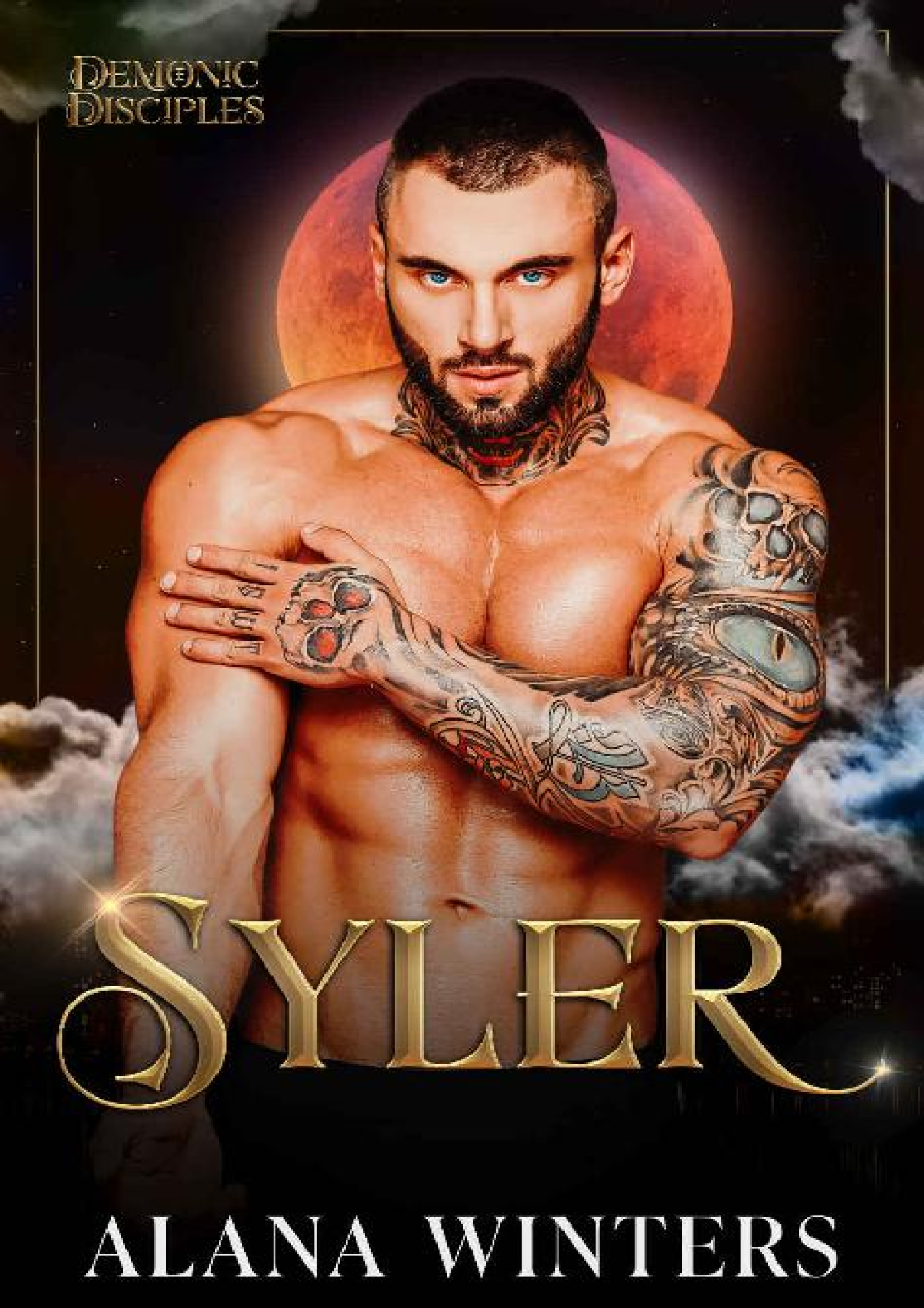


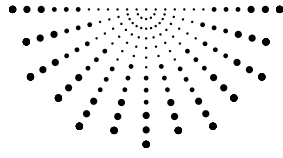
DEMONIC
DISCIPLES



SYLER

ALANA WINTERS

SYLER



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INTRODUCTION

In A World...

Where purgatorian shifters cause chaos and secrets reign under the shadows, I discover a shocking truth that turns my world upside down. My destined mate is none other than the President's daughter. Before I can get to her, she is taken from me unexpectedly by a shifter assassin who claims the life of the President and steals his identity, along with his daughter.

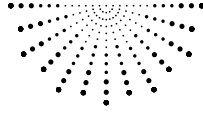
To save her I'll have to navigate my way through the shifters' treacherous game of deception and danger. I'll stop at nothing to take him down, restore the natural balance of this realm and reclaim my mate.

I'll be tested to my limits to prove that love can defy even the darkest forces. Can I save her or will we be consumed by this web of lies and betrayal?

As Above, So Below.

The hunt is on. Six demonic brothers, sworn by evil to maintain the balance of nature by eliminating the creatures that bring chaos to it. Driven only by their primal instincts to find their mates so they can protect, possess and procreate with them. Only a blood moon eclipsing through the night sky will seal their bond and free them to chase their new prey. They're cruel, dominating sinners with hardened souls, immense power and dynamic presences that won't let anything stop them from finding and claiming their destiny.

SYLER



Welcome to hell. The dominion for the corrupt that my father, Lucifer, reigns over. There is a place for everyone here. Plenty of room, all of which is specifically curated to suit every type of filth. The nature and gravity of a person's crime designates where their soul is placed. Then the appropriate torments in which they will be subjected to for an eternity are arranged.

I survey the bleak landscape before me where flames cast an eerie glow over the scorched earth. Jagged rocks jut from the ground, and their shadows play tricks on the dimly lit sky. Roaring flames dance in the distance with their orange tongues licking at the ashen clouds, creating a sinister ambiance that permeates my surroundings.

With each step I take, the ground crackles beneath my boots, a symphony of torment that echoes through the desolation. The air is thick with the acrid scent of sulfur, and in the distance, I hear the distant wails and shrieks of tormented souls.

A soft gush of wind hits the back of my head before I feel my pet dragon, Flint, land on my shoulder. "Hey, killer...what kind of trouble are you getting into today?" I ask him while I rub the pad of my thumb into his skull in a massaging motion.

Flint, a magnificent fire-breathing beast with scales like obsidian, lets out a low growl that sounds almost like a purr.

As I think of the man who reigns over the vast expanse in front of me, I come to a halt to think. I was expected to be my

father's perfect doppelgänger, but that only made me want to rebel. It gives me so much pleasure to do anything I can to get a reaction out of him.

Still, I prefer him over his father. Although, he'll never know that. I would have given anything to see God bitch-slap his big ass right into the fiery depths of Hell. For all my father knows, I'm God's biggest fan. To taunt him with that eternally, I got the initials IGWT tattooed across my knuckles on my right hand. In God We Trust. I've always relied on his hypocrisy, that's for sure.

In my opinion, he's a sanctimonious asshole who uses his children like ridiculous puppets. An omnipotent spy that watches and judges... all the time. It's sick how he wants them to take communion where they're forced to pretend they're eating his body and drinking his blood. He doesn't even offer the real thing. So rude! And then he wants you to please him by getting down on your knees to praise him. With promises that you will feel his salvation.

Meanwhile, his homeboy, the Pope i.e the person who represents him on his mortal plane, is busy at work trying to make the world safe for pedophiles, and he just lets that slide. That's cool. I'll take real good care of his boy when he gets here.

My gaze shifts up to the towering spires that dot the landscape with pride. I've carved out my own domain in these citadels. It's my sanctuary of sin and debauchery where I rule with an iron fist. It's the perfect hub to conjure inspiration and to gain some solace.

A cruel smile curls upon my lips as I observe the damned in my realm. Violent criminals, blasphemers, usurpers, hypocrites, thieves, panderers and serial killers. My nature is hostile and wrathful, so I'm in good company. Here I let them exercise their demons anytime they want. It's actually highly encouraged because nothing entertains me like watching a good state-of-the-art ass-kicking. They viciously fight with each other and they genuinely enjoy it if they're winning. The duels between these irate idiots run twenty-four seven, three hundred and sixty days a year. My five brothers also have

their own slice of this fortress of malevolence to run with sinners that match their personalities the most.

