

# The Demon *in* Him



*Souls Wanted: Book Three*

CHARITY PARKERSON

# **The Demon in Him**

**Souls Wanted #3**



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—Warning: This book is intended for readers over the age of  
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# Introduction

*ALL COLSON DID WAS write his crush's name. Now, he belongs to Bel. He's been in worse spots.*

When a stranger approaches Colson in a club, he doesn't hesitate to follow his instructions. All it took was the promise of being given his crush's name. He never expects one tiny act to change the course of his life forever. But Colson will do whatever it takes to hang on to his new blessing, even if that means he'll spend eternity in hell.

Bel felt his future shift the moment Colson signed his name. Demons aren't supposed to be blessed with a soulmate. Yet it seems to happen more often every day. Still, Bel shouldn't have received one, even if he tricked another demon lord into helping him achieve that goal. As one of the demon lords still serving in hell, one signature from Colson dooms him to the same fate. Now all Bel has to do is convince him it's real.

*The Demon in Him* is a fun, paranormal short story meant to brighten your day. These stories are best enjoyed when read in order.



# Chapter One

## *HOW IT STARTED:*

Demon's Ball was more than a lifestyle club. It was the only place Colson longed to be any longer. It wasn't the music or the blatant sexual acts that filled every space there. He was here to feed an obsession. There was only one man Colson cared to see.

An angel with a bright smile appeared from the crowd. He was solid and beautiful. Even with the club's lights flashing, the light coloration of his eyes couldn't be missed. His blond curls looked soft. Everything about the man's hard body screamed seduction with an odd hint of innocence. Nothing about him appealed to Colson. That didn't stop the guy from approaching him. Unfortunately, Colson hadn't yet figured out how to keep men from coming onto him.

“Hi.”

Colson tried not to show his disappointment. He had a certain man in mind. This guy wasn't it. Still, he wasn't the type to be

rude. “Hi.”

The guy bled congeniality. “I’m sorry if this sounds crazy, but I have a friend who would be perfect for you.”

Colson doubted that. There was only one man he couldn’t shake at the moment. “You don’t know me. I can’t imagine you having any idea who might fit me.”

Without missing a beat, a phone appeared from the guy’s back pocket. He clicked around and then he turned the device Colson’s way. “This is him.”

Colson’s eyebrows rose. He lifted his cowboy hat and ran his fingers through his hair. What were the odds? He stared at the image of his fantasy man. The same one he came every Saturday night to see. Well, watch. Possibly stalk. Semantics. “Wow. I’ve seen that guy around. He’s exactly who I wish I could meet.” Colson probably shouldn’t have added that last part. He sounded desperate, even to his ears.

The stranger put his phone away and reached into his other back pocket. He pulled out a blank business card and a pen. He passed them Colson’s way. “Write this down so you don’t forget, okay?”

Colson immediately turned and placed the card on the bar. If this guy had the ticket to his fantasy, Colson would write whatever he said. “Okay?”

“His name is Belial Christo. B.E.L.I.A.L. C.H.R.I.S.T.O.”  
Damn. That sounded as exotic as the man he couldn’t shake.

He had a name. Fuck. That was closer than he ever expected to be.

“Oh, wow. You have gorgeous handwriting. I bet you have one of those amazing signatures no one else can replicate.”

Colson blushed. While it was an odd compliment, it touched Colson’s heart. His handwriting was one thing his mother had given him that couldn’t be taken away. “I took two years of penmanship. My mom wanted me to learn calligraphy so I could be part of her wood burning business. This is my signature.” He signed the card below Belial’s name. He didn’t know why. Colson simply had a moment of nostalgia. He missed his mom like crazy. She had been an amazing woman who accepted everything about him. More than accepted. She leaned into everything different about him and made him better. Let him be free.

“Wow. That’s every bit as satisfying to watch as I expected.”

Colson didn’t know why, but he always thought watching lines appear on paper in the perfect shape was always satisfying too. That was another thing he missed, sitting with his mom and watching her create beautiful words in wood.

He motioned toward the card. “Why am I writing this down?”

A congenial smile stayed on the man’s lips. “I don’t want you to forget. He’ll be here in a few minutes. Everyone calls him Bel. I’ll text him and tell him where to find you.”

Colson shifted from foot to foot. This all sounded too good to be true. He felt like he was being set up for a prank. “Do you

really think he'd go for someone like me? I mean, I'm just a rancher. He always looks so, I don't know. Above me, I guess." But Colson really wanted to see Bel beneath him.

The congenial smile turned downright sinister. "Trust me. You're exactly who he needs."

