

S. LYNN SMITH



*Their Offering*

MY DEMON PRINCES BOOK ONE

Their  
Offering

S. Lynn Smith

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## Content Warning

Their Offering is a dark paranormal, fantasy romance between one human and three demons.

This is a work of fiction, but some content may be troubling to some readers, including, but not limited to, childhood SA (not detailed), drug-addicted parent, graphic sex, graphic language, non-con, murder, death, torture, restraint play, DP, DVP, assault, & attempted SA (detailed).

Your mental health matters.

Don't act like you've never wanted to be dragged to hell and  
fucked like a rag doll...





# Prologue

Lillian

*“You were right, Maggie. She was worth it,” the big, scary man said as he handed the bag of pills over. My mom had come in to check on him. Not me. Him.*

*He was still sitting on the bed. My bed.*

*He was muscular, covered in tattoos, and really hairy. He’d shown up in ripped jeans and a dark green T-shirt, but those were on the floor now. They had been since he first arrived. He didn’t waste time getting what he came for.*

*Mom didn’t have enough money to pay him, so she sold him the only thing she had. Me. He wasn’t the first guy she’d let into my bedroom, and I wasn’t naive enough to think he’d be the last.*

*She’d been selling me for pills for a couple of years now when she couldn’t pay in cash. It turns out a ten-year-old girl is just as good to them. This was the first time I’d met this particular one, though. Mom said he was a new dealer in the area and was more willing to make deals with her than the others.*

*I tugged the blanket over my body and tried to disappear into the corner my bed had been shoved into. I just wanted them to leave so I could shower and change my bed sheets. I always changed my sheets. I hated the smell left behind after the men visited me. It was hard enough to sleep with the memories and the soreness, let alone the scent reminding me of how dirty I was.*

*“Stop crying, Lillian. You’re a big girl. Act like it.” Mom stuck one of the pills in her mouth and swallowed it with ease. She still hadn’t looked at me. She usually avoided looking at me until the men left. I wanted to believe it was out of guilt or regret, but after using me for payment so many times, there’s no way she felt either of those emotions.*

*The big man turned around to run his minacious brown eyes over me again. “I don’t usually make exceptions, but I’m glad I did this time.” His smile would stick with me forever, his gnarly yellow teeth peeking between his parted lips. I shivered.*

*His hand came up, and one of his tattooed fingers caressed my cheek. It was rough, his callouses catching on my smooth skin. I hated it. I couldn’t move away from him, though. I had to pretend like it didn’t bother me when all I wanted to do was scream. If I moved, it would just get worse.*

*Mom was always mean to me if I did anything wrong, but her cruelty when she was high was much, much worse. She’d hit me and throw me to the floor, or she’d scream at the walls. I think she saw things. She’d tell them to take me away, that she hated me and couldn’t stand the sight of me anymore.*

*The man stood, and as he dressed, he talked to my mom about some of his new products. He made sure to mention he’d prefer cash next time, but his eyes flicked to me, telling me he’d be back.*

*Once he left, my mom made sure I’d stay quiet. I promised her I would, as I always did, and she gave me some warmed-up canned soup and a slice of bread before going to her usual spot in the living room to enjoy her drugs.*

*Mom always made me promise not to tell anyone before she left. She’d say, “If you tell anyone, someone will take you somewhere worse. You’ll be dirty, cold, and starving until you’re old enough to be kicked out into the real world.”*

*“I won’t tell anyone, Mama. I promise,” I’d say to her.*

*I meant it. At least here I had food—most of the time—and a bed with blankets to keep me warm. I could endure the men until I was old enough to leave.*

*When I could leave, I’d never look back.*



# Chapter 1

Lillian

*Why the fuck did I think this was a good idea?* I thought to myself as I stumbled drunkenly through the trees. It was dark and silent. I tried to absorb the stillness; I needed it.

I stopped, leaned against a tree, and took a few deep breaths, trying to keep down what little was in my stomach. Once the nausea subsided, I took another swig of the glass beer bottle I'd brought with me. It was almost empty. Bummer.

I knew I'd had too much to drink, and so did Katie, my best friend, who tried her best to stop me. She was right, but I ignored her. I needed to drown out the sounds and feelings of my miserable life.

I wanted to be numb tonight, especially after Mom came home high as fuck and complained that she was screwed because she owed some bad people money. She'd passed out on the couch no sooner than she'd walked through the door. My mom was a piece of shit, but it was her life. She stayed out of mine, so I gave her the same courtesy, though I think her laidback parenting was more that she didn't care rather than giving me my space.

Whose mom gives their 13-year-old daughter condoms and encourages her to "explore"? Whose mom doesn't check to make sure their kid came home? Whose mom forgets to buy food and clothes for their kid? She was more than laidback; she was neglectful.

I started walking again, not entirely sure why I had convinced myself to go for a walk in this cold ass forest in the first place, especially since I was dressed in shorts and a tank top—not exactly hiking material.

I spotted a concrete, shed-like building in a small clearing up ahead. It looked out of place, but when I glanced around and saw I was alone, I walked up to get a closer look.

The building was old, ancient even. That much was obvious. The door had strange symbols carved into it that I'd never seen before, and two small, three-headed dog statues sat on either side.

What the fuck was this place?

I circled the building once, looking for something, *anything*, to tell me what I was looking at, but I spotted nothing out of the ordinary until I reached the front again.

A small plaque above the door read,

*A cut on the hand*

*to open the door.*

*The seal between worlds*

*will be closed no more.*

I pressed my lips together and contemplated just how drunk I must be. The seal between worlds? This must be a joke.

Suddenly, a hand-shaped imprint began glowing softly to the right of the door.

Fuck, I was *so* drunk. No, not drunk. I was dreaming. I was sure of it. This was one of those weird, twisted dreams that felt like reality.

I let out a loud breath and rolled my eyes. Why hadn't I listened to Katie? What if I'd passed out somewhere? I probably never even left the party.

I stared at the glowing handprint and shrugged my shoulders. I looked around once more and came to a decision. If this was a dream, why not indulge it? My real life was so mundane—living on the edge in my dreams might do me some good. Endless partying, a piece of a shit mother? I deserved this break.

I smashed the bottle against the side of the building and slid one of the sharp edges across my palm. I hissed at the sting of the cut. It was totally unsanitary, but did that matter in a dream?

Once blood began to well into my palm, I placed my hand against the imprint.

The outline of the door glowed, and I jumped back, falling straight back onto my ass. The giant door swung open, the sound of stone grinding on stone ringing in my ears. I couldn't see past the doorway through the inky darkness inside.

I waited a few minutes, but nothing came out: no monsters, no mist, nothing. I stood and dusted myself off before stepping through the doorway, blinking as my eyes adjusted to the lack of light.

The inside was much larger than the outside made it seem. There was a concrete table low to the floor in the middle of the room, which required two steps down to reach. I slowly approached it and swept my hand across the tabletop. My fingers remained clean when I pulled them away, despite the feeling that no one had used this building in a very long time.

At the other end of the room was a platform of sorts, two steps up from the floor the table was on. I could make out more strange markings on the back wall, similar to those I had seen on the front door.

I twisted my lips in disappointment. There was nothing in here. Why the fuck was I dreaming of an empty concrete shed with a stone table? Did someone drug me? Was I tripping?

I kicked myself again for not listening to Katie. I silently prayed that some sleazebag didn't find my body while I laid there all vulnerable.

Without warning, the markings on the back wall lit up, filling the room with a bright, blinding light. I raised my arms to protect my eyes, blinking several times before I could see again. What the hell was that?

When the light faded, I could make out three men— at least, I assumed they were men, based on the dark outlines of their broad shoulders and tall frames—standing in the back of the room. The one in the middle was the tallest, but the men to his sides were slightly bulkier. To the left, I spotted a pair of

red eyes, while to the right were piercing blue ones. I couldn't even see the face of the one in the middle.

I heard a dark chuckle, and the red-eyed shadow took a step toward me. Somehow, I managed to stay upright, but I backed up until my ass bumped into the table. My heart was racing, but I wasn't scared. Instead, I felt something akin to excitement coursing through my body.

"Stop. Don't come any closer." I tried to keep my voice from shaking. Could I fight in my dream? Could I somehow defend myself?

"Tsk, tsk; that's no way to greet the princes of Hell," the red-eyed man scolded, his voice deep and husky.

I held his burning gaze as he stepped down to meet me. For some reason, I didn't feel the fear I knew should've been burning through my body.

*It's just a dream, Lilly. Get a grip. It's not like you're actually in danger.*

Now that I could see him clearly, I realized he was gorgeous—like *drop-dead* gorgeous. He had sharp features, almost inhuman. His brown hair was short on the sides and a little longer on top; I itched to run my fingers through it. He had a five-o'clock shadow I burned to feel scrape across my face, and his eyes almost seemed alive with fire. I was *captivated*.

The red-eyed man brought his hand to his chin, rubbing his stubble as he scanned my body. My thighs clenched almost involuntarily, and he snickered before darting his tongue out to lick his lips. Why was that turning me on? *Wait*. Could he tell it was turning me on?

I wanted him to touch me. I wanted to feel his hands on my neck, my chest, my stomach, my thighs, between my legs. I wanted him everywhere all at once. It was *unnerving*.

"So, little one, it's customary to have an offering for us, yet I see nothing on the altar." He nodded toward the table behind me. "I do hope you have something to give us. I would hate to

kill such a spectacular creature.” He was directly in front of me in two steps, and I had to crane my neck to maintain eye contact. My breath hitched when my eyes met his.

“So?” His voice dragged me from my naughty thoughts about the stranger in front of me.

I swallowed and said the first thing that popped into my head. “All I have is me. Sorry.” *Fuck, Lilly, what is wrong with you? Why would you offer yourself to a total stranger, no matter how much you want to jump his bones?*

His tongue swept across his bottom lip again, and I itched to take its place. After his eyes scanned my body, he smiled. “That’ll do, little one. That’ll do.” He brought his hand up to tuck a stray hair behind my ear. I nearly melted at his touch. “Care to put this *offering* of yours on the altar for me?”

I moved my hands behind me, plopping myself up on the table, careful not to break eye contact. I should have been embarrassed by my willingness, but I didn’t care. I was aroused, and this was just a dream anyways.

He turned to the two men behind him—whom I’d totally forgotten about. “Want to join us, brothers? The lovely woman has given her body as an offering.”

The tall one spoke first, stepping to the right. He leaned against the wall, keeping his face and body in the shadows. “Just get it over with, Aiden. I don’t have all night. We have to get back.” He turned his head just enough for me to catch a quick glimpse of his face.

His eyes were dark, unlike his brothers. Those seemingly black eyes were all I saw before he settled into the shadows fully, as if hiding from me.

What he’d said sunk in, and I felt a little disappointed. He didn’t *want* to join us. I wanted him to come closer to me; I itched to see him outside of the shadows. Wait. What exactly would he have been joining? What exactly had I offered?

The blue-eyed man sat down on the steps. “I’ll watch.” He set his elbows on his knees and balled his fists together. I



could only make out his eyes, but even from my vantage point, he looked ready to devour me. Warmth spread through my body at the thought, catching me off-guard.

“Kinky.” My eyes widened as Aiden turned to me with a smirk, and I realized I’d said it out loud.

“Nicholas tends to be, well, *kinky*, as you say. He likes a good show.” He winked as he placed his hands on either side of my legs and leaned close to my ear. “Shall we give them a show, little one?”

My pussy clenched as his hot breath brushed my neck. I couldn’t remember the last time a man made my clit throb. I was so fucked. Literally. Hopefully.



## Chapter 2

Lillian

*Shit.* His voice made my eyes roll back. He hadn't even really touched me, yet I was already shaking.

He placed one hand on my knee, and my eyes followed as he gently dragged his fingers up my leg. He stopped to circle a spot on my inner thigh, my birthmark, then continued up. I sucked in a breath when his hand reached my middle. I was so sensitive; I could feel him through my jean shorts.

His other hand came up to my chin, pulling me up to look at him as he rubbed his thumb across my bottom lip. My tongue darted out to lick him, and as I brought it back into my mouth, he grabbed it. I yelped in surprise at the sharp pain, but my core was aching. I was enjoying this too much.

He pinched my tongue between his fingers and leaned forward, keeping his eyes on mine. He eventually released my tongue, but he'd captured it with his own before I could pull it back into my mouth. He sucked on it hard before letting it go with a loud pop. I spread my knees, and when he stepped between them, I tried my best to grind up against him.

The growl that escaped his lips almost had me unraveling right there. It was the sexiest sound I had ever heard.

"Please." I knew I sounded desperate, but I didn't care one bit. I needed him to fill me up and fuck me senseless. I was putty in his hands without him even doing anything, so I knew the sex would be mind-blowing. It was clear he knew what he was doing.

"Such a needy girl for me. Tell me, how many times has a man made you come before he was finished with you, little one?" He kissed my ear and the sensitive spot just below it, then continued a path of kisses down to my shoulder. I couldn't focus enough to respond to him. "Hmm?" he asked.

“I...uh...” I tried to gather myself enough to form a complete sentence. “Maybe once? The *men* in this town don’t know how to fuck.” My answer was breathy; I was close to finishing, and we still had our clothes on. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

His eyes sparkled as he sat back and took my face in his palms, smooshing my cheeks. “That changes tonight. You’ll be begging me to stop, but I won’t; not until I’m done with you. Understood?”

I nodded, unable to speak from the shock.

“Use your words,” he snarled, and I jumped.

“Understood.” I nodded my head quickly.

He snapped his fingers, and I felt a cold breeze skim across my body. I looked down with a start to find myself completely naked, my clothes in a neat, folded pile behind me. Aiden winked, and heat rushed to my cheeks. *He could see everything now.*

He let out a deep breath full of desire before pulling my knees until my ass slid to the altar’s edge. The sudden movement caused my body to fall back, and my head landed on the pillow of my clothes. *Clever man.*

I bit my lip as he took in the sight of my naked body laid out for him on his altar. I should’ve felt some sort of shame for being so willing for a stranger, but this was a dream, and I intended to enjoy it to the fullest. He kept his eyes on mine while he leaned down to kiss my inner thigh.

“Fuck.” My eyes rolled back into my head at the sensation of his lips. I rolled my hips forward, seeking more.

“So willing, little one. Are you ready to come for me?”

I nodded, eyes closed.

I felt his breath between my legs just before his tongue darted out to swipe across my clit. My body jumped at the stroke. One more lick, and I would come undone, I knew it.

“Oh god, please.” I couldn’t catch my breath, nor did I have the chance to before his tongue dove back in and circled my clit, sending me over the edge.

My entire body felt like it was on fire as I climaxed. I was embarrassed—I’d never been undone so soon. This man’s mouth was magic.

He pulled away and leaned up, licking me off his lips with a devilish smirk. “*God* has nothing to do with the things I’m going to do to you tonight, little one. After I am done with you, I don’t think *he* will want anything to do with you ever again.” I felt his finger enter me, and I groaned. “That’s one. Let’s work on two.”

I arched my back as he slid another finger inside me and curled them, hitting the spot no man had ever touched before. I moaned and turned my head to find something other than his face, only to make eye contact with Nicholas, the blue-eyed man I still could not fully see. He was watching, unmoved from his original position.

Those intense blue eyes were full of desire, I could see that much, but I couldn’t make out the features of his face, no matter how hard I looked. He stayed on that step, surveying my body, and something about it made me feel powerful. Sexy.

My attention snapped back to Aiden when he nipped my thigh. I yelped but welcomed the pain, and I wanted even more of it. His fingers continued to plunge in and out of me, and his thumb swiped my clit just right.

“I need to—”

“Come on my fingers, little one. *Now.*” His eyes burned brighter on the last word.

I felt my pussy clench around his fingers as I rode out another orgasm mere minutes after the first. My body jolted with aftershocks even after my orgasm dissipated.

“Two.” A third finger joined his other two. “Give me one more. Then, I am going to fuck that tight pussy of yours into a

fourth.” His mouth was on me again, and his teeth nipped at my sensitive clit.

I couldn't tell if I was moaning in pleasure or screaming in pain, or maybe both, but I didn't care. I was in fucking heaven.

My eyes refused to stay open as his fingers picked up speed. His mouth assaulted my sensitive clit, and as much as I wanted him to stop, I wanted him to keep going more. It was amazingly torturous.

“I can tell you're already ready. Come for me.” As if my body wanted nothing more than to please the man between my legs, it shook as another orgasm ripped through me, and I tensed with pleasure as I screamed his name.

“Good girl,” he purred, and I blushed at his praise.

As my body came down from the massive high, he withdrew his fingers and sucked them clean, ensuring I watched him do so. “Mmm... so fucking delicious.” His eyes closed for a moment as he savored the taste. “That's three.” He winked and leaned back over me.

He gripped my hips, and in one swift motion he had me flipped over, my legs off the altar and my feet on the floor. He pressed his hand to my back, pushing my chest into the cold stone.

“Fuck,” he groaned. “Let's see how you handle my cock now, little one.”

I heard him snap his fingers, then felt him rub the tip of himself over my dripping lips. I tried to turn my head to get a good look at him, curious as to how big he was, but one of his hands moved to my hair, keeping me facing forward, while the other swept up both my wrists and pinned them behind my back.

I felt a slight heat around my wrists. I yanked against the restraint, but I hissed when it burned. What the hell was *that*?

“Please don't resist, little one. You won't like it.” His hand in my hair tightened, and I moaned. My pussy was all kinds of

overstimulated, yet I was still aching for more. I pushed my ass against his cock, and he let out a moan, the sound making my knees shake.

He yanked my hair, pulling my head back as he slipped inside me. Correction: as he ripped me open with his cock. He was painfully large, and the strangled noises from my mouth confirmed that the pain wasn't just in my head. He stilled as my body tried to adjust to his size.

“You took me so well. Such a good girl.” I felt his fingers snake around my thighs to rub my clit. “I love the way you tighten around my cock. It's going to be so hard to control myself.”

My eyes rolled back as his fingers continued to strum against me. He slowly pulled out and slid back in, and the pain of his enormity quickly morphed into pleasure, even as his thrusts quickened.

I wanted to grab the sides of the altar for balance, but the heat around my wrists reminded me it wasn't a good idea. All I could do was lay there and take it.

The pressure built fast as he continued his thrusts, going harder with each one. I was at the mercy of this sex god, and he was determined to make me come again.

“Aiden, I—” I couldn't see or hear anything as my entire body went rigid and rode out yet another orgasm. I felt like I was going to pass out; my ears rang, and I saw stars even as my body relaxed.

“Such a good little whore for me. So fucking willing. It's like you were made for me.” He thrustled harshly a few more times, drawing out my post-orgasm spasms before pulling out completely. I whimpered at the loss of him. “Don't worry, baby. I'm not finished with you just yet. I want one more.” I went stiff under him. There was no way I had another orgasm in me.

My wrists were released, and I took the opportunity to stand and twirl to face him. He was covered in tattoos, some of

them looked like the strange symbols I'd seen on the door and the back wall. My eyes dropped below his hips. *Holy shit*. His cock was massive. I couldn't believe it fit inside me. I swallowed hard. "Please. I can't do another. No way."

He lifted me up by the back of my thighs and sat my ass on the altar. "You *will* come for me again, little one. You do not have that choice. That pussy is mine."

He tugged on my hips, pulling my ass to the edge, but this time, I resisted falling back, shaking my head at him.

"Please," I pleaded. Another orgasm would end me. He smiled, and I knew I was stuck. It wouldn't stop until he was finished. He'd given me that warning, and still, I'd agreed.

Aiden shook his head and clicked his tongue. He wiped a tear from my cheek; I hadn't even realized I'd been crying.

His eyes never left mine as he spoke over his shoulder. "Nicholas, a little help? It seems we're a little reluctant to uphold our end of the offering like a good girl."

My breath picked up as Nicholas stood from the step. Every step he took made my breath quicken. As he got closer, I was able to see his face. He looked exactly like Aiden, save for those blue eyes, a clean-shaven face, and slightly shorter hair. Twins. Fuck me.

He moved gracefully as he hoisted himself onto the altar and sat behind me, his legs crossed. I yelped when his cold hands grabbed my shoulders and pulled me down until my head was nestled in his lap.

"Shhh." Nicholas folded my arms above my head, settling them between his lower abdomen and the top of my head. He used one hand to hold my arms while the other caressed my cheek. He was so gentle, unlike his incandescent copy who was now smiling sadistically between my legs, his grip on my hips unforgiving.

My back arched off the altar as Aiden's fingers brushed against my clit. It was so sensitive, the touch erred on the side of pain. "You keep your eyes on Nicholas, little one."



I lifted my eyes to see Nicholas peering down at me. I kept my eyes glued to his, even when Aiden drove his massive cock deep into me again. I let out a noise I had never heard myself make as he pounded his hips into mine, each thrust rougher than the one before. It was unrelenting, and I felt like I might split in two.

Nicholas's hand left my face, and he dragged his fingers down my skin until they reached my breast. He pinched my erect nipple, and I hissed, closing my eyes while I relished in the fucked-up mix of pleasure and pain.

"Good girl," he whispered down to me. His voice was just as intoxicating as Aiden's. *Fuck*, it made me want to be *his* good girl.

Aiden's speed picked up, and Nicholas pinched my nipple even harder. I strained to free myself from his grip, but he held my arms tight. I trembled uncontrollably as the brothers continued to abuse my body; my vision going in and out as pleasure coiled in the pit of my stomach.

"We finish together, little one." Aiden's voice brought me back from the darkness threatening to overtake me.

"P-please," I cried out. I tried to meet each thrust with my own, but his hands held my hips tight, keeping me from finding my release.

"Not yet." His voice was tense. He was close too.

"No. Ple—" Nicholas's fingers released my nipple, and his large hand wrapped around my throat. It was tight enough to make me see stars again, and his eyes seemed to warn me not to disobey his brother.

Aiden's speed quickened again, and just when I thought I would pass out from the lack of oxygen, Nicholas released me as Aiden growled. "Come for me now. Come on my cock, little one."

He didn't have to tell me twice; I came. *Hard*. My legs tightened around Aiden as my head pressed back into

Nicholas's lap. I screamed and shook as I rode out the most intense orgasm I'd ever endured.

Aiden's thrusts slowed, becoming choppy as he spilled into me. It was unlike anything I had ever felt.

As I blacked out, I heard the twins praising me. This was a dream I would never, ever forget.



# Chapter 3

Keir

The fact that we had been nearby dealing with some low-life peasant demons was unbelievable. As I drove my sword into the chest of the last one, we heard the portal open, the door grinding open loud enough to hear through the forest. It hadn't been open in almost 400 years.

My younger twin brothers looked at me in shock when the sound hit us.

“Was that?” Nicholas asked.

“No fucking way.” Aiden shook his head.

I didn't respond. I turned and shadow-jumped, my favorite way to travel, until I reached the portal in the clearing nearby. The twins wouldn't be far behind me.

Sure enough, the door was open, the two hell-hound statues guarding the entrance standing at attention. I glanced around before stepping through the doorway. Our side of the portal was an empty room, but I'd heard rumors about the other side.

Supposedly, the other side was where humans made offerings to the entities of Hell, like us, the princes of Hell.

My heart practically thumped out of my chest. Our father would want to hear about this immediately, but I was hesitant. I never thought the day would actually come. I knew what he would expect of me, which was the opposite of what I wanted out of life. There was a reason my brothers and I lived in the city and not in the palace.

None of us got along with our father, but my relationship with him was decidedly more strained. He hated that I questioned him, that I was not as vicious as him.

As I approached the back wall, I felt a tug, like a thread had been tied to my beating heart. I rubbed my chest, confused.

*What the hell was that?*

“Hail Satan, it’s open!” Aiden exclaimed from the doorway. He walked through without a second thought, Nicholas right behind him.

“What’re we going to do?” Nicholas looked to me for an answer, and I hesitated.

My brothers were aware of my apprehension about running straight to our father. They’d willingly moved out with me when I left, but even though they disliked our father, they didn’t have the added responsibility of being his heir.

I ran my hand through my hair, and my sigh filled the silence. “I don’t fucking know. If we don’t tell Father, he’ll find out anyway.” I shook my head, thinking of some way to stall telling him.

“Well, we can’t let this opportunity go to waste, brothers.” Aiden stood at the back wall, the symbols of our demon ancestors beginning to glow across the stone. “Let’s go.” He jabbed his thumb at the wall.

“No.” I gave him a look of disbelief and shock.

“You don’t have to suck the fun out of *everything*, Keir.” My brother rolled his eyes, looking to his twin for help. They knew that if they joined forces against me, they’d win. I could never say no to them, and if I did, they’d do it anyway. If I gave in, I could at least keep an eye on them.

I didn’t wait for him to add his two cents before relenting. “Fine. Quick. We don’t leave the portal, though. No exploring. Got it?” I didn’t move until they both nodded their heads in agreement.

“What do you think there will be?” Aiden asked, a smile creeping across his face.

“Probably nothing. The portal hasn’t been open in so long; the human probably forgot all about us,” I stated with a shrug. I wasn’t expecting much, but I *was* interested in seeing the altar. I’d always been fascinated with the history of Hell’s

portals, but my fathers' obsession with getting one open made me weary of them. I didn't like this portal being opened one bit.

"Do you think the one who opened it is still there?" Nicholas looked between us.

The thought hadn't occurred to me. What if there was a human on the other side? It'd been hundreds of years since I saw a human in the flesh—the only time, if memory serves right—and the last one I laid eyes on was tortured and killed by my father for closing a portal.

"Let's hope not." My brothers' eyebrows shot up at my statement. "They're in trouble if they are. We'd have to take them."

"So...we *are* going to tell him?" Aiden questioned.

"Not sure yet." I gestured to the wall. "What're we waiting for?"

The twins' faces lit up, and we simultaneously pressed our hands against the wall. A bright white light surrounded us, and I raised my arm to shield my face. The feeling of being sent through the portal was a bit like my shadow-jumping, just more intense.

When the light faded, we were in a room almost identical to the one we'd just left, except this one wasn't empty. There was an altar...and a girl.

She stood between the wall and the altar, facing us, her face stricken with surprise. Her auburn hair was pulled into a ponytail, but some stray hairs framed her slim, pale face. She was small, and not just because she was short. *Did humans not eat anymore?*

Short—too short—shorts and a tank top hugged her tiny body. I shivered from the coolness of the room, and I was in my usual black pants and black, long-sleeved button-up. I couldn't believe she wasn't freezing in her lack of clothing.

Though she looked frail, she was striking; I could admit that with certainty. Her human features were soft in comparison to the women back home in Hell. I couldn't look away from her, and I couldn't explain why.

I was so focused on the woman before us, I hadn't noticed Aiden had begun to talk to her. She backed up as he stalked toward her, hitting the altar with her round ass. He emerald-green eyes were huge, glued to his face, and her chest rose and fell quickly.

A part of me felt sorry for her, like I should step in and save her from the trouble she was in—Aiden had clearly set his eyes on her. The poor girl was going to be another one of his victims. I wondered if a human could withstand what my brother put many, many demon women through back home.

The tug in my chest returned, but neither of my brothers appeared to be suffering the same thing.

Aiden asked us to join him in partaking in the offering—the silly girl offered *her body*. When she plopped onto the altar in front of us, her fate was sealed. She had no idea what that meant.

There were no takebacks when it came to offerings. According to the history of altars, whatever was placed on the altar belonged to whoever took the offering, indefinitely.

She belonged to us now.

I declined, spouting off a sharp comment about getting it over with. I took note of the woman's disappointment at my statement, but I stayed in the shadows, out of her sight. She was beautiful, I could admit that much, but she wasn't worth getting in trouble over. The faster Aiden finished, the sooner we could figure out how to handle the portal situation, and the human who opened it.

I watched as Aiden pulled her knees apart. I heard myself suck in a breath as I spotted the crown-shaped birthmark on her inner thigh, the one my brother's fingers now circled. He shot a glance at me, but I remained stoic. My shoulders lifted

and fell carelessly, not giving anything away, so he continued with her.

Of course, she *had* to be human. Of all the women in all the universes, she had to be *human*. Everything in me screamed to shove my brother aside and make her mine, but I stayed glued to the wall, even when Nicholas joined in. I refused to ruin her the way my father had ruined my mother, my *one-human* mother. The girl didn't deserve that.

She seemed unaware of our connections, distracted by the twins, so I took the opportunity to dig into her mind. Her name was Lillian May Stallard, 23 years old. Her favorite color was purple, and she had one friend—Kaitlyn. She also thought she was dreaming right now.

I chuckled. It was probably for the best that she thought this was a dream. We didn't need her blabbing, especially about the portal. That would complicate things further.

My heart wrenched as her traumatic past flashed through my mind. Men much older than her touching her, using her. She was a kid, and her mother sold her to those men for drugs. I burned every man's face into my mind before letting her go. They'd visit Hell soon enough, and I'd be waiting to make them suffer.

She was still enjoying herself with Aiden and Nicholas, which pained me on a whole new level. I wanted to be the one buried deep inside her, claiming her. I wanted to be the one making her face twist in pleasure. I wanted to be the one making her *scream*.

It took everything to remain in the dark, but I had to do it—for Lillian.

The poor girl had passed out by the time Aiden finished with her. She looked so peaceful; her eyes were closed, her breath steady.

The twins watched as I went to her, brushing my finger across her cheek, then tucking a few stray hairs behind her ears. It took all my restraint to pull away from her.



“Search her mind for her address. Take her home.” I knew I sounded more like a general barking an order, but I was beyond frustrated. So many emotions were coursing through my veins, and I didn’t want to deal with them now.

“Keir, she’s...” Aiden started.

“I *know*. I saw,” I snapped.

“But you want us to take her home?” Nicholas questioned me, concern in his voice. He meant well, but I just wanted her gone. I couldn’t handle being in the same room as her. I wanted her—*badly*—but I couldn’t have her. I needed her to go far away, for my control’s sake—for her sake.

“Yes.”

“What about Father? He’ll kill her if he finds out about the portal.” Aiden had her dressed and scooped in his arms in seconds. I was instantly jealous of the closeness of their bodies, but I couldn’t let them know I was so bothered. I had to keep my shit together.

“I have a plan. Lillian is going to close the portal. Father will never know about this. Ever.” I lifted my hand to touch her one more time, but I stopped mid-air. I couldn’t tempt myself like that.

Nicholas laughed. “You’re hilarious. She won’t leave everything behind to waltz into Hell with use and close the portal. No sane person would do that.”

I smirked. “You’re right, but I took care of that.” I tapped my head. “I planted a few thoughts. She won’t be able to stop thinking about us—well, you two. We have to go home first, though. We need to make sure the portal is a secret before we return for her. She will be ready to leave by then. She will *want* to come with us.”

“And when we get back home? What will you do with her?” Both twins looked at me, awaiting my answer, and I made a frustrated noise.

“I won’t make the same mistake Father did. Just...promise to take care of her.” Too many people compared me to my father, it was hard to believe I might not be. I’d never forgive myself if I destroyed the precious life of another the way he did.

My mother was once a bright, magnetic person. Her radiating positivity filled any room she stepped foot in. She was so kind. Mother would have done anything for our father, and she was blind to his cruelty. Eventually, she became a shell of herself, and an extension of *him*.

One day her laughter stopped. She no longer brightened the room. She never did anything without *his* explicit permission, quieting the moment he commanded her to. Honestly, I don’t even know who she is anymore, and I haven’t for a very long time.

I felt sick to my stomach at showing so much vulnerability, but I needed to know my brothers would be there for her when I couldn’t be.

My brothers nodded, and I felt a slight send of relief. It would be enough to see her happy with them. I could live with that, surely.

I felt like part of my heart left when the boys left to return her home.

I knew she couldn’t hear me—not yet—but I spoke to her thoughts anyway.

*We will come back for you, princess. I promise.*

Even though they’d left, I could still smell her, like honey and flowers. I touched the spot where she had offered herself to us, replaying her pleased moans in my head. It was agonizing, the worst torture I’d endured. Denying her was going to be one of the most challenging things I’d ever done.

After they returned, we made our way back to our city. Aiden assured me she was okay, even though I hadn’t requested confirmation. Aiden and Nicholas were possessive and protective, and I had no doubt Lillian would learn that

quickly. She was our offering, and there was nothing she could do about it now.



# Chapter 4

Lillian

I blinked rapidly as I woke, only to find myself in my own bed. How did I manage to make it home last night? Did someone find me and help me?

I pressed my lips together and looked around for any sign of what could have happened last night. My eyes stopped on my wrists, both of which had faint red markings ringing them.

I shot up. There was no way all of that really happened, right? Princes of Hell appearing out of nowhere, and one of them having their way with me? I had been crazy drunk, and clearly, something had happened. I just didn't know what that something was.

“Oh my god,” I muttered as I threw the covers off my legs and stood up. I fell to my knees when the soreness between my legs hit me. “What the fuck?” I whispered.

My door opened, and I let out a startled scream, my hand clutching my heart, feeling as if it was going to leap out of my chest.

“Whoa, girl.” Katie entered my room laughing, her hands up in surrender. “My bad. I totally didn't mean to scare the shit out of you. I was worried when I never heard from you last night.”

As I slowly stood, I grabbed my phone from the bedside table, scrolling through the numerous texts and calls from my best friend. “Sorry. I went for a walk, and next thing I knew....” I shrugged.

She laughed in disbelief and grabbed my wrists. “Went for a walk, huh?” She gestured to the red marks and gave me a wink. “Must've been some walk. Looks to me like you got a little *tied up*.” She quirked a brow as she waited for my response.

I pulled my wrists away, feeling a blush creep to my cheeks. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you. Trust me.”

She laughed. “I always knew you were kinky.” I almost corrected her, but thankfully, she changed topics. “So, have you heard *anything* back from all those applications we put in?”

It wasn’t my ideal topic, but it was better than the alternative.

I had been searching for a job for a while. No one in this town wanted to hire me, though, thanks to being Margaret Stallard’s daughter. My mom had a reputation, and that was ruining my life.

I rolled my eyes and turned to my dresser, picking out some comfy clothes. I deserved sweats and a T-shirt. I was sore in spots I didn’t even know existed. “Don’t even go there. I’m never going to get anything in this fucking town, Katie. I’m stuck. I’ll probably end up just like my mom. It’s what everyone’s waiting for anyway.” I bit my lower lip to keep from crying.

“I didn’t mean to....” She let out a breath. “Let’s just hang out today, okay? I don’t work until four, so you have me all to yourself until then. You look like you could use some girl time.”

I caught my reflection in the mirror on my wall. Geez, I looked rough. I looked like a damn truck ran me over and then backed up. I needed more than girl time.

I nodded. “Yeah. Okay.” I pulled off my shirt and jeans from the night before.

“Holy shit, Lilly. What the fuck *did* you do last night?” Katie was staring at me as if I had grown an extra appendage.

I looked down at my body, only to find light purplish bruises on my hips and thighs. I took a few deep breaths, trying to keep myself calm. Those spots were exactly where Aiden—.

“Oh my god.” My breath picked up as I began to panic. “Katie, you’re not gonna believe me, but something did happen last night. Something crazy.”

When I finally looked up at her, she nodded her head. “You can tell me anything, Lil. I *will* believe you. No matter what. I promise.” She sat on my bed and patted the spot next to her. “Did someone hurt you?” she asked me softly.

I shook my head and shrugged on my sweats before sitting beside her, nervously fiddling with my hands. “No one hurt me. Not like that, at least.” I looked up at her again, terrified to go on, but I had to tell *someone*. She was my best friend—my only friend. I could trust her. “What I’m about to tell you is crazy, and I don’t have a reasonable explanation for it, but I swear it happened.” She would call me a lunatic once I was done, but I had to get this out.

“Spill.”

So, I did. I told Katie everything. She didn’t stop me once, not even when I told her about Aiden and Nicholas and the steamy fiasco on the altar. She let out a long breath once I’d finished.

“Holy shit, Lilly. That sounds...”

“Crazy, I know. I have no explanation, but please believe me. It all felt so real, but I thought it was some crazy dream. Then, I woke up to *this*,” I pointed to my wrists and hips, “and I’m not so sure it was just a dream.” I stood before she could respond and began pacing, practically wearing holes in the carpet. I was sure my best friend was about to tell me how nuts I sounded and how I really was going to turn out just like my mom.

“*I was gonna say...* it sounds incredible.” She gave me a wink. “You’re sure you didn’t have anything extra last night? You were just drunk?”

Ouch. “So... you don’t believe me....”

“Shit. No. That’s not what I meant.” She sighed and rubbed her forehead.

“It’s fine.” I couldn’t keep from sounding sharp and irritated.

She stood in front of me and grabbed one of my hands, giving it a squeeze. “No, it’s not fine. That was shitty of me to say. I swear I believe you. I don’t think you are crazy, and you will *not* become your mom, Lilly.” She pulled me in for a tight hug.

The hug helped me relax as I reciprocated. I know she didn’t mean any harm. I probably would’ve asked her the same thing if the roles were reversed. She was just checking all the boxes.

“I forgive you, don’t worry.”

“Oh, I wasn’t worried about that. I’m your only friend. You *have* to forgive me,” she said with a smirk and a laugh.

“So, you *do* believe me? All of it?” I held my breath with anticipation. I hoped she believed me.

She nodded her head enthusiastically as she let me go. “Uh, yeah. I believe in ghosts, cryptids, aliens, all sorts of things. Hell and some ridiculously attractive princes aren’t *that* far-fetched.” She winked.

I rolled my eyes and sat back down on the bed, feeling more at ease now that I’d come clean to Katie, even though a small part of my brain wanted to know what the hell was going on. I shook off the feeling and told myself I needed to let it go and get on with my life.

Katie lit up, and I knew she had an idea. “C’mon, let’s go. Do you think you could get back to it? Maybe we can figure things out if we go back to the scene of the crime.”

I gave her a small smile. “I appreciate the gung-ho attitude, but I really just need some girl time, Katie. All that can wait.” I paused. “I want to forget about last night.”

Her shoulders slumped, but she nodded. “Yeah, of course. We can do that.”



“Your house, though. I’m already tired of being here.” I stuffed a change of clothes into a bag in case I decided to go out later, then I opened my door. “Let’s go.”

We stopped at the store for soda and ice cream on the way. My go-to girl time snack had always been a float, and she never forgot it.

We didn’t talk much. Instead, we settled on her couch under a fluffy blanket and watched romcoms while shoving our faces with our floats.

By the time Katie had to leave for work, I was feeling much more myself. In fact, I was feeling so much better that I decided to go to the bar to find someone to go home with. I was already aching for more sex, despite the crazy night I’d just had. I needed to get laid, and right now, I didn’t really care about anything else.



# Chapter 5

Keir

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## Chapter 6

Lillian

I sat alone at the bar, surveying my options, looking for tonight's saving grace. He had to be in here somewhere. The aching pressure between my legs was building and needed to be released.

Just as I was about to give up, I caught a pair of blue eyes staring at me. They were beautiful, but they were dull compared to Nicholas's. *Fuck*. I couldn't think about them if I was going to do this.

I offered him a shy smile and turned back to my drink. My fake shyness worked—out of the corner of my eye, I saw him stand and head in my direction.

“What's a pretty young thing like you doing alone on a night like tonight?” Now that he was closer, I could see he was older than me, probably in his early thirties. He looked worn down and empty, like he needed to be filled up, just like me. This could benefit both of us. I would be doing him a favor.

“Just trying to get over an old boyfriend.” I laid my trap carefully. I didn't want to come off desperate, but I knew what guys looking for a one-night stand needed to hear. I'd had enough practice.

I needed a lay, and that was it—no strings attached.

He looked me over with an overconfident expression and smirked. “I think I can help with that, if you're interested.”

I had to stop myself from rolling my eyes. Men were too used to getting into a girl's pants without even trying, but I didn't have time to teach him a lesson. I needed his cock. In me. Now.

“You think so?” I batted my eyes and bit my bottom lip.

Less than a minute later, we found ourselves in the women's room. I sat on the counter while we kissed, our tongues playing an awkward game. I thought of how Aiden's mouth felt so right on mine, but I immediately pushed the thought far away.

"Fuck me," I demanded, dropping the shy girl act.

His eyes widened with surprise before he smiled. He grabbed my shirt and pulled it over my head, but before he could toss it somewhere, I snagged it and set it on the counter. No way would I be putting my clothes back on if they touched this floor. I'd sooner leave naked.

He groped my chest and muttered about how perfect my body was, while I grabbed his hips and brought them to mine. He was hard, and I was ready.

I unfastened his jeans and quickly pulled out his cock. I was disappointed in the size, thanks to the view of Aiden's the night before. The image was ingrained in my memories. I shook it off and stroked him as he watched with hungry eyes.

I let him go and yanked my jeans off, placing them neatly with my shirt. I wiggled my underwear down and positioned myself on the counter's edge for easy access. Thank God he didn't need to be told what to do next. He positioned himself between my legs and slid in carefully. *Too carefully.*

I moved my hips to meet his slow thrusts. I didn't need time to adjust to him, so why the fuck was he going so slow?

"Faster," I demanded. He obeyed, and his thrusts picked up pace.

It was like being fucked by a pencil. I knew he was in there, but there was no friction. I moved and adjusted, trying to feel *something*, but before I could accomplish anything, he pulled out and spilled his cum onto my thighs.

"There you go, baby girl." He gave his cock a few more pumps before letting it drop, already soft and shriveled. I wanted to gag. "Look at what you made me do. Forget that old

boyfriend.” He gave me a wink, cleaned himself off, pulled his pants on, and left without a second thought.

I just sat there, completely stunned. Did he honestly think that was a good time for me?

I cleaned myself up as best I could in a bar bathroom. Thankfully, no one walked in until *after* I’d gotten my clothes back on. The woman looked me over and curled her lip, as if I was something disgusting. I rolled my eyes and stormed out.

The man was back at the bar, right where we’d been sitting, drinking a beer. I walked toward the door to make a quick escape, but he saw me before I could succeed. “I can at least buy you a drink.”

I shook my head and looked past him at the door. “No thanks. You’ve been so helpful already; I couldn’t possibly take more.” I feared I’d laid it on too thick, but then he grinned. “I’m just gonna go now. Thanks for that.”

I didn’t wait for him to say anything and walked right out of the bar, heading in the direction of my wretched home. After that disappointment of a fuck, the thoughts of the princes still in my head, and the unreleased pressure in my core, I just wanted to go home.

Luckily, my mom was nowhere in sight as I walked through the door. Grabbing a bottle of vodka from the kitchen, I poured myself a few shots. It went straight to my head, just as I’d hoped. I was buzzed by the time I headed to my room and fell face-first into my bed. I welcomed the familiar darkness of sleep and let myself fade into it.