Two souls are wrestling on the charred ground, writhing around and contorting their forms in pain as they attack each other. Flint flies away, ditching me to get a better view from the top of the ring. He rests there cawing enthusiastically as the weaker one gets pinned down and begins to claw at the burning sand, desperately trying to escape. A group forms, shouting lewd encouragements. He begins to holler and cry from the pain. The oppressive heat turns his tears to steam mere moments after they land on his skin.

Hell is not just a place of punishment. It's a finely tuned machine where each cog and gear is meticulously designed. Demons of every shape and size slither through the shadows, carrying out their infernal duties with an efficiency that rivals any mortal bureaucracy throughout history.

We are also in charge of the militia members of The Royal Legion. The evil allegiance was formed to protect the natural order of the world. We do this by tempting humanity to sin and by hunting down purgatory shifters and other supernatural threats. We are natural-born hunters with killer instincts, driven by our hatred towards anything that threatens the fate of the world by disturbing the balance between good and evil.

I leave my guard, Croix, in charge as I head off to start my day. He's always had a reputation as a diabolical fear monger, but it wasn't until I saw an infamous serial killer run away in terror from him snarling that I asked him to come work with me. It's such a relief to know I can rely on him to watch over things. I walk towards the bridge, watching a thick mist floating over the swamping river of boiling blood. Fiery rain starts to drizzle in ashy flakes as I walk into the dark forest. I watch them fall on the nulled and twisted leafless trees in a crisp sizzle as I make my way to the gate to Hell. My eyes adjust to the bright light coming from the gate as I come out of the dark woods. When my eyes adjust, I see the gatekeeper and ambassador of Hell talking with my brother, Mammon.

My brother and I give each other brief nods before he turns his attention back to Ashmedai. "I bet you can't guess what a

purg's favorite dance is," my brother challenges him, only earning an eye roll and a gravelly huff. The man is our father's best friend and no one has ever seen him smile. Mammon is convinced he's the one that will crack him.

"Frankly, I could give half a fuck. They're better off dead," he huffs.

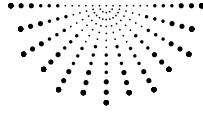
"You're no fun! It's the limbo by the way, and that's exactly where we are going to send them all. Purge the purgs, isn't that right, Satan?"

"Fuck, yeah! I bet I kill more than you do tonight," I taunt as I slam my fist into his shoulder.

He swiftly kicks my achilles tendon, causing me to stumble and almost fall to the ground. "You're on!" He shouts, as he runs through the portal and transforms into his snake form which makes traveling a lot faster for us.

With a thunderous chuckle, I shift into a Diamondback Rattlesnake and follow him ascending from the depths of our infernal kingdom into the Atlantic Ocean.

DEVYN



“Welcome to Hell,” I greet the daylight back with a grunt as it blinds me awake. I’ve been miserable ever since we moved into the White House. My current home. Not like it’s ever felt that way. No place has. My parents think it’s paradise. To me it’s more like The Prison of Azkaban, thoroughly infested with Dementors at every corner. I suppose that makes my father Voldemort. He even has a striking resemblance to the actor, Ralph Fiennes, who played the maniacal reptilian version of the character which is more than a little disturbing to me.

The best part of my day was just ruined because I forgot to shut my bloody shades last night.

My favorite time to create my art pieces is when it rains, and last night there was the most magnificent storm. It’s bliss tossing around between snoozes until I’m awake enough for the reality of the pressures that await hit me.

I’m constantly being torn between my authentic self and the version my parents have scripted me into. It’s caused me to walk a fine line towards losing my sanity to try to keep it balanced. It’s so exhausting and soul-crushing.

I’m deeply fascinated by peculiar treasures. I collect anything that is odd, weird, strange, unusual, or bizarre and create art with it. My parents prefer for me to hide my curious morbidity to myself because it’s not most people’s forte; therefore, it doesn’t look appealing. In their pursuit of perfection, I have to look presentable at all times. I’m starting

to lose sight of myself. That's why I need to get out of here, or I'm afraid I'll lose myself completely.

Fortunately, my bestie is letting me move in tomorrow, and thanks to him I can even split the rent with him. He has a two bedroom apartment with a small office above his antique shop. He sells a range of unique and unusual artifacts. Everything from rhesus monkey skulls to an autographed straight jacket that Harry Houdini wore during one of his stunts.

He started to sell the pieces I would make for him in his shop without telling me. A few months ago, he confessed in a squeal as he told me he sold out of them, and he's been getting a lot of requests for more. A video of my bird flipping the bird series started circulating around TikTok. I started getting a lot of orders for them and had to put people on a waiting list as I tried to keep up with getting enough supplies.

The design is an Andean condor foot, varnished in a high-gloss black with gold tipped talons. The middle one elongates in the perfect position to create the controversial gesture. I installed them on vintage mercury glass mirrors in antique gothic frames in various shapes.

A few days later, the video blew my mind when it went viral. I ended up receiving enough orders to fully stock my curiosity cabinet with taxidermy pieces, skeletons, skulls, fossils, minerals, and artifacts to fully make a run out of doing what I love for a living.

I'm currently working on a series of Cathedral altar boxes decorated with popular best friend duos being portrayed by God and Satan.

My ringtone goes off and with a deep sigh, I reach for my phone. It takes my blurry eyes a second to register the name flashing across the screen. Once I see it's my best friend, Winston, I accept the call. I could use a good bitch session right about now, and he's the only one who can handle my morose humor.

"Happy you can legally divorce your parents day!" He screeches into the phone, causing me to wince and smile at the same time.

“If you sing the song to me, I will bludgeon you to death with a rusty hatchet,” I warn him with a creepy, maniacal laughter that even gives me chills before I snort. Causing us both to break into laughter.

“Ha. Ha. You know, I’m way too good of a friend to do that to you.”

“If you were a really good friend, you would jump in front of a car. They’d never make me be a part of this interview if I was grieving over my best friend,” I tease with a laugh.

Winston chuckles on the other end. “You know there are a lot of basic bitches out there that would kill for your life, right?”

“And I would pay to see that,” I tell him half-seriously as I consider the reality show possibilities. “You know I hate talking to people because I hate people.”

I hate talking to people because I hate people. I don’t understand them or the things they care about. They don’t get me either. While they’re thinking of pleasing things to say, I’m probably thinking about something like the perfect last words to utter on my deathbed. So giving interviews is basically torture. Especially when I’m doing it as a favor to make my father look good.

“Exactly, and now that you’re officially an adult you can have some fun with that at your parents expense. Just think of all the things you could do to humiliate them,” he points out in a mischievous tone that makes me grin. I love his thought process and if his safety wasn’t on the line and it wasn’t being recorded, I’d be all over this idea.

Maybe at the fundraiser I can do a couple little things like burping. They can’t say anything, but they’ll still hate it. I’ve got to be careful, though. Some people do things in life that can’t be forgiven, and my parents have a running list going.

They worked together to form fear tactics as a winning strategy for my father’s campaign. To ensure his win, they hired someone to put bees in the drain system in his running mate’s house. He nearly died when he was showering, and a

swarm of bees came through his tub drain. It was all just a sick joke to them. I heard my father joking about it later, proudly saying they gave him the Macaulay Culkin, My Girl treatment. I stormed in and began screaming and telling them how disgusted I was with them. My mother slapped me as my father threatened to do bad things to my best friend and his family. I've kept my mouth shut ever since. Nothing bonds a family like dark, horrible secrets and blackmail.

The evening arrives, and I'm dressed to impress in a sleek black gown as I meet up with my parents and the interviewer in the east room. I'm here a half hour early because I was the only one not notified the time had been changed. I raid the mini fridge for something to drink when something piques my interest. I've never had a can of long island iced tea before. I'm so thirsty and it looks so refreshing. I drink it way too fast and immediately regret it. *What the Hell, Long Island?* I was expecting something like an Arnold Palmer with a twist with orange juice or something. Not some kind of venomous poison or alcohol. Oh, shit! Alcohol!

I panic and open my phone to google it, but when I notice the lights dancing around funnily I know I don't need to. Shit. Shit. Shit.

I do my best to pull myself together until the interviewer gets here, but when she arrives I only feel myself slipping further.

"Good evening, I'm Devyn," I greet the woman with an air of forced politeness that is harder to pull off for some reason.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Devyn. I love your dress," she says.

