okay, maybe it was the truth. I’d been a fan of Satan’s Priest for years, and they stood feet away from me, sharing the same air I breathed. How could I not be nervous?

The young woman offered a gentle smile. “Want to go together?”

“Yeah.” I nodded and swallowed.

It wouldn’t hurt to have someone who looked like the sweetest person alive to give me the confidence to approach them. I wasn’t sure if I wanted to meet the lead singer, though. If he could make me tremble from feet away, what would happen if I stood not even a foot in front of him? I feared I’d pee my pants, which would have been embarrassing.

I shouldn’t have gotten butterflies in my stomach over him. I had a boyfriend, dammit.

Maybe if I told myself that repeatedly, I’d stay strong and remain faithful to the boy I loved.

“It’s a free pass. All couples have them.” Layla’s words popped into my head.

The stranger grabbed my hand and walked by my side as we slipped through the throng of people and approached one of the musicians. I released a shaky breath, relieved it wasn’t the singer. We stopped a foot away from him, but I couldn’t tell who he was since they all wore the same masks. We patiently waited as he finished taking a picture with a tall man who had painted his face like a skeleton. After he walked away, the band member turned to us. His gaze landed on the girl beside me, then moved to me. And stayed there.

“Hello, ladies,” he said, his voice deep and raspy.

I raised a hand in a gesture of a nervous hi and looked at the redhead beside me.

“Can I take a picture with you?” she whispered to him.

I didn’t think he heard her, but he turned his face toward her. “Of course.”

She swiveled around, a plea in her eyes as she held her phone toward me. “Can you take a picture? I’ll return the favor.”

I nodded, grabbed the phone, and raised it. She stepped to his side, and he wrapped an arm around her waist while she did the same to him. The top of her head barely reached his shoulder. They posed, and I clicked a couple of pictures with shaking hands.

It might have been my paranoia, but it seemed like he was staring at me instead of the camera. My face tingled and my skin tightened.

“Thank you,” she beamed after I snapped the last one and returned her phone.

We traded places, and I handed my phone to her and positioned myself next to him. Just like her, my head reached his shoulder. He wrapped an arm around my waist, dragging me closer to his side. My eyelashes fluttered and my breath hitched as his sweat-and-bergamot scent filled my lungs. I smiled as best I could while the girl took multiple pictures.

“Did you enjoy the show?” he murmured, low enough for only me to hear.

I nodded and swallowed. “Yes.”

“Good. How long have you listened to our stuff?” He rubbed gentle circles on my lower back, and my nipples hardened into tight peaks. I squeezed my thighs together. I had a boyfriend, and I shouldn’t have been so turned on by another man.

“For about ...” I had to stop and count how many years it’d been. “Four years.”

He chuckled. “That’s about how long we’ve been a band. OG, are ya?”

“Yes,” I breathed.

“Okay, here you go.” The shy woman handed over my phone, and I accepted it, sliding it into my jacket pocket.

“See you around,” he drawled and walked away.

Releasing a shaky breath, I found an empty seat and sat down as I searched the room for Layla. I spotted her in the corner, locking lips with a guy with black paint on his face. It wasn't the lead singer because he was watching everyone from his spot on the couch.

Then the lead singer's head stopped turning, and I could no longer convince myself I was imagining it. He was staring right at me.

LUCIEN

I sat on the plush leather couch while everyone mingled. Some of them drank, and others danced to the song “Sail” by AWOLNATION that played over the speakers.

Our little world back here wasn’t too shabby, even though the old building appeared like it could collapse at any second. The room must have undergone renovations. It looked like it came from an upper-class club.

My arm draped over the end of the couch, a crystal glass half-filled with an Old Fashioned in my hand. My eyes scanned the room without much interest until they landed on her. How unfortunate.

I’d noticed her in the crowd during our performance. The young woman couldn’t have been over five foot four, but the way she danced and sang along to our music drew my attention. With curves that were out of this world, wavy blonde hair, and eyes that seemed to hold the universe within them, I knew she was perfect for what I wanted to do. The things I would have done if *he* hadn’t spoken to me, like mess up her makeup and watch her mascara stain her cheeks with tears as I choked her with my cock. While I watched her from the stage, my cock got so hard that I worried I would have to step away so I could relieve myself.

But *he* wanted her. *He* chose her as *his*.

I’d sipped my drink and searched for the blonde once the VIP door opened. It would have been a waste of money if she’d left early since the party went on for hours. I’d spotted her with Daiman, who had his arm around her waist as another

young woman took their picture. The incubus demon had released some of his pheromones, causing a flush in the blonde's cheeks.

Interesting.

An incubus demon's pheromones were potent. With just a little released into the air, he could make the victim succumb to him, desperate for a release only he could provide. Even so, she didn't throw herself at him and rip off his clothes.

A woman in the room laughed over the blasting music. Her exuberance appeared disingenuous, as if she was attempting to mollify a man's emotions by pretending to find his joke amusing. Human women were all the same. They acted like they shared your interests to get into bed with you. Being a rockstar, I saw a lot of that. Even when I worked as a priest, women were interested in having sex with me. Those religious god worshipers were freaks behind closed doors.

I pulled my gaze away from the blonde and smirked as I glanced at the other women in the room. Almost all of them showed signs of arousal—flushed faces, glassy eyes, rapid pulses, and the musky scent of lust. I was tempted to grab one of them and feed from them. My energy levels were high and needed to be lowered soon. After tonight, I'd find a woman and release myself into her womb. If I couldn't find a human woman, I'd search for a succubus.

A large body folded itself next to me with a heavy sigh. "The show went great," Asher said. He lifted his hips to get comfortable and then tapped my arm, which earned him a glare that he couldn't see. "Did he say anything yet?"

I shifted my gaze from him and tilted my head, cracking some joints and letting out a satisfied groan. Despite the discomfort it brought, I wore the weight of the mask as a statement. It was a dog whistle, so to speak. My band and I were tied through him. It also kept our identities a secret. The last thing I wanted was to be approached by fans while working as a priest.

"Hey," Asher huffed and slapped my arm again, trying to get my attention.

I glared at him from the corner of my eye.

“Yes,” I answered, my voice a mere rasp from singing for hours.

Leaning forward, Asher perked up, resting his arms on his knees with his hands dangling between his legs. “Well?”

I turned my gaze back to the girl. She looked around the room until her eyes fell on the annoying brunette I’d encountered before. She had her tongue tonsil-deep in Cain’s mouth, and he’d pulled up his mask to the top of his head to give her better access. My eyes flickered back to the blonde. She heaved a sigh and surveyed the room again, finally landing on the couch I sat on once more. Her cheeks turned bright pink, and her eyes widened like a scared doe watching the hunter aim his weapon at her.

Her fear was well founded. What I planned to do to her didn’t fall under the umbrella of good intentions.

My dick came back to life from this nameless girl’s close presence.

I can’t touch her.

“Well, who is it?” Asher asked.

I drummed my finger against the glass.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“The blonde,” I murmured, low enough for only him to hear.

Tensing up, Asher surveyed the room and found her. He turned back to me and leaned in. “You want me to get her, or are you going to?”

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“I will,” I answered.

Asher placed his hands on his knees, readying himself to stand up. “All right, then I’ll catch you later.”

As he walked away, I rose to my feet and crossed the room, sitting at the opposite end of the couch from the

nameless girl. Tense silence stretched between us.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The current song stopped, and conversations filled the silence.

“You’re here to meet the band, yet you haven’t approached me,” I said. “Why is that?”

The attractive blonde’s body tensed, her spine straightened, and she inhaled sharply. She turned her face toward me. Her pretty emerald eyes widened and filled with fear.

I made her nervous.

She wasn’t the first, and she definitely wouldn’t be the last.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I turned my head, now looking straight at her and raking my eyes over her body. My cock twitched. She was a bigger woman, with full breasts, a round stomach, and thick thighs. I longed to touch her body, to explore areas that most larger women were ashamed of. Weight didn’t matter to me. In fact, I preferred them thick like her.

But she isn’t mine. I can’t touch her.

Her youthful face told me she couldn’t be much older than twenty. What was a girl like her doing here?

Her fear-filled eyes remained fixed on me as her chest rose and fell. Her pulse throbbed to a fast beat on her neck. But she didn’t speak.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed hard. I tapped my glass and tilted my head. I observed her silence and assumed she had a valid reason for not approaching me or any of my bandmates.

“Do I make you nervous?” I smirked, finally showing something other than a scowl.

She nodded and cleared her throat. “I guess you could say I’m a little starstruck.”

I leaned my back against the couch, spreading my legs wider to take up more space. Bringing my free hand to my mouth, I rubbed my thumb along my bottom lip. “How long have you been a fan?” I asked, intrigued. She knew every song as she sang along with me. Pity that the girl was chosen by him. I would have liked to see what she hid beneath her clothes.

A flush crept up her neck. She looked away from me and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. “Four years,” she answered softly.

I pursed my lips. “So since the beginning, then.”

Interesting.

Nodding, she peered at me, and her green eyes darkened to a shade like moss that clings to a tree in a forest. Her pupils enlarged, absorbing all the color and exposing a ring of emerald.

“I really like your music.” She winced, embarrassment crossing her face. That nervousness added to her charm, as much as I hated to admit it.

I slowly blinked, watching her as she squirmed in her seat.

A scent of arousal wafted in the air around her. I breathed it deep into my lungs, my cock twitching and hardening further.

She looked away, her gaze turning to the brunette with her legs around Cain’s waist as she made out with him.

She’s mine, he whispered.

With a clenched jaw, I caught Asher’s attention and gestured toward the brunette with my head. He got the message and crossed the room to separate her from Cain. As he parted them, I glanced back at the blonde, whose eyes riveted to the scene.

“Is she your friend?” I asked.

She stiffened and whipped her head toward me. “How did you know?”

“It’s not hard to connect the dots. You keep looking her way.”

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“Oh, well, yes.”

I brought the glass to my lips, taking a sip of the alcohol but not finding pleasure in it. Although an Old Fashioned was my favorite mixed drink, it didn’t compare to the girl sitting beside me.

“Do you plan on fucking one of us, too?” I asked.

I raised an eyebrow as she swung her gaze to me, her jaw-dropping. Her words came out in a jumbled mess I couldn’t understand. I let out a sarcastic laugh and turned away, surveying the crowd.

“You’re a virgin.” I peeked at her from the corner of my eye. “Is this some kind of bet you two have? Who can pop their cherry the fastest?”

“W-well, I-I ...”

I raised an eyebrow.

That confirmed my statement. She was a virgin. She couldn’t be both sexually active and terrified of the concept of sex, reduced to a blubbering fool when it was brought up.

“It was nice talking to you ...” I let my words hang, silently asking for her name.

She licked her lips. My eyes dropped to her mouth. “Grace,” she answered with a tremor in her voice.

“It was nice talking to you, *Grace*.” How much of a coincidence was that? Of course he chose her. She was bathed in purity and born for this.

I stood up from the couch and walked away.

This wouldn’t be the last time I saw her tonight.

It had only just begun.

GRACE

I couldn't shake off the lead singer's departing words as the night progressed, nor could I deny the disappointment I felt after our interaction. How could someone who created music that provided comfort and touched me deeply be such an asshole? I planned on burning their CDs and pictures when I got home, but there was no way I could listen to their music without thinking about my encounter with the singer.

"Do you plan on fucking one of us, too?"

My cheeks warmed with a blush, but anger boiled the blood in my veins. Why the hell would he assume I wanted to fuck them?

Maybe because you were interested in having sex with him.

I didn't want to linger on that thought. I had a boyfriend. There was no one else for me but Sebastian.

The party began to draw to a close well past midnight, and less than a handful of us fans remained in the room. Some of the band members disappeared. The lead singer—aka asshole—was one of them. Layla found me hanging out on the couch, where I'd been since the *asshole* left me.

"Ready to go?" she asked, this time not sounding as mad as she was earlier.

I got to my feet with a nod and swiped my hands across the back of my dress to smooth out the creases. "Yeah," I mumbled.

She hooked her arm around mine, and we walked toward the door, leaving the VIP room. All the lights were on, and a

few straggler employees were cleaning up the place. The bartender noticed me and gave a nod of farewell.

“Ugh, I could sleep for three days,” Layla said as she pushed open the front doors, and we stepped into the freezing night.

I shivered and wrapped my arms around myself, trying to keep my body heat from escaping. “Yeah,” I whispered.

Layla said nothing.

We walked through the mostly deserted parking lot, and I thanked god that she’d parked under the light since I was paranoid about being followed. I peeked over my shoulder, making sure we were alone. Layla used her key fob to unlock the doors. Her car chirped a few times as she hit the button repeatedly. I winced, trying to block out the annoying sound. It was like nails on a chalkboard.

“Okay, I think it’s unlocked now,” I said after the fifth chirp.

“Just want to make sure,” Layla sighed.

The streetlamp flickered as Layla slid into the driver’s seat. I stood beside the passenger door and squinted up at the blinking light. Electricity hummed through the bulb. Goosebumps rose on my arms, and I shivered.

“Come on, or I’m leaving you,” Layla called from inside the car, then she slammed her door shut.

I shook my head and opened the door. The light burst, and a blanket of darkness descended over us. I screamed, ducking into the car, but hands grabbed me from behind and yanked me out.

“I’m not done with you, little sinner,” a deep voice whispered into my ear.

I fought against their strong hold and screamed until a hand came around my face, holding a sweet-smelling rag to my nose and mouth. Layla shrieked, and I watched as a gigantic figure dragged her from the car.

My ears buzzed, and everything spun. Darkness enveloped me, and I went limp.



I groaned, turning my head and squeezing my eyes shut. My stomach churned, and I could still smell the sickly-sweet odor. Bile rose to my throat, and saliva built in my mouth. I was going to be sick. Through shaky breaths, I struggled to avoid throwing up. I prayed that I wouldn't. I eased open my eyes and turned my head. My brain spun in my skull, and I squeezed my eyes shut again for a few more seconds before blinking them open.

Paintings covered every inch of the ceiling above me. The mosaics were so beautiful they could have belonged in a church. If it hadn't been for the subject matter, that is. Instead of angels, the scene depicted demons with human women. In one section of the mural, a demon's claws wrapped around a woman's throat while he towered over her with his cock inside her stretched vagina. Tears ran down her plump cheeks as she scrunched her face in terror and pain. The horns springing from the demon's goat head nearly touched his human shoulders. His long, forked tongue reached high above his head, as if he was tasting the air.

I attempted to sit up, but the shackles holding my wrists behind my head stopped me. I whimpered and tried to kick my feet, but the bindings around my ankles restricted my movements.

"What ..." I whispered and turned my head. Black and red candles surrounded me, their flames flickering and dancing with my frantic movements.

At my small sound, footsteps clicked closer to me, and I watched as one of the band members from Satan's Priest walked between the pews and up the stairs to the dais where I was. He had removed his mask, his skin clear of the paint he and the others wore on their bodies.

To say he was handsome was an understatement. The dark eyebrows over his onyx eyes slashed down in a scowl. His high cheekbones and the slight depressions below them emphasized his strong jawline. A day's growth of stubble shadowed his jaw.

My heart raced in my chest as I noticed his all-black attire and the white Roman collar tucked beneath his throat. A priest's outfit.

He really played his part well, didn't he?

My eyes widened as I connected the dots. Satan's Priest. Son of a bitch. They really were devil worshippers.

"Welcome back," he greeted, his voice low and raspy.

My mouth opened, but words wouldn't come out. Fear gripped me tightly, my heart beating against my ribcage like a bird trying to escape its cage. Chains clattered and someone groaned beside me.

"No," a female voice cried. "No!"

I stopped staring at my captor and turned my wide eyes toward the voice. It was Layla. Like me, chains adhered her to a concrete slab with lit candles surrounding her. Her beautiful face contorted with fear and anger as our eyes met. Tears rolled down her cheeks, her teeth clenched and bared at me.

"What's happening?" she screamed. She turned toward our captor. "What do you want from us?"

I swallowed hard, and a scream caught in my throat. I squeezed my eyes shut and battled the bile creeping up my throat. "Layla," I breathed in a faltering voice.

This wasn't good.

I opened my eyes, staring at Layla as she cried, her chin quivering.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured.

"No, you don't need to be sorry." We would get out of this.

"As sweet as this is, ladies, I have to interrupt your last goodbyes to each other," the leader drawled.

I turned my head to face him with pleading eyes, tears beginning to well up. “What do you want from us?”

As he clasped his hands behind his back, his kohl-rimmed eyes perused my body as if he was undressing me with his gaze. An unreadable expression crossed his face before he raised a wall and blocked all visible emotion from showing. His stare lingered on my chest, and I followed it. I no longer wore my dress. This one was also white, but the collar dipped between my full breasts, stopping just above my navel. One of my tits had slipped out, most likely from when I wiggled to get free.

My cheeks warmed with a blush, and I panted through my panic. As I wiggled my toes, I realized I was also shoeless. Looking at Layla, I saw she wore the same type of outfit.

“You took off my clothes?” My voice cracked, and I looked back at him, my chin wobbling.

“You’re more concerned about me seeing you naked?” He raised his eyebrow and raked his gaze over my body, lingering on my tit.

“Well ...” I sniffled, not finishing what I was going to say.

What was there to say? Please let me go? I’ll do anything if you just unchain me?

Panic seized my lungs, and I couldn’t draw a breath. I looked up at the painted ceiling, tears blurring my vision.

More footsteps approached us, but I didn’t bother to look. I was going to die. He intended to kill me. Oh, god. What did I do to deserve this?

This had to be some ritual.

He could do other things to us. *He never said he’d kill us.*

The leader of the cult—I assumed he was the leader because of how he took charge—scoffed and stepped closer to my side. “You want to know what I’ll do to you and your friend?”

Too upset to use my voice, I didn’t answer. If I opened my mouth now, I’d scream-cry.

“We’re doing this because he chose you as his.” He dragged his finger down my bare shoulder and chest, then between my breasts. “You should be more thankful.”

Layla screamed, and I turned my gaze back to the ceiling, staring at the woman being raped by a demon. Was that my destiny? Would I get raped by some goat-faced demon?

My face replaced the woman’s, and I clenched my eyes shut, sobbing as softly as possible. Tears slipped from the corners of my eyes and slid down my temples. I couldn’t bring myself to look at him anymore.

“Is that all you have for me? Tears? A quivering lip?” He scoffed. “Pathetic.”

I squeezed my eyes closed until dots popped into my vision behind them. I attempted to ignore his hurtful words, but all I heard was him saying I belonged to someone. My heart pounded so painfully against my chest that I worried it would jump out and land on the leader’s feet. I got the impression he would insult me for getting blood on his new shoes.

“You take her. I’ll take the blonde,” the leader said.

I sucked in shaky breaths, unable to stop the flow of tears.

Footsteps drew closer, and I slowly opened my eyes as silence filled the large room. Aside from a few whimpers, even Layla had quieted. The cult leader watched me with annoyance in his dark eyes. He held out his hand, and a man stepped beside him and slid a jeweled dagger into his waiting palm. The others wore the same masks from earlier.

Chanting began, and I gasped for air. I couldn’t recognize the language at first, but the more I listened, the more I realized it was Latin. My gaze stayed on the sharp weapon in the leader’s hand. It reminded me of a snake with its gentle waves. A goat’s head had been carved near the base.

The room went dark, then the candles burst into flames. I flinched and Layla screamed. Shadows crept from the walls and leaped through the chamber. One swept up the ceiling and positioned itself above me. A shriek caught in my throat, my

eyes widening as I stared into the evil face. It had sunken eye sockets and sharp, sharklike teeth.

“It was ... It was *pleasant* talking to you, *Grace*,” the leader drawled, not meaning it at all. I saw it in how he looked at me with stony eyes and a set jaw.

A tear tracked down my temple. “At least tell me your name.”

Why did it matter anyway? It wasn't like I would find him in the afterlife.

I prayed I would go to Heaven.

His lips curled into a slow smile that was more wicked than good. “You're not going to see God, little sinner.”

A shiver wracked me, and I swallowed hard. I must've said that aloud.

“Please,” I begged softly, gazing up at the man. I meant it as a plea for my life, for him to let me live, but with it was the need to know his name.

He extended his arm, pushing up the sleeve of his jacket. Tattoos covered every inch of his skin, and veins bulged from them. He brought the dagger to his arm and sliced his wrist. Blood came to the surface. He turned the knife to me and began chanting with the others. The shadows in the room screeched.

Layla and I whimpered at the same time.

The man lowered the dagger's tip to my forehead and dragged it through my flesh. I screamed, jerking my head, but a pair of hands held me still while the leader carved an upside-down cross in the middle of my forehead.

He withdrew the tip and raised it above my chest, then held his bleeding wrist over me. Blood dripped onto my face and chest. A few drops slipped into my mouth, and I gagged while crying.

Layla sobbed, screaming a few times, and even threw in a “Help,” but I didn't think anyone would hear her. I hated being

pessimistic about it, but if anyone could have helped us, they would have heard her screams before the chanting started.

I squeezed my eyes shut, struggling to breathe as I spiraled into a panic attack.

The chanting stopped, and aside from Layla's screams and my gasps for air, the room was silent. My mouth went dry, and I opened my eyes as the cult leader raised his dagger above me.

Our eyes met.

"My name is Lucien, little sinner," he said, then whipped his hand down.

I screamed as the dagger slammed into my chest where my heart lay. He withdrew it from me, and the blade left my skin with a sucking pop. The air in my lungs wheezed out of me, and I grunted as he stabbed me again in the same spot.

The candles in the room flared higher, and a loud noise that sounded like a torch joined it. The shadows screeched again, and I choked on a cry, fisting my hands as I held on while Lucien drove the blade into me over and over again. Copper filled my mouth, and blood bubbled up my throat, choking me. A crimson spray spurted from my mouth and painted his face. He didn't bother to wipe it away as he yanked the weapon out of me.

Layla's cries quieted, a sucking noise taking the place of her voice as another man stabbed her to death.

"Grace."

Lucien stopped, his chest heaving as he stared down at me with narrowed eyes. Specks of my blood dotted his face and mouth. He licked the corner of his lip, tasting my life force.

"Grace."

I gasped for air that didn't come. My heart thumped slower and slower until it missed a beat, then another. My eyelids drooped. My chest was on fire, and my lungs shriveled. My throat constricted with a groan, my tongue moving backward—the sound of my body fighting to draw breath.

“Grace.”

My eyelashes fluttered, and I turned my gaze away from Lucien, staring up at the ceiling where a goat-faced demon fucked a crying woman. The longer I stared, the more my vision began to darken.

As I drew my last breath, the mosaic came to life. The demon slammed the woman down on his cock, then raised her and forced her back down to take all of his massive length. All the while, her mouth moved with sobs, and tears trailed down her cheeks. I caught the look of lust and pleasure on her face that she desperately tried to cover up with her sobs.

Was that my fate after I died?

My final breath wheezed out of me.

The last thing I saw was Lucien glaring down at me.

“My little sinner.”

LUCIEN

I stared at Grace's dead body. Her green eyes appeared empty, having lost their spark of life. Blood trickled from the corners of her mouth and ran down her cheeks to her chin. My gaze went to her bloody, mangled chest. Crimson stained the dress, ruining it. Her beauty was just as radiant in death as it was in life.

My bloody little sinner that I led to the slaughterhouse.

I could still see the fear rounding her eyes as she looked at me. During our brief conversation, I noticed a spark of interest in her gaze. The perfume of her arousal still lingered in my nose and lungs. Lucifer—the prince of many names—was one lucky son of a bitch to have her as his virgin bride.

Cain sniffed from his position behind the dead brunette's head. He wiped his face with the back of his tattooed arm and turned to me with hope shining in his eyes. The demon was guilty of wanting to please our prince. "Has he said anything to you yet?"

I raised my eyes from the deceased girl and looked at Cain. He was covered in the other girl's blood and wore a lopsided grin. His messy brown hair stuck up at the ends, most likely from running his bloody fingers through them one too many times. His horns curled from his temples, no longer using glamor to hide them from the dead human women.

"He hasn't, but he will."

There was no rushing Lucifer. The night was still young, and the girls died not even seconds ago.

I glanced at Grace, my half-hard cock swelling with more blood and hardening until it became painful as it pressed against my zipper.

Fuck, I need to release this pent-up energy soon.

I moved away from the altar where Grace lay, looking up at the ceiling with the same pained expression she had when she died.

“We’ll leave the bodies for him.” As we always did.

We never removed the girls from the altar until Lucifer told me he’d accepted the sacrifices. Once he let me know, I disposed of the bodies and erased any evidence that could lead back to us.

I cocked my head, remembering something I’d missed.

I returned to Grace’s side and slit her throat.

That was better.

Cain nodded, cleaning away more blood from his face, but he ended up smudging it on his cheek and mouth. He slit the other girl’s throat and flicked the blade in the air to remove the excess blood from it.

Daiman stepped beside me. “It’s a shame she was picked. I would have loved to take her for the ride of her life.”

I glared at him. “Hold your tongue, brother. Lucifer is always watching and listening, and I’m sure he wouldn’t be pleased to hear you say she was wasted.”

I was met with his fierce glare, his dark crimson eyes filled with anger. He knew the Prince of Hell was constantly listening to us, and his narrowed gaze showed that he wanted to rebel against him.

I stopped my thoughts from straying into dangerous territory. All I could think was, *I know, brother. I wanted her, too.*

There was something special about Grace, but I couldn’t put my finger on it. I clenched my fists as I recalled the way she danced and sang along to my music. I turned away from

Daiman and descended the three steps from the altar. The clack of my shoes on the marble floor echoed as I headed toward the back door. I needed a moment alone before I left here.

My cock wouldn't stop throbbing, needing the release.



I shed my clothes inside the grand bathroom. Steam curled from the top of the large walk-in in-ground tub. It could fit ten people, but only I would occupy it tonight. I lowered myself into the water, groaning from the bite of pain as my body met the heat. My skin reddened, yet my cock wouldn't go down. I walked to the middle of the tub, my head barely above the water. I held my breath, closed my eyes, and dipped beneath the surface.

"Grace."

Vacant green eyes flashed in my mind.

"Grace."

Screams filled my head.

"Grace."

I surfaced, blowing bubbles from my nose and mouth, and took a deep breath while pushing back my wet hair. I opened my eyes, lips parted and chest heaving as I caught my breath.

"Grace."

I turned, looking behind me at the doorway that led out of the sanctioned bathroom.

"Grace."

I searched the room, narrowing my eyes, trying to find the person who called for a dead girl.

The image of vacant moss-green eyes reappeared in my mind. More screams followed.

Guilt wasn't something I felt. Even as a newly created angel while I still served God, I never regretted anything in my life. After the Fall, I became cold and callous. My world had changed, and a hole was left inside my chest where my heart should be. I'd always enjoyed inflicting pain on others. Even now, while angels and demons battled in a never-ending war, the pain I caused while ripping the wings from God's favored warriors filled me with satisfaction. When I killed human women for Lucifer, my dick hardened from their screams and tears.

I didn't feel guilt, but Grace's eyes and screams plagued me, which turned me on even more.

Someone whispered her name in my mind, luring me to them and successfully gaining my attention. They wanted that, and they got it.

"Grace."

I clenched my jaw and sat on the bench inside the bath. Leaning my head against the ledge, I rested my arms by my sides and closed my eyes. Innocent moss-green eyes stared back at me.

I dropped my head and glared at an upside-down cross with Jesus nailed to it on the wall across from me. It hung there as if it were mocking me.

Grace's screams filled my mind, and I gritted my teeth.

My cock still wouldn't deflate. It yearned to bury itself in a woman and empty my seed into her womb.

Grace's breast popped into my mind, and I groaned.

Lucifer wouldn't know. He would assume I was touching myself because I just needed the release. I was an incubus, after all.

I checked our communication path, confirming he wasn't listening in on me. He was most likely busy with his new brides. I gripped my hard cock, squeezing it at the base. A groan rumbled through my chest and I closed my eyes, imagining Grace while I began stroking my dick. I twisted my

wrist, circling my palm at the tip, smearing my thumb over the slit to spread my pre-cum over my veiny length.

I pictured all the things I would have done to the girl. How I wanted her on her knees, mouth open to take all of my cock down her throat. Hell, I even imagined her dead body while I touched myself.

When I first saw her singing along to my songs at the concert, I wanted to jump off the stage and close the space between us. I would have fisted her hair, spun her around, and bent her over to fuck her while the crowd watched. I would have defiled her, blackening her soul and tarnishing her purity.

Grace. She wasn't a grace. She was nothing but a sinner that I wanted to consume until there was nothing left of her but a shell.

My dick jerked and I released a shaky breath, stroking myself faster.

I imagined her squeezing me as I slammed my erection into her tight, virgin pussy. Her screams of pain would morph into pleasure as I pistoned into her heat and slapped her juicy ass, making her squeeze me tighter. I'd even slip a finger into her untouched asshole.

Would she scream for me? Beg me to fuck her harder? Or would she whimper, crying for me to stop hurting her and be gentler?

My balls drew up, pleasure licking up my spine and making me shudder. I spilled into my hand, my hot cum coating my palms as I jerked my dick faster to work all of it into the water.

My overflowing energy lightened by a fraction, but it wouldn't be enough. I needed a living person to use so I could find relief.

Reality crashed into me, and I yanked my hand away from my softening dick. I cleaned my hands and got out of the pool, slipping into a black robe that lay on the single chair by the door. Lucifer couldn't ever know about this. He couldn't learn of the thoughts I had of his bride.

That crossed into dangerous territory that could get me killed.

GRACE

I gasped for air, wheezing as I inhaled. I opened my eyes, rapidly blinking to clear my vision. My eyeballs felt like shriveled raisins, and my chest tightened with every breath I drew in. I blinked again, finally able to see. Once again, I was in the church, staring up at the painting of a woman being raped by a demon.

I jerked my hands and ankles, baring my teeth as the cuffs held me in place. Screaming, I used all my strength to break free from the bonds holding me against the slab. Whispers floated toward my ears, but I couldn't make out the words. It all buzzed into my fuzzy head, swirling with my racing thoughts. I slowly sat up and rested my arms in my lap.

The room was pitch black and dark, but my eyes eventually adjusted after waiting a few minutes. My mouth was so dry that my tongue stuck to the roof of it every time I swallowed.

I swayed in place, barely blinking and trying to stop the spinning in my head. A fly buzzed near my face, and I couldn't find the strength to lift my hand to swat it away. I slowly blinked again. Everything moved in waves, like TV static, making it hard to discern any details. With each passing second, it settled down until things returned to normal.

"Grace."

My body trembled as I exhaled and looked at Layla's still form. Holding my breath, I stared at her, waiting for her bloody chest to rise and fall.

Jumbled-up memories bubbled to the surface. Catching all of them was impossible, but I did grasp onto a few with recognizable feelings. One face burned into my vision.

Lucien.

I raised my shaking hand. My strength was returning, but I was still unstable. I touched my chest and looked down, watching as I brushed against the open wounds. Blood smeared on my fingertips, and my eyes widened as I dipped my finger into a cut. Pain shot through my body as I fingered the hole where Lucien had stabbed me.

I opened my mouth, and garbled words leaked out of me. I stopped and sucked in a sharp breath.

Why couldn't I talk?

I brought my bloody hand to my throat, brushing my fingers across an open wound that started on one side and led to the other.

He slit my throat.

A second fly joined the first, buzzing in my ears and melding with the voices I couldn't make out. My eyes stung with small tears as I held back a sob.

He killed me, and now I was in hell for eternity.

My stomach growled, folding in on itself and making me nauseous, but just the thought of food made me queasy. Swallowing the bile that rose into my throat, I turned to Layla again. Saliva pooled in my mouth.

"Feed."

Yes. I needed to eat.

After shimmying off the slab, I accidentally knocked over candles that had burned down to a waxy puddle on the concrete. My feet touched the cold floor, and my legs trembled to support me.

As I approached Layla's side, my eyes remained fixed on her. I gazed down at her bloody corpse, my stomach growling again. I licked my lips, air rushing in and out of my aching,

strained lungs. I reached a shaking hand out to her, my surroundings spinning again. Flies buzzed near her corpse and above me. I salivated more as I grabbed her cold, stiff arm and brought it to my lips.

My gums ached like they had tightened around my teeth. Pain shot from them to my jaw and temples. I ran my tongue over my teeth, realizing they turned into sharp points. Clenching Layla's skin with my fingers, I snarled and bit into her flesh.

I closed my eyes, moaning. I flung my head to the side, ripping skin and muscle, and savored the taste of the most delicious delicacy I had ever eaten. While tearing out another piece from her arm and chewing it, I ignored the buzzing flies and filled my growling stomach. The taste was so good that I moaned as the bloody sludge slid down my throat. Something in my mind took over, and I was in the back seat. I watched myself gorge on Layla's arm until only the bones remained.

The pain in my body subsided. My stomach no longer hurt like it did minutes ago. I could sense the stab wounds healing themselves, and the heaviness in my chest began to lighten.

My gaze drifted to the stab wounds in her chest. With my fist, I smashed through the tough area and reached into her sternum. The cracking of her bones and accompanying wet sounds sent shivers down my spine.

The thing inside me had control, and it wanted her heart.

I wrapped my fingers around the organ and pulled until a sucking and popping sound released her heart from her body. I brought it to my mouth, shivering before tearing out a piece with my sharp teeth. I closed my eyes, moaning as I chewed on the tasty heart.

Layla would forever be with me now. I'd always have a piece of her in me. Well, until ...

The half-eaten heart slipped from my grasp, and I scurried backward, gasping for air as I resurfaced. The entity inside me withdrew, watching as I panicked.

"What have I done?" I cried.

Tears blurred my vision, and when I wiped them away, I ended up smearing more blood on my face. I sobbed, frantically scrubbing my bloody hands into my stained white dress. “Oh, god,” I cried. “Oh, god. Oh, god.”

In a rush, I scrambled backward, tripped, and fell down the stairs, landing on my bottom. I cried out, curling up and running my fingers through my tangled hair.

“What have I done?” I shrieked.

Why was I alive? How did I come back?

I opened my eyes and peeked through my hands to look at the dais. It was shrouded in shadows, but I could just make out a dark gray upside-down cross in the middle of the stage. It towered above the slabs. A sliver of light streamed from a window and shined on it. Jesus hung upside-down on the cross, wearing his crown of thorns, with blood trickling down his face. He had the same look of terror that I had.

It was all a mockery of God and me.

I was a good Catholic girl. A student at Sacred Heart Catholic School. Even though I knew premarital sex was against the rules, I hoped my weekly confessions would have earned God’s forgiveness.

A wail clawed up from deep within me, erupting through my chest and out of my mouth. I scratched at my breasts and neck as I stared wide-eyed at the cross.

Layla lay on the slab like a slaughtered animal, and my heart pounded in my ears as I scrambled to my feet, rocking with silent sobs. That was what we were to those men who sacrificed us to their evil god.

“My name is Lucien, little sinner.”

I wailed and spun around. I dashed down the narrow path between the pews to the large crimson doors decorated with a giant pentagram in the middle, where demons were gathered on the outer sides. Shoving it open, I rushed into the night.

Trees surrounded me. Crickets chirped, and an owl hooted somewhere in the woods. The wind gusted against me, sending

shivers down my spine and raising goosebumps on my arms. I didn't know where I was, but I didn't care. My feet led me down the large concrete steps and onto the abandoned pathway through the forest.

I walked for God knows how long. I searched for a familiar landmark but didn't find any. Eventually, I wandered onto a street with houses lining both sides. A dog barked from behind a gate. I stopped and turned to face the snarling dog's snapping teeth. Saliva dripped from his curled lips, and he continued barking at me and jumping forward.

"Hank!" a man from inside the house yelled.

The dog kept gnashing his teeth and snarling.

Rage boiled in my veins, and I peeled back my lips as I lunged forward, returning the snarl. My gums tingled—the same sensation I had before my teeth changed. Copper filled my mouth as my teeth sharpened to points.

The dog whined and turned around, running away with his tail between his legs.

I blinked and retreated a few steps as my shoulders sagged. Turmoil swirled in my gut, and my eyes pricked with tears. I loved dogs. They were always so sweet toward me. I never had a problem with animals being aggressive when they saw me. It wasn't like me to scare them.

The person inside the house turned on their light. Tears slipped down my cheeks as I ran off, and I didn't stop until I was the next block over. A streetlight blinked on and off, shadowing the area briefly before it lit up. It reminded me of myself—a switch being flipped inside me sporadically.

I wanted to go home. I longed to crawl into my bed and sleep this away, hoping this was all a nightmare.

Lucien's face popped into my mind again. His kohl-rimmed eyes narrowed on me, and his lip curled back in a slight snarl as he stabbed me repeatedly until he landed the killing blow. I wanted him to see my face and know he hadn't killed me. I wanted to watch his eyes widen with shock when he did.

He'll pay for this.

I shook my head.

No. I wasn't like that. I was not the type to be violent and would never intentionally injure anyone.

My shoulders rocked with my silent cries, and I walked through the streets, resisting the yearning to seek revenge on the man who killed me. It wasn't a battle I was sure I could win, but the thing inside me promised we'd see him soon. Blood would be shed.

LUCIEN

“Oh, fuck me!” Sarah—or was it Susan?—moaned as I pounded into her from behind. Her pussy clenched me so hard it felt like a vise, giving me the impression that she could be a virgin. Her inner walls spasmed around me as she came for the third time.

Holding her long blonde hair in my fist, I yanked back her head. I suspended her upper half in the air while I fucked her. It had to be an uncomfortable position. I bent closer as she looked at me with darkened, pain-filled eyes. Our flesh clapped, my balls drawing tight as I neared my orgasm.

I grunted with each thrust, my lips curling back in a snarl. I leaned back and watched my dick disappear into her. Her cum coated my length, gathering at the base and painting my coarse pubic hair. Her ass cheeks clapped with every stroke. She wasn't as thick as I liked, but she had an ass that made this worth it.

I slapped her cheek, and she yelped and squeezed her eyes shut. I hit her other cheek, my ring catching the corner of her lip and drawing blood.

“Who owns this pussy?” I growled, needing that extra touch for me to come and release all this energy.

“You do!” she sobbed.

“That's a good whore.” I wrapped her hair around my hand, yanking back her head further. I leaned forward, gathering saliva on my tongue. Her black eyelashes fluttered, her green eyes watching me with horror and pleasure as I spat

on her. A wad landed below her eye, then another dropped on her parted lips.

“What’s my name?” I demanded.

“Lucien!”

I shoved her face into the mattress, keeping her ass raised in the air as I pistoned harder into her abused pussy. A groan welled in my chest, and I shot cum deep into her womb. The tip of my cock reached her cervix, pounding against it until she screamed. She clawed at the bed, wiggling her hips to escape me. I laughed and held her in place, fucking her harder and ensuring I hit her deeper to cause her more pain.

There we go.

More cum spurted out of me in hot ropes, filling her. I shuddered, grunting as my movements became jerkier, and my thrusts slowed until I stopped. I stayed deep inside of her for a few more seconds, catching my breath.

My overflowing energy finally reached a bearable level.

The woman beneath me sobbed into the bed, her body shaking against me. I cracked my palm against her ass, smirking at her cry. I pulled out of the bitch, my softening cock slipping out and smacking against my thigh.

“You may leave,” I said as I got off the bed and walked into the joined bathroom.

She said nothing as she shuffled around, gathering her clothes and leaving my bedroom. The door snicked shut, and I was left alone.

I turned on the hot water in the walk-in shower and stepped under the spray. Placing my palms against the tiled wall, I lowered my head between my shoulders. I closed my eyes as the water flowed onto the back of my head and my chin brushed against my tattooed chest. Droplets of water streamed into my eyelashes and down my nose to my parted lips.

Two days had passed since the sacrifice, and I hadn’t heard from Lucifer yet. It was concerning because this had never

happened before. He always let me know the night of the ritual. I couldn't come up with reasons why he hadn't contacted me. They were virgins, just like he wanted.

After being cast out of Heaven, I was responsible for finding his human brides. There was a power dynamic to this. God wanted to create different beings he *loved*, and he stated he loved them more than us. When we all fell from Heaven, Lucifer made it his mission to use and cast away these mortals as a big *fuck you* to the creator. I even enjoyed hunting and using them for my pleasure and gain. I was an incubus who needed to release energy to be comfortable.

The stream of water stopped. I raised my head and looked at the spray; it was frozen in place, moving a centimeter every few seconds.

“*Lucien.*” The booming voice filled the bathroom and my mind.

Everything went black for a second, and then I was standing before Lucifer's throne room. Skulls piled on each other, lining the room. Two enormous fire pits positioned across from one another erupted flames towering ten feet high. Lucifer reclined on his throne on a dais against the back wall. More skulls were heaped near his chair. Some of them belonged to angels; others belonged to creatures the humans thought were myths.

Beside his seat stood two naked women wearing collars attached to a chain. Another woman sat on his thigh with a blank look, her shoulders held high, pushing out her ample breasts.

I recognized her. She was the last sacrifice.

“My Lord,” I greeted.

Lucifer looked me over, raising a dark eyebrow at my current state of nudity. He returned his gaze to my face and lifted his chalice, taking a sip. “You were to offer me two virgins,” he said as he lowered his cup and rested his arm on his empty thigh.

I frowned. “I did, my Lord.”

He tapped the sharp claw-shaped ring on his finger—the ring he used to slice open throats.

“You gave me one virgin, but the other wasn’t.”

This had to be why he’d said nothing for two days.

“Do I need to strip you of your title and replace you with someone who can tell the difference between a used pussy and an untouched one?” Lucifer scowled at me, his hand curling around the woman’s waist, then gliding over her belly, between her large breasts, and capturing her jaw with his long fingers. Jerking her head, he bared his teeth at me. “This one is still a virgin.”

I stood there, silently taking his reprimand.

The Prince of Hell placed his cup on the throne’s wide armrest and pulled the woman closer to him, spreading her legs apart. Her blank expression turned to fear, and she whimpered. Lucifer buried his face into the side of her hair, his lips by her ear.

“Keep looking at him, dove,” he murmured to her.

Tears filled her eyes, her chin quivering as she stared at me. Anger brimmed in them. She remembered who I was and what I did.

While holding her throat with one hand, Lucifer ran his other over her creamy thigh. He slowly reached her pussy and spread the lips apart with two fingers. She sniffled, her breasts bouncing with her ragged breaths.

Lucifer turned his gaze to me and glared. “Come closer, Lucien.”

As I approached him, he lifted a finger from her throat, halting me ten feet away from him.

“Watch as her virgin blood coats my cock,” he said through gritted teeth.

He smiled at her cry when he adjusted her on his lap, freeing his erection from his leather pants. He raised her hips, nudging the tip of his enormous cock outside of her. Her

scream echoed as he slammed her down his length until her ass met his thighs.

I watched my prince as he fucked her.

My dick came to life as pain scrunched her face. Blood rushed to my groin, and I fisted my hands at my sides.

Lucifer grunted into the side of her head, squeezing her throat in his large hand. The clawed tip of his finger pierced her skin, bringing beads of blood to the surface.

“You’re so tight, dove,” Lucifer growled, his hips slapping against her bottom.

I dropped my gaze to where they were joined. His thick cock slid in and out of her stretched cunt. Her virgin blood coated his shaft, gathering at the base and dripping down his heavy balls. I tightened my fist, holding myself back from grabbing my now throbbing dick and jerking off to the sight of Lucifer and his bride.

He groaned, his dick jerking as he came inside the crying woman. He shoved her off him and laughed as she fell to the ground, the chain around her ankle rattling. She pushed to her hands and knees, sobbing from the pain of taking Lucifer.

He stood up from his seat. His hard cock jutted into the air, bobbing with his movements. Lucifer glared at me and pointed to the woman, who still kneeled on the ground.

“That was a virgin.” His lips curled. “The woman with blonde hair *wasn't* a fucking virgin. I have no use for used pussies.”

I clenched my jaw, staring directly into his eyes.

I had no words.

“I’ll find another,” I promised.

“Yes, and do *not* fuck up again, Lucien, or it’s your title and your life.”

A muscle worked in my jaw, something irking me.

“Spit it out.” Lucifer waved his hand for me to speak while he tucked his softening dick back into his pants. He turned

around and walked toward his throne.

“You told me you wanted the girl. I thought you knew if someone was a virgin or not.”

Lucifer stopped walking, his shoulders tensing. Black wings sprang from his back and expanded before they settled. He slowly turned to face me again, violence shining in his blue eyes. “*What?*”

I frowned. “You told me you wanted the girl.”

“I didn’t.” He scowled at me.

Angering Lucifer was a mistake I didn’t want to make. But he had to know. He’d picked the girl and I gave her to him, just as he wanted.

I bit my tongue, holding myself back from saying anything else.

“Curious, Lucien. Very curious. I’d like to know who spoke to you and used my voice. I didn’t guide you to that girl.”

He turned around and stalked across the short distance between me and his throne. His wings disappeared, and he sat on his chair, grabbing his chalice and sipping his drink. His throat worked as he swallowed, his gaze on my face. “You may go now.” He waved his hand and set down his chalice.

The woman he’d fucked looked at him over her shoulder, her lips wobbling. I knew that look. She was pleading for her life—or, technically, death. I didn’t understand why mortals thought Heaven would be better. It was full of uptight people who sinned more than the nonbelievers. God wasn’t any better, either.

I nodded and stepped back.

“Oh, and Lucien?” I stopped and glanced at him. Lucifer’s lips twitched, then drew back in a Cheshire grin that held no amusement. “I would find the blonde if I were you. She’s not here with me. If I were to guess ...” He ran his tongue over his sharp canine tooth and smirked. “I’d say she went back to the mortal realm.”

I stiffened, my eyes shuttering.

Before I could say anything, he waved a hand and everything melted away. I stood in my walk-in shower, the water pounding against my head.

The blonde returned to the mortal realm?

Fuck.

GRACE

The back door creaked as I opened it. I paused before entering my home and easing the door closed behind me.

I let out a shaky breath and waited for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. Whoever designed this house made it so that the back door entered into this small room that should have been a closet. Instead, my mom used it as the laundry room that was packed with clothes, both dirty and clean, strewn everywhere.

It was late at night, and I was sure my parents were asleep. I could hear Dad's loud snoring from upstairs if I listened closely. Did they miss me while I was gone? Were they aware that something happened to me? I didn't know how much time had passed since that cultist group murdered me, but I hoped my parents would have worried about me.

What if they'd called the police? I preferred to keep quiet about my murder and subsequent resurrection. I also didn't want to tell them I had eaten my best friend's corpse.

Slinky's meows came from somewhere in the house, and the bell on her collar jingled as she pranced toward me from the other room. I slipped out of the laundry room and into the kitchen. A little black fur ball emerged from the corner and entered the room. She stopped, staring at me with wide eyes that reflected the cabinet's lights.

My stomach churned and knotted, hunger gnawing at me like I hadn't just stuffed my face with human flesh.

How long had it been since I'd last eaten?

"Slinky," I whispered.

She growled and glared at me, swiping her paw in my direction. I felt the same rage I experienced earlier when the dog snarled at me. My lips twitched, and I fought against the urge to lunge forward.

She must've noticed she was in danger because she spun around and dashed out of the kitchen. Her bell tinkled with every frantic step of her tiny paws. She padded up the stairs and disappeared, likely into my parents' bedroom.

I slumped against the counter, panting as the rage subsided. What was wrong with me? What happened, and why was I acting differently?

There was something inside of me, always watching and listening. That anger didn't belong to me. I stayed relatively patient with everyone.

The hunger pangs doubled me over, and I held onto my stomach. A soft cry spilled from me, and my shoulder shook with silent sobs. I breathed through the pain, counting in my head, and when I got to four hundred, the pain subsided. I slowly straightened. My tangled, bloody hair clung to my face and neck. Tears tracked down my cheeks, and I swiped them away with a trembling hand.

I went through the pantries, searching for something to ease my hunger, but nothing looked appetizing. Opening the fridge, I scoured it, not finding anything there either.

Nothing sounded good.

Layla popped into my head again, like a plague that wouldn't leave me. Her death weighed on my shoulders like I was the one who had stabbed her. It didn't help that I ate her. My shame dragged me deeper.

I'm a monster.

Shaking from the adrenaline rushing through me, I quietly went upstairs and slipped into the bathroom next to my bedroom door. I flipped on the light and jumped at my reflection in the mirror.

I looked like shit. No, worse than that. I looked like roadkill that had been run over by hundreds of cars until I was

nothing but splattered muscle and blood.

No wonder my appearance had agitated the dog and Slinky.

Dark circles hung beneath my eyes, and the ashen pallor of my skin made it look like all the color had been leached out of me. My blonde hair looked copper from all the dried blood. The dress Lucien changed me into was no longer white. Grime and dark reddish-brown splotches stained it, which reflected how I felt on the inside. I was a filthy hot mess.

I stripped out of the dress and turned on the water inside the bathtub, then switched the nozzle so that it sprayed from the showerhead. After stepping inside the tub, I snapped the curtains shut and stood under the hot spray. Blood, dirt, and whatever else ran down my body and pooled around my feet. The crappy drain struggled to keep up. Water collected and rose to my ankles. I couldn't care less. I could only feel empty and so cold.

I leaned my head forward, my chin pressed to my chest as I let the scalding water beat at my hair and back. I squeezed my eyes shut, breathing through the pain in my stomach as the hunger returned.

I was going to be sick.

Layla's vacant eyes popped into my mind, and I rocked with heaves as bile rose in my throat. I flung myself from the shower and crashed to my knees in front of the toilet, purging my stomach's content until I couldn't throw up anymore. Black gunk filled the porcelain bowl, and dry heaves consumed me.

I would find Lucien and kill him.

No. I can't. I can't kill anyone.

If thinking about my dead friend and eating her made me sick, how could I get over taking someone's life with my bare hands?

"Then fuck him," a scratchy feminine voice whispered.

I stiffened, sucking in a sharp breath, and snapped open my eyes. I glanced around the small bathroom, looking for whoever had said that.

It's all in my head.

I squeezed my eyes shut as I flushed the toilet. I couldn't get up because my legs were too weak.

"Fuck him."

Images of Lucien, naked and beneath me as I rode him, popped into my mind. I frantically shook my head, sweat beading on my forehead and upper lip.

"No," I whisper-yelled.

Silence.