Colson supposed they would see. There was no going back. Tonight was the night to shit or get off the pot, as his mom used to say. He couldn't go another weekend without trying for more.

## Chapter Two

LIKE HE DID EVERY Saturday night, Colson Montgomery leaned against the bar inside a well-known lifestyle club. To many, it probably looked like he enjoyed watching. In truth, he kept an eye out for a certain man: Belial Christo. *Bel*. Colson hadn't known the guy's name before tonight, but he had definitely known every other inch of him.

As far as he had seen, there was nothing Bel wouldn't do. He was tiny and dark-haired, with the most amazing eyes Colson had ever seen. They were amber and so clear, they almost seemed luminescent. Colson always tried to get close enough to him to see those eyes at least once every Saturday night. More than once, Bel had held his stare for an uncomfortably long moment. Colson always lost the staring contest. As strange as it sounded, even to him, Colson swore every sexual act Bel performed was for him. At first, Colson had been satisfied with watching. Lately, he had turned too jealous to stay for that part. He knew that didn't make sense. It wasn't fair to anyone. Bel didn't belong to him. But in his heart and

all the way to his soul, Colson felt like Bel was his. Possibly he would end up with a restraining order against him. Colson couldn't help it. There was almost something unnatural about the guy. Colson had never been this obsessed in his life. Some might call it a sickness at this point.

Tonight felt different. A stranger had approached Colson earlier, asked him to write Bel's name, and then told him to wait. The stranger swore Bel would come for him. Now Colson was a mess of nerves, waiting with his breath held. While a part of him thought Bel wouldn't show, the rest of him feared he would. Colson couldn't spend another night watching. He wanted a boy of his own. Colson was tired of seeing other people find the relationship he needed. He was lonely. His bed felt empty. Finding a partner wasn't enough. He wanted Bel.

Colson felt him before he saw him. The door to the club swung open hard enough Colson wasn't the only one who looked that way. Bel stepped inside. His entire body seemed to vibrate with some unnamed emotion. Colson feared it was rage. Then Colson's breath left him in a whoosh as Bel's gaze landed on him, as if he knew exactly where Colson would be. That was fair. Colson always occupied the same space every Saturday night. The realization might have made him feel pathetic if Bel's stare didn't bore into his skin as Bel crossed the room. Colson held his breath and waited. He didn't know what would happen, but he knew something would.

Bel moved until they were toe to toe. "Let's go."

Colson didn't need to be told twice. He was on Bel's heels in an instant, following him to the door. Outside, Bel kept moving until he stood at the passenger side door of Colson's truck. He practically vibrated with impatience. Colson didn't ask how Bel knew which vehicle was his. He didn't care. The door automatically unlocked when Colson got close enough. Bel climbed inside. Still in shock, Colson headed for the driver's side. It took every ounce of his strength not to stare as he climbed behind the wheel.

"Where are we headed?"

"Your place."

Fuck. Goddamn. Colson couldn't breathe. His hands shook as he pressed the button, starting the vehicle. He had so many questions. Colson didn't know where to start. Instead, he drove. With the truck pointed toward home, his mind raced.

"I'm Colson," he said, finally finding a place to start.

"I know."

Colson took a breath. He felt out of his depth. Colson didn't enjoy feeling out of control or being in the dark. Those things went against his nature. Colson pulled to the shoulder of the road and turned to face Bel.

"Look. You're being pretty vague. Do you care to tell me what's going on right now?"

Bel looked his way. Colson was struck anew by his beauty. He stamped his foot—like a rabbit. "Do you plan to give me what I want, or should I go elsewhere?"

A smile tugged at the corners of Colson's lips. Bel was a brat. Colson was back on solid ground. He put the truck back in drive and pulled onto the road. Colson had exactly what Bel needed.



For months, Bel had watched Colson across the club. More times than he could count, their gazes had met. Colson never crossed that room. Bel had plotted and schemed. Creatures such as him didn't get to choose, but they could bargain and connive. Colson had something Bel wanted. For once, it wasn't his soul, or maybe it was. Just a little.

It took longer than Bel liked to get to Colson's place. He had never enjoyed moving at humans' pace. Colson lived on and ran a five-hundred-acre ranch in Virginia. He was a six-foot-six cuddly bear. Each time Bel saw him, he wanted to twist Colson around his finger and bring him to his knees. It had become an obsession. His auburn hair, dark blue eyes, and sweet smile were all Bel thought about anymore. Colson had been coming to one of Bel's clubs for months, and he never had a good time. He only came to ease some desire in himself that couldn't be quenched. Bel was that desire. He had tempted him there.