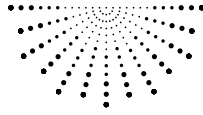
"Likewise, and thank you. It's my favorite. I'm thinking I might even get buried in it."

"Oh, that's um... nice," the last word from her mouth lingers like a question as my mother ushers me in with a sharp pinch under my arm. I sit down with my parents as the interview dribbles on until she steers the conversation in my direction again. "Your dad is such a great man," she looks to me to agree as I feel my buzz hit me hard.

I give her a plastic smile and bat my eyes like a brainless bird. “You know, maybe it’s my Stockholm Syndrome talking, but yeah...he’s not so bad.”

My mother burst out into laughter slapping my knee over and over. “Isn’t she just hilarious? We all need a good laugh in these hard times,” my mom interjects, turning the topic in her favor like any good opportunist would. One more day...just one more day.

SYLER



I head out, leaving the hellish landscape of my dark realm for the evening to step into the mortal world. I'm headed to D.C. The city is the perfect inflection point for violence and corruption, the signs from its decay continuing to grow rapidly. Scandals and collusion are just another Monday in the capital. It makes my job so much easier. Even the souls I thought would never hurt a fly are coming out of the woodworks lately.

Take James Oka here— a cowardly, little lion-hearted man who's been letting his racist, douche of a boss get away with taking credit for his work for years. He has never once stood up to him or said a peep. Telling himself it was all okay with delusional, idealistic thoughts that his hard work would be appreciated and pay off. And it did...just not for him.

He's made that corporate turd, Earl Rodgers, a fat stack of cash while Earl treated him worse than the grime under his patent-leather designer shoes. Shoes James couldn't afford with an entire year's salary.

Last week, Earl strolled in casually three hours late with his face frozen with botox as a new Rolex adorned his furry, Yeti wrist. On his lunch break James hired a private investigator to follow his boss around to try to get some dirt on him and man, oh, man did the guy deliver. The pictures would ruin him and haunt him every waking day with the humiliation.

“What's u-up...Yoko Oka? I know you probably have big plans tonight plotting ways to break up BTS, but I've got

something a lot more fun for you to do,” Earl tells him with a greasy smile as he plops his tax return down on his keyboard. “I know how much you love math.” Earl slaps his chunky hand on his shoulder blade with an amused chuckle as he watches James wince. “I’m sure you’ve got some Chinese medicine around here somewhere that will fix that right up,” he amuses himself with a hearty laugh as he walks away.

Now this twenty-three year old, half Japanese, half French All- American boy scout is seriously contemplating using those photos as blackmail. His hand slowly drifts over the keyboard as he pauses and gets lost in a thoughtful expression. *Justfuckinggreat!* It was just getting good. Now Uriel’s holier-than-thou presence is absorbing all the fun out of the air. He’s already trying to get him to have a sudden change of heart. “Shit! I think I’m going insane!” James shouts out frustratingly. He’s flipping through Earl’s social media posts. Each one flashing more and more images of his indulgent lifestyle.

“All of that should be yours,” I whisper in his ear. “This is your chance to take it.”

“Hold on...hold on a moment and think about the consequences,” Uriel drones out so slowly it’s painful.

“Good point! Let’s do that. There’s the doing nothing option, where you go to work tomorrow and the day after and the day after that, slowly losing your life-force under fluorescent lighting wasting the prime years of your life away. Or...you could be in Florida instead...boarding a cruise around the Caribbean basking in the tropical sun,” I point out tactfully.

“Yo, Yoko! I’m going to need you to get some work done from home this weekend. I’d have you come to the office, but I won’t be in town.” James mentally rolls his eyes, knowing exactly where he’s going. To a farm in Virginia. So he can get his fix. He grits his teeth as he stabs his pointer finger into his keyboard’s mouse sending Earl the video with his demands. Tomorrow he’d either be fifty-thousand dollars richer or Earl’s wife, priest, and the board members would get that video. They’d see him buying a hefty amount of bull specimen

from a cattle farmer before slipping around the barn as he begins pushing into his rear while he masturbates. All while moaning about how strong he's going to be soon.

He knew Earl would never let anyone see that. With a satisfied smile, Jason starts looking for flights to Florida.

“Take care and be well!” Uriel shouts to me as he begins to flutter his wings.

I flip both of my middle fingers to double the impact. “Get fucked!”

Now my hunt shift begins. This is my life, and it never ends because there's no rest for the wicked. As I walk by a store, my attention is grabbed by the televisions in the display window. I can't get over the marvel that has just appeared in front of me. The President's daughter is giving an interview. My skin begins to sizzle as my bones ache and I feel my blood simmering and I know right away I've found my destined mate and that I will stop at nothing to claim her. The thought of her stirs something deep within me, a longing I cannot ignore.

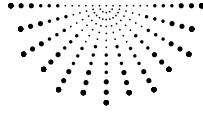
As I watch the interview unfold before me it only intensifies. Devyn is sitting elegantly in her designer dress with an enigmatic smile gracing her lips that almost seems genuine. Interesting. She is a master of deception, just like me.

The interviewer, a woman with perfectly coiffed hair and a veneer of false warmth, showers Devyn with compliments. “Your father is such a great man.”

Devyn's response is laced with sarcasm, making me smirk. She is a master of wit as well. “You know, maybe it's my Stockholm Syndrome talking, but yeah...he's not so bad.”

As the interview continues, I'm overwhelmed that I finally found my mate and knowing she feels trapped only makes me want to get to that much faster.

DEVYN



I climb out of bed and put on my robe to get some breakfast. As I make my way into the kitchen, I hear my father and his head advisor, Warner Thompson, talking. He's also his chief speechwriter, and as I listen in, I can tell they're going over his speech for his campaign fundraiser. No...no, no, no. Of course, I can't have one peaceful meal, not even on my birthday.

My father is trying to brainwash me to conform, to drink society's Kool-Aid, to get married and have babies, just like he did with my mom. He keeps trying to set me up with Warner. Well, Hell will freeze over before that's going to happen.

They stop talking as I walk in. "Oh, don't let me interrupt you. Great speech, by the way, but you could save some time and instead just have him walk up to the mic and raise his middle fingers to the camera to deliver the same message."

"Devyn, mind your manners," my father commands sternly. "Don't pay her any attention; it's a good speech. Now get back to the part where I announce I'm running again." I roll my eyes as I head to the pantry to grab something quickly and leave.

I hate it here, and I've had it. I'm not letting them control me anymore. I'm so sick and tired of pretending to be someone I'm not for them. I've been hiding my anger for far too long. I'm done with fighting it. I've got to get out of here, and now that I'm eighteen, I finally can. The fundraiser is tonight, and it's the last event that I've begrudgingly promised my father I would attend.

After I finish my last minute packing, I meet up with the in-house glam squad so they can doll me up. I put my headphones on and listen to a podcast while they get me ready. An hour later, I'm camera ready as I enter the grandeur of the ballroom, with its ornate chandeliers and guests in tuxedos and gowns. It does nothing to alleviate my boredom. This is not my world, and I feel like a caged animal being forced to perform for an audience.

"This is so boring, I think I'm going to cry. If I fall asleep will you wake me up, when it's over?" I joke as I glance around the room with a yawn to see if I can find a way to escape from the suffocating atmosphere as Warner approaches me and my hopes are dashed.

"Oh, come on, it's not so bad. Try to put some fun in the fundraiser and smile more," Warner says, trying to lift my spirits.

"Hmmm. Oh, I don't smile enough? And you want to see me smile more?" I nod towards him with mock enthusiasm as a mischievous grin forms across my face. I survey my surroundings, and my eyes land on a bowl of cocktail sauce conveniently placed on the table in front of me. Without hesitation, I grab it and, with a quick flick of my wrist, a cascade of sauce spills over his head. He curses and scrambles to keep more from getting into his eyes.

"You can't see, but I want you to know I'm smiling so much right now," I declare triumphantly.

I walk away with a big grin trying to suppress my laughter from the thrill and excitement from doing something I know I shouldn't have done. And I've got an itch to do it again.

A man that is older than the crypt keeper comes up to me to start a conversation. I hate the way he is looking at me. It's making my skin crawl.

He begins to make small talk, dribbling on about the weather and other things. I'm doing my best to be pleasant and accommodating, but my head is hurting from his banality. I just want to throw up all over him.