I opened my eyes and wiped my mouth with the back of my arm. I got to my feet, my legs wobbling as I went to the sink and brushed my teeth and tongue to rid my mouth of the nasty taste. After I finished, I returned to the shower and cleaned myself.

Five minutes later, I was in my bedroom with a towel wrapped around me. My wet hair clung to my neck, beads of water dripping over my shoulders and down my back. I didn't bother to wrap a towel around it.

Everything was still in place in my room and looked untouched. My bed was made, with the wrinkles still on it from where Layla had lain. Makeup littered my vanity, and pictures of Sebastian and me were taped to the sides of the mirror. My medicine bottles for my schizophrenia sat on the nightstand by my bed, reminding me I hadn't taken them in however long it had been since I died.

That might have explained why I felt like shit—other than coming back from the dead.

I climbed onto the mattress, not caring that I was still soaking wet. I would take my medicine after I got some rest. I could barely keep my eyes open.

My stomach knotted again. I squeezed my eyes shut, lay on my side, and curled into a fetal position. Now that I was

home, maybe things would return to what they used to be. I could forget about being murdered. I could also forget about eating Layla like she was a twelve-course meal.

“Grace.”

I shivered, whimpering and burying my face into my pillow.

“Ride his dick,” the same scratchy, feminine voice whispered.

I shook my head and covered my ears, blocking out all the sounds.

LUCIEN

My footsteps echoed in the unholy church as I headed toward the offering slabs on the dais. It smelled like death in there, which let me know there was still a body. I went up the three steps and approached the corpse. Flies buzzed around her head, and her skin had turned ashen and blue. Dark blood pooled beneath her, the color almost bordering on black.

The expression of terror was still frozen on her face.

I turned to look at the slab next to her, where Grace had been. It was empty.

So, she really came back.

I frowned as I noticed the broken cuffs that had held Grace's wrists and ankles. Someone with incredible strength would have done that kind of damage. Some human girl couldn't accomplish that.

Turning back to the corpse, I pursed my lips as I looked her over. My eyebrow quirked as I noted her arm had been reduced to bones with a bit of muscle still clinging to it. I inspected it closer, tilting my head to the side, and saw gouges in her bones, like someone had chipped away at them.

Straightening, I glanced at the dead girl's chest, noting the hole in the middle of her sternum. I took one step back and looked at the ground. Her heart was off to the side, chunks missing from the organ. Somebody ate her and left before they could finish.

Very interesting.

I wondered if it was Grace's doing. If she managed to come back to life, then she certainly wasn't human anymore. Lucifer disclosed very little, aside from his suspicion that she'd returned to the mortal realm.

The chapel doors opened, and footsteps echoed as the man I needed approached me. If anyone could find a missing person, it would be Daiman.

"Find the girl and come back to me with information about her," I ordered. I didn't look away from the heart on the ground, my hands in my slack's pockets.

"Right away," he said.

He left, the doors opening and closing behind him with a loud thud.

Where, oh, where are you, little sinner?

GRACE

Mom blubbered as she snatched me into her arms, my face smashing into her shoulder. I winced as she held me close to her, practically smothering me, and her loud sobs made it impossible for me to understand what she was saying.

Dad stood to the side, scowling at me while leaning his hip against the kitchen counter. He frowned as our gazes met, and his eyes narrowed in anger. He'd always been harsh with me, but I was unsure what I had done to make him angry this time.

Mom was frightened and distressed, whereas Dad appeared as though he was prepared to take me over his knee and spank me like I was a disobedient child. It wouldn't be the first time he punished me that way. Even as a teenager, he raised my skirt, swatted my bottom like I was five years old, and took the Lord's name in vain.

"Where have you been? We thought something happened to you!" Mom sobbed into my hair, stroking the back of it like I was a kitten she couldn't resist petting.

I broke Dad's stare, squeezing my eyes shut, and bit my tongue to prevent myself from spilling everything to them. If they knew, they'd call the priest from their church and demand an immediate exorcism.

Dad's scowl said he wouldn't believe anything I told him anyway. He never did when I said I didn't do something he accused me of doing. One time, he confronted me about some of his missing Xanax pills. He was convinced I'd taken them because I was the child with mental health issues. Meanwhile,

I'd stuck my fingers down my little sister's throat a few hours earlier to help her puke them up after she'd overdosed on them. Christy intended to get high from the medicine but took one too many. I was always the scapegoat.

"Um ..." I swallowed hard. "I was staying with some friends and lost track of time." The lie tasted bitter on my tongue.

Mom finally pulled back from the tight embrace, her eyes swollen and red from crying. Snot dripped from her nose, and she sniffled, trying to get rid of it. She grabbed a napkin and dabbed at her face, erasing all the snot and tears.

"We called Layla's parents, and they said she hasn't come home either. Why didn't you girls tell us you would be gone?" Mom exclaimed.

I looked away, staring at the wooden island. The corner was chipped, thanks to the time Dad thought it was a great idea to renovate the kitchen and replace the counters with black tile. He used a hammer to break it apart, discovering a rotted base that needed replacing. Another unfinished project.

"Your mother asked you a question, Grace," Dad said.

I bit my bottom lip and wrapped my arms around my stomach as it growled. I didn't eat anything that morning because nothing sounded good.

"*Fuck someone,*" the same voice in my head from last night said.

I swallowed hard. "We got distracted."

"What?" Mom cried.

"Better not be because of boys," Dad said.

They were aware of Sebastian but had no idea of the intimacy in our relationship. We'd promised our parents we wouldn't have sex until we tied the knot after graduation. I was sure Mom and Dad would disown me if they knew I wasn't a virgin.

"*My little sinner.*" I winced at the reminder of Satan's Priest's music. That used to be my favorite song, and even

worse, Lucien called me *little sinner* before he stabbed me to death.

I raised my gaze to Dad's, staring at him and hoping he believed my next words. "It wasn't because of boys. We decided to take a little trip since it was the weekend, and Hallow—"

Dad scowled at me, his lip curling. They hated Halloween. They claimed it was the devil's holiday. If we celebrated, we were opening ourselves up to dark entities that could latch on to us.

Christy believed them. I didn't.

"Just a 'little trip'? Are you serious right now, Grace?" Dad growled. "You've been gone with no word for three days."

I winced and averted my gaze, keeping my eyes cast down so I didn't have to look at my parents.

"I can't believe you're putting us in this position," Dad continued. "We thought you were dead. We called the police and had a search party assembled for you. Now I have to let them know you're back and that you just wanted a little getaway without letting us know. Do you realize how embarrassing that is?"

I clenched my jaw and raised my eyes, looking straight at Dad's reddening face.

Because I was dead, Dad. Some cult group violently murdered me in the name of Lucifer.

I shivered at the memory of all the chanting and Lucien telling me I was an offering to be someone's bride. I still couldn't unsee the shadows that slithered in the room and the creepy face that stared back at me from the ceiling.

The painting popped into my mind, and I squeezed my thighs together as my clit throbbed. What the hell was wrong with me? I didn't want a demon to touch or rape me.

I want Sebastian to be rough with me, whether I like it or not.

A fucking rape fantasy, Grace? Seriously?

Dad released an angry sigh. “You’re grounded.”

I wanted to find Lucien, make him look me in the eye, and see that I was still alive. That I had come back and—

I blinked and looked at Dad as what he said finally registered in my mind. “What?” I dropped my hands to my sides and fisted them as rage boiled in my veins. My gums tingled, and I gritted my teeth together to avoid doing anything stupid.

He couldn’t do that. I was eighteen, for God’s sake!

Dad raised his eyes to the ceiling as if he was searching for patience from God. He took a deep breath and lowered his head, glaring at me. “You’re grounded.”

“I’m not a kid anymore,” I hissed.

“Grace,” Mom snapped. “You are to obey your mother and father. What would Jesus think if he saw you talking back to us?”

“And you live under my roof,” Dad snarled. “You eat my food, drink my water, and use my money to buy yourself things. If you’re going to live here, you will do as I say. You’re not allowed to go out, and no seeing your *boyfriend*, who I think you’re getting too close to.” He held out his hand and curled his fingers toward his palm. “Give me your phone.”

My jaw hit the floor, and I took another step back. “I need it, though!”

“You should have thought about that before you disappeared for days on end without letting us know.” He wiggled his fingers again. “Give. Me. Your. Phone,” he said through his bared teeth.

I huffed and handed it over. He slid it into his pocket and turned away and returned to the coffee he’d been drinking before I came downstairs.

“Get ready for school. We’re leaving in five minutes,” he ordered as he kept his back to me.

With one last glance at Mom—silently pleading for her to say something—I went back upstairs and got ready for school.

DAIMAN

I moved the toothpick between my teeth as I watched Grace from outside her bedroom window. The naïve girl didn't close her shades, letting the whole world watch as she undressed from her too-tight pajamas.

It wasn't hard to find her. All it took was returning to the Twisted Bar. I paid them under the table to get the information they'd collected for the VIP passes and from checking her and her friend's I.D.s at the door.

Grace lifted her shirt over her head, and her large breasts bounced as she discarded the top. Blood rushed to my cock, and I clenched my teeth tighter on the toothpick.

Goddamn.

I grabbed my cell phone from my back pocket and snapped pictures of her while she kicked off her sleep shorts. Her round stomach hung low over her pelvis. She had the curves of a goddess. Grace didn't seem to realize how goddamn beautiful she was. My tongue tingled, wanting to lick every inch of her and take extra time on her stretch marks.

What did she taste like?

Was she sweet and musky?

I'd have bet my left nut she was.

The night I talked to her and took photos with her in the VIP, I'd imagined fucking the shit out of her in different positions. At the time, I didn't realize Lucifer had picked her to be his bride. I felt guilty for thinking about her taking my thick dick, but it didn't last long. She had returned without

becoming his bride, giving me the chance to fulfill every wet dream I had of her.

Grace bent over, her juicy ass facing me. I snapped another picture, twisting the toothpick between my teeth. The pictures weren't for me. I had to report back to Lucien, but I would sure as hell keep these photos in a folder on my phone to jack off to later.

I rolled the toothpick to the other side of my mouth, dropping my gaze to the first floor as movement caught my eye. Her father bent his wife over the edge of the couch, her long skirt raised over her waist to give him better access as he fucked her from behind.

Did none of these people believe in privacy?

The whole goddamn block could see them fucking while simultaneously watching Grace dressing in her school uniform. Which brought me to my next thought.

She was a goddamn kid, and here I was, getting a fucking boner over her.

I studied her clothes and realized she was in a Catholic schoolgirl outfit.

Jesus fucking Christ.

Not only did I have a hard-on for a kid, but I had dirty thoughts about someone who worshiped God. They were the most hypocritical humans on the planet. The type to force women to birth unwanted children, then turn away as those children were shoved through abusive foster systems. The type to let their freak flag fly behind closed doors, then persecute the LGBTQ community for being their authentic selves in public. Her parents proved my point by getting it on like rabbits in the middle of the living room where anyone could walk in on them.

Grace walked away from the window, and the light turned off inside her room. I watched the couple finish up, and as soon as her dad fixed his pants, Grace joined them in the room. I smirked and turned around to get back into my car.

As I sat behind the wheel, Grace and her dad got into his BMW and pulled out of their driveway. I followed them, and ten minutes later, they pulled up to Sacred Heart Catholic School.

Grace shot out of the car, visibly upset about something, and slammed the door before she stalked up the stairs to the front door. I drove past her dad, glaring at him through the passenger window. He turned his head, met my gaze, and shot me a dirty look.

Oh, this will be fun.

LUCIEN

“**F**ound the girl,” Daiman said as he dropped a manila file on my kitchen counter.

I glanced at him from the corner of my eye. He’d styled his cropped black hair with gel, leaving a few strands hanging over his forehead. He wore an Armani business suit. Some of his tattoos crept up his neck and under his jaw. There was no hiding the ones on the tops of his hands. I refocused on what I was doing. I poured bourbon into my crystal glass with a single ball-shaped ice cube. “That didn’t take you long,” I said before I raised my cup and sipped the stiff drink.

Daiman grunted. “Didn’t take much to find her.”

I faced him and set down my cup before I grabbed the file and flipped it open. A paperclip held the files in place. I slipped one photo out and looked at it.

My eyes narrowed, and I swallowed.

“I know,” Daiman rasped.

My gaze fixed on the image of a shirtless Grace standing by her window with the lights on. Her breasts looked like soft pillows that I wanted to bury my face between, then slap them and watch my red handprint stain her skin.

I took the next picture and saw she was completely nude, gazing away, unaware that someone was photographing her. The third photograph showed her in a schoolgirl outfit. I narrowed my eyes, nostrils flaring.

“She’s in a Catholic school,” Daiman muttered, venom in his voice as he spat the words out.

I dropped the photo, then picked up the paperwork that had her information printed on it. Her name was Grace Davis, and she'd recently turned eighteen years old. She lived with her parents, Robert and Margaret Davis, on Sunny Street. She attended Sacred Heart Catholic School and planned on graduating this semester.

My face twisted as I realized a teenage girl had given me the hardest erection I'd ever experienced.

"I know," Daiman said again. I looked at him through my lashes, watching pain cross his face. "We're fucking perverts."

That was an understatement.

Most demons—and I meant it when I said *most*—didn't care about age. Incubus demons didn't care where they got their dicks wet as long as they could expel all the energy into a womb.

I, however, had morals, unlike my peers. Daiman did, too, apparently.

I put the papers aside and noticed Daiman's horns. We relied on glamor to hide our demon characteristics, but it eventually became unbearable.

I steepled my fingers, watching Daiman as I rummaged through my brain for our next course of action. "Was she acting strange when you found her?" I asked, breaking the silence.

He shook his head. "No."

My lips thinned into a harsh line, and I glanced at the pictures again.

How was she alive?

The girl wasn't a human anymore, but I didn't know *what* she was. It couldn't have been just because she wasn't a virgin. She would have stayed dead, and her soul would have been cast aside for other demons to use, much to their delight. This was the first time this had happened. I'd never made a mistake like this.

Not knowing who spoke to me still bothered me, too. They knew what they were doing and had planned for this to happen.

“Keep an eye on her and keep me updated,” I ordered as I returned to my drink.

Daiman grunted but stood there watching me.

I sighed. “Go ahead.”

“What do you plan on doing with the girl?”

I sipped the bourbon and looked at Daiman with an arched eyebrow. “Nothing.”

Surprise crossed his face and made his eyes narrow with suspicion. “Nothing?”

“You heard what I said. I want nothing to do with the girl. I just don’t want her out there causing problems that I have to go behind and clean up.”

If she did anything out of line, I’d have to step in and intervene. And I really didn’t want to do that. It was already irritating enough that I was sexually attracted to the girl. Being around her would create more problems than solutions.

Daiman raised an eyebrow and folded his arms over his chest. “So you expect me to babysit the girl?”

I scoffed and shook my head. I placed my palms on the counter and leaned forward, glaring at the stubborn incubus demon. “I killed the girl, and she came back to life. If she behaves, then I’ll let her be. It looks like no one knows about this, given that you would have told me already. Maybe she made a deal with someone while in Hell. It’s none of my business, and I don’t give a fuck, but as soon as she steps out of line, that is when I become involved. That’s why I want you to watch her. The minute she reveals she isn’t human, that’s where you come in and put an end to it. Kill her for all I fucking care.”

I had too much going on for me to watch her. Lucifer still required a virgin bride to get him through until the next sacrifice in a few months. It took time to find the perfect girl,

and I had to be sure she was a virgin—otherwise, it was my head.

Daiman shrugged a shoulder. “Whatever you say, Loosh.”

I glared at him for cutting my name down like that.

“Don’t think I didn’t see how you looked at her, though,” Daiman continued. “I wouldn’t say you don’t care about her, given the fact that you’re hard right now after looking at her pictures.”

I glanced down, noticing the hard outline of my dick through the gray sweats I wore.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

Daiman chuckled and turned to leave. “I’ll keep you updated.”

He left the kitchen, his heavy footsteps echoing until he reached the front door. Once it closed, I exhaled and looked at my throbbing cock from the outside of my sweats. There was no fucking way I was entertaining the idea that I would touch Grace. She was a kid, and I was an old demon who’d been around since the dawn of time.

Groaning, I returned to my drink and downed the rest in one gulp.

GRACE

The first warning bell rang. I had five minutes to get to class before I was late. Dad had scolded me all the way here. That time with him was miserable, not only because he wanted to tell me what a “bad girl” I’d been, but also because I was starving.

But another need surpassed the hunger. My mind chanted, *Dick, dick, dick, I need dick*. Sweet god, I needed to get plowed so fucking bad. But why? And why did that need overpower the gnawing hunger?

I doubled over with excruciating hunger pangs, wrapping my arms around my middle. I stood at the entrance, where everyone could watch me as I groaned from the pain. Sweat dripped down my forehead, and it felt as if bugs were crawling over my skin. I counted in my head and whimpered as another wave of pain rocked through me, but I breathed through it. Eventually, it subsided, and I straightened.

A couple of students glanced at me as they walked to their first class. One of them was Owen, who was known for bullying the girls. I shot him a nasty look, daring him to try something. He rolled his eyes and kept walking.

“Yeah, you better,” I muttered under my breath.

I rushed toward my locker in another hallway. I needed to gather my stuff for class, but I had a feeling I would be late.

Sister Theresa will be angry with me.

“*Don’t care,*” the scratchy feminine voice whispered in my head.

I was probably hallucinating. That was all. Maybe it was withdrawal from my medicine. I tried taking my meds this morning and ended up vomiting.

My head spun, and my skin continued to crawl as I approached my locker and twisted the dial to unlock it. Once it was open, I grabbed my student Bible and a notebook. I smiled at the pink Valentine cards I'd taped inside the door. Sebastian had given them to me during the three years we were dating. A photo booth picture of us hung in the corner. Memories of spending every day together during the summer came to mind. Last year, we went to the closest city and spent the whole day and evening at a fair. It was the most magical and romantic time of my life.

A hand slipped around my waist and tucked me against a body. I yelped and spun in their hold.

"Sebastian," I breathed, and my hand went to my chest.

"Why haven't you responded to my texts and calls?" he asked with visible hurt on his face.

I averted my gaze, feeling guilty that I was about to lie to him.

He wouldn't understand what happened over the weekend. I also didn't know how to explain Layla's death. I was sure he noticed her missing, too.

"Layla and I left town on a girls' trip," I said, the same story I'd given my parents.

I'd heard somewhere that if you told the same story repeatedly, you had less chance of being caught in a lie. The more I said it, the more I would believe it.

"And you couldn't text me back because of it?"

I turned my gaze back to him, wincing at the hurt in his blue-gray eyes.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "My dad took my phone away from me. I guess I'm grounded."

Sebastian raised his eyebrows, his mouth opened in shock. "What?"

“Yeah. I don’t know when I’ll be able to get it back.”

The bell rang, and I was now late for class. Crap.

I gathered my stuff from my locker and shut it. Sebastian walked beside me as I rushed through the hallways and up the stairs to my class.

“You’re not upset with me, are you?” Sebastian asked.

I spun around, stopping in the middle of the empty hallway. “What?”

He rubbed the back of his neck, his eyes cast to the side. “Well, Friday night we kind of parted on bad terms, and I just want to make sure we’re okay.”

“Of course we’re okay.” I reached toward him, brushing my fingers against his chest. My core clenched, and I held back a moan.

“Fuck him. Feed from him.”

The voice returned, and my heart raced and beat painfully against my ribs.

Sebastian circled his fingers around my wrist and tugged me forward until I was pressed against him. My eyes widened, and I glanced around, ensuring no one saw us.

“That’s good.” He tipped my head back with his other hand, pinching my jaw. “Meet me after class?”

I nodded, unable to use words. I could only think of ripping his clothes off and riding him like a pony.

He smirked as if he could hear my thoughts and leaned forward, brushing his lips against mine. I sucked in a breath and scrambled away from him. Heat coursed through my body, and my skin tightened. My pussy pulsed, and I could feel my panties getting wet.

Worry and hurt crossed Sebastian’s face as he watched me.

“I-I’ll see you,” I said.

I spun around and jogged the rest of the way to my class. The back of my head tingled from having Sebastian’s gaze on

me. My face flushed, and sweat built on my forehead and in my armpits.

“Feed from him,” the voice insisted.

A breath shuddered out of me, and I opened the classroom’s door and ducked my head as Sister Theresa glared at me from her spot in front of the class.

“Nice of you to join us, Ms. Davis.”

I rushed to my seat, slid into it, and set my books on the table. After tucking a lock of my hair behind my ear, I grabbed my notebook and pen, ready to start the day.



I avoided Sebastian the rest of the day because I didn’t want to tackle him to the ground and fuck him to death, but he caught me after the last class. He dragged me to the parking lot without saying a word.

“Hey!” I jerked my hand, trying to get him to let go of me but failing. I had to wait at the front of the school because Dad was picking me up. Shockingly enough, he was late, which wasn’t like him at all.

Sebastian pinned me against his car and caged me in with his arms. I looked at his face, wincing at the frustration I saw there.

“Tell me what I need to do to get my girlfriend back.”

My eyes widened. “What?”

“You have been avoiding me all day, and I think I did or said something that upset you, which never happens. If it’s about sex, bunny, I’ll try whatever you want.”

My pussy clenched, my clit throbbing and daring me to stick my hand beneath my skirt to flick the swollen nub until I came. I fluttered my eyelashes to stop my head from spinning and becoming fuzzy. Something in me wanted to strip his clothes and fuck him until he couldn’t come anymore.

“Say something, please,” Sebastian begged.

“I want to fuck you,” I whispered as I leaned in and brushed my lips against his.

Sebastian’s breath hitched, and his eyes widened.

I knew why he reacted that way. He always made the first move. I’d never outwardly said anything dirty like that. He didn’t talk dirty, either.

Layla had been right. Sebastian was so vanilla that he made Father Thomas look like the kinkiest fucker in all the town. I almost said yes when she’d asked if I wanted a man to be rough with me. Sebastian didn’t give me that kind of treatment, and right now I needed it like the air I needed to breathe.

A misty rain began to fall—not enough to soak our clothes, but enough to annoy me. Sebastian leaned back. My front teeth caught his bottom lip and released it with a pop. Scrunching his eyebrows together, he looked me over with confusion and met my gaze again.

“What happened over the weekend?” he asked softly.

I smiled. “Don’t change the subject, Bastian.”

A truck rumbled past us, and the guy in the passenger seat howled at us and made kissing noises. I glared at them, watching as they drove away. Turning back to my boyfriend, I waited for him to agree to fuck me.

He sighed, defeat written all over his face. “Meet me at my place tonight.”

“I’m grounded, though.”

“Then sneak out. I’m not going over there.” Sebastian feared my dad and tried to keep his visitation as minimal as possible. My dad wasn’t a fan of him either.

“Fine. What time?” I asked.

He stepped away from me and dug his keys out of his pocket. “Midnight.”

I grinned. “Then I’ll see you later. Unlock the door after your parents go to bed.”

They went to bed at eight o’clock on the dot every night. I didn’t understand why people went to bed so early like that as they got older, like they were the carriage that might turn back into the pumpkin by midnight.

Maybe I’ll find out one day when I get older.

Sebastian returned my smile with a weak one. “Give Slinky some scratches from me.”

“Yeah,” I whispered and got out of his way as he unlocked his Toyota Corolla and slipped into the driver’s seat.

He didn’t kiss me goodbye or give me a hug. I shouldn’t have been upset, because if he held me or kissed me, I would have tackled him to the ground and had my way with him. But he was the one acting weird now.

It’s just your paranoia, Grace. He still loves you.

I watched as he pulled out of his spot and drove away. Sighing, I returned to the front of the school and sat on the steps, hugging myself to keep warm in the cold. If I had allowed Sebastian to drive me home, Dad would have thrown a fit for sure. He probably would have punished me by removing my bedroom door so I had no privacy. Actually, if Dad knew what I planned to do with my boyfriend, he’d probably keep the door on its hinges and reinforce it with a deadbolt on the outside. If Sebastian knew what I had planned, he might not have invited me over at all.

GRACE

At eleven thirty, I snuck out of the house. The great thing about living in a small town was that it didn't take long to get where you needed to go on foot. My parents and sister had already been asleep for a couple of hours. I walked to Sebastian's house and crept inside. The unlocked front door brought a smile to my face.

Good. I was glad Sebastian wanted to see me. I had worried he didn't want me to come over after our brief argument earlier today.

All the lights were off, which made it difficult to navigate the house. I crept to the staircase and started up them. The step beneath my foot creaked, and I froze, my eyes widening. Despite knowing Sebastian's dad was a deep sleeper who wore earbuds that played white noise as he slept, I still worried about getting caught. Sneaking into someone's home made people more conscious of their sounds.

His dad continued to snore like a chainsaw.

I released a heavy breath and went to the top of the staircase, then tiptoed to Sebastian's bedroom.

"Sebastian," I whispered.

He'd left his bedroom door slightly open, allowing the small stream of light from his lamp to illuminate the hallway. I eased open his door and found him sitting at his desk, wearing headphones and typing away on his laptop. When I got further into his room and closed the door behind me, he looked up with surprise.

I stood there, stuffing my hands into my pockets.

Sebastian yanked off his headphones, pushed back his rolling chair, and stood up. “You came,” he said with a little smile.

I returned the grin. “Yeah.”

Yeah? Really, Grace?

“Don’t treat me like a stranger, bunny.” Sebastian huffed a laugh and grabbed my arm, dragging me into him so he could kiss me. Our lips met, and his tongue invaded my mouth, tangling with mine.

My core clenched, and my brittle patience snapped. I shoved him backward until he fell on his bed with a gasp. I continued to kiss him as I followed him down and pinned him beneath me.

“Jesus, Grace,” Sebastian breathed into my mouth.

I kissed his jaw and down his neck.

His hands cupped my ass. “You’re acting like we haven’t had sex in years. Hey, take it easy.”

I whipped his shirt over his head and unfastened his pants. I moaned into his neck as I grabbed his hardening dick, stroking it to get him harder. Sebastian lifted my shirt and tossed it aside. I got off him to discard my jeans and panties before I settled on top of him again.

“No. I want to be on top.” He shook his head and pushed at my shoulders.

I sighed and had to hold myself back from rolling my eyes. We changed positions, and Sebastian kicked off his pants and grabbed a foil packet from his nightstand. I frowned, hating that he planned to use a condom.

“I don’t want any barriers between us,” I whined.

Something in me needed to feel only him and his cum filling me.

Sebastian shook his head and gave me a warning look before he rolled the condom onto his erection. “You know

better than that, bunny.”

I nibbled on my bottom lip to prevent myself from arguing further. It was best we were safe, but whatever was inside me pounded in my head that he shouldn't be wearing protection.

Maybe it was a new kink I had.

Or it could have to do with me coming back to life and not being the same.

Sebastian settled himself over me and between my legs. We gasped as he penetrated me, slowly sinking deeper inside, but not as deep as I wanted. Sebastian was just a smidge below average, but I never had any issues with it until now. I wanted him so deep inside of me that he rearranged my guts.

“You need to live a little, Gracie. Let a real man handle you like he owns you and your pleasure.” Layla's taunting voice popped into my head at the most inconvenient time. Or maybe it was convenient because right now, I wanted Sebastian to grab me by the throat and pound into me so hard that I wouldn't be able to walk for a week straight.

Instead, he was gentle, fucking me with soft, slow strokes—the opposite of what I wanted. I bucked my hips against him, drawing him deeper. I arched my neck and scratched my nails down his back while I dug the heels of my feet into his ass cheeks to make him go deeper.

“Fuck, Grace,” he moaned, still going at the slow tempo.

None of this was enough.

Our flesh slapped together, and I arched my back, gyrating my hips against his, pleading with my body for him to take me faster, harder. *Something!* Because this wasn't good enough.

“Fuck me, Bastian,” I begged in a whimper.

“I am, bunny.” His hips jerked and he moved a little faster, but it wasn't enough to get me off. His thrusts were shallow now, which was a one-sided pleasure deal. He was getting something out of this, but not me. It wasn't fair.

I writhed beneath him, my gums aching, and a deep carnal need inside of me yawned to the surface.

“Fuck him. Feed from him.”

My stomach growled, and bursts of pain shot through my body.

“Take from him,” the raspy voice snarled.

A growl ripped from my throat, and with one powerful shove, I rolled us around and pinned him beneath me. Sebastian gasped, his eyes as round as saucers as he gripped my waist.

“Wait,” he pleaded.

I bared my teeth at him and raised my hips until he slipped out of me. Circling my fingers around his erection, I yanked off the condom, ignoring his objections, and threw the used rubber aside. I pushed him back inside me, then I slammed down, taking all of him. We both moaned, me from pleasure and him from pain. He went deeper inside me in this position, and I wondered why it took so long for us to have sex like this.

Oh, yeah, because he only likes missionary. Gag.

I raised my hips again, then dropped. I repeated the process, moving faster as I rode him.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I panted, my gums and teeth aching as I held back the impending change. I didn’t want Sebastian to see the sharklike teeth and freak out. He wouldn’t understand. Hell, I still didn’t understand what was going on with me.

“Grace,” Sebastian croaked.

Snatching out my hand, I gripped his throat as he tried to sit up. I slammed my other hand on the top of his headboard as it smacked against the wall. I fucked him faster.

Sebastian’s eyes grew wide. His face reddened as I cut off his airflow, but I released momentarily so he could catch his breath and not pass out on me.

I closed my eyes, getting lost in the pleasure of him sliding in and out of me. My senses reached new heights and I breathed in, my tastebuds tingling from the mouthwatering taste that caressed my tongue. Earlier, he’d smelled salty and even sour, but now he smelled sweet with desire and pleasure.

His mattress creaked beneath us as I wildly bounced on his dick. I wanted him to make me come. A primal part of me *needed* it.

“Come for me,” I ordered in a growl, my voice sounding unfamiliar.

He moaned, his voice cracking, and his dick throbbed inside me. Warmth filled me, and my eyes rolled to the back of my head. His cum coated my insides, and it felt so fucking good. I joined him, screaming as I came all over his length. My inner walls clamped on him, sucking him deeper inside me.

My hunger subsided, but I wasn't full enough.

I need more cum.

A mental string connected me to Sebastian—an unbreakable golden thread. I circled my fingers around it and yanked, seeing what it would do.

Sebastian yelled, and more of his cum filled me as his dick jerked.

“Yes! Give it all to me, Bastian. Fill me up!”

His moans subsided, and he grunted. His breathing became stuttered. I didn't pay any mind to it as I held his throat and squeezed, controlling when he could draw air.

If he didn't want to get rough with me, that was fine. I would get rough with him, and he'd take it all like a good boy.

“Grace,” he whimpered.

His hot semen jetted inside me again, and I groaned, feeling fuller. I orgasmed, squeezing his softening cock. Our combined cum leaked onto his pelvis and pubic hair. He made no sounds as my rocking slowed, then stopped.

I sat up and released Sebastian's throat. He gasped for air, his arms limp by his sides. I dropped back my head. My mind was a little fuzzy from the high of coming so much. I licked my lips like I had just stuffed my face at a buffet.

I opened my eyes to the sound of his wheezing breaths and leaned down to gaze at Sebastian. He looked like a shriveled-up prune. His eyes sank into his skull, and bruises sprouted beneath them. All the color was leached out of him, and his prominent cheekbones looked like he'd been starving for a year. Tears glittered in his eyes as he watched me but said nothing.

“Bastian?” I whispered, finally realizing what had happened and what I'd done.

I scrambled off him. His soft dick slipped out of me, and his warm cum dripped down my thighs. I stood beside the bed and stared at him with wide eyes filling with tears.

“Sebastian?” I whispered again, hoping for a response from him.

He stared up at the ceiling, his chest barely rising and falling.

I turned to his bedroom door, staring at it as I debated whether to leave or stay here with him. I didn't want to get into any trouble. How would I explain that I fucked him, and he was dying because of it? I didn't realize rough sex would suck the life out of him.

Trembling, I looked back at Sebastian, who wheezed as he breathed. I glanced around the room, then spotted his cell phone on his desk. I snatched it into my hands and dialed 911. It felt like forever before someone picked up.

“I need help!”

“Do you need fire, police, or EMS?” the operator said from the other line, keeping her voice neutral.

“My boyfriend ... he's ... he's having trouble breathing. I think he's dying.” A tear slipped down my cheek as I stared at Sebastian.

“What's the address of your emergency?”

I blurted out the address, stumbling over my words.

The operator stayed on the phone with me, asking for more details about what happened. I was too embarrassed to tell her,

but I finally broke when she persisted. When I said we were having sex, she went quiet, and I bit my lip, paranoid she was judging me or even telling the police to take me into custody.

I dressed before the ambulance arrived, but I didn't want to move Sebastian, so he was still nude. He resembled a skeleton. I led the paramedics inside the house and to Sebastian. They assessed him and tried to get him to talk, but when he didn't, they gathered him onto the gurney and wheeled him out.

A police officer pulled me to the side, questioning me about everything that had happened. I recounted the evening to him, stumbling over my words and worrying he would put me into handcuffs because of how nervous I seemed. It was something that constantly worried me. That one day I'd talk to the police about something, and they would assume I was on drugs because of my disorganized speech.

I left out the details of "feeding" from Sebastian's cum and energy. The police officer would for sure put me in handcuffs and take me to the closest psych ward if I disclosed that bit of information. I'd been there and done that, and I definitely didn't want to go back there anytime soon.

At the end of the explanation, the officer thanked me and walked away to wake up Sebastian's dad to talk to him too.

I stood outside, shivering and watching as the ambulance drove off with the lights and sirens on.

All the while, his dad still slept, and I now had to wake him up and tell him what happened.

Crap, crap, crap. That meant his dad would know we were sexually active, and he'd tell my parents. I could just see my dad's face turning bright red once he knew I wasn't a virgin anymore.

The hair on the back of my neck stood, and I turned, facing away from the ambulance as it drove away. Five houses down, a shadowy figure stood by the trees lining the street. The broad shoulders and height—the figure had to have been over six feet tall—most likely meant the figure was male.

Maybe he woke up and came out to see what the commotion was about.

But the tingling sensation on my face made me think he wasn't watching the police as they prepared to leave. No, he was watching *me*.

DAIMAN

Jesus fucking Christ. I didn't know if what I had just watched was the hottest or scariest thing I'd ever seen. It took a lot to make a demon like myself go wide-eyed and wince, but that night I did both.

She was a goddamn succubus. There was no way she wasn't.

I wasn't sure how she became one, as they were only created by demons mating. From what I gathered about her family, they were as human as they could get. What demon would worship God? I didn't know of one.

There was also the possibility that her mother encountered an incubus, since an incubus could impregnate a human woman. That was something I would need to look further into, but for right now, I was at a loss.

I had watched the whole ordeal between Grace and the boy from the shadows in his bedroom. Demons couldn't enter a home without being invited—much like vampires—but we demons were good at finding loopholes if we really wanted to get inside someone's home. Such as a welcome mat outside the front door. It was an invitation for anything supernatural to enter the home. It was stupid on the human's part, but most mortals were brainless, after all.

Seeing Grace buck naked and riding the human male's small cock made my *much* larger one fill with blood. And fuck me. Watching her choke the shit out of him nearly made me come in my pants.

I'd have let the girl do just about anything to me.

Back the fuck up, Daiman.

She was a kid, and I was older than the fucking planet. I couldn't touch her. *Wouldn't* touch her. But now we had a big problem on our hands. Grace would need someone—an incubus, really—to feed her as much as possible until she could manage her powers and hunger without killing a male human.

Twisting the toothpick between my teeth, I watched as Grace turned her head, looking directly at me as she stood outside the home. I didn't bother to keep hidden; the darkness that enveloped me disguised any key characteristics she could later remember.

Grace spun around and walked inside the house. Once the front door closed, I turned around and walked down the street to where my car was parked.



I entered the home I shared with Lucien.

“Where you at?” I hollered as I closed the door behind me.

I didn't get an answer and sighed while shaking my head. He was likely in his office, either writing new songs or working on some paperwork.

I walked through the large house and followed the hallway to his office, then opened the door.

Well, well. What do you know? I was right. Lucien sat behind his desk, laptop open and eyes narrowed at the screen. He was dressed in his unholy gear that would make one think he was a priest. If they didn't look close enough at his cufflinks with an upside-down cross, he would pass as one.

I dropped the pictures onto his desk and folded myself onto the large leather seat across from him. “We've got a problem,” I stated, now drawing his attention to me.

Lucien's eyes narrowed more until they were tiny slits. He picked up the photographs and looked at them. The only sign

of distress he showed was the muscle jumping in his jaw. “Is he still alive?” he asked, cutting to the chase.

“I checked on him at the hospital and he’s still living, though she put him into the ICU.” I shook my head and held back the grin that wanted to spread across my face.

Grace fucked him up, that was for sure.

Lucien sighed heavily, dropped the pictures onto his desk, and leaned back in his seat, annoyance crossing his face. “Did she tell anyone?”

“She talked to the police but didn’t give many details. She just said they were having sex and he got hurt. I don’t think that’s enough of a red flag for the church to become involved.”

The last thing we needed was for the Bible-thumping believers to come after her. That meant they had to go through us first, and I figured Lucien didn’t want to deal with that, either.

“By the way, did you ever find another virgin?” I asked.

“Stay on topic.” He worked his jaw, anger flaring in his dark eyes. “If she didn’t say what really happened, then there’s a good chance we don’t have to deal with those lunatics.” Meaning the extremist churchgoers or priests who would try to exorcise the demon out of her, which would never happen since she was the demon.

“So, what’s the plan now?” I folded my hands over my lap.

“It’s time I step in,” he said. Lucien turned back to his laptop and typed. “We’ll have to watch her twenty-four hours a day and make sure this doesn’t happen again. You’ll get close to the girl and teach her about being a succubus. I’ll find an incubus willing to sleep with her.”

I tensed and curled my fingers into tight fists. “*You* don’t want to do it?”

“I told you before, Daiman. I don’t give a fuck about her and want nothing to do with her. I sure as fuck won’t touch the kid. Do *you* want to do it?” Lucien glared at me, his fingers still over his keyboard.

I gritted my teeth, and my nostrils flared.

Lucien scoffed and turned back to what he was doing. “Exactly. I’ll find someone who will.”

“*Fine*, I’ll do it,” I growled.

Lucien smirked and turned to face me while folding his hands together on the top of his desk. “You know that means you have to stick your dick in her, right?”

“Yes, I’m aware.” I shook my head and rolled my eyes. “Where do you come into this picture? How will you watch over her while I’m with her all the time?”

Lucien’s lips slowly curved into a devilish smile. “I’ll be the new priest at Sacred Heart Catholic School. I’ll teach a class about demons.”

“Demons?” I deadpanned. “Do you think they’re going to allow that? They can’t even talk about sex without screaming.”

Lucien rolled his eyes and turned to his laptop. “Keep an eye on her. She should be fine for the next few days before she needs to feed again. Until then, stick to the shadows.”

I sighed and got up from the seat, leaving the office without a word.

Fuck me. What did I sign up for?

GRACE

My stomach churned, and I stumbled a step as I walked through the busy hallway at school. I'd been on autopilot since last night when I almost killed Sebastian.

I raped him.

I fucking raped my boyfriend. He'd begged me to stop, but I didn't. Something within me was in control, and I had little say about what occurred.

What was wrong with me?

Obviously, everything since I came back to life. That wasn't anything normal. *I wasn't normal.*

"Miss Davis!"

I stopped and looked at Father Thomas, who was beckoning me from just five feet away. I swallowed hard and closed the distance between us, a nervous sweat prickling my skin. Father Thomas gestured for me to follow him, and I nearly passed out. The only time Father Thomas would need to see somebody was if they were in trouble.

Sebastian's dad could have informed Father Thomas about me sleeping with my boyfriend. I lied through my teeth to his dad. I couldn't bring myself to tell him we were having sex and Sebastian withered away while we did it. There was no doubt in my mind he would have said it was the devil's magic or something along those lines.

I entered Father Thomas's office, and he shut the door behind him. As he sat down on his leather swivel chair and

folded his hands on his desk, he sighed. I averted my gaze, unable to look at him and see the judgment in his brown eyes.

“Miss Davis, I’m sure you’re already aware of what’s happening,” he started.

I scrunched my eyebrows and picked at my nails. When that didn’t give me the dopamine I needed, I bounced my leg and tucked a stray lock of hair behind my ear. “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t know what happened to your friend?”

I turned my gaze to him, frowned, and shook my head.

Father Thomas pursed his lips and stared at me like he could read my thoughts.

Oh my god. What if he really could hear my thoughts?

Clear your mind. Think about something he can't use against you. Think about the homework you were supposed to finish. Crap. No. Then he'll know I'm behind. Shit. I mean ...

I squinted my eyes, watching him as he looked at me.

Scratch your nose if you can hear me.

Father Thomas heaved a sigh. “Miss Davis. We were made aware of something upsetting and ... I don’t know how to put it without upsetting you, but—”

“Just tell me,” I begged.

My paranoia and anxiety pounded at me.

“I’m so sorry in advance, Miss Grace. Your friend Layla has passed away and gone to Heaven.”

I stared at him with wide eyes and my pulse hammering in my ears. That was what he wanted to talk to me about?

I'm supposed to act upset.

The taste of my best friend’s skin and muscle ghosted on my tongue. My stomach churned, and I dry heaved.

“Are you all right?” Father Thomas asked while he reached toward me as if he could stop me from puking with his mind powers.

I nodded. “Yes.”

Bile rose into my throat, and I slapped a hand over my mouth, tears welling in my eyes. I jumped from my seat and ran out of the office and into the girl’s bathroom ten feet away. My knees hit the floor, and I expelled everything from my stomach, which wasn’t a lot. I hugged the porcelain stool and dry heaved again.

Wiping the back of my hand against my mouth, I flushed the toilet and stood on shaky legs. I went to the sink and rinsed my mouth with water. I hung my head between my shoulders, panting as I tried to keep my shit together.

Layla was dead, and I raped my boyfriend.

I was a terrible person.

I peeked at my reflection in the mirror and swallowed a scream. Staring back at me was a demon with deep crimson skin. Horns sprouted from the temples and curled to the back of its head. Its lips parted, revealing teeth that looked like jagged knives.

The demon wore my clothes.

I scrambled backward, covering my mouth with my hand as I gawked at the reflection. It didn’t mimic my motions. No, it watched me with narrowed eyes and a slight curl of its lips.

“Miss Davis?”

I jumped at Father Thomas’s voice, whipping my head toward the bathroom entrance.

“I’ll be right out,” I called, my voice wavering.

When I looked into the mirror again, my normal reflection stared back at me with wide, frightened eyes. I swallowed hard and exited the restroom, joining Father Thomas again.

He looked me over, concern etched into his face. “Do you need to go home, Miss Davis?”

I shook my head. Dad would throw the biggest fit known to mankind if I walked home. He’d automatically assume I was skipping classes and needed to be punished for it.

“Are you sure?” he asked, frowning.

I nodded. “Yes. I’ll be okay.”

He nodded and heaved a sigh. “Then I’ll leave you to it. You may go.”

I turned to walk away.

“Oh, Miss Davis!”

I looked at Father Thomas, who still faced me.

“Tell your teacher that you had to see me. If they give you any problems, tell them to call me.”

I nodded and offered a weak smile before I walked away.

GRACE

I shouldn't have been getting ready for the Halloween party at a frat house right then, but there I was, finishing my makeup. The week had dragged by, and I was starving. Once again, a tiny voice in the back of my head whispered for me to have sex. Despite not wanting a repeat of what happened with Sebastian, my desperation grew as the days passed and my hunger increased. That *thing* inside me had taken control, only allowing me to brush the surface of my psyche and watch from the front passenger seat.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I looked at myself in the mirror, glad my reflection wasn't that demon I saw last time. I dabbed my finger on my glossy lips and rubbed more gloss on before smacking my lips together.

Turning away from the vanity, I walked across the room and out of my door. My sister's door was closed, and the faint sound of her snores drifted from the other side. Mom and Dad's door was cracked open, but their bedroom was dark. The running fans would potentially mute any sounds I made.

My high heels clacked against the wooden floors, and I held my breath as I descended the stairs. My hands hovered over the banister, then I released my breath when I made it to the back door.

I passed Slinky, who lay on the kitchen counter and watched me with narrowed eyes. When our gazes met, she bared her teeth and hissed.

I clenched my jaw and walked into the laundry room to leave. It was dark as midnight in there. I stepped outside into

the cold, then shivered and wrapped my arms around my chest to keep warm. I hadn't considered wearing a jacket over my short leather dress. As if the thing inside me knew I was freezing, it heated my body until sweat rose on my skin.

I ground my teeth together at the reminder of my unnatural return.

Lucien will pay for this.

And what was I going to do? Fuck him to death? I didn't even know where he lived or what he did for a living when he wasn't playing at venues with his cult band. Besides, I didn't want to touch him. Just the thought of him over me, staring at me while he fucked me, made me want to hurl my guts.

I shivered, and not because I was cold.

Fifteen minutes later, I stood outside the packed frat house. Jack-o'-lanterns with candles inside them decorated the lawn. Fake cobwebs stretched over the large front porch and connected to the archway near the sidewalk and street.

The partygoers were dressed up for the holiday. Most of the young women wore slutty outfits—kind of like what I wore. The guys were more creative. They wore masks; some masqueraded as demonic rabbits, and others wore the *Scream* mask. Some had come as a demon with horns.

A girl screamed. I turned toward her shrieks and watched as a masked man pinned her to the pillar on the porch. She grinned and pushed back his mask before they started making out.

Heat pooled low in my belly, and my stomach growled.

"Feed," the voice rasped.

I moved without registering it. Whatever had a hold of me pushed me further beneath the surface so I didn't have control.

LUCIEN

I wandered through the packed frat house, keeping close to Grace, who didn't know I'd been following her. For the last few days, Daiman and I alternated shifts when we watched her.

I hated that I had to babysit her when I had other responsibilities.

I still hadn't found a new sacrifice for Lucifer. If I made him wait much longer, I risked facing his wrath. That was another mess I didn't need on my hands.

My eyes kept roving over Grace's body like she had just stepped into my bedroom, buck naked and telling me to fuck her senseless. I had to keep reminding myself that she was just a kid. It didn't matter that she was eighteen goddamn years old and legal. I couldn't allow my dick to get hard while looking at her without also feeling guilty about it.

My cock hadn't gotten soft since I spotted her. She wore a black leather dress that clung to every curve of her body like a second skin. Her ample breasts nearly spilled from the neckline. Her hair waved past her shoulders, and a few strips were dyed black.

What got me the most were the fucking horns on her head. They were obviously fake, given that they were attached to a headband, but they looked real because of their spiral texture and black coloring.

A male demon's horns were the most sensitive part of his body. Other than his cock. When a partner touched us there, it was a sure way to make us lose all control and turn into feral

monsters with one thought in our minds: to fuck them and bury our seed so deep inside of them that they could taste it.

A pulse of power alerted me that we weren't alone. If I were to guess, it was Daiman who joined us. The demon lusted after the teen. His intentions were abundantly clear when he'd shown me the pictures of her changing into her school uniform. He wanted her until I read the two little numbers that made the both of us come to a screeching halt.

"I Spit On Your Grave" by ZAND thumped through the large speakers in the front room. Despite the song drowning out most of the chatter, a few people yelled over it to talk to each other. I couldn't help but smirk at the irony of the lyrics.

I noticed movement from the corner of my eye as Daiman pushed through the crowd. He'd dressed up for the event, just like I had. We both wore skull makeup on our faces, and black shirts and pants. I finished off my look with a black jean jacket with safety pins and zippers, while Daiman sported a leather one.

Daiman had slicked back his black hair; a few pieces were out of place and hung over his forehead. My unruly locks reached the bottoms of my ears.

We looked at Grace simultaneously, watching as she walked further into the house and disappeared into the kitchen. Daiman and I moved as one, trailing behind her.

"Have you checked on the boy?" I asked him, not needing to yell for him to hear me. Demons had supernatural hearing and vision, so it would have been pointless to raise our voices.

Daiman made a noncommittal noise. "Yeah. They moved him out of the ICU, but he's staying at the hospital for a while. The kid looks like he's on death's doorstep."

I worked my jaw and rolled my head to work out the kinks in the muscles. "Has she fed since you last saw her?"

From what I gathered while watching her, she hadn't touched anyone. I hoped that Daiman would tell me if she fed again because that would mean another teen boy would be in

the hospital. Or the morgue, depending on how far Grace went while feeding.

“Nope,” he grunted.

We stood off to the side, keeping an eye on Grace as she looked at the drinks on the table. They were either pre-made and waiting for someone to drink them or abandoned and forgotten.

A goofy-looking guy wearing a green shirt and brown pants stepped in front of us. A massive grin appeared among his patchy facial hair.

What in the Scooby-Doo ...

“Sick costumes, dudes,” he said with a laugh.

I stared at him with a blank expression. Daiman did the same and crossed his arms over his chest.

The Wish-version of Shaggy looked between us, still enthusiastic as he waited for one of us to say something. “So you guys, uh, dressing up as that kid from *American Horror Story*?”

“Never seen it,” Daiman said while rolling the toothpick between his teeth.

“What?” the college kid exclaimed while making a gesture with his hands that his mind was blown. “Dudes.” His overexaggerated laugh sounded like it belonged in a cartoon. “You guys gotta see it. In fact ...” He pulled out his phone and thumbed at the screen.

Having had enough of his shit, Daiman knocked the cell phone out of the kid’s hands. The stoner looked at Daiman in shock, then bent to pick it up.

“Fine,” he huffed. “I didn’t want to watch it with you guys, anyway.”

The college kid wandered off, and I returned my attention to where Grace was. Keyword, was.

“Where the fuck did she go?” I hissed.

“We’ll split up,” Daiman said.

We parted ways, and I walked into the room attached to the kitchen. I searched the sea of dancing, kissing, beer-pong-playing humans.

Where did you go, little sinner?

GRACE

I moved through the crowded house as if on autopilot, seeing things through someone else's eyes. Off to the side, a couple tongue-fucked each other's throats. If I focused on them hard enough, I could taste the lust protruding from them like a yummy treat.

Yummy treat? What the heck, Grace?

Since when did two people getting it on taste *yummy*? Normal people couldn't sense something like that.

Once again, it's because I'm not normal. What regular person can revive themselves?

Exactly.

I couldn't control my body. The hunger had returned four days after the incident with Sebastian. He was still in the hospital—thankfully out of the ICU—but he didn't want to see me.