*“Such a good girl, little one.” Aiden stared at me with his fire-filled eyes. He was so damn sexy.*

*He leaned in, and I reached up to touch him, but my arms wouldn’t move. I didn’t need to look to know he had tied me up.*

*Nicholas appeared behind him and clapped his hand on his brother’s shoulder. “So fucking sexy, isn’t she? I can’t wait to get my taste.”*

*I whimpered as moisture dripped down my thigh. I wanted them to touch me, to use me. I needed it. I wiggled around, moving my hips, hoping that, somehow, I could find relief from the unrelenting ache building between my legs.*

*The twins chuckled as they watched me struggle.*

*“Please,” I begged them. “It hurts.” I wasn’t talking about the restraints, and they knew it. Their eyes brightened as they took in the view.*

*“Remember, you begged for this.” Aiden stepped forward, his hands caressing every inch of my body. Being touched provided some relief, but my clit was painfully throbbing now. I would never be satisfied until they filled me.*

*“More,” I moaned quietly, unable to speak up.*

*Nicholas chuckled, and his hands joined his brother’s on my body. That wasn’t what I meant but fuck if I was going to stop their teasing. It still felt amazing. One of them drifted dangerously down towards my middle, only to stop just as I got excited.*

*I was crying and pleading with them now, pulling against the restraints as hard as I could. I felt something snake around my hips, tightening to hold me so I couldn’t even wiggle anymore, as wetness drip down my inner thighs.*

*“Oh, little one. Don’t worry. We have big plans for you.” Aiden smiled before they dropped their hands from my body and stepped away.*

*“No. Please.” I would take their hands on me over being restrained with nothing to feel but aching desire.*

*“Shhh.” Nicholas put a finger to his lips.*

*They parted, and a shadow emerged behind them. It was the taller brother. He stopped just in front of me, and I swallowed thick desire as his eyes trailed down my body to the pool between my legs. I was dripping wet.*

*He smiled, and I nearly lost myself. I was enthralled with him. I wanted to be as close to him as possible, and not just*

*sexually. I craved to meld with him, to be with him.*

*“Beg for it.”*

*That’s all it took. “Please. Please touch me, fuck me, anything.” My body shook as I pleaded for relief. “Please. Please. Please.”*

*He smiled, taking another step forward, and I let out a sigh of relief when he lifted his hand. He brought it to my cheek and -.*

“Lilly! LILLY! Wake the fuck up!” I groaned as my mom’s miserable voice filtered through my mind, interrupting my dream. I heard my drawers open and realized she was looking through my stuff.

“What the fuck, Margaret?” I got up out of bed and stretched, then looked at the clock. It was just before eight in the morning. That vodka knocked me out cold; I’d slept all night.

“Don’t talk to me like that, you ungrateful little...” she huffed and looked at me as if I had done something wrong. “Do you have any extra cash?” She turned around to continue searching through my drawers.

I snorted. “You’re joking, right? Me? Cash? *Extra* cash? You do realize no one will hire me thanks to my mother’s reputation, right? No one wants to touch me with a ten-foot pole.”

My mother turned again, eyes blazing. She was pissed, but there was something more on her face. Fear. She was scared. My mother was genuinely frightened. *What was going on?*

“You listen to me right now, Lillian May.” She pointed at me with a stern glare. “I owe some dangerous people a lot of money. If I don’t pay up soon, there will be consequences, and not just for me. You’ll suffer too.”

I did my best not to laugh, but a smile crept through my defenses. My mother was scared because the bad guys she owed money to would come for her—poor thing. Honestly, if

they took her, I don't think I'd be suffering much. If anything, I'd be better off.

"You stupid little bitch," she gritted through clenched teeth before storming out of my room and slamming the door behind her.

I let out the giggle I'd been holding in as I dressed for the day. I had court-ordered counseling; that lovely weekly event was all thanks to my mother coming home wasted on a night I had the courage to put her in her place. Needless to say, it didn't go well. The neighbors called the cops, and my mother and I were ordered to attend separate weekly therapy.

As I walked out of the house, I scoffed at the mess my mother had made looking for money. Every kitchen cabinet was open, dishes all over the counter. The couch cushions were laying on the floor. Even the coffee table was cleared, its contents on the floor. I'd have to clean that up later, as usual.

I sat in the lobby of the counselor's office, waiting for my name to be called. My counselor was fine, I guess. She was a middle-aged white woman who seemed genuine—I was the problem. I didn't want to be there, and I didn't take anything seriously. It was nice to have a space to say anything I felt, though. She disapproved of my partying and sleeping around—I could see it in her eyes.

"Lilly?" I stood at the sound of my name and followed her to her office.

We went through all the usual stuff: how I was feeling, how things had been with my mom, this morning's episode. I was honest and told her I kind of hoped my mom would disappear.

She went through her normal spiel of understanding my position but tried to convince me to be vulnerable with my mom in the hopes of repairing our relationship. I pretended to listen, but I had no intention of doing so once I got on my feet. If I ever got on my feet.

With ten minutes left of my session, she asked if I had anything else to get off my chest. I chewed on my cheek and

contemplated whether to tell her about the encounter two nights ago. *Fuck it*. If I was forced to go to these sessions, I might as well get some use out of them. Let's see what she had to say about this.

"Yeah, I, uh, I actually had this bizarre dream the other night." She sat back in her seat and looked at me with surprise. I usually ended the sessions early, claiming I had nothing else to discuss. I'm sure it was a pleasant shock, but she had no idea what she was in for.

"Tell me about it."

I told her about that night, but I made sure to mention I *knew* it was a dream, even though I didn't believe that anymore. As I got to the steamy parts, I tugged on my jacket sleeves, ensuring the faint but still noticeable marks around my wrists remained covered.

She listened intently, nodding to let me know she was engaged. After I'd finished, she scrunched her face up like she was thinking and leaned forward in her seat.

"That is one intense dream, Lilly." She waited for me to respond, but when I continued to fiddle with the rips in my jeans, she spoke again. "How did that make you feel?"

"I think I, uh, enjoyed it. It was unlike anything I'd ever experienced." *Literally*. "I just don't know what to make of it."

She nodded. "I hear you. You are not alone. This is more common than you think, especially with people who have experienced sexual trauma."

I shook my head. I had let it slip *once*, and this woman took every opportunity to get me to talk about it. "I'm not going there."

She nodded empathetically. "That's okay. We don't have to talk about anything you're uncomfortable with."

I bobbed my head but remained silent.

"It sounds like you may be looking for a thrill. Your dream was very different from your normal day-to-day. The dark

woods, the abandoned building, the strange men, the *encounter*.” She paused. “This was just a dream, but I would suggest you don’t put yourself in dangerous situations to get that adrenaline rush. If you truly want a thrill, try something safer, like skydiving or something.”

I nearly rolled my eyes and asked her how jumping out of a plane was safer than sex with a stranger, but my session was over. “Well, thanks for listening. I’ll see you next week.”

I practically ran out of the building. I put my hand on my chest once I exited the double glass doors and focused on taking deep breaths. So much was running through my head; talking about Aiden and his brothers as if they were a dream didn’t sit well with me. The fact that I woke up in my own bed and hadn’t heard from them since made my head spin.

I pulled out my phone and called Katie. “Hey, are you busy?” I asked before she could even say hello. “I *really* need to talk. I’m going to lose my mind.”

“Yeah, totally. Come on over...or do I need to pick you up?”

I shook my head, even though she couldn’t see me. “No, I just left therapy, so I’m like a six-minute walk away.”

“Perfect. Gives me time to doll myself up for you,” she snickered.

“Can’t wait.” I was too worked up to enjoy her joke.

Why was I so hung up on those men? I didn’t even know them. My life was changed thanks to them, and I wasn’t sure if that was a good or bad thing. *Fuck me.*





# Chapter 7

Lillian

Katie opened her door before I even stepped onto the porch. My best friend was glowing, her long blonde hair swaying in the breeze, a gorgeous, straight, white smile on her face, sunlight bouncing off her high cheekbones. I'd always been jealous of her beauty. I was the average-looking friend, the one guys turned to after she rejected them.

"Hey," I muttered, a frown tugging at the corners of my mouth.

"Oh, yeah, you *do* need to talk." She closed the door behind me and followed me to the couch. "What's going on?"

I laid my head in my hands. I didn't even know where to begin. What if she thought I was being ridiculous? I didn't even know these guys, and they hadn't bothered to stick around anyway. I was beginning to feel desperate, which made me sick to my stomach. It didn't feel like *me*.

"I can't stop thinking about them."

"Oh." Her eyebrows scrunched together. "The guys from Hell?"

I nodded and looked up at her. "I don't obsess. I don't get attached. I don't do anything more than sex." She nodded and waited for me to continue. "I went to Rhea's Bar and hooked up with a guy last night. It was awful; the worst sex I've ever had. All I could think about was them, even after. I went home. I took some shots. I went to sleep. *Boom*. They were in my dreams. It was fucking *amazing* until *Margaret* interrupted with another one of her frantic money searches." She opened her mouth to say something, but I kept talking. "Then today at therapy..."

"You told your *counselor* you fucked a prince of Hell?" She gave me a look like she did not think it was a good idea.

“What? No. God no.” She relaxed. “I told her it was a dream.” Her eyes widened. “*I know*. I just needed to talk about it. I thought it would make me feel better, but talking about them as if they weren’t real *killed* me! She thought I was dreaming because I’m a thrill seeker. They *were* there, though. They’re real. They touched me, and now I can’t stop thinking about them, Katie. What am I gonna do?”

I pressed the heels of my hands into my eyes and forced the tears back, feeling weak for getting so emotional over these strangers. I couldn’t help it, though. I felt full when I was with them, and not just because they literally filled me. Now, without them, I felt like something was missing.

“I have an idea.” I looked up at her and cocked a brow, waiting for her to continue. “Let’s go back to the scene of the crime. Maybe there’s something there. Maybe *they’re* there. Come on. You owe it to yourself to explore this. I’ve never seen you so torn up over a man.”

She was right. This was completely out of character for me. It had always been easy not to get attached or care, but these men? Whatever this was, it was different. That had to count for something, right?

“I’m scared,” I sighed. “What if it turns out it *was* just some crazy dream, or a crazy trip? What if I’m losing it? *Fuck*. What if I *am* just like...”

Katie didn’t let me finish my sentence. “Nope. Get your ass up. We are getting to the bottom of this. You’re not crazy, Lilly, not even a little bit.” She grabbed her keys and walked to the front door, where she placed her hand on her hip and waited for me impatiently.

“Fine,” I grumbled as I joined her.

She gave me a triumphant smile as she led us out to her car.

We rode in silence except for me telling her where to go, turn, and eventually stop. When she pulled over to the side of the road, my leg was bouncing, my mind racing.

What if they weren't there? What would I do if this was just some trip to crazy town? I shook my head, trying in vain to get rid of the negative thoughts.

*But...* What if they *were* there? What would I do? What would I say? Would I be happy? Would they even want me, or was what happened supposed to be a one-time thing?

Katie cleared her throat. "So, we walk from here? Do you know the way?"

I nodded to both questions, unable to speak as dread began to fill me. I was terrified to unravel this whole mess, terrified about what it might reveal once I did.

My knees buckled at a sudden, indescribable, *fucking intense* force hitting my body as I exited the car.

Katie rushed around to help me stand back up, her eyes almost bugging out of her head in shock. "The fuck, Lilly?"

I took a few slow breaths, and the pain in my chest faded, but I still felt a slight tug pulling me into the woods. "I, uh, I don't know, but I feel *something*."

Katie's face was laced with worry, but I smiled and assured her I was okay as we walked into the woods. I knew where I was going, but even if I didn't, my body did, like I was being drawn to the building on instinct.

Once the concrete shed came into view, I relaxed, and a wave of peace flushed over my body. It was almost like coming home. I tried to shake the feeling; it felt too weird across my skin for my liking.

"This is it," I whispered to Katie as we approached the back of the building.

Katie's eyes widened, probably because she wasn't expecting to find anything, yet here it was. "Holy shit," she whispered back.

Holy shit was right.

We rounded the side, and I noticed the door was open as we reached the front. Was I really the one who opened that door?

My eyes shot up to Katie's as laughter bellowed from inside.

"Your *princes*, perhaps?" Katie whispered as she wiggled her eyebrows.

"Shut up," I smirked and stepped inside.

To my disappointment, it was not *my princes*. It was Austin Marlo, the town's 'party god', and his three henchmen buddies. One of his friends sat on the end of the altar right where...

"Lilly fucking Stallard. Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?" Austin licked his lips as he approached us. "Katie." He gave her a curt nod before his attention returned to me.

"Wh—what're you doing here, Austin?" I sounded like I had just found someone going through my bedroom; seeing them where I *might have* given my body to total strangers made me feel violated.

"I could ask you the same thing, Lilly. I'm surprised you're even alive after the other night." He winked.

"What do you mean?" Had he seen me after I left the party? Did he know what happened?

"I have never, ever seen you so wasted. I tried to get you to stay, but you insisted you needed a walk." He chuckled. "You couldn't even stand without wobbling, but that didn't stop you from marching into the woods." He moved two of his fingers in the air while he spoke.

I let out a breath of relief. So Austin didn't know about that night, and his story confirmed that I had left the party. I wasn't drugged and passed out there. That should've made me feel better, but I needed more proof—hard evidence.

"Yeah, I, uh, just needed some fresh air. I had *way* too much to drink." I bit the inside of my lip and contemplated

how to get these guys to leave so I could search for my answers.

“No worries. I’m just glad to see you in one...” his eyes roamed my body, and I tried not to squirm, “*spectacular piece.*”

I rolled my eyes and sucked on my front two teeth. “So why are you guys out here?” I tried my best to sound more nonchalant.

He shrugged. “Pure fucking curiosity. The boys and I were out here looking for wood for tonight’s bonfire, where I hope to see you later, when we saw this thing. Thought we’d have a good look around. I’ve been out here a million times, but I’ve never seen it before.”

Katie met my gaze, jutting at me with wide eyes.

“Oh, cool.” I tried to sound as uninterested as possible, as if I wasn’t the one who’d opened the door, as if I hadn’t been here a few nights ago screaming in pleasure on that altar. As if I wasn’t here trying to find the three men I’d offered myself up to.

“I guess. Nothin’ in here, though.” He turned to his friends. “Let’s get outta here. We need a lot more wood if we want tonight’s bonfire to be epic.”

His friends walked out the door, but Austin stopped mere inches from me. He brushed his finger down my cheek and neck, and I fought the urge to pull away. “I hope to see you there tonight. We’re both due for a little fun. It’s been far too long.” With that, he left me and Katie alone.

After a long pause, Katie spoke. “*It’s been far too long,*” she mimicked Austin, and we laughed. “Didn’t you just sleep with him last week? Damn, you must have one irresistible vagina.” She laughed harder, amused with herself.

“Shut the fuck up, Katie. You’re just jealous, you *prude.*” I stuck my tongue out at her. “Get looking. We gotta find something that proves I was here the other night *and* that *they* were here too.” I beelined for the altar and dragged my hand

along its edge until I reached the spot where I'd willingly offered my body to the princes of Hell. Being here only made it feel more real.

I sucked in a breath, and my thighs clenched at the memory. I was thankful the soreness had mostly subsided, but I was still reminded of the life-altering sex I'd had. No one had ever given me such a pleasure high, let alone left me so sore. I groaned inwardly as I was reminded of the unrelenting ache between my legs. I needed release, and soon.

Katie was at the back wall, tapping her hands along each brick. "They just walked out of this wall?" I didn't feel like answering that question. I knew it seemed ridiculous; the wall was solid stone. Fuck, I knew this was a bad idea.

Pressing my lips together, I leaned against the altar, facing Katie. I set my hands down on either side of me, about to tell Katie to forget about it, when my fingers brushed something. I quickly spun and ducked to look under the table.

"What did you find?" Katie almost tripped over herself as she rushed to my side. I held up an envelope, and her jaw dropped. "Oooh... Read. It."

I swallowed thickly, and my fingers trembled as I peeled open the envelope. I removed a folded piece of paper and took a deep breath before opening it.

I knew you would come back to the site of our sins.

We have some business to attend to in Hell, but we will be back for you, little one.

Your Princes

My hand clapped over my mouth in disbelief, and Katie grabbed my arm. Hard. "Holy fuck, Lilly."

"I know." I wasn't crazy. They called themselves *mine*. *My princes*. This letter was proof it had happened. I let a prince of Hell use me. I had *given* myself to the princes of Hell. I fought a huge grin, and my heart swelled in my chest. This was so not normal.

“My best friend fucked a prince of Hell,” Katie yelled.

I smacked her arm. “Technically, he did the fucking.” She rubbed her arm and sneered at me. “Alright, let’s go.” I held up the note. “This was all I needed.”

“We’re just gonna leave? What about the princes?” She looked at me as if I was stupid.

“Katie, I don’t think they’re very concerned with me,” I gestured around the empty room, “if they aren’t here. Fuck them. They left, and I have needs. I *need* to get wasted and laid, preferably in that order.”

“But they said they’d come back for you... *little one*,” she teased. “Don’t you think they’ll be pissed off if you go fucking other guys?”

I laughed and rolled my eyes. “I already had sex with someone else. Granted, it sucked, but I’m not waiting around. We’re leaving. The other night was fun, but that was all it was. A fun time.” I wasn’t sure who I was trying to convince: me or Katie. I started towards the door and tucked the note into my back pocket, a token from an unforgettable night. “Come on. We need to stop at my house for some clothes first. Can we stop talking about all this?”

“So, we’re going to Austin’s party?”

“Yep.” I needed to let loose after being so wound up over this whole thing. Who was I to turn down a good time if Austin was offering?

Once outside, I tried to close the door, but it wouldn’t budge. *Whatever*. Hell’s portal could stay open for all I cared. I wasn’t coming back here anyway.

“Such a cutie.” Katie was petting one of the three-headed canine statues. “What?” she said when she saw my twisted face.

“You’re so fucking weird.” I smiled as I walked around the building, heading back to the car.



“And you’re a fucking asshole,” Katie mumbled as she followed me.

After a quick stop at my house for a more party-appropriate outfit, we made our way to Katie’s house to get ready. The entire time, she rambled on about how her whole life felt upside down now that she knew Hell really did exist, and that it had princes too. I didn’t indulge in her conversation. Somehow, I’d always known Hell was real, since I knew I belonged there. Now, I belonged to its princes too. So why did they leave?



## Chapter 8

Lillian

Austin must've seen Katie's car pull up, because he met us halfway to the bonfire, which was already blazing.

"Just the girl I was hoping to see." He was already a little buzzed, and I got a whiff of the alcohol on his breath as he slung his arm around my shoulders. "I'm so glad you made it, Lilly." He looked at Katie. "Matthew's already here, and he was asking about you."

Katie's eyes lit up, and she silently pleaded with me to let her go. She was obsessed with Matthew and had been for years. Everyone knew it, probably even Matthew himself. She had mentioned wanting to finally tell him how she felt tonight if she could work up the nerve.

I smiled. "Go find him. You got this."

"You're sure?" Her eyes darted to Austin before returning to mine.

"I'm sure. Make tonight the night. Go get him." I winked at her and canted my head toward the bonfire.

She nodded excitedly and hurried off. Hopefully, my staying with Austin would be worth it if she told Matthew she liked him. I'd never understood not telling someone how you felt about them, but no guy had ever made me feel that strongly, so I was no expert.

"Did I do something, Lilly?" Austin stopped and grabbed my arm, bringing me to a halt.

"What? No. What do you mean?" I knew exactly what he meant, and I had been dreading this conversation. I knew I should have followed Katie.

Austin had been after me for years, but I'd always brushed him off and said I wasn't looking for a relationship. Finally, a

few months ago, when I was drunk and horny, I slept with him. Afterward, I was very clear it was just sex, and he pretended to be okay with it.

I knew I should've ended it there, but Austin was good in bed. We'd fucked a couple of times a week since then, but I'd been avoiding him lately. He made things super weird when he looked at me post-sex and told me he was falling for me.

*We were both breathless and sweaty after our typical Friday 'blowing off some steam' session. I was on my back next to him, his fingers trailing along my inner arm, which kind of tickled.*

*"Lilly, look..." He paused, seeming nervous.*

*I turned to look at him, a satisfied smile on my face. "What is it?"*

*He shook his head, returning to tickling my arm.*

*I sat up on my elbow and looked at him, my eyebrows knitting together. "Seriously, Austin, what is it? You can tell me." I poked his side, earning me a chuckle and a poke back.*

*"You'll hate me," he muttered.*

*Now I was really curious. "I would never hate you, Austin. Just tell me. Is it serious? Do you have an STD or something?"*

*"No!" He looked at me like I'd just accused him of murdering his mother, his entire face twisting. "I just... I know you said this was just sex, but..." He stopped and looked into my eyes.*

*Oh shit.*

*"I think I'm falling in love with you, Lilly." His cheeks lifted with his lips as a goofy grin accompanied his confession.*

*All I could do was stare at him. I didn't say a word as I got dressed, and he cursed repeatedly, apologizing and saying he was just caught up in the moment.*

I couldn't get out of his house fast enough, and I hadn't responded to his many, *many* texts since.

"I just feel like you've been avoiding me. It's been a whole week since we've even talked, let alone...." He reached out to touch my face, but I pulled back. Hurt painted his face immediately. *Shit.*

"Look, I'm sorry. I just...I thought I made it very clear it was *just* sex, but I don't think you're okay with that. We should stop this before—"

"No. Please. I can do *just* sex. I can." He let out a heavy breath. "Let me prove it to you. Let's go back to my car and blow off some steam before joining everyone." His tongue skirted across his lower lip as his eyes scanned my body.

I sighed and chewed the inside of my cheek. Sex sounded great right now, but I was not in the mood to deal with a clingy Austin. Everything in my body screamed to walk away as he leaned in and kissed my lips so gently, I barely felt it. Maybe I could give him another chance. I *did* need to blow off some steam.

I rolled my eyes playfully and poked my finger into his chest. "*Just* sex," I insisted with a stern look.

"Just sex. Yeah. I got it." He smiled and bit his lower lip, most likely to help contain his eagerness and not scare me off as he grabbed my hand and pulled me to his car.

Between the kissing and trying to get into the backseat, we only got our clothes off enough for me to slide onto him. I couldn't wait any longer, and I knew Austin wanted me as much as I wanted sex. As I rode him, his lips caressed my chest, my shoulders, my face, my mouth. It was chaotic and sporadic, and if I didn't need the sex so severely, it would have been enough for me to stop and leave.

I should have felt something as I bounced on his lap, some sort of satisfaction or fullness, but I didn't. His cock felt nice, no more, no less.

He groaned, moving his hips to meet mine. His eyes were squeezed shut in pleasure, his head thrown back against the seat. I took the opportunity to kiss his exposed neck, earning me a moan. I still felt nothing. I needed to feel *something*, or this was worthless.

I reached up to my nipple and gave it a pinch, trying to recreate how Nicholas touched me that night. The combination of the pain and the memory made me moan. *Finally*.

“There she is. Fuck, Lilly, just like that, baby.” I tried not to roll my eyes. I hated when he called me baby. It felt too intimate, and intimacy was the exact opposite of what I wanted from him, especially now.

His body stiffened as I picked up speed, and I felt heat rush in. He was already done. My own pleasure hadn’t even had a chance to build. I was more frustrated than before. I cursed quietly, I knew I shouldn’t have fucked him again.

He finished spilling into me and opened his sex-drunk eyes, so I quickly forced a satisfied smile onto my face. Had I been any other girl, his adorably cheeky grin would have made me swoon, but I was thinking about another man’s cock and how much I missed it.

“Wow,” he spoke between rapid breaths. “That was amazing. It was so worth the week you made me wait.” He chuckled.

I tried to mimic his happy, satisfied mood, which was beyond difficult given the heightened sexual frustration I now felt. I needed to find someone else to fuck me tonight. *Really* fuck me.

“Let’s go get some drinks. I’m thirsty.” I tugged my clothes up and opened the door. Austin scrambled out behind me, doing the same. As he fastened his jeans, he stared at me. “What?” I inwardly cringed, hoping that hadn’t come out as disgusted as it felt.

He chuckled. “Admit it, Lilly: you can’t get enough of me either.” He winked.

Every fiber of my body was engaged to keep my eyes from rolling and lips from letting out the loudest huff in history. *Fuck me.* I knew better. I should have never gotten in that car with him. I was so blinded by pure need, just wanting meaningless sex, that I hadn't recognized that Austin wasn't capable of it.

I closed my eyes and took a breath before speaking. "We can't keep doing this. I'll only hurt you." I hoped that by blaming myself, it would soften the blow.

"Shit." His face fell, and I felt a pang of guilt. "I didn't mean..."

"It doesn't matter. *This,*" I waved my hand back and forth between us, "is done. I'm sorry." I turned away, but he grabbed my arm roughly and spun me back around. "Let me go, Austin." I gritted my teeth as his grip tightened. He had never touched me like this, and it was starting to sting.

"Lilly - *fuck,*" he shouted. "Let's cut the bullshit. Stop fucking toying with me. You know you like me, and I like you, so stop running. The chase isn't fun anymore. Keep this shit up, and you'll end up like your mom: knocked up, psycho, and alone for the rest of your—"

I saw red as I slapped his face with my free hand. "Never. Compare. Me. To. Her." I was breathing heavily, and I knew my nostrils were flared. *Attractive.* "Let me go, Austin, or I'm screaming. I don't like you like that; I never have. It was always just sex, and I was very clear with you. I never led you on. Don't come near me ever again."

Just as I yanked my arm from his grip and turned toward the bonfire, a man stepped out from behind a nearby car. "Everything okay here?"

Austin beat me to a response. "Everything's fine, man. Thanks. My girl and I are just—"

"*Not* your girl." I didn't even turn around to look at him. "I'm okay. I just *really* need a drink."

“Say no more.” Mystery Man held his arm out, inviting me to go before him. I plastered a smile on my face, and I walked past him.

He followed close behind. Somehow, that made me feel better, even though I didn’t need the buffer between me and Austin. I could handle him on my own.

“That guy was a prick,” the man chuckled. “You’re welcome.” He was walking next to me now.

I glanced up at him and laughed. “Oh? You think I needed saving? I’m some poor damsel in distress who needed you to swoop in?”

He grimaced, and I regretted biting his head off. “Sorry, totally not what I meant. I didn’t want you to get hurt. Guys like him can be dangerous. They’ll snap at any minute.”

I rolled my eyes. “Austin is a teddy bear. He just can’t take a hint or handle being cut off. I don’t want to dwell on that right now, though. I need that drink. Pronto.”

“I get it. I’m here to drown some deep shit myself.” He winked, and I couldn’t help but smile. “Drown them with me? I don’t know about you, but I could use some...” His eyes drifted down to my chest before he coughed and looked back up to my eyes. “Some company.”

I licked my lips and nodded. I was *so* going home with this guy tonight. “Let’s go.”

We were both drunk and laughing on a bench a couple hours later. He’d told me his name was Garrett, and that he’d been a grade above us in school, which explained why he seemed so familiar. He revealed that his long-distance girlfriend had cheated on him, so he’d decided to come to the bonfire tonight to forget about her.

I tried to act surprised when he asked me to go back to his place, but I readily agreed. This was perfect. I needed a good fuck, and he had been trapped in a long-distance relationship, so he needed one too.



I tried to find Katie to tell her not to wait for me, but she was making out with Matt against a tree. I didn't dare disturb that adorable scene, considering it had taken her years to make that move. I sent her a quick text, telling her I was going home with someone and would catch up tomorrow.

As I walked past the bonfire to rejoin Garrett, I caught Austin watching me, looking particularly angry. He had no reason to be mad, though. I was not his, and I had never been.

Garrett drove us to his house with his hand stroking my inner thigh the whole time.



## Chapter 9

Lillian

Being an accountant's assistant must've paid well, because Garrett's house was amazing. It was not what I expected, but I guess he had been planning to share it with his long-distance ex-girlfriend and start a family, so it made sense.

The moment the front door closed, I pounced. He was surprised but caught himself quickly once our mouths met. I let his tongue in and moaned as it swept through my mouth, almost like it was looking for something. I secretly hoped he would find what he needed in me tonight, just as I hoped to scratch my own itch with him.

He grabbed my hips and lifted me so I could wrap my legs around his waist before he began walking down the hall, towards his bedroom, I assumed.

He slammed my back against the wall while he used a hand to open the door. "Shit, sorry, that was kind of hard."

I giggled. "Don't worry. I kinda liked it." I kissed his neck as he pulled us into the room.

He laid me on the bed and leaned away to pull his shirt off. "Did I manage to score the kinky girl at the party? What luck I must have that she's gorgeous too." He winked and smacked my thigh playfully. I wished he'd hit me harder.

I bit down on my thumb as he pulled off his bottoms. He was bigger than Austin, but not as big as Aiden. *Shit*. I had to get Aiden out of my head, or I wouldn't get what I needed out of this. My core was quite literally aching; I could feel my heartbeat in my clit.

"What happened to your hand, Lilly?" He looked at my right hand.

I winced slightly – that was *the* hand. The hand that opened the portal with the memories of the most fantastic sex I've

ever had. *Stop thinking about them, Lilly.*

“I cut it while slicing tomatoes the other day.” I bit my lip and ran my eyes over his naked body. I saw his cock twitch, and I brought my eyes back to his. He was back to looking at me like a snack. *Perfect.*

“It’s your turn. Clothes off,” he half-demanded. It was hot, and it was the exact distraction I needed at the moment. I wanted him to boss me around, use my body, and make me *forget.*

I lifted my back off the bed, took off my shirt and bra, then wiggled my jeans and underwear down my legs. He grabbed them once I got them to my ankles and yanked them onto the floor.

I lifted my hips to grind against him as he climbed on top of me, his mouth colliding with mine again. I slid my hands down his back and pressed his body into mine impatiently.

“Please,” I moaned into his lips as I lifted my hips again.

He pulled back and reached into the drawer next to his bed. Once I heard the sound of a wrapper, I knew he had grabbed a condom. A dramatic huff left my mouth unchecked.

“I swear I’m clean and get the shot every month.” I *hated* condoms. They took away some of the feeling. I need to *feel* everything right now.

“We just met, Lilly. You should want—no, you should *expect* me to be careful with you.” I held back a disappointed groan as he rolled the condom down his length. Whatever. I was still getting sex. I knew he was just being responsible; good for him.

He positioned himself between my legs and slid in slowly, taking his time. I clenched around his cock, trying to create more friction as he started thrusting. He moaned and pushed all of himself inside me, but it wasn’t enough.

“More,” I pleaded with him as I closed my eyes and pressed the back of my head into the bed. I needed *more*—much more.

He sped up, his thrusts a little harder, but it still wasn't enough. I brought my hands up to my breasts to knead them.

"Fuck." I opened my eyes to find him staring at me behind heavy lids, his eyes on my chest. "Keep doing that."

He didn't need to repeat himself. I squeezed them harder, then moved my fingers to my nipples, pinching and plucking at them. I moaned and my back arched, allowing him to go even deeper. It still wasn't enough.

Garrett hooked his arms under my knees, pulling me to him with each thrust. I closed my eyes and pictured myself on the altar. The way Aiden's eyes burned right through me. The way his mouth felt between my legs. The way his twin held me down for him. The way he filled me with his cock like I was going to burst. The way he commanded my body. The way it listened—the way he made me come over and over again.

I moaned and I pinched my nipple harder. I could feel it building. *Yes.* I was going to cross the finish line.

"Fuck me. Harder. Please." I didn't open my eyes to the man between my legs. Instead, I pictured Aiden between them instead, fucking me like a ragdoll.

My lips parted, and my head fell back as I came. My breath was ragged as the sounds of pleasure flowed freely from my lips. I felt Garrett stiffen as he finished along with me, and then neither of us moved for a while.

I finally opened my eyes once Garrett slid out and cleaned himself up. When he turned back to me, now dressed in sweats, he gave me an odd look, like he was about to say something awkward. "So..."

I sat up, embarrassed. "I'll go home, don't worry. I don't need to stay here. You don't have to kick me out." I'd done this many times before. I knew the drill.

He rubbed the back of his neck. "Definitely not what I was going to say. I'm good for those after-sex cuddles." He winked, and I couldn't help the way the corners of my mouth twitched. "No strings attached, I swear." He threw his hands

up in surrender. “Plus, it’s way too late for a gentleman like me to kick out a lady like you.”

I nearly snorted. I was *not* a lady, but he didn’t need to know that.

He continued. “I just didn’t know if you knew you were moaning another guy’s name there at the end.” He shrugged. “It’s fine, we just met, and this was just sex. It’s not like I expected my name, but it caught me off guard. Just thought you might want to know.”

I felt the heat in my cheeks immediately. I had moaned *Aiden’s* name; I didn’t need Garrett to confirm it for me. I was thinking of being fucked by a prince of Hell, and I moaned his name while another man had his cock inside me. That had to be an all-time low for me.

I let out a breath with a wince. “Wow. Fuck. I am so sorry. It’s just—”

“Lilly, you don’t owe me an explanation. Your life is your own, but if this guy is on your mind when you’re in bed with someone else, maybe you should think about that. This is coming from someone who spent too long in the bed of someone who *was* thinking of someone else. I know what I’m talking about.” He gave me a sympathetic smile and crawled under the covers. He patted the spot next to him. “Come on. Let’s get some sleep. Then tomorrow, you can go find this Aiden guy.”

I shook my head and bit my lip, hesitating for a moment before I crawled in next to him. I needed to fuck more mature men, men like Garrett. After sex cuddles? No strings attached? Even after I moaned another guy’s name? A girl could get used to this.

I slept with Garrett’s arms wrapped tightly around me. I dreamt of the princes again, but they just stared at me this time, refusing to get anywhere near me. They were disappointed in me for sleeping with someone else. It served them right for leaving me here, though.

The following morning, Garrett cooked us breakfast and gave me some painkillers for the hangover. We hung out until noon, after he insisted I stay to try his killer lasagna. He said his girlfriend hated carbs and would never eat his food. I felt bad for him, plus I loved pasta, so I stayed and ate lunch. It *was* killer.

After lunch, he offered to drive me home, but I had him take me to Katie's instead. He dropped me off with a chaste kiss on my cheek and well wishes, thanking me for the night before.

I should have been swooning. Garrett was handsome, a true gentleman, but I wasn't even thinking about him. I was thinking of my princes of Hell.

*Fuck.* I needed a girl talk so bad.





# Chapter 10

Lillian

As usual, Katie had her door open by the time I climbed the porch steps. Her jaw was dropped as she stared behind me at the guy who'd brought me here. I turned and waved back at Garrett as he drove away.

“Oh, my god. You fucked Garrett? Garrett Holston? *The* Garrett Holston? The guy literally every girl in school wanted to be with?” She took a breath, then her face scrunched up in confusion. “Wait, isn't he practically married?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes. *Yes*. And no, she cheated on him, and he needed to get over her.” I shrugged my shoulders nonchalantly. “I needed a good fuck after being so disappointed by Austin's performance.”

Her eyes widened. “You fucked Austin too?”

“Hey, don't slut shame me. Yes, I fucked Austin.” I sat down on her couch and let out a long, dramatic breath. “It was nothing. Literally. Uneventful car sex.” I told her about cutting things off with Austin, Garrett showing up, going back to his house, and even how I moaned Aiden's name.

I avoided her face the entire time. I was starting to feel ashamed about last night, and I *never* felt shame. My body was mine to do with as I pleased, but a small voice in the back of my head asked if that was still true. Sex drove all my actions last night. I blamed the princes, but I was too needy for my own good.

Maybe my therapist was right. I was addicted to sex. Unfortunately, these princes had ruined my sex life in just one night.

“Whoa.” She went to her kitchen and returned with two water bottles. I took one of them as she sat beside me, crossing her legs under her. “Okay. So, you need to find the princes,”

she said matter-of-factly. “Clearly, this means more to you than just sex. You gotta find them, Lil. You *deserve* to figure out what it is.”

I laughed dismissively and turned to her. “Figure out what? Aiden gave me some mind-blowing orgasms, Nicholas helped him, and the other leaned against the wall and watched. So they gave me a great time, and somehow, that’s more than a one-night stand? They didn’t even stick around. I don’t know anything about them. I couldn’t find them even if I wanted to. You’re crazy.”

She looked hurt at my tone but gave me a small smile, almost like she pitied me. “Look, I’m not saying this is some crazy soulmate situation, but clearly, there’s something here. They have a hold on you. That’s nothing to be ashamed of, Lilly. You don’t have to run from feeling things.”

“Katie, they’re *gone*. There’s nothing to explore because they aren’t even here.” I sighed and blinked as I felt a single tear run down my cheek. “Fuck,” I huffed and wiped the tear away. I hated emotions. “You’re right.”

She leaned into me playfully. “Of course I am. About them not being here... Didn’t the note say they would be coming back for you?” She eyed me mischievously. “*Little one*.”

I hit her with a pillow, and she shrieked. “Fuck you, Katie. I never should have let you read that letter. You suck.”

She was right, though, about everything. I couldn’t stop thinking about them, even the tall, dark one I felt drawn to in my dreams—the one I couldn’t see. They *did* say they were coming back.

“You love me.”

“Mmm-hmm.” I laughed as I stood.

“Where are you going?” She stood with me.

“Well, I guess I’m gonna go find *my princes*. Those motherfuckers at least owe me an explanation. No one fucks Lillian into oblivion and disappears without a trace,” I teased.

“Let me go with you. I don’t want you to be alone.” I shook my head at her. “Are you going back to the building? Do you think they’ll be there? Come on, you need me.”

I shook my head again. “You’re not coming with me. I have to do this by myself, and yeah, I’m going back to the building. I doubt they’ll be there, but maybe I’ll find something about where to find them.”

She nodded and reached for her key hook by the door. “At least take my car. That’s too long of a walk.” She held out the keys, but I refused.

“I need the walk. Seriously. Thanks, though.”

She huffed, but she didn’t press. “Is your phone on? Charged? You’ll call me if you need *anything*, right? I mean it.”

I unlocked my phone to find it fully charged. Did Garrett charge my phone last night too? Why would anyone cheat on a guy like that? He was amazing—too amazing. I sent a wish out into the world for him to find an incredible girl worthy of him.

“It’s charged. I’ll keep you updated.” I hugged her. “Thanks, by the way.”

She looked confused.

“I never would be doing this without you. I would have thought I was crazy from the beginning. If you hadn’t pushed me...now I know I’m not crazy. This *situation* is crazy, though, and I’m going to get to the bottom of it.”

She nodded and gave me another tight squeeze. “*Be careful.*”

“Always am.” I grabbed the doorknob and then turned back to her. “I almost forgot. What happened with Matthew last night? I saw you guys kissing before I left. Anything I need to know?”

She instantly turned red. “Yeah, uh, we kissed. We also, um....”

“Hey, is your friend gone yet? Come back here, Katie. I wasn’t done.” That was Matthew’s voice.

My jaw dropped, and she hit my arm repeatedly. “Oh my god, Katie. Did you sleep with him? No way! You move fast!”

Her eyes widened with embarrassment, and she practically shoved me out the door. “Get out of my house. I’ll fill you in later. I have things to do.”

“Oh, I’d say you do too.” I managed to jump out of the way before she could whack me again. “Enjoy,” I sang in a high-pitch, wiggling my eyebrows and walking down the porch steps.

I heard the door close behind me, immediately feeling alone. After a deep breath, I headed down the road toward the woods. Even now, I felt its pull, like it knew I was coming. I had about two hours of walking to think everything through: I was going to find them, but then what? What was I going to do? What was I going to say? I wasn’t sure, but I knew I needed to see them again. I needed things to make sense.

Once I found the building again, my mind was no clearer than when I left Katie’s house. So much for that walk helping me out.

The door was still open, and it looked just as it did before. Would they even be in there? Maybe I should’ve left a note like they did. What if we just kept missing each other? The odds of us being in the building at the same time again were impossibly low, but I remained hopeful.

Just like every other time I was here, I felt calm, like this was where I belonged. I didn’t even feel this way in my own house.

“Hello?” I walked inside, letting my eyes adjust to the loss of light. It was already getting dark outside, and it was even darker in this windowless room.

I heard a noise coming from the back of the room, but I still couldn’t see anything. “Hello?” I repeated as my heart rate picked up. Were they here?

“I always knew you were a slut. I just never wanted to believe it.” That wasn’t them. That was—

Austin stepped out from the shadows wearing a wicked smile. Geez, he was relentless.

I relaxed and rolled my eyes as I stepped down to the center of the room where the altar was. Obviously, I needed to be clearer, even if it hurt him in the process. I needed to be a little mean.

“Austin, please. This has to stop. I’m sorry if I really did lead you on. I didn’t mean to do that. I thought I was being clear about my intentions. I didn’t mean to hurt you.” He walked toward me, and I kept talking. “I’m not looking for a relationship. That’s not my thing. You’re a great guy, and one day you’ll find a great girl, but that girl is not me. I just...”

“You know what kind of girl fucks random dudes in a creepy old building in the middle of the woods?” He stopped at the other end of the altar, fury shining in his eyes. “A filthy. Fucking. Whore.” He practically spat the words at my face.

I’d never seen Austin so worked up. He’d always been a sweet guy who never got angry. I felt awful; this was my fault. I never should’ve slept with him when I knew how strongly he felt about me. *I did this to him. I pushed him.* I might have even broken him.

“I am so sorry,” I whispered, looking into his enraged eyes. I really was sorry. I never meant to hurt him; I only meant to use him, which sounded horrible, but it was only supposed to be a fling.

“No, Lilly. You’re not sorry, but you’re gonna be.” He moved toward me again, moving around the altar.

Instinct kicked in, and I turned to run out the door, but he was already behind me. He grabbed my ponytail and pulled my head back so my chin was craned to the ceiling.

“Austin, stop. You’re hurting me.” I tried to pry his hand from my hair, but it only made him grip tighter, the pain making me cry out.

“Shut the hell up, Lillian. No one can hear you scream out here anyway.” He pressed his chest to my back, and I tried to pull away, but he wrapped his other arm around my body, holding my arms down and pressing me harder into him. “You owe me, baby, and I’m going to take what’s mine whether you’re willing or not.”

I cried out again as he used my hair to force me to my knees. The impact brought tears to my eyes.

“Please, Austin.” I tried adjusting my head to loosen his hold, but he wouldn’t give in.

“Already begging? I’ll give you something to beg for, bitch.” I heard a zipper fall and realized he really *was* going to do this.

I tried to stand and push against him, but he used my hair to whip me around to face him before he slapped me with his free hand. The smack sent me tumbling back into the altar, disorienting me, my cheek instantly burning hot.

“Stop fighting it. I’m going to take it anyway, so be a good little whore and make this easy on both of us. Or don’t.” His lips curved up with sick delight. “It’ll just make it more interesting for me.” He grabbed my shoulders and shoved my face into the altar, grinding himself against my ass. “Maybe I’ll finally take a piece of this ass too.” He snickered, the sound sending chills down my spine.