I excuse myself from the dreary conversation with the elderly gentleman and decide to explore the grand ballroom further. The chandeliers cast a warm, golden glow on the exquisite marble floors. Couples in elegant attire waltz across the floor, their movements synchronized to the soothing melody of the live orchestra.

As I walk along the perimeter of the room, I notice a captivating piece of art displayed on one of the walls. It's a painting of a serene coastal scene with vibrant hues of blue and green. I can't help but be drawn to it, as it transports me momentarily from the monotony of the event.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Warner Thompson approaching, his hair still slightly damp from the cocktail sauce incident. He seems surprisingly composed, despite the embarrassment he must have felt.

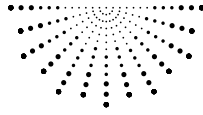
"Devyn, you certainly know how to keep things interesting," he remarks with a hint of amusement in his voice as his lips curl into a wolfish grin.

"And you know just how to push my buttons," I snap back at him just like I've wanted to for years. My response causes his mouth to fall open.

I walk up to him and pat him on the shoulder as I look him square in the eye. "Smile. That's not a good look for you," I joke before I walk past him laughing.

The evening is progressing so slowly and I keep getting stuck in conversations with various guests. All of which are insufferable. I mostly tune them out and think about ideas for art pictures while I repeat words like yeah and uh-uh every couple of minutes. It's the only thing I can do to entertain myself since I can't carry a purse and my gown doesn't have pockets. Which irks me, more than it probably should for some reason. I just don't understand why all dresses don't have pockets and I never will.

SYLER



I'm slithering through the pipes of the White House in my snake form to keep a low profile. I make my way through the kitchen sink, hiding carefully from the staff as I make my way into the pantry to change back to my natural form. Then I make my way to the fundraiser.

It's already in full swing when I walk in, giving off the perfect aura of power and prestige. Opulent chandeliers cast a warm glow over the ornate ballroom. Powerful and influential guests in tuxedos and gowns mingled, sipping champagne and exchanging pleasantries with their faces masked with arrogance and privilege. The air is filled with jazzy music and boisterous chatters.

I have to find my mate. The blood moon is drawing near, and I need to seal my bond with Devyn. My eyes scan through the crowd, searching for any sign of her. Mmm...What's that smell? Her aroma finds me first and breathing it in is intoxicating. A tantalizing blend of sweet strawberries with a sulfurous defiance, guides me through the labyrinthine corridors.

Finally, I spot her, standing near a grand staircase, sipping a cocktail and engaging in polite conversation with a group of guests. My God! She's stunning! All the men in the room are foaming at the mouth as they look at her. I have a feeling I'm going to be killing someone in the near future. Her eyes meet mine, and for a moment, it feels as if the world around us ceases to exist. She is a feast for the senses. There is a

magnetic pull, an undeniable connection that pulls me closer to her.

Without a word, I sneak up behind her and pull her flush towards my chest. She tilts her head slightly to look back at me with a mix of curiosity and shock laced in her eyes.

“Devyn,” I whisper in a seductive caress that only she can hear.

She thinks I have a gun to her back, that she’s being taken prisoner as I lead her out of the ballroom to a more secluded part of the White House that leads down a dark corridor where we can be away from prying eyes.

“Are you going to kill me?” she asks, thinking I have a gun to her back, that she’s being taken captive.

“I promise it would be assault with a friendly weapon,” I tell her sensually as I grind my hard-on against her hot body.

Her breath catches as realizes the hard steel she’s feeling on her back is my hard cock. “That’s not...it’s not, umm, a gun?”

“I don’t need a weapon. I’m an entire armory.”

As we move further down the hallway, it gets darker. “If I wasn’t sure my father is the devil I would suspect you! So who are you?”

I pull her into a dark corner and immediately pin her to the wall. “I’m Syler and you’re my mate!”

She tries to slip away, but my arms only allow her to move an inch. “You’re insane in your membrane! Let me go! I mean it!” she shouts as she wiggles around in my arms. Yeah. Not happening. I’m not having that. I will always be a part of her and she will always be a part of me.

“And if I don’t? What will you do?” I ask teasingly.

“Simple...I’ll end you,” she says bluntly with a brave expression. I can’t get enough of her sharp tongue and feistiness. It’s so sexy and highly entertaining.

“You know, I’m starting to think you don’t like me?” I quip.

“I want to murder you a million times,” she snaps.

I give her a wide grin. “Sounds good to me. When shall we begin? How about right now?” I ask as I pull her closer.

“I’m never going to let you go,” I inform her as I yank her towards me roughly, fusing our lips in a surge of passion as my tongue slips into her luscious mouth, caressing against hers sensually.

I see her shiver as goosebumps form on her arms. “Am I scaring you?”

“You don’t scare me,” she claims in an angry tone as her eyes burn into mine like hot coal.

“You know fear is the ultimate aphrodisiac,” I tell her seductively as my eyes shamefully devour her body from top to bottom. She’s so fucking sexy, all I want to do is fuck her all day and night. I’m never going to be able to stop. We are going to have so many little demons running around. I’m so hard, and her juicy breasts are pressed against my chest. I’m so tempted to lift her up and wrap her legs around me.

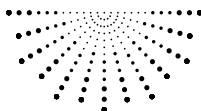
Feeling the warmth of her cunt has me so overwhelmed, I’m fighting with all my willpower to not let my body’s natural instincts take over. I shut my eyes for a moment to try to control myself. “Really? I bet you’re wet for me right now, aren’t you?” She moans as my hands slide under her dress and climb up her thighs. I grab her hot pussy through her panties, massaging it roughly.

“Do you want me to take away the aching throb in your pussy?” I gaze deeply into her eyes with my hand locked around her throat. “You’re mine!” I growl as I slide her panties to the side and feel how soaked she is for me. I slide my pointer finger through the valley of her pussy and push it into her entrance. I use the pad of my thumb to rub her clit as my fingers continue to pump into her.

“Fuck...your pretty little cunt is just begging for me,” I roar hoarsely as I add another finger and start to go faster and

get rougher...more possessive. Moisture runs down the insides of her thighs as her back arches. She whimpers as I grind my hard cock. Knowing she needs it as much as I do is tearing at my sanity. I need her so damn bad. I've got to get her home and claim what rightfully belongs to me before I lose it.

DEVYN



He's wearing a crisp, white dress shirt with black stripes that is so fitted his bulking muscles look like they're going to explode out of it at any second. I'm secretly wishing they will. His powerful body seems to be covered in religious themed tattoos that are way sexier than they should be. The initials for In God We Trust are scrolled across his rugged fingers, with a skull on his hand that trails into the design that travels up his sleeves...to his collar where a diabolical skull similar to the one on his hand is flanked by decorative embellishments that wrap behind his neck.

Syler is a brute, muscular tower of strength with a mysterious swagger that is intimidating, raw and so, so hot. There's something so dark and dangerous in his eyes. I should push him away, but he makes me so flustered it's like I can't. I can't believe what the sound of his sexy, deep baritone voice is doing to my body. My heart is screaming and my cheeks are feverish.

His eyes are the most vivid shade of blue. They hold a depth of understanding in them that I can't quite put into words. I tried to play hard to get, but it was useless. One look was all it took for him to start getting to me. I feel like he can see through me somehow. That intense, feral look in his eye... there is no escaping it. I know I'm in for it now.

He holds me so intimately and with so much ownership. And for some crazy reason, I feel a sense of belonging in his arms. I'm so swept up in his powerful force field. I can't help but surrender into his storm and lose myself in him.

I'm so overcome with how good his fingers feel that I'm lightheaded and my head is spinning. He drops his mouth to my ear and licks the shell of it almost in slow motion. "Are you going to come all over your man's fingers? Do it. Do it for me. Right now," he commands, roaring like a lion. It's so wild and untamed it brings tingles shooting to my core as my legs begin shaking. Despite my best efforts, I burst with moans spilling out of my mouth as I become delirious, sounding like I'm speaking in tongues. My whole body starts to tremble. In this moment of ecstasy, I'm not sure if I'm flying or dying.

He brings his fingers into his mouth and sucks the juices off. "Mmm, I bet your pussy feels just as good as it tastes."

We both suddenly hear the sound of clinking heels getting louder and louder as they get closer to us. In the corner of my eye, I see my mother rushing in. "Uhh, there you are! I've been looking everywhere for you!" she shouts as she dashes in and breaks up our intimate moment.