Something awful was happening to me. I didn't know what was going on or how to fix it.

I should be dead.

Yet there I was, breathing and so *fucking* hungry.

“Hey, little devil,” someone whispered into my ear.

I turned my head, looking at the shirtless man who'd hit on me. A tie hung around his neck, and rips decorated his bleached jeans. He must have been in college because he didn't hold any of the softness in his face like the guys at my school had.

My lips crept into a smile. I screamed inside my head, commanding my body to turn and leave, but the controlling entity ignored my demands as it wrapped my fingers around the man's red tie. He smirked as he stepped closer, leaving little space between our bodies.

“You want a drink?” he purred.

I glanced down at the red Solo cup in his hand, then peeked at him through my eyelashes. My smile grew wider. “I'm thirsty for something else.”

With his puffed-out chest and parted lips, he looked like a rooster trying to impress a hen.

I licked my glossy lips, drawing his gaze to them. His pupils dilated as he watched me swipe my tongue on the underside of my upper lip.

“Damn, girl. You know how to cut to the chase, don't you?” He smirked and grabbed my hand. “I'll give you what you need. Don't worry, baby.”

I smiled, following him as we weaved through the packed room.

My stomach growled, and I winced from the pain. I pounded at the invisible barrier in my mind and yelled at the man to run away. He was oblivious to the predator he led up the stairs and into an empty bedroom. As soon as he shut the door, he signed his life away and was now fucked.

I shoved him against the door.

“Goddamn,” he grunted, then laughed as I undid his pants and stuck my hand in them, circling my fingers around his hard cock. “You really want this, don't you?”

I dropped to my knees and yanked down his pants until they pooled around his thighs. My hand gripped his erection and gave one stroke.

“I want to suck your cock,” I whispered huskily as I looked up at him.

His eyelids drooped, and a cocky smirk pulled at his lips. “Then by all means. Suck me, slut.”

My pussy clenched, and my arousal soaked my panties. I opened my mouth, stretched my tongue, and slapped his erection against the muscle.

“*Jesus,*” he gasped. His hand shot out and gripped my hair in a fist.

I sucked on the head and moaned, closing my eyes to enjoy the taste of his salty pre-cum. Hollowing my cheeks, I took him deeper into my mouth until his tip pressed against the back of my throat. Usually, I would have gagged because of how deep he was, but the entity in control didn’t react. I swirled my tongue around his shaft, cupped his balls, and squeezed them.

“*Fuck,*” he moaned.

I widened my jaw, taking him deeper and sucking as hard as possible. His hips jerked, and he grunted as I bobbed my head, fucking him with my mouth. A sweet, musky scent rose from him, and it wasn’t just the natural smell of his groin.

It was the same scent that had come from Sebastian when we started having sex. At the end of our encounter, the sweet smell had morphed into something that reminded me of a marshmallow that had been over the fire for too long.

The party still went on outside the bedroom. People walked by, not realizing I was sucking some stranger’s dick like a lollipop. But the more I went down on him, the louder he got.

A girl snickered on the other side of the door when he cursed, his back thumping against it as he forced my head up and down on his erection. I didn’t mind that he took control of how he wanted it.

“Sounds like someone is getting some,” the girl said with a laugh.

“Lucky bitch,” her friend said.

No. I wasn’t lucky.

I didn’t want to do this, because I knew what would happen to him. But I couldn’t stop myself.

His breath hitched, and he growled, his dick jerking inside my mouth.

“I’m right there. I’m—” He groaned, long and hard, and cum filled my mouth and spilled down my throat.

The entity inside me found the thread that connected the man to me. I yanked it, drawing him closer and forcing him to orgasm again. He coated my mouth with his salty cum, and I swallowed it like the greedy cumslut that I was.

We moaned in unison.

I cupped his heavy balls, squeezing them and sucking his dick into my mouth. I wanted more. No, I needed more.

Please! No! I can’t hurt him, too.

“Hush,” the raspy voice snapped at me inside my head.

I was taken aback that she responded to me and could hear my thoughts.

The man’s knees shook, and his thighs quivered as he kept coming.

“Wait,” he rasped, his hand loosening in my hair.
“Something’s wrong.”

I swallowed around his erection, my throat squeezing him. The thread that joined us kept him hard so he could continue to feed me with his energy and cum.

“Stop,” he begged breathlessly.

I pulled back until only the head was in my mouth, then sucked on it. I flicked my tongue under the mushroom tip and swirled at the hole where more cum leaked out.

More. I needed more.

My victim sagged against the door, and I pulled back, watching as he fell to the ground in a heap. His breathing slowed, his chest barely rising and falling, reminding me of Sebastian. I looked him over, smiling at my work. His hard dick pulsed like a heartbeat. Some cum leaked from the tip, and I leaned over, swiping my tongue to gather it and swallow the tasty treat. I closed my eyes, moaning and lowering my

head on his erection. His tip hit the inside of my cheek, and I turned my head so he would go down my throat. My pussy clenched, and I knew I had soaked my underwear.

I reached under my dress, pushed my panties to the side, and rolled my finger on my sensitive clit. Another moan escaped me, and drool slipped from the corners of my mouth and onto his pelvis.

He only whimpered as I brought him to another orgasm. Cum flooded into my mouth, and I greedily swallowed it, sucking more of his essence and energy into me, quenching the last of my hunger.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head as I orgasmed, my moans muffled by his member, and I jerked as I kept coming. When I floated back down, I drew away from him and watched his stiff dick slap against his stomach.

I closed my eyes, panting and still rubbing my clit to make myself come again.

Though it felt good to make myself orgasm, it wasn't enough. Something was missing, and I didn't know what.

I cried inside my head. A few tears fell from the outer corners of my eyes, but whatever was in control didn't care. I sat on my haunches, licking my lips to clean up a few straggling beads of cum from the corners of my mouth. After a few seconds, I opened my eyes and looked at the man. Dark circles burrowed under his closed eyes, and all the color had been leached out of him.

He'd be fine. I didn't take enough to kill him, but he'd definitely need to drink a lot of Gatorade and water to rehydrate.

Giggling, I stood up and fixed my dress. I ran my thumb around the line of my lips to remove the smeared gloss.

The man opened his eyes and turned them toward me. Our gazes clashed, and I blew him a kiss. "Thank you for the good time. You were *delicious*."

I left the bedroom, ensuring I closed the door behind me.

A group of girls turned their gazes to me. One of them smirked and knew what I had just done. I bit my bottom lip and smiled.

I descended the stairs and walked through the crowd, feeling ten times better now that I wasn't starving.

Whatever had been holding me back released its control and took the back seat while I came to the front. I sucked in a breath and grew dizzy. Everything was suddenly too loud, and the space was so cramped that I couldn't breathe. I stumbled past people as I headed to the front door and onto the porch. It was just as packed out here as it was inside.

My heart pounded against my chest, and every few seconds, it felt like it missed a beat. Then I couldn't feel my heartbeats at all. I gasped for air as I went down the three steps and rushed toward the street.

My shoe snagged on something, and I tumbled forward. A hand caught my arm and pulled me against a strong, warm chest. I turned my head, and my mouth fell open as I stared into dark eyes accentuated by the skeleton makeup on Lucien's face.

LUCIEN

“Hello, little sinner.”

Color drained from Grace’s face, and her eyes grew wide like saucers as she gazed at me. She still had a glow to her skin that wasn’t there before that stoner distracted me.

She snapped out of her surprise and wrenched her arm out of my hold. As she turned around and glared at me, I backed away.

“What are you doing here?” she spat.

I raised an eyebrow. “I could ask you the same question.”

I was aware of the reason, but I didn’t feel the need to reveal that I’d been observing her for some time.

Daiman walked out of the house filled with partying humans. The incubus descended the porch steps, but I brought him to a halt with a raised finger.

Grace’s lips curled into a snarl. I could just imagine what all went through her tiny pea brain.

I had killed her, after all.

I would have held a grudge, too, if I were in her position. But the world was harsh and unfair, and unfortunate events occurred daily. She needed to get over it and move on.

She folded her arms under her breasts, causing them to rise and almost burst out of the tight leather dress I wanted to tear off.

“What did you do to me?” she said.

The sound of laughter broke me out of the spell she'd put me under. I glanced at the group of kids hanging out on the porch, nursing their drinks. Daiman stood in the shadows and watched my interaction with Grace.

I grabbed her arm and dragged her by my side.

"Let go of me!" she snarled as we crossed the street and headed toward the small church. "What are you doing?"

"Taking you somewhere more private."

"I don't want to be anywhere near you!"

"The feeling is mutual," I growled.

I brought her inside the house of God and slammed the door shut behind us. I released her with a shove and smirked when she stumbled backward and thumped against the door of this disgusting place.

"I don't know how it's possible that you're alive," I said as I kept my back to her and glanced around the dusty room. Individual chairs lined the floor, leaving a small space for the center aisle. A stage dominated the opposite end, with a single step leading onto it. A podium stood at the middle of the stage, and a large stained-glass window stretched from wall to wall behind it. The image in the glass depicted Jesus with a halo over his head and a white robe on his body. Humans knelt on either side of him, their hands pressed together in prayer.

I had to hold myself back from rolling my eyes at the sheer stupidity of it.

Humans idolized the son of God as if he were God himself.

"Then tell me what's going on with me!" Grace's outburst snapped me out of my thoughts, and I turned to face her with narrowed eyes.

"Did you kill him?" I drawled.

"What?"

"The man you fed from." I slipped my hands into my pants pockets and watched her eyes widen.

She stayed silent, staring at me but probably not seeing me. From what I'd gathered while I watched her the past week, she seemed to doze out, lost in her thoughts and completely unaware of those around her.

I raised an eyebrow. "So you killed him," I said.

She huffed. "I didn't. And it wasn't me."

"Explain." I frowned and looked her over as if her body would tell me everything I needed to know. The girl was a mystery, and I wanted to break her apart and look at her insides.

She shook her head and averted her gaze with a huff.

I bared my teeth. "I can finish what I started, little sinner, and you'll stay dead this time."

She huffed and glared at me. "I wasn't in control, okay? I've been hungry since I came back to life, and the only thing that fills me up is—" She stopped as I arched an eyebrow, the corner of my lip curling into a smirk.

"Go on," I drawled. "Tell me what made your hunger go away."

Her cheeks flushed a pretty pink. She swallowed hard, and her throat bobbed.

Tilting my head, a feral smile slowly crossed my face. I slipped a hand from my pocket and raised it, rubbing my finger over my bottom lip as I stepped toward her. "I'll tell you, then."

Grace's breath hitched, and she backed away from me as I closed the space between us. Her back again met the door, and I caged her in with my palms resting beside her head. Pinching her chin between my fingers, I tipped back her head to make her look at me.

The sweet smell of arousal permeated the air. I breathed it deep into my lungs, closing my eyes momentarily as I tasted it on my tongue. Opening my eyes, I stared at Grace, whose face was flushed from her desire. I didn't want her, and she didn't

want me either, but that didn't stop my demonic side from latching onto her and luring her closer so I could have a taste.

“You fed from two men, sucking the energy from them as they came inside you.”

Her pupils dilated until there was only a sliver of a green ring on the outside. Hunger burned in her eyes as she gazed at me.

I cocked my head, tightening my grip on her chin as I offered a smile without humor. “They're human and can't handle a new succubus who doesn't know how to control herself.” Her eyes widened, reminding me of an owl. “Oh yes, little sinner. You're not human anymore. You're a demon who feeds from sex and orgasms.”

I stared at her, my jaw clenching and a muscle jumping. She looked up at me, and I wanted nothing more than to taint her with my black soul and eradicate the innocence in her eyes.

Her arousal scent disappeared, leaving only a faint trace behind. Fear took its place, and I could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

“You won't keep feeding, little sinner. Not from them,” I warned.

“Then from who? You?” She scoffed and rolled her eyes, jerking her chin out of my grip.

I caught it again with my fingers and held it until she flinched. “Don't flatter yourself. I like my women with more personality.” I looked at her from top to bottom, then met her gaze. “And I don't want spoiled goods.”

She winced.

I dropped my hand from her face and stepped back, putting some space between us. “You'll feed from Daiman, and he'll teach you demon etiquette. The more you learn and act appropriately, the less you'll see me.”

Grace's lips curled back in a snarl, and her demon flashed through her eyes. Her scent changed from sweet like candy to

burned flesh. Her teeth transformed from blunt to sharp as she bared them at me like a dog.

“You don’t get to tell me what to do,” she growled, her demon’s voice joining hers. If she’d done this to a human, they probably would have shit their pants, but I wasn’t impressed. I’d seen scarier shit in my life.

I stared at her with a bored expression. “How very nice of you to join us, demon. Learn your place and stand down.”

“Bold of you to think I won’t tear into your flesh,” the demon snarled, her chest vibrating with a low growl. A hint of Grace’s voice remained, but it mostly belonged to the succubus.

I slipped my hands into my pants pockets. “Since you’re all bark and no bite, I’ll leave. Daiman will see you two early in the morning.”

Pushing past her, I opened the church’s door and walked out, leaving her behind to let my words digest. The back of my head prickled as Grace and her demon watched me walk into the foggy night.

GRACE

I woke up the next morning and blinked open my eyes. My stomach didn't growl or feel like it was eating itself to the point that I wanted to puke.

Last night's events crashed into me, and I sucked in a sharp breath.

"Glad you're awake," a deep voice said from somewhere in my room.

I gasped as I shot up, yanked my blankets up to my chest, and scooted backward until my back hit the headboard.

A tall man dressed in all black with a leather jacket leaned against my closed bedroom door with his arms folded over his chest. Tattoos crawled up his neck and under his jaw. His black hair was disheveled, like he'd run his fingers through it one too many times. He rolled a toothpick between his teeth, drawing my eyes to his full lips. Everything about him oozed sex. It might have been because of the way he looked at me with hunger in his dark eyes.

"What the heck are you?" I whisper-yelled. Since it was Saturday morning, I needed to keep the volume down so my family wouldn't hear me.

Crap. Anyone within earshot of my room could hear Daiman's voice.

My heart double-timed.

"I'm sure you know, since Lucien filled me in on the situation." His eyes never left me. They dropped down my body, and I clung to the sheets like my life depended on it. I

wasn't naked, as much as I wanted to sleep in the nude last night. Instead, I wore a loose-fitting Satan's Priest T-shirt. I'd sworn I wouldn't support that band again, but something compelled me to wear it. Maybe because it was a comfortable shirt. Yeah ... it was because of that.

My cheeks heated with a blush, and I squeezed the sheet in my fist. "You're Daiman?"

"Good girl. So you remember."

I squeezed my thighs together to stop the pulsing in my clit. *Good girl* had never sounded as good as it did just then.

Daiman pushed away from the door and dropped his hands to his sides. He swiped off some invisible lint from his shoulder as he strolled across the room and approached the side of my bed.

"We'll get to know each other very well while I teach you the dos and don'ts of being a demon. If you're a good girl, then Lucifer won't have to step in." What the heck did he mean by that?

I scrunched my eyebrows together, letting his words sink in.

"Demons are real," I whispered. I didn't direct it at him, but I had to say it aloud to fully understand and come to terms with it. Despite attending a catholic school and having faith in God, I never understood or accepted the existence of evil entities like demons.

I swallowed hard.

I was a demon. How could that happen when I was a human before I was murdered?

"Of course we're real." Daiman scoffed and crossed his arms over his chest. He rolled the toothpick between his blunt teeth, his gaze sweeping over me like he was undressing me with his eyes. "I would think you, of all people, would know that, given that you believe in God." He spat out *God* as though it was poison on his tongue.

"And I'm ..." I couldn't finish the statement.

“A succubus,” he finished for me. “There are different types of demons. I’ll teach you everything you need to know about us. But first, you must feed.”

My eyes widened as he pulled his jacket behind him and slipped his arms out of it. He threw it onto the mattress and began undoing his pants.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” I said as I scooted back and jumped off the other side of the bed. Daiman paused, arching a dark eyebrow at me. I held up my hands in a time-out gesture. “First, I’m not hungry. Second, my parents are here and could hear us.” If they hadn’t already. Christy was too nosy for her own good. She also liked to get me into trouble by telling on me. My stupid sister was sixteen years old but acted like she was five.

Feeding from Daiman didn’t sit right with me either, but I wasn’t about to tell him that. The whole situation of me being a creature from Hell didn’t help. I’d been raised to believe in God, which was good and holy. Yeah, I had premarital sex, but that didn’t mean I wanted to be something so ... *evil*. I was too scared of being cast into Hell after I died, so I constantly prayed over the little things I did, asking for forgiveness.

Layla’s vacant eyes popped into my mind, and the ghost of her taste coated my tongue. My stomach knotted, and my head spun as I felt the beginning of a panic attack.

“I have a ward around your room so others can’t hear us talking.” His eyes flashed with hunger. “Or fucking. You’re a new succubus who’s been feeding from human men, but you need an incubus to give you what you need.” Daiman returned to his pants and pulled down the zipper. He removed his black shirt and threw it onto the bed to join his jacket.

He was an incubus?

My eyes widened as I looked over his nude tattooed chest and the ink covering his Adonis belt. Holy shit, he was sexy.

Wait. No. I couldn’t have these thoughts about someone who wasn’t my boyfriend, dammit.

I frantically shook my head and backed a step away from the bed between us. Daiman raised an eyebrow, leaned forward, placed his palms on the mattress, and watched me through his long black lashes.

“I can’t,” I whispered.

“You can’t? Or you won’t?”

I swallowed. “Both.”

Daiman rolled the toothpick between his teeth, still watching me with a harsh expression. “You can’t run away from this forever, little succubus.”

I winced at his choice of words. “I’m not a succubus.”

We both knew I was lying when I said that, but denial looked good on me, and I was already comfy with it.

He gave me an are-you-kidding look. “Then enlighten me, little succubus. What are you?”

I tightened my hold around my middle and shivered.

When I didn’t say anything, he let out a sarcastic laugh. “Exactly. No human fucks men to death. The sooner you realize what you are, the better.” He looked around the room like he was seeing it for the first time, then brought his gaze back to me. “If you don’t want to feed right now, that’s fine. But you’ll need to eventually, and I’ll be the one you come running to. Until then, I’ll teach you everything you need to know.”

DAIMAN

For the love of all that was unholy, I was about to bust in my pants right here while I stared at Grace wearing nothing but my band T-shirt. She didn't seem to remember me from the short time we spent taking photos together.

I licked my teeth, imagining what she tasted like. She hadn't showered when she got home last evening because I could smell her cum clinging to the inside of her thighs. I'd smelled it last night as I went outside and found Lucien talking to Grace.

I zipped my pants and buttoned them. As I did so, Grace looked down at my hands, and her face flushed with desire. I smirked while grabbing my shirt and threading my arms through the sleeves.

"I suggest you shower and get dressed in something else before my thin control snaps and I fuck you anyway."

Grace inhaled sharply and took a step back. The scent of arousal wafted through the air, and I drew it into my lungs.

Interesting. She liked the idea of being fucked against her will?

"O-okay," she said.

I worked my jaw, watching her as she gathered clothes and left the room.

"Fuck," I whispered and dropped my chin to my chest.

I couldn't believe I agreed to this. At first, I thought Lucien would be the one to feed Grace. That didn't cause me

as much jealousy as the thought of another demon touching her.

An image of Grace with her ankles by her ears as Lucien fucked her popped into my mind. Blood rushed to my cock, making my already hard member harder. I would have joined my friend, dropped her over the edge of the bed and forced my dick down her throat while choking her with my hand.

I got up from the bed, sat on a tiny chair in front of her vanity, and wished the girl would return so I could fulfill every fantasy I had about her. The door opened ten minutes later, and the succubus walked in, wearing a fuzzy white sweater and black leggings that fit her like a glove.

“That’s not any better,” I rasped.

Grace huffed and closed the door behind her. “I don’t care.”

I rolled the toothpick in my mouth and looked at her face with an arched brow. “You’ll care when I have you pinned beneath me on your bed.” I dropped my gaze to her legs and stared at her pelvis. “Those tight little leggings will be nothing but shredded fabric when I’m done with you.”

I imagined using them as bindings around her wrists to keep her arms behind her back. I’d keep her legs squeezed together while I pounded into her from behind so she could feel every inch of my cock.

As if she could hear where my thoughts were, she clenched her thighs together and sucked in a breath. “Tell me about demons,” she said, changing the subject.

I smirked and leaned against the vanity’s table, my elbows resting on the wooden surface. Grace moved across the room and settled on her bed, legs crossed.

“Do you know what incubus and succubus demons are?” I asked, feeling out the best place to start.

She shrugged a shoulder and picked at her nails. “I know a little bit. The church I go to once talked about sex demons and how they disguise themselves as something enthralling.”

“Anything else?” I pressed.

She shook her head. “Just that demons are evil and will do anything to lure you away from God so they can take your soul to Hell.”

I scoffed and rolled my eyes. “Of course they told you that.”

Grace bit her bottom lip, and I watched as she picked at the skin between her teeth. I wanted to pull her lip out and stop her from doing it. But most of all, I wanted to be the one to bite her lip.

“Are you going to tell me?” Grace asked, drawing me away from my fantasy.

“Most demons aren’t out to get your soul.” I shook my head and rolled the toothpick. “An incubus demon is a male who preys on women, pushing his essence into them so he can derive comfort. A succubus demon is a female who preys on men and sucks their energy out of them. Sometimes incubus and succubus demons use each other because they can get what they need without killing the other. When it comes to humans, you have to be careful or else you could kill them.”

Grace leaned forward, soaking up all this knowledge like she was a sponge. I knew it was a lot and, at times, hard for human minds to understand the logistics of demons.

“Incubus and succubus demons can feed off our victims while they’re awake, but we have more luck when they’re asleep because we can change our forms into the person they lust after. Later on, when you have more control over your hunger, I’ll show you how to enter someone’s dream and appear as the person they want.”

Grace leaned back, and I watched as everything weighed down on her shoulders. The excitement I saw moments ago disappeared.

“Tell me what’s on your mind, succubus.”

“I ...” She returned to pulling at the skin on her cuticles. Her eyes shone with unshed tears. “I don’t know how to feel about being a demon. This wasn’t something I wanted. I

thought after I died, I would go to Heaven and not have to worry about anything.”

I kept quiet as she rambled.

“I was raised to believe in God and that as long as I did so, I was promised paradise. I prayed daily, hoping to be forgiven for all my sins and not punished. Now that I’m back, I haven’t felt like myself. It feels like the weight of the universe rests on my shoulders, and I can’t shake it off. It feels like I’m being tortured.” A tear trailed down her cheek. “I’ve been paranoid a lot more lately, and I’ve had so many panic attacks.”

I frowned and twisted the toothpick between my teeth. “Paranoid more than usual?”

Grace blinked back the tears and swiped away the escapee. “Never mind.”

I plucked the toothpick from my mouth and leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees. “Tell me, succubus.”

“Will you stop calling me that? ” She shook her hands by her sides.

“What do you mean, you’re more paranoid than usual?” I persisted.

Grace shook her head and jumped off the bed. She walked past me, and I snatched her wrist as I stood up, towering over her. She tried to yank her hand away, but I held on.

“What’s the matter, Grace?” I asked, my voice strained.

“Just leave!”

I stared down at her as she struggled to release my grip. The girl was clearly upset about something but didn’t want to tell me. I put the toothpick back into my mouth and rolled my tongue around it as I released my hold on her.

“I’ll leave you alone, but I’ll be back. Until then, behave and don’t fuck anyone.” I narrowed my eyes as she glared at me. “You won’t like what I’ll do if I find out someone touched you.”

I stepped past her and walked to the door.

“I don’t want you to come back,” Grace warned.

I huffed a laugh and turned my head to look at her over my shoulder. “Too bad you’re not the one in charge.” I opened her bedroom door and walked out.

“My family is out there!”

“No, they’re not. They’ve been gone since early this morning.” I chuckled and walked away.

“You jerk!” Grace slammed her bedroom door.

“I know, but it’s better this way.” I scoffed and descended the stairs.

GRACE

“Can I get my phone back?” I asked Dad from my spot at the table while I pretended to eat my breakfast.

Dad leaned against the kitchen island, not caring about the chipped corner scratching against his back. It couldn't have been comfortable. He sipped his coffee, annoyance flashing across his face.

“No,” he growled.

I didn't know when I last saw him in a good mood. He was the worst in the morning because he was half-asleep. I couldn't count how many times I heard him say he needed coffee before anyone talked to him.

His loud slurping was like nails on a chalkboard, making me wince. I tried to ignore it while I faked chewing with my mouth closed. My family knew I couldn't stand the sound of them eating or drinking, but they never did anything to stop being so loud while they did it.

“I kind of need my phone for emergencies,” I said.

“Cheese and rice, girl!” Dad blurted and went red in the face. He slammed his mug on the counter behind him, and some hot coffee splashed over the rim. “If an emergency happens, you can use the phone at school. Why do you need your cell phone so damn bad, hmm?”

My eyes widened and I froze, unable to look away from Dad's rage explosion.

Mom came into the kitchen, her eyes bouncing between us. She immediately stood by Dad's side, crossing her arms over

her chest while glaring at me. She wasn't any better than him. I guess this was the side of her that I was getting today.

"I just—"

"You want to text your *boyfriend*? Send inappropriate pictures to him?" Dad continued.

I swallowed hard, and my mouth became dry. "N-no."

"You didn't think I wouldn't go through your phone, did you?" Dad shook his head and folded his arms over his chest while he glared at me. A vein throbbed in his forehead. "Did you let him put his hand in your honey pot?"

I shook my head. "No!"

"I should take you over my knee right now, but you need to go to school in a few minutes." Dad's potbelly sucked in and out as he breathed. "I promise you'll be punished when you get home."

"I didn't have sex with him!" I argued.

Mom let out a sarcastic laugh and rolled her eyes. "You think we're stupid?"

I shook my head, my heart pounding painfully against my chest.

"Yeah, you do. Don't you lie to us, girl." Dad stormed across the room. I jerked back in my seat, preparing to get up and bolt. "Sit your ass down."

Tears formed in my eyes, and I gripped the table's edge, watching as Dad leaned against it across from me.

"I know you let the boy touch you. You better pray that I find you're a virgin," Dad snarled.

What the fuck does he mean by that?

Everything around me warped as my reality slipped. The walls began breathing, and it felt like the ground was sucking me into it.

My parents knew you shouldn't yell at someone with schizophrenia. It made them feel unsafe and triggered

symptoms. Since I couldn't take my medicine anymore, I'd been having an overwhelming amount of symptoms.

"I-I am a virgin," I whispered as another tear slipped.

A muscle popped in Dad's jaw, and he watched me with hard eyes. I couldn't look at them for long because I feared he'd reach over the table and grab me by the hair.

"Yeah, we'll see when you get home," he said. "Now get out of here. You're walking."

I shot out of my seat. My knee bumped into the table and knocked my spoon out of my cereal bowl. I turned to grab the dish, but when I caught Dad glaring at me with his teeth bared, I bolted out of the kitchen.

"Don't let the door hit you in the ass on your way out!" Mom called behind me.

I grabbed my bag with all my school supplies and ran into Christy as I came down the stairs. She shot me a nasty look. I opened the front door and shut it behind me as I stepped into the foggy morning. Mist drizzled over me as a shaky cry slipped past my lips. I struggled to remain upright on my trembling legs.

I hated this. I hated my life and my family.



Everything was too loud as I walked through the school's hallway toward Sebastian's locker. I still hadn't recovered from being yelled at this morning. The walls still breathed, and everyone in school sounded like they were screaming into my ears. Sweat beaded on my forehead and upper lip.

I whispered to myself, repeating my thoughts and telling myself it would pass. It earned me a few glances from a group of girls. They gave me weird looks, rolled their eyes, and laughed.

I averted my gaze, staring ahead and avoiding looking at anyone for too long.

Whispers filled my head, but I couldn't understand what they said. I attempted to distract myself as I searched through the sea of faces, not spotting the one I really wanted to see.

I walked through the school, going to spots where Sebastian and I hung out. My shoulders sagged when I didn't see him. Sebastian was probably still in the hospital because of his condition. I wasn't sure how someone could recover after their energy was sucked out. I missed him. I didn't want to lose another person who made my life better.

Layla's rotting corpse popped into my mind, making me wince.

Everything Daiman said the other day came to the surface. I was still processing all the information he'd given me. My stupid mind kept playing a sound I heard on TikTok that said, *"Denial is a river in Egypt."* I'd rather live in denial and pretend I was still a normal human being ... who had an appetite to eat boys.

I turned around and headed to my locker. After unlocking it, I opened the door and slipped my messenger bag inside. I gazed at the picture of Sebastian and me. We had huge grins on our faces and looked in love. My chest tightened, and my eyes stung with tears. I squeezed them shut so the tears wouldn't fall.

God, if you can hear me, please let him be okay. Let us be okay.

Something banged beside me, making me jump and spin around to come face-to-face with Brad. He rested his elbow on the locker next to mine, caging me in so I couldn't escape. The corners of his mouth curled into a smirk, and he bit his bottom lip as he raked his eyes over me.

"Saw you at the party the other night," he said.

I frowned and shrugged a shoulder. "Okay?"

"Saw you go into a bedroom with Alex." He grinned as he watched me for the reaction he wanted.

My spine straightened, and my heart stopped beating for a second before it galloped. "O-oh?"

Brad brought his gaze back to my face after checking out my breasts. He pulled his bottom lip between his teeth, still smiling. “I didn’t take you for a slut. What would your little boyfriend say if he knew you got on your knees for someone else?”

“Take that back,” I ground out, glaring at him.

Brad snorted. “Or what? You’ll suck my soul out of my cock, too?” He looked me over and raised an eyebrow. “With that body and those dick-sucking lips, I may take you up on your offer.”

I stopped breathing. “What did you say?”

“What? You’re too good to suck my dick?”

“No.” Not that. That wasn’t what I meant, but I didn’t want to say it aloud.

Did he know about me draining Alex and leaving him on the ground like he was a discarded candy wrapper?

Daiman and Lucien’s warning rang through my mind.

Brad’s smirk widened into a grin, and he straightened, dropping his hands to his sides. “No? So, you’re not too good?” He looked over his shoulder, then back at me. “We can go into the janitor’s closet and you can suck me off.”

I flinched and backed away from him to put space between us. Not so he couldn’t hurt me, but so I couldn’t hurt him. My stomach growled and my mouth watered as I contemplated sucking his dick.

“I don’t want to. I don’t know what gave you the impression that I would,” I said, trying to keep calm and not throw myself at him.

“You left Alex pretty weak-kneed. He said you made him keep going, and he couldn’t stop coming.” He bit his bottom lip, his eyes dropping to my mouth, most likely imagining them wrapped around his member. “I’d like to find out if he meant it when he said you gave him the best head he’s ever had.”

Horror drained all color from my skin and widened my eyes. “What else did he tell you?”

Please, god, don't let him know I consumed his energy.

Brad scoffed while rolling his eyes. “Enough to know that you give good head. Now, are you game or not?”

I shook my head. “No.”

He scowled at me and backed up while throwing his hands up. “Whatever, bitch. I wasn't going to tell the school about you being a whore, but now I will. Have fun when Father Thomas calls you to his office.”

Dad's threats from this morning played in my head and nearly knocked me over from the fear coursing through my veins.

Before I could stop him, he walked away and high-fived one of his friends standing nearby. His friend smirked and blew me a kiss before they disappeared into the crowd.

I returned to my locker and grabbed the books and supplies for my first class. My hands trembled, and I silently begged God to shut Brad's mouth before he told the whole school I performed oral on a stranger. I didn't want to go to Father Thomas's office, but I also didn't want Sebastian to find out when he came back to school.

The five-minute-warning bell rang. With one last glance in Brad's direction, I walked the other way.

LUCIEN

“**A**ttention, students. Mandatory confessions start in one minute. Please go to the chapel room immediately. Again, mandatory confessions start in one minute. Please go to the chapel room. Thank you,” the voice called over the speakers.

Standing aside, hands in my pockets, I watched the remaining Sacred Heart students make their way to the chapel. A girl with natural red hair hugged her Bible to her chest and glanced at me. She widened her eyes and emitted a scent of lust into the air. The corner of my mouth curved into a smirk, and she sucked in a breath, ducked her head, and quickened her steps as she rushed past me.

A pair of teen boys chatted with each other as they took their time to go to confessions.

“I’d hurry if I were you,” I sang, holding back a smile as they looked at me in shock. “You don’t want the devil to bite at your heels because you’re late.”

“Let’s go,” one teen said, and they jogged away, disappearing around the corner.

“Excuse me, Father,” a voice said behind me.

I turned to the girl who stood a foot away from me, her hands near her chest as she picked at her cuticles. Her black-rimmed glasses sat low on her nose, and her innocent brown eyes peered up at me. She pushed the glasses higher, nervous now that she had my full attention on her.

I raised an eyebrow.

“U-Um,” she mumbled.

I withdrew my hands from my pockets and folded them in front of me, resting them against my groin.

“Spit it out, child,” I said.

A blush crept up her cheeks as she averted her gaze. “Father Thomas isn’t at the confession booth, and he’s always early. We were supposed to start by now.”

I dipped my chin. “I’ll find him.”

The girl stood there, looking at me with moon eyes.

I knew I was good-looking. It was one of many traits of an incubus demon; we’d once been beautiful angels. I despised my looks for a time, but after a millennium, I overcame the aversion and embraced it.

So it didn’t surprise me that the girl looked at me the way she did. Most women did.

I was temptation and the forbidden fruit, promising carnal desires and whispered words of affirmation while we got lost in each other. I was also the temptation to stray from God and become another lost soul who would be cast to Hell.

Staring straight into the girl’s eyes, I smirked.

Her eyes widened, and she spun around and fled.

I fixed the white Roman collar at the base of my throat and strode through the hallway. All the students waited for Father Thomas at confessionals. Not a soul was in sight.

Muffled grunts and soft moans came from an empty classroom. A slow smile crept to my face as I went to the crack in the door. I peeked around the corner, biting my bottom lip at the sight before me.

The priest’s pants pooled around his thighs, his hips slamming against the nun. She was sprawled out on the desk with her legs wrapped around his narrow waist and her skirt raised to her hips. He was balls deep in her and quite rough, too. The table’s legs scraped against the wooden floor with

every hard thrust. They grunted together, attempting to stay quiet.

I leaned out of the doorway and strolled down the hallway toward the chapel. Father Thomas was busy getting lost in sin, enjoying the temptation of some nun's pussy. If he couldn't be there for the confessions, then I would.

I smirked.

I loved my job.



“Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It’s been a week since my last confession,” the student on the other side whispered.

I turned my head, peeking at the girl through the screen. I could make out the shine of her blonde hair from the sliver of light inside her booth. Her moss-green eyes held sadness as she gazed at my shadowed form.

“Go ahead, child. Tell me your sins,” I purred, curious to know what she’d done to need forgiveness.

She swallowed and shifted in her seat, the wood beneath her creaking with the nervous movement. We stayed silent as she gathered the courage to tell me what she’d done.

“This stays confidential?” she whispered. A heavy burden weighed down her voice, seeking someone to lift it from her. I was that someone. I wanted to know what this little succubus had been up to, even if I shouldn’t have been there or cared anything about her or her sins.

“I ... I have been having sinful thoughts about people,” she began.

More silence.

“What kinds of thoughts?” I pressed.

If I’d had to guess, they were thoughts about sex. Humans who followed God were conditioned to tame their desires because waiting strengthened the bond between them and the

other person. Some also believed it to be sins of the flesh and that it went against God's will.

She shifted again in her seat, clearly uncomfortable about where her thoughts were going.

I leaned back in my seat, steepling my fingers in my lap. "It's only us here, child. Your secrets are safe with me."

"God would be upset with me if he wasn't already," she whispered.

"God knows all. He knows your thoughts, even mine. We are all sinners and will never be perfect in his eyes. It's why he sent his son to die for our sins. But I'd like to think that he's a busy man and that right now"—I turned my head toward the screen, staring straight into her green eyes—"he isn't here with us. It's just you, me, and our sins."

A breath shuddered out of her. "I gave a complete stranger a blow job."

"Did you like it?"

She sputtered, jerking back in her seat. "F-father?"

"Did you like sucking that man's cock?" I asked again, my voice an octave deeper.

When she'd told me about it the other evening, I had lain in bed, my dick in my fist as I pictured her on her knees as she sucked off some human. Her lip gloss had been smeared, and her mascara smudged from tears as she took all of him down her throat. When I saw her with her makeup messed up that night, I couldn't think about anything else other than what she would look like on her knees for me.

"Yes, I liked it." She squirmed in her seat, and her breathing picked up until she was panting. She was thinking about it, too.

"Did you let him come inside your mouth?"

She audibly swallowed. "Yes."

My booth filled with her scent of lust and arousal. I had to hold myself back from leaving this booth to join her and erase

any trace of the other men who'd had her.

She's a goddamn kid, Lucien.

My hard dick twitched, and I leaned my head back against the thin wall behind me. "And here you are, not burning in the fiery pits of Hell." I smiled. "It seems the Lord doesn't care."

Her breath hitched.

"Did you do anything else with this man?"

"No," she blurted. "But ... I-I have a boyfriend."

My eye twitched, and I clenched my jaw. "Does he know about this?"

"No. He ..." She paused to gather more courage before she started again. "He's upset with me. I was a little too rough with him, and I hurt him. I didn't mean to."

A smile spread across my face. "I'm sure he will forgive you, just how God will forgive you too."

God didn't care. These rules about sins of the flesh were created by misogynistic and corrupt men who wanted to keep women under their thumb and put the fear of God in everyone else.

I tapped my thumbs together, waiting for her to say something. When she didn't, I peeked at her from the corner of my eye. "Is there anything else you wish to confess?"

"I think about sex all the time," she breathed.

I pursed my lips. "It's a human thought to have. God made us imperfect, child. Remember, his only begotten son died for us. Every second of every day, we don't measure up in his eyes. Our bodies have natural reactions to what stimulates us. Anger, sadness, happiness ... lust." Grace silently sat in her booth, listening to me and hanging on my every word. "If God didn't want us to have these types of reactions, then he wouldn't have allowed us to feel aroused, don't you think?"

"He's testing us," she softly argued, clinging to any reason why she shouldn't give in to her desires. Why she should keep worshipping a god who didn't give a fuck about her.

“If he was testing us, that would make him a cruel god, don’t you think?”

“But the Bible—”

“Was written by a bunch of men a hundred years after Jesus died. The true words of the son of God and the creator were warped, time after time. Humans continue to change it to fit their narrative to bend the wills of clueless believers like you.”

“Father?” Insecurity and confusion sent a crack through Grace’s voice.

“God isn’t testing you, child. Having these *sinful* thoughts and performing these actions isn’t as bad as you would like to believe. God created you to live your life and enjoy the simple things in it. Even if it’s on your knees as you suck some stranger’s cock while hidden in the shadows so daddy doesn’t see what you’re doing.”

Grace shot to her feet, whipped open the door to her booth, and bolted out.

I fixed my Roman collar, stepped out of my box, and followed her. Her blonde hair bounced with her quick steps as she left the chapel.

A group of girls looked at me, their eyes darkening and hunger flashing across their faces. I ignored them and strode out of the room, following Grace’s retreating figure.

She jogged to the front of the school and slammed her hands into the bar across the door. I hurried my steps, following her outside. A gust of wind blew at us, and fat raindrops spilled from the sky. I slipped my hands into my pockets and followed her down the wide concrete stairs in front of the school.

“You haven’t fed,” I called to her.

GRACE

My spine straightened. I slowly turned around and peeked at Lucien from the corner of my eye, refusing to fully look at him. “What?” I asked, wanting to smack myself for saying it. I heard him loud and clear but couldn’t believe his audacity.

He stopped five feet from me, his hands in his pockets. The rain fell on us. Water droplets hung from his dark, irresistible eyelashes. Because of my hunger, I wanted to lick the raindrops from his skin, slowly trailing down his chest, stomach, and to his groin.

He didn’t sport any of the makeup he usually wore. No skull face paint, no kohl-rimmed eyes. I didn’t know which version of him was better—the masked gothic cult leader, the Halloween skeleton bad boy, or the man in a priest outfit who oozed sex from every pore.

“You haven’t fed,” he said again. His voice was an octave deeper and raspy. It was just as I remembered when I last talked to him. Hearing him talk made me go weak-kneed and tremble with need.

I hated him with every fiber of my being. But my hungry side wanted to feel him stretch me beyond reason.

These aren’t my thoughts. They can’t be.

I fully turned toward him, crossing my arms over my chest. A gust of chilly wind blew at us. My damp blonde hair danced around my head, and a few strands fell over my face. I didn’t bother to swipe them away.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, wanting to sound strong but sounding exhausted instead. Because that was how I felt. I was tired of always being hungry and fighting this thing inside me that wanted out so it could hunt.

Lucien stared at me with a blank look. A crease formed between his dark eyebrows, like it was permanent from scowling so much. He lowered his brows over his even darker eyes. If I looked long enough at him, I would lose myself in their inky depths.

Lucien wasn't happy about seeing me, either. Which I was totally fine about ... *totally fine*. The man killed me and never apologized.

“You think I would allow you to go unmonitored? Use your brain, succubus.”

I snapped my gaze around us, making sure no one heard what he'd said. When the coast was clear, I glared at Lucien, who watched me with an arched brow.

“You think I'm stupid?” he said with a slight growl.

I narrowed my eyes. “Well, I'm alive, aren't I? You obviously failed at whatever you were trying to do by killing me.” That was pretty stupid of him, and we both knew it.

A muscle popped in his jaw, and he took one step toward me, then another until he crowded my space and our chests barely touched. I held my ground, tilting back my head to glare up at his face. Violence emanated from him, sucking the air from my lungs and leaving me breathless. Lucien seemed like the type of man who would take a piece of you once he was done with you. But I still refused to cower.

“Come, come, now, little sinner. Someone had a plan for you, and it wasn't your precious god.”

I winced and balled my hands into tight fists. “You were the one giving me the whole spiel about God and giving into temptation?”

“Very smart girl,” he said with sarcasm dripping from his voice.

I wanted to smack that man. My fingernails dug into my palms, but I ignored the pain. I trembled with anger as it bled through my veins, my reality shifting and everything closing in on me. I'd just gotten over my psychotic episode because of this morning. Now this man sent me over the ledge again. The same out-of-control feeling returned from when the dog barked at me and when Lucien mocked me inside that church.

“Keep your demon back, succubus. I don't feel like talking to her right now. It's you who I want to speak with,” Lucien warned.

I ground my teeth together, my gums aching from the change that wanted to happen. Sucking in a deep breath, I closed my eyes and thought about things that helped calm me down. Sebastian's face popped into my mind, and I clung to it like a lifeline. I had to ignore the hint of guilt that came with it. After a few seconds of calming down, I opened my eyes again and found Lucien staring at me with an unreadable expression.

“I sent Daiman to you so you could feed. The last thing I need is for you to lose control again and kill someone. I don't want to clean up after you,” he said. “If you don't feed, I'll kill you and ensure you stay dead this time.”

I gritted my teeth, and the rage returned.

Don't lose control, don't lose control, don't lose control ...

“Don't lose control,” I whispered. “Don't lose control, don't lose control.”

Lucien narrowed his eyes, but I caught the confusion flashing across his face before he wiped it away.

Licking my lips, I released a steady breath. “I don't want Daiman.”

I wanted Sebastian, and from the scowl Lucien gave me, he knew.

“No human will give you what you need. You'll kill them if you lose control. You *will* feed from Daiman. He'll teach you how to be a good little cock sucker and avoid the attention of human authorities and the church.”

“We’re out in public talking about this! You think someone isn’t listening?” I hissed.

“I’m more powerful than you think. If you would just fuck Daiman and learn a thing or two from him, then maybe you can learn how to glamor.”

Lucien sounded so bored when he talked about me fucking someone and learning how to do magic. Besides, how did glamor prevent people from hearing us talk?

“Why are you so worried about my sex life? Maybe I want to fuck someone else!”

“And we are back on the topic of how you can’t have your little human boyfriend who you consumed too much from. You think he still wants you after what you did?” He smirked, finally showing something on his face that wasn’t a glare or a scowl. “I don’t give a fuck who you feed from so long as they’re an incubus, which Daiman is.”

“I don’t even know him,” I argued.

“You didn’t know the man you got on your knees for.”

I snapped my teeth together, grinding them as I tried to find another reason why I didn’t want to fuck Daiman. What happened the other night was out of my control, but I couldn’t tell him that. It wouldn’t matter one bit.

Lucien blinked, and the corner of his lip slightly tipped up in a smirk. He knew he had me and that he was right.

“Precisely. While you are in this little rebellious stage, I’ll be here, watching you and waiting for you to finally give in.”

“Why not have Daiman do it?”

“He has a life outside of you, succubus, and I’m a demon who cleans up his own mess.” His lip curled back in disgust as he looked me over like I was shit on the bottom of his shoe.

I began to shrink back but stopped, not wanting him to see how his insults affected me. I raised my chin, showing him I wasn’t afraid of him. Not anymore.

“I don’t need a babysitter,” I said.

“Clearly you do,” he countered.

I raised my gaze to the heavens, looking for patience. Instead, I found an overcast sky and rain now dropping into my eyes. Blinking raindrops away, I lowered my head and glared at Lucien before I turned around and walked away.

“Where are you going?” he called.

“Away from you,” I grumbled.

He laughed. *Laughed.*

If I had enough energy to spend on that asshole, I would have turned back around and flipped him off. Instead, I stormed down the road, putting space between us.

GRACE

I opened the front door, attempting to be as quiet as possible so Dad wouldn't know I was home. When the coast was clear, I stepped inside, soaking wet because of the rain that hadn't let up as I walked home.

Slinky hissed at me from her spot on the top of the sectional couch. I winced and closed the door behind me. Holding my breath, I tiptoed my way to the staircase. The wooden steps creaked under my weight, and I squeezed my eyes shut as I went up another step.

Dad's heavy footsteps came from the kitchen and into the living room.

I rushed up the stairs.

"Oh, no you don't, girl," Dad snarled from the bottom of the steps. "Come here, right this second."

I froze and slowly turned around, my heart pounding so hard that I could feel it in my throat.

"I-I need to get into some dry clothes," I mumbled.

Dad shook his head, his eyes narrowed. "Get. Down. Here."

Crap, crap, crap, crap.

Swallowing hard, I descended the stairs and whimpered as Dad gripped the nape of my neck and dragged me into the living room. "You're hurting me," I whimpered, tears stinging my eyes.

“I don’t care,” he growled, pushing me onto the couch. I gasped and steadied myself as I sat up and leaned back into the seat, hoping it would put more space between us. “Raise your skirt and spread your legs.”

My eyes widened, and I choked on my spit. “What?”

“You heard me.” He crossed his arms over his chest. “I warned you this morning that I’ll check if you’re a virgin. Now do as I told you.”

“Th-this isn’t right.” My hands trembled as I gripped the end of my skirt and inched it upward. “Please, don’t do this.”

Dad’s nostrils flared.

A soft cry escaped me as I raised my skirt the rest of the way. Tears welled in my eyes, and I spread my legs, showing him my panties.

“Pull them down,” Dad ordered.

My chin quivered as I slipped them off of me. Dad kneeled and shoved my legs further apart and yanked my hips until I was slouched in an awkward position. He stared at my naked core. His pupils dilated, and his breathing became heavier.

I whimpered as he ran his thick fingers between my folds, rubbing the back of his digit against my clit. Shame filled me as pleasure coursed through my body, making me wet.

I wanted to disappear. Better yet, I wanted to die.

My hips moved on their own, bucking against his hand as he rubbed furious circles on my clit. My toes curled, and I squeezed my eyes shut, sinking into my mind to escape my father’s touch. A lump formed in my throat, and I cried out as I orgasmed, my inner walls clamping around nothing. Dad shoved two fingers into me, sinking them deep inside and thrusting.

“Please,” I sobbed.

“Hush, girl,” Dad snapped. “I’m about to find out for myself if you’re a virgin.”

He panted as he thrust his thick fingers into me, his thumb rolling on my clit.

“This isn’t right!” I cried, my hips bucking against his hand. My body betrayed me with its movements and the pleasure Dad gave me.

When the floor creaked nearby, my eyes snapped open. Mom stood with her arms folded over her chest, watching as Dad fingered me. She didn’t look upset about this. Malice twisted her soft features as she glared at me.

“Mom,” I croaked. I swallowed a moan as Dad curled his fingers inside me. His meaty hand gripped my thigh, digging his fingertips into my sensitive skin and likely leaving bruises.

“Shut up, Grace. You did this to yourself,” Mom snapped.

A scream erupted from me as Dad forced me to orgasm again. My channel clamped down on his thrusting fingers and drew him deeper into me.

I panted as I floated back down and watched as Dad slipped his fingers from my vagina. He held the bloody digits in front of him, his nostrils flaring as he breathed hard through his nose.

“You’re lucky,” he growled, his voice husky.

How the heck was I bleeding?

I stared wide-eyed at him as he released his hold on me and got back to his feet, still holding his hand in front of him. He stared at the blood like it had taken the Lord’s name in vain. His lips parted like he was about to stick the digits into his mouth to taste me, then he dropped his hand and swiped it on his pants.

“Go to your room,” Dad demanded. “And pray for forgiveness for what you made me do.”

I shot off the couch. My skirt fell into place, and I dashed up the stairs. I wanted to slam my door shut, but I quietly closed it and flung myself onto my bed, burying my face into my pillow. My tears soaked it as I sobbed, trembling and feeling so fucking dirty about what had just happened.

“Grace.”

I ignored the voice, too tired and broken to care.

“Grace.”

I screamed into my pillow, beating my fists against it as I released all the rage and pain into it.

“He’ll pay for what he did,” the scratchy feminine voice whispered.

DAIMAN

I found Grace fast asleep in her bed, dried tear tracks on her cheeks. It was past midnight, but I'd hoped the girl would still be awake. I got sidetracked today, searching for answers about why Grace returned to life and became a succubus. I hadn't found a reason. Yet. But I would find out one way or another. Even Lucien was searching for answers, and he came back empty-handed, left with more questions.

I trailed my fingers over her soft cheek and gazed down at her. Why was she crying before she fell asleep? What happened to her?

More questions and no answers. When I next saw her, I'd ask.