I tried pushing against him, but he grabbed my sides so tight, I couldn’t make my body move. Instead, it curled into itself, trying to lessen the pain. I whimpered, silently praying for some higher force to intervene and save me.

He let go of one side to reach around and unfasten my jeans. As he pulled my bottoms down, I tried to wriggle free, but he slammed his hips into mine over and over, driving my hips into the stone until I stopped fighting so the pain would end.

“Put your hands behind your back,” he demanded. I heard the thump of every loop he yanked his belt through as he

removed it hastily.

I shook my head, starting to sob. “No. Please, Austin, *please*. You don’t have to do this. I won’t tell anyone. Just let me go.”

I felt a sharp pain on my inner thigh and didn’t realize what he’d done until I felt the warm trickle of blood drip down my leg, all the way to my ankle. He fucking cut me!

“Do it now, or I’ll keep cutting.”

While in shock, I must’ve hesitated too long for his liking, so I was rewarded with a matching cut on my other thigh. I screamed out as I laid my head on the altar and placed both hands behind my back. I didn’t want to give in. I *hated* that I was giving in, but I couldn’t take the pain anymore, and there was no way I was strong enough to fight him off. I was helpless and weak. I squeezed my eyes shut and hoped he’d make it quick.

Once my hands were restrained, he pulled his hips off me. I felt him caress each of my ass cheeks before smacking them both, *hard*. It stung like hell, and that made me cry even harder.

“Stop your crying.” Using my arms, he pulled me upright, spun me, and shoved me back down onto the altar. The pressure of my body on my restrained arms was painful and kept me immobile, exactly as he wanted. I shook as tears and snot mixed in a stream down my cheeks.

“Please,” I begged and gasped through my tears.

He snatched my chin and squeezed hard enough that I thought my jaw might break. I screamed, and he let me go, only to slap me across the face again.

He didn’t say anything as he took off his clothes, his eyes never leaving my body as he watched me closely. He looked as though he was really enjoying himself, and my stomach churned at the monster I’d created. Once he was fully naked, he grabbed right above both my knees, gripping hard enough to bruise.

I yelled and thrashed against him, but I couldn't get away. I was trapped.

"I love the sounds of your screams, Lilly. Damn, I should've done this sooner." His hands dug into my hips as he dragged me across the stone to him, scraping my arms behind me. I closed my eyes tightly as I tried not to scream. I wouldn't give him that satisfaction again.

When I looked at him again, he held his knife above my face, still shining with my blood. My eyes widened, and I shook my head wildly. He was going to kill me.

He bunched my shirt and bra up, slicing right through them, putting my chest on full display. He dragged the knife from the middle of my breasts to my belly button, and I kept my body still so that I didn't get cut again.

He tossed the knife aside and leaned down to my stomach, kissing it before biting down with full force. I bit down on both my lips, keeping my mouth shut so my pained screams were somewhat silenced. He did it twice more before he reached my breasts. With one in each hand, he squeezed, seemingly with all his might. It felt like they were going to burst before he finally let them go, giving them both a hard slap.

My body was on fire from the pain. I continued to cry and plead with him, but he just kept pinching, squeezing, slapping, or biting me until he was satisfied with his work.

He bent down and whispered in my ear. "Now for the *fun* part." He grabbed his cock and positioned it at my entrance.

I shook my head and wiggled against him, trying to make it more difficult for him, hoping he'd give up. When I realized he wouldn't stop, I finally cried out for help, not caring that no one was nearby to hear me. "Help! Help me, please! Somebody help!" I frantically screamed.

It must've caught Austin off guard, because he hesitated and looked at me, then around the room.



Suddenly, there was a bright flash of light. I looked at the back wall and saw three shadows. My body convulsed as tears of relief fell—they came for me.

“What the—” Austin was cut off as a blast of darkness sent him flying into the wall, his body crumpling to the floor.

I strained to watch as the taller, darker brother pounced in less than a second. Even now, I felt drawn to him, but I couldn’t move, not that I wanted to with as much pain as I was in. I wanted him to look at me, but he was focused on Austin.

Aiden and Nicholas came into view, their eyes gleaming bright. They were all here, even the tall one, wearing black button-ups and black pants. Despite my current situation, I could appreciate the sex appeal the men oozed.

“Oh, little one.” Aiden scowled as he looked over my body, seeing what Austin had done to me.

“You came for me.” My once-horrified tears now came from overwhelming joy, even though at that moment, I became overly aware of how exposed I was.

“Of course we did. You’re ours to protect now. I’m sorry we didn’t get here sooner; we had no idea...” The twins helped me up, and Aiden held me against him as Nicholas released my arms. I groaned; every movement hurt like hell.

I could hear the third brother’s punches as he took care of Austin. I wanted to look, to see what he was doing, but I really just wanted to see what he looked like. I could feel a tug in my chest, like my heart was being pulled. I shook my head; I’d been beaten and was barely conscious. I was clearly out of my mind.

Aiden scooped me up as Nicholas removed his shirt, draping it over my naked body. He was covered in tattoos, just like his twin. I trembled as I sobbed into Aiden’s warm chest; I couldn’t stop. I didn’t know if I was crying because of what had just happened, because I was in pain, or because I was relieved. The brothers were *real* and had saved me. *All three of them.*

“Shh.” Aiden leaned his head to mine. “You’re safe.”

Nicholas touched my face, and I leaned into his touch. “We’ve got you now.”

I nodded and tried to take deep breaths to calm down, but my body was in so much pain. I felt dirty and sore but mostly exhausted. I just wanted to go home. I looked up at Aiden.

“What is it?” Even his gaze was warming. I felt it spread throughout my body, a comfort that had me instantly relaxing.

“I want to go home. Please take me home.”

He nodded. “Of course. Let’s get you home. We can get you cleaned up there too.”

My head bobbed, and I relaxed into his arms a little more. “I’m so tired.”

Nicholas kissed my forehead. “Sleep, Lilly. We’ll get you home safe.”

“I am so sorry, little one. He will pay for his sins, I promise,” Aiden whispered so quietly, I almost didn’t hear it.

I closed my eyes, already drifting off. “Don’t worry about it. It’s not like it’s the first time someone....”

I let the darkness swallow me.



# Chapter 11

Nicholas

The drive to the edge of the forest was silent, Keir stewing the entire time. Talking to our father always put him in a bad mood. I was honestly surprised he'd continued to work in the tower, but I think it was mostly to appear unbothered by our father, who loved knowing he got under Keir's skin.

When we messed up, we got a lecture, but when Keir messed up, it was always physical. Our father loved whipping him for his mistakes. Keir always healed—perks of royal demon blood—but it only added to the mountain of hatred he harbored for our father.

*Our father had claimed to have heard rumors that Lord Milton, ruler of the Realm of Time, was trying to convince the other lords to revolt. He wanted us to deal with the situation.*

*Lord Milton was one of my favorite lords. Growing up, he'd always acknowledge us whenever he saw us, unlike the others, who stuck their noses up and ignored us. I couldn't imagine him wanting to revolt against our father, but no one truly liked Father anyway, so I wouldn't have been surprised.*

*When we reached Lord Milton, he assured us, after being interrogated, that he had no intentions of leading a revolution. He even let Keir read his mind, something all royal demons could do, but he excelled at. Keir confirmed that he saw no treasonous thoughts, and we left.*

*We gave the full report to our father, who dismissed us without really listening, and went on our way.*

*Back at our flat, we sat silently on the couch, enjoying each other's presence. I was ecstatic when Keir suggested we move out of the palace into a flat. Living with our father and mother was tiresome and unpleasant. None of us liked playing the roles of the well-mannered princes, never getting to drop the act and let loose, never getting to be ourselves.*

*We barely got into the bourbons we'd poured before the elevator doors slammed open with a screeching metallic sound.*

*All three of us shot up off the couch, ready to fight whoever dared intrude.*

*Our father stormed in with his face twisted, nostrils flaring, and fists clenched. He was angry. No. He was more than angry; he was furious. "Why are you so incompetent?" he spat at Keir, who was standing at attention in front of me and my twin. He always did that. He felt the need to protect us, especially from our father, even if we were more than two centuries old.*

*"What do you mean?" Keir half-taunted him.*

*"What do I...what do I mean?" our father yelled, shaking a finger at him. "I mean that I sent you to take care of Lord Milton, and his puny, little, traitorous heart is still fucking beating!" He threw his hands behind his head and swung them back down, a mere centimeter from our brother's face. Keir, to his credit, didn't flinch. "You..." He dug a finger into Keir's chest, pushing him back a step. "Couldn't even finish one measly little job. This is why you'll never be king. I could never let it fall into such impotent hands." His insults continued, but Keir refused to crack, staring our father down as if his words were going in one ear and out another.*

*I looked at my twin, who was staring back at me with the same dumbfounded expression. Lord Milton was innocent. We had interrogated him ourselves, and Keir had dived into his head. He wasn't a traitor. We'd been thorough. What was our father talking about?*

*"Father, I think—" my twin started.*

*"Don't defend him, Aiden." Our father looked at him, then me. "You either."*

*"But you're wrong," Aiden said, his voice calm and steady, despite the fuming king of Hell yelling at us. "We," he pointed his thumb between us, "interrogated him, and he didn't admit*

*to anything. Plus, Keir jumped into his head and saw nothing. Lord Milton is innocent.”*

*Our father’s eyebrows shot up as if in shock, and he chuckled. “When I sent you to investigate that ‘rumor’, I told you to take care of him. What does that mean to you?”*

*“Investigate. Find out the truth. Handle accordingly,” I spouted off.*

*He closed his eyes, took a breath, and opened them back up. He was no less angry. Now he seemed disappointed on top of it.*

*“When I sent you to take care of Milton, I wanted him dead. I didn’t ask if he was innocent or not. I didn’t ask you to investigate. I didn’t ask you to look into things. I told you to take. Care. Of. Him.” He focused his attention back on Keir. “This is your fault. You’re a lousy excuse for an heir, and it’s rubbing off on your brothers. I knew this would happen. I knew you’d ruin them. You’ve made them weak and pathetic, just like yourself.” His low snicker made my skin crawl. “Come home, boys.” He looked at us, his twin sons, the sons in his image. “Come home where you will be molded into the strong, formidable princes you were meant to be. You are better than this. Than him.” He gave Keir a side-eye.*

*I looked at Aiden, who nodded at me.*

*“We’ll stay here,” I told our father, confident my twin agreed with me. I could see Keir’s shoulders relax. He knew we had his back.*

*Our father snarled. “You’ll regret that. Your brother is nothing. He has your mother’s humanity; it has weakened him, and one day, you will see that.” He looked at Keir once again. “Meet me in the dungeon tomorrow morning for your punishment, or I will take it out on them.” He gestured towards us. He knew Keir’s weakness was us and our mom. We’d always been.*

*Our father didn’t wait for a response before storming back to the elevator, fixing the doors with a twirl of his hand so that*

*he could leave.*

*Once the doors closed, we all relaxed.*

*“You didn’t have to do that, Keir. We will go with you tomorrow.” Aiden placed a hand on Keir’s shoulders.*

*“No need. He’s done this before. Nothing I can’t handle,” our brother assured us. There was no arguing with him.*

*By the next afternoon, Keir was sore from the lashings he received from our father. He loved taking out his anger on Keir. Yes, Keir would heal, but it was about more than the physical pain he inflicted. It was a mental game, too. He wanted Keir to know he was a disappointment, that he’d never stop making his life a literal hell.*

When we reached the portal, Keir looked worried.

“What’s wrong?” Aiden and I asked at the same time.

“I’m just worried other demons will stumble through the portal right behind us. We should do a sweep and make sure there’s no one nearby.” He looked around the surrounding forest.

Just as he finished speaking, a rustling came from behind us. We turned to see a group of three lowly demons creep out from behind the trees.

“Or you can get out of the way and let us go through that portal,” one sneered. He was shorter and bulkier than us, but not the good bulky type. His face looked half-melted, and his eyes glowed a neon green. When he smiled, his missing teeth were prominent.

“Not a chance,” Keir said sternly.

The leader chuckled before he looked to his buddies. “What do you think, fellas? Should we show these uptown pompous boys what we’re made of?” His friends laughed and nodded, clapping his back in support, clearly not knowing who we were.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” I warned them.

“We are not in the mood for games...or mercy,” my twin added.

“Good. It’ll make things more interesting,” the leader smirked.

Keir reached behind his back and grabbed the daggers he hid in his shadows. Aiden’s hands were full of fire, held out in front of him, and his eyes blazed brightly. My own hands turned blue as shards of ice formed on my palms, ready to be thrown at the enemy or as an advantage in hand-to-hand.

“Come on then,” Keir taunted.

The leader headed toward Keir while the two others went for Aiden and me. Mine was taller than his friend, but thin and scrawny. He would be easy.

I raised my hands above my shoulders before heaving them toward him, throwing ice shards in his direction. He raised his hand to guard his face, cursing as my ice tore into his skin.

He put his arm down and continued his path to me. He swung and I ducked, spinning around until I faced his back. I kicked him in the spine, throwing him forward.

He caught himself on the ground, growling with frustration. He clearly thought he was just dealing with a high-end demon, not a prince of Hell. He got up and turned, his eyes full of fury. He cursed at me then charged, lowering his shoulder to try and ram into me.

I stepped out of his way, making him stumble to the ground yet again. He was making this too easy. My laugh at his struggle made him even angrier; he started swinging once he reached me, but I was able to avoid every hit.

I pulled my arm back and slammed my fist into his nose, hearing it crack beneath my knuckles. Blood spurted out, coating his lips and chin, and I raised my eyebrows with amusement, taunting him. He attempted a few more feeble swings, none of them making the contact he so desperately desired.



“This is boring,” I yawned before punching his face again. I twirled my hand, forming an ice dagger, and jammed the cold blade into his chest.

He stopped moving, shocked. His hands grasped the handle and pulled out the sharp piece of ice as warm, fresh blood flowed from the wound I’d created over his heart. He coughed, blood spilling out of his mouth before he collapsed to his knees, still clutching my dagger, then fell face-first into the dirt, unmoving.

I heard a slow clap and turned to see my brothers standing next to their fallen enemies. Aiden had a cocky smile spreading across his face.

“Took you long enough,” my twin teased.

I shrugged. “I thought I’d let him have a little fun first.” I wiped my hands on my pants, the ice melting from my palms as I returned to my normal state.

“We don’t have time for fun,” Keir commented. “Come on, let’s do a quick sweep before we go back.”

We took off in different directions and scouted our areas, looking for any demons too close to the portal. Thankfully, I found none.

Suddenly, Keir yelled out, almost like he was in pain. No way had a low demon caught him off-guard. I ran in his direction, and Aiden got to him at the same time I did.

Keir clutched at his inner thigh. “Something’s wrong.”

I furrowed my eyebrows, and then my heart dropped as I realized what he meant. “Lilly.” I looked at my twin, finding worry spread across his face.

Keir rubbed his thigh as he looked up, though not at either of us. “She’s in trouble. She’s hurt and scared. We have to go.”

We didn’t give it a second thought; we all turned and ran toward the portal. If she was in danger, we had to save her. She was ours—our offering. If anything happened to her...

I shook my head, refusing to let that thought take root.

As we reached to the back wall of the portal, the bright light surrounding us as we passed between worlds, I heard her screaming for help.

When the light faded, I saw a man standing over her naked, bruised body on the altar, the same altar where she'd given herself to us.

He would die for hurting her.



## Chapter 12

Lillian

I woke up when Aiden placed me on a bed. *My* bed. The one in my house. How did they...

“How did you know where I live?” I pulled Nicholas’s shirt up to cover more of my body, as if they hadn’t already seen everything anyway.

Nicholas chuckled, but it was Aiden who answered me. “We’re the princes of Hell, little one.” He stood up, like that was a good enough answer. “Nicholas is going to clean your wounds while I get the shower going.”

Nicholas knelt in front of me as Aiden moved to the bathroom, placing his hands on my knees. “May I?” He gestured to my thighs.

I nodded slowly, and he removed his shirt from my body. I gasped at the bruises that were already covering my body, but I pinched my lips together, refusing to cry anymore. I choked when I saw the cuts between my thighs, my birthmark sliced clear in half. Austin had actually done this to me. He’d hurt me. “Oh, my god....”

“Hey, look at me.” Nicholas cupped my face gently between his palms. “I know it looks bad, but we can clean you up, and your body will heal. What’s important is that you’re safe now; we will make him pay for his sins. We *will* take care of you, Lilly.”

I just blinked at him, unsure of what to say. I also realized he’d been calling me by my name, but I didn’t remember ever giving it to them. It must be a prince of Hell thing, like how they knew where I lived.

“You guys barely know me.” My voice was quiet, almost stunned.

He smiled at me. “We will. You’re ours now.” Despite my confusion, he didn’t expand on that as he placed his hands on my thighs again. “I’m gonna get those cuts cleaned up now, okay?”

“Okay.” I hissed when he dabbed the cuts with a wet cloth.

He kept apologizing as he cleaned the cuts, frustrated that his actions brought me pain. “I swear, I’m trying to be gentle. I’m so sorry.” His fingers were cold on my skin but not uncomfortable. I tried to focus on them rather than the pain.

Then, a thought hit me. “Did you guys, uh, see my mom?” I hated knowing they’d seen the dump I lived in and possibly my mother tweaked out somewhere. It made me feel even more vulnerable than being naked.

“We did,” he said plainly. Pity flashed in his eyes, and I looked away before he moved to be in my sight again. “Don’t be ashamed. Trust me, my brothers and I know a thing or two about having shitty parents.” He gave me a pained smile.

At that moment, I knew I could trust him. It was wild, but I knew I was safe with the twins. Part of me knew I could trust them with my life if it came down to it. I’d just met them, but my heart wouldn’t listen to logic.

“Shower’s ready.” Aiden’s eyes met mine as he joined us in my room, and I swallowed. He looked so angry when he looked at my body.

I squirmed uncomfortably, and his face softened.

“Come on.” Nicholas looped his arms under my shoulders and legs, and I winced when he lifted me. He cursed under his breath. “Sorry.”

“I *can* walk, you know.” His face was so close to mine; he smelled so good, and he looked even better. I *ached* to taste him.

“I insist.” Nicholas stared into my eyes, and I licked my bottom lip nervously, then leaned toward him, but he pulled back.

I felt heat rise to my cheeks at his rejection. If they weren't still red from Austin's slaps, they were definitely red now. "Shit. Sorry. I just thought..." Without hesitation, he pressed his lips to mine, and I melted. I kissed him back, and our lips parted, deepening the kiss.

I was still in shock when he pulled away. "You caught me off guard. After what happened tonight, I expected you to need more—"

I cut him off with a gentle kiss. I'd wanted to kiss him since that night, and he did *not* disappoint. His lips were delightful. My chest swelled with more emotion than I knew how to handle.

"Please, don't look at me as a victim. I'm okay. I'll heal." I stared into his captivating blue eyes. "Thank you." I looked at Aiden. "And you."

No one spoke as Aiden took me from his brother and set me on my feet in the shower. My knees would've buckled had he not gently wrapped his arm around my middle. I hadn't even realized before that he was naked, but I *definitely* did now. I wanted to jump his bones; he was so hot, literally and figuratively, but the slightest movement reminded me to take it easy.

He helped me wash, then dried me off. I felt so pampered, but I wished it was under different circumstances. I tried to convince myself that it was all because of how they'd found me; I doubted I made their hearts race the way they did mine.

I chewed on my lip as I took in the sight of my body in the bathroom mirror. I looked *horrendous*. There were bruises everywhere, my face was swollen, and my eyes were red from crying. I wanted to throw up just looking at me. I couldn't imagine how the twins managed to look at me so sweetly.

"Little one..." He stopped talking when I looked up at him. He let out a defeated sigh and raised his chin. "What do you need?"

I backed up to the wall and slid down to the floor. In an instant, both of them were on either side of me. I felt so safe between them that I started to cry again. Nicholas stroked my shoulder while Aiden kissed the top of my head.

I sat up and took a deep breath before speaking. “I honestly thought I had imagined the entire thing. I thought I was crazy. There was no way something like that had actually happened. I just knew I was losing it. Then I found the note...” I trailed off and wiped some tears away. “I felt so stupid going back and waiting for strangers to show up. I was angry you left me here for days, questioning my sanity. I slept with a guy the next night and felt absolutely nothing.” Both brothers tensed up, and Aiden growled. “Then with two more guys.” They both growled this time, and I smiled at their unexpected possessiveness. “But still, I could only think of you guys. Isn’t that insane? So, I went back, hoping to find you or something to help me find you, but...”

Aiden placed his hand on my cheek and turned me to face him. “I am *so* sorry. We had things to deal with for your safety. If we’d just come back a little sooner...” He looked so sad.

I put my hand on his arm. “You came just in time.” I looked at Nicholas. “You guys saved me.”

They both nodded softly, and we sat silently on the floor a little longer.

“I’m still so tired,” I finally said. “Come to bed with me, both of you. Please, I don’t want to be alone.”

The twins helped me up and into my room. I didn’t want to get dressed, so they tucked me into bed and laid down on either side of me. Their bodies melded with mine perfectly as I drifted off.

“What did you mean you had to do things for my safety?”

“We can talk about that later, little one. For now, get some rest.”

With that, I fell asleep.





## Chapter 13

Nicholas

As I laid there, watching Lilly sleep, trying my hardest to keep myself from waking her up and shoving my cock deep inside her, I couldn't help but admire her pale beauty.

Seeing her under that piece of shit at the portal—*our* portal—killed me. I wanted to destroy the man who'd laid his hands on her, but she was our priority.

Aiden and I took care of Lilly, getting her back home and cleaned up, while Keir took Austin back to Hell to put him somewhere until we figured out what to do with him.

Lilly's chest rose and fell smoothly; she was deeply asleep, her soft snores filling the room. I smoothed a piece of hair to the side, out of her face, and she stirred, nuzzling into my hand. I chuckled, her sleepy affection warming my heart. Her kiss earlier had caught me off-guard. She'd been attacked, yet wanted me to touch her anyway.

Aiden stirred next to her, and he opened his eyes to find me awake. "Everything okay?" he asked sleepily, before sitting up on his elbow and tilting his head to the side. He was observing, waiting for me to tell him my thoughts, just as I had a million times before. He'd always been able to read me.

"Everything's fine." I nodded and rubbed my hand over my face. "I'm just thinking."

"About what?" my twin asked.

"Her," I said, gesturing down at our sleeping beauty. She looked so peaceful lying there, despite all she'd been through.

"She'll be okay," he assured me.

"I don't know." I sat up and pulled my knees to my chest, my back against the wall.

“What’s there not to know? She’s fine. We saved her. She’s safe now, and we aren’t leaving her again. We’ll protect her.” Aiden sounded so matter-of-fact and sure.

“Is it fair, though?” I asked him.

He gave me a puzzled look. “Is what fair?”

“That we get her while Keir watches? She gets us while Keir refuses to give her anything? Is that fair? To either of them?”

Aiden scoffed. “You act like her getting us means she drew the short straw, brother.” He rolled his eyes. “Keir has his reasons. You know that. It’s not our place to push him. If he won’t be with her, we will. She deserves to be loved. She’s been through enough.”

I recall Keir telling us a bit about Lilly’s past, how men hurt her and used her so her mother could get her fix. He refused to give us any details, but what he did tell us shook us to our core.

*“She’s been hurt before,” Keir muttered on our walk back from the portal.*

*“Hurt how?” Aiden asked him, his voice laced with a bit of hostile curiosity.*

*Keir shook his head, seemingly not wanting to talk about it. He’d been somber since the encounter with the girl at the portal. Her name was Lillian, according to Keir. It was a beautiful, fitting name for such a breathtaking woman.*

*I was more than content to watch her naked beauty from the steps while my twin had his fun with her, but I’d gotten more excited than I’d expected when Aiden asked me to help him out with the squirming little slut.*

*Her pale, perky breasts were a perfect fit for my hand, and the way she’d reacted to the pain I’d inflicted on her little pink nipples made me rock hard. It took everything not to take her as mine once Aiden finished, but she was spent—not even conscious.*

*I wanted her to be more than aware when I had my turn with her. I wanted to watch her as I made her come on my cock.*

*“Keir,” Aiden said sternly, interrupting my thoughts.*

*Keir still hadn’t given us the information he’d dangled in front of us. Lilly had been hurt? How? And what were we gonna do about it?*

*Lilly had no idea what she’d done, but by offering herself to us, she’d literally given herself to us. She was ours until we grew tired of her—highly unlikely—or we released her—even more unlikely.*

*We didn’t know her, but she was clearly different from any other woman we’d ever been around. It was ludicrous to call it so soon, but she was the end-all for us—all three of us, even if Keir didn’t want to see it yet.*

*“Men. Bad men,” he choked out. He was upset. I’m sure it had been hard to see her memories, given what we’d discovered about her before Aiden claimed her.*

*“What about them?” I asked, beating my twin to the chase.*

*“It doesn’t matter. I’ll handle it,” Keir barked.*

*“Keir...” I walked quickly so I could get ahead of him. I turned to face him, stopping him in his tracks. “Tell us. She’s ours now too.”*

*Keir looked between Aiden and me, clearly not enjoying the fact that he had to share, though he refused to acknowledge the rightful claim he had on Lillian.*

*He swallowed. “Her mother... sold her. For drugs. She was handed out and used by men as a child. She was forced, hurt, and left, over and over. Her entire childhood was clouded by these experiences. She—”*

*“Let’s go back. Find those men. Torture them. Kill them.” Aiden was pacing now, his fists clenched and jaw grinding.*

*I'll admit, it was weird to feel such immediate possessiveness over a woman we'd just met, but it was out of our control. We had a need. A need to be with her. To want her. To protect her.*

*"No."*

*We looked at Keir, surprised he'd turn down avenging someone who'd been wrong so horribly, especially her.*

*"We have to cover our asses, deal with our father, then come back for Lillian. I will handle the men at some point, but I need you two to focus on her. She's broken. She doesn't see her worth. You two have to fix that. Your duty is to her."*

*"You can do that, t—" Keir cut Aiden off with a glare.*

I knew Keir cared about Lilly, even if he didn't want to admit it. He was scared. According to him, our mother had changed a lot, and though we witnessed some of it, Keir had been the victim.

She'd always been his protector—the buffer between Keir and our father. Until she wasn't.

*"You always fuck up, boy," our father yelled at Keir, who stood in front of me and my twin like a shield. We were old enough to take care of ourselves, but he'd been this way for decades—our protector.*

*Our father had found all three of us in the hall, headed to the gym to blow off some steam after Keir's most recent ridiculous punishment.*

*"I just wanted a break," Keir spoke calmly, the only way to keep his voice from shaking.*

*"A break? We don't get breaks, you ungrateful little shit." Our father's face was beet-red. "If I tell you to tend the fires, you'll do so."*

*Keir had been sent to tend the Lake of Fire as a punishment for his latest non-existent slight.*

*We—Aiden and I—had always been told that we looked like our father, but I struggled to see the resemblance when his face was always twisted with anger for Keir. We didn't want to look like him. We didn't want to be him either.*

*Keir favored our mother, even down to their eyes. Lucky bastard.*

*“That was two days ago.”*

*Two days? Is that why we hadn't seen him for so long? Had he been at the lake for two days?*

*“And?” our father taunted. “If I give you an order, you do it, no matter how long it takes.”*

*Keir shook his head. “This is ridiculous, Father. I can't stay down there. Please, I'll do anything else.”*

*Our father's wicked laugh bounced off the walls. “Did I tell you to leave?”*

*“No.”*

*“Then get your sorry ass back down there before I drag it down there myself,” our father sneered before turning to Aiden and me. “I ought to send you two with him. You should have sent him back or reported his disobedience to me. You two are just as guilty.”*

*A throat cleared, and we turned to see our mother in the hallway. Her long black hair was half-up, the rest cascading over her shoulders. The dress she wore looked too much for her, but I am sure it was our father who insisted she ‘dress the part’.*

*I practically sighed with relief. She was always able to talk some sense into him. Maybe she could come to Keir's aid this time.*

*“What's going on?” she asked softly, her voice sweet—the polar opposite of her husband.*

*“Business,” our father replied gruffly. “Go busy yourself elsewhere.”*

*I looked at her expectantly.*

*“Please, dear,” she insisted. “What’s going on? Perhaps I can help.”*

*Before my father could respond, my twin did. “Keir’s been at the Lake of Fire for two days. Father is trying to send him back for more,” Aiden answered quickly.*

*Our father growled, displeased with Aiden’s mouth. He took a step toward him, but Keir shifted his feet, standing his ground, earning him a snarl.*

*“Honey,” our mother started. “Two days seems like more than enough.”*

*Our father turned to her, his eyes full of rage. “You do not question me, woman. He is my son, and I will punish him how I see fit.” He stalked over until he was toe to toe with her. “Do you understand?”*

*She nodded, her body starting to fold in on itself, like she was trying to make herself seem small and insignificant. That wasn’t a good sign.*

*“Keir, go back to the Lake of Fire. Now,” he commanded, not even looking at our brother.*

*“But-”*

*“Go,” our mother said without breaking eye contact with Father. “Listen to him, Keir. Go to the lake. Stay there until your father sends for you.”*

*Keir’s breathing picked up as he looked around in disbelief. Our mother never sided with our father, especially when it came to overly-harsh punishments. This time, she’d folded. Keir took one look at her and stomped down the hall.*

*Our father glared at my twin and me. “You can go, too.”*

*“Please, Arthur,” our mother started. “Not the twins.”*

*His face twitched as he contemplated how far he wanted to push things today, then he turned to face her. He ran a finger down our mother’s face, and I could have sworn I saw her*

*flinch. He forced out a laugh before turning away and stalking down the hall, not bothering to look at us.*

*She just stood there, looking defeated.*

*“How could you?” my brother asked her, his voice breaking.*

*She looked up at us with tears in her eyes, almost like she felt guilty. “You don’t understand.”*

*“You’re right, we don’t,” Aiden spat at her before he turned to me. “Let’s go.”*

*He walked past our mother, and I followed. Her hand shot out and grabbed my upper arm, and I stopped.*

*“I’m sorry,” she said, so quietly that it was barely a whisper.*

*I didn’t know how to respond, so I just nodded and walked down the hall, pulling my arm from her grasp.*

That had been the first time she’d taken our father’s side and forced Keir to endure a cruel, unnecessary punishment, but it certainly wasn’t the last. Each time after that, her eyes held less remorse, like her heart had hardened, until one day, she was stone-cold, showing no emotion.

Keir resented her after that. His own protector had given up on him. He hated what our father had turned our mother into.

I understood his fear when it came to Lilly, but what I didn’t understand was why he wanted to punish himself. He was *not* our father. He’d done everything he could to be different from him, yet he was petrified that he’d still somehow turn out like him.

I looked over to find Aiden fast asleep, his chin tucked into the crook of Lilly’s neck.

He was right. If Keir wasn’t going to give her the life she deserved, we would. She was ours now, even if she didn’t realize it. Our sweet, little offering.





# Chapter 14

Lillian

I stretched my arms out as I woke. Sunlight poured over me, and I looked around, only to realize I was in bed alone. A bottle of water sat on my nightstand, and my mouth suddenly felt dry. I chugged the entire bottle in seconds.

My bathroom light was on, and I could hear whispers. I let out a breath. Okay, they really *were* here. I hadn't imagined the whole thing. I got out of bed and tiptoed to the door, cringing with every step. The soreness in my body was another reminder that last night did indeed happen.

"That asshole is dealt with for now, at least until we find a more *permanent* solution for him." That wasn't Aiden or Nicholas, so it must've been the other brother. I hadn't gotten a good look at him, but I still wanted him to touch me the way his brothers had. I quietly laughed at myself for thinking such a crazy thought over someone I hadn't even met, let alone seen entirely. I had no idea what he looked like.

"Did you hear what she said before passing out? This isn't the first time. I'm so fucking pissed at the human race. They're disgusting, and somehow *we* are the messed-up creatures." Nicholas sounded so cute when he was angry. I tightened my jaw as he relayed what I had said before drifting off last night. I didn't remember saying that. Hopefully, they'd leave that one alone.

"I want to burn the whole fucking town—no, the fucking world and bring her home with us." My heart welled up at Aiden's words. I knew he meant it. They didn't even know me, yet they would do anything to protect me.

"*Fuck*. This is all my fault. We could've been here sooner if I hadn't insisted on going to Father and convincing him the portal wasn't open. *Fuck*." The unnamed brother kicked the

wall, hard, and I nearly jumped. I winced, knowing that it probably left a hole. “Shit.” Yep, he left a hole.

“Keir, we had to.” His name was Keir. Even his name was seductive. “It was the only way to buy us enough time to convince her to come back to Hell with us. She has to come willingly, and there’s no way that stubborn girl will agree right off the bat.” Aiden thought I was stubborn?

“If we take her home, Father will figure it out. He thinks the portal was all a rumor, and we killed all the demons nearby to ensure it stayed that way. He will be furious when he figures out what we did. This is the first one that’s been opened in hundreds of years.” Keir spoke so softly, I could barely hear him. “He’ll be angry, but it’ll be over. It’s not ideal, but there’ll be nothing he can do if he finds her.”

“We can’t let him know. Ever.” Nicholas’s soft voice was sharp. “He’ll kill her if he finds out she opened that portal. You know he will, *especially* once he figures out who she is. You, of all people, definitely don’t want that happening.” Who I was? Why wouldn’t Keir, *of all people*, not want that happening? What was going on?

Keir spoke next. “One night with her, and you two are willing to risk his wrath? Was she that good?” His voice was taunting, and though he directed the insult at his brothers, it hit me too.

“Fuck you, Keir. You may not care, or maybe you’re trying to put on some tough-guy front, but she’s ours now. Stop denying yourself the satisfaction of being with her. She’s special to us, but we all know who she is to you. Just give her a chance. There’s something about her. She’s different. I can’t explain it. She feels like...like...”

*Home*, I thought as I leaned in closer, then fell as the door swung open. I yelped when I hit the floor.

“Shit,” the twins cursed simultaneously as they helped me to my feet. I nearly fell again once I rose and faced Keir. He was dressed in all black, just like the twins.

He was handsome—*very* handsome. He looked different from the twins, but similar enough to be considered family; his facial features were softer. His brown hair was long and curly on top but short on the sides, and he had a neatly trimmed beard that circled his mouth. I'd never been into facial hair, but fuck, I could be for him. His lips were tightly pursed, and I wanted to run my tongue along them. His body was clearly toned, but honestly, as sexy as he was, his eyes were what I couldn't stop looking into. They were gray, *dark* gray, like the middle of a storm. They were so dark; they were practically black. There seemed to be movement in them, swirling almost, but I couldn't be sure. All I knew was I wanted to be close to him.

“Lillian.” Keir bowed his head slightly. He wore a cocky smile, and I couldn't help but feel like it was because he found my clumsy entrance amusing.

I couldn't speak, though, and I think Keir knew he rendered me speechless because he chuckled. The sound made me want to close my eyes and savor it. It made my whole body tingle.

His face darkened as he scanned my body, surveying the damage. I was naked, but it didn't faze me for some reason. He tensed his jaw, and his nostrils flared, so I worked up the courage to roll my eyes and scoff at him.

“What?” he snapped.

“You're looking at me like you're bothered by this,” I gestured to my body, “yet you couldn't be bothered to get off of the wall the other night. Not to mention you're willing to turn me over to your dad, who might *kill* me?” I continued to stare directly into his eyes. The twins shuffled uncomfortably behind him; something told me Keir didn't get challenged very often.

Before I could blink, Keir's hand was on my throat, his body pressing mine against the wall. My eyes watered at the pain the impact shot through my body.

“Keir.” I couldn’t tell who spoke, but Keir gave a quick glaring glance to his brothers, and they didn’t protest anymore.

He turned back to me. “If you want to eavesdrop, you can handle the consequences. *Don’t* do it again.” He squeezed my throat a little, and I stifled a cry. “The moment you offered yourself on *our* altar, you became ours, and no matter what you think of me right now, no one touches what’s mine. I can please you, hurt you, use you, do anything I want, and so can my brothers, but *no one else* touches you.” I clenched my thighs together, and I felt the slickness dampen my skin. A devilish smile spread across his face. “Not even healed, yet your body cries out to mine. I hate to disappoint you, but I won’t be taking you, *princess*.” He sneered and let me go; I could practically hear him calling me pathetic.

I shot a glance at Aiden and Nicholas, who were watching us closely. They both shook their heads, as if to warn me to stand down. Nicholas gave me a pained smile, as if apologizing for his brute of a brother.

I stomped out of the bathroom, and all three brothers stepped into my room behind me. I grabbed some baggy shorts and an oversized shirt to cover my nakedness.

“Lilly, are you ho—” My door swung open, and my mom looked back and forth between me and the three men in my room. “What the fuck, Lilly? Normally I stay out of your shit, but *three* guys?” She scoffed. “Do you realize what that behavior will get you labeled as?” I nearly laughed as I thought about her own reputation. She didn’t really care what people thought of me; she just wanted to humiliate me. She was probably jealous.

“Do *not* speak to her that way,” Aiden demanded before I could find my own voice. “Apologize.”

My mother looked appalled. “Excuse me? You’re in my home, and I will not be spoken to like that by some fuckboy. If I want to tell my daughter she is acting like a whore, I’ll fucking tell her she’s acting like a whore.” She looked at me

with a smug smile, and I instantly dropped my gaze to the floor. I was mortified that they had to witness this.

Nicholas set his hand on my lower back, and I took a deep breath. I would not cry. I would not let her see how she got under my skin.

“You’re just a shitty mother whose life sucked, so you take it out on your daughter. I know the type. You’re pathetic and useless. Jealousy doesn’t look good on you, *Margaret*.” Her eyes widened at the use of her name. “Thank Satan we can protect her from you now.” Keir took a couple of steps toward the door, and she backed up. Considering our exchange earlier, I wasn’t expecting him to come to my defense. I couldn’t tell if he hated me or liked me. I hoped for the latter.

My mom let out a small, dramatic laugh and then stared me down. One corner of her mouth quirked up. “Oh, how sweet.” Her smile dropped. “You’ll be gone by the end of the week. You all will.” She made a point to look at each brother. “My Lilly has a reputation.” Her words made my stomach churn as she reminded me of the type of girl I was. That the guys wouldn’t want me once they realized how much of a mess I was. How used and broken I was.

Keir slammed the door in her face and turned to me. “Pack a bag. We’re moving you to Hell.”

I wanted to ask why, but Keir spoke before I could get the words out. “It’s better, safer.”

I was stunned. It was like he knew what I was thinking. I couldn’t believe he’d have the audacity to expect me to move to Hell with them just like that. “Well, there’s no way in hell I am going to *Hell* with you to face your father, who may or may not kill me, so thanks, but no thanks.”

“Then we will find *temporary* accommodations here while we convince you *otherwise*.” Keir gritted his teeth. I was surprised he gave up so quickly. He clearly did not like being told no, but I enjoyed his intensity when I pissed him off. He

claimed he wouldn't take me, but I silently hoped I could get that to change.

I looked to Aiden and Nicholas for some support; surely they would be more rational.

Nicholas shrugged. "It's not a terrible idea. We'd have more space, and it would be easier to keep you safe. Plus—"

"Plus, unlimited access," Aiden ran his hands down his body, "and we can be as loud as we want, which is something you need, little one." His eyes lit up with desire, and my clit pulsed.

*Shit.* My vagina seemed to have a mind of her own with these men around.

I filled my cheeks with air, then let it go dramatically. I rolled my eyes and didn't speak as I retrieved my duffels from under the bed and stuffed them with clothes. I avoided Keir's triumphant expression when I walked past him through the door *he* opened for me. He chuckled, amused by my reaction.

I couldn't believe I was going to stay with complete strangers, but anywhere that wasn't here was the better option. At least, I hoped it was. Plus, I did like the sound of unlimited access with no noise level restrictions. *Fuck me.* Why was I so okay with all of this? I knew someone rational would not be doing this, but I wanted to go with them. I *needed* to go with them.

I was going to be staying with my princes.



# Chapter 15

Lillian

Keir drove while the other two sat in the back, me in the middle seat. It was a tight fit, but I liked being between them.

I didn't pay much attention to the drive. I don't know how I could have expected myself to focus on anything, not with the twins stroking along my limbs the entire time, but when Keir stopped the car in the driveway of a huge cabin, my jaw dropped.

"Don't drool on the seats. It's a rental." Keir's eyes met mine as I glared at him in the rearview mirror. He just snickered and shook his head before turning away.

*What a dick.*

His eyes shot back up to the mirror, and I quickly looked away. *Shit.* Did he hear me? No way. He couldn't have. I didn't actually say anything out loud. Right?

"Coming?" Nicholas's voice pulled me from my thoughts. He helped me out of the car, and I walked into the cabin in amazement.

The inside was beautiful, wooden and rustic but with modern decor. It was immaculate and smelled cozy, woodsy with hints of spice, neither of which I'd had much of growing up. The living room was huge, with a couple of fluffy-looking couches and a coffee table between them. The kitchen and dining room were quite large too, separated from the living room by a set of stairs.

The twins announced that they were going to find something for dinner in the kitchen, shoving and laughing at each other as they went.

I stood in the living room, confused as hell. Dinner? Here? Had we stopped at the store on the way here? How did I miss that? I was distracted, but not *that* distracted.



“Grocery delivery.” I looked at Keir, who was holding my bags as he headed up the stairs. Did he hear my thoughts again?

“How did you know what I was thinking?” I asked as I followed him into a large bedroom.

He sighed in obvious annoyance and placed my bags on the equally-humongous bed. “Because you think *really* loudly. It would be impossible not to hear your thoughts.” He began to fold and organize my clothes into a dresser near the bed.

*How thoughtful.* I thought as I rolled my eyes.

He sighed. “I heard that too.”

I was quiet for a moment, digesting the fact that the man in front of me confessed he could hear my thoughts. “The twins don’t seem to hear my thoughts. Why’s that?” Was that what they meant when they said I was something to Keir? Did we have some sort of connection? Was that why I felt so drawn to him? If there was a connection, it was one-sided for sure.

He turned back to me and opened his mouth as if to say something, but then he closed it. Another moment passed before he spoke. “I’m just special, I guess.” He rolled his eyes and gave me a sarcastic smile.

“You’re so fucking weird.” I put my hand on my hip, annoyed with his attitude. “Asshole.”

“Excuse me?” He cocked an eyebrow at me, and his jaw twitched. “You will *not* speak to me like that.”

I bit my lip in an attempt to hold in my laughter. He had to be joking. “Apologies, Your Majesty.”

“*Don’t* call me that,” he snapped, ire flaring in his eyes now.

I nearly stepped back from the force of his voice. “Sorry.” I wasn’t even sure why I apologized. He was the one being ridiculous. “I was just messing with you.”