"I should have hid better," I joke awkwardly as I step away from Syler a bit to gather my wits. She approaches us with a beaming smile, and I feel my jaw tighten.

"Hello, there! I'm Regina. I'm so sorry for my daughter. She has a bit of a quirky sense of humor."

"It's nice to meet you. I'm Syler. Your daughter is pretty hilarious."

"My quirky sense of humor is code for she thinks I have a bad attitude and that I'm skeptical about everything."

"Which I find to be hilarious," my mother adds with her eyes dilating enough to make me realize her drug du jour has kicked in.

"The way I see it is you're open-minded with a healthy distrust for anything that is considered normal," Syler remarks almost defensively on my behalf and for some peculiar reason, it causes my hormones to go into overdrive and I just want to pounce on him like a damn panther.

"What an interesting point. Well, it was such a pleasure meeting you, Syler, but my husband's speech is about to start

and we are needed on stage,” she tells him politely before looping her hand through mine and ushering me away before I get a chance to say anything. I’m stewing on the insides so much I want to storm off the stage before I’m even there.

“Please welcome the President, the First Lady and First Daughter of the United States of America,” Warner announces, causing the guests to cheer as my father makes his way to the podium to begin his rehearsed speech.

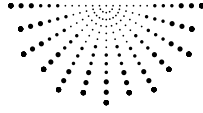
“Thank you. Thank you. I’d like to thank you all for being here tonight, on behalf of Regina, and my daughter, Devyn. We live in the greatest country in the history of the world. No other country comes close. But we are in grave danger. There is a radical group of extremists threatening to deliver mailbox bombs to the citizens of our great city. They are trying to destroy our country from within. And it saddens me deeply to say that they’ve infiltrated my own family. The First Lady has been feeding them intel and for that treason, she will pay,” he says in a dark tone that I’ve never heard from him before with a malevolent glint in his eyes, as the room falls into an uneasy silence. He raises a gun to my mother’s head and in an instant I hear the gunshot echo through the room as my mother’s lifeless body slumps to the floor as blood rushes out forming a pool around her.

“I will personally conduct a complete overhaul to eliminate the corruption in Washington, DC. I will fight like no one has ever fought before to defeat this group. We will not let them win. In order to keep our country safe and protect it, I’m going to run to be your Commander-in-chief for another four years.”

When his speech comes to an end his words give me chills. Panic erupts as the guests scatter in terror. A group of secret service men rushes to my side to usher me away from the chaos.

As I’m led down a secret corridor, I’m trying to figure out a way to escape. Any hope of that is dashed as I’m thrown into a bedroom I’ve never been in before and see the massive deadbolt on it.

SYLER



As Devyn's mother pulls her away, I start to follow when my instincts go on high alert. There is a nagging feeling, an itch at the back of my mind, that something is amiss and It's more than just the stifling atmosphere of politics. There's a thick sense that something dangerous is lurking in the shadows. I begin to feel a mixture of curiosity and unease that drives me to investigate my surroundings. I have honed my instincts over centuries, and I can sense the presence of a shifter nearby. Navigating the opulent corridors of the White House, I follow the scent trail left by the intruder. The briny and bittersweet scent is faint, but still it's unmistakable—it's the foul licorice odor of a shifter.

My footsteps are soundless as I move with stealth, and my eyes focus and scan every corner and every shadow. Finally, I reach a secluded room and find the source of the rancid aroma.

Inside the shifter is hiding in the body of a male Secret Service agent. When it sees me, it reveals its true form. A gooey, lumpy, ghostly wormlike creature that clearly has never seen a dentist. I turn into a monstrous sized version of my diamondback rattlesnake to end this quickly. It snarls at me with its eyes filled with malice, but before it can even attempt to strike, I'm coiled around it. With a swift and lethal bite to its neck, I end its existence in a flash. Within seconds the body dissolves into ash.

Feeling satisfied that I've eliminated the threat, I return to the main hall, where my senses go back on high alert. The atmosphere has changed dramatically since I left. Chaos reigns

while guests rush toward the exits as their screams of panic fill the air. Security personnel are swarming the premises trying to contain the situation amidst the commotion. My thoughts are in disarray as I frantically try to find my mate.

I grab the nearest person next to me with force by his collar, my grip tightening until I've garnered his undivided attention. "What happened?" I demand, my voice edged with urgency.

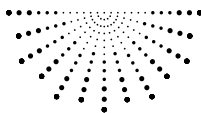
"The President... he, he killed the First Lady," the man stammers out as his eyes go wide, and he begins to tremble.

My chest tightens as my senses heighten. "Where is his daughter?" I ask, forcefully.

"Some Secret Service men took her that way," he gestures in the direction he saw them going. "It was strange. they were helping her, but she was kicking and screaming up a storm the whole time."

Without another word, I let go of him to search for Devyn. Driven by determination to ensure her safety, I rush towards the exit that she was taken through. Nothing will stop me from getting to the woman I would move Heaven and Hell to protect.

DEVYN



I can't believe my father killed my mom, even though I saw it with my own eyes and it's being broadcasted on national television. A group of four Secret Service agents quickly dragged me out before I could even register what had happened. Now I'm locked in a room that I didn't know existed.

Hours have passed and still all I can do is go over the events that took place tonight over and over again. I never could have anticipated this happening. It doesn't seem real.

Suddenly the door bursts open, and my best friend, Winston, is thrown inside forcefully by a Secret Service agent before he slams the door shut. I wince seeing my best friend's face all beaten and battered with bruises marring his features, as his eyes reflect sheer terror.

"I was trying to find you," he gasps, his voice trembling as he struggles to stand.

Winston listens intently, his expression compassionate. "I thought you hated him with the way I saw you looking at him," he tells me, bringing out an ironic laugh from me.

I rush to his side, my concern and relief evident. "Winston, what happened? Are you okay?"

Winston hesitates as his gaze moves towards the door. Tears begin to well in my eyes as I embrace my friend. I feel so awful that he has been caught in the crossfire of this because of me.

“I was so worried about you,” Winston explains as he tells me how he searched for me, his loyalty unwavering despite the danger.

“I’m fine. I’m more worried about you,” I tell him, hoping I can do something to make him feel better.

“I’m good, now that I know you’re safe. But, I could use a distraction. Why don’t you tell me about that handsome devil you slipped away with?” *Huh? That’s weird. How did he know about that? Nothing stays secret here unless you kill the other person who knows.*

“Uh, I don’t know, It’s strange. We just met, but he intrigues me to no end,” I confess, my voice filled with a mixture of awe and uncertainty.

Winston listens intently with a compassionate expression. “I thought you hated him because of the evil look I saw you giving him.”

“Yeah... I do...my eyes don’t, but I do. Ugh, he’s the worst person I’ve ever met. And...I miss him terribly,” I blurt out, grunting out my own annoyance with my confession.

Winston smiles softly, offering his support. “You know, it’s alright to have feelings, right?”

I sigh, a hint of vulnerability showing. “Ugh. Yeah, I suppose... it’s just so embarrassing and inconvenient,” I joke through pitiful laughter.

As we continue to talk my intuition kicks in and I realize something isn’t right with my best friend. Something is off, like— way off. It’s in the overly friendly way he’s speaking to me and the distant look in his eyes. Then I notice a gun tucked under his jacket as he shifts around and I know this isn’t Winston.

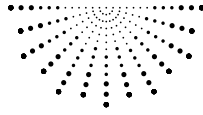
Without hesitation, I reach for the concealed weapon and aim it at him. “You’re not Winston,” I declare, my voice cold and resolute. “So, who the fuck are you?”

The stranger gives me a malicious grin as it knows its charade is over. It begins to peel out of my friend’s skin and I feel my stomach churning. But, there’s no time for vomiting. I

know what I have to do. I'm sorry, Winston. I'm so, so sorry. The thing moves towards me aggressively, shocking me into a screech as I pull the trigger until the gun is empty without a second thought.

The room falls back into an eerie silence, reminding me that I need to try to prepare myself to face the unknown dangers that lay ahead.

SYLER



Devyn's safety never leaves the forefront of my mind. I can't afford to lose focus, knowing that her life's in jeopardy. The blood moon is also happening tomorrow and if I don't find Devyn in time, our bond will never be complete. It will leave us with a sense of misery from what's lacking for the rest of our lives. The passion...the undying devotion will leave a hole that can't ever be filled.