For now, I stood beside her bed, watching her as she slept. She looked so peaceful. The crease between her eyebrows lay flat. Her full lips parted as she took deep, even breaths.

What was she dreaming? I could find out, but I didn't want to slip into her mind and watch from the shadows.

A soft whimper slipped past her lips, and I frowned. Her eyebrows bunched together, and her eyes moved behind her closed lids. Whatever she dreamed, it was upsetting her. An alarming scent rose from her.

I pulled back the covers and found her still dressed in her school uniform. The scent of copper and musk grew stronger as I slowly raised her skirt. I eased apart her legs. Blood stained the sheets between her thighs. She wasn't wearing any underwear, which raised more red flags.

It could have been her period.

I lowered her skirt and replaced the sheet to keep her warm. Turning my gaze back to her face, I tensed as I found her eyes—open but all black.

“Succubus,” I murmured in greeting. It wasn’t Grace who was looking at me. It was her inner demon, and she looked fucking pissed.

“Touch us, and I’ll kill you,” she warned, her voice deep and gravelly. To anyone else, it would have been like nails on a chalkboard.

“Why was she crying?”

“It’s a secret.” She tsked. Her eyes dropped, gazing at my body like she was sizing me up. I didn’t know whether she wanted to fuck me or kill me. Maybe both. *I’d like to see her try.* My biggest kink was pain with pleasure.

“Keep your secret, succubus. But I *will* find out, eventually.”

She clicked her tongue in reprimand. The corners of her mouth curved into a devilish smile. “Promises, promises.”

“Don’t worry, demon, I have my ways.” I grinned and bit my bottom lip.

She sat up and got onto her hands and knees, staring at me like she was the predator and I was her prey.

“As do I, *demon.*”

“How did she come back to life?” I asked, changing the subject and hoping she would have an answer.

Her lips parted as she continued smiling at me, which was more like baring her sharp teeth. She ran her tongue over them and raked her gaze across my body before she met my eyes again. “That’s for me to know and for you to never find out.”

“That’s fine.” I’d find out. I cocked my head and smirked. “Do you plan on fucking me, succubus? Or are you trying to chase me out of here?”

“Maybe both. Is it working?” She crawled to the edge of the mattress, a gleam in her black eyes.

“Go back to sleep.” I waved a hand, shooing her away. If I was going to fuck Grace, it would be while she had control of her body.

“Tell pretty boy I said hi.” She slipped off the bed and stood before me, tilting her back to look up at my face. Even in her demon form, she still didn’t reach my shoulders.

“Whatever you say,” I sighed and stepped away from her, dissolving into the shadows and leaving the succubus.

Something happened while I wasn’t there, and Grace’s inner demon was protecting her.

LUCIEN

I leaned against the desk in the classroom, watching students trickle through the doorway. It was past noon, and there were only a few classes before the school day ended. I'd kept my eye on Grace from afar, noticing she was more distant than usual. I assumed it was because of her hunger.

That girl drove me up the fucking wall because of her stubbornness. Why was it so hard for her to just get fucked and fed?

Grace walked through the doorway, her steps faltering as our gazes clashed. She raised her chin and hugged her books to her chest. I returned her glare and watched as she went to the back of the classroom and took a seat.

I studied her. Dark half-moons hung beneath her eyes from the lack of nourishment, and her cheeks were a little sunken. These differences were more noticeable today than yesterday.

She still hadn't fed from Daiman.

I glared at her when she raised her head. She gave me a cold look, and I held her gaze, daring her to turn away first. A male student slumped into the desk beside hers, snapping open his book with a loud sigh. Grace broke the eye contact and looked at him, perplexed.

The corner of my lip quirked, then disappeared into the calm facade.

The final bell rang, and a student ran through the door, panting and avoiding my eyes as he went to the only available seat, which was in the front. The room filled with silence. A

few students cleared their throats. Others sniffled. They all waited for me to start the lesson.

“Today, we’re going to talk about demons,” I said, breaking the tense silence.

Their eyes widened, their little human hearts beating rapidly inside their chests. The word *demon* raised terror in these mindless creatures. Humans fell for every lie about us, believing we were a menace. Some demons were evil, yes, but others were as imperfect as the mortals. We made mistakes just like humans. We had thoughts, feelings, and a sense of morality. Some demons were morally gray, while other demons chose to be morally black. It was only a matter of choosing which path we’d take. We were once angels who fought for the greater good. After we fell from Heaven, we now had free will and could decide what we wanted to do.

A girl raised her shaky hand, her eyes as wide as saucers.

“Speak, child,” I sighed.

“Why are we learning about them? Why not about angels?” she asked timidly.

I withdrew my hands from the pockets of my slacks and crossed my arms over my chest.

“Because we talk too much about angels and God. It’s time you learn about demons and the hierarchy among them. You can say I’m being the devil’s advocate right now to make you ponder the information I’ll share.”

Whispers filled the room. Grace glanced around at her peers, then looked at me. Her emerald eyes narrowed, and I had to hold back from returning her glare.

“I assume you all have heard the stories about the angels who fell from Heaven to follow Lucifer. They were on God’s side until the day Lucifer wanted to sit on God’s throne. He wanted to be the ruler of the universe and become more powerful than God himself. It was Lucifer’s brother, Michael, who cast him out of Heaven. The other angels who sided with Lucifer fell with him.

“What the church doesn’t tell people is that Lucifer saw the wickedness in God. He watched as the creator of everything toyed with his creations as if they were tiny ants on the hillside, then held the magnifying glass, setting them on fire, one by one.”

The students listened with horror. Even Grace was upset by what I said. I watched as the truth of my words sank into their minds. I intended for Grace to snap out of it and realize God wasn’t on her side. He never was. This *relationship* between humans and God was one-sided. God didn’t believe in his creations. We were nothing but toys in his bedroom that he pulled out to torture.

“In the beginning,” I said, “the snake tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. In the Bible, it wasn’t worded as this, but she was being tested by God. He knew what would happen. He’s all-knowing, after all. God knew the snake hiding in the grass would lure Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. When eating the fruit, you gain knowledge and become equal to God. He didn’t want that. He wanted his creations to be mindless and obedient.

“That’s where demons come in. These fallen angels knew that God’s creations were equal to, if not more powerful than, God himself. Demons sided with humans, wanting to release them from their bonds with God. But the more men wrote in the Bible, the murkier it became. Humans fear demons are trying to pull them away from their god. But are they really? Or are demons showing humans that God can no longer control them? That humans can live without fear of being struck by a bolt of God’s wrath-filled lightning?”

I met Grace’s gaze, holding it as I continued. “Demons are misunderstood creatures. I highly urge you all to read the Bible with a more open mind. Question some of the plot holes littered in it. The more open-minded you are, the more you question the word of God, the more you’ll see what I mean. Lucifer Morningstar saw the corruption in God before the Fall. Even today, I’m sure he still fights for you all.”

The room fell silent as everything I said sank into their puny minds. I knew they wouldn’t believe what I had to say.

But all of this was for Grace. She had to release her tight hold on the life she once had. She wasn't human anymore. The sooner she learned that, the better. I despised babysitting her, but I couldn't risk her fooling around with these humans. She had to embrace who she was so I could finally part ways with her. But the pesky succubus dragged her feet, refusing to see the truth.

The bell rang, and the once quiet students shot out of their seats, mumbling to each other and leaving the room. I leaned against the desk, arms still folded over my chest, and I watched Grace as she gathered her belongings and came to the front of the room. As she walked past me, I snatched her wrist and dragged her back, forcing her to look at me.

“A word, Miss Davis,” I murmured.

She turned her gaze to me, her lips parted and eyes wide. Worry and shock still lingered in them. What I had said during class shocked her and most likely (and hopefully) made her face the fact that God was a terrible person.

Grace glanced at the door, watching the last student leave the room. “What do you want, *asshole*?” She yanked her wrist out of my hand and backed away a few steps.

My eyebrow quirked, and I tilted my head.

Oh, she was a feisty one. She reminded me of a cat. They were small, moody balls of fur that would claw at your face if you did something that angered them. But this little blonde kitty believed that she was bigger and badder than she actually was. I could knock her down a peg or two if I wanted.

“You still haven't fed,” I noted.

She swallowed hard, and I watched as her eyes shuttered, pain flashing across her face. “It's none of your concern.”

“That's where you're wrong. Everything about you is my concern.” I sighed.

She rolled her eyes and looked at the whiteboard behind me. “What will happen if I don't feed? I'll die?”

“You’ll shrivel into nothing and die a painful death, if that’s what you mean. Or . . .” She looked at me, concern shining in her eyes. “Your demon will come out and fuck the nearest human cock, sucking out every bit of his energy until he dies.”

She sucked in a breath, her breasts rising with the movement. I dropped my gaze down to her hardening nipples, then raised an eyebrow as I returned my attention to her face.

“Then I guess I’ll die,” she whispered.

“Not if your demon won’t allow it.”

I pushed away from the desk and stepped closer to her. She scrambled backward, putting space between us. I followed her and stopped when her bottom pressed against an empty student desk. I didn’t like the girl, but a part of me wanted to see her on her knees, tears filling her eyes and smudging her makeup down her cheeks. I’d have my cock so far down her throat that she would gag around me.

“If you truly think your demon will allow you to starve yourself any longer, then you don’t have two brain cells to rub together.”

She put up a wall, concealing her emotions. “Get fucked,” she hissed and walked out of the room.

“If anyone needs to get fucked, it’s you, little sinner. If you don’t feed soon, it will be me balls deep in your pussy while you’re chained to my bed,” I called while watching her ass as she walked away.

She flipped me off before she disappeared around the corner.

GRACE

“**F**uck ... fuck ... oh god,” I breathed. I held my vibrator to my pulsing clit as I orgasmed. I threw my head back. My breasts jutted into the air, and my hips rolled against my hand, and I held the toy against my weeping cunt.

This was my sixth orgasm, and I was still so fucking hungry.

I felt wrong for touching myself, especially after what had happened with my dad, but my body was strung tight and I was constantly turned on. My panties were always soaked with my arousal.

After getting into an argument with Lucien, all I could think about was shutting him up with my mouth on his. While he berated me, I imagined shoving him into the chair behind the desk and freeing his dick from his pants so I could ride him. Lucien gave off the impression that he would choke me while he fucked me.

I shuddered, and my inner walls spasmed as I worked closer to my next orgasm. Even if masturbation wouldn't help, it was worth a try.

I kept the rose-shaped toy pressed to my throbbing clit. My toes curled, and I arched my back, spreading my legs wider as I imagined it was Lucien touching me right now. My hand shot to my breast, and I shoved up my sweater to cup the heavy mound in my palm. I squeezed it hard, sending a bite of pain through my body. A soft moan slipped past my lips, and I pinched my hardened nipple between my fingers.

“Oh fuck,” I whimpered as my orgasm built, the first tide of it knocking the air from my lungs.

“You know that won’t work, right?”

I yelled, shot up from my bed, and yanked my covers to my chest. My vibrator fell to the ground, buzzing against the wood. I winced, looking between Daiman and the toy, unsure what to do. I didn’t want any of my family to hear the sound and come up here to investigate. The last thing I wanted was to be around Dad and risk him touching me again.

Daiman leaned against my bedroom door, tattooed arms folded over his chest and his legs crossed at the ankles. I didn’t miss the large bulge in his pants. Daiman’s dark eyes fixed on me, lust flaring within them as he looked me over. His nostrils flared as he filled his lungs with my musky sex scent.

“How long have you been watching?” I said.

He stared at me with hooded eyes, his lips tipped down in a scowl like it pained him to stand there and not touch me. “Long enough to watch you orgasm two times.” His attention moved to my chest, then to the ground, where the vibrator still buzzed against the floor. He peered back at my flushed face. “I can help you with your little problem.”

I stepped backward until I came next to the toy, snatched it up, and then turned it off. “I don’t need your help. I’m fine,” I snapped and tossed my vibrator into my nightstand’s drawer. My legs trembled from the exertion I’d spent with them up in the air while I tried to take care of this *little problem*.

Okay, *big* problem.

He raised an eyebrow. “You need to be filled with cum and energy to survive, but you’re using a toy to make yourself come your brains out, hoping it’ll be enough to sustain you. That’s what you call *fine*?” He scoffed.

I clenched my teeth together and glared at him.

“So you plan to starve yourself and force your demon to come out and possibly kill someone?” he asked, his voice pitched lower.

A scent filled my nose. A light sweat peppered my skin, and my pussy throbbed with need. It smelled so good. It was musky but also filled with a spice I'd never encountered before now. My already hard nipples became sensitive, making me moan when they brushed against the confines of my bra. Daiman had to have been using some kind of sex magic on me, trying to lure me to him.

I swallowed hard, remembering Alex and how I basically sucked the soul out of his dick. "Yep," I squeaked.

"Pathetic." He rolled his eyes and pushed away from the door, dropping his arms to his sides. He prowled toward me, his hungry gaze looking me over and undressing me with his eyes. "You realize I can pin you down and force you to feed, right?"

I backed away a step, then another as he stepped into my personal space and towered over me. He leaned forward, placing his palms on the nightstand to cage me in so I wouldn't escape. Pleasure and excitement surged through my veins, making my heart beat faster.

"I didn't take you for a rapist," I whispered.

"I'm a demon, little succubus. I hold no morals like humans do. But I promise you'll love everything I do to you." He held my stare as he crowded me. Now that he was closer to me, I could see that his eyes were dark crimson. It reminded me of a jewel made from blood.

The backs of my legs bumped into my nightstand. The lamp rattled on the table, and I hoped it wouldn't fall. It stopped, still standing upright.

"I don't think I'll like anything you do to me," I bit out. My cheeks warmed with a blush, and I squeezed my thighs together to stop the ache throbbing in my core.

He smirked, flashing a sharp canine tooth. "Is that a challenge, succubus?"

"No." I raised my chin, glaring up at him.

I want this man to force me.

Shame crept into my mind. I shouldn't have had these thoughts about Lucien and Daiman when I had a boyfriend. I'd been sexually assaulted the day before and shouldn't have wanted anyone to touch me.

"I can eat your sopping wet pussy and jack off, giving you the needed energy. It won't be enough to fill you up, but it'll take away the hunger." He arched an eyebrow, waiting for me to accept his offer.

What he said played in my mind, making me burn hotter and with a greater need. I didn't want to cheat on Sebastian. It was already bad enough that I'd given some stranger a blow job. Even though it wasn't really *me* who'd done it.

All of this was so messed up.

"Another time," I breathed.

He rolled his eyes before straightening and dropping his hands, but hunger still burned in his crimson eyes.

Was it horrible of me to hate that he was being a gentleman about it? I thought demons were supposed to be rough and take what they wanted. Instead, this one turned away and walked back to the door.

"Summon me when you're ready." He turned halfway around, looking me over, and cast a quick glance at the nightstand. His lips curled in a snarl. "From the looks of it, you don't even have two days before your demon comes out to play."

I watched as he ripped open the air to reveal a stretched-out black hole—a portal.

"Wait!" I called.

He peeked at me over his shoulder, a muscle popping in his jaw.

"I thought you were supposed to teach me more about being a demon."

"Another time, succubus. I need to take care of the problem you caused." He faced me, gesturing to his hard dick straining against his pants. I winced and curled my fingers into

the edge of the nightstand behind me. Daiman walked through the portal, leaving me alone in my bedroom. It snapped shut as soon as he disappeared.

I released a shaky breath, and my legs gave out. I knocked against the nightstand, and this time the lamp fell and shattered on the ground.

“Fuck,” I whispered and closed my eyes.

GRACE

“S ebastian,” I called.

My boyfriend reached into his locker and grabbed something. He turned his head, looking my way with wide eyes. With a relieved smile, I jogged toward him.

“I’m so glad you’re okay,” I said. Tears pricked my eyes. Because we were in school, I couldn’t show him the affection or hug him the way I wanted to.

He turned and clutched his student Bible to his chest, slamming his locker door. I watched as he fled, not saying a word to me. A lump formed in my throat. I had to make this right. He had to know how sorry I was.

I ran to his side, blinking away the tears in my eyes. “Say something to me, please,” I begged.

“I have nothing to say to you, Grace,” he mumbled as he took larger steps to put more space between us.

A girl walked past me, her shoulder slamming against mine. I gasped, turned around, and shot daggers at her back. “Fucking bitch,” I growled under my breath.

Sebastian let out a mocking laugh. I turned back to him with concern. His steps slowed down as he turned toward me, glaring at me with eyes full of hatred. He didn’t look like the sweet boyfriend I’d been dating for almost all our high school years. I felt like an uninvited stranger in Sebastian’s house by the way he looked at me.

He stopped. “I could say the same about you,” he hissed.

People around us stared, watching as Sebastian scolded me.

I deserved it. I had hurt him and done something he revoked consent to. But I couldn't tell him it wasn't *me* who'd done it. How could I tell him I wasn't human anymore?

"I'm so sorry," I whispered.

He shook his head and looked up at the ceiling, searching for patience before returning his gaze to me. I hugged my books to my chest, tears stinging in my eyes as he glared at me.

"I don't know who you are anymore. I also don't know why you thought it was okay to keep going that night. What happened, Grace?" His voice was rough, even mocking.

He clearly didn't want any answers. Nothing I said would be good enough. But I still wanted to earn him back. Screw what Lucien and Daiman said. Sebastian was mine, and I couldn't just give him up.

"You changed after being friends with Layla—and by the way, where is your *bestie*? But you also changed after going to that concert I warned you about. You pulled away from me, and what happened ..." His voice cracked, and his eyes shuttered, blocking me from seeing what he felt deep in his soul.

My stomach knotted, and I took a single step back.

Sebastian watched me, waiting for me to say something. When I didn't, he scoffed. "Of course you have nothing to say for yourself. You know what you did, and you don't care."

He turned and walked down the hallway toward his first class. I rushed to catch up to him, then grabbed his arm.

"Don't fucking touch me!" he bellowed and jerked his arm to release my hold.

I backed away, my pulse thundering in my ears. "I'm so sorry," I whispered again. "I can ... I can explain. Just please, give me a chance."

Sebastian shook his head and scowled at me. “I’m done giving you chances, Grace. Ever since you became friends with Layla, you’ve grown distant from me. I’m done with you.”

I rapidly shook my head and reached out for him, stopping when he bared his teeth and jerked back so I couldn’t touch him. “Let me explain, *please*. I’ll tell you everything.”

I couldn’t believe I wanted to risk everything by telling him the truth. I looked around us. Everyone in the hallway watched us as we fought. Swallowing hard, I looked back at Sebastian.

“Then tell me now,” Sebastian demanded.

“I can’t. Not here. Can we go somewhere more private?” I pleaded.

Sebastian rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“*Please*,” I whimpered.

“Meet me at the bleachers on the football field during lunch. I’ll give you five minutes to explain.” He walked past me. “It better be good.”

GRACE

I dreaded going to my next class because it was the one Lucien taught. I was unsure how he landed a job here toward the end of the academic year, but I suspected he'd used magic or, as he called it, glamor. After masturbating while thinking about him, I didn't want to face Lucien. I worried he'd read my thoughts and discover I'd fantasized about him during my orgasm.

My heart stopped beating and then picked up.

What if he can hear my thoughts?

I clenched my teeth and pictured a mental barrier strong enough to prevent others from hearing the words rattling through my mind.

My stomach growled, and pain shot through me. Daiman's warning popped into my head. He said I had two days before my demon came out to feed.

I passed an office on my way to class. A brick wall of sexual energy pushed through the closed door and slammed into me. My knees shook and I missed a step, nearly tumbling forward.

Oh god, it smells so good.

My mouth watered, and I looked at the door. It was Father Thomas's office.

What was he doing in there?

Shaking my head, I stormed away, not wanting to linger and risk barging into the room to feed. I walked into the classroom. Lucien was already leaning against his desk, his

hands hidden in his pockets. Our gazes collided, and I ducked my head, heading straight for my seat in the back.

“Miss Davis, please take a seat in the front,” Lucien drawled.

I stopped in the middle of the aisle between desks. Everyone in the room looked at me, confused about why the priest would want me in the front. More often than not, students were made to sit at the head of the class when they were in trouble.

I turned around. Lucien watched me with an expression that said he wouldn't take no for an answer. Not wanting to argue in the middle of the classroom, I slipped into the only available desk and dropped my study Bible onto the table.

“What'd you do, Grace? Suck another stranger's penis?” Kayla whispered behind me.

Oh, great. Brad told the school what I did during the Halloween party. That meant Sebastian would find out if he didn't already know. My cheeks heated with a blush, and I curled my fingers into my skirt over my lap.

Sierra leaned in from my right and whispered, “Are you going to go down on Father Lucien so you don't go to Father Thomas's office?”

I clenched my jaw and stared straight ahead, not wanting to look at anyone, especially at Lucien, who was watching with a bored expression.

The final bell rang, and the room quieted.

Lucien glanced at everyone but me. “Today's lesson is about lust,” he began.

I drowned him out as he talked about having sexual urges and how human men reworded the Bible (again) and misconstrued God's words about abstinence before marriage. I didn't want to hear what he had to say about God and the Bible. He was wrong. He only said these things because he was a demon and hated God so much that he had to tell lies to pull us away from him. It was all a test.

You're a demon, too.

But I could be better. I could change somehow. Maybe find a way to be human again.

“And that brings me back to yesterday’s discussion about demons. We all know what an incubus is, yes?” Lucien asked, snapping me out of my spiraling thoughts.

No one answered him, and I glanced at my peers. Eric scribbled on a piece of paper, intently listening to Lucien and jotting down notes. Sierra popped a bubble in her gum, her eyes glazed over with lust as she stared at Lucien.

Now that I’d heard her loudly chewing on her gum, that was all I could hear. I ground my teeth together, glaring at Sierra as she popped another bubble, then chomped on the wad in her mouth. Feeling my stare, she turned her head.

She shot me a nasty look and mouthed, “*Stop staring at me, creep.*”

Fury rushed through my veins like electricity begging to be freed. My gums ached, and I did everything possible to stop the oncoming change. I dug my fingers into my skirt, holding onto it like a lifeline that prevented me from slaughtering the whole classroom.

I'm not a killer. I'm not a killer. I'm not a killer.

I stared at my lap, mouthing my thoughts but never voicing them.

“I would hope you all know what an incubus is ...”

Lucien’s voice brought me out of my thoughts, and I focused on him instead of Sierra’s incessant smacking.

“But if you don’t, an incubus is a demon who visits you in your dreams, luring you in with sexual desire and promises of everything you could ever dream of. When you succumb to an incubus and allow him to have sex with you, it creates a bond between you and him. He can and will become territorial over you. He considers you as his and *only* his. The feelings are often reciprocated to a point where you can’t stand other

people. That's one of the drawbacks to having a relationship with an incubus demon."

Someone raised their hand, and Lucien cocked his head.

"Can you become possessed by one?" Mark asked.

Lucien's eyebrow quirked, but he smoothed out his face. "No, but incubus demons visit you in your sleep. While awake, they hide in the shadows, always watching you. A human can feel the strain in their bond with the demon when they're apart. That's why you hear about women acting out of character and even becoming violent with others. They want their lover, who the incubus demon disguised themselves as."

Lucien turned his gaze to me, staring right into my eyes as he continued talking.

"Incubus demons will disguise themselves as someone you already know or as a person you would want in a relationship. That's when they trick you into thinking you're bonding with someone you believe is too good to be true. Once you bond to them, they'll show their true selves."

The bell rang, startling me.

The corner of Lucien's lips curled into a smirk, disappearing as fast as it came. I got up, gathered my belongings, and headed straight to the door.

Please don't say my name. Please don't say my name.

I passed Lucien, holding my breath. His hand shot out and grabbed my wrist, yanking me back toward him.

"A word, Miss Davis," he murmured.

I closed my eyes briefly before turning to him. Lucien looked past me, watching the last student leave the room. I didn't want to be in there with him. Not when I was starving like that.

"What do you want, *Father* Lucien?" I said through clenched teeth.

He narrowed his eyes. "You still haven't fed."

“Oh my god.” I huffed and threw back my head, staring up at the ceiling. “Just drop it.”

“It’s none of your business,” I said as I hugged my Bible to my chest.

“That’s where you’re wrong. If I have to remind you one more time that you’re my business, then you won’t like what I’ll do to make sure you remember.” His lips curled into a wicked smile that was more devilish than good. I shivered and stepped backward. “You have twenty-four hours before I force you to feed.”

Oh, fuck me.

I shuddered and squeezed my thighs together.

“Don’t threaten me,” I said.

He pushed away from the desk and stepped toward me, his hands sliding back into his pockets. “Oh, it’s not a threat. It’s a promise. Maybe you need a taste of your own medicine after nearly killing your *ex-boyfriend* who begged you to stop.”

“Take that back,” I breathed.

He closed the small space between us, towering over me until I had to lean back to keep looking into his eyes.

“No,” he drawled. His eyes filled with male amusement as he watched me squirm in my spot.

Angry tears stung my eyes, and I did everything I could to push the rage and guilt beneath the surface.

He smirked, knowing he’d won. “Ticktock, little sinner.”

I hated that stupid nickname. I wished I’d never gone to that concert.

I turned away from him and left the room, feeling his eyes on the back of my head.

GRACE

I ignored the cold as I walked to the bleachers. I hoped Sebastian had waited for me and hadn't changed his mind.

A flash of black and red caught my eye—the colors of the Sacred Heart Catholic School football jersey jacket. I released a shaky breath, relieved that Sebastian came.

I hurried the rest of the way and approached Sebastian. He had his arms folded over his chest, and he turned toward me when he heard my footsteps.

“Thank you,” I breathed. “Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

Annoyance crept onto his face, and he sighed. “You have five minutes.”

I glanced around to make sure we were alone before turning back to him. “I don't know how to begin,” I said nervously.

He shrugged a shoulder. “Start by telling me why you didn't stop when I begged you to. What the hell happened?”

I nibbled on my bottom lip, mulling over different ways to tell him I wasn't human. If Lucien or Daiman found out I told someone, they could kill me. Again.

At this point, I didn't care. I desperately wanted Sebastian to understand and know I didn't mean to hurt him. “You were right,” I blurted.

He glared at me. “Of course I'm right. But which item are you referring to?”

“Satan's Priest are devil worshippers.”

Shock flared in his beautiful blue-gray eyes.

“We met the band, and as we were leaving for the night, they knocked us out and brought us to some creepy demonic church. They killed us to be brides for Lucifer. I came back to life, but Layla didn’t.”

Sebastian blinked, his soft features slack. I didn’t know what he was thinking, and I was worried he didn’t believe me. So I rambled some more.

“I didn’t come back ... right. I’ve been hungry, and nothing can fill me up. I can’t even eat what I used to enjoy. When we had sex ...”

“Are you kidding me right now, Grace?” Sebastian threw his hands up. “You’re seriously going to come up with some outlandish story about why you raped me?”

I flinched, hating that word. I also hated myself for what I’d done. No. It wasn’t me who’d done that to him. It was the *thing* inside of me.

“It wasn’t me!” I argued.

Sebastian shook his head and shoved past me. I spun around and chased after him.

“Wait!” I yelled.

Sebastian whipped around. “You’re fucking delusional, Grace. The doctors told me I had a seizure, and you didn’t do *anything* to help me! You didn’t stop when I begged you to. You kept going, and I was having a goddamn seizure!”

“I called the—”

“After you were done!” Sebastian snarled, his teeth bared. “Quit making shit up.”

My heart hammered, and blood roared in my ears. I backed away a step, hoping he would lower his voice. “I’m not making this—”

Sebastian uttered a sarcastic laugh. “I’ll bet you and your *bestie* had this all planned out. She goes ‘missing,’ and you come up with some bogus story so you can cover your ass. I’ll

bet you two have been having a good laugh at me. Well, laugh at this.” He gave me the middle finger and stormed off, leaving me standing there as he walked away.

So that was it. He was done with me.

I don't blame him.

I couldn't hate him for it. I'd probably get upset, too, if something like that happened to me.

Dad's red, scowling face popped into my mind. I felt the ghost of his hands on me and his fingers buried inside my core. I swallowed the cry that built in my chest and wanted to break free.

God was punishing me. That had to be it.

Once Sebastian disappeared from my view, I trudged back into the school building. I kept my head down, trying to avoid the stares and whispers I knew were about me. Brad had already told people about what I'd done. Now that Sebastian and I weren't together anymore, I was certain more rumors would spread.

My stomach clenched, and I nearly doubled over. The situation with Sebastian had washed the hunger from my brain, but now it flooded back. I was running out of time.

DAIMAN

The little succubus's moans haunted me, even in my sleep. As much as watching her masturbate pissed me off, it still turned me on. I wanted to be that vibrator she used on herself. I wanted to be the one to make her come. Not some fucking pink toy that looked like a rose. I'd make her orgasm so hard that she'd squirt. Maybe even make her fall in love with me because of how skilled I was.

When I had the chance, I'd remove all her vibrators and burn them. If she was going to orgasm, it would be because of me.

I opened her bedroom door and crept inside her dark room. Earlier that day, Lucien had given me orders to go to her while she slept. If she didn't want to feed while awake, I'd make her do it in her dreams. Grace was curled up in her bed on her side, her sheets tucked beneath her chin. I didn't use a portal this time, fearing it would have woken her. Instead, I used the front door and stayed in the shadows. I loved sneaking up on her and surprising her when she found me watching her.

I closed the door behind me, softly snicking it shut. From her deep, even breaths, I could tell she was fast asleep. She didn't know what I was about to do.

I approached her bedside, dragging a finger up her leg to the top of the comforter. Slowly, I pulled it back, baring her to my eyes. She wore only a T-shirt. A groan welled in my chest, and my semi-erect dick became hard as fuck, aching to bury itself inside her cunt. I brushed a finger over her thick thigh and down her bare ass, watching as goosebumps rose on her flesh. Grace's breath hitched, and I smiled.

“You’re going to behave,” I warned her sleeping form.

With one thought, my body became invisible. I crawled over her, turned her onto her back, and leaned down, nuzzling my nose and mouth from her jaw to her ear. I caught her earlobe between my teeth, nipping the tender flesh and groaning at her whimper. She arched her back, pushing her breasts against my chest as if this was all second nature to her.

Grace craved sex, and I was about to give her what she needed.

“Sleep, little succubus. Let me in,” I whispered.

As I merged my consciousness with hers, I pinned her beneath my body and closed my eyes.

Showtime.

GRACE

“Sebastian!” I yelled, chasing him through his house as he ran away. I couldn’t run that fast. It felt like my feet were stuck in wet concrete.

My chest tightened, and my eyes stung with tears as sobs bubbled past my lips. Desperation had me in a chokehold as I chased Sebastian, who ran like the devil was at his heels.

“Please don’t run from me! I’m so sorry,” I pleaded as I moved one slow leg in front of the other.

Sebastian disappeared up the stairs, his footsteps echoing in the too-quiet home. “Leave me alone, bitch!” he yelled. His words were a knife in my gut.

A ragged cry spilled from me, and I crawled up the stairs, grappling with each step. Gravity changed and I clung to the treads, my legs dangling beneath me. I panted as I clawed my way onto the step, repeating the slow movements until I reached the top of the stairs.

By the time I hauled myself onto the landing, I was a hot mess. Tears streaked down my face, and a scream caught in my throat. My temples throbbed with a headache from the emotional pain. Guilt crushed my lungs.

“It’s not my fault,” I whispered. “It wasn’t me who did it.”

I stood up, walking as slow as molasses, bumping into the long hallway’s wall. My feet racked over random items scattered on the floor.

“Told ya he’s good for nothing.”

My spine straightened, and I spun around to face the familiar voice. Layla stood in the doorway of the guest bathroom, her arms crossed over her chest. She still wore her red cami top and leather skirt. Her makeup was perfect, and her hair tumbled in beach waves past her shoulders.

“Layla!” I cried, stumbling toward her.

She grinned, and her eyes brightened as she looked at me. Joy filled me, and the crushing guilt and sadness evaporated. It felt like everything had been put back into place and what we had gone through never happened. She was alive! Everything was going to be okay.

“Where have you been?” I asked as I moved closer to her.

Her face fell and she doubled over, wrapping her arms around her stomach as she shrieked at the top of her lungs. I stepped back, horrified and unsure of what was happening.

“In here,” Sebastian whispered into my ear.

Goosebumps rose on my arms, and I turned my head, finding the spot next to me empty. His open bedroom door spilled light into the dark hallway.

Layla’s ragged breaths pulled my attention back to her. She raised her head, still bent over. Tears glittered in her eyes, and makeup streaked down her cheeks. My mouth dried as I noticed the upside-down cross carved into the middle of her forehead.

Something burned on my forehead, and I reached up, wincing as I touched the wound. I knew it was the same upside-down cross.

Blood dripped from the corner of her lips, and now her lipstick had smeared like she’d wiped at it with the back of her hand. “Don’t leave me,” she begged.

“Never!” I whisper-yelled while lunging forward. I stumbled and froze mid-step.

A hand caught my wrist and yanked me back. I turned my head but found no one there. The light from Sebastian’s room drew me to it like a moth flying into the flames.

“Don’t leave me,” Layla begged again.

I looked at her, my chin quivering and eyes burning with tears. “I have to apologize to him. He has to forgive me.”

Layla screamed, lunging at me with sharp teeth and all-black eyes. A scream caught in my throat, and gravity worked for me this time. I ran down the hall and into Sebastian’s bedroom.

“Sebastian?” I called, my chest tight with emotion.

“I’m here,” he said behind me.

I spun around, clutching at my chest and breathing hard. He closed the door, silencing my dead best friend’s shrieks. He wore a tight-fitting black shirt, his shaggy hair tousled like he’d just styled it. The desk lamp’s reflection gleamed in his blue-gray eyes, making them look like an overcast sky with the sun peeking through.

“She’s not real,” Sebastian soothed as he closed the short distance between us and grabbed my waist with both hands. “But I am.”

I stared up at his face, words on the tip of my tongue, but I couldn’t talk. There were a million things I wanted to tell him, but the only thing I could get out was, “I’m so sorry.”

He gave me a boyish grin, and I smiled back at him, hoping everything would be okay between us.

“I know it wasn’t your fault. You couldn’t help yourself,” he whispered. He tucked a strand of blonde hair behind my ear as he gazed down at me with love shining in his eyes.

I frantically nodded and gripped his biceps, hoping it would keep him here with me. “I really couldn’t. Something took control and—”

He silenced me with a kiss, his tongue pushing into my mouth and tangling with mine. A surge of lust exploded through me, and my stomach knotted as hunger twisted in my guts. Sebastian walked me backward, then eased me onto his soft, unmade bed. Our clothes disappeared, and I didn’t question how that happened. He moved over me, kissing down

my throat and chest, swirling his tongue around my belly button.

I gasped, arching my back and widening my legs in invitation. He kissed down my stomach, licking some of my stretch marks and palming my rolls. He lay on his stomach, caught my pulsing clit between his teeth, and sucked it into his mouth. My hips jumped off the bed, and I cried out from the pleasure of having his mouth on me. Sebastian licked up my folds, circling the end of his tongue on my clit before he repeated the process. I fisted his hair and yanked at it to make him look up at me.

“Sebastian,” I whimpered. “I need you. Please.”

“I’ll give you what you want,” he promised against my mound. His tongue swiped up from bottom to top, gathering my arousal and swallowing it. “Mmm. You taste so good, bunny.”

I nodded, not sure why I did, but I was brainless at the moment because of how good he made me feel. He gripped the back of my knees and held them in the air as he focused on making me orgasm. I arched my neck, mewling and panting as I grew closer until I tumbled over the edge, screaming his name. I yanked at his hair, unable to stop myself, and he grunted but never objected to how rough I got. He sank two fingers inside me, pumping them in and out while he continued to tongue-fuck me.

“Oh god,” I cried, bucking my hips against his face.

“It’s not God who you should be calling out to, bunny.” Sebastian nipped my clit as a punishment. I yelled, grinding against his face and melting into the mattress as he soothed the pain with his tongue.

“Right there. Ohhh, yes,” I moaned, shaking from my orgasm.

His fingers squelched inside me, but I wasn’t embarrassed.

After I floated down from the high, Sebastian leaned over me, my hips cradling him as he thrust into me.

“Oh, fuck,” I groaned.

He was bigger. Much, much bigger than what I remembered.

He buried his head into my neck as he pistoned harder each time he pushed into me. I dug my fingers into his back, rocking with him as he made love to me. But after a few minutes of this gentle lovemaking, I grew impatient. I didn't want soft and sweet.

"Fuck me," I begged in a breathless whisper.

"I am, bunny," he groaned into my neck, his hips smacking against mine as he pumped into my wet channel.

"No, not like this." I yanked his head back with my fist in his hair.

He groaned, then his dick jerked inside me and he quickened his thrusts.

"I want you to be rough. Please."

I had expected him to object or say he didn't want to hurt me. Instead, he snarled and flipped me onto my stomach, then raised my ass into the air and slammed inside me. I howled and held onto the sheets as he pummeled me with rough strokes.

Sebastian wasn't overly large. He was about average, maybe a little below. But right now? His dick stretched me further than imaginable, reaching places he'd never reached before.

"Fuck!" I screamed.

His palm cracked against my jiggling ass. "Is this what you want?"

His voice changed. It was deeper, huskier, and sounded nothing like him.

I turned to peek at him over my shoulder, but he stopped me by smashing my face into the mattress, his palm pressed against my cheek. With his other hand, he slapped my ass harder. I screamed, clenching on him as he brutally drove his cock into me.

“Don’t look at me while I fuck you like a whore. Isn’t this what you wanted?” he snarled. Our flesh clapped, and each thrust pushed me forward until my head hit the headboard.

“Yes!” I shrieked and arched my back, pushing my ass further out to take him deeper.

He grunted and ground my face into the mattress, not allowing me to move. I could only lie there with my ass in the air and take everything he gave me.

Sebastian slapped my ass a few more times, fisted my hair at the back of my head, and yanked me back until I was on my hands and knees. I screamed, clenching on him again and panting from how turned on I was. Arousal dripped out of me and slid down the insides of my thighs.

Our shadows moved on the wall and headboard, and his seemed larger and somehow taller. At the top of his head, horns jutted up and curled back. They looked like ram horns.

My mouth went dry.

“Sebastian,” I whimpered.

He chuckled, slapped my ass, and pushed deeper inside of me as punishment.

“Whose pussy is this, bunny?” he asked mockingly, no longer sounding like himself.

“Y-yours,” I breathed and squeezed my eyes shut as he pushed deeper, the girth of his dick swelling to stretch me further than any human could handle without ripping. “Oh, god!”

He slammed into me, the force ramming me forward and onto my face. “Not God.”

My eyes flew open, and I screamed as some force took control of my body, forcing me to orgasm. I came so fucking hard that I saw double. Glitter danced in the air. My legs shook, and I went limp. Sebastian—or whatever horned thing kneeled behind me—held me in place while he continued to fuck me like he hated me. It was everything I ever dreamed of wanting.

He grunted behind me, his dick throbbing. Warmth flooded into me. His deep groans of pleasure were a choir of angels singing only to me. I shivered and gripped the pillow beside my head, imagining it was his back that I clawed at.

The most potent energy I'd ever tasted filled me. An unidentifiable spice coated my tongue, ending with a hint of sweetness.

He jerked his hips forward to push his still-hard dick into me, spilling himself again. A thread joined us together, and I yanked at it, wanting more of him in me. My stomach no longer hurt as I fed from his essence and orgasms. More cum filled me; some spilled out and joined my slick on my thighs and the sheets.

I rocked back into him, forcing him to keep fucking me. He hissed as he came again. The pull I felt before forced me to orgasm again, keeping me in a constant state of bliss. It went on like this a few more times until I was full to the brim and couldn't take any more. He stopped moving, and we both panted. Sweat beaded on my forehead and upper lip, sending a tingle across the sensitive skin.

I whimpered as he pulled out of me. Our combined cum leaked from me and dripped from my mound to the bottom of my stomach. I couldn't find the energy to lower myself onto the bed, so I kept my ass in the air.

“Goddamn, succubus,” he groaned behind me.

I whimpered as he scooped up the cum that dripped out of me and shoved it back inside my abused pussy. He continued this motion until every drop was back where it belonged. My breath caught as my clit throbbed. My body hadn't realized I was too full and exhausted to keep going.

I closed my eyes, sleep pulling at my mind.

“Who are y—”

LUCIEN

Father Thomas was getting his dick wet again and forgot he needed to be at the confession booth. That was fine by me. I wanted to plant the seed of doubt in these young, impressionable minds. So far, I'd dragged a few little lambs away from God. I saw it in their eyes as I talked about the contradiction that was God and his *holy* Bible. The look of terror nearly made my cock hard.

Most humans feared the afterlife because they didn't know what waited for them on the other side. Would they be in eternal darkness? Or possibly sent to Hell to burn for eternity for not having a stronger faith in a selfish god?

This was why I played my part as an unholy priest for Lucifer. I wanted us to win the war against God and his pathetic angels. Even with my band and music, I spread the message about Lucifer.

That reminded me I had a show coming up this weekend. That meant neither Daiman nor I could watch over Grace. I'd have to plant cameras in her home or bring her with us. I didn't want the latter because I couldn't stand her or the fact I got hard from simply looking at her.

She's just a kid.

Entering the chapel, I ignored the looks from all the students, who turned their heads as soon as they heard the door open. I searched through the crowd, looking for one in particular but not finding her. Glaring at some random kid, I crossed the room and entered the confession booth, settling down on the seat. While I adjusted the white Roman collar at

the base of my throat, the other booth's door opened, then gently closed.

I turned my head, peering through the net screen. It was supposed to keep them anonymous so they wouldn't get in trouble for confessing, but I could still make out her face. I firmly believed the school did that on purpose.

"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," the girl on the other side said softly.

"Confess, child."

For what felt like hours, I sat there in the booth, listening to pathetic stories about how these believers sinned. Whether they'd thought about sex, cheated on a test, looked at someone with lust, lied, gotten angry at their parents, masturbated, or even had premarital sex, they'd been brainwashed to believe it was a sin. They didn't realize it was all second nature for humans to give in to their bodies' wants and needs.

One child cried and begged to be saved from Hell because she bought some clothes from the thrift store and worried that evil witches had cursed them. Who the fuck told this kid that buying used clothes would send them straight to Hell? Let alone that some pagans would waste their breath to curse clothes?

"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," Grace whispered from the other side.

I turned my head, watching her through the screen. She looked healthier. Her cheekbones weren't sunken in, and those dark circles had disappeared from under her eyes.

"Confess, child." I disguised my voice as Father Thomas's. She'd get up and walk away if she knew it was me, and I wanted to hear her confess everything.

"I had . . ." She swallowed hard. "I had a dream last night about having sex."

A smile spread across my face.

Good. I was glad she'd finally fucking fed. That meant Daiman did his job and would continue to do his job.

Blood rushed to my groin, hardening my cock as I imagined them together. Daiman was rough in the bedroom, just like I was, so I wondered if he choked her while he forced her to submit to him and feed.

“Dreams are dreams, child. We cannot control them. I’m sure the Lord knows this and wouldn’t hold it against you,” I drawled.

She stayed silent, shifting in her seat, and leaned closer to the netted screen. Her hand touched it and rested against it as if she longed to touch me.

Rage filled my veins, and I fisted my hands on my lap while I imagined them wrapped around Father Thomas’s neck, wringing the life out of him. I was using his voice, so that meant she wanted to touch *him*.

Over my dead fucking body.

No other man was allowed to touch the girl.

“At the end of my dream, he wasn’t who I thought he was. He ...” She paused. “He had horns. I saw them from his shadow because he was ... he was behind me while we had sex,” she whispered. “Am I terrible for liking that he wasn’t ... human?”

I clenched my jaw and stared directly at her. She couldn’t see me because of the shadows in my little box, but our eyes met and I held my breath, waiting for her to realize it was me she was confessing to. “No,” I answered gruffly. “It was but a dream, child.”

She leaned back in her seat, bowing her head. Her blonde hair hung like a curtain around her face. She whispered under her breath. I strained to hear what she said but couldn’t make out any words.

“Am I forgiven?” she asked with a tremor in her voice.

“Yes.”

Did God forgive her? Probably not. But then again, the jackass was too busy to pay attention to every living creature. She was but a tiny blip on his radar.

Did I forgive her? I wasn't sure, and that irritated me. I'd wanted her to fuck Daiman and feed so she wouldn't cause a mess I'd have to clean up, but I didn't expect to feel the jealous rage I felt right now. Daiman was my brother. We'd shared countless succubi and human women. Maybe what pissed me off was that Daiman got to her first. That he overcame his aversion to her age.

Grace was off limits. I hated her, and she hated me. It was best that it stayed that way.

She opened the wooden door to her little cubicle and stepped out. Light flooded into the boxes, and I stared at her juicy ass as she left. An intense urge to punch my hand through the net and yank her back inside so I could ravage her filled me until I trembled with pent-up sexual aggression.

I wanted to rip off her skirt and make her ride me until I removed the memory of every person who had her until me.

Closing my eyes, I willed my hardening dick to calm the fuck down. I didn't want her. She didn't want me. That was that.

If I say that enough, then I'll eventually believe it.

Grace would continue to feed from Daiman, whether she liked it or not. She also needed to learn how to control herself around others, and I sure as hell didn't want to teach her. I was too busy searching for a new sacrifice and finding out who the fuck told me to sacrifice her in the first place.

"Fuck," I whispered and leaned my head against the wall with a soft *thunk*.

GRACE

The week passed in a blur. I was struggling to cope with the breakup while also trying to shake off the sex dream I'd had. A question plagued my mind, and I didn't have an answer.

Who was the person in my dream? It wasn't Sebastian, because he didn't have horns.

Maybe it was just my mind trying to process the trauma. As Father Thomas had said, dreams were dreams, and I couldn't control them.

Guilt still weighed on me. Sebastian ran from me but then said he forgave me. The moment he told me it wasn't my fault, with love in his eyes, I felt a moment of peace. My heart cracked when I thought about Layla in my dream. One second she was fine, and the next she was a bloody, shrieking mess.

I had failed her. I'd left her behind and never brought her body home with me so she could have a proper burial. And I'd eaten a piece of her.

I pulled the blankets over my head and curled into my bed, hiding from my family. It was the weekend, and I was still bleeding. Turned out I got my period when Dad touched me. He didn't seem to notice the difference between virgin and period blood.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to ignore the shaking. It felt like someone was at the end of my bed, bouncing their hands on the mattress to annoy me. It always happened when I was upset or triggered so severely that I hallucinated. It sure as hell wasn't ghosts. I couldn't go down that path again.

“You’ve been in your bed all weekend, succubus. I’m sure you’re hungry right now.”

I tensed, threw back my sheet, and looked at Daiman. He stood at the end of my bed with a scowl, but his hands weren’t on the shaking mattress.

“Leave me alone,” I whispered.

Daiman crossed his arms over his chest, his eyes narrowing even more. “What’s wrong with you?”

I sighed, plopped my head onto my pillow, and closed my eyes. “I’m just tired,” I half lied.

“Bullshit,” he scoffed.

His heavy footsteps came around the bed and stopped by my side. He stayed silent, and my face tingled from his lingering gaze. I opened my eyes and looked into his face. His dark eyebrows lowered more. His crimson eyes captivated me; they looked like rubies.

“Someone hurt you?” he grunted.

I shook my head and lowered my gaze down his body, then closed my eyes as my stomach took that opportunity to growl. “No.”

The bed wouldn’t stop shaking. I kicked my feet from beneath my covers, hoping it would stop the sensation.

Fingers curled under my chin, lifting my face and forcing me to look at Daiman as he scowled at me. I wish he wouldn’t. “You mad at me?” he murmured, surprising me with his question.

I never thought there’d be a day when a tattooed demon who could kill with just his looks would worry about me. He was a demon. What was there to worry about when I was no one to him?

A soft laugh bubbled in my chest, and I jerked my chin out of his hold. He gripped me harder and kept me in place, forcing me to continue looking at him.

I heaved a long sigh. “No, I’m not mad at you.”

His fingers curled tighter on my chin, almost painfully so. “Then tell me what’s wrong.”

“Why do you care?”

He stared at me, eyes narrowed and lips curled down in displeasure.

“Exactly. You don’t. So leave me alone.” I yanked my chin out of his hold and turned onto my other side, giving him my back. I covered my face with the comforter so he wouldn’t see my frustration.

“Oh, no you don’t, little succubus,” he growled and yanked back the sheets. The mattress dipped under his weight as he lay beside me and big-spooned me. That lasted all of two seconds before he grabbed my shoulder and spun me around to face him.

“Hey!” I whined.

He got up on his elbow, lying on his side and resting his hand against his cheek. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

“This is so weird,” I grumbled. My cheeks flamed hot with a blush, and I glanced past his head, unable to hold his stare. He waited for me to say something, and I sighed again as I looked at his face. “I can’t take my medicine anymore. Since I came back to life, I haven’t been able to hold down anything. I need my meds.”

His eyes narrowed until they were tiny slits with a pop of crimson. “What do you need medicine for? You’re a succubus.”

“I have schizoaffective disorder. Turns out I still have it, even after being changed into a demon,” I spat.

“And you’re having symptoms?”

This big, bad demon—who was growing on me—acted like I’d just told him the weather. Not many people were very educated on schizoaffective disorder—schizophrenia coupled with a mood disorder—and those who were reacted pretty terribly. I’d been accused of being possessed by demons and told I needed an exorcism. Someone from the church said it

was a matter of time before I snapped and killed people in a schizophrenic episode.

“Yeah,” I whispered, my annoyance deflated. I turned onto my back to stare at the ceiling.

As a typical man who wanted my attention on him, he leaned over me and placed his hand beside me on the mattress. He forced me to look up at him, refusing to allow me to shut down on him. Instead of glaring, his features softened and his eyes held kindness for once as he gazed at me. A pleasant aroma came from him. He smelled like bergamot mixed with a different spice I couldn't put my finger on, but I'd smelled it before ...

“I have some connections. Maybe someone can fix it,” he said, dragging me out of my thoughts.

“I don't want to be fixed.” I pushed at his chest to get him away from me. He didn't budge. “I want to take my meds and not feel like this fucking bed is shaking.”

He turned his gaze to the mattress as if he might see what I felt. When he couldn't, he brought his eyes back to my face.

“When did you last take your medicine?” he asked.