“Don’t take it personally. Keir’s always had a stick up his ass. Not to mention, he’s also got issues being the heir to Hell’s throne.” Aiden’s eyes blazed from his spot against the doorframe, and he smirked mischievously as he stared Keir down.

Keir was the heir to the throne? I felt stupid. They were princes. One of them *had* to be the heir.

“Shut the fuck up, Aiden.” Keir stormed out of the room, shoulder-checking Aiden on his way out.

He chuckled and smiled at me. “Too easy.”

I put away the few remaining clothes Keir hadn’t gotten to, only to feel Aiden’s breath on my neck. He was so close, I felt goosebumps pop up across my skin.

“And what do you think you’re doing?” My question came out shaky and breathy, the effect he had on me too noticeable.

“I haven’t stopped thinking about you laid out on that altar for me.” My tongue darted across my lips, and heat rushed between my legs as he placed a kiss just below my ear.

All at once, I got a flash of Austin’s face and was reminded of all the ways he marked my body, of what my mom said about my reputation. I stepped away from Aiden and turned to face him.

“What’s wrong?” He looked at me with so much concern, I almost melted.

Truthfully, I felt embarrassed but mostly ashamed. I shook my head softly and gestured at my body as I spoke. “My body is all fucked up. I’m used and broken. You don’t want this. You shouldn’t want this.”

He laughed softly, which made my stupid heart flutter as his eyes sparked. He crossed his arms over his chest like he was waiting for something.

“What?” I waited for him to tell me I was right, that he didn’t want used goods. Instead, he stared at me a moment

more, then tucked a loose strand of hair behind my ear. His soft touch took my breath away.

“Come with me.” He reached for my hand, and once I gave it to him, he led me into the connected bathroom and turned me to face the mirror.

I looked to the floor before I caught sight of my reflection. I didn't want another reminder of what had happened to me. I felt a little disappointed in Aiden; why would he put me in front of a mirror in my condition?

“Look at me,” he commanded.

I slowly brought my eyes up until they met his in the mirror. I caught a glimpse of my face and gasped. “How—“ The swelling was gone, and the bruises on my face and neck barely there. I almost looked normal.

“We put a little something in your water this morning to help you heal. The bruises and scrapes will be completely gone by tomorrow. The deeper cuts will probably scar, but they won't be noticeable. I'm sorry we couldn't do more.” He grabbed the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head. I hadn't bothered to put a bra on before we left, so my nipples hardened as cool air hit them. I knew Aiden noticed, because his breathing quickened on my neck. “You belong to us now. We are the only ones who get to use this body. Understood?”

I nodded and looked back at myself in the mirror.

Whatever they gave me worked well; my body was healing much faster than a human should. The bite marks, bruises, and handprints were so faded, they were nearly invisible. I moved my body around and realized I wasn't sore either.

Without invitation, Aiden kissed my neck and reached down to untie my shorts. He helped me out of them, and I blushed. I must've forgotten underwear too.

“So. Fucking. Beautiful,” he purred in my ear. He pressed his chest to my bare back, and I tried to turn and face him, but he was too busy staring at my body in the mirror. The way he

devoured me with his eyes sent a flash of need right between my legs, and my entire body tightened with it.

He took a deep breath and reluctantly pulled away to walk to the oversized tub. Once the water was running, he faced me, holding my gaze as he undressed. Too. Fucking. Slowly.

“Why didn’t you just snap our clothes off?” I teased.

“Because I like touching you, little one. I only did that out of impatience.” He licked his lips, evidently enjoying that I was on display for him.

When the tub was filled, he helped me in, sitting behind me and holding me against his chest. I relaxed into him as he massaged my body, loosening my muscles.

I let out a small moan and tilted my head so I could see his face. I kissed his chin and then his neck. He smelled so good, and I just wanted him *so badly*.

“Don’t get me started.”

I pouted and brought my hand up to his face, but he grabbed it before I could touch him. “Why not?”

He kissed my palm softly. “Nicholas would kill me if I fucked you again before he got his turn.”

I giggled, but my clit pulsed as I thought about Nicholas having his way with me. “I don’t get a say? You two just get to do whatever you want with me?” I bit my lip, and his eyes fell to my mouth.

I heard a chuckle and looked up to see Nicholas leaning in the doorway as he adjusted himself over his pants. “No, you don’t get a say, and yes, we get to do whatever we want with you. Now, be a good girl and let Aiden make you come while I watch.” I bobbed my head, any words suddenly caught in my throat as my heart thumped out of my chest. He walked to the end of the tub by our feet. “Go on, spread them.”

I spread my legs instantly, exposing my pussy to the warm water and Nicholas’s gaze. I felt Aiden’s hand glide down my body until he reached the part of me that was aching and

begging for attention. When his fingers began circling my clit, I closed my eyes and let my moans pass without holding back.

“Look at me, Lilly. I want to see those green eyes of yours.” I obeyed without a second thought, rolling my hips as Aiden moved faster.

I needed *more*.

“Please,” I begged.

Nicholas dropped his gaze down my body and nodded. On cue, Aiden slid two fingers into me and curled them, hitting *just* the right spot.

Nicholas crouched down until he was at eye level with me. “Such a good girl for us. Tell me, Lilly, do you like serving your princes?”

*Fuck*. I loved when they called themselves mine. I nodded, overcome with a moan as a third finger slid inside. It took everything I had to keep contact with those blue eyes.

Aiden’s free hand wrapped around my throat, using enough pressure to make breathing difficult but not fully restrict my oxygen, and I felt myself tighten around his fingers.

“She’s ready.” Nicholas smiled at Aiden’s confirmation of my pleasure, and his eyes brightened.

“You don’t get to come until I tell you to, Lilly. Understand?”

I nodded and whimpered as Aiden’s fingers moved faster, edging my orgasm even closer. *Bastard*.

I fought closing my eyes when his hand dropped to my breast, pinching my nipple between two fingers. “You like this, don’t you, little one?” I nodded, and he gave it a tug.

“Oh god, please.” I needed to come. *Now*.

“Not yet,” Nicholas denied me. “And didn’t Aiden tell you to leave *God* out of it? You belong to us now. I don’t want to hear *his* name cross your lips again, or I’ll have to punish you.” Punish? My heart raced at the thought.

I moaned again and tried to relax my body, which was impossible with Aiden's fingers plunging in and out of me. "Please, Nicholas. I need to come."

"No."

I cried out at his second denial. Thankfully, Aiden slowed his pace, and I felt myself relax around him. Then, as if he could sense it, he moved his fingers even faster than before, throwing his legs over mine to keep my thighs from clenching together.

He added a fourth finger, and my inner walls stretched to the point of pleasure-pain. I could feel myself pushing against him; I had to finish whether I had permission or not. "I'm going to—"

"Come, Lilly." I used all my might to keep my eyes on Nicholas as I came violently around Aiden's fingers. Had he not been holding my legs open, I think my body would have lifted up out of the water. I yelled Nicholas's name as I chased the high he'd permitted me to succumb to.

Once I'd finished, I slumped against Aiden's body, completely spent. He wrapped his arms around me tightly. "Good girl."

"Good girl indeed. I can't *wait* for my turn." Nicholas smirked as he kissed my forehead. His cock bulged in his pants; I couldn't wait to have him, either. "But dinner should be almost ready, and unfortunately, we aren't able to survive on sex alone." My stomach growled, making both of them laugh. "Exactly," he said with a wink.



## Chapter 16

Lillian

Pizza—*homemade* pizza—was for dinner. My princes could cook, and it smelled delicious. Keir looked so relaxed, as if earlier didn't happen, and I didn't dare bring it up. I could forget about it too.

As we all sat at the table, the brothers began arguing with each other. Apparently, the twins had come up to find me and left the mess for Keir to clean. Nicholas volunteered them to clean up after dinner as recompense, which earned him a fiery glare from Aiden and a laugh from Keir. His laugh was musical, and I *craved* more of it.

Aiden grabbed my plate and filled it with two slices. I cocked an eyebrow at him, and he added a third. I nodded with approval, and he returned my plate. I was salivating—the pizza had extra cheese, black olives, bacon, and spinach, which were all my favorite toppings.

“How did you know my favorite toppings?” Aiden opened his mouth to answer, but I cut him off. “You know what, never mind. I forgot you guys are *princes of Hell*, whatever that's supposed to mean.” He just shrugged and filled his own plate.

Dinner was terrific, and not just because of the delicious food. It was so easy to enjoy myself here, with them. I found myself laughing and smiling so often, my mouth hurt. They teased one another as if I wasn't there, and it was both entertaining and heart-warming to see the brothers let down their walls.

After we'd finished, Keir went into the kitchen and returned with a pie.

“Wow. The broody one bakes.” I winked.

Keir scoffed, as if I had offended him. “I am capable of many things, Lillian. You'll figure that out soon enough.



Baking is just one of my *many* talents.” His comment made me clench, and I couldn’t explain why. He noticed, of course, and rewarded me with his annoying, dark chuckle. He was just teasing me. *Ass.*

“Ida’s recipe?” Aiden asked excitedly. He threw his fist in the air when Keir nodded yes. “Fuck yes! She makes the *best* pie.”

“Who’s Ida?” I asked.

“No reason to be jealous, little one.” Aiden squeezed my knee. Had I sounded jealous? I hope they didn’t think me crazy; I couldn’t help it. “Ida is practically our grandmother back in Hell. She basically raised us.”

“Ida is a *servant*,” Keir said, frowning. “No relation to us. She is just our caretaker and has been for many years.” His mood had flipped like a switch, and I practically got whiplash.

“For Satan’s sake, Keir, after how much she’s put up with from *all* of us—even you, *Mr. Perfect*, you’d think you would consider her more than that. No wonder you two are always at it. You’re heartless.” Nicholas laughed and poked Keir in his side.

“We don’t have the luxury of choosing our family.” Keir’s eyes bore into Nicholas’s, and I felt the need to de-escalate the situation before we had a fight on our hands.

“So...” I knew I should have left the Ida thing alone, but curiosity got the best of me. “If Ida pretty much raised you, where were your mom and dad?”

The room was so silent, it was deafening. All three brothers looked at me with grave expressions. *Fuck.* That was the wrong thing to ask. “Shit. Sorry. I didn’t mean to ask anything off-limits.” I continued to blab nervously. “I don’t know. I just wanted to know more about you guys and...”

“You’re fine, Lilly.” Nicholas reached for my hand across the table. “You are well within your right to ask. It’s only fair you know more about us, but maybe start with something else. That topic isn’t a fun one.”

The guys agreed to answer one question each for the night, although Keir was more reluctant than the other two. The topic of their parents was clearly off the table.

We moved to the living room after dinner was cleaned up. I wanted to ask Keir an easy question, hoping to avoid pissing him off even more, so I asked him how old they were.

“I’m 511, and the twins are 391.”

“I am technically an hour older, though,” Aiden interjected.

I just stared at them in shock. They were hundreds of years old? How? They didn’t look that old.

“Time and age are different in Hell. We are actually considered young back home. Here on Earth, we are only 102 and 78 years old.” Keir must’ve heard my thoughts again, or maybe I just looked confused. Who wouldn’t be?

“*Only* 102 and 78....” I snorted. “Unbelievable.”

The brothers laughed, even Keir. I’m sure it was funny to witness from their side.

“*Okay...*” I turned to Nicholas. “So, do you guys live in a palace or something?”

Nicholas smirked. “We did. We grew up in Hell’s palace, but we live together in a flat in the city instead. It’s better that way.”

“So Hell has cities too?” I asked.

He nodded. “It’s not much different from Earth. We have cities, towns, cars, businesses, schools, and so much more. We can show you one day.” I chose to ignore his last comment, not wanting to hash that out again. I was *not* going to Hell.

“Why’re your eyes red?” I asked Aiden.

“They’re full of fire, little one.” A grin accompanied his response.

My eyes widened. “What?”

“Our eye colors are directly linked to our abilities. As royals, we were born with a link to one of the realms of Hell, thus giving us each a special gift. My gift is fire. Nicholas’s is ice, and Keir’s is the shadows.” It seemed much more obvious once it was explained to me.

“Uh huh... okay then.” I smiled. It felt nice to get to know them, even the one staring at me from where he leaned on the wall, his shadows surrounding him. No wonder he was so dark and broody.

“Our turn.” Nicholas rubbed his hands together and gave me a playful wink.

“Huh?” My face scrunched up.

“It’s our turn to ask you questions, Lilly. It’s only *fair*.” He used his words from earlier, and I suddenly felt very vulnerable.

Oh my gosh, no. I shook my head. “First of all, can’t you guys just get into my head and figure out what you need to know? Like you did with my address, the pizza, and who knows what else?” Before anyone could respond, I continued. “Secondly, I’m boring as hell. Don’t waste your time.”

“*First of all*,” Aiden mimicked me, “Hell is not boring, little one, I can assure you of that. *Secondly*, we *could* get into your head, but it’s more fun this way.” I rolled my eyes, but my stomach filled with butterflies. I felt like some silly little girl whose crush just told her he liked her. “Say, we each get one question?”

“Fine.” I pressed my lips together tightly, trying to contain my giddiness. I loved that they wanted to get to know me. Less than three days, and I was giving them more than I’d ever given any other man, and, for some crazy reason, I wanted to give them even more.

It was insane, but I felt important sitting around the table with all three sets of eyes on me. I felt wanted. They had made me want to be vulnerable, something I hadn’t felt in so long. I

had a lot of scars from my past, and some part of me felt like they were the answer to my healing prayers.

“Me first.” I set my eyes on Nicholas when he spoke up. “What’s your favorite hobby?”

I didn’t expect such a mundane question, but I was relieved, nonetheless. “Um... drinking?” His eyebrows shot up. “I told you I’m boring. I don’t do much. Getting drunk is a nice escape from life; I can lose myself and forget all my problems. I don’t feel so pathetic and weak. For that short time, I can just breathe and *live*.” I smiled sadly. I probably sounded like an alcoholic. Maybe I was one.

I didn’t mean to give up so much, but the words just flowed out. All three, even Keir, looked at me like I was an injured puppy. I hated that look.

I blinked a couple of times and took a deep breath. “Next.” Thankfully, no one protested.

I hated admitting I felt weak, but I was sure they already knew that. They saw my life, the mess that it was, and they’d saved me from a guy I couldn’t even run away from. Maybe I could convince one of them to teach me to defend myself, but then I remembered they would be returning to Hell, and I would decidedly not be going with them.

“Me.” Aiden was next. “Why did you open the portal that night? A portal hasn’t been opened in almost 400 years. Why were you there?”

I didn’t have to look away from Aiden to know the other two were staring holes into me with their curiosity. I shifted uncomfortably as I tried to find the right words.

Nicholas snorted. “Way to take it easy on her, man. Ask something else.”

As much as I appreciated him coming to my rescue, I could handle things myself—at least this time. “No, it’s fine. Really. There’s not much to it anyway. I was drunk; like, *really* drunk. I went for a walk in the—”

“Do you realize how stupid that was?” Keir’s loud interruption caught me off guard.

“Keir,” Nicholas warned his brother, “Lay off.”

“She could’ve gotten hurt, or worse....” Keir’s concern was something I was not expecting. One minute, he couldn’t stand me. The next, he was worried about my safety. I was so confused.

“As if you care.” I gave him a sarcastic smile, and he glared at me, unhappy at being called out. “*Anyway*, I just found the building in the woods. I thought I was dreaming, like maybe I’d passed out somewhere or something.” I saw Keir stiffen after I admitted another possible *safety* concern. “I cut my hand, the door opened, and, well, you guys know the rest.” I shrugged.

“Oh yes, we do know the rest.” Aiden stroked my thigh.

“Perv.” I rolled my eyes and giggled, clenching my thighs at the memory. I would need more panties if I was going to spend any more time with them.

“So, you’re telling me that wasn’t the most amazing sex you’ve ever had?” He looked so cocky, and even though he was right—it *was* the most mind-blowing sex—I decided to play it cool and knock him down a few pegs, for his own good.

“Honestly? It was okay. Mediocre at best,” I said with a sly grin.

Nicholas doubled over, laughing at my response.

Aiden brought his hand to his heart as if I’d wounded him. “I’ll make you eat those words, little one.” My clit pulsed at my nickname; I was becoming quite fond of it.

I looked at a still-glaring Keir, expecting him to ask his question, but he just stared back at me. “What?”

“It’s your turn.” I hated to think of what sick, sadistic question he had planned.

He stood. “I don’t need to ask you anything. I can just get inside your head when I need something.” He didn’t look back as he started up the stairs.

My heart fell, and it physically hurt. Why did I care? He clearly disliked me; I shouldn’t give a fuck either way.

*Fuck you.*

*Fuck you too, Lillian.*

I gasped. Was that Keir? In my head? Did I just hear him *in my head*?

“What’s wrong?” the twins asked at the same time.

“Nothing, I’m fine.” I caught Keir side-eyeing me at the top of the steps, as if he was trying to figure something out before he disappeared into the dark hall.

Before I could convince myself to stay put and leave Keir alone, I stood up, my body moving of its own accord as I followed him into the shadows.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea...” Aiden closed his mouth when I turned around. I must’ve given him a convincing look, because neither brother stopped me as I walked up into the dark hall.

I had planned on storming right up to him and demanding to know what the fuck his problem was, but the moment I entered the hall, I slowed down. I was on edge; why? Why couldn’t I make my body stomp and scream until I found him? Each step was its own challenge.

I peered into the first of two bedrooms, the one Keir had led me to earlier, but he wasn’t there. At the end of the hall was an open doorway, the lights off. Of course he liked to sit in the dark.

My heart thumped as I neared the doorway. I could feel him; I wasn’t imagining it anymore. I *knew* he was in there. I could feel his frustration, but there was something else. Curiosity? Interest? Longing? I couldn’t place it.

I took one more calm breath before I stepped in front of the doorway.

“You do not want to push me, Lillian.” He spoke before I’d even entered the room. I couldn’t even see him yet.

His tone was threatening, warning me to turn around and leave. It told me I was in a world of hurt if I didn’t leave now. No, I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of running me off so quickly. I held my head high and stepped into the room.

Once inside, I could see his outline standing near the window, his back to me. The air between us was tense and full of so many emotions. Could he feel me the way I felt him?

“Leave. Now.” He turned to look at me, and I gasped. His eyes were like black holes, and the shadows around him were impossibly thick, swirling in and out of his body, practically growing right in front of my eyes. “*Please*. You shouldn’t be here.”

I swallowed and shook my head, trying to push my fear of this new view of Keir down. I honestly wasn’t even that afraid. No, I was *aroused*. It felt like there was a magnet between us; I wanted to touch him, and I wanted him to touch me.

My cheeks warmed, and my clit pulsed. I wanted to be afraid, truly, because that would be preferable to finding myself attracted to this jackass, but I was anything but.

“I want to be here.” I stood my ground, even as he let out a quiet, frustrated growl.

“This is your last chance, Lillian. Go back downstairs with my brothers.” He was inching toward me, and I found myself backing up for what I thought was the door, but when my back hit the wall, I realized I had walked further into the room than I thought.

I opened my mouth to refuse, but only a squeak came out. The corners of his mouth lifted to form a wicked curve as he watched me struggle to form words. That smile disappeared into a glare when I shook my head.

If I had blinked, I would have missed the moment Keir disappeared and reappeared right in front of me. My back pressed further against the wall as he leaned his hips into my body. I jumped as his hands slammed into the wall beside my head, his body caging me in. The wetness pooling between my legs told me I was enjoying this, but my head screamed at me to run.

I trembled as a smile crept over his lips, terrifying and sinful, his shadows beginning to close in around me.

“You want this?” I nodded, though I didn’t remember telling myself to, and he chuckled. “Okay, princess. Just remember you chose to stay when I gave you the chance to leave.”

I felt the shadows creep along to my legs and arms. My legs were parted, and my back was pressed to the wall— none of it of my own volition. As the shadows took over my body, my right hand slipped down my chest, then my stomach, before it dipped under the waistband of my shorts.

Despite having no control of my own body, I relaxed when my finger reached my clit. I’d never actually played with myself before; I’d never needed to when so many men were willing to play with me instead. My fingers continued to circle my clit, and a moan slipped from my lips.

Keir watched me, his hands still on either side of my head. He was so close, our breaths mingled between us. I ached for him kiss me. I wanted him to consume me. I wanted him to wrap me in his darkness. I’d felt comfortable with the twins, but with Keir, I felt whole.

I licked my lips, and my breathing picked up as pleasure built in the pit of my stomach. Desire bloomed over Keir’s face, and I couldn’t understand why he wouldn’t touch me.

My moans grew louder until Keir’s shadows suddenly muffled them, and my body shuddered against the wall as I reached my peak. I closed my eyes to ride it out, even though I hated losing sight of him.



When I opened my eyes again, he hadn't moved. My fingers continued to rub my clit, and I tried to beg him to let me go, but the shadows on my mouth refused to budge. I was sure he knew what I was saying, even if he ignored it.

His shadows danced along my skin; I could feel them holding me still while also caressing me. I felt them linger between my thighs, dancing over the cuts there. They were still sensitive, but the touch wasn't painful. I kept my eyes on Keir, trying to keep the bad thoughts away. Thankfully, he didn't let up, even if he saw me falter.

"You like this, Lillian. Don't lie to me." I mumbled against his shadows. "You're just here to be used, and the filthy part of your brain is more than okay with that." His words sent waves straight to my clit. He was right. I wanted this, and I loved getting it.

The pleasure built much faster this time, and I was shaking before I reached my second orgasm. I squeezed my eyes shut tight as I was forced to ride out the waves of pleasure. Tears fell down my cheeks when my fingers didn't stop after the second one.

I pleaded with him through my eyes, but he just stared, looking hungry as ever. He watched as his shadows forced me to make myself come again, causing even more tears to fall, before he pulled back. He took a step away, and I bent over, my hands on my knees, trying to regain my composure.

I was crying out of both pleasure and frustration. The orgasms should have been enough, but I was left longing for his touch. He didn't touch me at all. No, he just used his shadows to do his—well, *my* dirty work. I didn't understand why he wouldn't touch me. He just kept pushing me away. Was I not attractive to him? Did he not like the idea of sharing me? Did he not want me since I was broken and used?

When I looked up at him, still wiping tears from my cheeks, something like regret flashed in his lightened eyes before he turned cold. "I knew you couldn't handle it. Leave.

Go be a good girl for the twins,” he sneered, turning his back and returning to the window.

What the fuck just happened? I came in here to yell at him, to demand answers. Instead, he used his shadows to pleasure me against my will. The worst part was, I wasn't even angry at him for it. The whole encounter just left me wanting more.

I was still wiping tears away when I reached the end of the hall. I tried my best to pull myself together before I walked down the steps to the twins. They both stood as I took the last step.

“What happened?” Nicholas pulled me in for a hug. “Oh.” He pulled back and looked at me with pity.

“Wait, did he...?” Aiden started, but he stopped when Nicholas shook his head.

“He’s such a prick,” I gritted out through my clenched teeth.

Aiden shrugged. “He can be, yeah, but he has his reasons. You get under his skin. You are—”

“Aiden. Shut. Up.” Nicholas and Aiden seemed to have a silent conversation of their own.

“What? I’m what? Tell me. There are too many fucking secrets. You all whisper to each other about me, and I want to know what’s going on.” I sat on one of the couches.

Nicholas sighed. “It’s not ours to discuss, Lilly. I’m sorry. Keir has his reasons for being the way he is, though, okay? He has a lot on his plate, a lot more than me or Aiden. Not that it’s an excuse, but there’s a lot of pressure on his shoulders. Just give him time.”

I wanted to accept Nicholas’s answer, but I still didn’t understand why Keir had to be so mean. I did nothing to him; why did he treat me like this? Why not just ignore me? I felt an overwhelming sense of sadness, more than I should have felt in that moment. My chest became heavy for a second, then it abruptly disappeared.

*What was that?*

Aiden clapped, pulling me out of my thoughts. “The night is still young. I’m up for a little fun, and *someone*,” he looked at me, “owes *someone else*,” he looked at his twin, “their offering.”

I scoffed. “I don’t owe anyone anything.” These guys were legitimately crazy. Did I want to have crazy amounts of sex with them? Hell yes. But owe them? I didn’t owe anyone anything.

Nicholas chuckled. “You still have no idea what you did that night, do you?”

He towered over me for a split second before kneeling in front of my legs. I pressed them together in defiance, even though my middle was aching already.

After what happened upstairs with Keir, I needed to be fucked, even more now than before. He placed his hands on either side of my legs, and I had to focus hard not to melt into him. “You gave yourself to us as our offering, Lilly. You could have given us anything, yet you put your body on that altar. Now, it’s ours.” His eyes sparkled. “Aiden got you that night, but you still owe me what’s *mine*.” He was whispering in my ear by the end of the sentence; I worked hard to keep my breath steady, but I was failing miserably.

His hands landed on my closed knees. My mouth went dry, and my heart raced despite my willing it not to. I bit my lip as I tried to think of something to say as I felt moisture pooling between my legs. I was soaked for him.

He rubbed his thumb across my bottom lip, and a quiet groan slipped out. “There’s our good girl.” My heart fluttered.

I wanted him to rip my clothes off right here and use my body however he saw fit. I was so distracted by my desire for him that I let my guard down and loosened my knees. He took the opportunity to spread them before I could regain my composure. He rubbed both hands up my inner thighs, and as

he reached where they met, my head fell back, my face to the ceiling, my hips rolling to meet him, trying to feel more.

He slipped his hands into the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down before tugging my shirt over my head, leaving me in just my bra and panties. They didn't match. I honestly don't even know if I owned a matching pair. *Damnit, I should have bought some while they were gone.* All my doubts disappeared, though, when I heard him growl as he looked me over.

He leaned his head toward my middle and sniffed. The movement allowed me to see Aiden on the other couch, watching us. Even from here, I could see how hard he was, enjoying the show. "You smell so damn good. I want to taste you." Nicholas pulled my panties to the side and slid a single finger in, pulling a moan out of me. He removed his finger and licked it clean, looking up into my eyes the entire time. "You taste fucking delicious." He stood and offered me his hand. "Ready to give me what's mine?"

I reached out for his hand, and he must've accepted that as my answer, because next thing I knew, I was thrown over his shoulder. I squealed, as he slapped my ass lightly, my pussy clenching at the impact.

"I can't wait to fuck you, Lilly."



# Chapter 17

Keir

She shouldn't have followed. She knew what she was getting into. I'd even told her to leave, and I'd warned her when she'd stayed.

Still, she refused.

I wasn't sure if I admired her for her stubbornness or despised her for it. Few dared push me the way she did.

I was furious with her. She'd been so reckless the night she found the portal. She was half out of her wits when she'd done it; she'd thought the entire thing was a dream. *That* was how drunk she'd been. I didn't even pick up on it. I was so caught off guard by finding her, I didn't even notice how impaired she'd been.

I'd let Aiden take her, make her his first. I could've had her that night then sent her on her merry way, none the wiser. She'd have thought it was just a drunk dream.

The moment she'd walked into my room, I'd wanted to rip her clothes off. The tension—the desire—was nearly unbearable.

The things I'd do to her had I let myself go.

*“Okay, princess, just remember you didn't leave when I gave you the chance.”*

*She nodded, consenting and submitting all at once. Such a good girl.*

*I grabbed her by the neck, her surprised gasp matching her wide eyes. I smirked, loving her like this: willing but fearful. She was scared of me. Good. She should be. I was her worst nightmare, the one who could—would—destroy her.*

*I leaned in until our foreheads were touching.*

*“Beg me to stop,” I told her.*

*Her eyes questioned me, looking back and forth between mine. She was trying to figure out why I'd ask such a thing.*

*I didn't want to stop, but I knew I should, for her sake. If we did this, she would be ruined. She'd have to stop me. The need for her body against mine, my body inside hers, was too much.*

*Our hot breaths mingled between us. The smell and taste of her, sweet and earthy, already making me want to roll my eyes back into my head. She was irresistible.*

*"Beg me to stop," I repeated. "Please."*

*Her big green eyes just stared into mine as her chest rose and fell rapidly. The temptation to search her mind was overwhelming, but I wanted to be surprised by her. I wanted to hear what she had to say without knowing what was coming next.*

*She licked her lips, and I had to stop myself from licking them myself—making them mine.*

*"Why?" she asked, so quiet, I could barely hear her.*

*Because I'll wreck your mind, your life, and your heart, I thought to myself.*

*How? I heard her sweet little voice in my head.*

*Her lips hadn't moved. No, she thought them to me, like she had when I'd stormed off. Not only could she hear me, but she could also respond. I'd almost thought I'd imagined it downstairs, that I'd heard the whole thing in my head.*

*Her eyes searched mine. "You heard me?" her voice wavered.*

*I nodded. "Of course I did. I'll always hear you."*

*She smiled, and my heart swelled. I couldn't wait any longer. She hadn't begged me to stop like I'd asked her.*

*I captured her mouth with mine, swallowing her gasp. After the shock wore off, her lips softened, and she kissed me back.*

*Impatient, I pushed my tongue past her lips, forcing them open, and I grinned against her when I heard her moan.*

*My hold on her neck loosened, and I brushed my thumb along her jawline as I brought my other hand to her hip and grasped her, drawing her hips to me.*

*I brought my other hand down to grab her other hip and lifted her from the ground. Her legs circled my waist as I pulled us away from the wall, our lips never parting.*

*I bent at the waist, lowering her onto the bed. I reluctantly pulled my lips from hers to kiss a path across her jaw to her ear, then down to her collarbone. She shivered underneath me, her hands gripping my shirt, refusing to let go.*

*I slipped my hands under her shirt, feeling her soft, pale skin for the first time. She was incredible. I inched slowly up her abdomen, wanting to draw out this perfect moment. Once I reached the bottom of her bra, she pushed her chest up, driving me on.*

*I reached around her, undoing her bra, then slid my hands underneath the cups, taking ahold of each breast.*

*My breath hitched, realization having set in. This was really happening. I was touching her, kissing her, and about to make her mine. Forever.*

*Please, she begged in my head.*

*I pulled away from her just long enough to remove her clothes from her body.*

*I buried my face between her breasts, kissing the thin skin between them. I moved to her left breast, taking her erect nipple in my mouth and biting down softly. Her body wriggled against mine, sounds of pleasure leaving her lips as I moved her nipple around with my tongue, then did the same to the other side.*

*“Fuck,” she whispered.*

*I smiled at the enchanting, foul-mouthed woman beneath me. Seeing her reactions to my touch made me regret not*



*touching her sooner.*

*Once we were both naked, I watched as she bit her lip nervously, taking in my size. I slid a finger between her legs, finding her soaked.*

*“It’ll fit; I promise.”*

*She nodded, her body relaxing a bit as I played with her. I moved up to her clit, circling it until her back arched before pulling away. I nudged her legs open and grabbed my cock, positioning it at her dripping entrance.*

*“Are you ready, princess?” I asked her, fearful she’d stop me when we’d almost made it all the way.*

*She didn’t hesitate, though.*

*“Yes,” she said with confidence. “Make me yours, Keir. Please.”*

*I smiled, and started to push the head of my c-*

A delighted squeal pulled me from my thoughts. I released my cock from my hand, frustrated.

I could already hear kissing and moaning from the other room; the twins had wasted no time taking her to bed. Aiden had already had her, so it was safe to assume tonight would be Nicholas’s turn.

I wouldn’t be able to finish myself like this—listening to them have her. I’d sent her away earlier without having ever touched her with my own hands.

I tucked myself back into my pants and zipped them up. After washing my hands, I walked out into the hallway, pausing briefly at the cracked door of their room.

Nicholas was holding her face in his hands, seeming to comfort her. What had happened? She looked shaken up. I left when I heard her tell him to fuck her. I couldn’t stick around to see someone else touch her when I couldn’t.

I thought of all the men who had touched her, seen her naked, fucked her, even.

*Fuck.*

I was jealous—of all of them. I could handle it being my brothers, but some filthy human? They were incapable of the love we were. They'd never be able to give her what we could.

I knew what I had to do.

It didn't take me long to find Garrett, the last man she'd been with before the Austin incident. Lilly's memory was impeccable. I'd snuck back to search her mind before sneaking out of the house.

I stood outside *Garrett's* house and took a deep breath. I knew what I was about to do made me crazy—unhinged. We'd known Lilly for less than a week, yet I wanted to kill every man who'd ever laid eyes on her. Our unseen bond, though I hadn't acted on it, drove me mad.

I couldn't do that, though. Lillian would hate me if she found out, so I'd do the next best thing.

I knocked on Garrett's door.

He answered with a glass of white wine in his hand. What man drank white wine?

"Yes?" he asked hesitantly.

"I'm a friend of Lilly's," I replied.

His suspicion didn't disappear, but his shoulders relaxed a bit. "Oh, yeah." He smiled. "Lilly," he said, as if he was recalling something happy. "Sweet girl."

That was all I could handle; I tightened my fists to keep from hitting him. "Forget about her."

"Huh?" His eyebrows furrowed, confused by my words.

I stepped toward him, surprised when he didn't step back. "Forget. About. Lillian," I growled through gritted teeth. "You never met her. You've never even heard of her. Understood?"

His face went blank, and he blinked. "Sorry, what were you talking about?" he asked.

I smiled. His memory of her was gone. “I asked if Lillian was here?” I asked, testing the waters before being fully satisfied.

Garrett shook his head. “No one by that name lives here. I don’t even know a Lillian.”

I felt a weight leave my shoulders. “Sorry to trouble you,” I said with a nod.

The next was the man at the bar she’d met. Lillian hadn’t bothered to ask his name; it had been a one-time thing. Still, I didn’t like him having the memory of her naked body.

Lucky for me, he was at Rhea’s Bar, where they’d met. Once I took care of him, I worked my way through the rest of them.

It was bothersome that Lillian had filled her time with so many inadequate men when she could’ve been with us. I would breathe easier once I’d gotten through them all.



## Chapter 18

Lillian

I squealed as I landed on the bed. I couldn't help but wonder what Keir was doing in the other room, but I forgot all about him when Nicholas planted kisses up my thighs. I spread my legs wider, and he planted a kiss right over my panty-covered mound.

"Please," I panted.

Nicholas kissed his way up my body until he reached my face. I moaned into his mouth when his lips finally landed on mine, and our tongues found each other quickly. I don't know how long the kiss lasted, but I was breathless when he pulled away.

"Fuck, Lilly. I can't wait any longer to have you." He rested his forehead on mine, his breathing quick and uneven. He was as amped up as I was.

"Then don't." I grabbed his face and slammed another kiss to his lips. "I *need* you. Please, Nicholas."

The corner of his mouth quirked up. He was so fucking sexy. "Please, what?"

I bit my bottom lip. Never in my life did I ever think I would beg for sex, but here I was. I didn't mind. I'd beg for them forever if it meant feeling like this. "Please fuck me."

"That's our good little whore." His praise made my body tighten, but those last three words made my head spin.

Suddenly, all I saw was Austin staring at me. His angry eyes bore into me as he called me a good little whore and a slut. He was right in front of me in a blink. He raised his hand and brought it down across my face before he grabbed my shoulders and threw me down to the floor.

“Lilly! Lilly!” I was being shaken. “Come back, baby. You’re safe.” I focused on that last sentence as the images of Austin faded. I was back on the bed with the twins, both looking at me with worry filling their eyes. I’d imagined the whole thing. I was shaking, my face wet with tears.

I shot up and pulled my knees in. *God*, I was embarrassed.

“Hey,” Aiden spoke softly. “Where did you go?”

“Did I do something?” Nicholas asked at the same time.

It took several breaths before I worked up the courage to talk. “I saw him. I saw Austin. He called me horrible things before h—he...” I sobbed into my arms.

“I am so sorry. I had no idea.” Nicholas wrapped himself around me, and Aiden rubbed his hands on my legs as he pressed a kiss to my temple.

I sat up. “You didn’t do anything. They did.”

“They?” Aiden’s tone was tense and angry.

*Shit*. I didn’t mean for this to ever come up.

“Last night... you’d said it wasn’t... the first time...” Nicholas was staring, piecing together what he knew.

I nodded, afraid I might break down if I spoke.

“Who hurt you?” Aiden was standing now, his fists balled at his side. “I’ll kill them. All of them.”

I shook my head. “No. Don’t. It was mostly when I was little. My mom would run out of money for her drugs—um—and, well, turns out you don’t always need money.” I focused on my hands fidgeting in my lap.

Nicholas had stopped hugging me, instead rubbing my back. “Lilly... If I’d known...”

I sniffed and wiped at my tears. “Stop. Don’t treat me like a victim. Please. I already feel used and dirty enough without you two thinking I’m...”

“We don’t think anything like that.” Aiden shook his head as he sat on the edge of the bed and took one of my hands in his. “You are beautiful and strong and so fucking sexy.” The corners of my mouth tugged a bit.

We all sat in silence for a while; Nicholas broke it first. “We don’t have to—”

“I want to,” I cut him off. “Don’t take it easy on me. I want this. I want *you*.” I licked my lips as I looked up into his eyes. “I understand if you’ve changed your mind...”

I was cut off by a kiss. A *hard* kiss. A kiss that told me I was more than wanted. A kiss that threatened to steal my breath away and consume my soul. I could have died during that kiss and been perfectly content. All my worries and doubts faded into nothing.

When he pulled away, I was gasping for air. “I assure you, I haven’t changed my mind. You’re ours, Lilly. Our beautiful fucking offering. Nothing will change that. I will always want you.”

I nodded and licked my lips, suddenly nervous, as if I was about to have sex for the first time. “Make me forget. Please. Don’t take it easy. I want to be yours. I want to be your—”

“Good little whore?” Nicholas cupped my cheek. I focused on his voice and his touch as I nodded, and his lips found mine again. “You’re sure?” he murmured between kisses.

“I’m sure. Fuck me. Now.”

I thought I heard a noise at the door, which had been left open by a crack. I didn’t see anyone, but I could feel someone watching. For a moment, I thought I saw movement. Was Keir watching? No way. That would be ridiculous.

“I’ll go easy on you this time.” Nicholas planted a kiss on my cheek.

I shook my head. “No. Use me. Fuck me hard. Don’t change anything.”

Nodding, he pushed me back down on the bed and pulled his shirt over his head, quickly doing away with the rest of his clothes. I almost gasped; his cock was as big as Aiden's. He grabbed my panties and tugged, ripping them off so hard, the fabric cut into my skin, making me hiss. He handed them to Aiden, who put them to his nose before stuffing them in his pocket.

“Hey!” I gave Nicholas the best angry look I could muster, knowing I appeared anything but.

He growled and grabbed my hips, making me groan. “We can buy you more, Lilly. I’ll buy you anything you want if it means I get to rip it off you.” I pulled my bottom lip between my teeth, and his eyes fell to it. “Keep biting those lips, and I’ll have to bite them too.” I released it instantly, though the idea of him biting me made my skin tingle.

I started to put my arms behind me to take my bra off, but he grabbed it and ripped it right down the middle instead as I laid there in shock.

“I’m going to fuck you, Lilly, *hard*. I *will* make you scream, and you *will* beg me for more. Nod if you understand me, Lilly.” His voice was raspy; he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

I nodded, and in one swift movement, Nicholas had his hands under my ass, shoving me onto his cock. My eyes rolled back, and I cried out at the sudden stretch. These men were going to tear me apart, literally.

I remembered feeling stretched by Aiden on the altar, but I was drunk, so it must’ve taken the edge off. Completely sober, I felt like I was going to be ripped in two. Nicholas groaned as he pulled out almost all the way before slamming back in. He paused once he’d buried himself to the hilt, as if letting me adjust to his size. Not that my body could ever get used to this—he was painfully huge, but it felt *incredible*.

“Good girl, Lilly. You took me so well. I’m so proud of you.” I opened my eyes to see him staring at me like I was his



last meal. “Our good little whore.” His praise sent a flood of warmth through my body.

He kept his pace slow yet unrelentingly hard as his hips met mine over and over. His hands held my knees up, keeping my thighs spread wide so he could reach deeper.

“Please,” I begged. “More.”

“Told you you’d be begging me for more. I didn’t expect it so soon, though. Such a needy little whore, aren’t we?”

I nodded and tried to give him a sexy pout, but he just shook his head with a sadistic grin and continued his slow, torturous pace. He looked so primal and seductive as he buried his cock inside me. I tried to move my hips with him, but he pressed harder on my knees, forcing them back near my hips, making it impossible to move my lower half. I was at his mercy, and the thought alone aroused me even more.

“Please, Nicholas. I need more.” He shook his head again, and I kept begging, wishing he would just give in and fuck me harder.

I could hear Aiden from the corner. “Seems we aren’t grateful for what we’re being given, little one.” He pulled his cock out and stroked it several times before joining us, his knees next to my head. “Open.” I opened my mouth without another thought, and he slid himself in. His cock hit the back of my throat, and he groaned when I closed my lips around him, my eyes watering. I gagged, but he didn’t let up.

When he finally slid out of my mouth, I tried to take a breath, but he shoved himself back in. I looked up, pleading with him. I couldn’t breathe. I needed to breathe. I started to see stars. I was going to pass out.

“Through your nose, little one. Breathe through your nose.” Once I did, the aching in my lungs lessened, and my vision returned to normal. “Good girl,” he groaned as he fucked my mouth at a merciless pace.

I heard Nicholas growl; I could see him watching us out of the corner of my eye. He started pounding into me harder, and

I screamed his name, which was inaudible thanks to his brother's cock. He was rewarding me for taking his brother in my mouth. The thought that I was pleasing both of them at once made me clench around Nicholas, and in response, he flicked a finger over my sensitive clit, making my body jolt. With both brothers fucking two of my holes, I couldn't focus on anything, overwhelmed and overstimulated. Nicholas continued to slam into me and tease my clit while Aiden used my mouth. I was nearing my peak, and their paces picked up.

Nicholas must've known I was close. "We're going to count to three and *then*, only *then*, can you come for us." I couldn't speak or nod, so I just grunted. I hoped that was enough confirmation.

"One..." Aiden started the count.

Nicholas's thrusts became harder, and he kept his finger circling my clit. "Two..."

"Three." As Aiden said the magic word, I exploded, writhing beneath them. I screamed out, but it was muffled by Aiden's cock spilling into my mouth. There was so much cum, it ran down my face to my chin. Nicholas wasn't far behind, groaning as he spilled into me.

Aiden pulled out of my mouth, but before I could move, he grabbed my chin, holding me firmly in place. He ran his thumb along my chin, bringing what had fallen out of my mouth back to my lips. "I want you to swallow every bit. Show me what a good girl you are." I sucked on his thumb greedily then opened my mouth to show him. "There she is." He smiled proudly before he kissed my forehead and left to clean himself up.

Nicholas was still semi-hard inside me when he leaned, practically folding me in half. "Fuck." He kissed my shoulder, making me shudder. "I've only had you once, but I know this is the only pussy I'll ever crave again."