Colson didn't realize it, but they had met before. Bel had looked different that day. He had purposely chosen to wear a



different form while training a new demon. They had met in a park. His trainee had tried coaxing Colson out of his soul. Colson hadn't taken the bait. It was like that sometimes. Still, everything about Colson had fascinated Bel. He had looked into Colson's heart and saw beauty, but also a deep loneliness. Bel couldn't explain what happened. He had seen that same loneliness in others a million times. But this time, he couldn't stop himself from planting a seed inside Colson's mind of where to find him. The attraction had been all Colson. He hadn't planted that. Now, they were finally together.

Colson parked his truck next to a tractor. When he killed the engine, he looked Bel's way. "We can do whatever you want tonight, but you have to want it. I would never coerce you."

Bel gave Colson what he wanted. He nodded, looking as innocent as possible. "Okay, Daddy."

Colson snorted and opened his door.

Bel smiled at the sound. Colson didn't realize it yet, but he belonged to Bel, and he could see inside Bel's mind. He knew Bel was a demon. Colson knew he had traded his soul to be Bel's soul mate. His narrow view on reality—his ability to only see things through a human lens—stopped him from accepting the truth. He would. Bel would show him.

Colson's home was a ranch-style that smelled like apples. He was obviously a neat freak. Everything had its place. On the other hand, it was very much a man's home. Dark colors, wood, and leather. His appliances were stainless steel. A giant

coffee mug sat on the granite counter. Bel didn't care about any of it. He only saw the man leading him inside.

“Would you like something to drink?”

A wicked smile pulled at Bel's lips. “I can think of one thing I'd love to drink.”

Colson turned. He snagged Bel's waist and plucked him from the floor. In a flash, Bel found himself sitting on the counter and eye to eye with Colson. He looked a little too serious. Bel marveled over his strength and enjoyed a moment of stroking Colson's muscular shoulders and chest.

Colson's serious expression didn't waver. “Tell me something about yourself.”

Bel didn't like this game. He pulled his shirt up and over his head, hoping to distract Colson. “I'm very happy to be here. That's something.”

For a moment, his distraction worked. Colson's gaze dropped to Bel's chest. He liked Bel's body and loved his nipple rings. Bel saw all that clearly in Colson's mind, but he also saw Colson didn't intend to budge.

His gaze moved back to hold Bel's stare. “Tell me something real about you.”

Bel sighed. He would say this was tiresome, but Colson was his mate, even though he didn't know it. It was only fair he gave Colson some details until he accepted he already knew everything about Bel. “Okay. I own six nightclubs in and around Virginia, including DC.” There were tons of politicians

ready to sell their souls. The area was ripe with sin. Bel kept going. “I have no family.” None he could explain anyhow. “My hobbies include torturing men and stealing souls. I’m also as old as time.”

Colson’s chest expanded.

Bel wondered if he would explode.

Instead, his hand lifted. He brushed the back of his knuckles down Bel’s cheek. “I see.”

No. He didn’t. Colson thought Bel’s answers meant he didn’t want to be real with him. Bel was realer with him than he had ever been with anyone in just a handful of words.

“You came into my club for the first time six months ago. For exactly ten minutes, you stood in the corner, feeling like you didn’t fit, and you’d never find what you needed. But if not at my club, then where?” Colson’s lips parted in surprise. Bel kept going. “You left feeling defeated. Two weeks later, you came back and stayed an hour. The next weekend, you stayed two. When the next Saturday hit, you saw me for the first time. Our gazes met, and—for half a second—I thought you might approach. Even though you’ve been back every weekend since, you never closed that gap.”

For a moment, Colson’s gaze moved over his face. When he spoke, his voice came out sounding hoarse. “How did you know all that?”

Bel refused to look away or give Colson too long to question himself. “You know how.”

Colson lifted Bel from the counter, leaving him no other choice but to wrap his legs around Colson's waist. He carried Bel down the hall toward his bedroom with his gaze locked straight ahead and the muscle in his jaw jumping. For once, Bel didn't know what would happen next. He couldn't wait to find out.



Colson kept his brain on lockdown. He had too many strange thoughts floating through his mind. While he had never been much of a dreamer, Bel felt like a fantasy come to life. He felt too close to Colson's heart. It was as if all those months of yearning had made him feel more than he should. They hadn't even kissed, and Colson wanted to scream at the top of his lungs that Bel belonged to him.

As they stepped across the threshold of Colson's bedroom, Bel touched his mouth to Colson's ear. "Tell me how you want me, Daddy. There's nothing I won't do to please you."

"I know."

*You sold your soul for me. I'll always make you fly.*

Colson stared at Bel's lips. He swore Bel had spoken the words, but he hadn't. They were in Colson's head. He pushed the odd thought away. His obsessive thoughts were always insane when he looked at Bel.