“The night after I came back to life.” I tried to keep calm and not get mad at him for asking a million questions. I'd never had someone question me like this, wanting to understand. Well ... my family was nosy, but this was different.

“What happened between that time? Did you feed?” he asked.

I groaned and threw back my head, closing my eyes. “You and Lucien about the fucking feeding. I swear to God.”

“If you're going to swear to anyone, it'll be me, succubus,” Daiman growled.

I opened my eyes and huffed. “I have a name, and it's not *succubus*.”

“What happened between the time you came back to life and when you took your meds? Details, *Grace*.”

Goosebumps rose on my arms, and my nipples pebbled. All because I loved hearing how my name rolled off his tongue as if he was savoring it like fine wine.

Jesus, I was messed up. He was a demon, and I was a ...

“Grace,” Daiman growled, snapping me out of my wandering thoughts again.

“I woke up at that demonic church where Lucien killed me. I ate my best friend’s arm and half of her heart.”

Daiman’s eyes darkened, and his nostrils flared. I didn’t know if he was angry with me or turned on. Maybe both. A sweet and musky scent came from him, reminding me of how Sebastian smelled while I fucked him and made him come. The same aroma Alex had while I went down on him.

It had to have been their arousal.

“I came back here, threw up everything, and was so hungry, but nothing stayed in my stomach. Food didn’t sound good, and I felt sick just thinking about it. Then I took my medicines before crawling into bed because I had symptoms, but I threw that up, too.”

“So you were starving when you took it,” he said. I thought it was meant as a question, but we both knew the answer.

“Yep,” I said, popping the p.

“Have you tried when you aren’t hungry?”

I opened my mouth, paused, then closed it.

No. I hadn’t tried when I was full, which wasn’t often. After I had sex with Sebastian, I didn’t take my meds because I assumed they would just come up again. And I didn’t after I sucked some stranger’s dick or when I had that dream the other night.

Wait.

I narrowed my eyes. “You didn’t happen to visit me in my dreams, did you?”

A slow smile crept onto his face, stealing the air from my lungs because of how sinister but beautiful it made him.

I huffed and shoved at his shoulders, attempting to push him away, but he didn't move. He was like a gigantic boulder, and I was an ant.

Daiman moved over me and used his knees to push my legs apart so he could settle between my thighs. I sucked in a breath, my heartbeat racing and pounding against my chest. I pushed his chest, pathetically trying again to get him off me, but he stayed put.

“Get off!” I snarled, shoving and hitting his shoulders and chest.

He chuckled and placed one hand on the pillow beside my head. With the other, he grabbed my thigh and hooked it over his waist so he could grind against my now-throbbing core. His erection rubbed against me from behind his jeans.

“Ohhh, fuck,” I moaned and tipped back my head. My legs moved like they had a mind of their own, widening until my knees pressed against the mattress. My stomach growled, and I whimpered as I moved without thinking, rocking my hips against his.

He snarled, thrusting against me, the force so strong my head knocked against my headboard. I didn't care. I was too lost in lust and hunger as he dry-humped me.

“You need to feed,” he whispered into my ear. “Let me help you.”

My cheeks warmed with a blush. I arched my neck and wound my arms beneath his armpits, curling them so I was holding onto his shoulders. He thrust against me, the force making my head bump against the headboard again.

“Daiman,” I mewled, my mind hazy with lust and need.

DAIMAN

My cock ached to bury itself inside Grace's wet heat. This time I wanted us to be in our physical forms while I fucked her. I wanted the little succubus to know *I* made her scream, not her pathetic boyfriend.

I knew she wanted it too, but she fought me. She was in denial about being a succubus, still wanting to cling to her humanity, but something else stopped her from feeding, and I wanted to get to the bottom of it.

I nipped the sensitive skin beneath her ear, soothing the sting with my tongue. Grace tasted sweet, like a berry, and musky from her desire. Its potent lust was like inhaling a line of cocaine.

"My offer still stands, Grace," I murmured into her silky skin. I kissed a spot and smiled when she whimpered, then I trailed kisses over her throat.

She slipped a hand up the back of my neck and threaded her fingers through my hair. I bared my teeth and rocked harder against her as she pulled at the strands until pain bit at my sensitive scalp. My temples ached with tension, wanting to release the glamor that hid my horns. I wanted the girl to grab them while I went down on her. They were one of the most sensitive spots on my body.

"This isn't like me," she whispered.

I leaned back so I could look into her face. I stopped moving against her as I saw her eyes were full of unshed tears. Grace's face crumpled with pain that had to have been inside her head. She was fighting something but wouldn't tell me.

Trying to understand her was like trying to grab water that slipped between your fingers. It was impossible. But it was a good thing I wasn't a human. If she wanted to be water, I'd be the glass that contained her and held her together.

"You're still yourself, even if you're a succubus. You just can't eat human food while hungry," I murmured.

She frowned, and her chin quivered as she stopped herself from crying. "You suck at comforting," she whimpered.

I smiled. It was genuine this time, and it wrinkled the corners of my eyes. Grace sucked in a breath, her eyes rounding as she gazed at me with innocence. It was a cruel reminder that she was barely an adult and had an impressionable mind.

"You're right. I'm not good at comforting. But I'm good at making people forget their worries for a while."

Her eyes shifted between mine, looking for an answer to an unspoken question. She folded and released a shaky breath. My cock jerked, and I gritted my teeth together to hold myself back from tearing off her clothes and taking her how I wanted.

"We can sixty-nine," she breathed.

I grinned and didn't waste time as I stripped her, ignoring her soft protests. I got to my knees, peeled off my shirt, and undid my pants so I could pull out my aching cock. It was already hard and ready for her to wrap her sinful lips around. Pre-cum leaked at the tip, and Grace's eyes dipped down my body, stopping at my jutting erection.

Her chest rose and fell quicker as she studied my groin. Her pupils had blown until only a sliver of green surrounded them.

"Holy fucking shit," she whispered. Sitting up, she scooted back, and I whipped out my hand, fisting the hair at the back of her head. She yelped and wrapped her hands around my wrist and arm. "Daiman ... I-I don't know if I can fit you in my mouth. Are you really pierced?"

I grinned at her disbelief as she stared at my dick like it was God himself. I wrapped my hand around my length and

stroked it, giving her a show. “It’ll fit, little succubus.”

“I don’t know about that.” She forced her gaze to my face, her eyes still wide. “You’re the size of a tree trunk, for God’s sake!”

I rolled my eyes and flipped us over, ignoring her yells. My back pressed onto the mattress, and her ass hovered over my face.

I slapped her ass cheek. “Sit down.”

She yelped and placed her small hands on my thighs, holding herself steady. Grace turned her head, peeking at me around her shoulder.

“I-I don’t know about that,” she said.

My smile fell, and I frowned. “Why?”

She bit her bottom lip and looked away. I smacked her ass again, earning a yell that morphed into a moan as I ran my fingers between her folds, teasing her. She was as hot as the fires in Hell and so fucking wet.

“I’m not small. I’ll suffocate you,” she finally answered in a whisper.

“I’m well aware of what I’m signing up for. Either you sit on my face, or I’ll make you.”

She swallowed so hard I heard it. I watched her, waiting to see what she’d do, but when I looked up at her weeping cunt, I lost all patience. I grabbed her hips and slammed her down on my mouth, groaning as I tasted her cream on my tongue.

“Oh!” Grace cried. Her fingers dug into my thighs, pinching the skin and making me harder from the pain.

I swiped my tongue between her folds. Grace yelled, trying to jerk herself from my hold. I tightened my fingers on her hips, holding her in place as I ate her out like she was the first meal I’d had in ages. No other pussy would satisfy me now. All I wanted to consume for the rest of eternity was Grace and her delicious cunt.

I groaned into her mound as she lowered her head and wrapped those sinful lips around my cock. I widened my legs, thrusting my hips upward to force more of myself into her mouth. She made a choking sound. Only the tip was in, and I could feel the strain in her mouth as she widened her jaws to make more room for me.

“That’s a good girl,” I purred as she lowered her head, tongue flattened against the top of my shaft.

Her pussy clenched. I smiled and spread her ass cheeks apart before swiping my tongue to her asshole. Grace jerked her hips. A muffled gasp escaped her and vibrated against my dick.

Fuck me. She wasn’t even trying yet, and she was about to make me come.

I groaned as I swirled my tongue around her tight hole, probing the tip inside the ring. A surge of power and lust exploded out of her. My girl liked ass-play. I lowered my mouth, catching her clit between my lips, and sucked.

Grace took the rest of me into her mouth and throat. My hips bucked and my eyes rolled into the back of my head.

Holy shit!

I held back from coming so quickly. I didn’t want the girl to think I was a one-pump chump.

Holding her ass cheek with one hand, I dipped a finger inside her spasming pussy, thrusting it in and out of her. Grace gagged around my cock, and her walls clamped on my finger as she orgasmed. I withdrew the finger and probed her asshole, slowly inching it inside of her and stretching her.

“I’m going to fuck this soon, little succubus,” I warned, smirking as she tensed. I dragged my finger out until only the tip was inside her, then I added a second finger as I thrust them back into her.

Grace tried to put up a fight, and I silenced it as I jerked my hips upward, fucking her face. She didn’t play fair as she cupped my heavy balls and gently squeezed them. Power skated against my skin, and the smart girl found the thread of

our bond and yanked. My dick swelled and throbbed, then hot cum filled her needy mouth. She swallowed every drop I gave her. She used her succubus powers to keep me hard and coming down her throat.

I wasn't a cheat. I wouldn't use my powers on her to make her come. Instead, I tongued her clit, nibbling and sucking on it and smiling to myself as she came. I fucked her tight ass faster with my fingers, listening to her garbled sounds as she orgasmed.

Something about hearing a woman choking on my dick made me feel like the most powerful demon to ever walk this earth. What made it better was that it was Grace. The girl never stood a chance once I'd laid my eyes upon her at the concert. I still thanked whatever power brought us together and made Lucifer deny her as his bride. Even if she had been used by the Prince of Hell, I would have swooped her up and taken her as mine after Lucifer was done with her.

We came again, never stopping, and my energy levels lowered as she sucked them from my cock. The pain from being too full dwindled down until it was gone.

Like the good girl she was, Grace swallowed every drop of my cum before she popped my throbbing erection out of her mouth. She gasped for air, and I continued to lap at her pussy, cleaning up every drop of her arousal.

I swiped my tongue through her sopping wet pussy one last time and effortlessly raised her in the air to turn her around so she sat on my chest. I dropped my noodle arms beside me, panting as I recovered from the best oral sex I'd ever had.

Grace gazed down at me, eyes hooded and face flushed.

"Full?" I rasped.

She licked her lips, tasting me again and making my dick jerk. "Mmhmm."

I dropped my head back and closed my eyes. My cock still ached to bury itself inside her, but I wasn't about to force her to let me fuck her. I wanted her to come to me and beg.

"Try to take your meds now," I murmured.

She tensed over me, sucking in a breath. “What?”

I cracked open an eye. “Take your medicines, Grace.”

She stared at me, perplexed, but did as I said. I groaned as she got off me, squirming her way off the bed and going to the vanity where her medicine bottles lay. Grace peeked at me over her shoulder, hesitating to take the pills.

I pushed myself onto my elbows, not bothering to pull up my pants and put my shirt on. Despite not wanting to force her to let me fuck her, I still had my ways of tempting. I didn’t miss how she glanced at my hard cock bobbing with my movements.

“Go on,” I grunted.

Grace sighed and popped the caps off the bottles, then took out the needed amount of her medicine. She dropped the pills into her mouth, washing them down with a glass of water she had on the table.

“Okay,” she said nervously. “Now we wait.”

“How long did it take before you vomited the first time?”

She bit her bottom lip. “Not even five minutes.”

“Then we’ll wait for five minutes.”

She covered her breasts with her hands as she awkwardly stood at the corner of the bed, suddenly shy.

I frowned and gestured for her. “Come here.”

“What? Why?” She backed away a step.

I narrowed my eyes into tiny slits. “Come here, Grace.”

She sighed, closed the small space between us, and stood beside me. I yanked her over me, making her sit on my pelvis. My hard cock nestled between her pussy lips. The tip leaked pre-cum. I could easily slip inside of her and guide her to ride me, but I held back from doing so. Her hands rested on my lower stomach to steady herself. I squeezed her waist, holding her still and fighting back the urge to rail the shit out of her.

“How many men have you been with?” It didn’t matter to me, but from her nervousness and need to cover herself, I didn’t think it was a lot.

“Why does it matter?”

“It doesn’t. But you’re hiding yourself from me.”

Her fingers dug into my skin, and I groaned as my dick twitched. I licked my lips, watching as her gaze dropped to my mouth. I could see the hunger in her hooded eyes. She wanted me, and I wanted her. What the fuck was holding her back from giving in to her desires?

“Just the tip, angel,” I murmured.

Her eyes widened, and she brought her gaze back to me. “I’m not an angel.”

“That’s what you’re going to argue about? You want me to fuck you, don’t you?” I couldn’t hold back the smirk that spread across my face.

She rolled her eyes and moved to get off me, but I kept her in place, grinding her pussy against my erection. Her eyelashes fluttered, her hands shooting to my forearms and holding onto me for dear life.

“Stop,” she breathed.

That one word made me pause and release her waist. I didn’t give a shit about consent, but everything was different when it came to her. Like I said, I wanted her to beg me to fuck her.

I sat up and bent my knees to rest against her backside. Our noses were inches apart, and her warm breath fanned against my lips. A heady musk saturated her breath, and I didn’t give a shit. She watched me with hesitation in her green eyes.

“You can’t survive on blow jobs, angel.” She sucked in a breath from my use of that nickname. Good. It was a better pet name than succubus.

She raised her chin, trying to look tougher than she felt. I wanted to know what she was running from so I could beat the

fuck out of it and fix her. She needed to accept what she was because the longer she ran, the sooner her demons would catch up to her. And Lucien and I weren't the only demons on her heels.

"I don't think I'm going to vomit. My stomach doesn't hurt like it did the last time," she said, changing the subject.

I took a deep breath and nodded. "Good. That means you'll need to be full or close to full to take your meds. Which means you need to feed every day."

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed. "Oh," she whispered.

"Yes. *Oh.*" I grabbed her waist and placed her beside me on the bed before I got off the mattress and tucked my cock into my pants. "You now have to figure out what you want most." I pulled on my shirt and found her watching me with heat as I fixed the hem. "Do you want to take your medicine and avoid schizophrenia symptoms? Or do you want to starve yourself and deal with hallucinations and whatever else you experience, along with your demon coming out to feed?"

She silently watched me, the lust in her gaze replaced by fear.

"When you make a decision, summon me," I said before I walked to her bedroom door. I stopped and turned to face her again as I remembered something. "Also, I'm having someone pick you up later this evening. Dress in something ..." I looked her over, lingering on her breasts and round stomach. Fuck me. She was sexy, sitting naked on her bed, flushed from being thoroughly used. "Dress in something sexy. It doesn't matter if it's a dress or a halter top and skirt."

She furrowed her eyebrows, suddenly embarrassed by her nudity because she covered her chest with her arms. "Why?"

"You'll see." I smiled. "A car will be waiting for you at eight."

I turned around and grabbed the door handle.

"Wait!" Grace called.

I turned my head, peeking at her with an eyebrow raised.

“You won’t go to someone else to take care of your ... problem?” Her attention dropped to my groin before returning to my eyes.

“And if I do?” I purred, fully turning and facing her. “What would you do, angel?”

Her cheeks flushed, and I could see her pulse throbbing in her neck. “I won’t care,” she blurted.

I grinned. “You’re such a liar.”

I turned away and gripped the door handle.

“Ugh. Okay, I’ll never forgive you!” Grace yelled.

Chuckling, I opened a portal. “Good thing I don’t need forgiveness.”

The back of my head tingled from Grace watching me as I left.

GRACE

After sneaking out and slipping inside the car that waited for me, I was brought to a club the next city over. As soon as I joined the line to get inside, the security at the door called for me. He opened the door, and I wandered inside, flinching at the loud music.

I shouldn't have been there. I didn't know *why* I needed to be there.

Music poured from the stage where a live band played. A crowd gathered near it, singing and dancing along. *Why would Daiman want me here?*

A man walked past me and bumped into my arm, knocking me back a few steps. Rubbing the spot where he'd touched me, I glared at him over my shoulder. I hated rude people.

I scanned the crowd for a familiar face but didn't spot Daiman. I made my way through the crowd, trying to find a place to stand. I wanted to turn around and leave, but I was sure my ride had left. I didn't have a phone or Daiman's number, so I couldn't call him and ask where he was.

The band on the stage ended their song and thanked everyone for an awesome night. They walked behind the wall on the left, going to the backstage area.

"Take Me To Church" by Hozier played over the speakers.

I didn't know what Dad would do if he found me there. He'd surprised me with what he'd done to find out for himself if I was a virgin. I felt filthy and couldn't stop the lump forming in my throat. I couldn't think about it anymore, so I

pushed it down and thought about other things to distract myself.

Five minutes passed, and the crowd roared. I blinked, realizing I had spaced out, and looked at the stage. My breath caught in my chest as I watched Satan's Priest come out and go to their instruments. My gaze immediately went to the lead singer, who had painted his skin black with white-gray bones on his exposed chest. He wore the same creepy mask that showed only his mouth.

I trembled with excitement and fear.

Those men sacrificed me to Lucifer and made me what I was today.

They began playing, and I wanted to scream because it was one of my favorite songs. Everyone in the building sang along, and I had to hold myself back from joining them.

Layla popped into my head. I could barely remember what her smile looked like. What her voice sounded like. It hurt that her memory was fading from my mind. It felt like my brain was moving on, but my soul wasn't.

Angry tears formed in my eyes, and I crossed my arms over my chest. I tried to hold back the cry that bubbled in my chest. Did Daiman want me there to watch them play and remember what they'd done to Layla and me?

As the lead singer sang, he searched the crowd while the guitarist craned his neck to look through the sea of people. Dropping my arms to my sides, I stormed toward the front doors. They opened for me, and I stepped outside into the night. I didn't stop walking, even though the chilly wind made me want to retreat inside. I didn't need reminders of what Satan's Priest had done to me.

I walked for what seemed like forever. Trees towered over me on both sides. The street was completely black, and I depended on the moon's light to find my way. The demon in me kept me warm like the last time I walked in the cold. I wanted to cuss it out and scream for it to leave me so I could return to normal.

“I’m staying,” she whispered.

A thread of energy that I hadn’t noticed until now gently tensed. It seemed like someone was on the other side, testing its stability by giving it a tug.

My heart hammered, and I quickened my steps. Whatever that thread was, it wasn’t good.

A car’s headlights came from behind me, and I turned to watch it as it rolled up the street. It slowed down until it was next to me. The passenger window rolled down, and a man leaned sideways from behind the steering wheel. He had a thick mustache, but the patchy stubble on his cheeks needed to be shaved.

“You need a ride?” he asked while smacking on his gum.

I shook my head. “No.”

I’d have preferred to shoot myself in the foot than be in the car with him while he chewed like that.

“A pretty girl like you shouldn’t be out walking this late at night. Besides”—his gaze crawled down my body—“you’re not dressed for the cold.”

I wore a black crop top and a pair of black leggings that clung to me like a second skin. I’d chosen my Converse to finish off the outfit since nothing else matched. Daiman had told me to wear something sexy; this was the best I could do with what I had. My religious parents didn’t want me to dress like a “whore,” so they never got me anything that appeared remotely promiscuous. I had to beg my mom for this shirt until she finally caved.

I shrugged a shoulder. “I’m fine. Thanks.”

He let go of the gas and followed me as I walked again.

“I can’t leave you here with a clear conscience. Where do you live? I can take you there.”

I sighed and stopped to face him again. “I’m fine.”

I wanted to curse him out and tell him to get lost, but most men couldn’t handle rejection, and it always ended up with the

woman getting killed in a fit of rage. Though I didn't think he could kill me since I wasn't human.

He put the car in park and got out. He came around the front end of his vehicle and stood several feet away from me.

I backed away a step.

“Get in the car,” he seethed.

There was another tug on the thread inside me, but this time it was stronger.

I glared at the man, my gums aching from the change that wanted to happen. It took every bit of control to stay calm and stop myself from lunging at him for threatening me.

“Get. Away. From. Me. Or I'm cutting your fucking tongue off and shoving it down your throat.” My scratchy voice sounded like I'd been screaming all day and was losing my voice.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” He crossed the space between us, his hand reaching out for me. “Get in the damn car, bitch!”

My control snapped. It was like all the anger I'd built up my entire life had finally boiled over. I didn't want another man to lay his hands on me, and I sure as fuck wasn't about to let this stranger take me to some unknown place.

I snarled and lunged forward. My fingers circled around his throat. He yelled. The sound echoed in the trees. The thing inside me came to the surface and pushed back into my mind to watch. The man shrieked as I squeezed his throat with one hand. I stuck the other into his mouth.

“I warned youuuu,” the thing in me growled.

Hands grabbed me from behind, yanking me off the man I was about to torture. I shrieked, lunging forward, only to be caught again. My back met a large chest, and a hand covered my nose and mouth, holding tight so I couldn't breathe. A large figure dressed in a robe walked past me. He took slow, measured steps toward the sputtering man who struggled to get up.

My lungs burned for air, and I jerked against the arm wrapped around my waist like an iron band. The mysterious man turned, showing me his masked face. I could only see his mouth, which was painted black with white skeleton teeth.

“I do hate cleaning up your messes,” he scolded.

My head swam, and the corners of my vision blackened.

“Take her to my house and stay with her until Grace is back,” he ordered the person who held me.

The last thing I heard before I passed out was, “You’re in big trouble, angel.”

LUCIEN

I crouched in front of the shaken man, whose eyes bounced between me and where Daiman disappeared with Grace in his arms.

“Who the hell are you people?” he yelled. He looked me in the eye and frowned. “Don’t tell me you’re part of some cult.”

The corner of my lip curled. “Very smart.”

He wasn’t wrong. My band and I could be considered a cult since we had different beliefs than regular people. That and we sacrificed humans for Lucifer. That was very cultish.

He scoffed and sat up while rubbing his throat, which I assumed Grace had squeezed with her tiny hand. “Be an asshole all you want, but I’m out of here.”

I commanded the shadows to slide around his wrists and ankles, holding him in place. “Oh, if you think I’ll let you walk away, you’re very mistaken,” I taunted.

“What the ... *Hey!*” the human yelled as I raised him into the air with the shadows. He wiggled and tried to free himself as I stood and cocked my head. “What the fuck are you?”

“What did you have planned for the girl when you pulled over?” I inquired.

“Let me go!” he screamed. “I don’t want any problems with you!”

I smiled, but it was more like baring my teeth. Nothing about this situation amused me. Grace’s demon had been seconds away from killing the man before Daiman and I showed up.

“No, you see”—I raised him higher into the air, watching with a bored expression—“when you pulled over and got out of your car, you signed your death warrant. I’ll ask one more time. What did you have planned for her when you pulled over?”

He gasped as I wound a shadow tendril around his neck and squeezed, only allowing a small amount of air to get through. “I-I was going to fuck her!”

I narrowed my eyes and clenched my jaw. “And?”

His face turned red, and he wheezed as he tried to inhale deeper breaths. “I c-can’t breathe.” I loosened the shadows just enough that he could gasp in a breath before I tightened them again. “I was going to ...” He gasped for air, a groan welling in his chest. “I was going to let my ...”

I narrowed my eyes. I already knew where he was going.

“Let my friends ...” He gasped for more air as I loosened the hold before tightening again. “Fuck her when I brought her back ... back to my place.”

Rage burned through my veins, and I envisioned him split from throat to stomach with his guts hanging out and his ribs flared like wings.

“Why?” I asked. It was a stupid question I didn’t need to know the answer to. Human males were sick bastards who abused their women. I’d watched them for as long as they had walked this earth. They saw women as inferior to them—as nothing but pussies to fuck.

It reminded me too much of myself and my outlook on everyone. Especially Grace. But I saw the girl as more than just a pussy to fuck. Men like this piece of shit didn’t.

“F-fat bitches are easy! They’ll ... they’ll get dick where they can,” he choked out.

A deadly calm washed over me. “I see.”

“P-please! Let me go. I have kids!”

I moved us deep into the woods, where no one could watch as I violently murdered this human. No one was ever allowed

to speak ill about Grace. It didn't matter that I disliked the girl, as much as my cock said otherwise. But I wouldn't allow some filthy human to disrespect her.

“Please! Don't do this!” he sobbed as I stopped in front of a large tree.

I conjured my dagger and dropped the man to his knees. My shadows held his arms up and back so his chest puffed out. I kneeled in front of him, glaring into his eyes. “Tell Lucifer that I sent you,” I said before I stabbed the curved knife into his throat and dragged it downward.

The man howled, his shoulders and chest shaking as he fought against his restraints. I buried the blade deeper, cutting through his sternum and down to his stomach.

“Oh god, oh god, *oh god*,” he sobbed through the blood bubbling from his mouth.

I dropped the dagger to the ground, slipped my fingers into the wounds in his chest, and yanked his ribs apart. The human's intestines slipped out and fell to the dirt, still attached to his body. He gurgled, his eyes rolled to the back of his head, and his breathing slowed. I watched as his lungs squeezed, then puffed out with strained breaths. His heartbeat slowed until it thumped one last time.

I glared at him, rage still burning in my veins. After a few minutes, I got up and returned my dagger to its place beside my bed at home. The dead human slumped to the ground as I released the shadows. I spat on his carcass, then turned and left. I had to get rid of his car, then I could return to my house.

GRACE

I opened my eyes, blinking away the fog. My forehead throbbed with a headache, and a muscle twinged in my neck. I slowly sat up, my head spinning. I glanced around the room, not recognizing it. It was larger than mine—practically an entire house because of how gigantic it was. Black trim lined the base of the cream walls. A floor-to-ceiling window on my right looked into the woods. Dawn light streamed through the tree limbs. I looked to my other side, spotting a doorway that probably led to a bathroom or closet. Across from the bed stood the door that led outside of this room.

My gaze dropped to my lap, where black silk sheets pooled around my waist. I blinked and pinched the T-shirt I wore. I didn't remember putting this on. The last thing I wore was ...

A gasp slipped past my lips, and I jumped off the bed. I wasn't wearing pants. I checked my bottom and found that I didn't have underwear on either.

Where the heck was I?

I searched through the room for something to wear that wasn't just a black T-shirt. After going through drawers in a chest, I found a pair of cotton boxers and slipped them on. I poked my head outside the bedroom door, listening for anyone who might've walked my way. When the coast was clear, I stepped out and wandered through the hallway lined with demonic artwork.

The painting on the ceiling of the unholy church popped into my head, and I winced.

The same type of artwork was here, too. Women were held still while some goat-faced demon raped them. Other paintings were of angels with horns and black wings, their swords out as they fought against other angels with white wings who clearly worked for God.

“Can’t leave her alone,” a deep voice echoed down the hall. I slowed my steps and crept closer, hoping they didn’t hear me.

“She’s refusing ...” I could barely make out what this person said.

I peeked around the corner and stopped breathing.

Daiman stood in the joined room that had to be a waiting area because of the lack of furniture. His arms crossed over his chest as he listened to the other man, whose back faced me. From the height and build, along with the dark hair that was styled to look messy, it had to have been Lucien.

“You’re in big trouble, angel.” Daiman’s warning echoed in my head.

“Morning, little sinner. Glad you’re awake.”

I tensed and sucked in a sharp breath. Lucien turned to face me, his hooded eyes giving him an air of boredom. I didn’t miss him sweeping his gaze down my body, a muscle in his jaw popping.

“Come here, angel,” Daiman ordered.

I swallowed hard, stepped out of the hallway, and fumbled with my hands behind my back. Daiman looked me over with heat in his crimson eyes. When he returned to my face, I stopped breathing for a second. He looked at me like I was the only one in the room and he wanted to cross the space between us so he could drag me against his chest.

My clit throbbed, and I averted my gaze so he couldn’t tell how turned on I was. But I had a feeling he knew, just like I knew when the men I’d fed from were aroused.

“Why did you leave last night?” Lucien said, cutting to the chase.

I frowned. “Why does it matter?”

Lucien scoffed. “Because you got a man killed last night.”

I turned my eyes to him. “What?”

Lucien stepped toward me, stopping when he was a foot away. The pull of his energy had me leaning in, wanting to get closer to him and have a taste. My stomach growled, and I winced. I just fed the other night ... wait. Was it morning? How long had I been gone?

“I have to go home!” I blurted.

“Don’t change the subject, little sinner,” Lucien warned. “Why did you leave?”

A panic attack lingered on the edge of my consciousness. My skin tingled. I tried to focus on Lucien and his question, but my mind kept shifting to my parents. More specifically, my dad. He would kill me if he found me gone. Or worse ...

“I-I don’t know.” I blinked to clear my thoughts, but it didn’t work.

Daiman stepped forward, frowning as he watched me. The energy thread inside me tugged, and I snapped my eyes to Daiman, where I felt the tug.

“What’s going on?” I asked him breathlessly.

“So you feel it ...”

My spiraling thoughts drowned out anything he said. I heard his voice, but his words didn’t register.

Dad’s scowling, red face popped into my vision, and it was all I could see. Sweat beaded on my upper lip, and I swiped it away with shaking fingers. Bile rose into my throat, and I swallowed hard, trying to keep it down.

I was going to get sick.

“Grace,” Daiman called.

I blinked and shook my head, trying to get rid of the choking panic.

“Something’s wrong,” Daiman murmured.

“Look at me, little sinner.”

Nausea churned my stomach. “I *have* to go home. Now.”

I looked at both of the silent men who watched me with concern, to my surprise. What shocked me most was Lucien. He stared at me, waiting for me to tell him what was wrong.

“I’ll explain at school. But I-I have to go home, *please*.” My voice cracked, and tears stung my eyes.

The two men stared at me, perplexed, like they didn’t know how to help me.

Daiman broke the spell between the three of us and stepped forward. He gently grabbed my arm and tugged me toward him. “I’ll take her,” he said to Lucien.

Shadows slithered around us, and the last thing I saw were Lucien’s narrowed eyes as he watched me leave with Daiman.



I jumped out of Daiman’s hold as soon as the shadows unwrapped from us. I went to my bedroom door, which was still closed, and cracked it open, listening intently. Dad snored so loud I could hear it from down the hall.

I released a shaky breath, closed the door, and turned back to Daiman. He rolled a toothpick between his teeth, his sharp jaw tensing with the movements. The way he stared at me reminded me of a panther who watched its next meal, taking its time before it pounced when the prey least expected it.

“Is there something you need to tell me?” he drawled.

I swallowed hard and shook my head. “No.”

His gaze slipped past my shoulder before returning to my face. He observed me, most likely catching every nervous twitch and how my eyes kept averting so he wouldn’t see the lie.

I expected him to persist. To keep pushing until I finally told him that my dad scared me. I didn’t want to tell Daiman

what he'd done to me. For some silly reason, I worried he'd suddenly find me unattractive and even disgusting for allowing my father to assault me.

Daiman plucked the toothpick from his mouth and held it between his fingers. With his other hand, he crooked a finger for me to come to him.

“Wh-what do you want?” I asked.

He licked his bottom lip, and the corner of his mouth curled into a smirk. “Come here, and find out for yourself.”

Daiman arched an eyebrow, watching me like the predator he was.

I timidly stepped toward him. When I was within arm's reach, he grabbed my arm and yanked me to him. I yelped as my chest pressed to his, and I had to lean back my head to look up at him.

His lips crashed onto mine, his tongue plunging into my mouth and not accepting no as an answer. I froze.

Daiman was kissing me. He was showing me affection that wasn't a sexual favor meant to feed me. The thread of energy inside me tugged; this time, the distance was a mere centimeter that joined me to Daiman.

He was the energy I was connected to.

I melted into him, giving in and kissing him back. Our tongues tangled, and our teeth knocked together a few times. But Daiman didn't mind. In fact, his erection pressed against my stomach and practically screamed of how much he enjoyed it. He buried his hand into my hair at the back of my head, pulling the strands to send a bite of pain through my scalp. I whimpered into his mouth, and he greedily swallowed the muffled sound.

I reached up and threaded my fingers through his short black hair. He grunted into the kiss as I pulled at the strands, making him feel the same pain. He nipped my bottom lip, drawing a bead of blood and making me wince. He soothed it with his tongue before he pulled back and looked at me with darkened eyes.

“You can keep your secret for now. Just know that I’ll find out one way or another,” he murmured.

He stepped away and put the toothpick back into his mouth. I watched as the tip of his tongue split in two and curled around the sliver of wood. He chuckled at my reaction.

“See you later.”

Shadows shot around him, then he was gone.

My shoulders sagged, and I released a shaky breath. I didn’t ever want him or Lucien to know about what happened, but because of how tenacious they were, I feared the day they discovered my secret was closer than I anticipated.

GRACE

It was sixty-five degrees today, which was unusual for November in Washington state. The warmer weather was fine with me since it meant I could eat my lunch outside without worrying about people staring at me.

I saw how they all looked at me. Before everything that happened to me, I was a nobody. No one knew who I was or cared to look my way. Now my paranoia had increased. Probably because I puked up my meds when I took them. I wasn't full enough to stomach them, and now I was having symptoms. But I swore everyone looking at me knew about my deepest, darkest secrets.

Brad had threatened to tell the school I was a slut. The comments I received from my peers led me to believe that he already had. I wouldn't have been surprised if Sebastian spread the word about what I told him before ending things with me.

Now I was the school "whore" and "insane." I hated it when people said off-handed comments about my mental illnesses or refused to believe me when something very real (to me) happened.

I stood outside on the football field, watching my class play soccer. That was the only drawback of having semi-nice weather. Father Thomas wanted gym classes to be held outside. Mandatory participation meant playing or failing the class, and I needed to pass to graduate.

Note to self: write a nasty letter to whoever decided that students had to pass extracurricular classes to graduate high

school.

As Father Mark put it, the lesson for this activity was that we needed to help each other like we are the church. When playing soccer, we had to be a team who fought the wickedness of sin and the devil. I didn't understand the meaning of it or where his logic went, but I said nothing because I didn't want to bring more attention to myself.

Which brought me to another thought. It wasn't like me to question the teachers and the lessons they taught. I'd always been a good kid and studied the Bible. I'd read it from cover to cover, soaking up every word of God and the stories of his disciples. But since I died and came back as a demon, my faith had crumbled, small piece by small piece. All I could hear while I listened to my teachers and studied the Bible were Lucien and Daiman pointing out the flaws in the book and God himself.

I knew so very little about those two demons. From what Daiman had told me about them being fallen angels, I couldn't help but wonder how they were before they followed Lucifer. Were they just as rebellious as they were now? Did they have sexual urges and desires as angels, or was it only when they became demons? I also wondered if they had wings like the angels in those pictures I saw.

Everyone on the sidelines of the football field shouted and hooted as the red team won. I softly clapped, not feeling so enthusiastic because of where my head was.

"All right, everyone. Let's switch," Father Mark called while waving his hand for the teams to get off the field.

Samantha jogged toward me, her face flushing and sweat matting some brown hair to her forehead. She smiled at me as she pulled off her red net jersey and handed it to me.

"Good luck," she whispered before she walked to the bleachers to watch the game.

"Thanks," I mumbled. Samantha was already gone and didn't hear me.

I slipped the jersey over my head and pulled it down at the bottom to put it into place. Sighing, I walked to the middle of the field and stood where Father Mark said I needed to go. I didn't know much about soccer or the game's terms and positions, so I was winging it here with what I needed to do.

The teams readied themselves on opposing sides of the field and began talking and laughing about whatever. I stood alone in my spot with my racing heart. I really, *really* didn't want to do this. I sucked at sports and didn't want to embarrass myself.

Movement caught my eye, and I turned my head. Lucien walked toward us from the tall mansion-turned-school. He wore his priest outfit, which should have been illegal because of how good it looked on him. He went straight to Father Mark, his hands in his pockets.

"I'll take it from here," he murmured. His voice went straight to my core and made my stomach growl.

Oh god. I wanted to cover my face with my hands to hide my embarrassment as he turned his head, an eyebrow raised at me before he smoothed out his face to show no emotion.

"Thank you, Father Lucien. I owe you," Father Mark said before dipping his head in a nod. He handed over the clipboard and whistle, then left the field.

Lucien looked toward me again, and our eyes collided like some force kept bringing us back together. A muscle popped in his jaw.

I broke the stare and looked at everyone else *but* him. My face tingled from his gaze, making goosebumps rise on my arms.

"Let's begin!" Lucien blew the whistle.

My team had the soccer ball, and I awkwardly shifted my hands out while watching them rush to the other side of the field. They called out to each other, a few laughing as they played. My other classmates cheered from the bleachers and sidelines.

Someone came next to me, and I looked at them. It was Justin. He turned his gaze to me, a sneer on his face. “Heard you like getting on your knees, and I don’t mean to pray,” he said low enough for only me to hear.

“Go away,” I said.

“You’re going to burn in Hell, you whore.” The corner of his lip tipped up in a smirk like it made him happy that I would go to Hell.

“Whatever’s in store for me after I die is between me and God.”

He scoffed. “We’ll see about that. Stay safe, demon-girl, and watch your back.”

My mouth went dry, and I could only watch as he returned to his position on the opposing team.

How did he know about me being a demon?

“You gonna cry to Father Lucien?” Cindy taunted as she jogged past me and the others as they continued to play.

I glanced at Lucien, who wasn’t looking my way, but he must’ve felt my stare because he turned toward me, raising an eyebrow when I didn’t look away. Swallowing to wet my dry throat, I averted my gaze and followed the team as they played. I didn’t do much, but I pretended enough to pass this class. We played the rest of the game like that—me jogging, lost and confused, as my team did all the work.

I was useless.

The other team kicked the ball out of the cage between Josh’s moving feet. My heart hammered in my chest as the opposite team barreled toward me. A sea of red and blue crowded around me, and I turned, catching Lucien looking at me with a scowl.

I could almost hear what he was thinking. He was probably listing off reasons why I was a useless person and how I’d never make it as a succubus.

Staring at him made my stomach growl for the second time. My stupid mind wondered what having sex with Lucien

would be like. Would he scowl at me while he fucked me? What would having his hands on me feel like? Would it be rough enough to leave bruises on my skin?

“Take him. Make him ours,” the thing inside me rasped.

A flash of blue and red jerseys flooded around me, and a large body slammed into me and knocked me to the ground. My head cracked against the hard earth. My ears rang, and I rolled to my side, my hand resting on the dirt beneath me to find some leverage to get back up. But I couldn't move. Feet meant for the soccer ball kicked me instead, and someone got me in the stomach. All the air from my lungs rushed out, and I groaned.

“She's down!” someone yelled.

I squeezed my eyes shut, gasping for air and trying to remain conscious.

Someone crouched down and grabbed my hair to lift my head from the ground. I cracked open my eyes, looking straight into Justin's face.

“Don't think we haven't noticed you looking at Father Lucien. What? Are you going to get down on your knees for him, too?”

He dropped my splintering head back on the ground and smashed his palm into my cheek, grinding the side of my face into the grass and dirt. I whimpered, fluttering my eyelashes and trying to stop the ringing in my ears.

Blackness crept into the corners of my vision as I retreated into my mind.

“Grace!” a man yelled.

“God won't ever forgive you,” another kid scoffed, keeping his voice low for only me to hear. “You're a lost cause, thinking you're some demon who loves sucking dick.”

My gums ached, and everything went black.

GRACE

G *race.*

Snarls filled my head, and my nails scraped against something soft, slicing through it like butter. My stomach growled, and arousal shot through my body like a firework. My pussy clenched.

Grace.

I tried to open my eyes, but something held me in a deep, dark hole in my mind.

Grace.

The voice calling to me sounded familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on who it belonged to. My head was fuzzy, and pain splintered my skull.

"She's not here," a scratchy feminine voice growled.

My chest vibrated with more snarls, as if it was coming from me.

The pull of sleep dragged me deeper into its depths.

Take her with you.

GRACE

My head throbbed like someone had taken a drill to it. It pulsed like a heartbeat, sending a shot of pain down my neck with each throb. I turned my head and whimpered when my muscles knotted and more pain shot through my skull. I cracked open my eyes, barely catching that I wasn't in my bedroom. Flashes of black and cream-painted walls moved in front of my eyes before I had to close them again.

I must have been at the house I woke up in last time. I didn't know if it belonged to Lucien or Daiman, but it didn't matter to me.

A groan welled out of me as I turned my head again.

"Grace," a familiar voice said from somewhere in the room.

I swallowed hard and cracked open my eyes. The light inside the room felt like knives stabbing inside my eyeballs. I slammed them shut with a whimper. "It hurts," I groaned.

He touched my cheek, dragging his fingers over my tight skin. "You need to feed to heal."

My stomach knotted painfully, taking that moment to growl. I tried to shake my head but stopped because it felt like my head was about to fall open in the middle.

"I can't," I sobbed.

"You don't need to do anything. Just lay there and let me feed you," he whispered.

"Daiman," I breathed.

I listened to him working his pants undone—first his belt, then his zipper. I expected him to climb over me and shove himself into me. Instead, I heard him spit, followed by the wet sound of flesh on flesh.

“Daiman?” I cracked open my eyes and found him with his massive dick in his fist, furiously stroking it. I watched for a few seconds, my pussy clenching and heat rushing through my veins.

“What are you doing?” I finally asked in a whisper.

“Giving you what you need,” he growled. His hand pumped faster, and he breathed harder. “I want to see your tits. Show them to me.”

I swallowed and raised my shirt, wincing at the small shocks of pain. Daiman’s eyes darkened as I pulled my bra upward. My breasts spilled out and he groaned, his hand flying on his shaft, working himself quicker to orgasm.

A moan slipped out of me, and my arousal soaked my panties.

“Fucking hell, woman,” Daiman growled and stepped closer so his dick was inches from my head. He moaned, and warm cum jetted out and landed on my face.

“Oh, fuck,” I whimpered and licked the cum from my lips. A shudder ran down my spine, and my nipples hardened. He tasted so good. Musky, salty, and even a little sweet.

I opened my mouth, tongue out, to catch more of his load. Daiman grunted and pushed the head of his dick into my waiting mouth. I closed my mouth around it, sucking and licking the smooth tip.

“Jesus, *fuck*,” Daiman breathed as he shoved more of his dick into my mouth. He used shallow thrusts to fuck my face.

I closed my eyes, moaning around him and sucking for more cum. I found the thread of energy that connected me to Daiman and yanked it. Daiman roared, and more warm cum shot into my mouth, flooding it. I had to guzzle it so I didn’t drown.

The pain in my head subsided until it disappeared, but I was still hungry. I maneuvered myself onto my hands and knees on the bed, still sucking Daiman's cock. I relaxed my jaw, making more room for him as I lowered my head until my mouth met the base of his shaft.

"*Goddamn!*" Daiman yelled.

I suctioned my cheeks together, rolling my tongue on the underside of his shaft, and forced him to come again. He roared as more cum shot down my throat, and he fisted my hair, jerking my head backward, only to push it back down until my lips met the bottom of him again.

I swallowed the last of his load, and he stepped back, still holding my head. He raised me onto my knees and slammed his lips on mine, tasting himself on my tongue. I reached up, grabbing a fistful of his hair and smiling to myself at his hiss of pain. Daiman rolled his tongue against mine, then nipped my bottom lip. I gasped at the brief ache, then sighed as he soothed it with his tongue.

Kissing Daiman was so much different from what it was like with Sebastian. My ex-boyfriend was gentle, even hesitant. But with Daiman, it was hard, fast, and primal. He made sure I knew he was the one in control here.

Even while sucking his dick, Daiman controlled me, forcing me to take more of him. It reminded me too much of Layla and what she'd said the night we were killed. I wished she was still here so I could tell her she'd been right about everything. I *had* wanted someone to grab me by the throat and use me like their sex doll. Now I had Daiman, who gave me exactly what I'd longed for.

Daiman ended the kiss and leaned back, his breath fanning against my lips. "How do you feel, angel?"

I panted, trying to catch my breath. I looked into his eyes, then shifted my gaze so I wasn't looking directly into them. That was when I noticed the horns that sprouted from his temples and curled back, similar to a goat's horns.

“Better. Where am I?” I asked, still staring at his horns. I tightened my hold on Daiman’s hair and rested my other hand on his shoulder. His hand was still buried in my hair, never letting go and even tightening the hold, making me whimper as heat rushed through me.

“You’re in my room,” he answered.

“I thought this was Lucien’s room.”

“Last time, it was his room. We live together.”

I didn’t know that. For some reason, I assumed they had their own places.

“You have horns,” I breathed, staring at them.

Daiman huffed a laugh and released my hair before he stepped back. I watched as he tucked himself back into his pants. My cheeks warmed as I unabashedly stared at his monster dick.

“That’s what you’re most curious about right now?”
Daiman zipped his black jeans.

I shook my head and looked up at his face. “No.”

“Someone pushed you to the ground while playing soccer. You hit your head, and your inner demon came out. She’s a feisty one, by the way.” He grabbed my hips, his palms hotter than I remembered. My cheeks heated when I realized how his hands engulfed me, his fingers reaching near my spine. Daiman made me look smaller than I was, and I ... I loved it.

“Wait ...” I shot him a confused look as what he said finally registered. “What?”

Daiman raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“My demon came out?”

He frowned, displeased about the situation. “She did.”

“No one saw, right?” I yelled. If Father Thomas knew about it, he’d call the church and my father. I was more scared of what Dad would do to me than some priests, though.

He blinked. “Lucien got you out of there before anyone could see. Though you left a nasty mark on him.” A muscle popped in his jaw, and he looked over my face like he was searching for my secrets. His eyes narrowed. “Is there something you need to tell Lucien and me?”

I swallowed hard and leaned away from him, but he held me still with his hands on my hips.

“N-no,” I whispered.

He watched me, his eyes flicking over my face and seeing every twitch of my muscles. I glanced at his horns, still shocked that he had them.

“Can I go now?” I asked as I scooped my finger toward the wetness on my face. I looked at the milky substance and, without thinking, popped it into my mouth and tasted Daiman’s cum.

His eyes darkened, but he still glared at me, waiting for me to tell him everything. I didn’t want to. What would he say once he knew my dad had touched me?

“How long are we going to play this game, angel?” he asked out of nowhere.

“Huh?” I swallowed the goopy semen, and my core clenched.

“*Fuck him. Make him ours,*” my demon rasped inside my head.

“How long will you continue to punish yourself for whatever you’re running from?”

I tensed and leaned away from him, wanting him to stop touching me. He held me still, refusing to let go.

“What are you talking about?” I squeaked.

He sighed, stepped away from the bed, pulled a toothpick from his pocket, and put it into his mouth. I scrambled off the bed and fixed my shirt so my breasts were no longer out. Daiman scowled as I backed away from him.

“You’re running from something. Punishing yourself and shying from my touch, other than what we already do.” He cocked his head and crossed his arms over his chest while rolling the toothpick between his teeth on one side. “How long are you going to play this game? Because I promise you, it’s not helping you at all. You need to feed from fucking. You can’t continue to get by with just scraps.” I opened my mouth to argue, but he said, “I won’t stand by and watch you wither away for much longer, Grace. I know you want me. You proved it five minutes ago as you swallowed my cock.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Why does it matter to you? Why can’t you do what you’re told and teach me how to be a demon? Maybe I don’t want to go all the way with you!”

I didn’t mean for that to sound so immature.

Daiman just stared at me, not answering any of my questions.

I let out a sigh as my shoulders slumped. “Take me home.”

His jaw clenched, and a muscle ticked in the corner. “So be it.”

LUCIEN

I walked into my kitchen, heading straight to the liquor refrigerator to grab the whiskey. After I set it aside, I grabbed a cup made specifically for an Old Fashioned and dropped a sugar cube and a dash of Angostura bitters into it.

“I’m guessing you took care of the problem,” Daiman said behind me.

I added a splash of water and let the sugar and bitters dissolve before filling the cup with whiskey. “You could say that,” I mumbled, adding an ice ball to my drink. I peeled an orange and added the peel into the cup for a garnish. Raising the glass, I sipped the strong alcohol and savored the taste.

“Did you find out why?”

That was a good question. I’d watched those kids surround her and caught a flash of her dropping to the ground. A boy—Justin—pinned her down, depending on his friends to block my view as they formed a wall with their bodies. Before any of that happened, I’d watched Justin talk to her. Whatever he’d said had upset her because her face twisted from irritation to shock. When I felt the shift in the air, I’d known Grace was seconds away from changing into her demon form. I’d crossed the space between us in a flash, yelling at the kids to go inside. I’d picked up Grace and carried her away from prying eyes. That was when she’d changed and attacked me.

I touched the healing gash on my cheek. Her demon had flown into a blind rage, not realizing it was me she fought against as she’d clawed her way out of my arms. It had taken

the help of Daiman to knock her out so he could bring her back here.

After she'd left, I found the kids and held myself back from killing them on the spot. Instead, I had to play the priest who didn't believe in murdering people. None of them wanted to tell me the real reason why they'd done what they had.

But little Samantha slipped up and revealed something interesting.

"They're claiming Grace is the school slut," I said, turning to Daiman.

His spine straightened, and his jaw clenched, a muscle popping from grinding his teeth together. "Is that so?"

I had to rein back my rage so I didn't do something stupid like find those kids and kill them. My fingers tightened on the glass as I imagined my hands snapping every one of their necks.

"Has she told you why she left the other night?" I asked before I sipped my drink.

Daiman worked his jaw and looked away. "No. I was too busy beating my dick so she could heal."

"So, she's still not fucking you?" My hand tightened on my glass, and it shattered. I ignored the burning in my palm as the glass pierced my skin.

Daiman brushed past me and grabbed a rag, then handed it to me. "Something's stopping her."

I snatched the rag from his hand and plucked a shard of glass from my palm before I dabbed at the wound. "I don't give a fuck what's stopping her. If we have to force her, then we'll do that, but I refuse to allow a new succubus to go out in public while she's starving."

If I had to take extreme measures, then so be it. I'd make sure I smoked her out of the hole she hid in so she'd run to either Daiman or me. It didn't matter which. But she needed to get fucked so she'd stop putting us at risk of exposure.

“Are you going to tempt her? Because I’ve already fucked her in her dreams and had my dick down her throat. *Twice*. And she still refuses to let me fuck her,” Daiman drawled.