I smiled, delighted that I made him feel so good. He made me feel like the only woman in the world—both of them did. I

was on cloud nine with these two. He pulled out of me and lowered my legs as he laid beside me, pulling me in so I was his little spoon.

Aiden returned with a couple of washcloths. "Let's get you cleaned up." He laid one of the towels down and used the other to wipe my face off as I closed my eyes to enjoy it. He was being so gentle with me, the total opposite from moments before when he was fucking my mouth. I could appreciate a man who could do both. Aiden grabbed the other towel and tapped my leg resting on top. I didn't move. I was too tired to move.

"Open your legs, baby," Nicholas demanded softly. I whimpered and tightened my closed eyes. I couldn't move. His arm snaked around my knee and lifted my leg so that my pussy was accessible to his brother.

"Mmm." I opened one eye to see Aiden enjoying the view.

I felt Nicholas's chest shake as he chuckled. "Cut her some slack, brother. Our sweet little whore is tired." He kissed my head, and I closed my eyes with a smile. I'd never imagined a day where I'd *want* to be someone's whore, but I would be anything for these two.

Aiden was clearly disappointed. "Fine, but she's gonna have to get used to it eventually. I don't want to - actually, I *won't* - keep holding back." He used the warm towel to clean the mess between my legs, but I was so sensitive, every wipe made my body tense.

I tried my best not to think of how tired I'd be if they didn't hold back, considering I was exhausted after round one, but I couldn't wait to find out. Another night, though. I was tired.

By the time Aiden finished cleaning me, I was barely awake. Nicholas got out of bed, probably to get himself cleaned up, and I let out a little whimper at the loss.

"I've got you, little one," Aiden reassured me as he climbed into the bed and laid where Nicholas had been. His body was so warm, I pressed myself into it for more. He nuzzled into my

hair and took a deep breath. “Fuck, you smell so good,” he growled.

“*Aiden.*” Nicholas’s footsteps approached the bed. I wanted to look at him, but my eyelids were too heavy.

“Relax, I’m just enjoying her a little more before we sleep.” He called him an asshole under his breath, and I nearly giggled.

Nicholas crawled into bed, his body noticeably cooler than Aiden’s, but being between them was perfect. Once I settled in comfortably, which didn’t take long at all, I fell fast asleep.

It was the best night of sleep I’d had in ages.



# Chapter 19

## Aiden

“You missed out last night, Keir,” I teased my brother as he walked into the living room and sat beside my twin. “Where were you? I heard you leave.”

Nicholas and I had been reminiscing about the night before. It hurt me to see Lilly so broken, so hurt. I wanted her to tell us the name of every man who’d hurt her so we could torture the life out of each one. I respected that she didn’t want to talk about it, though, and I would never push her. One day, we would find a way to rectify the sins committed against her—one day.

Keir rolled his eyes. “I went out,” he said sharply. “I didn’t miss out on anything, I assure you.”

“Oh, trust me, we know you got a little piece of her, but you denied yourself the full experience,” Nicholas joined in with me.

It was too easy to bother our older brother. He’d always been wound so tight, taking everything more seriously than he needed to. Yeah, he was the heir to the throne, but I feared he’d end up like our father. I’d made it my mission to annoy the fuck out of him until he let go a little.

“Can we please talk about something else?” he grumbled. He clearly didn’t want to talk about Lilly.

I was surprised he let us have her. When I pointed out the birthmark on her thigh, he didn’t even react. In fact, after it was all said and done, he *asked us to take care of her*. I didn’t understand, but he said he didn’t want to end up like our parents, which is probably why he didn’t want to be with Lilly, now that I thought about it.

Keir had told us on multiple occasions that our mother used to be different, softer, kinder, but our father had broken her.

Nicholas and I had never known her any other way, but we could see the way it hurt Keir to think about it.

“No, we can’t. I don’t think we’re any closer to convincing her to go to Hell,” Nicholas started. “It doesn’t help that you’re closed off with her. I think she knows *something* is—”

“She doesn’t know anything. I haven’t told her.”

“I think she *feels* it, Keir. You don’t think we haven’t noticed your odd little exchanges?” I nodded, agreeing with my twin.

We really had noticed weird things, like Lilly hearing things we didn’t. We didn’t press her, but we knew it was something. She was drawn to Keir; that much was clear. I wouldn’t be surprised if their bond was somehow making her *want* to be around him, to want *him* even. It was powerful, something no one truly understood.

“Fuck,” he swore as he rubbed his face, frustrated. “I don’t care. I won’t be with her. I won’t turn her into mom.”

So I was right. This *was* about our parents and their bond.

“You’re not him.” I leaned forward, bracing my elbows on my knees. “You can’t live your life avoiding everything because you’re afraid.”

“I’m not afraid,” he said quickly, defensively.

“Uh-huh,” Nicholas drawled. “Then why is Lilly still off the table? She’s amazing. She’s...”

I took over. “She’s gorgeous, tight, and makes the sexiest noises when y...”

“Enough!” our older brother yelled, clearly having had enough of our teasing.

“Fine,” I chuckled, putting my arms up in surrender. “Just know you’re missing out. We barely know her, but she’s meant to be yours, brother. That has to mean *something* to you.”

“It can’t.” He shrugged his shoulders. “I need you guys to move quicker with Lilly. She’s pushing against this too hard.

The thoughts I planted should be working better than this, but somehow, she's fighting back. I don't know how, but we don't have time for this."

I don't know why he expected his little mind trick would work. Even with fate on our side, Lilly was her own person, and it was unlikely she'd drop everything for us. Maybe if Keir told her... No. I couldn't dwell on that. Keir was going to deny himself no matter what I said.

"Probably because she knows it's insane to leave her home for three random demon princes who claim her as property. No sane human would do what you're wanting her to do, Keir. We need more time with her. Here." Nicholas's hands flew around as he spoke. He was getting attached to Lilly.

My twin and I had always been possessive, so when Lilly plopped her sweet little ass on our altar, I was instantly overcome with the need to claim her, and not just sexually. I know my twin felt the same way. She belonged to us now, whether she liked it or not.

"Not possible. Father would be suspicious if we asked for more time. He would know something was up. He would know we found a portal, or even worse, he might think we went through it. The luxury of time isn't on our side." Keir frowned, aggravated that things weren't going according to plan.

"I still think this would be easier if you weren't such a dick to her," Nicholas mumbled.

"Shut the fuck up," Keir shot back at him.

I cleared my throat to warn our brothers of the company now standing at the top of the stairs, staring at us.

Everyone was quiet, watching her while she descended. I could tell she knew something was up, but I wouldn't dare tell her anything unless *both* brothers were on board. I remained silent as she forced a smile.

She wouldn't let our secrets bother her, and I admired her strength. Keir was stupid for not giving her a chance.



Maybe she was exactly what he needed.



## Chapter 20

Lillian

When I woke up the next morning, I was alone. I'd never admit it out loud, but I was disappointed that the twins had abandoned me for the second morning in a row.

I huffed and threw the covers off. Once I was dressed, brushed my teeth, and tied my hair up, I went downstairs to find my companions from Hell.

All three brothers were in the living room, talking. It must've been another serious, secretive conversation, because none of them looked happy, and everyone was quiet, staring at me as I walked down the stairs.

I tried not to let all the secrets bother me, but it was hard. For some reason, I felt like it had to do with me. There were things they weren't telling me, and it was going to drive me crazy.

"Good morning." I plastered a smile on my face and sat in my favorite spot between the twins.

Keir chuckled and looked at me with amusement. There was no sign of what had transpired between us last night. That's fine. I could play along like nothing happened. I was the *queen* of pretending like things didn't happen.

Nicholas pulled me onto his lap before I could ask what was so funny. "It's actually twelve-thirty in the afternoon, baby."

My head shot up, and I scanned the room until I found a clock. It really was the afternoon. "Why didn't anyone wake me up?"

"Figured you needed the rest, especially after how my brothers used you last night." I refused to look at Keir, but I couldn't help the heat that flooded my face. The way he said it

made me feel like some cheap slut. I also couldn't help but feel like he sounded a little disappointed.

Had he heard us? Was that him in the hall last night? Was he jealous? Would he ever want to fuck me too? My clit throbbed at the last question. Fuck me. I already had two brothers; I didn't need the third, especially if he was going to be so hateful.

I lifted my head to look up at Keir. I wasn't going to let him push me around anymore. "Too bad you didn't join us." I winked alongside my best evil smirk. I felt Nicholas laugh silently under me.

Keir cocked an eyebrow at me, and his jaw twitched. I stared back, refusing to give him the satisfaction of making me tuck my tail and run like he had last night.

Aiden coughed. "Lilly and I will make lunch now that everyone's up." He stood and offered his hand.

I sunk further into Nicholas's lap. "You don't get to tell me what to do." I yelped and jumped up, turning to face Nicholas. "You pinched me!" I shouted. All he did was grin.

"Just be a good girl and listen to Aiden, Lilly." He sounded so sweet, and I wanted to be his good girl, but I couldn't help it. I liked to push them. Maybe I wanted them to *make* me be a good girl.

"Or what?" I challenged.

Aiden's breath tickled my neck as he spoke. "Or Nicholas and I will stuff that tight little pussy with our cocks. Both of them. At once." He gave me a moment to let his threat sink in. "I assure you, little one, you're not ready for that." I pressed my lips together, even though I ached at just the thought. "Yet."

He smacked my ass and walked into the kitchen. As enticing as both at once sounded, Aiden was right: I was *not* ready for that. I could barely handle one at a time, let alone both.

As I left to follow Aiden, I snuck a glance at Keir. He glared at me, his chest heaving dramatically and his fists tightening, as if trying to keep himself calm. Did I make him that angry?

I frowned and went to the kitchen. “So, where did you learn to cook?” I asked Aiden as I helped.

Aiden chuckled. “Ida made us learn when we moved out of the palace. She didn’t want us to resort to eating junk food when she wasn’t around.”

The image of all three in the kitchen with a sweet, old nanny flashed through my mind, and I smiled. I felt so normal in the kitchen with Aiden, as if this wasn’t the most absurd situation ever: a nobody daughter of a drug addict staying in a gorgeous cabin in the woods with Hell’s princes, sleeping with two of them.

Even when Nicholas came to help us, though he was more of a distraction, I felt happy and at ease. I enjoyed being with the brothers, even Keir in some odd way. What would I do when they returned to Hell? These three men had forever changed my life. It would never be normal again, and I felt that to my core.

A twinge of sadness and dread grew heavy in my chest at the thought of them leaving me here, but Keir entered the kitchen right on cue. The disgusted gaze thrown my way soured my mood instantly. I wanted to slap him across the face.

He smiled at me, as if daring me to slap him. Did he know what I was thinking? He winked, and I returned to my task of stirring carrots. He just busied himself with setting the table and pouring drinks, watching us intently once he’d finished.

Nicholas kissed my cheek and pushed me toward the table. “Go sit down, Lilly.”

I only nodded because I was distracted by the sad look on Keir’s face. He was still looking at us. At me. Did I make him

sad too? His eyes found mine, and his usual glare settled in. He watched as I walked to the table and sat across from him.

We stared silently for a while until I spoke quietly, hoping the twins wouldn't hear me. They'd told me to leave things be, but I couldn't. "Why do you hate me?" I felt pathetic as the question left my lips, but there was no taking it back now.

The kitchen went silent. The twins had heard me. No doubt they were waiting for Keir's response. I didn't dare break eye contact to see for sure if they were watching, though.

I could have sworn I saw Keir's expression soften with regret, similar to last night after what he'd done to me with his shadows, but it didn't last long. His face returned to normal, and he smirked. "I don't *hate* you, Lillian."

Liar. I knew there was something he wasn't telling me. I could feel it. "Then why do you treat me like shit?" He just stared back at me. I went on, letting my anger bubble to the surface. "You're a fucking asshole, Keir. I've done nothing to deserve the way you've been treating me, and if I did do *something*, be a man and tell me. I'm not your punching bag. You've ruined my life, so fuck you. Fuck you for coming into my life. Fuck you for turning it upside down. Fuck you for bringing me here. Fuck you for...for last night..." My face reddened at the memory.

He sat there looking so satisfied, enjoying the fact that he could rile me up so much. It was all a game to him. I was playing right into his hand, but I didn't care.

I took a few breaths. "Why are you even here? It's obvious you can't stand me, and the feeling's mutual. I hate you, so go back to Hell. I'm tired of you taking your daddy issues out on me."

He stood so suddenly, I jumped. I'd hit a nerve. Finally. "Trust me, princess, I'd love to go home, but I can't return to Hell unless you come with us. It's too dangerous to leave you here alone, and unfortunately, we need you too much to let something happen to you. You only have one option. I am just

waiting for you to realize it.” His nostrils flared, and his jaw twitched.

“What does that even mean?” I yelled. “You need me too much?” He stayed silent again, refusing to give me any answers. “Fuck you, Keir.” I laughed as sadistically as possible. I felt genuinely evil at that moment. I wanted to hurt him, wanted him to suffer just as he’d made me suffer. “I’m never going to Hell with you. You’d have to drag me kicking and screaming, and I wouldn’t go even then. I’m just waiting for you to realize that.” Tears stung at my eyes, but I refused to let him see them.

“I’m not hungry,” Keir growled as he stormed out the front door.

When the door slammed shut, I finally let my tears fall. I was so angry and frustrated, but a part of me wanted to chase after him and apologize. Why did I feel so much at once?

“You’ve got to stop pushing him,” Aiden chastised me as he and Nicholas brought the food to the table. “I get it’s not enough for you, but he has his reasons. Cut him some slack, and maybe he’d let you in a little. Mirroring his piss-poor attitude won’t get you anywhere.” He grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze. “I say that to help you.”

I rolled my eyes and wiped the tears from my cheeks. “I don’t care about his reasons. I don’t *have* to put up with him.”

Nicholas kissed the top of my head before sitting down next to me. “We know. Trust me, playing both sides is fucking exhausting. You two will figure it out.”

“No need. You guys will be going back soon, I’m sure.” I didn’t mean to bite back so hard, but I was wounded, and a wounded animal would strike anything in sight.

We didn’t speak as the twins filled their plates, and mine, with food. They scarfed their meals down, but I could barely stomach a few bites.

I felt horrible for fighting with Keir, and a part of me wanted to do the exact opposite.





# Chapter 21

Keir

I swore as I stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind me. I couldn't believe I let her get to me like that. How dare she speak to me that way after we saved her fucking ass.

I took off down the long driveway to the main road. I was hoping that I'd be calm by the time I reached the end, but I was even more amped up.

She didn't trust us. She struck at me with her sharp tongue like a cornered animal, and rightfully so. She'd been abused all her life. No wonder she was putting up such a fight. I had hoped she would give in to the thoughts I'd planted, but her past had hardened her against anyone trying to get in, like me.

In a way, she reminded me of myself. I knew I was closed off, but I had a good reason for it, to protect her. My destined love.

I became hyper-aware of my shadows surrounding me. I was so angry, I'd almost lost control. My knuckles were white, and my jaw was sore. I was enraged. For her.

The faces and names I'd gathered from her memories flashed through my mind, and I knew what I had to do. I would make them pay for the sins they'd committed. I couldn't be with her, but I could avenge her, protect her from further harm.

The woman at the police station was more than helpful, especially since I had the power of mind alteration in my toolbox. She gave me the addresses of twelve of the thirteen men I'd asked for. I thanked her profusely before extracting the memory of me from her head.

Maybe it would be easier if I did more than plant thoughts in Lilly's head, I thought to myself. I could never do that, though. I could never take her freedom, only help persuade

her. I'd never take her choices away from her like my father had my mother.

The first several men were easy to find and even easier to handle. They were all confused about my presence, claiming to have no idea who Lilly was, and threatened my life if I didn't leave. By the time my shadows came out to play, they were crying and pissing themselves, begging for mercy. Luckily, I had stashed a few blades, hidden from plain sight, so I could make things quick. I had a lot of names to get through.

The last man was a little harder to find. He wasn't home, but a blonde, half-dressed woman answered the door. Thankfully, her personal areas were covered, but everything else was not. I didn't have to use my mind tricks to get what I needed.

"What do you want?" Her words had a twang.

"I'm looking for Francis Vane," I said as I looked past her into the house.

"Franny?" I nearly snorted at her nickname for him. "He ain't here. He left me drugged outta my mind to go hook up with an old girlfriend."

"Where'd he go?" I said impatiently. It was getting dark, and I wanted to get this done with so I could move on to other things.

She twirled a piece of hair around her finger. "What's it to ya?" She pursed her lips, waiting for my response.

"He hurt someone, someone who means a lot to me, and she was too young and weak to defend herself. I'm here for revenge." It felt good to admit it to someone, even if it wasn't the someone who mattered.

She nodded slowly, looking me up and down. I had my shadows put away; she wasn't who I was after, but I was sure she knew I meant business, *painful* business, for 'Franny'.

“He’s not far. A few blocks over. 304 Tung Drive. You’ll find him there.” She dropped her hair and her face turned to stone. “Make him suffer, sweetie, got it? I’m tired of him using me, hurting me. I don’t want to see him again. Make him pay for both of us.”

“You won’t see him again. I promise,” I assured her.

I don’t know if she knew how sincere I was being, but she gave me a small, appreciative smile.

It took me ten minutes to find Francis. I didn’t even knock. When I stormed in, he was on the couch with a woman beneath him, squirming and moaning like pigs. She screamed once she saw me standing in her living room, pushing him off her.

Startled, he fell to the floor, naked and sweaty. The woman ran into a room down her short hallway and slammed the door, and I heard the lock click. *Good*. One less person to get in the way. He was the one I was after, not her.

“What the fuck, man?” He stood, looking for his clothes, his softened dick swinging around as he tried to get away from me.

“Don’t bother. You won’t need them,” I sneered. “You won’t need clothes ever again, actually.”

“Are you threatening me?” He puffed out his chest, trying to intimidate me. “Do you know who I am?”

I tilted my head, a wicked grin spreading across my face. “I *am* threatening you, and *yes*, I know exactly who you are.” I loosely shrugged my shoulders around, letting my shadows out to play.

His eyes widened. “Wha...what is that?” He backed up into a wall, trapping himself. “What do you want? I’ll give you anything. Drugs? Money? Women? I can get you whatever you want; just please, don’t hurt me.” He put his hands up to protect himself.

I laughed, amused with his feeble attempts to bribe me. “I want one thing: vengeance. For Lillian.”

His eyebrows furrowed. “Who?” He relaxed. “Look, I don’t know what you’re talking about, man, but you have the wrong guy. You can lea—”

“I know for a fact that I do *not* have the wrong guy. You have more wrinkles, but you look just like you did the day you hurt her, a little girl you accepted as payment for drugs. You fucking touched her. You hurt her. You *used* her.” I was in his face, spit flying. “You are going to die today, and you will *suffer* in Hell. I will make sure of that.”

My shadows wrapped around his throat and tightened, making his eyes bug out and his hands scratch at his neck. He was terrified, but I wasn’t done.

“You like touching little girls, *Franny?*” I mocked him. “Those fingers touched my woman.” The words came so naturally. *My woman.*

My shadows stayed tight around his throat as they curled down around his arms, bringing his hands out and spreading his fingers in front of him. I grabbed a dagger from the shadows.

“You won’t be needing these anymore.” I swung my dagger across the fingers of one of his outstretched hands, slicing them all off in one go.

He howled in pain and shook his head, maybe not believing this was truly happening. “Please. Please. I’m sorry,” he sobbed.

I smiled, enjoying his suffering. He’d suffer, just like the rest of them.

“Have mercy,” he pleaded.

“For a child rapist?” I scoffed. “I think not.” Another swing, and the fingers from his other hand fell to the floor as his screams filled the room. “There’s one more thing you need to lose.” My eyes fell to what was dangling between his legs.

“No!” he screamed repeatedly, unable to escape the hold of my shadows. He was begging for mercy, but I saw it in his eyes: he knew he was going to suffer. He knew he was going to die.

I flipped the dagger in my hand so I could stab it down into his dick repeatedly. I ignored his screams, stabbing until it fell to the floor beneath him, an unrecognizable piece of flesh.

He looked like he was going to pass out, but I wouldn't give him the easy way out. I flipped the dagger in my hand again and drove it up through his ribcage, into his heart. I held tight as I watched the light fade from his eyes, as his blood spilled down over my arm and onto the floor.

Once he was dead, I removed my dagger, cleaning it off on my pants before hiding it back in my shadows. As I left the house, I felt lighter, but I wasn't done. There was one man from her memories I couldn't find, but I'd figure it out, even if it took an eternity. That man would pay.

I shadow-jumped until I reached the portal. I needed to go home. I needed to lay the groundwork for Lilly's move to Hell. She didn't know it yet, but she *would* be coming with us.



## Chapter 22

Lillian

Keir didn't return by dark, and I honestly felt worried. I needed to see him walk through the door. The twins kept telling me he was fine and probably just blowing off some steam. They assured me he could handle himself and would be back when he was ready.

Of course, the night ended with all three of us naked on the bed.

I was on my back between them as they showered my body with kisses. It would have been much more enjoyable had they not insisted on holding me firmly against the bed so I couldn't move or touch them as they teased me with their soft lips. Every so often, a hand would stroke my thigh, making me beg them to fuck me. They ignored my pleas and continued their torture.

Aiden wrapped his hand around my breast, and I moaned through my teeth as I watched his teeth clamp down on my nipple. Nicholas took my other breast and treated it the same way. I was never one for pain, but I wanted more. "Oh my god, please fuck me. Somebody fuck me."

The brothers just laughed. *Fuck*. I scrunched my face up, remembering Nicholas's threat about using the G - o - d word.

"Oh, Lilly...I'm so disappointed in you." Nicholas licked up my neck to my ear. "Remember what I said would happen if you called out to *Him* again?" I nodded, and he let out a harsh breath. Was he really disappointed? I hadn't meant to say it. It just slipped. "Flip her over."

Aiden flipped my body over so my back and ass were exposed. Was he going to spank me? I'd never been spanked, but the thought of Nicholas smacking my ass sent a jolt to my clit.

“Don’t move,” my sweet prince commanded.

I felt a tug on my arms and when I pulled back, I couldn’t move them. I was tied to the posts, the same done to my feet. Where did the rope come from? Were they prepared to tie me up at some point? When they moved from the bed, I tried to wiggle, but there was no use: I wasn’t going anywhere unless they let me free.

Nicholas leaned down so I could see him. He looked so sinister; he was my sweet prince, but right now, he was my punisher.

“Please. I didn’t mean to. It slipped.” I begged him to let me go, but being so helpless had my pussy throbbing. *Fuck me*. I shouldn’t have enjoyed it, but I did.

He licked his lips. “Sorry, baby. You have to learn your lesson.” With that, they left the room. At least, I think they did, but I couldn’t see the door to know for sure.

I sat still for a second as I let it all sink in. My punishment was being tied up and left? No! I wanted them to touch me, hurt me, even, but not leave me. My core ached and my skin tingled.

“Please!” I cried out, knowing they’d hear me no matter where they’d gone. My heart raced as I pulled against the ropes, though I knew I was stuck until they returned. My legs were spread so far, I couldn’t even close them to create friction for the ache between my legs. They knew what they were doing.

I laid there, tied and exposed, aroused more than ever, for what felt like forever, but it might have only been minutes. I couldn’t be sure.

“How’s our good little whore?” Nicholas suddenly ran his hand over my pussy. I whimpered and jolted at the contact. “You liked this, didn’t you?”

I shook my head.



“Your body disagrees.” He chuckled, and my legs were quickly released.

Aiden came to the head of the bed and untied my arms. Once I was free, the brothers joined me, assuming the position from before my *mishap*. They kissed, licked, and nipped my body until I was on the brink of losing control.

“Please. Fuck me,” I begged, careful to not use the forbidden word. I’d learned my lesson.

Nicholas *finally* listened, positioning himself between my legs. “Remember, Lilly, you *begged* for this.” I nodded and bit my lip, overjoyed that my inner ache would finally be satisfied. I wanted him so unbelievably badly. I needed to be fucked.

He slammed into me to the hilt, and I cried out. I didn’t think my body would ever get used to the size of their cocks. He gave me a moment to adjust around him before pulling out and slamming back in, harder. I moaned and felt my body light up as it got what it wanted.

“Kiss me,” I begged Aiden as Nicholas picked up his pace.

He licked his lips and smiled, like he’d been waiting for that, and I melted. He leaned forward and gently brushed his lips against mine. I let out a frustrated groan, and he kissed me harder, his tongue forcing its way into every corner of my mouth. I could barely breathe with how forcefully he was kissing me. Once he let my mouth free, I was gasping for air.

Nicholas leaned forward to grab my hair, pulling me up to my elbows. “Kiss him again.”

I couldn’t move to look at Aiden from Nicholas’ tight grasp, so he captured my chin with his hand before bringing his mouth back down on mine. I moaned loudly as he kissed me while Nicholas thrustured into me. I had no time to register my orgasm building before it ripped through my body; I rode the high deliriously while they continued to use my body.

“Good girl,” Nicholas praised me as he slowed. *Fuck*, I wanted more of his praise. At that moment, I would do

anything to make him say it again.

“I want to see her come again.” Aiden pulled away from my face and sucked a spot on my neck, marking me.

“Oh, she will.” Nicholas released my hair as Aiden kissed my neck, pulling the sensitive skin between his teeth.

Nicholas’s thrusts picked up speed, and his fingers found my clit. I expected him to rub it, but instead, a loud *crack* sounded as he slapped it. I screamed out and my hips bucked against him. Fuck, it hurt, but I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t even more turned on. “Good girl. You liked that, didn’t you, you little whore?”

“More,” I begged for the pain again, and my wish was mercifully granted. My whole body convulsed under him, and when he slapped me a third time, I knew I was done for. My screams were raw and raspy, and my body seized up as another wave of pleasure snaked down my spine. Aiden pressed his body into mine and swallowed my screams with another brutal kiss.

I felt Nicholas tighten between my legs as he came with me, groaning, his hands digging into the flesh of my hips. I was thoroughly spent when he pulled out, but the twins traded positions, and my eyes widened.

Aiden chuckled at my surprise. “Thought we were going to take it easy on you, little one? Think again. This is our body now, and you serve us with it.”

“I - I can’t.” I was still trying to catch my breath from being fucked by his twin, but he grabbed my hips and flipped me over so I was on my knees, my ass in the air. The way he threw me around and commanded my body made me shudder.

“You will.” He notched his cock at my entrance as Nicholas situated himself so that his cock, still hard and covered in both of our releases, sat between my breasts, forcing me to hold myself up on my elbows as he squeezed my breasts together with his hands. As Nicholas began fucking my chest, Aiden slid his cock inside me. I couldn’t move as they used my body

in tandem, but I didn't want to. I was on a fucking high. I wanted them to use me forever.

Aiden slapped my ass as he continued to bury himself as deep as he could go. His cock hit just the right spot over and over, and I cried out as I tightened around him with another orgasm. "Just like that, little one. Come on my cock." He continued to fuck me at the same pace, not giving me a chance to recover.

I hadn't realized Nicholas had come between my tits and I was now laying in it. I was sobbing as yet another orgasm crept up and overtook me. I felt as if my body was going to give out. "One more, Lilly," he whispered in my ear. "Be our good little whore and give us one more."

Aiden slapped my ass again, then grazed his thumb over my asshole. I instantly tensed, earning me a snicker. "Don't worry, little one. We will have your ass soon enough, but not tonight." He continued to rub his thumb over my tight hole, and I relaxed, trusting he wouldn't push me further than I was ready for.

I moaned, the stimulation of Aiden's thumb accompanied by his huge cock brutalizing my pussy and pushing me through my fifth climax of the night. We moaned in sync as Aiden spilled into me with my orgasm, and once we'd finished, I collapsed limp onto Nicholas.

I couldn't move, so the guys helped clean me up and got me tucked into bed. Once they were cleaned up, they crawled in beside me.

"Please don't leave me in the morning," I pleaded with both of them. "I don't want to wake up alone again."

Nicholas kissed my forehead as my eyes fluttered closed. "We will be right here when you wake up. I promise."



## Chapter 23

Lillian

Unfortunately, I woke up after the twins, so they were already staring at me when I opened my eyes. I was a little disappointed I didn't get to see them sleep, but the beautiful smiles I was greeted with made me forget all about it.

We showered together, and they "helped" me clean my body, despite me repeatedly telling them I was capable of cleaning myself. Once we were clean and dressed, we went downstairs for a massive breakfast. I was so hungry; it took all of my might to not inhale the food the moment it was placed in front of me.

Keir still hadn't made it back, but the twins told me to stop worrying. I tried, but he was in the back of my mind no matter how hard I tried not to think about him.

At this point, I was thirsty, and the guys were busy fighting about the day's itinerary, so I helped myself to water from the kitchen.

I leaned into the fridge, reaching for the last bottle of water, which was of course at the back of the top shelf of the ridiculously large appliance. My short frame struggled to reach it, no matter how far I stretched.

"Well, well, well." Nicholas came from behind, pressing himself against me. "What do we have here?"

I giggled and pushed back against him, relishing in his groan. He was hard as a rock. Even though they'd pushed my body's limits last night, my pussy ached at his body touching mine.

"I'm just getting water, you perv. Help me."

His hands gave my hips a gentle squeeze. "I don't think you're in any position to be giving orders, baby." One of his

hands moved dangerously close to my sex. “You need to earn it.”

I pressed against him again, making sure to roll my hips for extra effect. “That so?”

He growled, and his hand dove under my clothes, finding my clit in an instant.

“Oh fuck.” I moaned at the sudden invasion and moved my hips to rub against his hand.

“That’s right, Lilly, ride my hand.” I closed my eyes and came down from my tippy toes as Nicholas pushed me back against the fridge. “Stay right there.” He removed his hands from my body, and I whimpered at the loss. “Stay,” he demanded again.

Without warning, my bottoms were yanked to my ankles, and then his hands appeared on the fridge next to mine. Suddenly, ice crept up from the freezer drawer, frighteningly near my hands. I tried to move away, but Nicholas shifted to hold me still. The ice snaked around my wrists, freezing me *to* the fridge. I whimpered at the cold restraints, but my core was burning.

The situation reminded me of being restrained on the altar; Aiden must’ve bound me with his fire or something. Leave it to those two to use their powers for sex. Even Keir used them for this benefit; my clit pulsed at the memory.

“How bad do you want that water?” I heard the snick of his zipper, and his cock was rubbing my wet entrance. “I asked you a question.”

Instead of answering, I glanced over my shoulder and licked my lips, angling my hips to brush against him enough to make him groan.

“Why are you so damn sexy?” He didn’t wait for a response as he pushed inside me, practically lifting my feet off the floor with his rough grip on my hips.

I pushed my ass up, giving him a better angle, willing him to go deeper. Almost like he could read my mind, he pulled out and slammed back in, filling me up all the way. I tightened around him, swollen from having both of them last night, but that only heightened the sensations.

His hand came up to my hair as he grabbed it hard enough to smart, and I moaned as he gripped it harder. I could feel his balls slapping against my clit with every thrust as he continued to fuck me; I begged him to fuck me harder, and he obliged.

“I want you to come all over my cock, Lilly. I want you to beg for it like a good little whore.” Nicholas used his free hand to find my clit again, circling it as he fucked me against the cold fridge.

I tried to pull against the ice restraints, wanting to touch him more than anything, but they wouldn’t give in.

“Please,” I whined.

“Please what, Lilly? You’re going to have to be more specific.”

“Please, let me come on your cock.”

“That’s my good little whore. Come for me, Lilly. Come on my cock.”

I screamed, pressing against him as I rode out my first, and most likely not my last, orgasm of the day.

His own thrusts stuttered as he finished with me, filling me with him, our combined releases streaming down my thighs. He pulled out and gave my ass a light smack before pulling my shorts back up and retrieving the water bottle. He laid it next to my hands, which were still restrained, and walked away.

“Hey!” I yelled after him. He was leaving me here!

“You can release yourself.” His tone was playfully callous.

“How?” I yanked on the ice again, but they didn’t budge.

“You’re smart. You’ll think of something.”

“Fuck you, Nicholas.” I sighed as I bent down to the ice and went to work.

Ten minutes later, I was back in the living room with the guys, snuggled up between them.

The twins kept me entertained most of the day with TV, board games, and short walks around the woods surrounding the cabin. It was the first full day we’d had in the cabin, since I’d slept half the day away yesterday. The day flew by, and I hated knowing it was one closer to the day they returned to Hell.

By the end of the day, I’d managed to learn a little more about Hell. They told me demons and human souls weren’t the only things down there. There were so many species, most I’d never heard of, and others were mythological, it was hard to remember them all. They told me the other creatures stayed hidden unless their services were needed because they were often killed for sport by other demons.

I also learned there were seven realms, each with its own lord appointed by Satan. Apparently, I wouldn’t be able to pronounce them with my human tongue, so I remembered them by the specific power they held: fire, ice, shadows, death, curses, time, and the heart of Hell, which housed the royal family.

“So, what was the deal with the portal? Why were you guys so shocked I’d opened it? Why is Keir mad about it? What’s the big deal?”

“Whoa, girl.” Nicholas patted my knee. “Slow down.”

Aiden snickered when I swatted his twin. “Our father was, well, *is* one of the most ambitious Satans to ever rule. He took the last portal as an opportunity to start an invasion on Earth, pitting the humans against one another. A group of believers were able to find who opened the portal and convince her to close it, but our father had her executed immediately. He vowed that the next human to open it, he would kill so that



they couldn't close it again." Aiden pressed his lips together and stared at me.

"Oh."

He leaned over and planted a kiss on the top of my head. "We won't let him touch you, little one. I promise."

After that, I wasn't in much of a mood to talk about Hell. The idea that Satan would want me dead for opening the portal was terrifying. I knew they didn't want that to happen, but how does one stand up to *Satan*, especially when he's your father?

By the time we went upstairs for the night, no one had seen or heard from Keir. Had I pissed him off that much? Was this his way of punishing me? Did he even know I was worried?

The guys took my mind off of things as they took turns fucking me. I was exhausted after four orgasms, and convinced my body was going to give out, but as we settled into bed, my thoughts were back to Keir. Where was he?

I fell asleep with their arms wrapped around me. I didn't know if I'd be able to go back to sleeping by myself when they returned to Hell. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to get used to this, but I would enjoy it while I could.



## Chapter 24

Keir

I was a grump after leaving my father's office. I'd come here after handling the men who had hurt Lilly, hoping to ask him for more time, but he wouldn't budge. Two weeks in Hell was just shy of three days on Earth, which was not enough time to convince Lillian to join us.

She resented me. She fought me. She pushed me. She irritated me.

I pushed into the lobby of our apartment building and walked straight to the elevator without speaking to anyone.

Once I stepped into our home, I relaxed a little. Being on Earth was draining, having to deal with Lillian even more so.

I didn't understand why she wasn't more willing to leave with us. I'd planted the thoughts in her head to speed up the process, but she hadn't seemed to fall head over heels for the twins or beg us to whisk her away from her own personal Hell on Earth. Lillian's life was miserable there. I'd seen it myself. Why did she want to stay? She could have everything she'd ever want in Hell, but she just had to be stubborn.

"Master Keir."

I turned to see Ida, our long-time servant, cleaning. She smiled at me, not pressing about where we'd been for the past several days. I liked that about Ida; she just went with the flow, accepting us and our lives for what they were.

"I have a favor to ask," I answered, standing behind the couch between us.

"Anything," she said, a smile still on her face. "Well, almost anything." She winked at me teasingly, something she didn't do often.

“We’re bringing someone here,” I stated, getting straight to the point.

I hadn’t planned on telling Ida, but the place needed to be ready for Lilly, and she was one of the few we could trust. I had to return to Earth, so I needed someone here to prepare.

Ida eyed me with curiosity. We’d never brought anyone to the flat, not even our parents. I knew she’d be caught off guard.

“It’s no one,” I assured her.

She blinked a couple of times then gave me a knowing grin. “No one, eh?” She pressed her lips together and gave me a look that said I better confess.

I sighed. “It’s a girl.”

“A girl?” she sang with a grin.

I pointed at her. “Watch yourself.”

She laughed, clearly not worried about my threat. “What do you need from me, Keir?”

“She will be staying here for a long time. She needs clothes and other girl stuff. She’ll also need a room.”

“A room? This doesn’t sound like a ‘no one’.” Ida cocked her head, observing me. “She’s important to you, isn’t she?”

How did she know that? Wait. Was she right? I barely knew Lillian. We’d just met, but she was definitely more to me, thanks to the cards fate had dealt. Did that mean she was important to *me*, though?

“Sir?” Ida said, bringing me from my thoughts.

I shook my head to refocus as I cleared my throat. “Doesn’t matter.” I looked her in the eyes. “Can you prepare things for her? It shouldn’t be much longer.”

“Of course.” She nodded as she spoke. “What’s she like?” I raised my eyebrows in question, but she just laughed at me like I was being ridiculous. “If she needs clothes and ‘girl

stuff”, I need to know what she likes. I doubt she wants me to stock a closet full of random clothes.”

“Right. Um...” I put my hand up, tapping a finger on my temple. “May I?”

Ida nodded, giving me permission.

I closed my eyes and focused on Lillian. I saw what she wore, how she did her hair, her favorite things, anything I thought Ida might need to know to adequately prepare for Lillian. When I finished, Ida staggered.

“Wow.” She let out a snort. “You sure know a lot about this girl.” She put her hands up in defense before I said anything. “I’m teasing. Don’t worry, I got this.”

“Thank you, Ida.”

“Where will her room be?”

I paused, having not thought of that part yet. I walked down the hall, and Ida followed. I stopped at the first door to the left, a room we’d left mostly untouched. After opening the door, I stepped inside. The room was a bit stale, having not been used or inhabited since we’d moved here.

“This room,” I said rather bluntly.

I turned to look at Ida, who gave me a curious look again. “Keir, are you sure? This room is for—”

“I know who it was for,” I interrupted her. “I think it’s been long enough. She’s not coming. This will be Lillian’s room.”

The room had originally been intended for our mother. When my brothers and I made the decision to move out, we’d extended the offer to her as well. She denied it, saying she had to stand with our father since we were abandoning him—and her.

We’d designed it with all her favorites in mind. The walls were pastel green—her favorite color. Pictures of her favorite flowers, sunflowers and daisies, hung on the walls. Two plush,

furry white chairs sat in front of the fireplace, and the closet was full of clothes in her size and style.

I'd left the room the way it was in the hope she'd come to her senses, but she never did. I was tired of waiting for her. It was time to accept things for what they were and move on.

"Lillian," Ida started. "I like it. I can't wait to meet her. What realm is she from?"

I turned away without answering, unsure how to tell her the truth. I liked Ida, but she was *just* a servant. Yes, she'd been around for as long as I could remember, and she chose to take care of us when we moved out, but I couldn't let that cloud my judgment. She still worked for Father.

"Keir?" Ida pressed. "I just want to know where she's from so I could bring a little bit of her home here, make her more comfortable."

I nodded. It was a valid reason. I huffed as I came to the realization that Ida would know Lillian was human the moment she arrived. Lillian was human. She'd have a distinct scent. I had to tell Ida the truth.

"She's not from here."

"Not from here, like this realm?" she inquired. "That's fine. I can visit another realm for things if I need to. It's no trouble."

"She's not from any realm, Ida."

I could see the wheels turning in her head, trying to figure out what I meant. "I don't understand."

I swallowed the lump forming in my throat. "She's not from *Hell*."

I saw the lightbulb go off. "Your father... I overheard something about a portal..." I nodded my head. "You *found* the portal? Your father doesn't know, does he?"

I shook my head. "And he *can't* know Ida." I gave her a warning glance. "Lillian is... special."

"She opened the portal, didn't she?"

I was sure surprise was written all over my face. “How did you know?”

She laughed. “You’re not that hard to read, dear. I’ve been around you long enough to know things.”

“You can’t tell—“

“I won’t. I promise.” She gave me a reassuring pat on the shoulder. “Your father can be a dick. I don’t blame you for protecting the girl.” I breathed a sigh of relief. “So when will she be here?”

“Hopefully soon, but it’s taking longer than I thought it would to convince her.”

Ida’s eyebrow raised. “You need her willing.” She paused in thought. “You want her to close the portal, don’t you?”

I nodded.

“Good.” Ida had always been wary of our father, voicing her distaste for his ruthlessness and obsession with taking over Earth, but only with us boys.

“Thank you, Ida.”

She bowed her head. “Of course.”

“I have to be getting back. Please have everything ready as soon as possible.”

“Of course,” she repeated. “Keir?” She paused. “She might consider coming if you soften up a bit.”

“Ida...”

She threw her hands up. “I’m just saying. You tend to be *abrasive*.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, yeah.”

As I took the elevator down, I couldn’t help but think about what Ida had said. I knew I wasn’t the most pleasant person, even worse with Lillian. I sighed inwardly. I had to do whatever it took to get Lillian to Hell. We were running out of time, and my father was getting suspicious.

Once I was walking through the woods toward the portal, I knew I was being followed. Every time I turned to look, though, I saw no one.

*My father.*

He'd sent someone to follow—*someones*, actually. I could hear their footsteps.

As I reached the clearing, I took a quick glance around before stepping into the building. I passed through the portal, and I hoped they'd wait for me. I had an idea, one that would convince Lillian she had no other choice.





## Chapter 25

Lillian

I woke up with a start and my body shot up.

Thankfully, neither of the twins woke up with me. I watched them sleep peacefully, and a smile crept up on my face. They were stunningly perfect as they laid there, breathing in sync. I wanted to kiss them both awake and beg for them to take me again, but I couldn't bring myself to disturb them.

I carefully slipped out of bed into the pitch-black room, but I knew which direction to head in for the bathroom. I put my hand out in front of me, but instead of finding the doorknob, my hands landed on a body. *Keir's* body. I knew it was him. I *felt* it was him.

I wanted to hug him, apologize for what I had said, but I was also angry at him for disappearing like that and making us worry. Okay, making *me* worry.

"Keir, where have you been?" I hissed at him quietly, trying to not wake the twins. Looking up, I found him looking anywhere but at me. "What?"

"Put on some..." He finally looked at me, and his eyes scanned my naked body. My breath caught, and I blushed. I prayed he didn't notice. "...clothes. There's something you need to see." He didn't glare at me, and a part of me wondered if he liked what he saw. I hoped he did.

"What is it? Can't it wait? I'm not going anywhere with you in the middle of the night."

He grabbed my wrist and jerked me closer to him. I held in a surprised yelp. "You *will* go with me, or I will *make* you come." I felt my thighs clench, though I knew he was using that word in a different context than his brothers had many times before. It just sounded so damn sexy coming out of his mouth.

“Fine.” I wanted to know what he needed me to see so badly; that was the only reason I agreed to go with him. At least, that’s what I kept telling myself.