"Help! Help! Please...someone, help me!" I shake my head not being fooled for a moment. This purg may sound like my mate, but it's voice doesn't make my heart swell and my balls shake. I burst into the room anyway, determined to end this thing for impersonating my mate alone.

The filthy purg rushes to my side. "Thank you! Thank you for saving me." It's trying to use my mate's sexy body against me. Fluttering those dark, wild eyelashes and twisting all of those curves in all the right ways. I capture it in my hold, toss it on the bed and roll it in the blanket like a goddamn burrito. Then I sit in the middle of its body so it can't move.

"Who is responsible for this?" It shakes its head furiously while jolting around.

"Tell me who is in charge!" I command aggressively as I squeeze it by the throat.

"I'll never tell you where the Savior is," it hisses bitterly as I pull the sole off the bottom of my right shoe to retrieve a vial that contains a cerebral brain tonic and pour it down its throat.

This will suppress its cognitive abilities in mere seconds making it impossible to lie.

“Oh, you will. The stonebreaker elixir will have you telling me everything I need to know in no time at all,” I promise with a sinister smile. “Now, let’s try this again. Who is in charge here?”

It strains to respond, but it’s futile. “P-p-p-Phoenix,” it finally blurts out. I suck my cheeks in tight, pushing up searing saliva as I hop off the purg. I douse it in my scorching spit. Turning into a puff of smoke that becomes dust in the wind by the time I’m headed out of the room.

I can feel the tension in the air as I stalk through the dimly lit corridors of the White House with my senses sharp and alert. Every instinct in me screams that I’m closing in on the leader that is responsible for all of the madness that has engulfed this place.

At this point I’ve made my way through a pile of purgs that were housed inside Of Secret Service corpses in order to find their ring leader. The shifter who goes by Phoenix that has been using smoke and mirror tactics to distract me.

Finally, I reach a secluded chamber finding its ornate door slightly ajar. Inside I see a malevolent presence of the shifter mastermind waiting for me. The sight of Devyn chained up puts a rupture in my chest. Phoenix stands there with a sinister grin on his smug face as he sees my reaction to his handiwork.

“Well, well, Syler,” he purrs with his voice dripping with malice as his sinister laughter echoes through the room. “I’ve been expecting you.”

I square my shoulders, as I approach him determined to put an end to this insanity. “Your little game ends now, Phoenix.”

We come eye to eye as I make the first strike to the side of his face. The room becomes a battleground as the walls shake from the force of our blows.

“You can’t stop what’s already in motion!” Phoenix taunts as he shoots a barrage of bullets in my direction.

I dodge and counter, throwing fireballs from my hands. “Why are you doing this? What are you trying to achieve?”

Phoenix smirks, revealing just a hint of his twisted plan. “The world has seen its leader commit the ultimate sin and now it will all descend into chaos. And I will rise from its ashes with my fellow purgatorians! “

“Not going to happen. I’m going to end you!”

“What are you waiting for? Blow him!” he shouts to his minions.

“Aw, hell...that’s flattering, but...I’m going to pass,” I say. Phoenix gives me an exasperated look.

“Flattered? Don’t you mean frightened?” Phoenix shouts in an angry tantrum as his minions try to take me out.

My rational mind snaps as a murderous rage burns in my eyes and I let my maniacal wrath descend upon them one by one. Phoenix rushes towards me and our bodies crash and I release the full strength of my power with brute force, using every advantage I have. The room shakes as I begin to overpower Phoenix and a burst of energy streams from his human guise as he shifts into a grotesque creature. “Rarr!” I shout. Now it’s going to see my vindictive side.

Without hesitation I take the opportunity to focus all of my evil energy into my eyes using them to send him my warmest regards with a blast that is sure to leave him nice and toasty.

My eyes burn it into a crisp until its existence transcends into a pile of ashes that he’ll never rise from. “Nononono!” he shrieks in absolute terror.

Sometimes it takes a maniac to end one. Someone truly unhinged. A certifiable nightmare.

Without any further ado, I go to my girl and set her free as I capture her lips in an all-consuming kiss.

I pull away and give her a wicked smile. “Say, those three little words I want to hear.”

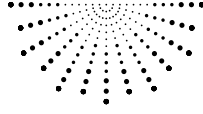
“I hate you,” she sasses with a foxy wink. Holy shit! I love this girl!

“Those are the ones. I love you enough for the both of us. Now, I’m taking you home with me to introduce you to my family. They’re going to go out of their minds when they meet you. After I’m done showing you off, hellcat, I’m taking you to bed and we’re not leaving until it’s absolutely, undoubtedly necessary. Is that understood?”

“Uhhuh,” she says, still dazed from our kiss. I take her lips back to mine, not willing to let her fall from our love’s orbit quite yet.

We’re a perfect match made in hell and I can’t wait to get us back there where we can stay wrapped up in our own world.

EPILOGUE



DEVYN

I'm really enjoying the warmth and charm of the bustling demon realm. There is so much here to discover. Syler has brought me to a feast where his relatives have gathered to meet me, his human mate. Can someone say AWKWARD? He gives me a mischievous wink as he pulls me to the table where everyone is mingling.

“Alright, just so you know my father actually is the devil and the rest of my family...well, they're a bit... devilish,” he says with a wicked grin. I nod amused as my eyes go wide with intrigue as we approach the bizarre sight in front of me. There is a flying pitchfork stirring an enormous cauldron of soup.

“Welcome, to Hell, my dear! I'm Lucifer and this is my wife, Holika,” his father, a dapper man of colossal proportions, tells me as I admire the striking dress his wife is wearing. It's fascinating how it appears to be equally dangerous. It's crafted with sinuous snakes weaving together to form a scaly emerald and onyx mosaic that glistens with otherworldly sheen. The bodice is adorned with flaring hooded cobras with jeweled eyes that glint with an enigmatic intelligence.

“Don't let him scare you. Just remember, he used to be an angel,” Syler tells me with a grin.

“Yeah and then I was promoted!” he growls back furiously.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah... until you left to pursue a career in eternal damnation. We've heard it a million times!” one of his brothers roars out.

“Hail, Sataniel and Devyn! We’ve been expecting you! Come, come sit. I hope you like holy water stew. It’s a family recipe and it’s to die for!” she cackles.

“I’m so honored to meet you all.”

“Sorry about the, uh, unusual menu. I should’ve warned you. I’ll make pizza back at our place.”

“No worries, Sy, Your family is...the best!” I laugh as I settle in with his eccentric relatives and get to know them better. He’s got a lot of siblings, but his sisters Hecate, Kakia, and Naamah couldn’t make it. I’ve had a lot of fun meeting his brothers, Belphegor, Mammon, Asmodeus, Leviathan and Beelzebub. The evening ends with a touching toast from the mother of demons before we say our goodbyes.

Syler

I can’t get us home soon enough, but I can’t resist taking a second to greet my mate’s loved ones.

“You’re going to be in so much pain for the rest of eternity. I’m personally going to see to it,” I tell my in-laws with a sinister grin as I place my hand over my heart that is racing from the excitement of the idea.

“And you, my man...Are you up for running our local apothecary? You’d basically be doing the same thing but for a much cooler clientele,” I propose to my mate’s best friend.

“Hell, yeah!” Winston shouts.

“Good answer! We will discuss it more later. Right now, I’ve got a body to lead to sin,” I tell him as I sense Devyn’s eyes burning into me.

The blood moon bathes Devyn in a crimson glow. A groan erupts from deep in my throat as I look at what belongs to me. I’ve never witnessed something so spectacular. There isn’t anyone like her and there never will be.

My pulse spikes as I strip her out of her dress and see her incredible breasts bounce out before I scour the rest of her body with my depraved eyes.

“Such a perfect little pussy. I’ve waited for so long to have it wrapped around me. Now, it’s finally time for me to come and take it!” I roar out as I lift her off the ground and toss her on the bed. She tilts her head and gives me a saucy look.

Devyn gasps as I unzip my pants and whip out my big, thick, pulsing erection. “Don’t worry. I know you can take it,” I grunt as I push my mouth into her neck and suck over her tender pulse.

“You were made to take my cock. Weren’t you?” She nods as she bites into her juicy bottom lip.