I shot him a glare. “I’m not going to fuck the girl.”

Her youth still didn’t sit right with me. Daiman had all but forgotten her age and chased after her like a lovesick puppy.

“Then what do you plan on doing?” Daiman growled and crossed his arms over his chest.

I smirked. “What I do best. Dangling the fruit before her and promising everything she ever wanted. Then she’ll come running to you.”

GRACE

I bounced my leg while riding in the car with Dad. He breathed heavily, as if frustrated about being confined in a small space with me.

All I could think about was when he'd touched me and I'd begged him to stop. I feared he'd pull over somewhere where we couldn't be seen, and he'd rape me. I remembered the look of pleasure in his eyes while he was knuckles deep inside me. Dad didn't regret what he'd done, and that made everything worse.

We pulled up to the school. The towers loomed over the building, and I briefly wondered if I would die if I jumped from them. I wasn't human anymore, but that didn't mean I was immortal. Right?

Dad stopped the car, and I whipped my hand to the door handle. He grabbed my thigh, stopping me from bolting. I sucked in a breath and looked at him.

"I'll give you your phone back under one condition," Dad muttered through his teeth.

I clenched onto the handle, unsure if I wanted to know this condition. "Okay."

"You won't tell a soul what happened."

My stomach dropped, and I averted my gaze. He'd been stewing on this since the assault, and now he wanted to ensure I didn't run my mouth. Trembling, I nodded. "Okay."

Dad dipped his chin, reached into his pocket, snatched my phone, and handed it to me. I took it from him and pulled the

handle to leave, but Dad grabbed my thigh again, his palm on my skin and inches away from my panty-clad vagina.

I looked at him, my pulse thundering in my ears. Dad watched me with hunger in his eyes, his meaty fingers gliding up my thigh until he slipped them into my underwear so he could touch me.

“Not even your mother,” he rasped as he rubbed the pad of his finger on my clit.

I whimpered and squeezed my legs together, but he shoved his hand deeper between my thighs and dipped his finger into me. My insides burned because I was dry, but he didn’t care. I squeezed my eyes shut, praying to God that he would send a lightning bolt and kill my father.

“B-but she knows,” I sobbed.

“She doesn’t know about this, baby.”

My mouth dried, and a whine escaped me as he used his thumb to roll my swelling clit. I opened my eyes and glanced around, searching for someone who would stop this. The street and parking lot were empty, and no one was there. We were earlier than usual, which meant the buses hadn’t arrived yet.

“Stop,” I begged and looked at him with tears in my eyes.

“When I saw those pictures of your little pussy, I couldn’t stop looking at them.” He breathed hard and awkwardly undid his pants to pull out his erection. I cringed and averted my gaze. “I touched myself, just like what I’m doing right now. *Look at me, girl.*”

I opened my eyes and winced as I watched his left hand stroke his thin penis. He panted and plunged a second finger into me, stretching my wet channel.

“I’ve got to go,” I whispered, pleasure licking up my spine as he rubbed his thumb on my clit. “I-I have to go. I have to go. I have to go.”

I was scared that if I jumped out of the car, he would chase after me and do something much worse than touch me like he

was doing now. I also didn't want him to take away my phone or even my bedroom door.

"You'll leave when I tell you to," he snapped. He rammed his fingers into me, not caring that he was hurting me. "I want to see you come again. Come for Daddy, baby."

I rapidly shook my head and squeezed my eyes shut. My toes curled as he continued to torture me with his fingers.

"I want to fuck you," he rasped, groaning as he moved his fist faster on his erection.

The thread that connected me to Daiman tugged. I snapped open my eyes and looked around, hoping he was there. Instead, I found Lucien a hundred feet away, walking away from his parked car.

"Someone's here," I whispered.

Dad grunted, whipped his hand from beneath my skirt, and tucked himself back into his pants. He panted. "Go on, girl. We'll finish this later."

I shot out of the car and slammed the door. I ducked my head and stormed toward the front doors of the school.

I didn't want Lucien to know what had just happened. I went up the large steps and entered the building. The silence left me alone with my plaguing thoughts.

Why didn't my inner demon come out? Why did she come out when others attacked me, but this time stayed silent while my dad touched me?

I felt betrayed.

A hand grabbed my wrist and spun me around to face Lucien. I stared up at him, breathing hard and holding back the tears that threatened to spill. Lucien narrowed his eyes, looking me over before returning his gaze to my face.

"What happened?" His smooth voice held no clue as to what he was thinking. For whatever strange reason, hearing him talk made me feel safe. He wouldn't hurt me like everyone but Daiman did.

“N-nothing,” I lied in a whisper.

Lucien’s narrowed eyes flashed with boiling anger. “Something happened. Tell me.”

I jerked back my hand, releasing his grip from my wrist. Backing away from him, I shook my head. “Nothing important. Just ...” I swallowed hard, my heart beating erratically in my chest. “I’m dealing with some hallucinations, is all.”

His jaw clenched, and a muscle popped in it.

I waited for him to say something insulting to me, but it never came.

“Daiman told me about your mental illness. He also said you can’t take your medicines unless you’re full.” He raked his gaze over me and raised an eyebrow. “Which you are not.”

“I’m fine,” I blurted.

Lucien tilted his head. “Is that so? If you’re fine, then why do you reek of arousal?”

I sputtered and backed away another step. Words tumbled out of me that didn’t make sense, and Lucien watched impassively.

“Oh?” he purred.

I stopped trying to talk. A blush rose from my neck to my cheeks.

“I’ll let you in on a little secret.” Lucien leaned in while still holding my gaze. I held my breath as I watched him move closer until his lips brushed against my ear. “Because of the bond between you two, Daiman can feel your intense emotions. Even your distress.” I sucked in a breath, and my eyes flared wide. “Because Daiman and I are close, I’m made aware of everything. Even about you.”

I swallowed hard and stared into Lucien’s eyes as he leaned back, watching me like a buzzard waiting for its snack to keel over.

“I’m fine,” I whispered, hoping he’d believe it.

He raised an eyebrow. “So you’re not experiencing symptoms right now?”

It would be paranoia if I had any symptoms right now, but I would take a guess and say that my worry was real this time. I didn’t realize Lucien and Daiman were close to each other like that.

I licked my lips, and Lucien dropped his gaze to my mouth.

“I have a bond with Daiman?” I asked. My voice cracked.

The first bus stopped in front of the front doors, its brakes squeaking, but I didn’t dare to look away from Lucien as he stared at me.

“Yes, and it’ll get stronger as you two become”—he smirked—“closer.”

The doors opened, and students came in, some talking to each other.

Lucien dipped his chin in a slight nod. “I’ll see you in class, little sinner.”

I watched as he brushed past me and walked away.

My heart wouldn’t slow down, and now I worried Daiman could feel my fear and anguish. I’d been close to telling Lucien everything, hoping he would do something about my dad. But that was just wishful thinking. He wouldn’t do anything because he didn’t care about me, and if I told Daiman, he’d likely blame it all on me.

LUCIEN

Daiman had been right. The little succubus was hiding something. I'd watched her exit the car and rush to the school entrance. Something happened, and it wasn't because of her schizophrenia symptoms. But what did I know? I didn't have the mental illness and wouldn't ever know what it was like to have a "split" mind.

Classes dragged by, and I impatiently waited for when I next saw Grace in class.

The day she graduated—if I hadn't already convinced her to drop out—would be the day I'd be done playing as God's priest. I could return to my music and life, forgetting about the girl while Daiman watched over her. They were bonded, and breaking that bond would slowly kill them. I had to push away the jealousy. Had anyone else bonded to her, I'd have snapped their necks and cut off their wings for just breathing in her direction.

I wasn't gentle, loving, or anything nice. That was beyond my capability. I was fully aware the little sinner deserved someone who could be everything I wasn't.

My teeth ground together as I threw the students' tests on my desk. I had to grade them during the break when they all ate lunch, but I needed to find Grace and make sure she hadn't fed on some poor kid who didn't know what was happening.

My cock hardened as I imagined her in my office, bent over the desk with her skirt raised above her waist.

Shaking the mental image away, I sat in the chair and grabbed a red ink pen.

“Father Lucien,” a soft voice said from behind my office door, followed by a gentle knock.

I raised my head and narrowed my eyes. “Enter.”

The door squeaked open, and in walked Samantha with her study Bible against her chest. She dipped her head, too shy to look me in the eye as she pulled the door until it was only cracked open.

“How can I help you, Miss Samantha?” I said as I leaned back in my seat and steepled my fingers.

She nibbled on her bottom lip and tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear. “I ... I know it’s been you at the confession booth, and well ...” She raised her head and looked me dead in the eye. “I have a confession.”

I raised an eyebrow. “They are meant to be anonymous, Miss Samantha. Can it not wait until later?”

It didn’t matter. Even though it was intended to be anonymous, the priests here knew every student and who confessed what. It was how they could control and manipulate them to do whatever they wanted. The pathetic humans wanted to believe these men were holy and would grant them forgiveness in the eyes of God, but the priests were the dirtiest and most sinful.

Samantha sucked in a breath and averted her gaze, her pale cheeks brightening with a blush. “It can’t wait.” She met my gaze again. “I want to confess right now.”

“Then confess, child.”

She raised her chin courageously, gaining the strength to tell me whatever plagued her. It only interested me more and had me leaning forward, a small smile creeping onto my face.

“I think about having sex with you. It happens every day, and I daydream about it,” she uttered.

I stared at her, my smile staying on my face. “Oh?” I drawled.

She nodded. “I want you to fuck me, Father.”

Grace popped into my head. My cock stiffened in my pants and pressed against the zipper. My little sinner was a temptation, and I couldn't have her. She was too sweet and good for me. I'd only break her and dim the shine in her eyes. Daiman was the best choice for her. She didn't want to fuck me, and I gave her mixed signals. That was on me. But I was at the point where I needed release. Now.

Fuck. I was about to go against my creed of fucking young women, but my dick wouldn't go down until I found relief. My skin tightened, and my energy needed to be expelled into a willing womb.

I stood up from my chair and nodded my head to the desk.

"Bend over," I ordered.

Samantha brightened, her eyes flaring wide, and she practically skipped across the room and laid her chest on the table. I stepped behind her and raised her skirt, finding she wasn't wearing underwear.

I cracked my palm against her ass, earning a whine from her. "Naughty girl."

"Please! I need you, Father!" she moaned.

I undid my pants and pulled out my throbbing cock. "Widen your legs."

When she didn't move fast enough for me, I thrust my knee between her thighs and forced them apart. I moved closer and grabbed her hip with one hand. With the other, I guided the tip of my erection to her weeping center.

"You might want to bite on your Bible. I'm not small," I warned.

She snatched her leather book and bit on it like the needy little slut she was. I smirked and thrust my hips forward, breaching her virgin pussy. My smile widened at her muffled shriek as I bottomed out.

GRACE

I sat alone at a table in the cafeteria. Now I was a loser in school, thanks to Sebastian and Brad. Some people (mainly boys) had even approached me and made lewd comments. While I walked in the hallways between classes, a few girls laughed at me and called, “*Hey, zombie! Are you going to eat brains or penis?*” Another group said I needed to repent or I would burn in Hell.

My stomach growled as I stared at the untouched plate of pizza with french fries and a side of healthy steamed veggies. It used to be my favorite lunch meal, but now I couldn’t even enjoy it because I was a succubus. I was starving, and my demon was back to whispering about how I needed dick.

What happened this morning still haunted me and made some of my symptoms flare. Sounds became too loud for my sensitive ears, and the air molecules grated against each other like shifting tectonic plates. I caught people staring at me with broad smiles that bordered on creepy, like clowns. Some had their Bibles out, forgotten while they all grinned at me. I could hear them talking but didn’t see their mouths moving.

My heart hammered in my chest, and I gulped air to stay calm.

Why were they looking at me?

Laughter filled the room, and whispers became louder until it sounded like screams.

“Look at her,” one cackled.

“She’s not eating. Is she anorexic now?”

“Grace is a freaking slut!”

I shot off my seat and picked up my food tray to dump it into the trash. I fled the cafeteria while everyone laughed at once. Glancing over my shoulder, I found them turned toward me, still grinning with their eyes as wide as they could go.

“Oh god,” I whimpered. I turned back to watch where I was going as I rushed out of the room.

I strode through the first hallway, then the next as I got lost in my head. I didn’t know where I was going and didn’t care. I needed safety, and I wasn’t sure where to find it.

Something in me tugged, and I gasped for air, attempting to breathe through the panic attack. I stopped in a hallway and pressed my palm flat on the wall, leaning my head forward.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god,” I sobbed.

I closed my eyes, still seeing everyone’s creepy faces as they stared at me.

Loud thumping from a nearby room made me raise my head with tears in my eyes. I blinked them away and focused on the sound. I held my breath, listening.

A woman moaned, followed by a man’s grunt.

Swiping away the pesky tears that slipped down my cheeks, I followed the noise and stopped outside an office door that was cracked open. The sounds of flesh meeting flesh grew louder, and I debated if I should look.

A wave of arousal streamed through the crack, hitting me like a speeding car meeting a brick wall. I shuddered and swallowed a moan because it smelled so good.

I pushed the door wider to peek my head through. My eyes enlarged at the sight before me.

Lucien had his pants around his thighs, his tattoos visible. Samantha’s chest pressed into his desk, her ass out while he fucked her from behind. She bit into her Bible to quiet her whimpers, which didn’t do a great job since I heard them from down the hallway.

I watched as Lucien raised her leg to rest against the edge of the table, giving me a better view as his cock slid in and out of her. He was just as huge as Daiman.

Lucien lifted his head and looked directly at me while he continued to fuck Samantha. He grunted louder, slamming his hips harder against her and making her whimper in pain. Samantha squeezed her eyes shut, so she had no idea I was watching them.

Warmth pooled low in my belly, and the intoxicating scent of their arousal held me in place. Watching Lucien fuck another woman should have upset me, and it sort of did, but I was also curious and turned on.

Sweat beaded on Lucien's forehead, and some of his black hair stuck to it. He clenched his teeth, baring them at me as he held my gaze and dared me to break them apart. From how he watched me, I got the feeling he was imagining fucking me instead of Samantha.

He reached forward, fisting Samantha's hair and yanking back her head. She groaned into the leather, eyes still squeezed shut. Their flesh slapped together, making me shudder and my nipples harden. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach, and my pussy clenched.

Fuck.

The legs of the table scraped against the wooden floor from the force of Lucien's thrusts. I dropped my gaze to his cock again, watching him disappear into her body. My mind replaced Samantha's face with mine, and I imagined it was me Lucien was fucking, which turned me on even more. Blood smeared on his veiny shaft, coating the base and disappearing into his dark pubic hair.

Samantha had been a virgin until him.

"You like that, don't you?" Lucien growled, swiveling his hips against Samantha's ass.

She nodded, adding a muffled "mhhh" into it.

I didn't think he'd directed the question at her because he stared at me while he said that. His eyes shuttered, and a low

groan welled in his chest as he orgasmed inside her.

His energy flared, and I sensed it surging inside Samantha. I found the thread that belonged to Lucien and brushed my mental fingers through it, watching as Lucien pounded harder into Samantha and groaned. The corner of his lip tipped into a smirk as if he knew I couldn't resist him.

"You like being treated like a whore?" he asked, this time directed at Samantha. "I'll fuck you like a whore."

He cracked his palm against her ass, making her scream into the leather. He kept fucking her, pushing his cum deeper inside her womb.

How could he keep going? How was he still hard?

The same reason Daiman could keep going. He's an incubus.

I stepped back, and my bottom bumped into the door, causing it to slam shut. Samantha's eyes shot open, and she looked at me with terror. She spat the Bible out of her mouth and gasped.

"Grace," she breathed. "It's not what you think it is."

Lucien chuckled and slapped her ass, making her yelp. "Yes, it is, Grace. Your friend is getting fucked by her priest." He cracked his palm against her ass again. "Isn't that right, Samantha? You like having my cock deep inside your tight cunt, don't you?"

I took another step back, this time opening the door wider. Lucien watched with hunger in his eyes.

"Run, little sinner. If you don't, it'll be you pinned to this desk next," he taunted.

I spun around and fled.

GRACE

I walked in the pouring rain. I didn't care that my white shirt was now see-through or that my plaid skirt clung to my thighs. My blonde hair adhered to my face and neck. I blinked away the droplets that kept falling into my eyes. I should have been cold, but I'd come to accept that my demon side kept me warm, along with other things. Like, oh, let's say, getting turned on while you watch your teacher bang another woman.

As I walked home, it wasn't the path that led to my parents' house that I saw. Or the onslaught of the rain. No. It was Lucien fucking Samantha while he stared at me with hunger in his eyes.

I thought he didn't want me. He made it clear several times that he had no interest in touching me.

But it's always been after I said I didn't want to fuck him.

I stopped walking and squeezed my thighs together to stop the pulsing in my clit. Biting my bottom lip, I closed my eyes, breathing through my nose and trying not to get turned on. I was scared something awful would happen to someone when I was in this aroused state.

When did I start wanting Lucien? He treated me like shit, and I barely saw him except for one class. I was doing what he wanted me to do. I was sort of feeding from Daiman.

It's not enough. I need more.

I shuddered, and a small moan slipped from me.

The thread inside me tugged the other end closer than it had been earlier this morning. I turned around, searching for Daiman, and sucked in a breath when I spotted him leaning against a car with his arms crossed over his chest.

I swallowed hard and strode to him, quickly closing the space between us. Daiman plucked the toothpick out of his mouth right before I jumped up for him to catch me. Our lips met halfway, and I wrapped my legs around his waist. A moan welled in my chest as he grabbed my ass cheeks, roughly squeezing them.

“Fuck me,” I begged into the kiss.

He groaned, and darkness briefly surrounded us before a light appeared behind my closed eyes. I didn't bother to open them and moaned as my back met a soft bed. Daiman hovered over me, his hands aggressively working off my school uniform. My skirt and panties flew, and we had to pull apart from the kiss so he could remove my shirt and bra. I kicked off my shoes and socks while he shed his clothes.

Daiman's dark crimson eyes raked over my body, and his pupils dilated as he looked between my legs. I dropped my knees so they rested on the mattress.

“Please, Daiman!” I begged, arching my back.

Daiman snarled and dove between my thighs, his mouth latching onto my mound. I nearly jumped off the bed and yelped, but that turned into a moan as he licked me from bottom to top.

“Do that later. I need you inside me,” I whined, threading my fingers into his wet hair. The incubus snarled as I yanked at the strands, and his eyes snapped up to glare at me while he tongued my swollen clit.

“Let me enjoy you first, angel,” he grunted. I gasped as he slowly dipped a thick finger inside my wet heat. My inner walls spasmed around his touch, and I arched my back, pushing my pussy against his face.

“I'm starving,” I cried.

My orgasm crept up as Daiman finger-fucked me while skillfully flicking his tongue against my throbbing clit.

Lucien popped into my head, making me wetter. I could still hear his flesh slapping against Samantha's as he brutally pounded into her. I'd wanted to be her, just to feel Lucien's roughness.

"He doesn't grab you by the throat, cutting off your air while he pounds your little kitty from behind?" Layla's question echoed in my head.

"He doesn't call you his little bitch and demand that you take it like a good girl?"

"Oh, fuck, Daiman!" I screamed as I came on his fingers and mouth.

He snarled and fucked me faster with his hand and tongue. Dots glittered into my vision, and I trembled as I floated back down from the high of my orgasm.

Daiman kissed my cunt before he crawled up my body and settled between my legs. I panted and gazed up at his face, my breath hitching as he thrust his gigantic dick between my wet pussy lips. I opened my mouth, intending to tell him I wanted him to be rough with me, but closed my lips as I remembered how Sebastian didn't take it too well when I asked for that.

Daiman stopped moving. "What's on your mind?"

I swallowed hard and wrapped my legs around his waist, dragging him against me and moaning as his dick slid up and rested on my pelvis. Taking a deep breath, I gathered my courage.

"I want you to be rough with me. Choke me, slap me, call me every degrading name you can think of ..."

Daiman's eyes darkened, and his nostrils flared.

"Even forcing me to ..."

"Go on. Finish what you were saying." Daiman's lips slowly curled into a devilish smile that was both gorgeous and terrifying.

“I-I want you to rape me.” I’d heard it called consensual non-consent. Or, as others put it, rape fantasy. I’d done some research about it and how couples would role-play. It could be freeing and could even help overcome trauma. Or it was just simply a kink someone wanted to explore in a safe setting. But because of what my dad had done, I wanted that power back. I wanted Daiman to help me without him knowing what was going on at home.

Daiman smirked. “Naughty, naughty girl.”

My heart stopped beating, and my eyes widened. All my hopes that Daiman would be the one that would want this went down the drain. I was asking too much.

“I’ll give you what you want. But I want to hear your consent one more time before we start. Do you want me to be rough and rape you?”

I nodded.

“Use your words,” he growled through his teeth.

“Yes!”

His face broke out in a smile. “Your wish is my command.”

GRACE

I squeaked as Daiman flipped me over and forced me onto my hands and knees. “You filthy fucking whore,” he snarled and thrust his big dick into me without warning.

I yelled and instinctively tried to move away from him because of the discomfort.

“Oh, no you don’t,” he growled and grabbed my waist, slamming me against him to take him deeper inside me. He groaned, and I cried from the pain of him hitting my cervix.

I jerked forward as Daiman pounded into me, our flesh slapping together. I curled my fingers into the sheets, holding on so I didn’t fall face first because of the force of Daiman’s thrusts. He grabbed my hair and split it into two sections, confusing me. Why did he want to play with it while he fucked me? My eyes widened when Daiman wrapped the two sections around my neck in opposite directions, then pulled it behind my head to replicate reins. I shrieked as he yanked back, choking me with my fucking hair.

“Yeah, you like that, don’t you?” Daiman taunted and laughed as I struggled to breathe. I bounced against him, and every time his hips met my ass, I jerked forward and choked as my hair tightened around my neck.

Oh my god. I’d been missing out while with Sebastian. I didn’t realize how much I would love being manhandled. I thanked Layla in my mind for pointing out the obvious about what I really wanted.

Black dots popped into my vision, and my chest burned as I struggled for air. Daiman never slowed down as he pistoned

into me.

My orgasm blindsided me as it came out of nowhere. I breathlessly screamed, falling forward, but Daiman held onto my hair, pain biting into my scalp and throat. My ears rang, and I trembled as I floated back down to earth. My head spun. I was on the edge of passing out before Daiman released my hair, and I face-planted into the mattress.

He cracked his palm against my ass and spread my ass cheeks apart. "I'm going to fuck your little virgin asshole, whore."

My eyes widened, and I rapidly shook my head, croaking, "No."

"No?" he purred and chuckled.

He pulled out of me and rose off the mattress to go to his nightstand, then grabbed a bottle of lube from a drawer and joined me again on the bed. Shaking, I got to my hands and knees again and crawled away from him.

"Oh, no you don't," Daiman snarled and yanked me back.

Shadows slithered onto the bed and wrapped around my wrists, holding me to the bed so I wouldn't escape Daiman. I shook my head, my heart pounding in my chest as Daiman poured the lube onto my asshole and his dick. The cap shut, and he threw it aside.

"You deserve all of this, bitch. You toyed with me, working me up until I had to use my hand daily to find relief." He nudged the broad tip of his dick against my asshole. More shadows crept around me and jerked me down so that my chest lay flat on the mattress. "Relax, or this will hurt more."

I trembled, panting and trying not to panic as he pushed his dick past the tight ring. A low groan slipped out of me, and I squeezed my eyes shut, breathing through the burn as he worked himself into me. I swallowed every scream as he breached and shallowly thrust in and out of me until he bottomed out.

Daiman didn't allow me to accommodate his size. He pulled out until the head was left inside me, then slammed his

hips against my ass, shoving me forward and making me scream.

“It hurts!” I cried.

“I don’t care.” Daiman chuckled and slapped my ass. He rocked into me, keeping a fast pace.

I breathed through the pain. Something cool to the touch whispered over my body and between my legs, curling around my clit. I moaned as it flicked against the sensitive area. Another shadow curled around my thigh and moved up to my pussy. My eyes and mouth snapped open as it pushed into my weeping center, taking the form of a large phallus.

“Oh, fuck me!” I shouted, trembling as two cocks fucked both of my holes.

Daiman chuckled. “Oh, believe me. This is just the beginning.”

I screamed as I came harder than I ever had in my life. My toes curled, and darkness flooded into my vision. I whimpered as Daiman grunted when I came to, spreading my ass cheeks further apart.

“Welcome back,” he greeted with a smile in his voice.

His dick throbbed inside me, followed by warmth. I grabbed onto the thread that joined us, sucking all the energy out of him and filling myself. Daiman roared as more warmth filled my ass, and the shadow dick slammed harder into me. I panted with soft whimpers as Daiman slowed to a stop, still deep inside me.

A camera shuttered as he took a picture. I blinked and turned my head, looking at him while he snapped photos with his cell phone of him stretching my ass.

“Lucien will *love* these pics,” Daiman rasped.

My head slumped back to the mattress and I closed my eyes, trying to stop the spinning.

Daiman returned to fucking my ass, his shadow pumping in my pussy at the same tempo. I had a gut feeling he took a couple more pictures and a video. He forced me to orgasm

again, and he followed one last time. I couldn't move as he pulled out of me.

“Get some sleep, angel,” Daiman whispered huskily. I listened as he got off the bed and crossed the room. He returned with a wet rag and cleaned me up while my ass remained in the air. Once he finished, he threw it aside, joined me on the mattress, and brought me into his arms.

I swallowed and fought sleep as I clung to him like he was my safety blanket. “Thank you,” I whispered.

Daiman ran his fingers through my hair, gently petting me and comforting me. “Any time. Now rest.”

I didn't argue with that. This time, I allowed sleep to take me.

GRACE

I woke up in my bedroom with my phone and a folded note beside me. When I opened the piece of paper, it read:

**I PUT LUCIEN'S PHONE NUMBER IN YOUR
PHONE, ALONG WITH MINE.**

**I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT NEEDING TO GO
HOME, SO I'M SORRY I'M NOT THERE WHEN YOU
WAKE UP.**

BEHAVE, ANGEL. WE'RE ALWAYS WATCHING.

— D

I set the note down and looked through my phone, finding Daiman and Lucien's contacts. Tapping Daiman's number, I opened a new message and hesitated. After a few minutes of trying to think of something, I wrote ...

Me: I'm awake. Thank you.

I hit send and immediately felt like an idiot. It was a stupid message, but I didn't know what else to say.

I climbed off the bed and left my bedroom for the bathroom. After doing my business, I debated whether to go downstairs or head back to my room. I didn't want to run into Dad. Not after what he said he would do.

I went to my bedroom and left the door cracked open.

You can't hide forever, Grace.

"It's worth a shot," I mumbled.



"Why are you always in your bedroom? Do you ever eat?" Christy asked as she leaned in my doorway, munching away on a bag of potato chips I wanted to slap out of her hands.

"Well, last I checked, I'm grounded." I sighed. I didn't know for sure if I was still grounded since Dad returned my phone, but I wasn't about to hang out downstairs with him. Just thinking about it made my skin crawl.

My sister snorted and rolled her eyes. "That doesn't mean you should always be in your room. Dad is complaining about you hiding from us." She popped a chip into her mouth and crunched on it. "Why?"

"Can you eat quieter, please?" I snapped.

Christy popped another chip into her mouth and chewed louder, leaning forward and gnashing her teeth at me. She was a beautiful girl with long blonde hair and a slim body, but right now, she was the ugliest person because of her cruelty.

My blood boiled with rage that flooded through my veins. I glared at her, breathing harder as the urge to jump across the room and snap her neck rose in me.

It wasn't like me. Yeah, I didn't like it when people ate super loud, but I didn't want to *kill* anyone over it. My family didn't understand it. They barely understood my schizoaffective disorder.

Guilt flooded through me and knotted my stomach. I lowered my angry eyes to the Bible on the mattress in front of me, then sat in the middle of my bed, minding my business as I searched for more information about demons and even the plot holes Lucien had pointed out during classes.

“Jeez, Grace, don’t cry about it,” Christy said as she chewed on another potato chip.

I cringed, ground my teeth together, and glared at the holy textbook, not reading anything on the open pages.

“Just fuck off, please,” I snapped, still staring down at the book.

“Ohhhh, I’m telling Dad you cursed,” Christy sang and chewed louder on her chips.

My head snapped up, and I bared my teeth at her, my gums aching. “*Just leave!*” I growled, my voice not my own.

Christy’s eyes bugged out of her head, and her bag of chips slipped from her hand, landing by her feet. The pulse in her neck hammered, and she spun around and fled from my bedroom.

I breathed heavily, watching as she turned around the corner and disappeared. I waited, listening for her to scream for Dad or Mom, but I only heard her heavy footsteps flying down the stairs.

Realization dawned on me. My stomach dropped and ice froze my blood.

She’s going to tell them. I can’t let her.

I shot off the bed and chased after her, taking two steps at a time as I went down the stairs.

“What’s going on?” Mom asked from the living room.

I turned the corner and stopped dead in my tracks as Christy hid behind Mom with tears tracking down her cheeks and her lower lip wobbling.

“She’s possessed!” Christy cried.

I rapidly shook my head. “No. I’m not.”

That didn't sound convincing at all, and Mom's eyebrows bunched together as she looked between my sister and me.

Mom turned and looked at Christy. "What happened?"

Christy didn't take her eyes off me as she yelled, "I was just talking to her, and she growled at me. Like full-on, demonic growl." She looked at our mom, hands grappling at her arm to keep her in front of her as if our mom was a shield that would block her from my non-existent attack. "She's possessed!"

My heart thundered in my chest, and I tried to breathe through the panic. I couldn't say anything, too scared of the speed at which this situation was escalating. My reality shifted, and the walls extended, then returned to their normal shape, then extended again, like breathing.

"That's not nice to say about your sister. You know she has schizophrenia," Mom said, trying to give me the benefit of the doubt.

"No." Christy shook Mom's arm. Tears shined in her eyes. "You don't understand. Her eyes turned all black, and her voice changed. You need to call the priest *right now!*"

I gasped for air, trembling and taking a step back. "No."

I had to get out of here. I had to leave before they called in the priest to exorcise me. Thinking of Dad and what he'd do only made it worse.

Lucien popped into my mind, and I waved that away.

Daiman. I could call Daiman to take me away before things got bad.

Fuck. What if I was just blowing this out of proportion and my family didn't do anything?

I stood frozen in my spot, staring wide-eyed at my mom and sister, who debated whether they should call the church.

"I'm fine," I croaked.

"There's nothing wrong with her, honey. You two are probably pulling my chain *again.*" Mom sighed and turned

away from me.

I released a shaky breath, gazing at Christy, who glared at me—like, really *glared* at me as if she now hated my guts and wanted to kill me.

Oh crap. What if she did want to kill me?

“Can I—” I swallowed hard, and my heart skipped a beat as Mom turned to me with her eyebrow raised. “Can I please go for a walk?”

Mom placed her hands on her waist and heaved a big sigh. “Your father—”

“Mom! What are you doing? She can’t leave! She’ll go out and kill someone!” Christy screeched.

“Lord have mercy, Christy, if you don’t let go of me right this second . . .” Mom huffed and yanked at her arm to get it out of Christy’s hold, then waved me off. “Go. Go for a walk. The space between you two will do some good.”

I didn’t wait, not wanting to take a chance that she would change her mind. I spun around, wincing as Christy screamed at Mom. I heard Dad’s familiar heavy footsteps as he stormed down the hall from his office.

I ran out the door, not bothering to slide on any shoes. I closed the door behind me, muting Dad’s booming voice, and jogged down the small stone path that led to the street. I gasped for air, panic tightening my chest until I felt like my heart would fall out and land on the ground before my feet.

Tears slid down my cheeks while my gaze bounced to every object I passed. Trees breathed, birds looked like waves in the ocean, and a dog snarled at me, making me sob. I didn’t lunge at it this time because I was too caught up in my psychotic episode.

“Daiman,” I cried softly under my breath. I gripped the thread that joined us and yanked at it repeatedly, hoping he felt it. “I need you.”

My legs wobbled, and I tumbled forward. My eyes scrunched up as I watched the ground come closer.

Arms wrapped around me and pulled me against a muscular chest.

“I’ve got you,” Daiman whispered.

DAIMAN

I materialized us into my home. Grace clung to me and wrapped her legs and arms around me as she buried her face in my neck. I gripped her ass, ignoring my raging hard-on because her warm pussy pressed to my groin.

I strode through my house and went into my bedroom. Grace trembled against me as she silently cried, tears soaking my neck. I sat on the mattress, still holding onto her and rubbing circles in the middle of her back.

“You’re safe now, angel,” I whispered into her hair.

We stayed silent as we held each other. I wondered what the hell happened.

After a while, she pulled back. Her pupils constricted. She averted her gaze, looking around the room with fear reflecting in her moss-green eyes.

“What happened?” I asked, keeping my voice low so I didn’t spook the girl.

She never stopped glancing around my bedroom, like she was waiting for something—or someone—to pop out and take her away from me. I pinched her chin between two fingers and forced her to look at me. She glanced past my head, unable to hold my stare.

I narrowed my eyes. “You’re having symptoms.”

It wasn’t a question. It was a fact, and Grace confirmed it when she nodded.

“Do you want me to touch you, or do you want me to let go?” I asked.

Her arms tightened around my neck, nearly choking me with her strength.

“No. I want to be held,” Grace whimpered, a tremor in her voice.

I dipped my chin, giving her a small nod before I tucked her closer to me. She buried her face into my neck, and I turned my head to nuzzle my nose against the side of her head, breathing in her sweet scent. She smelled like blossoming flowers on a spring morning after rain. I was shit at comforting, but it seemed like Grace found comfort in me, and that alone was enough.

My mind went down a dangerous path as I wondered what had happened. If a person fucked with her, they were a dead man walking.

When Grace and I had sex, it strengthened our bond. I couldn't go through the day without thinking about her and checking the thread that joined us, just to ensure she was okay.

Lucien was jealous, but he didn't voice it. He didn't think I saw how he looked at Grace or the way he tried to seem calm when asking if she'd fed. I knew my brother well enough to know she had become his obsession, age be damned.

Grace's quickened breathing concerned me.

“Don't let them take me,” she sobbed.

I looked at her. Who was going to take her?

She tightened her arms around my neck and gasped for air as she spiraled. “They're after me!”

I wracked my mind for what to do when someone experienced a psychotic episode. Since meeting Grace, I'd researched schizoaffective disorder and what to do in a situation like this. The texts said to speak in a calm voice because yelling only scared them more in their altered state.

I got to my feet while still holding Grace, crossed the bedroom, and entered the joined bathroom. I turned on the walk-in shower, making it hot enough to shock Grace out of her episode but not hot enough to burn off her skin. Though it

wouldn't matter if it did; she was a succubus and could heal herself.

I didn't bother to undress us as I stepped under the steaming water spray. Grace sucked in a breath. Her arms tightened painfully around me, and her thighs squeezed my hips.

I grunted, bearing the pain for her.

I didn't know how long we stood under the hot spray, but eventually, she pulled back and looked at me with glassy eyes. The water pounded onto her face, and I turned so it didn't get into her eyes anymore.

I tried to keep calm instead of returning to her home and killing everyone in the house. It had to have been one of her family members. I'd caught a few soft murmurs when her parents talked about her, saying how she had changed since the concert.

"You need to get home. Grace is upset," I said to Lucien, using our connection. The water had likely damaged the phone in my pocket. I didn't give a fuck. I'd get a replacement.

"You want to tell me what happened?" I asked.

Grace nibbled on her bottom lip. "Not really," she muttered.

My fingers dug into the soft skin of her ass and lower back where I held her. I narrowed my eyes and used my powers to turn off the shower as I walked out of it. I crossed the room and set her on the large marble counter. Water cascaded from our soaked clothes. I didn't care about the big mess we made. She was more important.

Jesus, fuck. I think I'm falling for the girl.

"Arms up," I demanded.

"Why?"

"I'm putting you in dry clothes." Her white shirt was now see-through, and her hardened pink nipples pressed against the wet cloth.

“Do *not* move from this spot,” I warned her.

She opened her mouth, then snapped it shut, letting her objection die on her tongue.

“Good girl.” I smirked, left the bathroom to gather clothes, and returned, finding her still sitting on the counter, her arms over her chest to hide her breasts from my gaze.

I set the clothes next to her on the counter, kicked off my shoes, peeled off my wet shirt, and dropped it to the ground. Grace watched me with parted lips and dilating pupils. I slowly unzipped my pants, then unbuttoned them to give her a show.

Even though she was full, she watched me with hungry eyes. It hadn't been twelve hours since we last saw each other, and it felt like we'd been separated for years. I wanted to rip off her clothes and slide her down my aching cock while she wrapped her legs around my waist.

I groaned and pushed down my wet jeans. My erection sprang out, and Grace sucked in a breath as her gaze dropped to it. I stepped out of the pants and stood naked, allowing her to take in every inch of my tattooed body, but her eyes remained on my dick.

“Keep looking at my cock like that, succubus, and I'm not responsible for what I'll do next,” I rasped.

Her gaze snapped up to my face, her cheeks flushing a deeper red after being caught staring.

I approached her, watching the pulse in her neck beat faster. I stopped in front of her, grabbed the clothes next to her, and smirked as she leaned forward. Her lips parted, begging for a kiss.

I leaned forward, pulling on my dry jeans, my breath whispering against her lips.

“You're being a tease,” she breathed.

I smirked and drew back, letting her watch as I tucked myself away and zipped up my pants.

“Get dressed. Someone’s here to see you.” I nodded my head to the pile of clothes I’d brought for her.

I cocked my head, watching as she came to her own conclusions. Fear darkened her eyes.

“It’s Lucien. No one else is here,” I assured her, brushing my knuckles down her cheek.

She released a shaky breath and nodded.

I stepped back and left the bathroom, then the bedroom. It was best I put some space between us because, had I stayed a second longer, I would have been balls-deep in Grace’s pussy. Because of the situation and Grace showing signs that something was wrong, Lucien wouldn’t be patient and wait for me to finish fucking her.

GRACE

After dressing in the clothes Daiman brought, I silently walked out of the bathroom, then out of his bedroom. I followed Daiman's voice as he talked to Lucien. I glanced at the paintings on the crimson walls, shivering because of their horrifying depictions. I could look at them a thousand times, and I would still have the same reaction.

I entered the living room that had the same blood-red walls. A huge black leather sectional that could seat ten people sat in the center of the room. Across from it stood a coffee table made from dark oak. A red pentagram with a goat's face in the middle had been painted on the table.

I swallowed hard, suddenly nervous about seeing all the devil-worshipping stuff. My family would have clutched their rosaries and screamed that this evil home needed to be blessed.

Neither man was in the room, but I followed their voices to the kitchen. Daiman leaned against the breakfast bar while Lucien made himself a drink with his back turned toward me.

I paused, unsure whether I should be here or not.

"Come here, angel," Daiman said, breaking me out of my spiraling thoughts.

Lucien peeked over his shoulder, his dark eyes scanning my body, and a muscle popped in his jaw. He turned back to what he was doing, and I released a shaky breath as Daiman glanced at me. I approached him and squeaked when he pulled me into him and slammed his lips against mine.

My hands immediately went to his chest, digging my fingers into his shirt as he furiously kissed me like this would be the last time. I panted into his mouth, worried he'd leave me.

He doesn't know what Dad did and still wants to leave.

Daiman ended the kiss and pulled back enough to look down at my face with narrowed eyes. "What's causing you to panic?"

I swallowed hard and shook my head. "J-just symptoms."

He popped his jaw, never breaking eye contact. I held my breath, trying to calm my heart and mind.

"Just *symptoms*, hmm?" Lucien said from behind Daiman. I listened to his footsteps as he came around and stood beside Daiman.

I nodded, staring wide-eyed at Lucien, who sipped his drink.

While watching me, Daiman put a toothpick into his mouth and rolled the wooden stick between his teeth.

I stepped back, putting more space between me and the two demons.

"Ahh, little sinner. Your name suits you." Lucien's lips slowly tipped up into a smile that made me even more nervous. "Do you not realize that lying is a sin?"

"I know," I said, my voice cracking.

My pulse thundered in my ears, and I looked at Daiman for help. He watched me, eyes hooded and his tongue rolling around the toothpick in his mouth. Okay, so he wasn't any help right now.

I looked at Lucien. "I'm not lying."

Lucien raised the crystal glass to his mouth, watching me as he sipped his drink. "Is that so?" He lowered his cup and tilted his head. "If you aren't lying, then prove it." His eyes raked over me as though he were undressing me. I'd never felt more exposed in my life.

I bunched my eyebrows together. “Huh?”

“If you aren’t lying, then prove it,” Lucien said again, but slower this time, as if I were stupid.

“I heard you the first time. How do I prove that I’m telling the truth?” I glanced at Daiman, again seeking help that he refused to give. He and Lucien were working together to get me to fold and tell them.

“You’ll fuck Daiman and allow him into your mind,” Lucien said. He sipped his drink and acted like he hadn’t just said that I had to have sex with the incubus demon I had feelings for and let him ... possess me?

My stomach dropped, and my mouth went dry. “No.”

“So then, you’re lying. Tell us the real reason that you’re upset,” Lucien said with a sly grin.

“I’m not lying!” My cheeks flushed, and fear coursed through my veins like poison. It burned and filled my stomach until I felt like I would throw up.

“Then. Fuck. Daiman. And let him. Into your mind,” Lucien said through clenched teeth.

I looked between the two demons, trying to decide which of the two evils would be better. Did I tell them my dad had been touching me, just to watch their faces twist in disgust, or did I allow Daiman into my mind to find out for himself? Either way, I was fucked.

I might as well let him fuck me for the last time before they both leave.

“I have nothing to hide.” Yes, I did.

Lucien’s jaw clenched, and he slowly blinked. “Undress.”

“Right here?” I squeaked.

Lucien rolled his eyes. “Yes, right here and right now.”

“You’re not watching, are you?”

“Of course I am.” Lucien scoffed.

Daiman watched me with disappointment. I hated letting him down but was too scared to tell him.

“Take off your clothes, angel,” Daiman ordered as he began shedding his.

My hands shook as I undressed and stood naked for Lucien to see. I covered my chest with my hands, not wanting Lucien to look.

Daiman grabbed me, and I yelped as he laid me down on the breakfast table like I weighed nothing. He dropped to his knees, putting himself at eye level with my pulsing core. I gasped as he yanked me toward him until my ass was nearly hanging off the table.

Lucien stood aside, watching Daiman swipe his tongue up my folds and curl the tip around my clit. A groan welled out of me, and I threw my head back, panting as Daiman tongue-fucked me. He nudged the outside of my entrance with his fingers and thrust them in.

“Oh, god!” I shrieked as he sucked on my bundle of nerves while he pistoned his digits into me, bringing wet noises from my pussy.

“Call out to God again, Grace,” Lucien said, his voice husky. “I want that piece of shit to see my demon brother fucking one of his little lambs. Oh, how disappointed he’ll be.”

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck*,” I screamed as I orgasmed.

Daiman moaned against my mound, frantically flicking his tongue against my clit. I looked at the demon between my legs as I came down from the high. My eyes widened as I watched his tongue split in the middle, each side going the opposite way as he flicked my sensitive nub.

My hand shot forward, pulling at his hair and making him snarl against me. I rocked my hips against his mouth, panting, and my toes curled as I went over the edge again.

Daiman worked me through the orgasm, his tongue swiping my engorged clit and his fingers thrusting into my spasming walls. When I could open my eyes, I found Lucien staring directly at me while he sipped his drink. I dropped my

gaze down his body and sucked in a breath at the gigantic outline of his erection inside his pants.

Daiman stood up and nestled himself between my thighs. I yelped as he shoved his dick into me, slamming in until our hips met. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as Daiman squeezed my throat with one hand. With the other, he raised my leg so it hung over his shoulder.

Our flesh slapped, the sound filling the room along with our grunts and moans. I opened my eyes again, searching for Lucien, and found him still watching me with hunger.

Butterflies filled my stomach, and I opened my mouth, about to invite him to join, but stopped when he raised an eyebrow. I swallowed my words and closed my eyes.

I struggled to breathe as Daiman's hand squeezed my neck, which I was sure was his intention.

Something forcefully breached my mind through the energy thread. I struggled against it, throwing up a barrier to keep it out.

"Let me in, succubus," Daiman snarled and slammed his hips against mine, his cock bruising my insides.

"Oh fuck," I cried as I orgasmed.

The weak barriers crumbled, and Daiman surged into my mind.

DAIMAN

I didn't stop fucking Grace as I searched her mind, seeking the reason why she'd been upset multiple times. I saw through her eyes in her memories. She ate her friend's arm and heart, then wailed over doing so. I felt an echo of her suffering. It wasn't what I wanted to know, so I moved through the rest. A dog growled and barked at her, and she returned its anger by lunging toward it. The dog ran away with his tail between his legs, whining.

Memories from before she became a succubus came to the front. There were blank spots where I assumed she'd forgotten things. There were too many to count, and I wondered if it was because of her mental illness or something traumatic that her mind forced her to erase.

Another memory stood out when she saw us playing on stage the night she was sacrificed. She had sung our songs, wondering if Lucien was staring at her. I knew he had been because he heard Lucifer telling him she'd been chosen to be his.

There were a few where she became aroused when looking at Lucien and me. She thought to herself about how she wanted to be manhandled. It explained why she told me to be rough with her and even rape her with prior consent. Her ex-boyfriend (who I now planned on killing because of how he'd talked to her when he broke up with her) didn't give her what she wanted.

I scoured through everything and came up empty-handed. There were too many blank spots since she'd changed into a succubus.

I withdrew from her mind, groaning as I came inside her. Grace arched her back and dug her heels into my ass to draw me closer. She yanked at the thread between us, forcing me to orgasm again on the tail end of my first one. I gritted my teeth and grunted as I slammed into her abused pussy, filling her until our combined cum dripped down my balls.

Panting, I pulled out of her and let my brother see the mess I made leak from her tight cunt and down her ass. I looked at him, smirking at the hunger in his eyes as he gazed at Grace, who went limp, breathing hard.

“Anything?” Lucien asked as he turned his attention to me.

I slicked back the sweaty hair that hung in my eyes. “No,” I sighed.

I faced Grace and watched as she slowly sat up, her palms resting on the table’s edge. Her eyes glazed over with pleasure and satisfaction, telling me I’d done a damned good job.

“But we need to talk about her ex,” I added and looked at my brother.

Lucien raised an eyebrow, waiting for me to begin.

Grace sucked in a sharp breath. “No ...”

She must’ve known where this conversation was about to go, but I didn’t care. Lucien needed to know we had a bigger problem.

“She told him everything. Luckily, he didn’t believe her, but now the school knows, and they’re bullying her,” I said, clenching my hands into tight fists. I wanted to wring every single one of their necks for treating my *par* that way.

Lucien set his empty glass on the table and tilted his head as he stared at Grace with an unreadable expression. “Is that so?”

I handed Grace her clothes before I gathered mine and dressed.

“It’s no big deal,” she whispered, stabbing her legs into the gray sweats, then pulling on the loose T-shirt.

I scoffed and folded my arms over my chest, glaring at Grace as she tried to play this off. It'd been bugging her to the point that she hallucinated the entire room grinning at her with wide eyes.

“No big deal, hmm?” Lucien purred. “So it won't be a problem if I slaughter the whole school?”

Grace's eyes bugged out of her head, and she shook her head. She took a step toward Lucien, then paused, unsure whether she wanted to go to him. I held back a smirk, now knowing full well she wanted him.

“Don't kill them,” she begged.

“You would spare their lives when they wouldn't do the same for you?” Lucien said. I knew he had to have been seething because of his abnormal calmness. He always kept his cards close to his chest, intending to surprise the other person when he made his next move.

Grace swallowed and looked at me for support. I wanted to wrap my arms around her and protect her from the world. After seeing most of her memories, she'd had a tough and lonely life, especially living with her mental illnesses. But right now, Lucien and I needed answers.

“Are you going to tell us why you were so upset?” I grunted.

Grace looked me dead in the eye and said, “It was nothing. Just symptoms.”

I wanted to smash shit and punch a wall until it crumbled to the ground. “Stubborn fucking girl,” I muttered.

“Don't worry, little sinner,” Lucien cooed, and a small smile crept to his face. “We'll find out soon enough.”

I didn't miss the look of fear that flashed across her face before she shut down and threw up a wall, closing us out.

Oh, she was hiding something. Possibly a *someone*.

LUCIEN

I pumped my fist faster on my throbbing cock. Hot water cascaded down the back of my head as I jacked off to the memory of Daiman fucking Grace. I used my spit and pre-cum as lube, wishing it was Grace's tight pussy that was wrapped around my length.

"Fuck," I groaned as I thrust my hips into my hand.

My balls tightened, and pleasure licked up my spine. I moaned louder as Grace's cries filled my head. She looked so goddamned beautiful with my brother's load dripping out of her.

Hot cum jetted out and landed on the stone wall. I bent my fingers on the cool wall, holding on so I wouldn't fall over from the intensity of my orgasm. Jet after jet of semen shot out, some gathering on my hand as I stroked out every last drop.

My skin tightened, and I needed to fuck someone soon before it became too painful to function. Samantha hadn't taken out as much as I wanted. I would need to sleep with multiple human women to find relief.

I released my still-hard dick and panted.

Daiman took Grace home an hour ago, and I already longed to be in her presence. She was a mystery, and I still wondered who had talked to me, pretending to be Lucifer. I had no leads to follow, which grated at every single nerve. When I sacrificed another virgin for him, I questioned if it was really him when he accepted the girl.

I raised my head and cleaned myself off before I turned off the shower and stepped out. For now, I only wanted an answer to what Grace hid from us.

GRACE

After Daiman brought me home, I was too exhausted to do anything but crawl into bed after changing clothes. I barely heard him murmur he'd see me soon before sleep pulled me into its depths.

I didn't dream but at some point, images of me crawling out of bed popped into my vision before it went dark. The next flash was of me running outside, rain pounding on my skin and soaking my clothes.

"He's mine," a scratchy voice whispered.

My gums ached, and my teeth elongated. Magic pulsed around me, and my skin shivered like bugs crawled beneath it. Everything was dark, like I had walked into a room and couldn't find the light switch. Bare feet slapped against concrete, followed by muffled panting.