I got dressed and met him at the bedroom door. When he opened it, it creaked, and he cursed under his breath.

Aiden and Nicholas jumped out of bed, their eyes literally bright with alertness. Aiden’s hands held fire within them, and Nicholas’s gripped ice daggers he’d created out of thin air. It was kind of hot to see them all worked up and ready to fight. It made me want to jump back into bed with them and make Keir wait for me, maybe even watch.

“What the fuck, Keir?” Nicholas asked as their eyes returned to normal. He rubbed his face tiredly.

“Sorry.” Keir didn’t sound that sorry. “I had some things to do. We’ll be back.”

“We?” Aiden looked between Keir and me with his eyebrows up. “Where are you taki...” Realization spread across his face. “Keir, *no*. She has to go willingly. She has to choose this on her own. You know that. You can’t force h—”

“I’m not forcing her to do anything. She needs to see things for herself. Besides, she *is* coming willingly, aren’t you?” He looked at me, and I nodded, tugging my bottom lip between my teeth.

“Where are we going?” I asked, hoping he would feel inclined to answer me now that I’d taken his side against the twins, who still looked confused.

“You’ll see when we get there.” I huffed; he left me disappointed, as always.

Nicholas pressed his lips to my cheek, and I knew it was his goodbye. “I hope you know what you’re doing.” He stared Keir down as he spoke.

“She *has* to make the decision, the *right* one. We...I...we don’t have time to play pretend here. We’re wasting time, time we don’t have.” Nicholas must’ve understood where his

brother was coming from, because he nodded before walking back to the bed.

“Don’t let anything happen to her, Keir. I mean it.” Aiden’s eyes blazed as he gave his warning.

Keir laughed. Only a dark, sadistic man would laugh at a threat like that. “Don’t worry. I’ll bring her back in one piece, as long as she doesn’t do anything stupid.”

He wrapped his arm around my waist, and my breath caught at the touch as goosebumps erupted down my flesh. My toes practically curled at the innocent touch. It was the first time he’d touched me since grabbing me by the throat. My heart was racing, but I looked at the twins and gave them a reassuring smile.

The next moments were a blur. *Literally*. One moment, we were in the room, and the next, we were outside the cabin. Then, we were in the middle of the woods. We weren’t moving, but it felt like we were. The wind was even whipping my hair around as we blew past trees, rocks, and a few roads. When things finally stopped moving, we stood in front of the portal.

I pulled away from Keir and bent over, nearly losing my dinner. I felt like I just got off of a rollercoaster after riding it fifty times in a row. “What the fuck was that?” I asked between breaths and stomach wretches.

He chuckled and waited until I stood back up to answer me. “I can travel through the shadows quicker. It’s more convenient. We needed to get here fast.”

“Sure. Yeah.” I rolled my eyes. “A little warning next time?” He shrugged. “What are we doing here?” I pointed at the building.

“We’re taking a little trip to Hell.”

I shook my head and backed away. “No, *we* are not. I told you I’m not—”

“I get it, Lillian. I know you’re scared. I can feel it radiating off you.” He closed the distance between us; he was so close, in fact, that if I lifted just a centimeter, our lips would have brushed. My skin tingled when his warm breath hit my face. “But we...*I* don’t have time for you to hold us in limbo. You need to see what your entire world is in for if you don’t come with us.”

I scoffed. “What do you mean?” Did I do something wrong? Did opening that portal doom the town? The world? That seemed a bit much. Why couldn’t we just close it like they did last time?

“It’s easier to show you.” He disappeared into the building; I looked around the creepy, dark woods and quickly scurried after him. No way was I staying out here alone. What could one tiny trip to Hell hurt?

I followed him to the back wall, where the brothers had first appeared. He didn’t say a word as he reached his hand out to me. The moment I took it, the white light I remembered blazed bright around us.

I tried to bring both hands up to shield my eyes, but Keir’s grip tightened, so I did my best with my free hand. The brightness faded, but I didn’t open my eyes, not yet ready to look.

“You can open your eyes now, Lillian.”

I opened them to find a building just like the one I’d stumbled into that crazy night. It felt so long ago, yet it had only been a few days. This room was different, though. There was an intensity here, like...*Hell*.

Keir walked out the door, and I followed.



## Chapter 26

Lillian

I wasn't sure what I expected Hell to look like—maybe a canyon full of fire—but it was not what I saw. I nearly gasped. To my left and right were thick woods; somehow, the line of trees looked more beautiful than the ones back home. They were certainly bigger, and much, *much* taller.

In front of us, maybe forty feet away, was the edge of a cliff. Even this far away, I could tell the view was breathtaking. I took several steps forward and walked the edge, keeping a large distance between me and the drop. I could see more trees and a river down below.

I looked up, and my jaw dropped. Twinkling bright in the sky were more stars than I'd ever seen before. I didn't see a moon, but I chalked that up to being in Hell. Things were surely different down here.

"It's..." I spoke softly, afraid that if I spoke too loudly, it would ruin the ambiance, "so... it's... wow. *This* is Hell?" I looked at Keir and couldn't help but smile.

He stared at me like he could see right through me. I blushed and looked to the ground, trying to push down the smile that threatened to spread across my face before looking back at him.

I swear, Keir almost smiled at my reaction, but for once, he didn't glare at me when he spoke. "What did you expect? Let me guess... fire?" He winked and elbowed me playfully.

I laughed at the fact that Keir was actually teasing me rather than biting my head off. The feeling in my body was delightful, something I'd never felt before, flowing from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. I thought I might burst at the pressure building in my chest; I liked him much better this way.

I looked into his eyes, and my heartbeat picked up. He looked down at my chest as if he could hear it too, then back at me. There was a brightness to his dark eyes, which sounded crazy, but I could see it, *feel* it.

“What’s so funny?” The corner of his mouth lifted, and butterflies erupted in my stomach.

“Nothing.” I bit my lip, trying to rein in my ginormous, goofy smile.

“I’ll deny this ‘til the day I die if you tell anyone, but I like when you smile, when you look happy.”

I was about to tease him for going soft on me when I heard a twig snap, and both our heads jerked in its direction.

Keir’s demeanor quickly changed, and he moved to stand in front of me as several shadows stepped out from the trees. “Stay behind me,” he commanded. I didn’t object.

It didn’t take long for the group to reach us. There looked to be seven or eight of them, one in front with the others on each side. As they got closer, the details became clearer. The figure in front was a built man, ugly as sin. His face was straight out of someone’s nightmare. He had two small horns protruding from his forehead, and his teeth were too big for his mouth. I could have sworn I saw fangs, but it was too dark to be sure. He stood proudly, clearly the leader.

The ones behind him were smaller, but still creepy looking. Their skin was dull, their eyes glowing. Most of them looked deformed, like their faces were melting off.

They were all demons, I knew that. How did I know that? They were the kind of demons you’d see in horror movies, not the attractive, sexy demons who’d claimed me as their offering. Why did they look so different? They were ugly. The princes were decidedly *not*.

*They’re lower-level demons,* Keir’s voice sounded in my head.



*What the hell? How did you do that?* I responded voicelessly.

*Our emotions are heightened. It must drop the wall between us.* His voice made my eyes roll back.

I silently reminded myself to focus; naughty thoughts were not welcome.

*So why don't you look like them?*

*Are you saying you find me attractive?* I immediately blushed at his words.

*No. That's not what...I...I didn't mean—*

*Relax, Lillian. I'm messing with you. The less powerful the demon, the more monster-like they appear. The more powerful the demon...*

*The sexier.* I gasped audibly at my words.

The chuckle that came from his throat sent tingles straight to my core. There was no denying that he affected me, even just his laugh.

*I didn't...* I started but stopped myself. I wasn't sure what to say. I *had* meant it. The princes were sexy, all three of them. I never meant to admit it to Keir, though.

*I know. I won't tell. Your secret is safe with me,* he teased.

“Well, well if it isn't the *Dark Prince* himself,” the head demon taunted, bringing us out of our silent conversation.

“What're you doing here?” Keir questioned. I could feel his apprehension, how tense he was.

The demon chuckled. “We got wind that a portal might've been opened. Came to check it out for ourselves. I think your father will be pleased.” His disgusting yellow eyes flicked to mine, making Keir wrap his arm around me, pulling my chest to his back.

I had to remind myself that this was a scary situation, not time to be giddy I was so close to him.

The demon took note of Keir's protective move. "Unless... daddy isn't supposed to know?"

Keir's body stiffened against mine, and someone in the group spoke, but I wasn't able to see who it was. "She's human."

The nasty demon sniffed in my direction. A vicious smile appeared on his face, and I almost gagged. He tapped his finger on his chin like he was trying to think. "*And she smells like the portal.*" He looked back at Keir. "I wonder what your father would do if he found out his little heir was keeping an open portal a secret?" He looked back at me. "And letting the human who opened it live." He stepped toward us.

"No one touches her." Rage emanated off Keir, and I was honestly stunned at his protectiveness.

The demon laughed and turned his head. He looked psychotic. "She has to die, *Your Majesty.*" It definitely felt like he was insulting Keir, and he knew it. I felt guilty for calling him that the other day. "You know that. Your father is very... *particular* about these situations." He moved toward us, eyes on me now. "Let me take her to him."

"No." Had Keir's deep command been any louder, I'm sure the ground would have shaken.

The demon stopped in front of Keir. "Are you going to take her yourself?"

"That's none of your concern."

"Wrong answer." The demon tried to sidestep Keir, but his hand shot out to grab him by the throat, the move separating my body from his.

"You dare defy a Prince of Hell? You peasant demons have gotten stupid." He choked the demon harder, before withdrawing a sword I hadn't seen before from his back.

I yelped in surprise as he drove the sword into the demon's chest. He released his throat and let the demon slide off his sword, crumpling to the ground on his knees. The demon's

mouth gaped open as blood poured out with every cough. He stared right at me as the yellow dimmed in his eyes, before it went out altogether.

Keir told me to stay put, or at least that's what I think he said, because I couldn't hear him over the ringing in my ears. I was frozen in shock, staring at the dead man—dead demon—laying on the ground. I'd watched Keir kill someone. I'd watched the life drain from his eyes.

Keir held his sword up as if admiring the blood dripping down the blade. He didn't seem fazed at all, and it occurred to me that this was probably not the first time Keir had taken a life.

I managed to drag my gaze away from the dead body to watch Keir slash his sword through the scattering demons one by one. I watched as he disappeared and reappeared, traveling through the shadows in a violent dance. Some of them tried to fight back, but the scuffles never lasted more than thirty seconds. He was skilled, and he didn't stop until they were all dead.

When he appeared right back in front of me, I yelped. He stood there, sword in hand, staring at me with such intensity, I nearly fell to my knees.

He was a killer, but he'd done it for me. He killed all those demons for *me*. To protect me. I wasn't scared. No, I was in awe of him, and maybe a little aroused, as crazy as that sounded.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Lillian. You're safe now." I nodded, and he sheathed his sword behind him before it disappeared into his fading shadows. His gaze softened, the intensity dissipating, and I felt like I could breathe again. "This is why you have to come to Hell with us."

I cleared my throat, the shock of the situation wearing off. "So you or some other demon can hand me over to your dad? What the fuck, Keir? I already told you no."

"I'm not going to hand you over to my father."

I snorted. “How do I know you’re not just saying that so I won’t put up a fight?”

He sighed, his patience clearly running thin. I’d bet money he was hoping I’d just give in after the demons we’d just encountered. “I would think what I just did would prove that. Those demons? Those are nothing compared to what will go through that portal if we don’t close it. Your friends? Your family? Your world? It won’t survive another invasion.”

“Another invasion? What are you talking about?”

“Who do you think started your last war? I think you humans called it World War II? That was my father and his army. World War III is next if that portal remains open, Lillian.”

My eyes went wide, but I gave him a confused look. “So... close the portal.”

His jaw twitched with frustration, and he rubbed his forehead with his hand. “It’s not that simple. *You* have to close it.”

“Okay. Let’s go back, you can teach me how to close it, and I’ll close it behind you guys.” I shrugged my shoulders. “Problem solved.” They didn’t *need* me.

He took a deep breath and glowered at me. I felt like he could see my poor, shriveled up soul. “You can only close it if you’re on *this* side.”

His confession hit me like a ton of bricks. A moment passed as his words sank in and closed around my heart, squeezing it to the point of pain.

“No.” I shook my head in disbelief. “No. There has to be another way.” I looked at him, waiting for him to tell me there really was another way, that he was just throwing this option out there.

His face fell, and I knew my answer. “There’s not.” He placed his hand on my arm. “I’m sorry.”

“So I’m supposed to just leave my life behind, come to Hell, and trap myself here forever? Wait around for your dad to kill me? Do you realize what you’re asking?” Tears streamed down my cheeks, and my chest heaving faster by the second.

“I do.”

I shook my head again. “No, you don’t. I have a life, Keir. I have people who love me and care about me. Here? Here, I have no one, *and* I’m wanted dead. You might as well kill me now.”

“I’d hardly call one friend having a life.” He pressed his lips into a tight line.

“I have more than one friend.” He raised an eyebrow at me. “There’s Katie... and... oh, there’s Garrett.” I regretted throwing his name out immediately.

“Who’s Garrett?” Keir’s face darkened.

“No one.” I shook my head, hoping he wouldn’t press me.

“Mmm-hmm.” He just stared at me, but the corner of his mouth curled up cockily. “Whatever you say.” I let out a relieved breath. “So, are you gonna save Katie and *Garrett*?”

I bit my bottom lip hard, trying to stop the tears. “This is crazy. This is *fucking* crazy.”

“If you close that portal, your world will be safe, and so will you. If you don’t, you and your world will burn, possibly literally.”

I laughed. “And your father? Are you going to protect me from him?” He nodded, and I cocked an eyebrow. “As if I believe that. I wouldn’t put it past you to have me close the portal before you kill me yourself and take my body to your father for brownie points.” I turned on my heel and started walking back to the building. “Take me home.”

I was shoved into the side of the building as Keir pressed himself against me. It hurt, but some dark part of me couldn’t help thinking about him taking me against the wall. I’d let him

strip me bare and fuck me, all he had to do was ask. I wanted to feel his skin on mine. I wanted to taste his lips. I wanted him ins—

“Stop, Lillian. We aren’t doing that.” He’d heard my thoughts. My cheeks burned as he stayed pressed against me.

“Why not? No one would know. I’ll be dead soon anyway,” I snapped bitterly.

“I’m serious, Lillian. I *will* protect you. My brothers will too. I can’t explain everything, you wouldn’t understand, but I will not let him kill you. I won’t let anyone hurt you.” He let me go and I turned myself around. His body was inches from mine; I dragged my gaze up his body and stopped at his face. He looked different: soft, sweet even. “I know I’ve been cruel. I know it’s not fair. Just come with us. You’ll never want for anything. You will be provided for, cared for, safe. I swear it.”

I stared into his eyes, and I could practically hear him pleading with me to give in, but I needed to know more. This wouldn’t be a vacation to Hell. It was eternal.

“Why would they come through the portal? What did you mean, an invasion?”

He stepped back, and my body whined at the loss. “My father is ruthless. You think I’m cruel? He makes me seem merciful. This portal opened doors for me that I don’t *want* opened. He’s waited patiently for one of you humans to open the portal and let him into your world. He wants to invade Earth and turn it into another realm for him to rule over. He’d expect me to lead the army and slaughter anyone who resisted. I can’t do it. I *won’t* do it. Which is why this is the only option. You have to close that portal. To save your world, but to save me, too.”

My heart broke as I watched Keir crack in front of me. He was *finally* being transparent. For the first time since we’d met, I think I knew why I was so drawn to him. We were the same: shitty parents with shitty expectations. We both just wanted to forge our own path. I wanted to hug him, but I was

too afraid I'd be rejected. Instead, I stood tall and stuck my pinky out.

“Promise me nothing bad will happen. Promise me I won't die.” I knew what I was saying, that I would come with him, but the rational part of my brain wasn't working. I couldn't argue with my heart; it wanted to be here, with them. Oh, and I wanted to save the world. *That too.*

He snorted with a small smile, sounding relieved as he took my pinky in his. “I promise.”

His hand stayed intertwined with mine longer than necessary. He made me look so pale against his tanned skin. After a beat, he drew back, and I felt him close himself off again. I couldn't be bothered by his reaction. Tears stung my eyes as the realization of what I'd just agreed to washed over me. “I'm gonna do it. I'm going to close that portal.”





## Chapter 27

Lillian

Aiden picked me up and squeezed me so tightly, my head might have popped off my shoulders had Nicholas not stolen me for an assault of kisses.

“Why is there blood? Whose blood is that?” the twins questioned as they examined me.

“We were attacked. It was nothing.” Keir shrugged them off.

“Getting attacked while she’s with you is nothing?” Aiden’s eyes burned. Nicholas grabbed his shoulder, and I could practically see the steam rising as Nicholas tried to calm Aiden down.

“Are you hurt?” Nicholas asked me. When I shook my head, he turned back to Aiden. “See? She’s fine. Keir wouldn’t let her get hurt and you know that. Cool off.”

“Really, it was probably a good thing we were attacked.” I gave Keir a ‘*what the fuck?*’ look, but he kept talking. “I knew Father had probably sent demons to find me after our last meeting. He was skeptical, which is why I needed you to see the gravity of the situation.”

“You *knew* the demons would be there?” So he knew we would be attacked?

He shrugged. “You needed to see how dire this is. Would you have come to a decision if we just loitered about under the stars?” He seemed to poke at me rather harshly with the stars comment. His playfulness was definitely gone.

I didn’t say anything, because he was right. Had we gone to Hell and just walked about, I would have come back home and never changed my mind. Seeing the demons up close and personal, along with Keir’s vulnerable ‘speech’, made me reconsider.

“So now what?” Aiden asked Keir.

“Ask her.” Keir was being so distant, but I blamed that on the openness he had given me back in Hell. He could take time if he needed it. Maybe things would be different in Hell.

The twins looked at me expectantly, and I bit my tongue, not sure how to vocalize that I had decided to go to Hell and close the portal, trapping me there forever.

“You’re sure this is what you want?” Nicholas asked me. Apparently, I didn’t need to actually say it out loud. *Thank God.* I mean, thank Satan? I was glad Nicholas couldn’t hear my thoughts.

Of course, it wasn’t what I wanted. At least, I thought so. Sure, there was the issue of their father wanting me dead, but these men felt like home. Would they still feel like home in Hell?

“Nicholas, stop. Don’t make her question herself.” Keir pulled me away from the twins and lifted my chin to look at him. “You are doing the right thing, okay?” I gave him a confused look. “Doubt is written all over your face.”

I pressed my lips together, and his eyes drifted down. I instantly released them and swallowed thickly, feeling strangely insecure. *Why was he looking at my lips? Did he want to kiss me? Should I kiss him? No. Don’t kiss him. It would be traumatically embarrassing to be rejected. I can’t let him know how badly I want him right now.*

As my thoughts ran amuck in my head, I noticed Keir’s jaw twitching, his body more tense than usual. He seemed like he was trying to stay in control. Did he want me too? Could he hear me? I chewed on my bottom lip as I conjured up an image of me on my knees in front of—

“Lilly, are you okay?” I nearly jumped at the interruption. I knew my cheeks were bright red as I turned to face the twins again.

I saw Aiden jerk his head at Keir, beckoning him out of the room. I could hear them whispering, and Nicholas repeated his

question. I was sure he was trying to distract me, but before I answered, I heard Aiden ask Keir if he told me something. I couldn't make out what that *something* was, but Keir said no.

"Yeah. Totally. What girl doesn't want to leave her entire life behind to save the people she loves... and the ones she doesn't," I teased, hoping it covered my nervousness.

Nicholas didn't respond, so I continued to talk, not able to handle the awkward, pitiful silence.

"Can I say goodbye? Katie would never forgive me. Can we see her before we leave?" Honestly, she was probably freaking out because I haven't talked to her in days.

"No. The quicker we do this, the better," Keir said as he and Aiden returned.

"You mean the quicker we do this the less time Lilly has to change her mind." Aiden laughed at his own joke.

"We can at least give her this. She's leaving everything behind for us." The butterflies returned. "We can take her to see her friend. Last day on Earth gift from us." Nicholas looked at his brothers until they both nodded. "Good." He winked at me.

Nicholas, I was beginning to notice, really was my sweet prince. While Aiden met all my physical needs, Nicholas met the emotional ones. Keir was my dose of reality, and I needed all three.

"I'll go pack my stuff."

"No need. We will buy you whatever you need when we get home." Keir watched me closely.

"To *your* home," I pointed out.

I wondered where I would live once we got there. Would I need a job? Could I get a cute little home in the country away from everyone? Would the brothers leave me alone?

"*Your* home too, Lillian." Keir gave me a stern look. "Don't think about running off when we get there. You will live with

us.”

“I don’t have to li—”

“You belong to us, little one. You’ll live with us. No more arguing.” Aiden had my face in his hands, and when he finished speaking, he planted a rough kiss on my lips.

The drive to Katie’s house was silent. I don’t think any of them knew what to say to me, and I didn’t really feel like talking anyway.

Katie flew out the door and tackled me once I stepped onto her lawn.

‘Where the *fuck* have you been, Lil?’ Her tone was angry and worried, and I felt awful for ghosting her these past few days. Her eyes went wide when the brothers got out of the car, and I winced. I was hoping I had convinced them to stay hidden, but clearly, they didn’t want to listen. “Oh. My. God.”

Nicholas gave me a wink. “Seems to be a common confusion.”

At the same time, Aiden said, “Nope. Not God. Better, actually.”

Nicholas laughed and elbowed his twin. “Nice to meet you, Katie. We’ve heard a lot about you.” He took her hand and kissed her knuckles, and I practically watched Katie swoon.

The brothers introduced themselves as we walked inside. Keir was still in his broody mood, which stung even though I tried to not let it bother me. I really thought we had made progress.

Katie and I went back to her bedroom while the brothers stayed in the living room. It took some convincing, but I was glad they at least gave me *some* privacy. I was sure they could still hear me though, so I wasn’t convinced it was truly privacy.

“So?” Katie asked.

“So?” I knew what she wanted. She wanted me to confess about where I’d been the past few days, what I’d been doing, and why I showed up here with three princes from Hell. Surprisingly, though, I couldn’t make myself start. I didn’t even know where to begin.

The irritated look she threw at me let me know she wasn’t going to patiently wait for me to get my shit together. “I don’t even know where to begin.”

She scoffed. “Maybe start by telling me where you’ve been?”

“In a cabin.” I smiled; I couldn’t help it. “With the princes.”

A moment passed before Katie laughed and hit me on the shoulder, which made me laugh with her. “You’ve been holed up for days with those sexy creatures, and you couldn’t at least tell me you were safe? I’ve been worried sick! I should hate you right now.”

“You *should* hate me. I’m sorry. Just...so much has happened. It’s been crazy, Katie. *Really* crazy. I mean, unbelievably crazy.”

“Well, out with it. Tell me *everything*. Spare no details.” She wiggled her eyebrows, and I rolled my eyes.

“Strap in, bitch. It’s one hell of a rollercoaster.” We sat cross-legged on the bed while I told her everything. I didn’t leave anything out, not even the spicy bits. I knew for sure the brothers were listening, because Aiden coughed when I told her about the *immense* amount of sex.

She didn’t interrupt me once. She just sat there, soaking it all up. “Wow,” was all she could say after I finished.

“Yeah...”

“I have so many questions. Where’s Austin now?” She gave my knee a comforting squeeze.

“Honestly, I have no idea. Keir, um, took care of him while the twins brought me home that night.” I made a mental note to ask about Austin. Was he alive? Had Keir killed him?

“Oh, okay. That’s good, right?” She shrugged and I mirrored her, not knowing the answer.

“I think so? I mean, he can’t hurt anyone else, so, yeah, that’s good.”

She just nodded. “Next question.” She gave me an apologetic look, but I understood her. This whole situation was crazy, and I’d just poured it all into her lap and then topped it off by saying I was going to Hell forever. “So... I take full responsibility for sending you after those guys, but isn’t this all a bit fast? I mean, you just met them, and now you’re leaving with them?”

I rubbed my arms. “I’m not just leaving to be with them. I *have* to close the portal. I couldn’t live with myself if something happened because I refused to close it. I don’t have a choice.”

She nodded.

“Please don’t hate me. I have to do this. I wish there was another way.” Tears streamed down both our cheeks.

“I could never hate you, stupid. You’re a fucking superhero.” She hugged me, and I was surprised she’d accepted the news so easily. “But don’t blame this all on needing to save the world. I can see it in your eyes. You’d go with them anyways.”

I laughed uncomfortably. “What are you talking about?”

She released me from her bear hug. “I see the way they all look at you, especially the tall, dark one. Keir, right? *And* I see the way *you* look at *them*. I’ve never seen you so happy, Lil. Admit it, you’d go with them even if the world didn’t need saving.”

“You’re being ridiculous. I would not.” I laughed at her and shook my head. She was crazy. I liked them, yeah, but would I up and move to Hell just for them? No way.

A voice in my head called me a liar. Was that my voice?

“Go ahead, lie to yourself. Come find me when you’re ready to admit I was right.” She nudged me with her leg.

“Whatever.” I rolled my eyes at her.

“Are you going to go see your mom before you go?”

I sighed, letting her question sink in. The thought hadn’t even crossed my mind. “I don’t think so. She won’t notice me being gone anyway. No point in wasting my time.” I shrugged.

“Not that it’s my place, but I think you should. This could be your chance to get things off your chest and she can’t do shit about it. You can finally tell her everything you’ve been bottling up all these years. Let loose, you know?”

I nodded. The thought of telling her everything I’d kept inside sounded amazing, but I wasn’t sure if I was brave enough to stand up to her. Of course, it wouldn’t hurt to see her one more time. I’d never have to see her or speak to her ever again. Katie was right, as usual.

“Maybe I will.” I smiled, feeling a little lighter.

We spent another hour talking, laughing, hugging, and crying. It was hard to tell her goodbye. She was the only person who knew the real me and still loved me. She was my best friend.

When we finally drove away, I cried into Nicholas’s shoulder as he and Aiden stroked my back and told me everything would be okay.

I knew it would be, but I’d never see Katie again. No more sleepovers. No more girl talk. No more best friends. I already missed her so much, but there was no turning back. I had to be brave for once and see this through. I wouldn’t chicken out.





## Chapter 28

Lillian

My mom's house was trashed, as usual. Thankfully, the brothers were willing to stay in the car for this visit. I didn't want them to see my mom again, and I think they pitied me enough to not fight with me.

They did remind me they would be able to hear me scream if I needed anything. I felt safe knowing they were there, and all I had to do was call for them. My princes would come running to my rescue. I smiled at the thought as I crossed the living room and headed to the hallway.

"Margaret?" She wasn't in her usual spot on the couch. I knew she was home, though, because I'd seen her car outside.

"Back here, honey." She was at the back of the house, probably in her room. Her voice sounded weird and shaky, and since when did she call me honey? Something was up.

I walked slowly to her bedroom. I didn't see or hear anything suspicious, so I opened her door. When I stepped in, I was grabbed.

A hand clamped over my mouth before I could scream. I pulled against the hands pinning my wrists behind my back, but they were too strong. My hands were pulled up to my shoulder blades, and I couldn't move. I stilled and looked around the room to find several men standing around my mom tied to a chair, bloody and crying. They had hurt her. This must've been the men she owed money to.

"You were right, Maggie. She *is* pretty. She may be worth that steep debt after all." The ugly brute grabbed me by the chin and looked me over. I snarled as he inspected me.

I tugged harder against my captor once I saw his face. It was *him*. The man who haunted my nightmares for the longest

time. The cruelest man my mother ever traded me to. He'd always been rougher, harsher than the other men.

His grip on my arm tightened. He knew who I was, and it excited him. His breathing picked up as he ran his nose along my neck, breathing in my scent.

My mom sobbed loudly. "Please. You have her. Let me go now."

My eyes widened once I realized what was going on. They'd been waiting for me, even my mom. She was trading me to them because she owed them. My own mother was going to hand me over to her drug dealers. Mother of the fucking year.

The large, disgusting hand was still tight over my mouth, so I couldn't scream. I silently pleaded with Keir, hoping he could hear me call for help, but I didn't get a response. My mind raced. There was no way I could fight my way out. These men would destroy me.

Suddenly, I felt a tug in my mind, and I knew it was him. I felt confidence rise in my chest; my princes were coming. I laughed.

"What's so funny, bitch?" the man holding my arms spat, releasing my mouth.

"Oh, nothing. It's just...you are all going to be dead really, *really* soon." I chuckled, knowing I sounded sadistic and crazy, but I loved the feeling surging through my body.

The men laughed, but they had no idea what they were in for. I began to anticipate seeing all the bodies on the floor, and I actually felt a little excited at the thought of the brothers killing for me. It wouldn't be long now.

I heard the front door smash open as Keir called my name. I bit my lip to avoid smiling any bigger. They were so dead.

The man in charge motioned for two of his men to go take a look. The two men left to inspect the disturbance and soon after, they screamed. Silence followed. Guns were pointed at

the door. I wondered if guns hurt the princes. Could they be hurt by mortal guns?

Within seconds, all three brothers stormed into the room. Aiden had fire blazing in his hands, his hair glowing red. Nicholas's hair had gone white, his hands blue and covered with shards of ice up to his elbows. Keir's eyes were solid black, his shadows massive around him.

The men shot, but nothing stopped them. One by one, the bad men went down.

Keir looked at the man holding me, and his eyes darkened. "Let. Her. Go." His shadows grew as he stomped his way over to us.

The man tossed me aside to the man in charge, a man I couldn't remember the name of, even though he visited me more than any other man and shot at Keir with a pistol.

Keir wasn't fazed; his hand shot out and grabbed the man by the throat. As he lifted him off the ground, the man clawed at the hand cutting off his oxygen. Keir threw the man against the wall, then reached back and threw a dagger from behind him into the man's chest, killing him instantly.

The dark prince turned his head sharply and looked at the man holding me.

"You," he growled. Did he know the man? The fury filling his eyes seemed personal. He took two massive steps forward and stopped right in front of us.

The man holding me held up a gun, then pressed it into my side. *Hard*. I gasped from the pressure of the barrel digging into my ribs. I felt myself shake as the impending doom set in. He was going to shoot me. I was going to die.

"You're going to regret ever hurting Lillian," Keir said slowly, heatedly. "Let her go and face me like the puny man you are."

The man chuckled, shaking both of us. He only pressed the gun further into my ribs, making me wince. I closed my eyes

and shook my head, tears streaming down my cheeks.

Suddenly, the man pulled away from me, screaming and clutching his side. I watched as a stain of red grew around what looked like a shard of glass. No, not glass: ice. Then, I watched in awe as Keir's shadows surrounded the man.

"You scared her. You touched her. You *hurt* her. You're going to suffer in Hell for eternity for the disgusting things you did." Keir's voice was filled with anger. "You were the only one I couldn't find, but it seems fate wanted me to bring about your demise."

The only one he couldn't find? What did that mean? "I wish I could torture you like I did the others..." The others? What the fuck was going on? "But I just need you dead, unable to hurt her ever again, Darrell."

Darrell. The man who hurt me. His name.

I could only stare, his screams filling the room as Keir's shadows ripped, *literally* ripped the man apart right before my eyes. Once the pieces of his body fell to the floor, Keir's shadows disappeared into him.

"You... You knew who he was," I said quietly.

"Yes," was all Keir said. *The night we found you in the portal, I learned everything I needed to know about you. I saw their faces.* Keir still hadn't turned to face me. *All of them, Lillian. Every. Last. One.*

I couldn't move, still processing the information Keir had just admitted. When the brothers all turned to face me, I stepped back.

The trio looked terrifying as they stood together, surveying the destruction they'd caused. I would have let all three of them take me right there, just as they were in that moment.

Seeing Keir kill the demons last night had caught me off guard, but watching the brothers kill these men for me, knowing those who'd hurt me as a child were all dead, made moisture pool between my legs. These princes were mine, and

they were willing to kill for me. I felt so powerful, *untouchable*.

As they seemed to transform back to their more human-like forms, they looked at me all at once. Had I not been used to their intensity already, I would've turned and run when they stalked across the room to me.

Keir was the first to reach me, gripping my face in his hands. "Are you okay? Did they hurt you?"

"I'm fine. Really." I smiled at him, and my heart stopped when he returned the smile. It was small, but it was the first one he'd given me since coming back to Earth.

I was thankful for what Keir had done for me. I wasn't sure when or how, but revenge had been served thanks to my dark prince. I couldn't think of a way to thank him, so I just kept smiling.

He turned and faced his brothers. "I told you we should've come inside with her."

The twins pushed him out of the way and fussed over me. I kept telling them I was fine, but they didn't stop until they'd checked every part of me for any sort of injury.

Once they were sure I wasn't hurt, we turned our attention to my mom, who was still tied to the chair. She wasn't sobbing anymore; she was in a state of shock. She kept looking between us and the bodies on the floor.

Keir squatted down in front of her. "What should we do with you?" He was more than angry. She shook her head and refused to speak to him, but she wouldn't look away from him. She was terrified. *Good*. She should be terrified.

"Leave her," I answered for her. "Let her suffer for the rest of her miserable life. She isn't worth our time." I grabbed the twins' hands as I glared at her.

When she looked at me, she broke. "I'm so sorry, Lilly. Please forgive me. Please. I had no money. I owed them so much, and they were going to kill me if I didn't give them

something.” She continued blubbering, and the anger grew in my chest until it exploded.

All I could do was laugh. “So you trade your daughter to save your own hide because you have no self-control?” I dropped the twins’ hands and approached her until I was only inches from her face. “I’ll see you in Hell, *Mother*.”

Keir bent down to his knees. “Be glad she was feeling merciful. If it was up to me, we’d torture you until death took you, then find you in Hell to continue the fun.” He looked at me, waiting for my next move.

Without a second thought, I walked out of the room. The guys followed me, and once she was alone, my mother screamed, demanding to be let go. She’d figure it out. She always did.

“Lillian May Stallard, you get your ass back in here, you ungrateful little—” I shut the front door before I could hear more. I didn’t need to give her a long speech about how she was awful to me and how much I hated her. She knew.

When we got to the car, I was breathing fast, my chest tight. I was almost traded to drug dealers by my own mother, saved by my princes, all before I left my mother in the dust. I felt invigorated. She finally got what she deserved, and I was leaving it all behind. Forever.

I let out a laugh, and the brothers looked at me, their eyebrows drawn together. They were concerned, and rightly so. Once I’d calmed down, I addressed Keir. “I don’t ever want to feel that powerless again. When we get to Hell and close that portal, I want you to teach me how to protect myself.” I was done being the weakling.

“You don’t need to—”

I cut him off. “I *want* to. Please. Do this for me. These past few days, I’ve felt utterly weak, and every time, I had to wait for you to swoop in and save me. I don’t want to have to be rescued ever again. I’m tired of being the damsel in distress. I want to protect myself.”

He simply nodded, and I sighed with relief.

It was time to go to Hell.





## Chapter 29

Lillian

The twins held my hands tightly as we passed through the portal. Keir looked a million pounds lighter once we appeared back in Hell.

“Is it going to hurt?” All three brothers looked at me with confusion written across their faces. “Closing the portal. Will it hurt?”

Keir smirked at me. “Always so dramatic, Lillian.” He rolled his eyes, but he appeared more playful than before. He was clearly relieved to be back, so much so that he was coming back to the Keir from last night. “You’ll close it the same way you opened it: with your blood.”

“Oh.” I nodded. “Okay then. I can do that.”

As we reached the building’s front, Keir held his hand out. When I placed mine in his, he flipped it so my palm was up, his dagger hovering above it. I tensed, waiting for the cut. Instead, he squeezed my hand until I looked up at him. He stared deep into my eyes, deep enough to make my heart race.

*Ready?* His voice was back in my head. Right. Heightened emotions. This was a big deal, for both of us. It made sense.

I nodded. *I’m ready.*

He placed the blade to my palm, and I closed my eyes. Nothing happened, so I looked back at him to find him still staring at me.

*What?*

*Don’t close your eyes. Please.*

I held his gaze with my own, even as he dragged the blade over my skin, slicing into it. He looked as though he winced with me.

*You okay?*

I nodded at him. *I think so.*

He took my hand and pulled me to the side of the door. He pressed my bloodied palm firmly to the stone, then held my hand as the door swung closed, and I jumped when it slammed.

“Wow,” I whispered. It was done. I was trapped in Hell. There was no going back. I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing.

I should have been sad, right? I didn't feel sad at all. I felt like my life was finally getting started. I felt full and happy and excited. I was going to make a life here, with the princes.

“Lillian,” Keir spoke softly. When I emerged from my thoughts, I noticed he hadn't let go of my hand, instead holding it between both of his. I was frozen as I stared at the place our skin touched, electricity zapping between us.

When I lifted my face to look at him, my breath hitched. He looked at me so tenderly, I felt like I was melting into him. I'd never imagined he'd look at me like this. I licked my lips, and his eyes dropped to the movement. Fuck me. I wanted him to kiss me *so badly*.

*I want to.* His voice.

*Then do it,* I half-demanded. I didn't want to play games with him anymore.

*I can't...I can't do that to you. I'm sorry.*

All I could do was stare at him. I had no words. He was always going to deny me, deny himself. I wanted him, and I was 99% sure he wanted me too.

Someone cleared their throat, and Keir dropped my hand as we stepped away from each other quickly. I felt embarrassed, like I'd just been caught doing something naughty. *I wish.*

“So, Keir...” Aiden started.

“No,” he snapped back. “Don't”

“But it’s obvious you...” Nicholas shook his hand between us.

“I said no. I won’t. It can’t happen, so drop it. Now.” I cocked an eyebrow at him, and he shook his head. I knew he didn’t want me to push, so I stayed quiet. He was closed off. That wall was back up. I couldn’t get through to him.

“Your loss, Keir.” Aiden looked annoyed with him.

“So, what now?” Everyone looked at me as I finally spoke.

“Now, we go home.” Keir gestured toward a line of buildings I hadn’t noticed before.

It was bright in Hell, unlike when Keir had brought me. There was no sun, though. Instead, the sky seemed to have a red, fire-like haze.

The brothers headed down a path through the trees, and I followed. “Are we walking the whole way?” I pointed toward the city line, which looked quite a distance away.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Keir mumbled under his breath.

I rolled my eyes but chose to not engage. I didn’t want to ruin what little progress we’d made. He already felt so distant from just moments before.

Nicholas laced his fingers in mine. “We need to keep you a secret. There are *very few* people we trust with the knowledge of your existence.”

Aiden grabbed my other hand. “Right now, we just need to get you to the flat with as few people knowing as possible. Then we can decide what to do next.” He kissed my hand and smiled.

“Wait... so I’m going to basically be stuck in your flat for the rest of my life? That’s not what I signed up f—”

“Don’t worry, it’s temporary.” Nicholas squeezed my hand, ignoring Keir’s pointed glare. “We *will* figure something out. You *will* have a life here, okay?”

I nodded. I didn't speak because I was already having a hard time breathing due to being halfway up a steep hill.

The rest of the agonizing walk was silent; the twins held my hands as Keir led the way, never looking back.

I didn't feel like I was in a totally different world when we reached the city. There were cars, buildings, people walking around, as if there was no difference between Earth and Hell.

"It looks so normal." I laughed incredulously as I took in my new home.

Keir was giving me a disbelieving look. "Well, Lillian, we demons are capable of more than wreaking havoc." His tone was playful, but it felt forced, like he was trying to tease me without blowing his tough guy cover.

"Clearly," I said with a wink as I dropped the twins' hands and gestured to the beautiful city.

I caught Aiden staring at me like I was his next meal. "What?" Heat was already rushing to my cheeks.

He licked his lips. "Just enjoying the sight of you all sweaty. I'm going to ensure I see it again." He leaned into me and dragged his tongue up the side of my neck, making me moan quietly.

"For Satan's sake, Aiden, keep it in your pants. At least until we get home." Keir was looking at his brother, but then his eyes trailed down my body. I couldn't help but squirm as warmth spread through my body. I felt the ache between my legs throb, and it took everything not to moan again. The things he could do without touching me rocked me to my core, *literally*.

Before Aiden could snap back at his older brother, a black limo with tinted windows pulled up. Keir opened the door and gestured for us all to hurry in. Even though there were plenty of seats, I ended up sitting right between Aiden and Nicholas, as per usual.

Nicholas lifted a nearby seat and pulled out an ice-cold bottle of water. I didn't wait for him to offer it to me before I grabbed it and chugged it faster than I'd ever chugged anything before.

"Before you ask, the limo isn't exactly an off-road vehicle. So yes, we walked until we could get picked up." I just stared at Keir, still not used to, or maybe even okay with, the fact that he could hear me before I spoke.

*Me either.*

I tightened my jaw and glared at him. His unspoken comment was unnecessary.

"Here, have a snack." Aiden handed me a bag of cheese crackers.

I smiled after giving a side-eye to Keir. "You guys have these down here?" I hadn't thought about food, but I *had* expected things to be more primitive than cheese crackers.

Aiden poked my side. "Of course we do. What were you expecting from us? Feasting on human flesh?" He laughed as he leaned in and scraped his teeth along my neck. My toes curled. "Between human souls and the intelligence of our own kind, you'll find living here won't be such a drastic change." He poked me again. "We keep up with the times, little one."

I chewed on my bottom lip. I hadn't thought of back home yet, and the sadness of leaving still hadn't hit. I missed Katie, that was a given, but I honestly felt amazing. I felt like I belonged. Was that crazy?

"We're here." Nicholas had been staring out the window.

The brothers leaned forward, their elbows on their knees. Keir spoke like he was giving orders. "You two stay beside her. No one can see her." The twins nodded. "We use the back elevator."

The process of getting me out of the car and into the building was a blur. The twins stuck close to my side, and we

stayed right behind Keir. Once the elevator opened up, everyone relaxed.

Their flat was immaculate. It was wide and spacious. An open bar ran along one of the walls, and two long couches faced each other in the center, a giant rug between them. I felt like I had just stepped into some billionaire's bachelor pad. And of course, everything was black.

"Welcome home, Lilly." Nicholas kissed my cheek, my nose, then my lips. Butterflies filled my stomach as he lifted me into his arms.

I watched as Keir poured three drinks from the bar. When his eyes met mine, I raised my eyebrows and gestured to the drinks.

"No."

I scoffed. "Why not?"

Nicholas set me down softly on my feet and went to grab his drink.

"Because I said no." Keir's expression stayed neutral, but his eyes narrowed.

He should have known better. "Since when have I *ever* listened to you?" I crossed my arms and planted my feet, just in case he decided to come at me again. We stayed motionless, eyes locked on one another, neither of us wanting to back down.

"Give her one," Nicholas offered a compromise. One? Who did these men think they were?