I take my time exploring her body with my mouth as I leave marks all the way from her tummy to her delicate neck. She’s always going to be covered with my marks. I dip my head down slightly and lick her left nipple, raking my teeth across the bud until it swells before I take it into my mouth and suck it softly.

Our mouths devour each other as I run the head of my cock over her clit through her soaked folds. Everything in my body is on fire as I grip my hand around my shaft and move into virgin territory. This is new for both of us and I’m going to savor it. I can only get the tip of my dick into her snug, little pussy at first so I slowly push in every thick inch. It’s mind-blowing as I fully drive into her, giving her my full length as my fist balls in her luscious raven locks.

“Sy...Sy. Oh, it feels so good,” she purrs, encouraging me to take her harder, pumping into her furiously as her tight cunt begins to spasm around my big cock. The headboard shatters against the wall as I pound her into the bed.

“Yeah-uh! Fuck, come for your beast, baby!”

“Oh,oh,-ohhhhh,” she moans as she hits her peak and I can feel her release contracting as her body shakes under me and I know I’m not going to last another second. As her sexy body spasms, my shaft jerks inside of her and floods her with my

hot, creamy seed. My head falls back and the world erupts around me as I have the best orgasm of my life.

This is the moment I've been craving my whole life. The night's still young and I'm not going to stop until I've owned every inch of her body completely. Who needs a stairway to Heaven? This is paradise!

DEMONIC DISCIPLES SERIES

Next in the Demonic Disciples series:

Mantus by Andie Fenichel.

Mantus

I have a job to do. I don't like it, but that doesn't change anything. Find the shifters and send them back to hell. That's the work. It's not as if I have a choice. I've been tracking this last assignment for nearly a month. He's a crafty one. I've got him pinned down at a fancy wedding venue when I'm stopped at the door by a woman who clearly doesn't know who I am or have any instincts for danger. As my prey disappears into a crowded dance floor, I'm struck by just how perfectly beautiful this party planner is.

Felicity

I don't care how big or how beautiful a wedding crasher is, no one uninvited gets in on my watch. It doesn't matter that my lady parts are on fire from the moment I see him. He's imposing and grumpy, but I can't take my eyes off him. For the briefest moment when he stares into my eyes, I think I'm too weak to stop this giant. Then I remember I'm the wedding planner and two can play the intimidation game.

Dagon by Lisa Carlisle.

A reclusive demon meets his fated mate...

When I see a boat approaching my private island, I swim out to investigate. No one can invade my sanctuary. I plan to throw them off course—until I discover what's happening on

board. A man is accosting a woman. I shift into a giant sea serpent and destroy his boat in my fury.

There's something is different about the woman I rescue. I can't hear thoughts the way I do with other humans. It's refreshing after all the selfish nonsense I've had to endure from others.

I bring her to my island and discover **she's my fated mate**. When she recovers, our connection is strong. I invite her to stay and explore, and she agrees to do so for a few days.

That's not long enough. She's the one—the one who can free me from my obligations to hunt. She can't leave me—**even if I have to force her to stay**.

Zorion by Cassi Hart.

Kara

It's no secret that I've been down on my luck recently. I'm not really one to complain, but today has been especially bad. I was late to work because of car trouble, and even though it was out of my control, I still got reprimanded. Now that I'm home, I can't focus on anything. I need to clear my head. Usually, a walk in the woods behind my house works, but not this time. No, I stumble and fall, twisting my ankle. Now I'm in the middle of nowhere and there's something coming towards me through the trees. Is it someone coming to help me, or some nightmarishly horrible monster?

Zorion

I may be a high-ranking demon with the Royal Legion at my beck and call, but even power feels lackluster after a while. I'm tired of these duties that keep me away from things that I love. To escape the stress, I find myself wandering in the mortal plane, taking in nature in all its glory. Every little plant and insect knows exactly what to do next in its life; I wish I could say the same. I need a mate to retire from the militia, but finding a mate is daunting. No one I've ever met before has ever appealed to me, but then a little bird quite literally stumbles across my path. Is this her? The mate I've been quietly searching for?

Radric by Tamrin Banks.

Artemis Lake:

Breaking down in Magic, Wyoming is an eye-opening experience. The biggest surprise? Shifters are real. The second? They're supernatural but they can be killed.

I can't erase the twisted image of a hapless shifter dying by something's hand. Something that I can't explain to the Sheriff.

Fleeing, I stumble across Radric. The huge monster of a man refuses to let me go. He claims I'm his mate and he has to protect me. From the faceless, dangerous entity that I saw or from him... a demon who has to kill to stay alive?

Radric:

I go by many names but all of them are feared. My mission is to hunt my target down and destroy it. Drag it to hell or just plain kill it.

Then I find Artemis and a fierce hunger runs through my body, pushing out all thoughts except those about her. She's my future but she's also the present target of the beast I hunt.

I'm no saint. Far from it. My job is to kill and this one is going to be a necessity to protect my mate. Nobody threatens what's mine. Not unless you want to die.

Venari by Magnolia Montgomery.

Earth.

Each time I step foot in this realm it reeks of desperation and greed. Where I come from, one is a weakness, the other a Mortal sin. Yet here, they intermingle and inspire a vicious cycle.

Here, they're fueled by insidious manipulation. Shifters are a nefarious race that delights in the upset of balance in the mortal realm by creating chaos with neutrality.

My brothers and I have been tasked with hunting these Shifters to protect and restore the universal balance.

Venari. My name means Hunt, and it's what I was born to do. For centuries I've hunted Shifters, tracking them in any form they take, sparing no mercy in my quest.

Legend says that a demon's mission is complete when their fated mate is found and bonded during the next blood moon. In all my years, in all my travels, I've never found a trace to suggest my mate exists.

Until a trail leads me to Memphis. Southern hospitality and shifter threats aren't the only things vying for my attention here. Miss Adelaide Morgan fell into my arms, literally, and I'll move heaven and earth to get her back there again. Soon.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alana Winter's passion for creating stories and characters has always fueled her active imagination. She graduated from Valencia Film School with a degree in film technology. There she dabbled with screenplays without much success. It took a while to find her niche which ended up being what she loved reading the whole time. Now she spends her time creating witty, suspenseful and sexy characters that go on a wild journey together. The men she writes aren't always heroes but, they're always passionate, provocative and possessive.

ALSO BY ALANA WINTERS

MAFIA ROMANCES:

Vanished In Baltimore

I've always liked to play with fire. Now it's playing with me. Stella has kindled my dark heart, ignited my desires and set my world ablaze.

Before my life could even begin, it almost went up in flames.

Smoke alarms saved our lives.

The sound put my mother into labor.

The fire forged a powerful force in me.

I find resolve in its embers.

My enemies find themselves scorched by it.

It has never consumed me...not until I met its infernal match—Stella.

The red-hot firestorm that has me burning for more.

Forbidden Muse

I'm singing my biggest hit for the billionth time when my gaze meets a pair of rich hazel eyes that shine brighter than the most precious metal.

The romantic lyrics of my song feel truly meaningful for the very first time.

My heart and soul begin pouring out of me through every word.

This seductress is way too young, too tempting, and too precious to be starring in my filthiest fantasies.

It doesn't matter though; she became mine the second she flashed her flirtatious smile at me.

That smile is driving me to act on my most basic urges.

I refuse to let anyone or anything hold me back.

My passionate serenade turns into a heated, seductive performance.

It's just the two of us lost in this euphoric trance.

Then, within the blink of an eye, she is taken away from me.

My soul was soaring in her presence, but in her absence, it is crashing to the ground, shattering into a million pieces.

Her father is a ruthless, powerful man who will stop at nothing to keep her from me. But he's in for a rude awakening.

He's about to learn that not even a Mafia King can stop a Rock-and-Roll God when he's found his eternal muse.

Amour Noir

Chloé:

I'm a long way from home. Thankfully my life in France is behind me. Being a Mafia princess has brought me nothing but misery. The paparazzi in the states don't even care who I am. Unlike Stefano who wants to know everything. I can't let him find out who I really am or about my other secret. It will ruin everything.

Stefano:

I'm headed to Amour Noir to get an explanation from my sister, Electra. It better be good, too. I would have rather swam with sharks tonight than gone on that date she just set me up on. I'm all fury when I walk in, wincing my eyes to when I see the sweetest little thing twirling my way. I step into the light, scaring her into spraying the sip of champagne she took in my face. Her fear turns to shock when my tongue cleans the alcohol dragging it slowly as I wonder what my future wife's lips taste like.