Light spilled into my eyes, and I squinted as I looked through a long tunnel, as if I was sitting back and watching through someone else's eyes. Lightning flashed in the sky, lighting up the dark parking lot. Rain pelted down in fat drops, hitting my skin and sizzling, reminding me of water hitting a hot pan. A lone car sat underneath a streetlamp that struggled to provide light.

My chest rose and fell. Rage boiled in my veins as a small, feminine figure ran to the car under the lamp. Lightning flashed in the night, and thunder cracked a split second after.

"Samanthaaaaaa," the scratchy voice sang out.

The woman at the car gasped, swiveling her head in my direction. Her eyes widened as she searched in the shadows where I hid.

The rain came down faster, most likely blinding the tiny girl. Her hair stuck to her back, and pieces clung to her cheeks. She turned back to her car and struggled to find the right key to unlock her door.

Clicking filled my head, like someone was tapping bones together. My fingernails ached as they grew into sharp points. Everything went dark again, like I was being dragged back into the tunnel and held prisoner.

Lightning flashed, and this time, I stood in a different spot, closer to the car and on the opposite side of Samantha. She jerked her head and looked at where I had been before everything darkened.

“Samanthaaaaaa,” the raspy voice sang.

Samantha whipped her head forward, looking over the top of her car and straight at me. Her eyes widened, flicking around as she searched for the owner of the voice. I stayed in the shadows, toying with her and only allowing her to catch glimpses of me.

More bones clacked together, and I realized it was my teeth as I knocked them against each other and clicked my tongue. It was a scare tactic. Whatever was in control right now wanted Samantha to be terrified.

“Who’s there?” Samantha called, then shook her head. “What the fuck am I talking about?”

She whimpered as she unlocked the driver’s side door and swung it open.

Everything went dark, and I appeared behind the girl as she slipped into her vehicle. My hand shot forward and grabbed Samantha.

I screamed in my head. My skin had gone red—the same color as the demon I saw in the mirror at school.

Samantha shrieked as my claws circled her arm and yanked her out of the car. I threw her to the ground and sat on her stomach, pinning her so she couldn't escape. I leaned forward, getting into her face while I made more clicking sounds with my teeth.

Samantha's eyes widened as she stared up at me. I grinned as she screamed at the top of her lungs, shaking her shoulders to get me off her. I joined her screaming. The demon inside me did it because it was amusing, but I screamed because I was terrified of what was about to happen.

I'm not a killer!

I bared my teeth, snarling at her as I grabbed her throat and squeezed. The tips of my nails pierced the soft skin on her neck.

Samantha's screams transformed to gargles, her eyes bugging out of her head as she struggled to breathe. She wrapped her hands around my wrist, clawing at my skin, trying to get me to let go of her. I watched with a grin as her eyes rolled into the back of her head and the last of her air supply escaped her lungs.

Heavy footsteps approached from behind me. I knew his energy without having to see his face. The demon in control ignored him, too focused on killing Samantha.

"Release her, succubus," Daiman warned.

I whipped my head around to look at him, baring my sharp teeth as I still strangled the life out of Samantha. "Do not stop me, *incubus*," my demon hissed.

"He's waiting for you." Daiman folded his arms over his chest and curled his lip in a snarl. I watched as horns sprouted from his temples, releasing some of his glamor to prepare for the full change.

I knew what he was doing. He was preparing for a fight if the demon in me didn't release Samantha.

I turned my head, looking back down at the human girl's purple face, the whites of her eyes showing. My grip on her neck tightened.

A powerful force knocked me off the girl. I shrieked, jumping to my feet and blocking Daiman's fist as he aimed for my face. I ducked under his next swing and kicked out my leg, sweeping him off his feet.

Daiman howled in laughter, angering the demon that had taken control and left me in the backseat. He disappeared, and I whipped around, grabbing onto his wrist at the last second before it hit me. Daiman blurred again, and I spun around, expecting him to be on the other side, only to be knocked down and pinned to the ground. His powers made me shiver because it felt so good to be beneath him.

I turned my eyes to the corner, shrieking at the top of my lungs and watching as Daiman's fist connected with my temple.

My ears rang, and spots dotted my vision before everything went dark.

LUCIEN

As I sat on my throne in the middle of the dais in my unholy church, I rocked the foot resting on my knee.

My index finger followed the same beat, tapping on the chair's armrest. I stared through my mask's tiny holes, watching Daiman shove the double doors open. Grace hung limply over his shoulder as he carried her. Her ass was next to Daiman's face, his large hand holding her thigh to keep her steady.

"I expect her demon to come back out when she wakes up," Daiman warned as he walked between the pews.

I flicked my painted black hand in the air, using my powers to slam the doors shut. Thunder rumbled right as lightning flashed through the stained-glass windows. The overhead lights blinked off, shrouding the room in darkness. Sighing, I lit the candles with one thought. Flames burst from them, rising several feet into the air.

Daiman stopped at the steps leading onto the stage, still holding the girl and waiting for my next move.

"Set her down," I murmured and grabbed my chalice.

Daiman pulled the sleeping girl from his shoulder and gently laid her down on her back. I sipped my wine and stared at Grace. Her wet blonde hair fanned around her head, and her face turned to one side. A smirk curled on my lip when I noticed the bruise and blood on her temple.

"So, she put up a fight," I said with amusement.

Daiman folded himself into the bench on the first pew, resting his arms on the back. “She was fucking ruthless, Loosh. My dick is still hard because of it.”

I raised an eyebrow and dropped my gaze to Grace. “Open your eyes, little sinner.”

When she didn’t open her eyes, I used the connection she and Daiman had to reach her in her unconscious state.

“Come to me and claim me, *par*. That’s what you wanted,” I commanded through their bond.

Daiman smirked. “*Par*, hmm? Look who’s catching feelings.”

I glared at him, then returned my gaze to Grace as she groaned. Her eyes fluttered open, and she turned her head toward Daiman.

“Wh-what happened?” she whispered to him.

Daiman jerked his chin toward me while he held her stare.

Grace turned her head, her moss-green eyes landing on me. She gasped and sat up, and her damp blonde hair tumbled over her shoulders.

“What’s going on?” she breathed.

I sipped my wine while keeping my gaze on her. Grace looked around, the candlelight reflecting in her wide, expressive eyes. She looked so innocent, like a little lost lamb in the den of hungry wolves.

“You don’t remember what happened?” I asked, knowing she did.

Grace turned back to me and got to her knees. Her thighs and hands trembled. Good. I wanted her to be nervous because what she and her inner demon wanted wasn’t like a picnic in a park. She wanted to dabble in some dark shit, like using a Ouija board and hoping a departed loved one would answer. She didn’t know that demons like me would answer her call, snatching her into the darkness for eternity.

I stood up from my chair and stalked toward her. My open robe flowed behind me and touched the ground. I didn't miss Grace's eyes darkening as she looked at me from head to toe.

"What's going on?" Grace asked.

I went down the steps and stood before her, wearing a scowl she couldn't see because of the mask covering my face, but she still shivered as if she could.

"I think you know, little sinner. But let me remind you." I crouched so we were at eye level and rested my arms on my bent knees. Cocking my head, my eyes roved over her luscious body. "Your demon came out and visited little Samantha, laying claim on me."

Grace sucked in a breath, her eyes widening. The pulse in her neck beat harder. Her fear cried to me like a mating call that demanded I take her. But this wasn't me who was laying claim. It was up to Grace now. I was tired of fighting my attraction to the girl. Morality be damned.

I licked my lips, and Grace dropped her gaze to my mouth, her pupils dilating.

"I know you enjoyed what you saw the other day while I fucked Samantha." Fingering a tendril of Grace's damp hair, I smirked as she shuddered, a small moan slipping from her at the briefest touch. I wondered how she'd sound while I fucked her tight pussy. "I also know you wished I'd been balls deep in you. When you stood there watching, I smelled how wet you got and felt the flare of jealousy in your beautiful green eyes. Now is your chance, little succubus. Your demon has already defended my so-called honor. Are you willing to do the same?"

Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes narrowed into a glare. I watched as she battled herself, deciding what she wanted to do. I knew the girl hated my fucking guts for killing her, but I also knew she wanted me.

Her hesitation cut me deep, but I wasn't about to show that. That would have meant she had power over me.

Who am I kidding? She already has me wrapped around her little finger. I'm obsessed with Grace.

I curled her hair around my fist and yanked back her head. The corners of my lips curved in a wicked smile at her yelp. Arousal burst from her and filled my lungs.

“Face it, *Grace*.” I spat her name. “You want me, and so does your demon. Will you swallow your pride and come to me, or will we keep dancing around each other until one of us gives in?”

She whimpered when I jerked her hair hard enough to hurt. “Fuck you,” she hissed.

I lowered my eyebrows, clenching my jaw. “Then so be it.”

I released her hair and pushed the heel of my palm against her forehead, shoving back her head before I stood and stalked to my chair.

Heavy footsteps stomped up to the stage, and I began turning my head until a body slammed into my back and knocked me to the ground.

GRACE

Lucien laughed as I knocked him to the ground. I turned him over, seeing only red and hearing two repeating words in my head.

“He’s mine. He’s mine. He’s mine.”

“You’re *mine!*” I snarled, surprising myself with the declaration.

Lucien grinned, his hands flying to my hips and holding onto me while I clawed at his clothes, then mine. His erection sprang out of his pants, and I ripped off my shorts, thankful I hadn’t worn underwear before bed. I positioned the thick head of his pierced dick outside my wet cunt and lowered myself, groaning through my clenched teeth as he stretched me.

“Oh *fuck,*” I shrieked as the tip of him hit places he shouldn’t be hitting. The pain made it so much better for me.

Lucien groaned, still holding my waist and giving me control. He could have taken over, pinning me beneath him. But as he’d said, this was about me claiming him.

I raised my hips until only the head of his cock remained inside, then slammed back down. I bucked back and forth, grinding on him and moaning.

“That’s a good fucking girl,” Lucien ground out. “Take off your shirt.”

I stripped it off and whined when he grabbed one of my breasts with one hand. He wasn’t gentle as he squeezed it. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as I rode him hard and fast, working us closer to our orgasms.

“That’s right, little sinner. Fuck me. Drain me of all I have,” Lucien said through gritted teeth.

His palm connected to my cheek with a loud crack. I yelped and opened my eyes to his smirk. He did it again, and my pussy clenched around him.

“I knew you were a pain slut.” He slapped me again, harder this time.

Horns sprouted from his temples behind his mask and curled back. Without thinking about what I was doing, I grabbed onto them and held tight as I bounced faster on his throbbing dick. In this new position, my breasts bounced and swayed over his face.

Lucien curled his hands behind my back and brought me down until he caught my sensitive nipple in his mouth and sucked. Hard. I yelled as his teeth nipped the stiff bud, sending another wave of pain and pleasure through my body. He grinned against my breast and pushed himself up until he sat with me, still rocking on him.

My stomach growled, and I grabbed onto his energy thread and yanked.

“Fuck!” he roared. His dick thickened, and warmth filled my core. Some of his cum leaked out of me as I made him come again.

I screamed as he forced me to orgasm. My inner walls clamped down on him, sucking him deeper inside me and making me feel every single inch of his gigantic dick.

Lucien flipped us over, and my back smacked against the dais. Something rattled. Lucien grabbed my legs and forced them back until my knees pressed against my chest. Our flesh slapped together, and my eyes rolled into the back of my head from how good he felt at this angle.

“Look at me,” Lucien snapped.

I opened my eyes, breathing hard, but the pleasure blurred my focus. Lucien slowed his thrusts and ground his pelvis against mine, burying himself deeper.

“You can’t escape me now, Grace.” Lucien’s slow, devilish smile sent a shiver through me. “I’m about to tie us together to be bonded. You’ll never be able to leave me.”

He withdrew from me, only to slam back in. I screamed and threw back my head, my eyes fluttering shut. Lucien’s hand met my cheek with a loud crack. I opened my eyes and panted while I met his gaze again.

“And your secrets, little sinner? I’ll know them all.”

My eyes widened. Before I could object, power surged through me. I screamed at the top of my lungs as I came. Lucien grunted as he pistoned into me, and warmth flooded into my cunt. His magic licked at every nerve, making my orgasm that much better. My toes curled, and black dots popped into my vision.

Lucien thrust one more time, then he stopped. We panted, gazing at each other, and I clenched on his cock as I stared at his creepy but sexy mask.

Daiman approached us while slow-clapping with a smirk. “You two put on the best show. I even recorded it.” He dropped his hands and stuffed them into his front pockets, still grinning. The huge outline of his erection pressed against his pants, and my inner walls squeezed on Lucien, who turned his head to look at me. I could just see his eyebrow raised behind his mask.

“So you’re ...” I swallowed.

Lucien pulled out of me, and I whimpered, feeling the loss already. He sat on his knees between my legs, the dark-purple tip of his erection jutting up. “Go on, little sinner. Spit it out,” Lucien purred.

Daiman watched with male amusement.

“You guys are okay with me ...” I took a deep breath to calm my nerves. “Being with both of you? There won’t be any jealousy or anything?”

Lucien grabbed my arm and dragged me into a sitting position. My nose brushed against his mask, and our warm breaths mingled. I hesitantly rested my hands on his shoulders.

“Know this, Grace. I don’t mind you fucking my brother, but no one else is allowed to touch you. The second I find out that another man touches you is the day you will wish you never met me.”

My heart sank to my stomach.

“I-I want to go home now,” I whispered.

Lucien pinched my chin between his fingers and cocked his head. His eyes were concealed, but I could feel his curious glare searching for the cause of my sudden shutdown. The thread linking us vibrated as if it was being tested for stability. When I didn’t feel the energy slamming into my mind as it had when Daiman looked at my memories, I released a shaky breath, relieved.

“What are you hiding, little sinner?” he murmured.

I shook my head, knocking his hand away from my chin. “I’m tired.”

Daiman crouched beside us, his eyes narrowing to tiny slits. “Keep running, angel. I do love a good chase.”

I swallowed hard and looked at Lucien, pleading with my eyes for him to do just this one thing.

Lucien stayed silent as he watched me. After a few tense seconds, he stood up and yanked me along with him. As he tucked himself away and fixed his pants, he said, “I don’t know what you’re hiding, Grace. But I promise that the longer you keep your secret, the worse the punishment will be.”

That last nail in the coffin made me clam up.

That’s what I’m afraid of; they’ll hate me when they find out.

GRACE

While carrying my laundry basket through the kitchen, I couldn't stop humming a tune from a song that was stuck in my head. Slinky peered around the corner of the island table, hissing at me and crouching low on the ground. Christy stood at the counter, holding the half-empty coffeepot in one hand and her favorite Bible-quote mug in the other. She looked down at the hissing cat and turned her head, glaring at me as I passed her. I returned it with my own and looked away.

My sister hadn't spoken a word to me since that incident. I had worried she would insist I was possessed and needed an exorcism, but she hadn't. I'd been avoiding my family, especially Dad.

Lucien's warning echoed in my head, and I winced.

I walked into the laundry room, still softly singing. The irony wasn't lost on me; the song stuck in my head was "Little Sinner" by Satan's Priest. I switched the laundry and put mine in the washer.

"Grace."

I paused as I dumped some laundry detergent into the washer with my clothes. Looking at the back door's open blinds, I listened for the voice again.

It had come from outside.

I set the detergent cap aside and peeked out the window, fogging it with my breath. Swiping the haze away, I turned my head, looking for whoever had called my name.

“Grace.”

My heart pounded faster, and goosebumps rose on my arms.

“Grace.”

I turned the door handle and whipped it open, stepping into the fine mist outside to get a better look. Someone had to have been out here calling for me. The trees lining our property swayed with a gust of wind. Tendrils of my hair fluttered in my face, and I brushed them away and tucked the pieces behind my ear.

“Grace.”

“What are you doing?”

I jumped and yelled as I spun around with my hand over my heart.

“You scared me!” I screamed at Christy.

My sister stood a foot away from me, and speculation crossed her face. “I could say the same about you,” she spat.

I rolled my eyes, pushed past her, and went inside. Christy followed me in and closed the door behind her. Standing a foot away with her arms crossed over her chest, she glared at me. I tried to ignore her as I dumped the rest of the detergent onto my clothes and started the cycle.

“I want to know where my sister is,” Christy demanded as she came around and blocked my path by standing in the doorway.

I scrunched my eyebrows and looked at her. “I’m right here.”

She shook her head and slammed her hand on the frame, boxing me in as I tried to shove past her. “You’re not my sister. I know you’re possessed, and I know what I saw the other day,” she whisper-yelled.

It surprised me that she didn’t yell like she had the last time, wanting to grab Dad’s attention from his office on the

other end of the house. I still didn't know what she'd said to him after I freaked out and left.

"It was the lighting in the room." I sighed and rubbed my aching temples. "Can you please move so I can get ready?"

"Where are you going?"

I groaned and shoved past her. Christy stumbled, then followed close behind me.

"Where are you going, Grace?" she asked, louder this time.

"I'm going to the library to study." That was a whole ass lie, but Dad didn't know that. I had to make him believe I was back to being myself and studying the Bible when I was really joining Daiman and Lucien for dinner. They'd told me to be ready by four, and they'd pick me up. They left no room for me to say no, and I couldn't complain about spending time with them. I didn't want to be anywhere near Dad or even Christy.

"I don't believe you," Christy hissed. She followed me upstairs to my bedroom. "You're hiding something."

I turned around, grabbed my door, and looked at my seething sister. "I'm not hiding anything. Now leave me alone."

I shut the door in her face, only to have her shove it open.

"Go away!" I yelled. I pushed at the door, but she fought it open again.

"I know you're possessed, Grace. You're in denial. Since Mom and Dad don't want to get you help, *I* will. I can see you're falling away from God. Only possessed people do that." She raised her other hand and touched my forehead, drawing a symbol, and if I were to guess, it was the cross. That little action reminded me of when Lucien had carved an upside-down cross in the same place my sister touched. When I didn't give her the reaction she wanted, her lips pulled back in a snarl. "Don't worry, sis. I'll get the demon out of you."

I shoved the door and slammed it closed, then locked it.

“Better watch your back, demon. I’m going to save my sister,” Christy called from the other side.

I rolled my eyes and turned away.



“We’re here for the reservation under the name Lucien Natas.”

I craned my neck to get a better look at this place because, holy smokes, it was nice. Like, five-star-restaurant nice with a laid-back atmosphere. Everything was black and dark gray with a bright crimson pop of color. The dim lights in the dining area kept the expansive room dark. Leather studded booths formed a large half-circle with a table in the middle. Folding screens showcased the same dark theme and beautiful swirly designs.

Lucien and Daiman placed their hands on my lower back, guiding me as the hostess led us through the room. There weren’t many people here, but I assumed it was because of the time of day. The restaurant probably saw more business in the evenings.

My demons’ warm hands rested against my bare back. They’d gifted me a dress to wear for this occasion. I’d tried to turn it down, but I gave up and put it on when they’d only scowled at my objections. The black silk felt like water kissing my skin. It wasn’t too tight on me, and the cut accentuated my curves.

We passed a large bar with different spirits lining the back. The bartender watched us as he made a drink, shaking the tumbler and smirking as he looked between me and my men. From that look alone, I knew he knew these weren’t just friends.

A blush worked its way from my neck to my cheeks, and I ducked my head.

We went through a doorway into a separate room with only one large table that would easily sit the three of us, leaving

extra wiggle room. Daiman held out his hand, and I slid into the seat first. I wiggled my way further behind the table. The two men sat on separate ends and scooted over until I was sandwiched between them.

“The server will be with you shortly,” the hostess said with a smile before she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Soft music played, and I sat there, nervous as hell.

“That was interesting,” I said to fill in the silence.

Daiman hooked his arm behind my shoulder and leaned down until his lips brushed my ear. “They all know that you’re fucking two men.”

I sucked in a breath and turned my face. Our noses bumped against each other. Daiman’s breath fanned against my mouth, and butterflies filled my stomach. Lucien slipped his hand onto my inner thigh, slowly gliding upward until his pinky rubbed against my core. I hadn’t worn underwear for fear of panty lines.

Lucien watched me with hunger and a glimmer of amusement. “After you eat, little sinner, we have plans for you.”

I swallowed hard. “Like what?” I squeaked.

He smirked and huffed a laugh. His fingers tightened on my thick thigh, and he leaned into me, his lips hovering over mine. I held my breath, waiting for what he would do next.

“You’ll see,” he purred.

GRACE

The entire time we ate, I hovered on the edge of my seat and ached to be filled by Lucien and Daiman. I didn't realize I could eat food at first, but Daiman explained that as long as I fed from them until I was full, I could consume food, drink, and even take my medicines.

The raw sexual tension we exuded made it hard to enjoy my meal. Especially when Lucien and Daiman rubbed my thighs, creeping closer between my legs as they ate. Lucien stroked his finger between my pussy lips, briefly rubbing my swelling clit before he stopped and lifted his glass of whiskey.

He knew damned well what he'd done, and I caught the tiny smirk before he drank. I wanted to climb onto his lap, forgetting all about the nice lobster-tail-and-steak dinner before me. Now I was hungry for something else entirely.

My cheeks flushed, and I tried so hard to stop panting as Lucien's hand crept up my dress again, stroking his middle finger between my soaked folds and teasing me.

"Oh Jesus, fuck. Please, someone fuck me already," I whined and threw back my head, thrusting my hips to push more of myself into Lucien's hand.

"Mmm, thought you would never ask," Lucien purred.

Daiman got up and moved toward the door, and the incubus priest snatched me into his arms and situated me so that I straddled his lap. My back bumped into the table, rattling the plates and silverware. I met Lucien halfway, our lips colliding and tongues tangling.

A lock clicked into place, and Daiman joined us. His hands glided over my shoulders, slipping down the straps of my dress to free my breasts. I moaned into Lucien's mouth, burying my fingers into his hair as Daiman worked off my dress until I had to push myself up so Daiman could pull it off.

"Take out my cock, succubus," Lucien ordered into my mouth.

He didn't need to say that twice. I reached down, unbuckling his belt and dragging his zipper down. Reaching into his pants, my fingers wrapped around his thick cock. Lucien hissed as his hand shot to the back of my head and fisted my hair while I stroked him twice before I pulled out his erection.

"You think you can take two cocks?" Daiman murmured into my ear and nipped it.

I wasn't sure if I could, but it was worth a try.

I leaned back, ending the kiss with Lucien, and looked between the two men. "What do you mean, can I take two cocks?"

Lucien stared at me with an unreadable expression, but Daiman smirked and pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

"What I mean is ..." Daiman stroked his knuckles down my cheek, still smiling as if my ignorance was cute to him. "We'll both fuck your tight pussy."

I sucked in a breath, my heart stopping for a second before it pounded so hard that I worried it'd jump out of my chest.

Lucien hummed with a soft chuckle. His hand glided up my round stomach to my breast and palmed it. "You like that, don't you, little sinner? You want to be our cum bucket?"

My eyes widened, and I looked between the two. Without realizing it, I nodded and dug my fingers into Lucien's scalp. He hissed at the bite of pain and slapped my breast. I yelped and jerked away from his lap, but he dragged me back onto him.

"Use your words," Lucien rumbled.

I swallowed to wet my dry mouth. “I want you two to fuck my pussy.”

Daiman’s eyes lit up, and Lucien snarled as he pushed back the table. It scraped against the floor, the loud sound grating on my nerves. I winced and made a face. Lucien caught my grimace and kissed me as his way of apologizing.

Lucien turned us around and sat on the table with me in his arms. He pushed his pants further down until they pooled at his feet. Daiman came behind me and placed his hand in the middle of my back, forcing Lucien and me down until Lucien lay flat on the table and I was bent over him.

While Lucien and I kissed, they raised me and lowered me onto his cock. A deep groan welled in my chest as I stretched around his invasion. The pierced head of his dick slid against a spot that made my toes curl.

“Get her nice and wet, Loosh,” Daiman said.

Lucien snarled and snapped his hips against mine, driving his erection deeper inside me. I dropped my head to his shoulder, whimpering as he fucked me.

Something cool whispered against my leg and slithered between where we were joined. The tendril rubbed against my clit, flicking it until I came. I bit back the scream that wanted to come out. I didn’t want the whole restaurant to know what we were doing in there.

Daiman fisted my hair and yanked back my head, forcing me to look at him as he bent over me. “You still want it rough, angel?”

I nodded, panting and having difficulty focusing on him while Lucien pistoned into me. Our flesh slapped together, and my breasts bounced in front of his face.

Daiman smirked and moved in behind me. He shoved my head down until my forehead met Lucien’s shoulder. Daiman raised my hips, and his fat cock nudged into my already too-full pussy.

“Ohh, *fuck*,” I breathed as Daiman forced himself into me, joining Lucien.

They moved inside me. When one thrust in, the other drew back, and they continued at a fast pace that left me unable to move. I could only brace myself and take everything they gave me.

Daiman wrapped my hair around his fist and yanked back my head again. Pain bit at my scalp and brought tears to my eyes. I bit my bottom lip, holding back the screams as they pistoned into me, abusing my insides.

They must have done this before with another woman. There was no other way they could have worked together this smoothly, like this was natural for them. Jealousy surged through my veins like lava as I thought about them fucking another girl. My mind created the image and whispered things they would have told her while they fucked her.

Daiman's palm cracked against my ass. The scream I'd held back erupted from me, and I came on both of their cocks.

"Dirty little bitch." Daiman grunted and spread my ass cheeks apart. He spat on my hole and pressed his finger against the tight ring. My inner walls squeezed around them, giving me away. I liked it when Daiman played with my ass.

"I didn't take you as a fucking slut, little sinner," Lucien growled. He slapped my cheek.

"Oh, god," I moaned as I orgasmed again, this time pulling at both sources of energy.

They groaned, warmth spilling inside me as they filled me with their cum.

Lucien slapped my other cheek. "Look at me."

I opened my stinging eyes, ignoring the pain in my face from Lucien's rough slap. Our eyes collided, and his lip curled back in a snarl as he squeezed my throat until I could barely breathe.

"Do you see him, *Grace*?" I bunched my eyebrows together, confused by what he meant. His hand around my neck squeezed tighter. "Do you see God looking down at you while you're getting fucked by two demons? What will dear

old daddy think when he sees his little lamb stuffed with two demonic cocks?”

As one, they forced me to orgasm, and all I could see were dots popping into my vision. Blood roared in my ears. I faintly heard Lucien’s and Daiman’s growls as they filled me with more of their hot cum.

I slumped against Lucien, my vision going dark.

When I came to, I found myself in my bed. I was burrowed under my blankets in my dark bedroom. I slowly blinked, exhausted and confused about how I’d gotten here.

I swept my hand over my mattress and found what I was looking for. I squinted at my phone’s bright screen. It was three a.m. I clicked on the red text message notification and opened a group text.

Lucien: I’ll see you at school. Until then, behave.

Daiman: I’ll be seeing you, angel. *devil grin emoji*

I locked the screen and dropped it next to me. A satisfied smile spread across my face, and I closed my eyes.

I think I’m falling for them.

GRACE

My plate of food sat in front of me, untouched. It'd been a few days since I'd fed from Lucien and Daiman. I'd been busy with my studies, focusing on finishing high school, which left little time for the two men.

The guilt of withholding information still weighed on me. Lucien's warning often played in my head, reminding me that I'd lose them if I told him or Daiman about what my father had done to me. They were the best thing that ever happened to me. I couldn't be mad anymore about them sacrificing me.

"May I be excused now?" I asked Dad.

Mom looked up from her plate and glared at me while chewing on a piece of overcooked steak. Christy sat next to her, eyeing me while she held her fork full of creamed corn. Dad stabbed his steak with his fork and sawed at it with his butter knife. Of all things, I didn't know why he used that utensil to cut his dinner into smaller bites. He'd overcooked the meat until it was close to becoming leather, which made the butter knife even more useless.

"No," Dad growled.

I sighed and pushed some corn around my plate with my fork. "Why not?"

"You will not question me, girl," Dad said as he forcefully cut his steak and popped the piece into his mouth.

"You haven't been eating, Grace. Are you all right?" Mom asked.

“She won’t eat because the demon won’t let her,” Christy interjected.

My fingers tightened around my fork, and I glared at her.

Mom sighed. “Not this again. For the last time, your sister isn’t possessed. I don’t know what got into you or what games you’re playing, but it needs to stop.”

“I’m telling you! Something is wrong with her!” Christy waved her hand at me as she shot Mom a pleading look.

“Enough!” Dad slammed his fist on the table, rattling the plates and silverware.

I stiffened and glanced at him before I looked at Christy, who scowled at me.

“May I *please* be excused?” I asked softly.

“No. You will eat your food and spend time with the family. I don’t know what the heck you’ve been doing up in your room, but it needs to stop,” Dad ground out. He cut another piece of steak.

I winced as he smacked on his food. Christy joined in, looking directly at me while she ate with her mouth open, knowing full well what she was doing.

My family knew I had a problem with loud chewing. I also hated noisy breathing. My psychiatrist said it was called misophonia, a disorder where people react negatively to repetitive sounds. I’d never felt more seen in my life when he told me about it and said I wasn’t being dramatic.

Right then, I couldn’t take another second of it.

“Can I *please* be excused?” I begged as angry tears stung my eyes.

“For the last time, *no!*” Dad yelled.

I stuck my fingers into my ears to block out the noise, but it didn’t do any good. My skin crawled, and I hyper-fixed on their noisy eating. Christy wouldn’t look away from me as she purposely chewed louder so I would hear her.

Rage boiled in my veins, and I shot to my feet, my chair screeching across the floor.

“Get back here!” Dad yelled as I stormed out of the dining room.

“No!” I screamed back.

I ground my molars against each other. I could still hear them eating like they were doing it right in my ears. A growl vibrated in my chest, and I clacked my teeth together, making the same strange sound I’d made when my demon tried to kill Samantha.

A hand grabbed my shoulder and spun me around. I screamed, shoving at Dad’s chest and sending him stumbling backward.

“Get off me!” I shrieked.

Dad’s eyes widened, and he looked at his chest as if he couldn’t believe what I’d just done.

I sucked in a breath, realizing my mistake. Dad would punish me for that. It seemed like he always wanted a reason to—especially to touch me where he shouldn’t.

When he raised his eyes, I took a timid step back with wide eyes. His face reddened with rage, and his nostrils flared.

I screamed as Dad lunged forward. I dodged his outstretched hand and bolted down the hall toward the stairs. He followed close behind me. As I went up the first four steps, he snatched my shirt and yanked me toward him. I screamed and fell backward into him. We tumbled to the ground with limbs flailing. My chin connected with a hard surface, and I bit my tongue.

Dad gripped my arm and jerked me to my feet. I whimpered as his meaty hand grabbed the back of my neck, squeezing so hard I brought my shoulders to my ears to release the tension in my muscles.

Blood filled my mouth, and I screamed as he dragged me into the living room. He shoved me, making me stumble and fall to the ground with a yelp.

“Robert, you need to calm down,” Mom said as she entered the room. Fear filled her eyes as she watched Dad treat me like a rag doll.

Dad unbuckled his belt and shook his head as his face shifted from red to purple. I watched in terror as he pulled off the leather strap. My mind went to him telling me he would fuck me. I gulped air, my heart thundered in my chest, and I worried I would faint like one of those goats who passed out when they were scared.

“You want to act like a disobedient child? Then I’ll treat you like a disobedient child. Bend over,” Dad snarled as he threw me against the sofa.

I turned around, shaking my head. Tears filled my eyes. “No!”

Dad’s lip curled, and I ducked past him, only for him to grab my hair and yank me back to the couch. I cried out, trembling and unsure if my legs could hold me up.

“Let me out,” my demon whispered in my head.

Why weren’t Daiman and Lucien coming for me? They said they could feel my emotions through our bond. So why the hell weren’t they here?

“Let me out!”

I shook my head, my breathing ragged. Dad spun me around and bent me over the armrest. I screamed and tried to get out of his grip.

“Move one more goddamn time, Grace, and I’m kicking you out after this,” Dad snarled.

I tensed but stopped moving. My sobs rocked my shoulders, and I buried my face in my folded arms. My scream pierced my ears as Dad’s belt cracked against my ass, then my thighs.

“Robert,” Mom said in a shaky voice—her weak attempt to stop him.

“Shut up, woman, or you’re next!” Dad shouted.

I screamed as the belt whipped against my ass again. Dad raised my skirt, exposing my bare ass, which was most likely red from the beating. Tears slipped down my cheeks as I felt my father's eyes on my bare bottom and, most likely, my vagina from behind.

"No underwear?" Dad snarled. "Who are you spreading your legs for, girl?" His belt cracked against my ass again. This time I felt the buckle drag against my sensitive flesh. I bit my bottom lip and swallowed the blood that filled my mouth from biting my tongue.

"Let me out!"

Rage boiled in my veins, and my gums ached as my teeth threatened to change. I squeezed my eyes shut, sobbing as Dad whipped me until blisters rose on my skin. Turning my head, I met Christy's eyes. She watched me with a little smirk and looked like she was enjoying herself.

I had the strength to push Dad away and kill everyone here, but I didn't want to be the monster the world assumed I was because of my mental illness. So I took it with tears and grunts. When I didn't scream anymore, Dad beat me harder.

After a few more lashes, he stopped, gasping for air. His hand came between my legs, and he swiped his fingers between my pussy lips, circling it on my clit. I trembled from the pain and embarrassment. Dad fingered me, not caring that my mother and sister watched him as he sexually assaulted me.

Why didn't Daiman and Lucien show up for me?

Fat tears slipped down my cheeks, and I sobbed.

His zipper lowered, and I scrambled away from him.

"No, no, no, no!" I cried as he jerked me backward and bent me over the couch with a snarl. "Please don't do this!"

"Robert," Mom called with a tremor in her voice. "That's your daughter."

"That's not my fucking daughter, and you know this!" Dad bellowed.

“What’s going on?” Christy said.

Dad grabbed the back of my neck and dragged me to my feet. He gripped me so tightly that I had to hunch my shoulders again. He held me to his side, facing Mom and Christy. “Grace isn’t my fucking daughter. We didn’t have sex around the time you conceived her. You even told me she wasn’t mine, so don’t give me that bullshit!”

Dad wasn’t really my father?

Mom stared at us with tears filling her wide eyes. She looked between me and Dad, her chin quivering.

“Tell her,” Dad snarled at Mom.

I trembled in place, unable to keep standing. Dad had to hold all my weight in his meaty hand.

Mom turned her watery gaze to me. “I don’t know how it’s possible,” she whispered.

“What?” I cried.

“I had dreams of a man who promised me beautiful things. He said he loved me and that I deserved better th-than . . .” Her eyes shifted to Dad, silently pleading for him to understand she loved him. “That I deserved better than your dad. We had sex often, and I eventually became pregnant. Your father and I hadn’t been sexually active for months because we had a rough patch.”

My heart sank to my stomach, and I stopped breathing.

Dad shoved me toward the stairs. “Go to your room, girl, and pray for forgiveness for being an abomination. I don’t know how she might have conceived you, but if I’m to guess, the devil visited your mom and knocked the bitch up.”

I turned to face them with stinging eyes. Dad—or *stepdad*—scowled at me and put his penis back into his pants. Christy watched me with a curl of her lip, and Mom blubbered as she looked at my father, trying to apologize.

“Go to your room, girl. You’re not eating tonight. Tomorrow you’re visiting Father Thomas so you can confess

all your sins.” He narrowed his eyes. “*All. Of. Your. Sins.* Do you hear me?”

I nodded.

“That means you will tell him who has been dipping their hand in your honey pot. You’ll be baptized and become a renewed virgin.” Dad scowled at me and fixed his pants under his large stomach. I dropped my eyes and looked away from the outline of his erection.

“You will answer me, girl!” Dad shouted.

“Yes, sir,” I blurted.

“Now, go to your room and pray.”

I limped up the stairs and into my bedroom to cry myself to sleep.

LUCIEN

Standing outside in the light snow, I waited at the front of the school. It was the first snowfall of the year, and excited students leaned back their heads and stuck out their tongues. I wondered if Grace would do the same, and my imaginative mind went straight down the gutter. She would have her tongue stuck out for a different reason as I stood above her, fisting her hair.

Normally I wouldn't have been outside waiting for her, but something in my gut told me I needed to be there. Our bond was still new, which meant I couldn't stand the space between us. Neither could Daiman. That also meant we couldn't reach each other as well as we would soon be able to. The more we fucked, the stronger our thread would become.

A familiar figure caught my eye. She was two hundred feet away, her shoulders tense and head bowed. Grace didn't wear a coat to keep her warm, and her hair looked a mess, like she'd just rolled out of bed.

I pushed past the students who lingered outside, and descended the stairs. I strode toward her, concern tightening my chest as my mind went through every reason why she looked like a lost soul.

"Little sinner," I called.

Grace slowly raised her head, her green eyes glassy with unshed tears.

I stumbled a step and stopped. My heart raced, which confused me. Why would I be scared? I never got scared. My

gaze dropped to her busted chin, and I caught the faint stain of old blood on the corner of her lip.

I narrowed my eyes, crossed the distance between us, and curled my fingers around her arm. She tensed under my touch and stepped back as if my touch repulsed her.

“Grace,” I whispered, trying to keep my voice calm. “Why did you walk here?”

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she averted her gaze. “I-I just wanted a little air.”

“Tell me what’s wrong,” I demanded in a soft growl.

She swallowed hard, and more tears sprang into her eyes. I fisted my hands at my sides and felt the change into my more demonic state coming. I held on for as long as possible so I didn’t scare Grace.

Grace shook her head. “I had a nightmare, and it’s just getting to me.”

She continued to lie to me, and I couldn’t have that anymore.

“A nightmare?” I tilted my head, narrowing my eyes further. “A nightmare that busted your chin and left blood on your lips?”

Grace averted her gaze and shivered. “Can I please go inside?”

I grabbed her hand, surprising myself when I laced our fingers together. “We’re leaving.”

“What?” Grace gasped and stumbled a few steps as she tried to keep up with me. I led her toward my car in the parking lot. “Where are we going? The school is back there!”

“We’re going home,” I ground out and dragged her to my Mercedes Benz. The vehicle chirped as I pressed the unlock button.

“No! I don’t want to go home!” she shrieked. The scent of fear burst from her like a plume of acrid smoke.

I stopped and turned to her. “What’s happening at home, Grace?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. I just don’t want to miss school. I want to graduate.”

I stared at her for a long moment, knowing she’d lied but hoping she would tell me what really happened. When she said nothing, I turned to the car and opened the passenger door.

“Get in the car,” I demanded, keeping my voice low.

Grace glanced around, most likely searching for someone to help her. No one could take her away from me. She wasn’t returning here or to her parents’ home. I wanted to be around her, soothing the anxiety I felt when we were separated.

My mate looked at the seat and swallowed hard before she carefully sat in it, then winced. Rage surged through my veins.

Something wasn’t right.

I grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the car.

“Hey! What are you doing?” she yelled.

I spun her around and shoved her against the hood before I raised her plaid skirt. Grace struggled in my grasp and shrieked, telling me to stop, but I ignored her as I looked at her ass. I sucked in a sharp breath.

Cuts and bruises marked her silky skin. Welts lined her lower back, ass, and even the backs of her thighs. I couldn’t stop staring at them, my mind whirling with reasons why she had those marks on her. I could only come up with one.

Someone had beaten her.

I dropped her skirt and stepped back, my hands trembling from the fury that rushed through me, nearly making me lose control of my form and glamor. Grace twisted around, tears in her eyes as she looked at me like I was about to punish her for being beaten.

“Who?” I asked, barely holding myself together. My body shook as an earthquake tore my sanity apart.

“Who the fuck did that to you?” I growled.

I would rip the person apart, limb by limb, and make sure they lived through it so they could suffer until their dying breath. I'd make them eat their own goddamn tongue and choke on it. A multitude of tortures went through my head.

Grace didn't answer me. She stood there, trembling and breathing hard.

"Who fucking hurt you?" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

My horns sprouted from my temples, and my teeth lengthened as I lost control of my form. Grace stumbled back, her eyes widening as she looked at the monster I was.

"Please don't yell at me," she begged softly, a tear running down her cheek.

I reined in my rage and forced my true form back. My horns stayed, and I didn't bother to disguise them. I stepped toward Grace, brushed my knuckles down her cheek, and swiped the tear away. "Grace," I rasped. "I'm sorry."

She swallowed and stared up at me with pain in her beautiful green eyes. "I need to go to school."

"You're not going, and you're not going back to your parents. You're coming home with me." I dropped my gaze to her lap, trying to figure out how to make her comfortable enough to endure the ride.

Glancing around the parking lot, I breathed a sigh of relief that no one was close enough to see my horns. "Fuck it," I whispered and brought Grace into my arms. With one thought, we blinked out of the parking lot and appeared in my house.

Daiman wasn't home since I had sent him to look further into Grace's family background. I still wanted to know how she came back to life as a succubus. I'd given up on figuring out who'd talked to me by disguising their voice as Lucifer's.

"Get on your knees, little sinner," I ordered.

GRACE

I stood still, trembling with nerves and pain. A good night's sleep hadn't helped with the bruises, cuts, and blisters. If anything, it made it worse. Now Lucien looked like he was one wrong move from snapping and killing me. Again.

"Get on your knees," Lucien ordered again.

Not wanting to anger him, I carefully lowered myself to my knees and winced at the shot of pain from my rear to my lower back. Lucien caught it, and he cursed under his breath as he frantically undid his pants.

"This won't be enough to heal you, but it'll help ease the pain so I can fuck you." He pushed his pants down, and his erection sprang out. "Open your mouth."

I parted my lips and stuck out my tongue. Lucien groaned and pressed the head of his cock onto it. I wrapped my lips around him, sucking the thick tip and taking him deeper until he hit the back of my throat. I gagged, making him curse.

"Suck my dick, succubus, and make me come."

Lucien pulled back my hair and fisted it with one hand so he could watch as I bobbed my head on him. I sucked and swirled my tongue around his veiny shaft, moaning from his taste. He tasted just like an avocado, with a hint of musk and salt. I grabbed the backs of his thighs, holding him in place, then I closed my eyes and groaned as I tasted his pre-cum.

"Just like that, little sinner," he moaned as his dick jerked in my mouth.

I took him deeper into my mouth and throat, gagging a few times.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Lucien snarled. His cock thickened, and hot cum spurted into my mouth. I pulled back until only the tip of him was left and swallowed every drop until he stopped. I pulled at the thread of energy, feasting on it and smiling as Lucien bellowed, filling my mouth with more cum.

I flicked my tongue against the piercing at the tip, not caring that his load shot onto my face and went up my nose. Drool slipped from the corners of my mouth, and I sucked him back inside, moaning around him.

Lucien’s thighs trembled beneath my touch, and he grunted as he orgasmed a third time. I swallowed around his throbbing shaft, not caring that it was difficult to breathe.

I whimpered as he yanked me off him and dragged me to my feet. Lucien spun me around, bent me over the couch, and raised my skirt.

“I should punish you for not wearing panties, Grace. But I’ve got bigger problems on my hands,” Lucien said through his teeth.

I screamed as he slammed into me from behind. My ass still hurt from all the whippings and spankings, but it was bearable, all thanks to him feeding me his cum.

Our flesh slapped together, and I jerked forward with each thrust of Lucien’s hips. He fisted my hair and yanked at it, making me shriek from the pain in my scalp. It took my mind off the pain in my abused ass and lower back. Even from the pain in my pussy as he thrust so deep inside me that I felt him hit against my cervix.

My toes curled, and goosebumps raised on my flesh as he pummeled into me, never going soft.

This was what I wanted from Sebastian. Now I had two demon boyfriends who loved getting rough with me. I should have hated being touched by them because of what my dad did to me. Instead, I wanted to have sex all the time with Lucien

and Daiman. Maybe because I wanted to erase my dad's touch from my body and replace it with better memories.

There was nothing gentle about this. Lucien, in general, wasn't soft or docile. He didn't tone down his roughness or coddle me like some doting husband who loved me. He stayed true to what he was at his core—a fallen angel who got off on causing pain.

Our relationship was fucked up, but I couldn't get enough of it.

My stomach clenched, and I yanked at Lucien's energy through our thread. He roared as he came, forcing me to join him. I cried out when he shoved deeper inside me. Lucien chuckled, slapped my now-healed ass, and then cracked his palm on the other cheek.

“Don't worry, little sinner. I'll discover all your secrets. You won't like what I'll do to you after I find out.” He yanked my hair, and I cried out as he forced me to look at him. A scowl marred his face, and his lips curled back in a snarl. “Now, are you going to be a good girl and tell me, or do you want me to find out for myself? Your punishment will be much worse if you choose the second option.”

I screamed as he forced me to orgasm. Wetness sprayed onto his pelvis. He cackled, cracking his palm against my ass and making it jiggle against him.

“Just wait until Daiman finds out. You think this is bad?” He grunted as he shoved deeper inside me, sending a shot of pain through my body and raising more goosebumps on my flesh. “You haven't seen evil yet, *Grace*.”

DAIMAN

I scowled as I looked through Grace's bedroom. She'd explained she wasn't around her family much because she spent a lot of time in her bedroom. I never pressured her to go into more detail, but something wasn't right.

There was one thing about me that Grace didn't know: I was patient. I waited things out, knowing someone would slip somewhere and say or do something I could grab onto to get what I wanted. When Lucien told me someone had beaten her, my mind immediately went to her family. Grace never left her house unless it was to be with Lucien and me, so the answer was here. I just needed confirmation.

Her bedroom was on the smaller side but was clean, except for the unmade bed. I glanced at the medicine bottles on her nightstand. I grabbed her meds and stuffed them into my pockets, knowing she wouldn't return here. Not ever.

I could still see the image of Grace's ass covered in bruises and welts that Lucien shared with me in our mind path. All I could see was red, and I wanted to snap someone's neck for hurting her.

Grace was protecting the person who beat her. They didn't deserve the grace she gave them.

Turning around, I glared at the door as I heard footsteps climbing the stairs. I glamoured myself to become invisible and left the bedroom. I walked down the hall and watched as a teen girl glanced in my direction, staring at Grace's door before walking away and disappearing into her bedroom.

That was red flag number one.

I went down the stairs and found her parents sitting in the living room with the TV on. They were watching a movie with Christian elements, talking about the grace of God and being a good person and blah blah blah. I had to hold back a gag from how pathetic it was.

I stood in the corner, watching them with my arms folded over my chest. They were like mindless animals that ate up everything the movie spoon-fed to them. Even the acting was atrocious. I ground my teeth together, tuning out the movie as I watched Grace's parents.

After the movie ended, the woman switched off the TV and set the remote aside with a heavy sigh.

Her husband scowled at her. "I wasn't done watching TV."

"I'm sorry, honey. Here." She handed the remote to him and began to stand up, but he stopped her as he yanked her onto the sofa.

"You're not done either," he growled, and his chubby face reddened. A vein throbbed in his forehead.

Red flag number two.

She looked at him with her eyebrows scrunched together. "But I'm tired. I'd like to go to bed now."

"You will obey your husband, or do I need to instill respect and obedience in you too?"

I raised an eyebrow and clenched my jaw as I listened to their conversation.

Grace's mother shook her head, fear lighting up in her eyes. "N-no."

I heard all I needed to know.

Stepping back, I melted into the shadows and disappeared from Grace's home.

LUCIEN

I sat in the lounge chair inside my bedroom, watching Grace sleep in my bed. She had stripped out of her clothes and curled in the sheets, my scent rubbing on her. She'd shut me out and refused to answer my one crucial question.

Who the fuck hurt her?

Once I found out, they were in for a surprise.

No one was allowed to touch her. And for someone to whip her? That was waging a war they'd never win.

I tapped my finger on the crystal cup, my elbow resting on the chair's armrest. After Grace went to sleep, I'd made myself a stiff drink, needing to relax my tense muscles. It helped calm me down instead of storming to Grace's home to get answers.

Just thinking about all the marks on her body and mouth made my blood simmer. She'd busted her chin, and the gash in her tongue had scabbed over. Grace didn't know I knew about the wound on her tongue. She must have thought I was dumb and would let her go another day without telling me what was happening to her.

I brought the glass to my lips and sipped the Old Fashioned.

"What did you find?" I murmured.

Daiman stepped out of the shadows and walked through the room. He turned his head as he passed the bed, gazing at Grace's sleeping form under all the blankets.

"Enough to know that her family isn't good for her," he said softly, not wanting to wake our girl.

I tapped my index finger on the rim of my cup. “Tell me everything.”

“I believe her father beat her. I watched him control and threaten her mother. He said something along the lines that he would teach her a lesson, too.” Daiman clenched his jaw, clearly upset about what he’d found.

I ground my teeth together, and adrenaline pumped through my veins as I imagined this human male beating Grace into submission. “Her dad, hmm?” I sipped my drink, hoping it would soothe my nerves and prevent me from leaving and visiting Grace’s dear old dad.

“She can’t go back to them, Lucien,” Daiman urged.

I turned my gaze to Grace, who rolled onto her other side in her sleep.

Rain pelted down on the roof, and a few flashes of lightning spilled through the closed blinds. The snow from earlier had turned into a thunderstorm. It matched how I felt and how quickly this day had gone from good (since I was eager to see Grace) to terrible.

“She’s not,” I murmured. “I won’t allow her to return to them. Clearly, there’s something more she’s withholding from us.” Not that there was a reasonable explanation about why her father beat her, but I was curious.

Daiman glanced at Grace, unable to keep his eyes off her. I didn’t know when he last released his energy, but I suspected he needed to soon.

“Something else is bothering you,” Daiman noted as he turned his attention back to me.

I licked my teeth under my lips and sipped my drink. “Yes,” I answered after I swallowed the strong alcohol.

Daiman raised an eyebrow. “What is it?”

“How is she a succubus? They’re only born through demons. Most often, by an incubus impregnating a human woman. I don’t think her parents are demons, especially her

father.” I tapped my finger on my crystal glass as I mused about this.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“I also want to know who told me to sacrifice Grace to Lucifer. The prince claimed he didn’t choose her.”

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“He’s the Prince of Lies,” Daiman interjected.

I narrowed my eyes. “Why would he lie about something like that?”

“The hell if I know.” Daiman shrugged, his muscles rippling with the movements. He tilted his head, stretching the muscles in his neck. Something popped. He groaned, then repeated the motion on the other side. “Did it sound like Lucifer or ... ?”