They didn't make it to the bed.

“Don't you want to kiss me, Daddy?”

Colson didn't hesitate. His mouth found Bel's. The moment their lips met, passion exploded. Colson was consumed in a way he had never been before. He went from wanting to snuggle his baby to needing to fuck him in an instant. Colson was hard and leaking. The inside of his underwear was a swamp of pre-cum, with no more than a kiss.

*I'll lick it all away. Your baby demon loves the taste of cum.*

Colson knew Bel hadn't spoken. His tongue was too busy, but that voice was back inside his mind. He was too aroused to care. If he got to keep Bel's voice inside his head, Colson welcomed insanity. Colson set Bel on the edge of the bed while still seeking his mouth. Bel was too talented to quit.

A gasp escaped Colson as Bel bit his bottom lip hard enough to sting. Colson pulled away. Bel immediately went for the button on Colson's jeans. His gaze lifted. He stared up the line of Colson's body.

“I'm sorry. I need soothing, Daddy. Is it okay if I have my pacifier?”

Colson was ready to blow. Bel obviously knew how to play. Colson unzipped his pants for Bel and led his cock to Bel's lips. Bel's eyes closed as he opened for Colson. He looked exactly like a man who loved sucking dick. Colson wondered how long he would last under these circumstances. Not only had he wanted Bel for too long, but Bel also was phenomenal.

Light suckling tugged at his cock. Colson thought he might lose his mind. It was obvious Bel only teased him. He didn't intend to let Colson come this way. That was fair. Colson wanted to come in Bel's ass. He wanted to watch Bel leak his juices.

Unexpectedly, Bel pushed Colson away and stood. While Colson looked on, Bel peeled off his pants and crawled onto the bed. He presented his ass to Colson with zero shame.

“Will you put your dick in me, Daddy? I feel so empty.”

“Whatever you want, baby.”

Colson stripped and opened the drawer of the bedside table. He grabbed the lube. His fingers found the condoms. He hesitated. Colson really didn't want to wear one, and that was nuts.

*You don't need that. We can't get or pass diseases.*

Colson shook his head at the random thoughts that kept passing through his mind.

“Please? I need your cum filling me. I like the way it feels squishy between my cheeks.”

All good sense left Colson. He closed the drawer. Colson joined Bel on the bed and lubed Bel's asshole. Bel was so small and tight. Colson tried stretching him. He didn't want to hurt Bel, but no amount of fingering him seemed to make a difference.

“You can't hurt me. I promise I'll make you feel good.”

Colson hoped that was true. His dick looked big compared to Bel's tiny rosebud. He led his cock to Bel's asshole. Colson pushed. It was too tight. There was no way he wasn't hurting Bel. Bel moaned as Colson's crown disappeared inside his asshole. Colson kept going. Sweat covered his brow. He wouldn't last. Bel felt too good. By the time he was fully seated, sweat rolled down his spine. He had never fought so hard not to immediately come.

"Mmm. That feels good." Bel squirmed beneath him. "I need something." He pushed back against Colson and lifted his head. There was a teddy bear on the bed because Colson was a softy at heart. He might have been embarrassed if Bel hadn't immediately shoved the bear beneath him and started humping it. New kink unlocked. Colson had to see more. He pulled out a hair and thrust, testing the waters. Bel moaned. Colson took it as a good sign and did it again. When it became more than obvious Colson wasn't hurting him, he went to work. The more Bel took, the harder Colson thrust. He badly wanted to blow, but he couldn't stop. Colson couldn't give up this ass. Between watching Bel fuck his bear and the tight hole that tried breaking him, Colson was half crazed. He kept slamming inside Bel while letting every twisted fantasy he ever had about the man play through his mind.

Bel cried out beneath him. His hole convulsed, sucking Colson deeper. A cry tore from Colson's lips. Without warning, an orgasm ripped through him. He gasped for air while he filled Bel with cum. Colson expected good sense to return as the last wave passed, but it didn't. Bel shoved the bear away. Colson

saw the cum coating its fake brown fur. The dick inside Bel's ass that had been slowly softening went hard again in an instant. They weren't done.

He pulled out and flipped Bel onto his back. Colson needed Bel ready to fuck again. He couldn't stop yet. Colson went down on him. He sucked Bel's dick, savoring the sensation of Bel hardening on his tongue. Once he had him ready to go, Colson couldn't stop. Bel tasted too good. He squeezed Bel's balls before moving lower. His fingers found Bel's asshole. He swore Bel's pleasure was his. When he found Bel's prostate and rubbed, Colson's ass clenched as it felt the same happening to him. It was like he was inside Bel's mind and felt everything he did. Colson went wild on Bel's dick, sucking and bobbing while hitting that internal button. Colson humped the bed. Then he remembered how hot it had been to watch Bel.