Keir's jaw rolled to the side before he huffed, and I knew he was going to give in. "Fine. *One*." He poured a fourth glass. "I don't want you getting drunk, Lillian. We *will* be limiting your intake."

I rolled my eyes and marched over to the bar, downing my drink in one gulp. It warmed my belly instantly.

"So..." Nicholas started. "Shall we christen her room?"

“Nicholas!” I swatted his shoulder. “I just got here.”

“Who says you get her first?” Aiden joined us, his chest puffed out.

“I did. You got her first at the portal. I should get her here.” The brothers continued arguing about who got me first, and while I wanted to chime in and defend my autonomy, I caught myself watching Keir instead.

He stayed on the edge of the room, an observer. When he caught me looking at him, his mouth twitched. I gave an awkward, tiny wave, and he chuckled. The butterflies from earlier threatened to burst from my stomach.

I went to take a step toward Keir, but his demeanor completely changed, and I froze. His eyes darkened and his jaw tensed. He looked away from me for a moment and when he looked back, he shook his head, turning to walk down the hallway. I stood unmoving, unable to comprehend what the hell was going on and why I cared. He was just going to keep hurting me.

“I can do that.” Nicholas pulled me to him by my hips. I had been completely distracted by Keir that I’d missed their whole conversation. Had Nicholas won the first fuck in the flat with me? He certainly looked smug.

Aiden pressed against my back, sandwiching me between the two brothers. “How does that sound, little one?”

“How does what sound?” I giggled, feeling totally out of the loop.

“We couldn’t settle on who got to go first, so we came to a decision.” He leaned down and licked the shell of my ear. I felt my heart skip a beat. “Remember when I said you weren’t ready for both of us? At once?”

I gulped and nodded, unable to find words.

“I hope you’re ready.”





# Chapter 30

Lillian

Aiden swept me up into his arms and practically ran to a bedroom. He laid me on the bed and helped me wiggle out of my clothes. I watched the twins shed theirs before smiling smugly at each other. When their attention turned to me, I felt the nervousness slowly creep up.

Aiden got to me first, laying on his back and pulling me on top of him. I gave him a stiff kiss. I was terrified at the thought of both of them inside me at once. One barely fit; how would two?

“Relax, little one. We’ll take it slow.” He rubbed his thumb along my cheek, and I leaned into his touch. “There you go. Good girl.”

I melted at his praise. I wanted to be their good girl. I wanted to do this for them. I wanted both of them. Aiden resumed kissing me as I continued to relax. His tongue parted my lips, and I let him explore my mouth.

One of his hands moved between my legs and teased my pussy. I felt the painful ache start up again, and I moved my hips, seeking relief. He growled in response, and a finger slipped inside me. “So wet already. Does the thought of having both of us turn you on, little one?” I nodded. “Use your words.”

“Yes.” I managed to breathe out. I would never get used to being putty in someone’s hands.

His eyes blazed, and he rolled us over onto our sides, my back to his chest. He lifted one of my legs and positioned his cock at my entrance. “I’m going to make sure you feel nothing but pleasure, but don’t mistake that for mercy.”

I didn’t have a chance to answer as he thrust forward, slamming all of him into me at once. It was all I could do to

stay put. There was no way they'd both fit.

He continued his thrusts while Nicholas bent down in front of my middle, his tongue darting out and expertly finding my clit. My body jolted, a moan escaping my lips. He flashed me a sinful smile and repeated his action.

"No. Fuck." I was already about to come.

"Come, little one. Right now," Aiden demanded. Nicholas licked my clit again, and I instantly came undone. Aiden held my body tight against his as I writhed between them, the orgasm quick and relentless, leaving me breathless. "One more. Then you'll be ready."

I didn't protest, because he was right. I needed as much help as my body could give me. I laid there as the twins traded, and Nicholas took his position behind me. He didn't wait to shove his cock just as deep as Aiden had. As he fucked me, his arm wrapped around my waist, his fingers circling my clit. Aiden just watched, stroking his own cock, still wet from my release.

"More. Nicholas. Please," I begged between breaths.

"Keep begging, little whore. I like when you beg."

I happily obliged, pleading for more. I wanted him to get me to the edge and shove me off it. Lucky for me, it didn't take much begging before his thrusts became faster and harder. He stopped circling my clit. Instead, he pressed with his fingers, *hard*.

"Oh, my—"

"Don't finish that sentence if you know what's good for you, Lilly," Nicholas growled in my ear. "Let go, baby. Come for me."

I screamed his name as the second orgasm ripped through my body, stars filling my view. Though I was in Hell, these guys took my body to motherfucking heaven.

"Good girl." Aiden laid on the bed in front of me, his cock nearing my already-full entrance. I whimpered at the thought

of him fucking my pussy at the same time as Nicholas.

“Relax, little one. We’ll make you feel *so* good.” Aiden planted kisses across my face until I relaxed.

Nicholas continued to fuck me, but his thrusts slowed to a nearly painful pace as I closed my eyes in anticipation. Nicholas nearly pulled all the way out, and then, all at once, they both slid in slowly. They went inch by inch, stretching me to the max.

I cried out and tried to move, but Aiden brought his mouth down to mine as Nicholas whispered in my ear. “Shhh. You’re doing so well, Lilly. Such a good little whore. You make our cocks feel so good.”

Tears fell down my cheeks as my pussy stretched to accommodate them both. I felt everything. Every inch. Every thrust. Every movement. It was too much for my body to handle, but I was helplessly pinned between them, unable to do anything other than take it.

“It hurts,” I whimpered.

“Good,” Aiden spoke as Nicholas kissed my neck and shoulder. “Let it be a good hurt, little one. Try to relax. Stop trying to push us out. Let us please our pussy.” My body shuddered, and I willed myself to loosen up. The pain didn’t disappear altogether, but I started to feel more pleasure than pain as they filled me past capacity.

At one point, one of them slipped their hand down to play with my clit. Pain melded with pleasure and vice versa, and soon, I was screaming their names as they fucked me mercilessly.

“Come on our cocks, little one.”

I thought my body was going to explode as the pleasure hit me in an all-consuming tidal wave. My whole body felt like it was floating and falling at the same time, as if the orgasm lasted forever. Maybe it was multiple orgasms in a row. I couldn’t tell. I was barely coherent as I let the pleasure have its

way with me. I was a mess when the guys finished inside me and pulled out.

I shook, from both crying and the aftershocks of the longest orgasm ever. They held me between them, stroking my hot, sticky skin and murmuring how good I'd been.

Once I calmed down, they carried me to the huge glass shower in the adjoining bathroom. There was water raining down from all corners. Nicholas washed my body with a loofah, then got on his knees as he washed my legs. When he looked up at me, I knew I was in trouble. He grinned and looked behind me to Aiden.

Before I could register what was happening, Aiden wrapped one arm around my middle, just under my breasts, while the other grabbed the knee Nicholas lifted. I cried out when Nicholas's lips kissed my swollen clit.

I shook my head and begged for mercy. "I can't. Please. It's so sensitive." Despite my pleas for him to stop, a sound of pleasure escaped my parted lips.

Nicholas pulled his mouth off and nodded. "Let me worship your pussy, Lilly. Let me make you feel good. You deserve this." His mouth went back to work, his tongue swirling around my clit. I couldn't move, between Aiden's grip on my body and Nicholas's hands on my thighs.

I had no choice but to ride the wave of pleasure that overtook my body. My legs were noodles by the time Nicholas finished with me, two more orgasms later—they had to hold me up to finish the shower. I was incapable of taking care of myself. Maybe they did that on purpose. They loved when I was helpless, and I loved being at their mercy. *Perfect.*

Nicholas was the one who carried me back to the room. "Welcome to your room, Lilly."

I opened my eyes and looked around. *My* room. It *was* different from the rest of the house. It was girlier, but not too girly. The walls were a light purple, the bedspread a darker

shade—my favorite color. The closet even had clothes in it. *No way.*

“We had Ida go shopping for you. That’s part of what Keir did when he disappeared. He got things ready for you.” Nicholas gave me a short tour of the room, carrying me around since my legs refused to hold me up.

My mind was racing. It was Keir who did all this. Why would he go to such lengths for me? I couldn’t figure him out. Maybe he liked it that way, though. He wanted me strung along, caring enough that he could torture me easily.

When I laid down on the bed, I was more than ready to sleep. Between the walk to the city, the body-altering sex, and the several orgasms, I was done for.

“Get some sleep, baby.” Nicholas tucked me under the covers.

I grabbed his arm before he could leave. “Stay. Both of you.”

They didn’t argue.

The twins were still in my bed when I woke up the next morning, both awake and beaming as I rubbed the sleepiness from my eyes. I’m sure I looked like a zombie. Shit, I *felt* like a zombie.

“Come on. Ida’s making breakfast.” Nicholas and Aiden had to help me up and out of bed *and* get dressed. My legs were shaky, and my vagina felt like someone had taken a hammer to it. I was practically waddling as we walked down the hall to the kitchen.

I expected Ida to be a cute old lady, but I was so wrong. Ida was drop-dead gorgeous. She had short black hair and curves for days. She was lighter complexioned than the guys, but still darker than me, with freckles everywhere. Of course, that didn’t take much, since I was so pale. She wore black leather pants and a light pink T-shirt.

I suddenly felt self-conscious next to her. She was prettier than I was; *much* prettier.

“Master Aiden. Master Nicholas.” She nodded at each of them and then looked at me. “Miss Lillian.” She smiled, and for some unknown reason, I wanted to hug her. She made me feel warm and fuzzy. “I’ve been looking forward to meeting you.” She pulled me into a tight embrace, and I instantly hugged her back.

“Hi.” That was the best I could come up with, and I was mentally face-palming myself.

“Hi.” She let me go and gave me a big smile. “Damn, she *is* gorgeous, boys. You weren’t lying.” My cheeks reddened. She thought *I* was gorgeous?

The twins looked proud, and Aiden shot me a wink. Nicholas pulled out a chair at the island and gestured for me to sit.

Once I was seated, Ida placed the biggest stack of pancakes in front of me. A plate of bacon and eggs appeared next to it.

“The boys said it was your favorite. I hope you like them.” Ida watched me take a bite, and I nearly rolled my eyes into the back of my head. Fuck, it was delicious.

As we ate, I asked Ida to tell me more about herself. She’d started out as their mom’s handmaiden and helped with Keir, but once the twins came along, she mostly cared for them. She said the boys were quite mischievous growing up, and still were. I didn’t want her to stop talking, but she did when Keir entered the room.

“Master Keir.” She nodded and got him a plate of food, placing it on the other side of Nicholas.

Keir didn’t look at anyone as he scarfed his food down quickly. We were still left staring at him when he stood and said he had business to attend to.

“What’s his problem?” I asked the twins.

“He’s going to see our father. Disappearing to deal with you made him suspicious, so Keir is trying to smooth things over.” Nicholas kissed my cheek and gathered our plates. He placed them in Ida’s outstretched hand and led me to the common room. “It’s no big deal. Our relationship with him has never been the best, anyway.”

I nodded and snuggled between the twins as we watched TV. They had everything here. It was like I was just on vacation, not in an entirely different world.





# Chapter 31

## Aiden

Lilly was incredibly sexy in those cute little shorts and tank top under that apron.

She'd been here for a few days, but she was already growing bored of being in the flat. I didn't blame her. Nicholas and I tried our best to keep her entertained, but I knew she wanted to be out and exploring Hell.

I was delighted when she asked me to teach her to cook. It was adorable. Back on Earth, she'd tried to help us with the meals, but she was a less-than-ideal sous chef, that was for sure. The poor thing could barely handle stirring carrots.

She'd chosen baked chicken and roasted vegetables for dinner.

As she washed the vegetables at the sink, I smacked her tight little ass, making her yelp, then sat back against the stove behind her, the warming oven hot on my ass.

"Hey," she hollered at me. "Stop that. I need to focus."

She was focused alright. Her forehead was wrinkled, her lips twisted, and her hand worked meticulously under the water.

"You're just washing veggies, little one," I teased, pressing myself against her back and running my hands over her hips to her stomach. "You're in for a doozy if you're distracted so easily."

She giggled and pushed her ass into me, finally playing along and relaxing. *Good*. She should be relaxed. We were just cooking and having fun. It wasn't some life-altering test or anything.

"Watch yourself, buddy," she warned playfully.

“Buddy?” I whispered in her ears. “I’d take that back if I were you.”

“Never.” She ground against me, pushing her ass against my cock, hard and ready in my sweats.

I pulled away and smacked her ass again. “Don’t distract me.”

She scoffed. “Me?”

I gave her a wicked grin. “Yes, *you*. You’re distracting. I’m trying to cook.”

She rolled her eyes. “Whatever.”

“Alright, I think those are clean enough,” I teased. “You won’t have any vegetables left if you keep scrubbing.”

“Pffft.” She put the cleaned vegetables on the towel next to the sink. “Okay, what’s next?”

I talked her through cutting the chicken, seasoning it, and placing it on the baking sheet. We did the same with the vegetables, and once everything was in the oven, she let out a breath.

“I hope it tastes good,” she said nervously.

I laughed, which earned me a glare from her. The aroma of spices had already begun filling the air. She was worrying over nothing.

“It’ll taste fine.” I brought my shoulders up. “If not, we’ll eat it and tell you it was great anyway.”

She smacked my arm, then leapt away to avoid my retaliation. Despite her best efforts, I caught my little sinner in two steps. She squealed as I lifted her onto the counter, plopping her on her ass.

“We have time to kill,” I said suggestively, making her blush. I moved my hands down her hips and along her thighs. When I reached her knees, I moved back up her inner thigh, making her go rigid.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“I need an appetizer, little one.” I licked her nose, and she giggled.”

I grabbed the hem of her shorts and pulled them off, finding no panties, leaving her in just her tank top and apron. Satan save me. She looked delectable.

My throat vibrated with a primal growl, and I felt her thighs tense. I lowered myself to be at eye level with her delicious little pussy. My hands moved to her knees, and I yanked her forward until she was nearly off the counter, giving me the perfect angle.

She gasped when I dove in, licking her from bottom to top, savoring her sweet taste.

“Fuck,” I moaned against her.

“Aiden,” she breathed out.

I licked her again, and she moaned. I loved her little sex noises. They made my cock instantly hard. She wiggled against my grasp on her hips, but I tightened my hold, and she whimpered. I alternated between shoving my tongue into her and flicking her clit. She moved her hips in sync with me, her breathing picking up the closer she got.

“Don’t stop,” she begged.

I moved faster, her hips not able to keep up, then pulled away suddenly. Lilly narrowed her eyes at me and huffed.

“Beg me to keep going, little one,” I said with a smirk. “Beg me to eat your little pussy.”

She bit down on her bottom lip, her eyes falling to my lips, which were covered in her. She looked captivated as I used my tongue to clean myself off.

She gulped before opening her mouth. “Please.”

I chuckled, knowing she didn’t want to say it. Oh, I’d make her. She liked it, and she knew she did. “Please what, little one? I need you to be more specific. Please stop? Please put

your clothes back on? Please get the table set for dinner? Please g—”

“Please eat my pussy,” she shouted at me, sounding desperate.

I couldn't help the way the corners of my mouth rose. I loved making her beg. I loved making her ask for it. I loved *her*.

“Yes, ma'am,” I said with a schoolboy grin. I went straight to her clit and sucked it between my lips, just how she liked.

Her moans picked back up immediately, her hips moving again. She tried to squeeze her legs together, but I held her apart, open wide for my assault. Knowing it would push her off that edge, I slowed my pace and scraped my teeth on her sensitive bud.

At first, she made a frustrated noise, but when I pushed a finger inside her, she stopped her complaints and took what I gave her. I slid a second and third finger in, one after the other, and her pussy squeezed violently around my digits.

She was close; *so close*.

I heard someone clear their throat.

“Keep going. I want to see our little whore come,” my twin said behind me.

I heard his footsteps as he approached and lifted my eyes just enough to see him slip the apron over her head and pull her shirt up, exposing her breasts. He fondled her chest, and when he rubbed her nipples between his fingers, she began to shake.

Her slick walls tightened on my hand as she cried out, and I looked up again to see her eyes closed in ecstasy. She looked so fucking perfect when she came.

“There's our good girl,” Nicholas praised her, tugging at her nipples. “Come all over his face.”

I continued pumping my fingers and licking her clit long after she'd finished, drawing as much pleasure out of her as I could. Once I finally pulled myself away, still licking her off my lips, I found her looking spent. Sweat had formed on her forehead, and her cheeks were flushed.

Nicholas was admiring her too. We were both smitten with her.

“Stop looking at me like that.” A big smile was plastered on her face. Even her eyes twinkled.

“Like what?” I asked, putting my hands up in defense.

“Like you're going to eat me again.”

“Is that a request?” I asked her, wiggling my eyebrows and groaning when the oven timer went off.

“It's done,” she squealed, perking up. She grabbed the pan from the oven and turned with a nervous look on her face.

“It looks fucking delicious,” my twin said, though his eyes were on Lilly.

She laughed and handed him the stack of plates and forks. “Set the table?” she asked.

The elevator opened with a ding the moment we all sat down. Keir was home.

“Something smells delicious,” he said when he stepped into the dining room.

“I made it,” Lilly announced with an eager smile.

Keir looked at her and *actually* smiled, a rare sight these days, especially when he was in the room with her. “Good job,” he told her, her eyes filling with hope at his compliment.

“Want to eat with us?” Her voice was full of that hope too.

I watched as Keir contemplated his choices, and I fought the wince as I saw him settle on a decision. “I'll take a plate to my room,” he said, tearing his eyes away from her.

Lilly looked crushed, and her lip trembled just a bit. I fought the urge to storm after Keir and drag him back in, but that wouldn't help anything. Instead, I cleared my throat and filled my plate.

"I can't wait to taste this," I said, licking my lips with an inward groan. There was still the faint taste of Lilly in my mouth. I started to take a bite, but Lilly's hand landed on my arm, halting me.

"Wait." She filled her plate along with Nicholas. "Let's try it together."

I smile, and my heart swelled. I nodded at her and gestured with my fork. "Ready?"

She looked at her place and then at each of us before she hurriedly snuck her bite into her mouth.

"Why you little..." I stuffed my bite in my mouth along with my brother. I closed my eyes and chewed the food, the juices exploding in my mouth.

"Hail Satan," I heard my twin say.

I nodded and grunted in agreement. When I opened my eyes, Lilly was staring at me expectantly.

"So?"

"You may have hope when it comes to cooking after all, little one." I took another bite. "This is amazing. I told you it would be good."

She smiled. "I had a great teacher."

I smiled back, then dove in for another bite. It *really* was good. Much to Lilly's delight, I even went back for seconds and thirds.

Once we'd cleaned up, we sat on the couch with Lilly between us and watched a movie until she fell asleep. Nicholas carried her to the room, and I watched her sleep until my own tiredness lulled me into the darkness.



## Chapter 32

Lillian

After a week, I'd decided I'd had enough of Keir avoiding me. He was about to leave for the day, so I asked for the one thing that'd been burning in the back of my mind since leaving Earth: Austin. I hadn't been able to stop thinking about what 'taken care of' meant. Had they killed him? Part of me was okay with that, but another part of me hoped he didn't get off that easily.

"Wait."

Keir, along with everyone else, looked at me. Keir's expression was hesitant, like he was afraid of what I was going to say.

My mouth felt dry with his eyes on me. He'd hardly looked at me since we'd gotten here. I'd hoped being in Hell would improve things between us, but he was determined to keep as far away from me as he could.

"What?" He already sounded annoyed and impatient.

"What did you do with Austin?" My voice was barely more than a whisper. I could barely hear myself over my own heartbeat pounding in my ears.

I was afraid no one had heard me, but then Ida said something about taking it as her cue to leave, and she scurried out. Keir held my gaze, as if he was pondering what to tell me. Was he going to tell me the truth? I'd seen him kill twice now. It didn't bother me. In fact, my filthy brain was sending pulses between my legs as I thought about it.

"I don't think you're ready for that." His face remained stoic.

A forced laugh escaped my throat, and I tucked my tongue into my cheek while I took a deep breath. "Not ready for what, exactly? Did you kill him? I've seen you, *all* of you, kill



before. It didn't bother me." I held onto the thought that it actually turned me on.

Keir's eyes widened for a split second, and I was afraid he'd heard my thoughts, but as always, I couldn't be sure.

"He's alive."

Keir glared at Aiden, clearly upset he'd given up the secret. Keir's glare was the epitome of 'if looks could kill'. Aiden was lucky it was just an expression.

"Aiden's right. Lilly's stronger than you give her credit for. She can handle it." Nicholas gave me his signature wink. He was always willing to stand behind me, empower me.

As I looked back at Keir, I could feel my chest puff out a little. It was three to one; he'd lost.

His jaw tightened as he gave me a look over, probably still deciding if he thought I could handle whatever they'd done to Austin. Did they beat him up? Were they torturing him?

"Fine, but *when* this goes south, I'm blaming you two." He raised his eyebrows at the twins. "Give me an hour. Meet me there." He started to leave, but then turned around with a stern look. "No one sees her."

Once he left, the breath I'd been holding was released.

"I'm on your side if you want to do this, but don't be ashamed if you change your—"

"I'm not going to change my mind," I interrupted Nicholas. "I *need* to know he's suffering." I clenched my jaw, refusing to get emotional.

Nicholas nodded. "Okay then. We leave in fifty minutes."

The twins cleaned up breakfast, but I couldn't sit still. I paced the floor. I changed my outfit four times. I put my laundry away. I changed my bedsheets. I did anything I could to make the time pass faster. When the twins told me it was time to leave, I *ran* to the elevator.

We left the same way we had arrived, sneaking out the back. Instead of a limo, there was a fancy black SUV with tinted windows waiting for us.

Less than ten minutes later, I was shuffled into the back of a tall building.

“What’s this place?”

“It’s the royal office. Keir and our father work here. Separate floors, though,” Aiden snickered.

“He works here?” I nearly laughed at the mundaneness. Keir worked in an office? *Hell* had a royal office?

“I’m surprised Keir still comes here to be completely honest. Our father told him he was more than welcome to work from home, but Keir will do the opposite of anything our father says.”

“Uh-huh,” I muttered. I knew better than to press for more about their father, but the more I learned about him, the more I wanted to know.

We took a sharp left the moment we entered. Aiden said we couldn’t linger anywhere until we got to where we were going; if anyone got a whiff of my human scent, we’d be in trouble.

I knew it was dangerous to leave the flat, so I was grateful the brothers were willing to do this for me. I had to see Austin. I had to know he was suffering. I had to see it with my own eyes.

After walking down hundreds of stairs, we reached the bottom of a dimly lit hall that led to a single metal door.

“He’s in there?” I asked the twins.

“Yep.” Nicholas squeezed my hand. “You’re absolutely sure you want to do this?”

I nodded, not wanting to speak for fear of my voice not working. I was nervous, but there was also a feeling of excitement. The anticipation of seeing what they’d done to him buzzed through my body. I had never been excited about

violence, but these men had changed me in a matter of days, and I craved it now.

When we reached the door, we stopped.

“We need to wait for Keir.” Aiden looked at the stairs.

“He’s already in there.” The words left my mouth before I could think. The twins exchanged glances, then looked at me. They were clearly wondering how I knew that. I shrugged. “I just feel it. He’s in there.”

How did I know that? I wasn’t just guessing. It was a weird sensation tingling up my spine. It was like I could sense his presence.

“Here we go.” Aiden opened the door, and the creak was so loud, I winced.

Nicholas went in first, followed by me, then Aiden, who closed the door behind us.

I gasped when I saw him. In the middle of the nearly bare room, save for a wooden table to the side, was a chair with a bloodied mess of a man tied to it. Had I not already known it was Austin, it would have been impossible to guess. His swollen, beaten face hung down, his chin tucked to his chest. He was out cold. I would’ve guessed dead, but his chest rose and fell slowly.

There was a dagger stuck in one of his thighs; it was clear someone had been busy with him. Some blood was dried, but there was a fresh trickle dripping from his face.

Someone cleared their throat, and my eyes flicked up to the figure approaching me from the shadows. *Keir*. His sleeves were rolled up, exposing his ink-covered forearms, his hands covered in blood.

Austin’s blood.

I attempted to swallow the hard lump in my throat, but Keir’s unrelenting, fierce gaze only made it harder. He seemed different down here. *Darker*.

The corners of his mouth twitched. “What do you think, princess?” He stopped next to Austin, grabbing his chin and pulling it up so more of his face was visible. “Like what you see?”

He was challenging me. He probably expected me to break, admit that I never should have come. He wanted me to expose my weakness, to prove him right. I wasn’t weak anymore, though, and this was my chance to show it.

“I do,” I said with as much confidence as I could muster. “You did this for me?” I felt like a different person. Curious, sadistic, evil even. I’d never felt this energized before.

Keir’s tongue brushed across his bottom lip, and after a moment of staring, he nodded. His breathing was uneven as his eyes spoke the words his mouth refused to. He wanted me.

*I can’t, though.*

I heard him, even though his lips didn’t move. He was going to deny me if I made a move, so I turned my attention to the body in the chair.

“I want him dead,” I spoke plainly. I was bringing judgment down on a guy I’d grown up with like it was nothing. I was not the same girl, not anymore.

Aiden pressed his front to my back. One arm circled my waist, holding me to him, while the other pulled at the hem of the short, flowy dress I’d chosen for this special occasion.

I sucked in a breath and leaned my head into his shoulder as he left open-mouthed kisses on my neck, causing my body to erupt in goosebumps.

“I think he should suffer one more time before he dies, little one,” he whispered, his hot breath dancing across my skin.

Keir shifted and looked at me. His eyes were hooded, and they jumped between my face and his brother’s hand between my legs. If he wouldn’t give in to me, I’d show him what he was missing.

I turned my head to find Nicholas watching us too. I licked my lips, my eyes begging him to touch me. He was happy to oblige.

Aiden's hand dipped under the edge of my panties as his twin covered my mouth with his own. I moaned into him and opened my lips when Aiden found my clit. His tongue slipped in, commanding me to submit.

I snaked a hand behind each twin's head, pulling them closer. I moved my hips, grinding against Aiden's hand.

Nicholas pulled his lips from mine. "Do you want us, Lilly?" He kissed my lips softly. "Do we need to fuck our good little whore?"

I nodded, whimpering as the pleasure built in my core, making me tighten up.

"Beg for it, little one. Beg for our cocks." Aiden's touch left my waist and pussy all at once as Nicholas stepped away from me at the same time.

I nearly fell to the floor. The way they touched me brought me to my knees every time. I'd do anything to get their touch back; my body was screaming out for them. "Please."

"Tsk tsk. Please *what?*" Aiden taunted me.

"Please give me your cocks. Please fuck me. Please use me." I was not above begging, not for these men. I'd beg every day if I had to.

"Good girl." Nicholas's praise sent a tingling sensation straight to my clit, making me ache with even more need. "Take your panties off, Lilly."

I wiggled them down my legs, and by the time I stepped out of them, Nicholas's hand was outstretched, waiting for me to hand them over. When I did, he handed them to Keir.

"Wake him up, Keir. Let's show that monster how to properly treat a woman." Aiden's command reminded me of the body in the chair.

I jerked my head in time to see Keir rip the dagger from Austin's thigh, resulting in his screams. I stood still as he came to and looked around the room. He yanked against his restraints until his eyes landed on me and widened.

"Lilly. Help me." I didn't move. Instead, I cocked my head and smirked, enjoying his pleading more than I expected. "You stupid bitch. Help. Me. They're going to kill me."

I jumped a little when Keir's fist connected with his face, making him cry out again. Keir took my panties and shoved them into Austin's mouth, using some sort of tape to hold them in. He thrashed and screamed, but nothing was intelligible.

Keir leaned to Austin's ear, and whatever he said to him made him even more furious. Those anger-filled eyes looked at me again, and all I could do was stare. I was frozen, but not out of fear, though. I was amazed at the lengths these princes, *my* princes, would go for me.

"Little one." Aiden's voice called out to me, and I turned to face him. He was standing next to his twin, watching me with their big arms crossed over their chests.

"Come here," he beckoned.

I took a step in their direction, but he shook his head, and I halted. I questioned him silently. He told me to come to him, so why did he shake his head?

"Crawl." He pointed to the floor.

I looked to the floor then back up at him. He nodded, confirming his statement. Was he trying to humiliate me? The throbbing in my clit was unbearable as I imagined listening to his command.

I lowered myself onto my hands and knees, my heart pounding so loud in my ears that Austin's screaming was drowned out. The thought that he was going to be forced to watch me with my princes excited me beyond what was sane.

The twins leaned against the wall, waiting for me to crawl my way to them. As I began to move across the hard, cold floor, I caught sight of Keir holding Austin's face to watch me, whispering in his ear again.

"Such a good little slut." Nicholas petted my hair when I reached them. I started to stand, but he pressed his hand on my head, stopping me. "We didn't say you could stand up yet, baby. Get on your knees and suck Aiden's cock."

I gladly did as he instructed. Aiden's massive cock was out and ready. He put his tip against my lips, and I parted them eagerly. One hand held his cock as the other grabbed my hair at the base of my neck and forced me to take all of him at once. When he didn't pull out of my mouth, my hands pushed and scratched his thighs.

Nicholas was crouched down behind me, stroking my arm with a single finger, sending shivers up my spine. "Breathe through your nose, baby. Calm down." He grabbed my wrists and pinned them behind me.

Aiden pulled out, giving me a second to breathe, then thrust back in. I tried to focus on breathing through my nose, but as soon as Nicholas's fingers found my clit, it became impossible.

Lucky for me, Aiden decided to fuck my mouth rather than continue to suffocate me with his cock. He continued to thrust between my lips while Nicholas played with my sensitive nub.

I shook as an orgasm swept through my body unexpectedly. Tears spilled down my face and landed on my chest while Aiden brutally hit the back of my throat.

When he finally released my head, Nicholas helped me stand, letting my wrists go. "Our sweet little slut." He gave my lips a chaste kiss.

Aiden grabbed me by the backs of my thighs and lifted me until my legs wrapped around his waist. He lowered me onto his cock and groaned, his eyes closed in pleasure. "I've got to get my cock nice and wet before I finally claim that ass."

I tensed around him, which only made him groan again.

“That’s right, little one, I’m going to claim all of you.”

Despite the fear of him fucking the tight hole I’d never let another man come near, the promise of what was to come made me snap.

“Fuck, Aiden. I…” I couldn’t finish my sentence. My body raced with electricity, and I arched my back, pushing myself further onto him as he thrust through my release, praising me for being his good girl.

“So. Fucking. Beautiful.” Nicholas was right behind me. He was so close, I could feel him, but he wasn’t touching me.

Aiden lifted me off him and passed me to his brother, who lifted my ass and slid me onto him.

“Yes.” I leaned in and bit Nicholas’s bottom lip. He groaned, and our open lips crashed together.

Aiden pressed against my back, sandwiching me between them. The anticipation of being fucked in the ass while Nicholas fucked my pussy caused my body to go rigid.

“Lilly.” I didn’t realize I’d closed my eyes, my breathing shallow and quick. I lifted my eyes to the man who’d whispered my name. I’d never get used to the way his blue eyes cut through me.

Aiden pressed a finger against my asshole, and I gasped. “You need to relax, little one.”

I focused on loosening my body. He pushed a single finger in, stretching my tight hole for him. I moaned, surprised at the pleasure of both holes being filled.

“Good girl.” Nicholas cupped my ass with one hand while his other hand pressed on the nape of my neck, guiding my mouth back to his.

Sounds of pleasure continued to leave my lips as Nicholas thrust and his brother added a second finger. I never



imagined I'd want to be fucked in two holes at once, but all I could think about was getting Aiden's cock in me.

"Please," I purred. "More."

"Are you begging for me to fuck your ass, little one?" Aiden's breath skimmed the shell of my ear, making me moan as I nodded. "Use your words, baby. Ask me to fuck your ass."

I swallowed. *Fuck*, these men would be my undoing. They pushed past my boundaries and then made me beg for more. The worst part was that I was more than happy for them to do the filthiest things to me.

"Please fuck my ass," I spoke through gritted teeth as Aiden added a third finger.

"Hear that, Austin? She's *begging* me to fuck her ass. I doubt she's ever begged you for anything."

I turned to find Austin watching. Well, being forced to watch by Keir's grip on his hair.

Should I have been ashamed? I hoped not, because I wasn't. I loved knowing he had to watch my two sexy, strong princes pleasure me before we killed him. I loved seeing his face twisted with anger. I loved knowing I was causing him more pain than anything else could.

I turned my gaze to the prince holding Austin's head. I licked my lips, part of me wishing those hands were on my body too.

His eyes darkened, and I knew he could tell what I was thinking. I watched as he adjusted himself in his pants, clearly turned on by watching my body be used.

Aiden's fingers left me, but they were quickly replaced with the head of his cock, still wet with me. Even as he inched himself inside, stretching me beyond what should have been possible, my eyes stayed glued to Keir's.

I blinked slowly and moaned as the twins thrust into me in sync. I felt impossibly full. They fucked me so hard, I

should have split apart. I screamed and dug my nails into Nicholas's shoulders.

I wanted to keep staring at Keir's hungry eyes, but the coil tightening in my abdomen was too much. I closed my eyes and threw my head back onto Aiden's shoulder.

Across the room, I could have sworn I heard Keir whisper. "She was never yours. She's always been mine."

Nicholas licked my exposed neck, sending fire through my veins. I was ready to explode.

"Come for us like the good little whore you are." Nicholas's command threw me over the edge.

My body tightened, and the brothers groaned at the pressure. I moaned and screamed their names as my skin ignited, my muscles contracting with waves of pleasure. Nicholas spilled into me first, his twin right behind him, their hot cum and continued thrusting drawing out my orgasm.

When Aiden pulled out, I yelped. I was definitely going to be sore. Nicholas lifted me off him and set me on my feet. My legs were noodles, and they had to help me stand. They showered my face, neck, and shoulders with kisses while they praised me for taking them so well.

"Show's over." Keir reached to his side and pulled out a dagger, jamming it into Austin's chest. His eyes never left mine as he ripped the knife out, spraying blood out.

I didn't jump at the death this time. I tilted my head as Austin's body went limp. Whoever said revenge solves nothing was fucking stupid. He was dead, and I felt free, powerful even.

Keir's eyes were still on me, practically boring holes into my soul. "That's the last time anyone but us gets to see you naked. Understood?"

I scoffed at my dark prince. "Why are you included on that list?" I felt myself stand taller. It was my turn to challenge

him. I knew he wanted me as much as I wanted him; I just wanted him to admit it.

“Because that was my altar too, princess. You belong to me just as much as you belong to them. Maybe more.” His face immediately pinched with regret.

“Maybe more? What do you mean, maybe more?” I crossed my arms and cocked a brow, waiting for him to admit his secrets.

*I can't tell her yet. I'm not ready. I'll never be.*

I remained stone-faced as Keir's thoughts sounded in my head. Tell me what? What was he not ready for? Why didn't he trust me? I'd given everything up for him. I mean, for Earth. Still.

He didn't offer me an answer, choosing to stare me down instead. “Whatever. You've hardly even touched me. No one, *no one*, owns me, especially not you.” I turned on my heels and stormed out, tugging my dress down. I didn't care about my lack of shoes or panties.

“Fuck, Keir. Stop doing this to her,” I heard one of the twins say before they both followed me out to the waiting car.

The drive home was painful. They kept trying to get me to talk, but I remained silent. My thoughts were stuck on Keir's thoughts.

Did he know I heard him?



## Chapter 33

### Keir

I couldn't believe I'd agreed to let her see him, to see the man, the *boy*, who'd almost taken her on *our* altar. I was hoping she'd forget about him, or never ask, but she constantly surprised me.

I knew Nicholas was right. She *was* stronger than I'd given her credit for, but that wasn't what this was about. I wanted to protect her. I'd taken care of all the men on Earth who'd hurt her as a child, and Austin was the only one left. I never wanted her to have to deal with him, but if closure was what she needed, that's what I'd give her. She deserved that and more.

I pulled into my parking spot at the tower and walked inside, heading for my office first. I had some paperwork to deal with before prepping Austin for her arrival.

I stopped short when I opened my door. Someone was sitting in my chair, facing the wall of windows overlooking the city. I cleared my throat, expecting whoever it was to jump up and apologize for being such an idiot. Instead, my chair turned, revealing my father.

"Keir," he said smoothly, as if there was no bad blood between us. As if we were close. As if we were the happiest father and son duo there was.

"Father," I acknowledged him, unsure of why he would surprise me with a visit.

We hardly spoke, and when we did, it was usually through email or other people. If he showed up, it was usually to torment me or blame me for something.

Growing up, my father loved practicing his torture on me. Our mother hardly ever stopped him, probably afraid he would turn it around on her instead. I remember the first time he whipped me like it was yesterday.

*He'd caught me and the twins sneaking out of the palace. After catching us running through the streets, he was furious. He claimed he kept us in the palace to protect us, but I had a feeling it was more than that. He never interacted with our people, as if they were beneath him. He wanted us to be just like him.*

*I couldn't let the twins take the fall, so I told our father it had all been my idea. He had always favored them, so he was more than happy to take it all out on me.*

*He usually made me do some tedious, torturous job, like tend the Lake of Fire or clean the torture chamber. At most, he'd slap me across the face, but this time he was different. Angrier.*

*"Go to your room and wait for me," he ordered, his nostrils flaring and his jaw twitching.*

*When I walked past him, I half-expected him to hit me, but he didn't. Instead, I passed my mother on the way to my room. Her eyes were sad, disappointed even.*

*"Why did you have to defy him, my sweet boy?" She ran her hands down my arms, stopping me in the hall. "He gave you a direct order. Why did you ignore that?" She squeezed my hands, then let them drop.*

*I didn't speak. I couldn't. For one, I knew he was probably listening, waiting for me to slip up again so he could make my punishment worse. Even more, I didn't want my mother in between us. He'd hurt her enough without taking out my transgressions on her.*

*She sighed at my silence and stepped aside, letting me continue upstairs. I went through the list of my possible punishments, but nothing could have prepared me for what he'd landed on.*

*He walked through the door with a cat-o-nine tails dangling from his hand, an unholy grin on his face. He was looking forward to this.*

*“Your mother begged me to let this offense slide, but what kind of father would I be if I didn’t teach you?” His steps were slow and methodical, almost cruel, as he barked his next words. “Shirt off, hands on your bed. You’ll receive ten lashings for your sins against me. If you scream, I start over. Let this be a reminder of what will happen if you disobey me again, Keir.”*

*I followed his order; the sooner it started, the sooner it’d be over.*

*I’d never felt true physical pain until that day. Not even my father’s slaps would classify as painful compared to being lashed by his special whip, the bones of his victims in the cords.*

*Each lash was worse than the last, tearing into skin that had already been ripped open. I had to bite down on my tongue to keep from crying out. Blood pooled in my mouth, but I swallowed it, refusing to let my father see how bad he hurt me. I’d never give him that satisfaction.*

*By the time he reached ten, I was on my knees, my tongue swollen and bloody in my mouth. He didn’t say a word as he walked out, leaving me a torn, bloody mess.*

*Within minutes, my mother was beside me, cleaning me off and applying salve to help me heal. As royalty, I wouldn’t scar—not physically anyway.*

*Once I was bandaged up and in bed, she sang to me, brushing my hair off my forehead. She always did this after I was punished. Maybe she felt like helping me afterward made up for letting him abuse me. Whatever the reason, I never stopped her. It was one of the few moments she felt like home, before he broke her, molded her into the cold, hardened queen of Hell he desired.*

“To what do I owe this pleasure?” I narrowed my eyes at him.

He let out a snort. “I just wanted you to sign these.” He gestured to the desk, at a stack of papers and a pen.

“Confirming the mission to find the open portal was a failure.”

It was hard to keep from rolling my eyes. “It wasn’t exactly a failure if there was no open portal.”

His eyebrows shot up, and his head bobbed once. “Whatever the reason, sign the papers. Formalities, you know? Doesn’t matter if you’re an officer of the crown or the heir, paperwork is paperwork.” He shrugged.

I held back a sigh before bending over my desk and signing the paperwork. My father was *beyond* meticulous about his paperwork. He had records of everything, for thousands of years. He was prouder of his room of records than he was of his sons.

Pleased with my signatures, he gathered the papers and left the room. I let out a relieved breath and sank into my chair, looking out over the city. I really did have things to do, but my mind was stuck on Lilly seeing Austin, who was tied up downstairs.

When I opened the door the basement, Austin sat up in the chair.

“Let me go, you fucker,” he yelled, yanking on his binds. “Let. Me. Go.” Fury filled his eyes, but his anger was nothing like the anger I felt for him.

He’d been with Lilly on multiple occasions. Not only that, but he tried to force himself on her when she didn’t want him anymore. When she wanted us. He couldn’t take no for an answer and my Lilly... *shit*... Lilly got hurt because of him. I should’ve killed him right then and there, but I wanted him to suffer.

I’d been down here a few times since I brought him to Hell. He made a good punching bag when I was frustrated, especially with Lillian. Our bond, which hadn’t even been sealed yet, was growing stronger, and it was getting hard to deny my feelings. I tried avoiding her, leaving early and coming home late. I tried to keep our interactions short and



sweet, even though I wanted the opposite. I had to stay strong, for her sake.

I stood in front of Austin with my arms crossed.

“What’re you gonna do? Punch me some more? Bring it on.” He spat in my direction, none of it hitting me.

I chuckled, the sound deep and ominous. “No. At least, not *just* that.” He furrowed his eyebrows, waiting for me to continue. “You’ll have a visitor today.” I paused, letting him wonder a little longer. “Lillian.”

His eyes widened as he shook his head. “You’re fucking crazy, man. No way she’d show up to something like this. She’s a weak little bitch.”

My fist connected with his face with a thud, opening his old wounds from our previous times together. Blood trickled down his cheek.

“She is actually looking forward to this little... meeting,” I said with a cocky grin. “She specifically asked about you. She *wants* to see this.” I punched him again, my knuckles landing on his nose, the sickening crunch telling me I’d broken it.

I continued punching him until I was satisfied with my work. I wanted Lillian to see what I was truly capable of, to see the lengths I would go to protect her, to avenge her. I couldn’t have her, but that didn’t make her any less mine to protect.

I reached into my shadows for a dagger and held it up to the light, admiring how it hit my blade.

“No. No. No,” he pleaded.

I stabbed the dagger into his thigh and snickered as he passed out in the chair.

“She was never yours to touch,” I whispered to him, even though he was out cold. “You’ll suffer for touching what’s mine.”

I felt my heart race suddenly, a nervous feeling crawling up my skin.

It was then I heard her voice outside. She was here. I slunk back into the shadows, concealing myself for the time being, excited to watch her see what I did.