MEN IN UNIFORMS:

Homegrown Hero

Their Fire Is Too Explosive To Be Put Out.

KAIMAHINA

Fighting fires is in my blood.

For four generations, my family has worked at the same fire station.

I live a simple life in a small town where nothing ever changes.

That is, until a movie studio decides to film here.

My Chief gives me the opportunity to work on their set.

The first day completely changed my life.

In one look, I know I found the girl of my dreams.

Her boss is trying to keep us apart, wanting her for himself.

When an electrical fire breaks out, I spring into action.

I'm thrust into the spotlight for saving the crew and the movie star.

The unwanted attention drives a wedge between Micaela and me.

But that just drives me to work even harder to prove that, despite our age gap and differences, I'm the man for her.

No matter what it takes, I will be claiming Micaela as all mine.

Warning: Kai is an OTT Possessive male who mildly stalks his love to get to know her better.

Commanding Her Heart

*Cortez saves her when she **needs** it the most. Finding Emmy is what he **needed** the most.*

Emmy's new boss is too perfect.

He's a handsome, older man who enjoys tempting her. She's fighting falling for him.

The temptation is unbearable.

Cortez makes her heart feel it's bursting.

He gives her body goosebumps.

He puts her brain on overload.

He's trying to break down her walls.

She can't let that happen.

Cortez is a Navy Veteran.

He's been raising his son on his own since he was six months old.

When Miles starts going to school, he feels lost.
That is until he meets a beautiful bombshell who takes his breath away.
Suddenly, he's making plans to expand his family.
He wants everything from Emmy.
Her laughter, her body, and *command* of her heart.
They're both wounded. Can they heal each other? Or will, they bring each other down?

CONTEMPORARY ROMANCES:

Killian

Finders keepers...sorry bro that's not how things are going to go.
Isabella:
My mother died unexpectedly and without her I feel lost and numb.
I'm an orphan now and I have to move in with my estranged grandmother.
I meet the sweetest guy next door and before I know it we are dating.
He's so good to me and good for me.
So, why is it that I can only think about his gorgeous older brother that somehow makes me feel alive again?
Killian:
I'm a professional boxer or I was until my knee went out on me and it was the last injury my body could handle.
I moved back to the home I grew up in to watch my brother and my fathers company.
My life feels bland and monotonous.
Then I meet Bella.
My dream girl. My obsession. My brother's girlfriend.
I'm powerless under her spell.
She brings color back into my life.
I know we were meant for each other.
She is mine and I'll move heaven and hell to bond her to me forever.

Excerpt:

“My brother is just a boy. You need a man! You need me and you know how much I need you cuore mio, mia Bella.” (My love, my beauty.)

Warning: This insta-love story is a suspenseful romance with a HEA. Some of the dark themes in the story include drug use, abuse, graphic violence and descriptive sexual scenarios that may be triggering. Please read with caution and discretion.

Braxton

I found a real Goddess today and I'm going to go the whole nine yards to keep her in my life.

BRAXTON:

I've been called Italian stallion, gunslinger, MVP, jock and sidow.

That last one is a combo of sibling and widow.
It was given to me by the media two years ago, after my brother died.
Losing Sterling broke me.
I feel as if I'm only working to stay alive. Not that I feel alive.
That's until I get blindsided by a precious woman cheering in the stands and
everything in me cheers back.
Simone is a game changer, but she thinks I'm a player.
I'll show her that the only thing I'm playing for is keeps.
Nothing will stop me from tackling her heart.

SIMONE:

I've been called cookie, hot cakes, sugar bomb, cupcake and spice girl.
You hear it all when you work at a bakery.
I love baking, but I do not love being looked at like I'm on the menu.
Although, it's not so bad when it's coming from Braxton.
The man is a certified stud muffin with the best pound cake I've ever seen.
I know better, you can't have your cake and eat it too.
I'd have to be half baked to think that I won't get burned if I give him a chance.
He won't yield and keeps bringing my body to a rolling boil
You know what they say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.
Possessive QB is a standalone romance with a HEA, no cheating and no cliffhanger.

Steplover

You're not supposed to fantasize about your stepsister.
You're not supposed to desire having everything with her.
Our love is forbidden, where all I can hope for are stolen dark nights.
When it comes to Skyler, I'm grateful for whatever I can get...for now.
Nothing will stop me from claiming and loving her for the rest of my life.
An erotic romance series with a twist, and an alpha male lead that knows what he wants and won't stop until he gets it.

Warning: This story is intended for adult readers. It contains some dark themes that may be triggering for some readers.

Forever Lover

Jasper:

My family didn't go into hiding because I married my stepsister as many assume.
No, we got out of dodge and moved to Nevada after getting one short, life altering
text from Carver.
Everything could be paradise in our new lives here, if paranoia didn't haunt us.
I've done everything in my power to keep my loved ones safe.
Carver will be making a huge mistake if he comes for us again...because I'll be
ready this time.

Carver:

Last year didn't work out so well for me.

This year, I'm fully prepared to take care of my unfinished business.

I've even taken drastic measures to avoid being recognized while I find myself on an adventurous cross country road trip.

Staying under the radar seems impossible when I meet a sexy, spitfire who can't be ignored.

This enigmatic woman demands attention, and she has all of mine.

The sequel to Steplover is a dark, spicy romance with voyeurism, anti-heroines, and exhibitionism with a HEA. It's suited for ages 18+

Lucky Star

I'm a realist.

Never believed much in superstitions or luck.

That all changed when I came home to my ranch and met our new hire.

Now, I feel like a lucky son of a gun, wishing for this little Star to be all mine.

The Baker's Peony

Every Woman In The World Wants Iverson Vogel.

Iverson:

The cover of a magazine labeled me the hottest man alive.

It ruined dating for me.

I don't have time for it anyway.

I'm a celebrity chef that has been running several bakeries.

I've recently sold them, ready for a new start.

I'll be signing the papers to make it official at a home-cooked meal with the new owner.

When I meet his daughter, all I can think about is owning her. Then taking her straight to the courthouse to make it official.

Peony:

I've never wanted someone more than I want Iverson Vogel.

His passion for baking inspires me to create and try new recipes.

He's also extremely famous, ridiculously good-looking, and spectacularly talented.

I know he is way out of my league.

Too bad my heart isn't getting the message.

I'm sure meeting him in person will simmer my silly infatuation.

Or will it boil out of control?

A Possessive Daddy Insta-Obsessed Romance so hot it could fry an egg. No cheating and a swoony HEA.

Yule Be Mine

My Best Friend Already Feels Like My Brother...I Think This Christmas, I'll Make It Official.

I'm a Marine on a new mission.
One that will require me to use everything I've got in my arsenal.
My best friend is taking me back home with him for the holidays.
This seems like a bad idea right away.
I'm a workaholic who is more comfortable being alone.
I thought I was settled and happy enough.
Meeting Eric's sister changed everything and my everything just became about her.
Now all I want for Christmas is to find a way to earn Natasha's heart.
This holiday insta-love story is safe and it ends with a sweet HEA.

FANTASY STORIES:

A Touch Of Envy

Truly. Madly. Deeply—Obsessed.

Once Upon A Time...

Princess Aiya was tired of playing the role of the perfect princess.
She was always sure to say and do all the right things.
Her new life with Prince Adirion would surely be the same.
The only choice she had was to accept her future.
Until a man shrouded in mystery and temptation gave her a way out.
King Slaine ruled the most feared kingdom.
A conqueror fixated on taking Prince Adirion's bride-to-be.
Driven by a love so pure...so timeless—it's fantastical.
Fueled by *envy*, King Slaine spurred a brutal rebellion that had devastating consequences.
Will capturing the princess ruin his chances of getting her to fall for him?
A Royal Captive Romance with a possessive anti-hero who is insta-obsessed with the object of his affection.

Silent Night Stalkers

The Future's Fate Lies In Three Mates.

On a nightly stroll, I rest upon a tree only to find myself in a strange place and time.
A dark mysterious man, finds me.
I think I'm saved until I realize I'm being held captive by three wildly possessive men.
They won't let me go until I've completed a strange ritual meant to save the world.
Is it destiny? Or is it a trap?
A dark captive romantic comedy with a HEA.