He stopped long enough to grab the teddy bear and shove it beneath him. The cold sensation on Bel's still wet cum hit his cock. Colson's lust skyrocketed. He was beyond good sense any longer. Colson rode the teddy bear while he pleased Bel.

“Damn. That's sexy. Ride its face. I want to watch.”

Colson thought he might fly apart. No one had ever had him this horny. He didn't care about anything anymore but getting off while Bel watched. When Bel's cum filled Colson's mouth, he didn't hesitate. Colson quickly swallowed, shot to his knees, and shoved his cock in Bel's ass so he could feel his



every spasm. He cried out as Bel's orgasm triggered his. Again, he pumped Bel full of cum.

This time, as much as he wanted to keep going, he forced himself to stop. His lips found Bel's mouth. Their tongues played. The pressure in his chest revealed itself. Somewhere, at some unspecified point in time, Colson had fallen in love with Bel from across the room. He had watched him and dreamed until no one else would do. It was probably insane and made no sense, but Colson knew him. He knew everything. Colson just wasn't sure if anything he knew was real.

# Chapter Three

BEL NEVER SLEPT. TONIGHT was no different. Soon enough, Colson would leave behind that human trait as well. For now, though, Bel savored the experience of watching Colson sleep. He was beyond beautiful. Colson shouldn't have been chosen for this eternity, but he had been. He had been handpicked for Bel. If he hadn't, Colson's wish never would have come true. That was the detail that wrecked Bel.

When Bel had started his plot to own Colson, he had known there was a real possibility all the scheming in the world wouldn't matter. He was a demon. A lord, yes, but still damned. But Bel had noticed a shift in the world lately. More and more demons were being granted mates. So why not him? He had been loyal and steadfast. Bel always did everything asked of him. When he saw Colson that first time, the moment had been different from any other. For the first time, Bel hadn't been content with the idea of fucking Colson and throwing him away. He needed to own him. Bring him to his knees and keep him there. There had been a tug in the center

of his chest that had driven him even more insane than he had already been. Now, here they were. They had finally touched, and it had been phenomenal. For the first time in his existence, Bel was terrified of losing something.

Bel had no idea how to admit his schemes. He didn't know how to confess he had stolen Colson's humanity. Bel couldn't lose Colson now. That was unthinkable. He had never been this close to bliss. Colson was his. Bel wanted to run to Alastor and ask how he had finally gotten through to his mate and how Troy had taken the news of his new eternity. But Bel had burned that bridge by using Alastor as part of his grand plan to own Colson, so that was out. What if Colson looked at him with disgust and hatred for what he had done? What if he lost his mate before he ever truly had him? The questions ate at his brain and ripped away the beauty of their night together. He had stolen everything from Colson. How could his mate not hate him for that?

Bel had always assumed, when the moment came, Colson would automatically see the truth. He was smart as hell. Bel knew, in his heart, Colson already understood things had changed for him. But when he fully recognized what Bel had done, Colson might walk away, and Bel couldn't fathom the loss. He had already spent eternity alone. The reality of how unending time was settled into his heart at the possibility of Colson choosing not to spend it with him. He couldn't take it. Now that he was on this side of things, he didn't know how Alastor had withstood the stress of Bel tricking his mate into

giving away his soul. It had been the right thing, but still. His skin itched from the worry.

Bel rolled from the bed and stood. Clothes appeared on his skin as he stared at Colson's unmoving form. He second-guessed every decision he had made to get here. The entire point of his existence was to torment and seduce. This time, the torment was his. He was the one eaten alive with desire and longing. Bel had to get away and let Colson decide. He had to give Colson the space to choose. Bel wasn't good. He wasn't evil either. His existence was simply necessary. He helped keep the balance. Maybe he had been wrong to want more. Bel couldn't tell the difference. He would wait for Colson to show him the truth. That was exactly what he would do.



When Colson's eyes opened, he wasn't surprised to find himself alone. In fact, he would've been more shocked if he hadn't been. Still, his chest hurt. For longer than necessary, Colson stared at the ceiling above his bed and rubbed his chest. He went through and relived every moment of his night with Bel. His fingers moved to his mouth. He stroked his lips.

"Wow." The word sounded every bit as breathless as Colson felt just thinking about Bel. He didn't understand how something so new could feel so powerful. His gaze moved to

the empty spot beside him. Or maybe not. Maybe it was all in his head.