I rolled my lips, sipped the rest of my Old Fashioned, and set the cup on the table beside me. I wasn’t sure now. It sounded like Lucifer, and I’d never heard anyone else speaking in my mind. Only Lucifer could do that.

“I’m not so sure anymore.” And that frustrated me.

“Back to Grace,” Daiman said. “Could it be possible she was brought back to life once Lucifer found out she wasn’t a virgin?”

I pursed my lips and stood up, slipping my hands into my pockets. “Lucifer can’t create life.”

“Was it the ritual that could have done it?”

I glanced at Grace. “I’m not sure. She was the first sacrifice that wasn’t a virgin. Something happened somewhere. The person who spoke in my head called me to her.”

Daiman grunted, peeled off his leather jacket, and threw it on my chair.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

He kicked off his shoes and undressed. “Going to sleep.”

“Don’t wake her up,” I warned.

He shot me an annoyed look. “I won’t.”

Daiman was a tough fallen angel. He slaughtered many enemies and continued to kill ruthlessly in this never-ending war God had waged. When Daiman was around Grace, he might have been rough with her, but I didn’t miss the tenderness in his eyes when he looked at her.

He slipped under the sheets with Grace and pulled her back against his chest. He wrapped one arm around her waist, and with the other, he positioned her head on his shoulder.

Sighing, I gave in and decided to join them. My California king-sized bed would easily fit all three of us. I didn’t want to leave Grace because the mating thread that tied the three of us together demanded I stay by her side. I undressed, slipped onto the mattress on Grace’s other side, and wrapped an arm around her waist. Daiman’s forearm brushed against mine, and we shared a look before we closed our eyes.

GRACE

I woke up sweating. I turned my head, blinking open my eyes and shifting to get cool. An arm tightened around my waist and dragged me back to the sweltering heat. I peeked over my shoulder and noticed all the tattoos over tanned skin. I recognized one piece that belonged to Daiman—a demonic face, its forked tongue sticking out and a red upside-down cross on the forehead. Its eyes were all black, with dark veins branching from it. Daiman had his head tucked between my back and into the pillow beneath our heads.

I wiggled to free myself from the sauna that was his body, but he dragged me back into him.

“Sleep,” he groaned, his voice husky.

“You’re too hot.” I squirmed away and sat up. “Oof!” I smacked into Daiman as he tugged me toward him and rolled me onto my back. Something warm and hard pressed against my shoulder, and I peeked to the side. Lucien lay on his stomach, his head turned the other way as he slept.

I looked back at Daiman, and he smirked at me, his eyes hooded from being half-awake. My cheeks heated.

“I’ll take that as a compliment to my looks, angel,” he rasped.

“Pfft.” I giggled but quickly covered my mouth as I glanced at Lucien. It was strange seeing him shirtless, exposing all his tattooed skin as he slept. They were like Daiman’s, with all the demonic and horror artwork.

A shit-eating grin spread across Daiman’s face.

Oh, he was up to no good.

Silence stretched between us, and I nibbled my bottom lip before I cupped his cheek. “When did you get here?”

He leaned into my touch and slowly blinked. “Last night. You were already asleep, and I didn’t want to wake you.”

“Oh,” I whispered.

He huffed a laugh. “Oh.”

We watched each other, not saying what was really on our minds. He shifted and pushed himself up on his elbow, his body pressed to my side. I sucked in a breath when I felt his hard length against my hip.

“Are you ... ?” I trailed off.

“Yeah.” He raised an eyebrow in question, wanting to know if I was game.

I checked to see if Lucien was still asleep.

“He won’t mind,” Daiman whispered into my ear. He trailed kisses along my jaw, then continued down my throat.

I shuddered and wound my arms around his neck. “I don’t know if I can be quiet.”

Daiman chuckled and pressed his lips to mine, still grinning. “I’m planning on that.”

“You want to wake him up?” I gasped.

He cupped my throat with his huge hand, gently squeezing his fingers. He could easily cut off airflow and even crush my windpipe, but he would never hurt me that way.

“Do you want him to join?” He kissed my cheek and caught my earlobe between his teeth. A tiny moan slipped past my lips, and I arched into him, grinding my core against his hard dick.

“I don’t mind, but ...” I breathed harder as he slipped his erection between my pussy lips, fucking them and rubbing against my clit with the piercings under his shaft. My eyes

rolled into the back of my head as zaps of pleasure shot through my body. “*Fuck*. Just fuck me.”

Daiman chuckled. The sound vibrated against me, and we rocked together. He cupped my cunt, then curled two fingers and swept them up my folds.

“You’re already wet,” he growled.

“I had a good dream,” I breathed.

He snarled and shifted, and in the next breath, the fat head of his dick pressed outside of my entrance. I cried out, unable to stay quiet as he thrust into me, only getting in halfway before he pulled out and slammed all the way in. Our hips smacked against each other, and I arched my back, digging my heels into his ass to push him deeper inside me.

Daiman moved slowly at first, but he made sure to hit as deep as he could until pain arced through my limbs. Our flesh slapped together, and the headboard knocked against the wall.

I turned my head, ensuring Lucien was still asleep. My eyes widened when I found him facing us, elbow resting on his pillow and his hand cupping his cheek. He watched as Daiman fucked me, his face unreadable, but his eyes ... Oh, god, his eyes held hunger.

My toes curled as Daiman slammed into me, chuckling at the face I made now that I knew we’d been caught. Lucien didn’t look the least bit upset about being woken up.

“Oh fuck, Daiman,” I cried.

He moved his hands beside my head on the pillow and grunted with each stroke. The force of it pushed me back until the crown of my head knocked against the banging headboard.

“Ohhh, angel. You weren’t just wet for me.”

I opened my eyes and watched as he leaned on one hand and brought the other in front of us. Blood coated his fingers, and we stared at each other as he brought them to his lips and licked them.

My jaw fell open.

I started my period, and holy fuck, Daiman was tasting it. How was I on my period again after I'd just had it?

His eyes narrowed, and he grunted, fucking me harder as he cleaned off the last bit of blood from his digits. The corners of his lips curled as he rested his palm next to my head, his hips driving faster.

I rapidly shook my head, but all the fight in me died as he used his powers to force me to orgasm. I arched my back, screaming and clawing at the pillow beneath my head.

Daiman's dick throbbed, swelling thicker, and warmth flooded into me. Naturally, I grabbed onto his energy and our bond, feeding from him and relieving the pain in him from being too full of all that yummy energy.

"Do you want her pussy or her ass, Loosh?" Daiman grunted as he continued spilling himself.

"I want her ass," Lucien said, as if they were discussing the weather.

My eyes bugged out of my head, and I looked at the two demons. I yelped as Daiman turned us over, his dick never leaving my wet (and bloody) heat. Lucien turned around, grabbed something from the nightstand, and got to his knees, holding on to a bottle of lube.

Our eyes clashed, and I bucked back and forth on Daiman's cock. My clit pulsed, needy and wanting to come again.

"Ohh, Loosh," Daiman purred and held onto my waist, guiding me as I rocked on him. "She likes the idea of you fucking her ass. Don't you, angel?"

I nodded, eager to be filled by my two demon boyfriends.

Lucien smirked and came behind me. He placed his palm on my shoulder and shoved me down so my ass was sticking up for him. I breathed hard and curled my fingers into the pillow beneath Daiman's head. He turned his head, catching my lips with his, and speared his tongue into my mouth.

Cold liquid dripped onto my asshole, and Lucien fingered the outer ring. “Relax, little sinner.”

I released a shaky breath into Daiman’s mouth and did as Lucien said.

“Such a good little cumslut,” Lucien purred.

Daiman swallowed my groan as Lucien dipped his finger inside my tight hole. He took it slowly as he thrust his digit inside me, then added a second finger, stretching me.

“Oh, Lucien,” I gasped as he scissored his fingers in my ass.

He chuckled, and Daiman grinned against my lips.

The lube’s cap popped closed, and I tensed as Lucien removed his fingers and pressed his pierced dick against my ass. I relaxed as much as possible and breathed steadily as Lucien pushed himself into me.

Daiman kissed over my face and caught my earlobe between his teeth again, nipping it and making me gasp from the sting. He rocked his hips upward, pushing his erection deeper while Lucien dragged his shaft out of me until only the tip remained. As Daiman lowered his hips, Lucien slammed into me.

I screamed and arched my back, feeling so goddamn full.

Lucien fisted my hair and jerked back my head, holding me in this position with my tits bouncing in Daiman’s face as they fucked me.

“Are you going to tell us who hurt you?” Lucien asked, his voice cold.

A lump formed in my throat, making it hard to swallow.

I seriously didn’t want to be reminded of my dad while I got stuffed by two men.

“I-I can’t!” I sobbed.

Daiman slapped my tit, and I yelled.

“We’ve got all of eternity to do this. We won’t stop until you tell us,” Daiman growled.

They couldn’t. There was no way they could keep fucking me for the rest of our lives without needing to take a break.

Lucien pistoned into my ass, making sure it hurt as he forced himself deeper inside me. They could nearly touch each other through the thin muscle that separated them. My skin tightened, and heat surged through my body as an orgasm built. I teetered over the edge, panting and bracing myself for it.

Daiman slapped me across the cheek, and I screamed as I came.

The two demons pounded into me, groaning as they filled me with their hot cum. They never stopped moving, forcing me to orgasm until I could no longer keep myself up. I lay flat on Daiman’s chest, panting and jerking with their harsh movements.

“Tell us who, little sinner. If you tell us right now, we promise we won’t hurt you . . . as much.” Lucien slapped my ass and spread my cheeks apart. He spat on himself and my abused hole.

I closed my eyes. My forehead ached and my chest tightened as I thought of all the times Lucien said he’d make me regret meeting him once he found out another man had touched me. A tear slipped down my cheek and onto Daiman’s chest. He grabbed my hair and yanked my head back, forcing me to look at him with half-lidded eyes and parted lips.

“Tell us who, angel.”

I swallowed hard and *almost* folded and told them, but I didn’t. Instead, I shook my head and sobbed.

“That’s too bad. Now shut the fuck up and take our dicks like a good fucking girl.”

Hours passed. They meant it when they said they wouldn’t stop until I told them.

“Okay!” I sobbed into Daiman’s shoulder. “I’ll tell you!”

They didn't stop fucking me, and I cried because I wanted a break. This wouldn't end until I told them.

“Just, please, stop! I'll tell you everything if you just *stop!*”

Lucien growled and slapped my ass before he pulled out of me. Daiman raised my hips and let his hard cock slip out of me and smack against his stomach. I went limp and lay on Daiman, panting and trembling as I tried to recover.

Daiman grabbed my hair and jerked back my head so I would look at his crimson eyes. The horns above his sweaty, flushed face curled back. “Any time now, Grace.”

My eyes slid shut. “I love you both so very much. I just want you to know that before I tell you.”

Daiman tensed beneath me, and Lucien sucked in a sharp breath.

“My dad,” I whispered. “H-he's been ...” A cry bubbled in my chest as their tension rolled toward me. I licked my dry lips. “He's been touching me. I didn't want him to, but he still did it.” I opened my eyes and looked straight at Daiman. “I'm so sorry,” I sobbed. “I don't want you to punish me!”

My sobs overpowered the silence. I buried my head into Daiman's shoulder, expecting him to shove me off. I tensed and yelled as his arms wrapped around me and held me close to him.

“We're not punishing you,” he rasped and swallowed hard. “But we're going to punish *him*.”

GRACE

I was too wired to sleep. My head spun, and my exhaustion only amplified every sound. After my confession, we showered together. I was too tired to hold myself up and needed their help, which they gladly gave. When we finished, we dressed and went to the kitchen so I could eat something to stop me from shaking.

Lucien made himself an Old Fashioned—which didn't surprise me. Daiman stood across from me, leaning against the counter with his arms crossed over his chest, a toothpick rolling between his lips. I ate the last bite of the fast food they'd ordered from Uber Eats. My hands didn't shake as much, and I no longer felt like I was about to puke.

"I don't know if I should know everything that happened in detail, but I'm curious, and that'll be the death of me," Lucien murmured as he dropped a large ice cube into his glass.

Daiman grunted in agreement.

I leaned back in my seat and rested my hands on my lap. "I don't know if I can ... if I can go through with telling you."

Daiman watched me like a hawk, his crimson eyes never leaving me. It was as if he feared I would disappear if he looked away. Lucien turned around, a crystal whiskey glass in his hand. He sipped from it, watching me with his dark, calculating eyes. He'd donned a charcoal three-piece suit that made him sexier. A five o'clock shadow accentuated his jaw. I wanted to rub my finger through the rough texture.

I couldn't believe these two men were mine.

My heart somersaulted, but the feeling came to a halting stop.

They hadn't told me they loved me back.

I lowered my gaze to my lap and fiddled with my fingers.

"Fuck it," Lucien huffed. "Tell us everything. If you can, little sinner."

I licked my lips and sighed, then raised my head, looking at both incubus demons who were drawn tight with tension, jaws clenched and shoulders stiff. I wasn't excited about telling them this, either.

"Dad hasn't been the greatest to any of us, but he always seemed angrier with me than my mom or sister. He began t-touching me recently. It started when he wanted to see if I was a virgin."

Daiman and Lucien hissed, and a glass cracked. Lucien set his drink on the counter and crossed his arms over his chest, his muscles bulging from his clenched fists.

"He made me sit down, then he crouched in front of me and fingered me. But he . . ." A lump formed in my throat, and my eyes stung with tears as I had to live through that moment again while I told the men I loved what had happened. "He made me orgasm. When I told him to stop and that what he was doing wasn't okay, he told me to shut up. My mom watched the whole thing and said I did this to myself. When he saw that his finger was bloody, he sent me to my room and said I needed to pray for what he made me do. The next time he touched me was inside his car when he dropped me off at school. He said he wanted to fuck me and that he'd touched himself to the nude pictures of me he found on my phone."

"I knew it," Lucien snapped, startling me. He placed his hands on the counter and dropped his chin to his chest as he panted. "I knew something happened in that car when I saw you jumping out of it. *Fuck!*"

I winced and covered my ears with my hands, shaking. "I felt so dirty," I said, "but I've been struggling with myself because I raped two guys before you began feeding me. Guilt

was eating away at me, and I secretly thought what happened was God's way of punishing me for what I'd done."

Daiman's toothpick snapped in his mouth, and he spit it out. His teeth ground together, and his eyes narrowed as he watched me.

He hated me. That had to be why he was glaring at me. Daiman thought I was dirty and that I was awful for what I'd done to those two guys, one of them being my ex-boyfriend.

I swallowed hard, fighting back the tears. "I'm sorry."

Daiman crossed the space and came to my side. He yanked me up by my arm and dragged me into his arms.

He was ... he was hugging me.

Daiman tucked my head beneath his chin and rubbed my back, soothing me. I squeezed my eyes shut and wrapped my arms around him, holding him as tightly as possible. He grunted as I squeezed tighter, and I loosened my grip so I didn't hurt him.

"Don't ever apologize, Grace," Daiman said. "What happened wasn't your fault, and what you did wasn't really you. Your demon was in control when it happened."

I bit my quivering bottom lip. "But you weren't there. You don't know that."

"I was. I watched the whole thing."

"What?" I gasped and leaned my head back to look at Daiman.

He stared at me, his crimson eyes holding no judgment or anger directed at me. "I was there and watched your demon use them. It wasn't your fault, angel."

"But she still used my body!"

Daiman swept his hand down the back of my head in gentle strokes, like he was petting me. "What else happened?"

Okay, so he wasn't going to argue about it.

I took a deep breath and glanced at Lucien, who raised his head and watched us with rage simmering in his eyes.

“The night dad beat me with the belt, he told me he wasn’t my real dad. My mom told me that she wasn’t having sex with him around the time she conceived me. She said something about how she dreamed about a man who formed a romantic relationship with her, and she got pregnant.”

Daiman sucked in a breath, and Lucien’s eyes widened.

“What?” I looked between them.

Lucien straightened his tie. “That explains why you’re a succubus. Your father is an incubus, and he impregnated a human woman. That’s how succubus demons are made.”

My jaw dropped, and I backed away from Daiman as I processed what Lucien said.

I didn’t know what to say. All I could do was stand there with my mouth open and eyes wide.

“Did anything else happen?” Lucien asked.

I shook my head, then remembered something. “My sister saw me change into my demon. She was egging me on and eating too loud, and I snapped. Since then, she said she would have an exorcism done on me. She even went to my parents, who didn’t believe her.”

“Anything else?” Lucien said softly.

I shook my head, meaning it this time.

Lucien closed his eyes and deeply inhaled through his nose. “Thank you, little sinner.”

“What are you guys going to do now?” I asked.

“We’re killing them all,” Daiman answered.

I whipped my head toward him. “What?” I squeaked.

Daiman pulled out a toothpick and caught it between his teeth. “We’re. Killing. Them. All.”

Fire from within Daiman lit up his eyes, promising he meant every word he said. When I looked at Lucien, he held

the same deadly look.

“You can’t! They’re my family!” I cried.

Daiman scoffed. “You show more grace toward everyone else, especially for your so-called family, when they can’t even do the same for you. Don’t think for one minute they wouldn’t throw you under the bus to save their own skin. They don’t give a fuck about you. But we do.”

LUCIEN

Daiman and I left Grace at home after we gathered more information from her, such as their names and when they went to sleep. We didn't want Grace to watch as we killed her family. She was upset about us just *talking* about killing them, so she certainly couldn't handle watching it.

After putting her into my bed and ensuring she fell asleep, we left and headed to her old home, dressed in the outfits we wore while playing at concerts. Sometimes we wore them in serious situations, like sacrificing virgins.

As much as I would have liked her family to see our faces while we killed them, I wanted to scare them even more. Our masks weren't normal, given that we had a red upside-down cross in the middle of the forehead.

We crept through the house, silent as mice, and separated after climbing the stairs. I ended up in the master suite.

Grace's parents slept peacefully, unaware of the imminent threat closing in on them. I stuck to the shadows as I approached their bedside and stared at them as they snored. They'd gone to bed that night thinking they would wake up in the morning, not realizing it was the last night they would close their eyes.

Grace's mother was curled on her side, facing away from her loud husband, who sounded like a chainsaw. Who was the incubus who formed a bond with her? She was no longer attached to him because it didn't sound like the eighteen-year separation from her demon had caused her any trouble.

It didn't matter right now. I probably wouldn't find the answer and had to accept that. All that mattered was Grace and keeping her safe.

I unrolled the rope in my hand and formed a noose, all while staring at the older woman. This was the person who told Grace she deserved to be assaulted? I wanted to snap her neck right then, but I reined myself in because I wanted this woman to suffer. A punishment worse than a swift death was fitting for her.

A muffled scream came from the other room, and a loud bang followed, then silence. I smirked, carefully wrapped the noose around the woman's neck, and tightened it. She blinked open her eyes, and our gazes met. I grinned at the look of terror that flashed over her face as her lips parted, preparing to scream.

I flicked my fingers, and her mouth became sewn shut. She tried shrieking past the seam, but she only uttered muffled cries as she sat up to leap from the bed. Chuckling, I yanked the rope and watched with satisfaction as she grunted, the noose tightening around her neck. She fell to the ground with a loud thump.

Robert's eyes snapped open, and he raised his head. His eyebrows drew together, clearly confused about what was happening. "Margaret?" he asked, sleep thickening his voice.

I waved my fingers and watched, pleased when stitches wound through his lips and sealed them shut. Robert flung his hands to his mouth, touching the wounds, and his eyes bugged out of his head.

"I love hearing my prey's screams, but it can wait until we get somewhere more private," I explained with a little smile.

Robert swung his gaze to me, wide eyes full of surprise and fear.

I dragged the choking woman behind me with the rope slung over my shoulder. Robert flung himself off the bed, and I cackled as I wound my shadows around him. One of the dark wisps pinched the skin at the back of his neck, clinging to him

as if I had gripped him with my hand. He hunched his shoulders, seeking relief from the pain that radiated through his body. I ground my molars together, remembering what Grace had told me before we left. Dear Old Daddy had done the same thing by grabbing her neck and dragging her by his side.

“You can’t get away, old man,” I growled, jerking him back with my powers. A muffled, pathetic scream fought to escape his sewn lips. “Let’s go somewhere a little more private, hmm?” I said.

With one thought, shadows wrapped around us, and we popped into a different location. Daiman was already there, preparing the rope strung from one large tree to the next. Wooden and metal spikes jutted from a pit in the forest floor. Three upside-down crosses stood far ahead of us at the tiny opening in the woods. We were behind my unholy church, where no one would hear Grace’s family’s screams.

The sister—Christy—was slumped on the ground, unconscious. She wore a black crop top and shorts that showed off the bottom of her small ass, and her blonde hair was pulled back in a loose ponytail.

I dragged Margaret behind me, who still choked from the tight rope around her throat. Robert stumbled a few steps, breathing hard through his nose and shaking. Any second now, he’d most likely piss his pants.

The large fire pit in the middle of the torture playground flared to life, the flames licking higher and nearly touching the trees. Snow filtered through the limbs, ensuring the trees and brush wouldn’t catch fire. If Grace’s family didn’t die from what we had planned for them, then hypothermia would do it.

I stopped walking, turned to Robert, drew back my fist, and slammed it against his temple. I watched the larger man fall to the ground with his eyes closed and blood beading on his face.

Margaret shrieked from behind her stitched-shut mouth, and I faced her with a little smile. “Let’s see if you can handle pain well.”

I dragged her across the cold, wet ground and to a tree with a low-hanging branch. I yanked her onto her feet and held her still with my shadows as I threw the rope's end over the branch and pulled it until Margaret was on her tiptoes. Her hands shot up to her neck, fingers grappling with the rough rope to make room for her to breathe. Our eyes met, and hers were full of terror and tears.

“Don't look so surprised,” I drawled. “You did this to yourself.”

She cried, squeezing her eyes shut, and I wrapped the rope around the tree trunk to hold her in place.

Slapping my palms together to remove the dirt from them, I stepped back and eyed my work. Margaret wiggled her legs, and her toes pointed out as she tried to loosen the noose around her neck. Soon enough, she'd get exhausted and fall forward, killing herself.

“It'll be a slow death for you, and you deserve it,” I said slowly so she could hear my every word over her pounding heart. “Grace depended on you to do the right thing. She begged you to say something and stop your piece of shit husband from touching her. But you didn't. Now it's your turn to choke and suffer as your consequence.”

I turned away, ignoring her cries and muffled pleas.

Daiman crouched beside Christy, the flames shadowing parts of his mask but making the red upside-down cross darker and more obvious.

I approached Robert and grunted as I picked him up and dropped him on the chair I'd pulled outside just for him. I held him in place with shadows while I tied a rope around him and pinned his hands on the armrests. Once done, I began setting up one of my favorite torture devices—a leather collar with a double-sided fork. One end went underneath the chin, and the other pressed against Robert's throat. If he moved his head down, the prongs would penetrate his mouth and above his sternum. I stripped off Robert's clothes, my lip curling at his pathetic excuse for a dick. It was thin and about four inches long.

Glancing over my shoulder, I spotted Daiman kicking the daughter to wake her up.

It's showtime.

I slapped Robert's cheek. "Wake up."

His eyebrows drew together, and I watched as he blinked open his eyes. They were sightless as he recovered from being punched by a demon. After a few more minutes, he finally came to. I waved my fingers, removing the stitches that kept his mouth sewn shut.

"Wh-what's going on?" He jerked his arms and yelled as the spikes dug into his flesh. "What is that?"

A devilish smile spread across my face, and I fisted my hand in his hair, holding him still. "It's a form of torture that one of your own people came up with in medieval times." I cocked my head and smirked. "It's used to make nonbelievers confess and convert to Christianity. Do you know what it's called?"

He panted as he held back his head, eyes wide. "N-no."

"Heretic's fork. It forces you to look up at the heavens, begging God for forgiveness for all your sins. If you move your head down, both ends of the fork will thrust into your mouth and throat. It'll be a slow death as you choke on your blood."

Fear darkened his widened eyes, and he breathed harder. His face twisted in pain. "Please. I don't know who you are, but just let me and my family go."

I tsked and stepped back, leaving it up to him to keep his head in the awkward position. He watched me with flared nostrils.

"You should have thought about it before you touched Grace. Consider this the beginning of what waits for you on the other side. I promise you won't be seeing God when you die."

He swallowed, and a girl screamed. I looked in her direction. Daiman used his shadows to raise Christy into the

air, forcing her to grab the thick rope dangling over the pit. He beckoned the girl to let go and land on the awaiting spikes.

I chuckled and looked at Margaret, who slowly hung herself as she grew tired and unable to stand on her toes. Every twenty seconds, she kicked her feet and gripped the tight noose around her neck, stealing a small gasp of air into her lungs.

Turning back to Robert, I smiled. “We have more in store for you. This isn’t all you’re getting.”

Daiman strutted toward us, swooped down, and picked up the garden shears. I grabbed the power drill with a thin metal corkscrew latched onto the end.

My eyes met Robert’s. I smiled.

“You’re going to watch your family die. Each time your wife and daughter slip, creeping closer to death, we cut off one of your fingers.”

Robert swallowed hard and winced as the fork’s tip pierced the sensitive skin under his jaw. “Please,” he begged between his clenched teeth. “Have mercy on us.”

I sobered and scowled at him. “You don’t deserve mercy,” I spat.

Daiman went to Robert’s side, opposite me, and crouched down as he grabbed Robert’s fingers. Robert squealed, crying, knowing what we had planned for those fat digits.

Margaret groaned, struggling for air.

Daiman slid the shear blades over Robert’s finger and squeezed the handles, cutting it off at the third knuckle. Robert howled, his shoulders tensing. The prongs dug deeper into his skin, slowly reaching into his body. He threw back his head, panting and sobbing. Blood smeared on his neck and traveled down to his chest.

A slow smile crept to my face as I watched Daiman torture Robert. One by one, he snipped off his fingers. I listened to his cries for help, pleased that no one would hear him.

“Robert, I want you to know something.” I crouched beside him, and he peeked at me from the corner of his watery eye. “Those fingers of yours now belong to me. You touched my girl with them. You beat my mate with those hands. Next is your cock. You touched yourself while thinking about her. While you *violated her*. It’s mine now.”

His face reddened and twisted in pain as Daiman cut off his hand at the wrist. Then he did the same to the other.

“You want me to do it, or you?” Daiman asked as he threw the body parts and shears aside.

“I’ll do it,” I growled.

I brought the power drill to Robert’s dick. Slowly, I slipped it into his urethra, using force to shove it all the way in. Robert’s screams echoed into the night as I pulled the trigger on the drill. Blood sprayed onto mine and Daiman’s masks.

A piercing scream joined Robert’s. I looked over and watched as Christy fell and landed on the spikes. One went through her chest and another through her head. I turned my gaze to Margaret. Her limp body leaned forward, her eyes glossy with death and her mouth open in a silent scream.

I dropped the drill onto the ground and stood up. Daiman still crouched beside Robert, who had dipped his head forward. The fork pierced through his throat and into his mouth. The other end went into his chest. Blood streamed from the wounds. He was still alive, gurgling on his blood, but he didn’t have much longer.

Daiman and I waited for Robert to die, and when he did, we gathered the dead bodies and hung them on the upside-down crosses. I couldn’t help but smile, knowing that God’s little lambs were desecrated by something so unholy.

They deserved everything they got.

GRACE

I'd gone to bed the evening before and slept the whole night, waking up alone. Because I was on my period, I'd ransacked Lucien's bathroom, looking for tampons or pads. When I found some tampons, I was shocked but grateful. After taking care of myself, I waited in the quiet living room. I bounced my leg as I sat on the plush leather cushion, sightlessly staring at the coffee table. They'd been gone for a while now. I worried something had happened to them.

My thoughts spiraled to my family and their possible deaths. It made me sick to my stomach as I pictured my dad's face twisted in pain, covered in blood. Even though I didn't like him and all that he'd done to me, I still didn't want to think about his death. Christy didn't deserve any of this either.

I rested my elbows on my thighs, leaning my forehead into my palms as I continued to rock my legs.

Hands slipped through my hair and cupped the back of my head. I gasped and whipped my head up, finding Daiman and Lucien standing before me. I shot to my feet and wrapped my arms around them, squeezing them to my chest.

"I was worried," I croaked, holding back the tears.

Lucien tipped up my head, and his mouth descended on mine before I could say anything. I returned his hungry kiss with all I had. Daiman pulled back, allowing Lucien to drag me against his chest while our teeth knocked together and our tongues tangled.

I panted as Lucien drew back, gazing down at me with half-lidded eyes. Daiman pinched my chin and turned my

head, his mouth covering mine. His kisses were a tad sweeter but still primal. He jerked me into his hold, squeezing me against him as his hand cupped one of my ass cheeks.

He ended the kiss and leaned back his head, staring at my flushed face. “It’s done, angel. They won’t ever hurt you again.”

A lump formed in my throat, and I dug my fingers into his shirt. They weren’t covered in blood like I thought they would have been. Instead, they looked like they’d just cleaned up and dressed in clean clothes.

Lucien wore a charcoal three-piece suit again. I would have tackled him to the ground and ridden him like a pony if it weren’t for my nerves and guilty conscience. He must’ve noticed the hungry look I gave him, because he smirked.

“How about we have brunch?” Daiman said, breaking the eye-fucking between Lucien and me.

“So that’s it? We move on and pretend like you didn’t murder my family?” My voice cracked.

Lucien slipped his hands into his pockets. “We’re doing exactly that, little sinner.”

“What about my house? My cat?”

As much as Slinky didn’t like me, I didn’t want her to be left for dead.

“You have a cat?” Daiman asked.

“Yeah. She kind of hates my guts, but ...” I let my words die, forgetting where I was going with that.

“Then we’ll get the cat and bring her here,” Lucien offered.

I bit my bottom lip and nodded. Slinky could just hide away and come out when I wasn’t near her. She was still my pet, and I didn’t want to give her up.

“I think the cat will be fine for just a few more hours while we get food. What do you think?” Daiman asked.

I nibbled on my bottom lip and nodded. “Food sounds good.”

Daiman smirked and stuck a toothpick into his mouth. “And after we get home, you’ll be our dessert.”



“Ohh, god,” I moaned as I arched my back, curling my fingers into the pillow beneath my head.

Daiman’s forked tongue flicked against my throbbing clit, his fingers pumping into my wet heat. He had smears of blood on his cheeks, reminding me of red wings.

Lucien appeared above my head, resting his knees beside my ears and fisting my hair. “Open your mouth,” he ordered.

I opened my mouth, tongue out, and moaned again as he slid his pierced dick past my lips until his tip hit the back of my throat. Lucien moved my head back and forth on his shaft. He tightened his fingers in my hair as I gagged on him.

“Look at you,” Lucien purred. “Such a pretty little cum bucket swallowing my cock.” His palm cracked against my cheek, making me moan and clench on Daiman’s tongue as it plunged inside me and vibrated.

My toes curled, and Lucien’s length muffled my scream as I came. Daiman worked me through the orgasm, tongue-fucking me and rubbing his nose against my pulsing clit. Lucien leaned forward and slammed his hips against my face. His swelling dick pushed down my throat, and he pulled back, only to thrust in again. He held me still with his hand as he fucked my face with brutal strokes, using me like I was a sex doll.

Daiman pulled back, and the broad head of his cock pressed outside my weeping pussy. I groaned as he surged forward, stretching me with his girth.

The two incubus demons used me for their own pleasure, and I couldn’t have been any happier about it than I was at that

moment.

Cum flooded my mouth as Lucien roared. He shoved his hips against my face, choking me with his erection. Daiman raised my hips, throwing my legs over his shoulders while he kneeled. He pounded into me and cursed as he came inside me.

By the time we finished, I was as limp as a cooked noodle. I breathed hard and fluttered my eyes open, watching as Lucien lay beside me and Daiman disappeared into the bathroom. Slinky darted past the open bedroom door, rushing down the hallway right as Daiman returned with a wet rag. He climbed onto the bed and cleaned me up before he cleaned himself.

“What are we going to do about school?” I breathed.

“You’re not going,” Daiman and Lucien said at the same time.

I frowned and pushed myself onto my elbows. “What do you mean, I’m not going? I have to graduate.”

“You’re a succubus now. School doesn’t matter anymore. Besides”—Lucien pulled me onto him so I was lying on his chest, our noses touching—“you think I will stand by and allow the kids there to bully you? There would be a massacre there, and I wouldn’t regret it.”

Daiman got off the bed and began dressing. I frowned and pushed myself onto my hands, my breasts still pressed against Lucien’s tattooed chest.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” he said cryptically.

I narrowed my eyes and sat up until I straddled Lucien’s lap. He grabbed my waist and held on to me, pushing his hips up to rub his still-hard cock between my pussy lips.

“I don’t know if I should trust you when you say that,” I mumbled.

Daiman scoffed and rolled his eyes, but he gave me his flirty smile before he left the room. I sighed and looked at

Lucien, who watched me with an unreadable expression.

“What’s going on?” I asked him.

“Like he said. You’ll see.”

GRACE

“**Y**ou got me a high school diploma?” I asked, stunned.

Daiman rolled the toothpick in his mouth. “Yep.”

I raised my gaze to him and blinked. “How did you do that?”

“You act like I haven’t been here since the dawn of time, angel. I have my ways.” He shrugged a shoulder, his muscles rippling underneath his tight black V-neck shirt.

It wasn’t the same thing as walking across the stage and having the diploma handed to me, but I didn’t care at this point. The mere idea of being in that school, dealing with hallucinations, and everyone talking about me left me exhausted and even a little panicked.

A tiny smile made its way to my face. “Thank you.”

Daiman smirked. “No problem.”

I glanced at Lucien. He stood at the kitchen counter, making himself an Old Fashioned while wearing nothing more than gray sweats.

“So, what now?” I asked, not aiming the question at anyone.

Daiman pinched my cream-colored sweater in his fingers and dragged me against him. I leaned back my head, placing my hands on his chest. I held the thick parchment-paper diploma in one hand, not caring that it was wrinkling.

“We start a life together. Just the three of us.” Slinky shot past the kitchen, her paws lightly thumping against the floor.

“Four if you count the cat.”

I giggled and sobered when I remembered something. “What about clothes? And all my stuff in my room?”

Daiman smirked and rolled the toothpick to the other side of his mouth. “Lucien,” he sang. “Looks like we need to take our girl shopping.”

My eyes widened and I peeked at Lucien, who turned around, sipping his drink while staring directly at me.

“I’m fine with the stuff that I had,” I objected.

“We’re replacing it with better things,” Lucien said nonchalantly.

I couldn’t say anything. All I could do was blink and look between the two men. I wasn’t sure about them spending money on me like that. What if they got annoyed when they realized how much it would cost to replace everything?

Daiman smacked my ass, making me yelp. “Don’t do that.”

“Do what?” I squeaked.

“Don’t ever think you don’t deserve to have money spent on you.”

“We’ll go shopping tomorrow,” Lucien said, sipping his drink. “I want to spend time in the music room. I have a new song I want to work on.”

I smiled widely and pulled out of Daiman’s arms to face Lucien. “Really?”

“Yes,” he murmured, his dark eyes raking over me like he was hungry for another round in the bedroom.

I didn’t think my two demon boyfriends would ever be satisfied to the point where they couldn’t keep having sex. Luckily, I was in the same boat, always hungry and ready to go.

“Careful, little sinner,” Lucien drawled with a smirk. “You keep undressing me with your bedroom eyes, and you’ll find yourself praying to me on your knees.”

I returned his smile with a sultry one. “Maybe I want to pray to the only god who answered my prayers.”

Lucien set his drink on the counter and prowled toward me until he stood with our chests touching. He brought his hand up, veins bulging on the back, which was like lady porn for me. Cocking his head with amusement, he dragged his knuckles down my cheek. I leaned into the touch.

“I’m no god, Grace. I’m the monster who hides beneath your bed, waiting until you fall asleep so I can feast on you.”

I shivered and clenched my thighs together. Daiman came behind me, his chest pressed to my back, and he wrapped an arm around my waist, tucking me against him.

“And I’m the devil on your shoulder, whispering in your ear,” Daiman murmured.

I closed my eyes, moaning as Daiman’s hand dipped into my pants and cupped my pussy.

“The music can wait,” Lucien growled, slanting his mouth over mine.

Our love story was fucked up. What girl in her right mind would fall for the demons who killed her in the beginning? I wasn’t normal, but I embraced my weird because these two men might have killed me from the start, but they breathed life into me at the end.

EPILOGUE - GRACE

I crept into our dark bedroom, walking on tippy toes to keep as quiet as possible. Lucien was fast asleep, lying on his back with his arms beneath his head. His chest rose and fell with each steady breath. He released a little snort, and I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing like a schoolgirl.

I peeked over my shoulder. Daiman stood in the darkened doorway, watching me as I prepared to visit Lucien's dreams. I'd been practicing as much as I could, but it had been a little tricky for me to move my consciousness into theirs. Daiman had been showing me how to do it for months, but I kept getting stuck.

I slipped onto the bed and carefully crawled over Lucien, straddling his lap. His tattoos were darker, thanks to the shadows in the room. I traced my finger over one of them. It was a newer one he'd added recently. Little sinner.

"Close your eyes and focus your energy into Lucien's," Daiman whispered into my mind.

I did as he said and focused on the thread that joined us. I clenched my eyelids, dots popping behind my closed eyes as I guided myself through the thread and into Lucien.

"Good girl," Daiman cooed in my head.

I stood in our kitchen, Lucien's back facing me. He softly sang as he tinkered with something on the counter.

"Lucien," I called.

As he turned his head to look at me, I used my succubus-weaving abilities and popped into the hallway.

“Lucien,” I sang, drawing him to me.

His footsteps came closer. “Grace?”

As I used my powers to pop into a different room, everything changed, and I stood in the church I was murdered in. I raised my head. The lights were off, and only the burning candles pierced the darkness.

Shadows slithered along the walls and ceiling. The painting on the ceiling moved like a silent film. The demon fucked the crying woman, who tried to mask her pleasure as she continued to sob. The mixture of blood and her cum painted his dick and gathered at the base before dripping down his heavy balls.

“Grace.” Lucien’s voice echoed, sounding as if he stood on a cliff and I was at the bottom.

The candles flickered, then flared higher with a *whoosh*. Fingers dragged across my bare shoulder and down my arm. I turned around but found no one.

“Little sinner,” Lucien sang. This time, he sounded closer.

I turned the other way, spotting a large humanoid shadow disappearing into the hallway. My feet moved before I could decide if I wanted to follow it.

“Little sinnerrrr,” Lucien purred.

“This isn’t fair, Loosh.” I bit my bottom lip, smiling at the sound of his nickname on my tongue. He didn’t like it when Daiman called him that, but he never had a problem when I did.

“I don’t play fair,” he whispered into my ear.

I whirled around and huffed when I found nothing but shadows.

“Where are you?” I called.

“Here.”

I turned to the left and found nothing.

“Here,” he whispered.

More darkness met me as I turned again. “Seriously, Lucien!” I whined and went down the hallway. I found myself standing in the main area of the church where our game had begun.

“I’m here,” he murmured again.

I turned, expecting more nothing, but jumped when I saw him standing on the dais, wearing his mask and robe. His skin was painted black with white bones. He curled his lips into a feral smile.

“Come here, succubus,” he beckoned.

I eagerly crossed the space and climbed up the stairs. I stopped when he held up two fingers, and his thumb stuck out like the image of Baphomet pointing his fingers above and below.

“You’re learning,” Lucien said, his voice an octave deeper.

It went straight to my core and had me squeezing my thighs together.

“But can you give me my deepest and darkest desires?” he asked, testing me.

I searched within his mind, filtering through to find what he wanted the most. All I could find was me bent over the sacrifice slab and him in his true demon form.

Without hesitation, I grabbed his hand and pulled him to the stone. I bent over it, shedding my clothes with one thought, and stuck out my ass. “Is this what you want?” I breathed as I peeked at him over my shoulder.

He snarled, and right before my eyes, his form changed into one of the demons painted on the ceiling. He grew taller, his horns extending and curling like a ram’s. His mask disappeared, he grew a snout, and his face became furry like a wolf. My eyes rounded as I dropped my gaze down his tattooed chest to his stomach, where fur descended to his groin and legs.

“Holy shit,” I breathed, staring at his gigantic dick. It was thicker and longer than what I could take. That thing could kill

me if he shoved all of it into me. Ridges spiraled around the shaft, and the red tip pointed out like a blade.

He grabbed my shoulder and shoved my head around so I wasn't looking at him. His warm breath puffed out, hitting the back of my head and making my hair fly into my face. I screamed as he bent over me, pulling my ass further out, and he began shoving his dick into my too-small pussy. Pain shot through my body, but I gritted my teeth and accepted that if I died this way, I would die a good death.

He worked deeper inside me, drawing back to slam in, making me shriek. "You can take it," Lucien growled into the back of my head. His forked tongue swept out. It rolled around my neck and shoved past my lips and into my mouth. I gagged as the tip touched the back of my throat.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head as he speared deeper inside until I took all of him. He curled an arm around my bulged middle and raised me until my feet were no longer on the ground. His hips thrust forward, smacking against my ass as he pistoned into me.

I couldn't think or scream anymore. My inner walls clenched around him, and I listened as our bodies slapped together, his heavy balls hitting the backs of my thighs. Lucien grunted like a bull. He moved faster, working me up and down on his shaft until I orgasmed, squeezing on him and milking him for his hot cum. His tongue swirled in my mouth and thrust into my throat, matching the same rhythm of his hips.

I didn't know how the hell I was still alive and not split in half.

Lucien roared as warmth rushed into my body and filled me until it flowed out of my clenching pussy. His cum dripped from me in rivulets and landed on the floor.

He didn't stop fucking me. It felt like hours of him using me until everything went dark.

I opened my eyes and found myself still straddling Lucien, bucking my hips back and forth on him with his cock deep inside me.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I cried as I orgasmed.

Lucien opened his eyes and grabbed my waist, guiding me through my orgasm. I breathed hard, rested my hands on his stomach, and stopped moving.

“Such a good little whore,” Lucien murmured huskily.

I slumped forward and rested my forehead against his, our quick breaths mingling, and I felt him throbbing inside me, filling my womb with his seed.

Clapping sounded behind us, but I was too exhausted to look.

“That had to be the sexiest thing I’d ever seen,” Daiman said with a smile in his voice. “Too bad I couldn’t record that, because, damn.”

Lucien chuckled beneath me, his laugh vibrating through my body. I clenched my inner walls on him, and he hissed through his teeth.

“We’re not done,” he whispered into my ear.

“Yeah, I kind of figured that,” I breathed.

Daiman joined us on the bed and got behind me. He raised my hips until my ass stuck out so he could easily slide into my pussy with Lucien.

I was too exhausted to move. Little moans escaped me as my demon boyfriends fucked me senseless. By the end of it, I was on the edge of sleep.

“You did good, little sinner,” Lucien praised.

Daiman slapped my ass and pulled out of me, and I instantly felt the loss. I might have pouted too.

“We’ll keep practicing,” Daiman added.

I nodded and rested my cheek against Lucien’s shoulder as he stayed inside me. I liked it when we slept like this, with one of their cocks still nestled in me.

Lucien rubbed circles on my back and wound his other arm behind his head as he got comfortable.

“Sounds good.” I yawned and fluttered my eyes closed.
“We’ll start again tomorrow.”

One day I’d be good at being a succubus. Until then, I accepted all the help Daiman and Lucien provided.

“I love you,” I mumbled into Lucien’s chest.

“I love you too,” Lucien and Daiman said at the same time.

I fell asleep with a smile on my face.



I stood in my bedroom at my old home.

Layla was lying on her stomach in the middle of my bed, kicking her bare feet back and forth while she flipped through a magazine with Satan’s Priest on the cover. The band members posed for the picture, all of them wearing their masks. Lucien was in the middle, frowning while he held out his hand, fingers stretched toward the camera.

“What do you think of their new song?” Layla asked as she flipped a page.

Turning back to the mirror, I returned to brushing my hair. The bristles snagged a few knots, making me wince. “I really like it. Lucien said he made that song just for me.”

Layla snorted. “Yeah, right.”

I whirled around, glaring at her. “It’s true!”

“Did you ever find out about your dad?” Layla asked, changing the subject while keeping her eyes on the magazine article.

My eyebrows drew together. “No. I don’t know who he is.”

“Maybe because it’s me,” Layla drawled.

I widened my eyes, and my jaw hit the floor. “What did you say?”

Layla looked up from her magazine, and right before my eyes, she changed into a blond-haired man with horns curling out of his temples. He wore a fitted white T-shirt, a black jacket, and black jeans.

I shot up from my seat. “What is going on?”

The stranger sat up and folded his legs. He cocked his head and looked me straight in the eye, saying, “I felt your energy when you changed into a succubus.”

I blinked.

He sighed, slipped off the bed, and slowly approached me. I stepped away until my bottom met the vanity table.

“You don’t need to fear me, child.” Kindness laced his voice, and sadness reflected in his eyes as he gazed at me. “I know you’re confused, and I apologize. Maybe someday I will visit you in the waking world, but for now, this will do.”

I swallowed hard. “Y-you’re not going to try anything—”

His face twisted, and he grimaced. “No. I would never.”

“Then why are you here?” I was dreaming, right?

“I’m sure if I approached you while you were awake, your overbearing demons would kill me on the spot, no questions asked.”

“And you found me ... how?”

He sighed. “I felt your energy.”

That was it? He felt my energy, and he expected me to believe that?

I shook my head, and tears welled in my eyes. “And you let me live with that awful man who did horrible things to me?”

His eyebrows drew together, and he tilted his head. I watched as his bright blue eyes bled into black. “What?” he growled.

“You don’t know about that either?”

“Know about what?” he said calmly, which put me more on edge than eased me.

I swallowed hard and shook my head. “It doesn’t matter.”

I didn’t want to watch another person lose control because of what a dead man did to me while he was alive.

He narrowed his eyes.

“What’s your name, anyway?” I asked, hoping to distract him.

A slow smile, more sinister than genuine, spread across his face. “Lucifer.”

I sucked in a breath and backed up a step. I was the daughter of Lucifer?

“Oh, fuck,” I breathed.

Lucifer stared at me, the corners of his lips twitching up as he watched me with delight. “I was expecting a worse reaction, but my, my, my, I’m surprised.” He glanced past my shoulder. “You’ll be waking up soon.” He slipped his gaze back to me. “I wonder how your men will react.”

“I have a question,” I blurted.

He raised an eyebrow.

“Did you know that I was your daughter when I was sacrificed?”

His eyebrows lowered as he frowned. “No. I didn’t know you were my child when I whispered for Lucien to pick you as my bride. When you showed up, I realized my mistake and sent you back. You see, for a succubus to get into their powers, one of two things must happen. If you reach nineteen years old in the human world, which is the demonic age of maturity, the changes start to happen. A guide is then sent from Hell to teach you our ways.” He cocked his head and watched me. “The alternative is to die before you reach the demonic age of maturity. Which was the case for you. You must not remember our brief conversation while in Hell.”

I shook my head. “I don’t.” Something else nagged at me, and I didn’t know when we would see each other again. “Why didn’t you tell Lucien?”

A slow smile crept to his face, his eyes lighting up with devilish amusement. “I like playing tricks.”

The room warped and shuddered. I watched in horror as Lucifer popped out of sight, and everything went dark.



Three days had passed, and I still hadn’t told them about my father’s identity. I guess I was just waiting for the right time, but I could never figure out *when* the right time was.

Biting my bottom lip, I fumbled with my fingers as we walked down a street in the city. Daiman and Lucien were on either side of me, protecting me from any harm.

“Lucifer is my dad,” I blurted.

That outburst earned weird looks from people walking past us.

Lucien and Daiman pulled down an alley. Lucien came in front of me, eyes narrowed. “Repeat that.”

I glanced at Daiman, who stood to my right, watching me while rolling his toothpick in his mouth. “Lucifer visited me in my dream the other night and said he’s my dad.”

It went quiet.

“How long have you kept this from us?” Lucien asked, keeping his voice low but lethal.

“Um. Three days,” I said nervously.

Daiman and Lucien shared a look. I got so paranoid about what they were feeling that I checked through our threads. Their shock slammed into me like a freight train, and some anger trickled in at the tail end of it.

“I’m sorry. I just didn’t know how to tell you guys,” I mumbled, averting my gaze.

Lucien cupped my cheeks with his large hands, forcing me to look at him. “Don’t keep secrets from us. We’re not angry at you. Got it?”

I nodded and pulled my bottom lip between my teeth.

“Well, at least that mystery is now solved.” Daiman sighed and grabbed my hand. He tugged me to his side, and Lucien came to my other, boxing me between them.

“Yeah, I guess so,” I said, relaxing my shoulders.

Crisis averted.

“So, how about we get some boba tea?” Daiman said.

A familiar face caught my eye, and I met the gaze of a man who looked just like Lucifer from my dream. He was across the street, leaning against the wall of a building, hands in his slack pockets. He winked at me, smirking as he watched us walk past him and down the street.

The whole time, neither of my boyfriends said anything. It was as if they weren’t aware of his presence. I suppose if Lucifer wanted to be known, he would make sure people knew he was there.

Fuck, he was more powerful than people gave him credit for.

Maybe one day I’d be as powerful as him. Until then, I was okay with where I was, with the men I loved.

THE END

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- [Tainted Love](#) || [Dark Mafia Why Choose Romance](#) [available on Kindle Vella]

Coming Soon

Dark Paranormal Romance

- We All Have A Heaven: Book 2 of We All Have A Hell duet (December 2023)
 - Devil's Blood volume 2 (October/November 2024)
 - Super Secret Co-Write Project (spring/summer 2024)

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ABOUT WILLOW MCQUERRY

Willow is a schizophrenic dark romance author whose mission is to include mental health representation in all of her books. It doesn't matter if the mental illness is a big part of the plot or if it's an added detail, she wants to end stigma one book at a time.

Thanks to her mental illnesses, she is able to come up with alternate realities and create love stories out of them. Writing dark romance has been a form of therapy for her to work through her trauma and the voices in her head.

Willow lives in the Midwest, right in Tornado Alley. She spends her days taking care of her sassy bird, Flip, while squeezing in writing when her bratty feathered friend isn't attacking her keyboard.

Check out Willow's Facebook group, where she likes to drop sneak peeks of her next books.