Colson threw aside his blankets and forced himself from the bed. He had animals waiting. There was no sense in showering until after chores. It was dirty, sweaty work. He threw on some barn clothes and stamped into his boots. Colson tried keeping his mind blank. It didn't work. His thoughts were all over the place. Each time he questioned why Bel had sneaked away, an image of Bel standing over him flashed through his mind. He heard Bel's thoughts. Felt his fears of rejection. It was as if Colson had been awake to see Bel leave. But Colson couldn't accept the visions as real because that would mean... He shook his head. Colson couldn't follow that line of thinking to its insane conclusion.

As he came through the barn door, the horses went wild, stomping and snorting, the way they would if they spotted a predator. Without thinking, Colson waved his hand, and the animals settled. For a moment, Colson stared at nothing while he mused over what he had just done. Finally, he shook his head again and moved along. The moment had obviously been a fluke. Colson let the odd experience go and went to work. Three hours later, he found himself at the sink, water running, and no clue how long he had been standing there. He added soap to his hands and stuck them under the water. It was cold. Colson's gaze moved to the faucet handle. It was turned toward hot. Had he been standing here that long? He still needed a shower. Had the water heater died? He glanced toward the clock on the oven. Colson had gone outside three

hours ago and come inside an hour ago. Fuck. He had no clue where that hour had gone.

Colson turned back to the faucet. One soapy hand lifted. He touched the faucet. The water turned hot. Colson stared down at his hands. His vision went fuzzy. Colson's hands turned to smoke. Water passed through them. Colson scrambled away from the sink. His pulse pounded in his ears. His chest rose and fell with each panicked breath. Slowly, his heart returned to normal. Colson approached the sink as if the water would bite. He turned off the water. His hands were solid again. On wooden legs, Colson moved to the living room and sat. Too many thoughts raged through Colson's mind for him to grab hold of one. The sun dipped low in the sky, casting the room into shadows. Colson blinked. Time had gotten away from him again. He glanced down. His skin was clean, and he wore fresh clothes.

The most random of all thoughts hit. It was all real. Every thought he'd had since the moment he met Bel was true. He blinked again as realization after realization hit. Not only was it all real, but Bel had also left him. In the middle of the night, he had slipped away from Colson, as if he was no one. As if he hadn't sold his soul for Bel. That motherfucker.

## Chapter Four

WHEN THE CLOCK HIT ten p.m., Colson felt him—like he stepped through a door Colson couldn't see behind. Colson's entire body fired to life, as if he had Bel beneath him again. He didn't hesitate. Colson grabbed his keys and darted to his truck. He had no clue where he was headed. Colson simply followed the pinging in his head—like his soul sought its other half, as if it were a heat-seeking missile. When he pulled up to The Devil's Den, he snorted at the name. Even though he had been down this street many times before, Colson was certain he had never noticed the club. The place was unnaturally slammed for a Sunday night. Colson found a parking spot and headed for the door. He had no plan. All Colson knew was his other half was inside. The rage grew each step he took. Bel had left him, disappearing off the planet, only to re-emerge inside a nightclub. Nope. No fucking way. Not on his watch. Colson had spent the day freaking the fuck out and Bel thought he was still free to hang out in sex clubs. Hell no. If Bel wanted him, if he wanted this, he would be in this thing properly, or Colson would kick his ass.

A man who was more muscle than anything blocked the door. He stared down at a clipboard. His gaze never lifted as Colson approached.

“Is Bel inside?” Colson already knew the answer, but he had to make it past this behemoth if wanted to get to Bel.

The guy still never looked his way. “Yes, but it doesn’t matter. You’re not getting inside. This place isn’t for your kind.”

A laugh that sounded two steps beyond demonic fell from Colson’s lips. “I suppose you think you’ll stop me.”

The guy’s chin finally lifted. His eyes widened. “I’m sorry, my lord. This club is for demons only. As my superior, I couldn’t feel you coming. I thought you were human.” He stepped aside. “Here. Let me get the door for you.” He scrambled to open the door. Loud music poured out. It was unnatural in the way there had been complete silence until the door opened. No door on earth should have kept the noise at bay.

Even though Colson had hit a new level of confusion, he nodded as he passed the guard. His mind was at its limit for the number of new shocks it could handle in one day. The inside of the club was unlike anything he had ever seen. It was nowhere near as tame as the lifestyle club he visited. Violent sex took place on every surface. The entire building smelled like lust and sin. There were contraptions in use he had never seen in his life. But Colson had one goal and he couldn’t be deterred.

Colson followed his heart, weaving through the gyrating bodies. Finally, on a chair that looked a little too much like a



throne, Colson spotted Bel. He had one leg slung over the arm of his seat. His head was turned away from Colson. In all black leather, Bel looked like a whole goddamn feast. Colson was still too pissed off to be distracted. Bel sat perfectly still. It was almost an unnatural stillness compared to the acts taking place around him. Bel looked as if his mind was elsewhere. Then Bel's head whipped his way. Glowing amber eyes focused on him. Colson's heart sped. Those eyes. They proved everything was real. He wasn't hallucinating. Even so, he was angry. Very angry. Bel didn't look anywhere near as scared as he should have.

Colson closed the distance between them.

Bel's gaze lifted as Colson came to stand over him. He didn't bother hiding the supernatural glow in his eyes. Bel looked merely curious at Colson's presence. That sent Colson's temper through the roof.

"You left me."

Bel didn't respond.

Something dark clawed at his gut. It sounded in his voice. "When I needed you the most, you fucking left me. Did you think I'd tolerate it?" He plucked Bel from his seat before he could respond. Colson claimed his throne and flipped Bel ass up across his lap. Without a moment's hesitation, Colson's hand swung, landing solidly on Bel's ass. He felt more than heard Bel moan. Colson continued spanking him until he was slightly appeased before dumping Bel back in his seat.

Colson leaned in, going nose to nose with Bel. “I expect you to come home when you’re done here for the night. Understood?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Bel’s face was flushed and his tone contrite.

Colson still wasn’t completely satisfied. They had too much to talk about. He leaned even closer, letting Bel see the rage in his eyes. “If you let anyone else touch you, or you touch anyone else, I’ll burn all your fucking clubs to the ground, and you’ll never touch me again. Do you understand me?”

Bel nodded. “Yes, Daddy.”

Colson gave him a sharp nod before leaning in to press his lips hard against Bel’s mouth. That was all he allowed before turning away and heading for the door. Colson felt the eyes upon him. The muscle in his jaw twitched. He needed everyone inside this club to understand. Colson absolutely would burn this building down with them inside. He hadn’t sold his soul to share. Bel was his and he would learn that if it was the last goddamn thing he did. Colson was done with standing on the sidelines.



A smirk tugged at the corners of Bel’s mouth as he watched Colson head for the door. He was perfect, exactly as Bel had known he would be. Bel was hard as stone inside his leather pants. Only Colson turned him on this much. Bel counted the

minutes. He watched in his mind as Colson drove home. Colson's mind wasn't a mess any longer. He had made his decision and now he stood behind it. Pride filled Bel's chest. He had chosen well. His ass stung in the best possible way. He felt the jealousy pulsing through the room. There wasn't a demon there that didn't wish they had been on the receiving end of that spanking. However, there was one thing Colson didn't understand yet. No one would dare touch either of them now that they were mated. They knew they couldn't compete... and likely they would lose their limbs.

Bel waited until Colson made it home before disappearing and reappearing on Colson's couch so he would be waiting when Colson walked through the door. He heard the back door open and shuffling inside the mudroom. Bel clasped his hands and shoved them between his knees. In all of eternity, he had never felt nervous. He did now.

Colson came into view. His gaze found Bel. Without a word, he headed Bel's way. Bel never looked away. When Colson reached him, he plucked Bel from the couch and sat down with Bel in his lap. For several minutes, they didn't speak.

Colson pressed his lips to Bel's temple. He inhaled, as if savoring Bel's scent. Finally, he spoke against Bel's skin. "I'm sorry for spanking you."

"I'm not."

Bel felt Colson's lips shape into a smile.

He couldn't stay quiet. Colson deserved an apology too. "I'm sorry for leaving without telling you everything. You deserved

better. You deserved to hear from me what's happening to you. I was just..." Bel couldn't admit to being scared. He wasn't allowed to feel that way.

Colson held him in silence for a few minutes longer. Bel felt him take a breath. He braced himself for Colson to say anything. His voice came out sounding quiet and thoughtful. "I know. As crazy as this sounds, somewhere along the way, I fell in love with you from across the room. I watched you and longed for you." Colson paused. Bel heard the smile in Colson's voice when he spoke again. "Offered my soul to whoever would take it for you. Obviously, I never thought that was possible. But I knew the truth the moment you came for me, and I won't pretend like I didn't. I heard you in my head. You don't realize it. At least, I don't think you do, but you've kept me alive these past six months. I've been tired for a long time. Then you appeared across the room, and I've never been more obsessed with anything in my life. You're the only one for me."

To Bel's utter dismay, tears filled his eyes. He had been alone while completely surrounded since nearly the beginning of time. Until he saw Colson, he hadn't believed anything would ever be different. Now all he wanted was to sit right here on Colson's lap forever. He didn't need more. Lust was the food that fueled him, but Colson was right. This was more. Maybe it didn't make sense. More than likely, it was a mate thing. But Bel loved Colson too, and he wasn't whole without him.

Colson tilted Bel's chin up and touched his lips to Bel's. They lingered there before slowly opening for each other. Their

tongues played. Neither of them tried for more. What they had was bigger than either of them. They equally wanted to simply be still with each other. Breathe each other into their lungs and fill themselves with all the love that had been starved of them. Bel didn't know how long they stayed like that. Time moved differently for demons. Bel didn't care if they stayed there forever. Nothing else mattered anymore. They would never be apart.

## Chapter Five

THE DEVIL'S DEN WAS seedier than any other club Bel ran. It was a place where demons were free to toss aside their masks and partake in their basest needs. They didn't have to worry about breaking fragile humans here. Demons came here to fuck and get fucked. Bel had always liked it here. This club matched him the most.

Four years of being mated to Colson had him more in love than ever. It didn't hurt that Colson had no qualms about joining him here. With his head thrown back and resting on Colson's shoulder, while everyone watched, Bel rode Colson's cock. Colson looked damn sexy on his throne. After all, he was Bel's king. He held Bel's throat with one hand while he pumped Bel's cock with the other. Demons writhed at their feet, impatiently waiting for Colson to shake Bel's cum onto their bodies.

Bel used every ounce of his strength to lift and lower himself on his mate's dick. Colson felt so good inside him. There were demons so close, he felt their breath on his balls, but no one

dared touch them. There wasn't a demon in existence that hadn't seen firsthand or heard the rumors of Colson's jealousy. Bel fucking loved it. He needed Colson's possessiveness. Bel always knew he was wanted above all others. Colson's love was a sickness for him. His biggest addiction. Their relationship meant everything.

Colson bit his earlobe. "That's it, baby. Take Daddy's dick. You're such a good boy. Damn. You make me so fucking hot."

Bel whimpered. He was so close. Colson tongued his ear. Bel convulsed as the pressure rising in his shaft became a full-blown explosion. Demons fought to be in the path of his flying cum. Colson's strokes slowed but didn't stop. Bel kept slamming himself down on Colson's dick, trying to please him. Colson growled against his ear as he blew. Bel whimpered. He never got enough.

"Glad to see you two are still together and thriving."

A tired-sounding chuckle fell from Bel's lips as Alastor appeared at his side. He had his sexy mate, Troy, with him.

"Did you just openly think of someone else as sexy?"

Bel laughed at Colson's open jealousy. Even to his ears, his laughter sounded taunting. He had purposely left his thoughts open to Colson. "Aren't they pretty together? I did that. I paired them as mates. Tell me you wouldn't like to watch them fuck while I eat your ass."

He felt Colson's mind turn thoughtful at the idea. "I do like to watch."

Alastor and Troy had already forgotten them. Troy slowly undressed Alastor while holding his stare. They were so beautifully in love. Bel would never regret his meddling, even if it had only been a means to an end. As Troy dropped to his knees at Alastor's feet, Bel turned his head and captured Colson's lips.

*Tell me you love me.*

At his mental demand, Colson went back to stroking Bel's cock. *I live for you, my heart. I love you more than life or death.*

Satisfaction roared through Bel. As the embodiment of lust, Colson's life with Bel was—no doubt—exhausting, but he never seemed unhappy.

Colson pulled away, obviously still spying on Bel's thoughts. "I'm fucking ecstatic. Every day with you is literally a dream come true." He squeezed Bel's cock. "Have I ever told you about all the nights I fucked my toys and fingers while calling out your name?"

An evil-sounding chuckle escaped Bel. "Did I tell you about all the nights I stayed hidden and watched?"

Colson's smile was everything. "Hmm. Well, that explains why I always felt like I put on a show." His expression turned serious. "I meant it, you know? Without your love, I would be nothing."

Bel closed his eyes and savored being in Colson's arms. He knew the truth. Bel was the one who had been nothing before



Colson's love. He had been a tool in the grand scheme of the afterlife, but seriously, nothing at all. Then one look into Colson's soul had changed everything. Right here, in Colson's arms and sitting on his dick, he was whole. He had everything. An eternity in hell didn't look bad at all from here.

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# About the Author

CHARITY PARKERSON IS AN award-winning and multi-published author with several companies. Born with no filter from her brain to her mouth, she decided to take this odd quirk and insert it in her characters. One of her greatest loves is writing morally gray characters. You'll find them scattered throughout her hundreds of titles.

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