She did not disappoint. My Lil... *Lillian* approved of the mess I'd made of her assaulter.

It took everything in me not to bend her over and claim her right there, while everyone watched. It was even harder to not take her from my brothers as they fucked her. Instead, I made Austin watch with me, whispering things in his ears about how the girl he once knew was a filthy slut for me and my brothers. I even granted him one last taste of her, taping her soaked panties into his mouth to muffle his useless screams.

Lilly knew I was watching her, wanting her. She stared at me for as long as she could, desiring my hands on her pretty, pale skin. I couldn't, though.

Once my brothers finished and I'd stabbed Austin's heart, Lillian confronted me, and I almost let things slip. For a moment, I thought she'd heard my thoughts, but her face didn't change. I'd been practicing keeping my walls up, and I hoped I'd succeeded, but I couldn't be sure.

Once she stormed off, my brothers right behind her, I dealt with the body. I managed to get him out of the building without being seen and took him to an unattended edge of the Lake of Fire. He was a mortal, so his body would burn unlike the souls tortured here. I stayed until he was nothing but a smoldering pile of ash.

What I wouldn't do for Lillian. My destined love. She'd never know my true feelings for her, but that didn't matter. She got her vengeance today thanks to me, and that would be enough to keep me going.

No matter how badly I wanted her, I wouldn't let her make the same mistake my mother did by falling in love with a demon. My mother was not my mother anymore. I wanted

Lillian to remain human. She was beautiful that way, innocent but strong. Soft but fierce. Sweet but resilient. I'd never let her change.



## Chapter 34

### Aiden

Having Lilly home with us was Heaven in Hell. Her body had changed over the past few weeks since it was finally being taken care of. Her hips and midsection carried more weight, and her face was fuller. Even her perfect breasts seemed bigger. She also looked happier, lighter.

Nicholas and I took every chance to let Lilly know we loved her body, mostly by fucking her until she couldn't stand. Today marked four weeks since bringing her home, and we were going to celebrate. She just didn't know it yet.

Nicholas went to fetch her from the kitchen, where she was finishing her breakfast, and bring her to her room, where I was waiting. She was cradled in his arms, giggling and slapping him, and her eyes went wide when she saw what I had in my hands.

Rope. For her.

She shook her head. "No way." She bit her lip, her thighs squeezing together as Nicholas set her down, giving away her arousal. She was curious. She said no, but she didn't mean it.

My throat vibrated with my chuckle. "You don't mean that, little one." I wagged two fingers, beckoning her to me. "Come." Her lips parted at my demand.

She took slow, teasing steps in my direction, her eyes never leaving mine. She stopped mere inches from my body and looked up at me with her enchanting green eyes.

I had to pull my bottom lip into my mouth and bite down to keep myself from grabbing her right there and slamming inside her. I had to stick to our plan. Today was about Lilly. Her pleasure. Her pain. Her body.

"Hands," I growled at her.

She complied quickly, sticking both fists out, wrist side up. I grabbed them and used the rope to secure her wrists to one another. It was tight enough to keep her secure, but not so tight to cut off circulation. She would be here for a while. I didn't want to hurt her. At least, not yet. I raised her newly restrained wrists in the air above her head. When I let go, she kept them there.

“Good girl,” I purred in her ear. I heard her swallow as she tried to pretend like my praise didn't make her pussy drip. She loved being our good little whore.

“What're you gonna do?” she asked me, her voice quivering.

Her timidness, which did not come out to play often, made my cock harden. It was going to be much harder to practice restraint than I'd thought. I wanted to throw her on the bed, rip her clothes off, and fill the room with her screams. Instead, I focused on my breathing, walking a circle around her, refusing to answer.

To my surprise, she didn't move an inch. Nicholas took my place in front of her and ran a finger over her face. She closed her eyes and leaned into his touch, keeping her arms above her head where I'd placed them.

My brother stuck his hand out to me, and I placed my dagger in his hands. Lilly's breath hitched as his quick knife skills sliced through her shirt, putting her smooth, pale body on display.

I smirked at the lack of a bra. Nicholas met my eyes, and I moved them toward her shorts. I was sure she lacked panties too. It was like she wanted us to have easy access.

Nicholas cut her shorts off, confirming my suspicion, and handed my blade back. I pocketed it and crossed my arms, staring at her with a smirk.

Lilly's body trembled as she watched our eyes devour her luscious curves. She was the most breathtaking woman I'd ever laid eyes on. Nothing would ever compare to her.

“Wh...What’re you gonna do?” she asked, stuttering as Nicholas’s hands began exploring her smooth, exposed skin. He cupped her breasts, kneading them and pinching her nipples. Her lips parted, a moan escaping them.

“Today marks one month of you being here in Hell with us, Lilly. We wanted to celebrate. Are you going to let us?” He eyed her as he asked, and her breath hitched as my brother’s hands continued down her torso, stopping just above her sex. She wiggled, trying to press her little pussy into his hands, and she huffed when she realized he wasn’t going to let her have what she wanted yet.

“Are you going to let us celebrate?” he repeated.

I licked my lips in anticipation of her response.

Her tongue mimicked my own, sweeping across her lips as she looked from my brother to me. She slowly nodded her head.

“Such a good girl, little one,” I chimed in. “You can lower your arms for a moment. You deserve a quick break.”

She lowered her arms gradually, her bound wrists resting against her skin just above her pussy. Her body bounced with excitement.

“On your knees,” my brother commanded her.

She obeyed and opened her mouth once she saw his cock. My own throbbed in my pants. She was so submissive; our sweet Lilly would do anything for us.

As my brother fucked her mouth, I prepped the bed. I stacked an abundance of pillows up just how I wanted and looped the rope around the posts at the foot of the bed.

Once I was happy with my setup, I turned to see Nicholas lift Lilly to her feet, praising her for doing such a good job.

“My turn, little one.” I grabbed her by the hips and dragged her to the bed, laying her face down with her hips bent over the mound of pillows I’d created.

She didn't move as I tied each of her ankles to the bedposts. I looped another rope through her wrist restraint and tied them to the posts at the head. She was on full display for us, completely at our mercy.

I rubbed my hand over the smooth skin of her back, and she lifted her hips, begging for more. I moved my hands down her back to her tight ass and grazed her glistening cunt. *Perfect.*

"Please," she begged with her sweet voice, inviting me to bury my cock deep. Who was I to deny my little whore of the one thing she wanted?

"What do you want, little one? Use your words," I teased her. I loved making her beg. She'd always been in charge when it came to sex before us, but we owned her now. Her pleasure. Her body. Her mind. It all belonged to us.

I was already stripping, ready to get this celebration started.

"Please fuck me." She wiggled her hips, trying to create friction against the pillows to relieve herself. I couldn't have her getting off on some feather-stuffed cloth bag. That wouldn't do.

"As you wish," I growled while positioning myself behind her. I rubbed the tip of my cock against her wetness, preparing myself to enter her tightness. I pressed into her, and she gasped. She was so tight, and I was so big. I would never get over the reaction she had when I invaded her body.

"Fuck," she whispered.

Once I was balls deep, I gave her a moment to adjust before pulling out and slamming back in. Hard. She cried out, her back arching, giving me even better access to fuck her deeper.

I plunged into her over and over, digging my hands into her hips, using them as anchors to pull her into each thrust. I felt her walls contract around me, and I let go of her hips to fist her hair, using my other hand to find her precious little clit.

"Oh my g—" She caught herself before she could be punished. "Holy hell," she screamed instead. "I'm gonna



come.”

“Come, little one. Come for me. Give me your pleasure.” I circled her clit faster as her pussy tightened around me, drawing a deep groan from my throat. She felt fucking incredible.

Once she'd come down from her orgasm, I pulled out of her, and she collapsed onto the pillows as Nicholas took my place behind her. Before she could protest, he shoved into her, making her cry out. I watched as my brother fucked her from behind, using her body as I had. Lilly's eyes were closed, riding out her pleasure, her moans filling the room.

I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me. Like the good girl she was, she opened her mouth for my cock. I placed the tip between her lips, and she made a face, tasting herself coating me. I grabbed the back of her neck and pushed more of myself into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed and her tongue pressed up against me. Her mouth was almost as good as her pussy.

“Come like a good little whore,” Nicholas commanded her.

She moaned, vibrating my entire shaft as she came again. Her eyes closed tightly, and her teeth grazed my cock. It hurt, but it was a good hurt. When she finished, her mouth sucked back around me. She felt so good. Too good.

I wanted to watch my good little girl take my cum, but I couldn't keep my eyes open. I tilted my head back and closed my eyes, savoring the warm, wet mouth wrapped around me. As I spilled down her throat, I finally looked down at her. She kept her eyes wide, watching me as I filled her stomach with my cum.

My brother's thrusts slowed before they stopped altogether, having found his release. We were all breathing hard, shining with sweat.

Nicholas pulled out of her and stood next to me while Lilly looked at us expectantly, thinking we were finished and about to untie her. Boy was she wrong.

“You’ll be at our disposal the rest of the day.” Her eyes widened at my statement. “We will bring you food and water, but you won’t be leaving this bed until it’s dark.”

“No,” she panted. “Please.”

I knew Lilly didn’t like when we left her alone, but I wanted her to learn to trust us. Everything we did was for her, for her pleasure. She would enjoy this if she’d just let her walls down.

“You’ll love it, I promise.” I bent down and kissed her lips as she cried softly, anticipating our departure.

My brother and I got dressed and left our offering tied to her bed, soaked and trembling. She didn’t protest this time, and I was so proud of her. She wouldn’t be left long; there was no way either of us could stay away from her.

By the time it was dark, Lilly had come over twelve times. Her eyes were puffy, her body sticky with sweat, her thighs coated in her release.

Nicholas untied her arms, and I released her legs. She couldn’t hold herself up, so my brother carried her into the bathroom to clean her up.

I cleaned up our mess and changed the bed. She would have a clean, warm bed to crawl into tonight. She had been such a good girl for us.

As I finished making the bed, Nicholas returned to the bedroom with a clean, dry Lilly. He laid down behind her, pulling her body to his. She was already asleep by the time I pulled the covers over them. I laid down on her other side, and her body shifted. I held my breath until she settled, ensuring she stayed asleep. I wrapped my arm just under her breasts, pressing my body to hers. I fell asleep quickly, the day’s activities having worn me out.

I couldn’t have been happier.



# Chapter 35

Keir

Lilly had only been in Hell for a month, but the change her presence had was hard to miss.

The mornings were always the hardest part of the day, even worse when I stayed for breakfast. It was a battle to leave the house—to leave her.

Most mornings, Lillian let me be, but sometimes, she'd ask to leave the flat with the twins or come to work with me. I had to turn her down every time, no matter how badly I wanted to make her happy and give her what she wanted.

A few times, she'd asked me about self-defense training. Before we'd left her mother's house for the portal, she'd insisted she needed to know how to protect herself. I'd agreed to it at the time, understanding where she was coming from. She'd been jumped by awful men, touched by an evil man from her past.

I was thankful we'd been there. I was happy I'd been the one to kill him, to avenge her. He paid for his sins, and his soul would pay even more in Hell. I'd understood then. She was full of rage. She felt weak. She wanted to be able to take care of things herself.

Now, though? She didn't need to learn how to protect herself. I was here. The twins were here. We'd take care of her. We'd protect her. I'd never admit it out loud, but a part of me didn't want her to take care of herself. As long as she couldn't protect herself, she'd need me.

I walked out of my bedroom, my heart racing, expecting to run into everyone. I was running late this morning. The dreams of Lillian were getting more intense, and I'd slept through my alarm.

As I made my way down the hall, I noticed Lillian's door still shut. I stopped and leaned in, listening.

The sound of skin on skin immediately hit my ears, and I stiffened. Of course they'd fill their mornings with sex. The twins had nothing better to do. They didn't have the weight of being the future king on their shoulders, on top of hiding the biggest secret ever from our father and worrying about the fate of their 'little offering'.

"Please," Lillian begged one of them, or maybe both. Her moans grew louder.

I could only imagine what she looked like right now. Naked. Her skin glistened with sweat. Her perfect, round ass just begging to be smacked. Her delicious, perky tits bouncing.

*Shit.*

Late with a boner. Wonderful.

I stormed down the hall and waited for the elevator to open. I didn't even stop to greet Ida before I left. She was used to my asshole-ness, though, so I didn't feel guilty.

At the office, a stack of papers sat on my desk, all requests from citizens of the realm. My job was to sort through the paperwork, trash the ridiculous ones, handle the reasonable ones, and send the more important, larger requests to my father.

The first one was a request for the Royal Guard to deal with some rogue demons in a small farming town in the Realm of Curses. Apparently, multiple homes had been ransacked, along with a few farm plots.

Given the evidence, the request was more than reasonable, so I signed it and put it in the approved stack someone else would pick up later in the day.

The next few requests were denied: the first asked for a ridiculous amount of money to recruit a town army, another for a special visit from the King, which would never happen, and then one asked to approve breeding of Hell Dragons. My

father prided himself on having the only breeding pair, and he'd never let anyone else have that privilege.

I'd worked through over half of the requests by the time lunch rolled around. One of the office assistants—I think Halle was her name—came in with lunch.

"I can stay if you'd like," she said as she placed my lunch on my desk, batting her eyelashes.

"Why would I want that?" I spoke gruffly.

"Just to keep you company. No one likes to eat lunch alone."

Maybe she was just being sweet, or maybe she was trying to get in her boss's pants. Either way, I didn't plan on letting her stick around.

"I do." I picked up my fork, ready to dig into the baked chicken. "Leave me."

Flustered, she practically ran from my office. I felt a little remorse, but it dissipated quickly when I imagined what Lillian was doing right now. Was she eating? Was she watching TV? Sitting on the balcony?

It drove me crazy not knowing what she was doing at all times, and it was hard not to text my brothers for updates. They were already on my ass about not giving her a chance, saying that I was too hard on her, not giving credit where credit was due.

Lillian was strong, I could admit that, but she was strong enough for me. My mother had been one of the most fearless women I'd ever known, and my father still broke her.

What they didn't understand was that it was harder to *not* want Lillian than it was to want her. It was a fucking battle to deny myself the only woman I wanted. The worst part was, the longer I kept this up, the more she invaded my thoughts and dreams.

She was everywhere, even when she wasn't there.

Sometimes, I'd think about her surprising me at work. She'd walk in with a coat on, then drop it, revealing her bare body. I'd fuck her against the office windows, making her scream my name.

I nearly jumped when my desk phone rang, the sound piercing the quiet room.

"What," I answered harshly.

"Sir, you have someone here to see you. He said he will only speak with you."

"Who is it?"

"A citizen." I heard talking in the background. "A business owner, sir."

I rolled my eyes. Probably another rich asshole wanting something from the crown. He probably wanted a tax break, but my father had always been fair about taxes. The more you make, the more you pay.

"Send him up," I muttered.

"Yes, sir." The phone clicked.

I sat back in my chair, not bothering to pick up any more requests—I hated being interrupted in the middle of them. I'd get this meeting over with, then I'd finish the requests and head home.

A knock sounded at my door minutes later. "Enter," I shouted across the room.

The door opened slowly, and a timid man walked through the barely cracked door and headed my way slowly, after carefully closing it behind him.

I felt my eyebrow raise. He wasn't one of the typical businessmen I usually saw. They were typically dressed to the nines in fancy tailored suits. They wanted to ooze money, as if I'd respect them more. If anything, it did the opposite.

I observed the man as he walked to my desk and sat in front of it. He kept looking around like he was nervous, squirming

as if he was uncomfortable. He was, without a doubt, out of his element here. He fiddled with his hands in his lap, remaining silent.

“I don’t have all day,” I told him, not caring if I sounded rude. I had a reputation to uphold, and though I didn’t take it as far as my father, I stayed discourteous. My father would raise hell every time he found me too soft. So, I compromised, so our people had a lesser evil to approach.

His gulp was audible as he licked his lips and rose his head to meet my eyes. After a deep, shaky breath, he opened his mouth. “I n-need a fav-favor.”

“We don’t do favors.”

He nodded. “It’s a r-request, s-sir. I apologize f-for not being clear.”

I rolled my eyes. The man was a nervous wreck, and my attitude was making it worse, I was sure. “Carry on,” I said, a little softer this time.

He paused for another deep breath. “T-two weeks ago, your f-father walked in-into my shop and rans-sacked the entire place. H-he broke everything. We had to re-build most of the bui-building. I ha-have no money to restock m-my shop. I can-can’t afford supplies to make more of my gl-glass objects.”

After he didn’t speak for half a minute, I brought my hand to my chin, rubbing it in thought. “And? Why is that my problem? This doesn’t sound like a request. It sounds more like a complaint.” I raised my eyebrow at him.

“N-no, sir,” he said quickly. “Please fo-forgive me. I am n-not complaining. I d-do have a re-request.”

“So, what is it?”

“I n-need money to b-buy supplies for my sh-shop. So that I-I can start selling ag-again.”

“Why would the crown give you money? Just because my father ransacked your shop? He does that all the time. You



must have pissed him off.” I shrugged, turning my attention to the papers on my desk, ready to dismiss him.

“Pl-please. You d-don’t understand. He c-came to my shop looking f-for someone, but h-he was at the wr-wrong shop. The m-man he was looking for w-was three doors d-down.”

I paused, my attention brought back to the man in front of me. “He destroyed the wrong shop,” I said, less of a question and more of a statement.

“Y-yes, Your Maj-majesty.”

I looked at him, and I felt my stone-hard face soften. I actually felt pity for the man. My father had made a mistake, ruined this poor man’s livelihood, and didn’t care to right his wrongs.

*This* was why I chose to stick around and serve the crown as the heir: to help people like this, to fix the problems my father didn’t care about. He didn’t give a shit about the people he ruled over. He never did and never would.

“I’m so sorry.” I meant it. I really did.

His eyes widened; he was caught off guard. “No. D-don’t be. I’m s-sorry to h-have wasted your ti-time.” He started to stand up.

“Sit,” I demanded as gently as I could. His ass hit the chair abruptly. “I am sorry this happened to you,” I said slowly. “I will remedy this. How much do you need?” I was already writing a number down as he spoke.

“N-not much, Your Majesty. Just enough to b-buy some supplies. I c-can make my glass ob-objects and pay back th-the crown. I swe—“

“No need. The crown isn’t paying for it.” He looked confused. “Unfortunately, my father would never approve of loaning money to you, so I will.” I handed him the piece of paper. “Would that be enough?”

He gasped. “Th-this is way t-too much, sir. I could nev-never accept this.”

“You will.” I offered him a small smile. “It’s the least I can do, but you must promise me you will not tell *anyone* where the money came from. Ever.”

He nodded at my warning. “Of course. Th-thank you. I was s-so afraid I would n-not be able to care for my dau-daughters. Thank you s-so much, Your Majesty. Thank y-you.” He stood and bowed repeatedly.

“Please. There’s no need for that.” I stood and stuck my hand out.

At first, he just looked at it, but after a moment, he took it. His handshake was surprisingly strong for how timid and weak he’d seemed.

“Thank you,” he repeated.

“Use it or live off of it. I don’t really care, but know that evil will not always rule Hell. That’s a promise.”

He nodded, as if understanding me, even though I didn’t know what I meant by that.

“You can leave the way you came in,” I said as I gestured toward the door.

Without another word, he left, leaving me to finish my work for the day.

As I worked, I couldn’t help but smile. I’d actually done something meaningful today. So meaningful and fulfilling, I’d not thought about Lillian for at least an hour, though she was invading my mind again.

I thought about her amazing body—even clothed, it made my body itch for hers. The way her hair fell around her face to frame it messily made me want to brush it behind her ears to see her shiver at my touch.

I thought about the goosebumps that would spread across her skin under my fingers, the way she would move her hips, trying to relieve the pressure building in her core, wanting to find her release.

I unzipped my pants to pull out my cock. It was painfully hard. Usually, I could wait until I got home to relieve myself, but there was no way I would last that long. I'd look like I had a steel rod in my pants. It had to be dealt with immediately.

As I wrapped my hand around my cock, I thought back to her body. I'd seen it—plenty of times. I had every curve memorized. I remembered the way the soft skin of her neck felt the morning I backed her up against the wall for eavesdropping. I pictured running my hands down her shoulders, over her breasts, down her abdomen, between her legs.

I pictured her in the basement. The way she'd submitted to my brothers. The way she crawled along the floor, her pussy bare and dripping. I imagined her crawling to me instead, begging for my cock and wrapping her sweet, pink lips around it, preparing it for her tight little ass.

I groaned as I spilled onto my desk, not bothering to move the request I'd been working on. I threw the paper away after I cleaned myself off. I was going to deny it anyway.

I sat back in my chair, having tucked my semi-hard cock away, feeling only slightly better than I had before, but well enough to focus on the rest of the paperwork.

When I finished the last request, I was practically itching to get home. I'd be able to steal a glance at her, maybe even hear her voice, before I shut myself in my room for the night. That would have to be enough for me. For now.



## Chapter 36

Lillian

Every day, at least for the past four or five weeks, the twins stayed home with me. Today was different.

At breakfast, while we sat at the kitchen bar, Aiden to my left and Nicholas to my right, they told me they had some pressing issues they needed to deal with at the office, but Ida would be over to keep me company.

I should have known something was up way before. The boys were dressed in black pants and button ups again, something I hadn't seen them in since we'd gotten to Hell.

"More like spy on me," I grumbled, unhappy they were ditching me, but more unhappy I was continually treated like a prisoner—locked up and babysat all the time.

"Lilly...." Nicholas pulled me in for a hug after he stood. I let him, but I didn't hug him back. Dismay covered his face when he pulled away.

Aiden put his hand on my back. "I know you're upset, little one, but..."

"But nothing," I interrupted Aiden. "But nothing. I'm stuck here every single fucking day, and you guys don't even care! I am bored out of my mind. I'm lonely. I'm tired of being here. I wanna go *out*. I wanna see Hell. I wanna meet people, demons, whatever."

The twins stared at me with faces full of sympathy, and I felt like a small, weak child again.

"Stop looking at me like that," I ground through my clenched teeth.

"Like what?" Nicholas asked, his forehead wrinkled.

"I don't need your pity," I said quietly, not dropping my distasteful tone.

“We aren’t pitying you, little one. We put you in this predicament, and we hate that things are difficult for you.” Aiden grabbed my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

I didn’t feel reassured. “So, make it *not* difficult for me. Take me with you, or take me out later. Just let me out of this flat, even just for an hour. Please. I’m going cr—”

“We can’t, baby,” Nicholas cut me off. “I wish we could, but we have to keep you safe. If anyone found out about you...” He stopped talking, casting a glance down at the floor, then looked back at me with an affectionate expression. “We can’t lose you, okay? Just give us more time. We’ll figure something out. You won’t be stuck here forever. I promise.”

I took a breath in, closed my eyes, then let it out. When I opened them, they were still staring at me. “Okay,” I said, giving up. I knew they were trying to protect me, and for good reason, but it didn’t mean I enjoyed being holed up. For now, though, I’d be a good girl and stay put.

“Thank you,” Nicholas said. “Everything will work out.”

“We’ll talk to Keir and see what we can do about getting you some fresh air, little one. Can’t have you losing your mind in here. I need *all* of you intact,” Aiden teased with a wink, making me smile, even though I fought it. “There’s my girl.”

My cheeks warmed. I hated being so responsive to him, even if my body loved it.

“Ida should be here soon. We’d stay until she got here, but we’re on a time crunch.” Nicholas took a step, closing the distance between us as he wrapped his arm around me. He tugged on my waist, bringing my body to his, and captured my mouth with his own.

My lips instantly parted, his tongue taking the invitation to dive in. His free hand came up to cup my face, his thumb stroking my cheek. I moaned into his mouth, and he chuckled into mine. I loved the way he kissed me so sweetly, so lovingly.

When he pulled away, I was breathless.

Before I could catch my breath, Aiden's mouth was on mine. His hands grabbed the sides of my face, smooching my cheeks and pulling me closer, though it wasn't possible to be any closer. His kiss was harder than Nicholas's, nearly painful but full of passion.

I am sure my lips would be swollen from the fierce kisses, but I liked knowing I'd be reminded of my princes while they were gone.

They finally left after several kisses later, promising they would hurry back as soon as they could get away.

When the elevator closed, I threw myself down on the couch with a huff. I had no idea how long Ida would be, but I sure as hell hoped she had something in mind to keep me occupied. I was tired of going through all the rooms, snooping and looking for answers, answers I still hadn't found and was beginning to feel I'd never know.

Why did Keir avoid me? What did the twins mean when they said I was *something* to Keir? Why had he started to open up, just to shut down and distance himself even more? Why wouldn't they tell me things when I'd given up my entire life to be in Hell with them?

The elevator dinged, letting me know someone had arrived.

"Who's ready to hang out with Ida the Incredible?" Ida sang out.

I stifled a laugh and sat up to greet her with a friendly smile. "Finally," I harassed her. "I hope you have something fun in mind. I'm losing my motherfucking mind in this flat. I feel like a prisoner...in my own home! I've done everything there is to do here. I'm tired of playing board games, walking through the rooms, watching city life from the balcony, rearranging my room, learning to cook shit, watching tv, and everything else I've tried to 'lessen the boredom'. I'm going to go crazy." I threw my hands up. "No one cares that I feel trapped!" I added.

Ida stood still, her face expressionless as she took in my rant.

“Sorry,” I mumbled.

Ida chewed on the inside of her bottom lip, her eyes darting around the room like she was searching for something. “I have an idea,” she said with a grin.

I nodded enthusiastically. “I like ideas. Whatcha got in mind?”

“You have to promise me that this stays between us, Lilly. The boys would kill me if they found out.” Her eyes went wide, her head tilted as she waited for me to promise.

“Why would they kill you? Is it drugs or something?” I asked, more excitement in my voice than I intended.

Did Hell have drugs? Fuck, that would be amazing. If I could trip a little, I could get by with being trapped. Just a little.

She shook her head and scoffed, offended by my guess. “Absolutely not. Your human form would not survive the intensity, dear. Now, promise me you won’t tell the boys. This will be our little secret. You’ll like it, I promise.”

I was still thinking of the drugs and the possibility of trying Hell’s variety, but I was also intrigued by Ida’s untold plan. My curiosity got the best of me, and I decided I was going to have a secret of my own to keep from the princes.

“I promise,” I said as I stood from the couch and walked to her. “Now, tell me! What is it?”

Her face brightened, and her grin turned mischievous. “How bad do you want to leave this flat?”

At first, I was so stunned, I couldn’t move my mouth to speak, but I screamed with delight after what she’d asked sank in. “Yes! Yes! Yes!” I jumped up and down, probably looking ridiculous, but I didn’t care. I was going to get out of this hellhole, even if just for a little while.



She laughed and grabbed my hand, halting my jumping. “Okay, keep your head down the entire time.” I nodded. “And wear this.” She took off her shirt, leaving her in just a bra, and handed it to me. “Give me yours.”

“What? Why?” I asked as I looked at the shirt in her outstretched hand.

“You smell like a human. Anyone within smelling distance of you would know in an instant. If you wear my clothes, it’ll help mask the scent.”

“But... you’d be wearing my clothes, ones that smell like me.”

“I’m a demon. My scent will cover it fast.” She shook her shirt impatiently. “Come on! We don’t have a lot of time. Pants too.”

We traded clothes hurriedly, both eager to get going.

I was surprised when Ida’s clothes fit me. The jeans were a little loose, but not fall-to-my-feet loose. The shirt was a little baggy around the chest, but not as much as I imagined it should have been.

Ida was curvier than I was, something I’d been jealous of when I first arrived but could appreciate since she was a friend. I guess all the eating I’d been doing since arriving in Hell was making a difference.

Ida winked at me as a whistle left her lips. “Damn, you look hot in that.”

The maroon shirt with a smiling gold devil’s emoji design was cropped to meet the black, high-waisted, ripped skinny jeans. She was right; I *did* look good.

My clothes seemed to fit her, too. She looked odd but cute in my baggy sweater and leggings. I never had a reason to dress like I was going out, since I stayed in the flat all day. I chose comfort over style.

“You look good in anything, Ida, so don’t even start with me,” I laughed.

She shook her head dismissively. “Oh, stop it. You always look great... and comfy.” She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the elevator. “Let’s go. Quickly, before I come to my senses and change my mind.”

We got into the elevator, both laughing, high on adrenaline from the heinous crime we were committing against the brothers. My heart was thumping so loud, I could hear it in my ears. I was practically shaking from the excitement coursing through my veins.

I began to feel a little guilty for disobeying them, but I got over it quickly. Serves them right for locking me up in here. Surely, they didn’t seriously mean for me to be their sweet little princess, locked away in her tower?

They had to have known I wouldn’t sit tight and wait for their permission. They knew me better than that. At least, I thought they did. I was finally getting out of this place, even if only for a short time.

We were on the bottom floor when the elevator doors opened up again. Instinctively, I turned the way the boys had brought me, but Ida grabbed my arm and pulled me the other way.

“We have to go through the front. I parked out there. Just keep your head down, don’t make eye contact with anyone, and try to act casual.” She dropped my arm as we reached the lobby.

The lobby was huge and open, with a giant corner desk. The woman sitting at it didn’t even look up. She had a phone to her ear, looking at something on her computer screen.

“Stay close,” Ida whispered under her breath. “This is when it matters.”

I kept my head down as she’d instructed, staying as close as I could to her side without being on top of her. As we got closer to the revolving door, I saw the doorman out of the corner of my eye. He was huge, muscular, *and* tall. His face

was aged, but his eyes were a bright, vibrant, yellow-green color.

He bowed his head in greeting to Ida, and then his eyes met mine. I quickly looked back down, worried I'd drawn attention to myself since I hadn't kept my eyes on the floor as Ida had told me.

"And who's this?" the doorman asked rather loudly, making me squirm. Ida stopped abruptly, forcing me to stop as well. "She smells..." He paused, taking a sniff in the air. I winced, knowing we'd been caught. The boys were going to kill us; that is, if their father didn't get to me first.

"She's human. Your nose isn't tricking you, old man," Ida teased him.

She grabbed me by the chin, and I gasped. She held my head up to face the doorman, who was looking at me with curiosity.

"She's my new slave. I'd left her with the princes to take care of them, but she keeps messing things up, so we're going to do more training in my kitchen. Hopefully, she can get her wits about her and care for the boys as she should. It's an honor to serve them, and she should be more grateful for the opportunity." She wiggled my face a bit, then let me go.

I immediately cast my eyes back down to the floor, playing the part of the ashamed human slave. It must have worked, because Ida and the doorman finished their conversation, said their goodbyes, and we were out the door.

I started to look up, but Ida pulled me. "Not yet. I know you want to look around and take it in, but we are still being watched."

I followed Ida to her small silver car and got in the passenger seat. When both our doors slammed shut, we erupted in laughter.

"Satan spare me, I can't believe we did that!" she exclaimed.

“You can’t believe it? I can’t believe it even more!” I wiggled excitedly in my seat. “So, where are we going?”

I looked out the windshield, then my window. Everything looked so normal. Cars filled the streets, and demons walked the sidewalks.

“We really are going to my house,” she said as she pulled us out of the parking spot and into the road. “I think it’s time you make another friend.”



## Chapter 37

Lillian

I had no idea what Ida meant by making another friend, but it made me nervous as hell. Who was I going to meet? Could they know who I really was? Was it someone the boys knew?

I felt a pang in my chest as I thought about Katie, the best friend I'd left behind. I hadn't realized how much I missed that connection with someone. I'd wanted to be friends with Ida, but I feared she'd report back to the boys. With her sneaking me out, though, I questioned that thought.

I had the twins, but we definitely were *not* friends. I wasn't sure what we were, but it was more than a friendship. They were also helping to keep me captive in that flat, the opposite of what a friend would do.

As Ida drove us to her house, I tried to focus on our surroundings instead of all the thoughts swirling in my head. The skyscraper-like buildings grew smaller as we got further away from the flat, and houses started to pop up, then houses were all I saw.

She pulled into a gated neighborhood, punched a code into the keypad at the gate, and drove down the small street. The houses were beautiful, and unlike the cookie-cutter communities we had back on Earth, every house was different.

Her house was massive. There had to be at least three stories. The windows were all uniquely-shaped, with six sides as opposed to the typical four-sided ones I was accustomed to. Each window was colorful, too; they were clearly—stained glass.

The exterior of the house was a forest green color, and the giant etched door was a bright blue. Her house was so...odd. It was unlike anything I'd ever seen.

“Come on,” Ida said, drawing my attention away from her extraordinary house.

I followed Ida through the front door, which swung open easily, despite seeming massive. “Wow,” I whispered, unable to muster any volume.

The interior was even more unique than the outside. I’d never seen so many colors in one space. Standing in the foyer, I could see into the sitting room, the kitchen, and the dining room. No wall was the same color, and the furniture and carpets followed the same pattern. Everything was so colorful, I felt like I was on an acid trip or something.

“You okay?” Ida asked as she squeezed my arm.

I nodded. “Yeah. Totally. Just...” I paused, looking around one more time before continuing. “This is not at all what I was expecting.”

Ida laughed and walked into the kitchen, motioning for me to follow. “What *did* you expect? Gloom and doom like the boys’ flat?” She chuckled and shook her head, amused with herself.

I pressed my lips together, a little embarrassed I’d assumed so much. She’d been right on the nose. I was expecting a sleek, dark home like I’d been accustomed to with the boys, but that was not at all what I walked into.

“Sorry, I just...”

“No worries, girl. Spend enough time with the royal family, and you’ll begin to believe life lacks color. I couldn’t do that to Mavis. That’s why the house looks like it does. This is my little piece of freedom down here,” she said with a wink. “Believe it or not, it used to be more neon, but Mavis asked me to ‘tone it down’.” Ida chuckled, as if remembering something funny.

“Who’s Mavis?” I asked her.

“I am.”

My heart stopped when an unknown voice carried into the room. I could see a staircase from where I was standing in the kitchen, and my heart rose to my throat as footsteps sounded.

The girl who came down the stairs and into the kitchen was practically an exact copy of Ida, except she had no freckles, and her eyes were a paler blue. Her black hair was pulled up into a high ponytail, but it still hung down past her waist.

We made eye contact with each other, and she smiled, then looked at her mom.

“This her?” Ida nodded, and Mavis pulled me into a tight hug. “I have been waiting to meet you since you got here! Hail Satan, you are fucking gorgeous! The princes are fucking lucky!”

She stepped back, and I let out a breath I didn’t even realize I’d been holding.

“Hi,” I managed to say, and a hot blush rose immediately to my cheeks. I’d done the same thing when I’d met Ida. What was it about these two that rendered me speechless?

“This is Mavis, Lilly,” She looked like she was holding back a chuckle. “My daughter.”

“It’s really nice to meet you,” I said to her daughter.

“Likewise, babe. We are going to be great friends.” She winked and then pulled two glasses from the cabinets and filled them with red wine. “This okay?” she asked as she handed me one.

I nodded and took the glass, closing my eyes as I savored the first sip of alcohol I’d had in a while. Keir was strict on the alcohol thing. Confessing I’d survived by being drunk all the time back on Earth bothered him, and he constantly told me he wanted me sober.

“I’ll leave you two to it,” Ida said, checking her watch. “We have maybe twenty minutes.” She winced as she looked at me. “Sorry, Lilly. We can’t have you getting in trouble.”



Her last comment stuck with me, even as she left the room. In trouble? Since when did I become a child? Is this what having a strict parent was like? The brothers were like my wardens, rather than my rescuers.

“Want to sit on my balcony?” Mavis asked, pulling me from my thoughts.

I took another sip of wine and nodded, forcing a small smile to my face. “Sure. I’d like that.”

As we walked up the stairs and took a couple of turns, I felt like I’d entered a void. Her room was black. Pitch black. Was there something darker than black? Her room was darker than black. The walls were practically non-existent, along with her floor and ceiling.

In each corner of the room, there were tall, single-bulb lamps shining light into the void. Her bed and dresser were the exceptions. They were the brightest shade of yellow I’d ever seen, probably seeming even brighter against the dark walls.

Mavis walked across her room, put her hands on a wall, and ripped it open. They’d been curtains, blocking the double French doors leading to her balcony.

“Wow.”

Mavis laughed at my response. “It’s a lot, I know. Mom keeps the house so fucking bright. I needed something different. It’s like working for the royal family sucked the life from her, so she plastered it on the walls instead.” She shrugged. “I get it, but it’s a bit much.”

I nodded. “I get that.”

“Come on,” she said as she opened the doors, a breeze whooshing in and blowing against my face.

I followed her out, wine glass still in hand, and sat next to her in one of her chairs. We sipped our wine in silence for a while. Surprisingly, though we’d just met, the silence wasn’t awkward. I felt comfortable with Mavis, like she was an old friend.

“So, please tell me if I overstep because I have no boundaries,” she said with a giggle. “But you’re with all three princes, right?” she asked eagerly.

I let out a breathy chuckle and took a bigger gulp of wine. “Not all three. Just the twins.” I felt heat rush to my cheeks.

“Oh.” she paused to take a drink. “That’s so fucking cool.” She nudged my shoulder with her arm. “You’re living every girl’s dream; I hope you know. Most girls here dream of even meeting those men, and here you are, living with them and fucking two of them.”

I nearly choked on my drink.

Mavis laughed at my embarrassment. “Don’t be ashamed, Lil.” I sucked in a breath, hearing Katie’s nickname for me on her lips. “Own it. You’re young and hot. Those boys must be wrapped around your fingers.”

I rolled my eyes and sighed. “I wish. If they were, I wouldn’t be trapped in their flat day in and day out.”

A sympathetic look flashed across her eyes. “I know what you mean. The people who love us can sometimes take it overboard.”

I nearly choked again as the word *love* left her lips. The princes? Love me? Not a chance. I was more of a possession than something they loved.

“They mean well, I’m sure,” she continued. “It’s dangerous down here, especially for you. The King will want your head on a platter if he finds out about what you did.”

I looked at her questioningly.

“The portal,” she said nonchalantly. “I know about it. Don’t tell Mom I know, please. She’d kill me for snooping. She’s just so loud on the phone, it’s hard *not* to hear her.”

“I won’t tell,” I said, getting my turn to wink at her. “Your secret is safe with me.”

“Yours is too, you know.” Her face held an intense look of sincerity, assuring me she was telling the truth. She knew all about me, but she wouldn’t tell anyone.

I nodded, feeling a heavy weight leave my shoulders. I had someone I could trust, someone who wasn’t tied to the brothers. Someone who was *my* friend.

“Thanks.” I smiled, then took the last drink of my wine. We turned to the open door when Ida yelled our names. I huffed. “Back to my tower,” I joked.

Mavis laughed at my joke. “Girl, I’d *kill* to be trapped in that flat with those men. Mmm.” She laughed. “But seriously, if you ever need *anything*, I’m here. We need to figure out a way to hang out again. Maybe I can convince Mom to bring me with her once in a while.”

“That would be awesome.”

Ida yelled for us again, and we hurriedly ran to join her.

“Come on, Lilly.” She grabbed her keys sitting on the small table near the door. “We have to beat the boys home.”

I gave Mavis a hug, and she gave me her number in case I needed it. I didn’t tell her I didn’t have a phone, though I’m sure she already knew.

On the drive back to the flat, Ida said she hoped I’d gotten along with Mavis. I assured her that I did, and that I enjoyed her company. I even told her I hoped to get out sometime again and hang out with Mavis.

“We’ll see what we can do about that,” Ida assured me, though we both knew sneaking me out was not something we could do all the time.

When we got back to the building, Ida parked in the back, saying she didn’t want to risk running into anyone again.

Thankfully, we were back in the flat before anyone came home.



## Chapter 38

Lillian

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Keir asked once Nicholas and I arrived at his office.

I scoffed and joined Keir leaning against the window, looking out over the city below. “Any idea I have is a good idea, thank you very much, and *yes*, this is a good idea. She needs this, Keir. She needs a bit of freedom. This gives her a bit without having to change the rules.”

Nicholas sighed. “I hate lying to her. We should just tell h—”

“No,” Keir barked, his voice filling the overly large—and rather empty—office. “We aren’t telling her shit. She can’t know we know about Ida ‘sneaking’ her out. She’d be furious.” Keir resumed his window gazing.

The windows in his office covered the walls from the ceiling to the floor, a bit overkill if you ask me, but it allowed the natural light to fill the room. The only real wall in his office was the wall with the door.

“Rightfully so,” Nicholas bit back quietly. He sat in one of the dark gray—nearly black—cushioned chairs facing Keir’s desk.

I understood where Nicholas was coming from, but he’d always been the softer of the three of us. He hated lying to Lilly. It’s not that Keir and I didn’t; we were just more willing to do things the less honest way.

I focused on the sparkle of the polished black floor in the office as thoughts of what our little offering was doing filtered into my mind. I knew she was happy. What I wouldn’t give to see the smile on her face as she tasted a little bit of freedom.

Lilly needed out of the flat, that was something all of us could agree on. However, none of us wanted her to get hurt or

found. If *we* took her out of the flat, she'd surely be found out. Us being royalty would draw more attention than her being human.

Ida had also been on our asses about giving Lilly some fresh air and new sights. Once she got in on us, we knew what we had to do. Ida 'sneaking' Lilly out was the best option. Plus, she was more than capable of handling things if they went awry. This plan allowed her to leave the flat but kept our rules in place. Lilly would be none the wiser; Ida promised us that.

Ida told us she would take Lilly to her house and introduce her to Mavis, her daughter. We'd met Mavis several times and liked her well enough.

"What do you know? All my sons decided to come to work today."

Keir and I turned from the large window we'd been facing, and Nicholas spun on his heels to see our father closing the door behind him. He was alone, which was abnormal for him. Even when he visited us, he always had at least two bodyguards. We were family, but our father trusted no one, not even us.

"What do you want?" Keir asked him.

Our father chuckled, a sound that sent shivers up my spine. "Why so harsh, boy? Can't a father visit his sons at work for a nice chat?" Even the smile on his face was sarcastic.

"Without his henchmen?" Keir noticed too. Good. "Not likely."

Our father huffed and sat down in Keir's chairs behind his desk—a statement. No space was safe from him, not even Keir's personal space. The bold move made me nervous. He swiveled back and forth a bit before kicking his feet onto the desktop.

"Clever," he acknowledged. "I need to talk with you. *All* of you." He looked away to peer at me and Nicholas.

We all waited silently for him to say something else, to tell us what he'd come for, what he wanted to talk about.

After what seemed like a few minutes of uncomfortable looks, he finally spoke. "I want the truth."

Keir smirked and let out a short snort. "You need to be more specific, *Father*. What truth?"

That earned him a glare. "The portal," our father stated.

I fought the urge to stiffen and hoped my body language stayed calm, like I had nothing to hide. Why was he bringing up the portal? What did he know? It had been a couple of weeks since we'd given him our final report, all three of us signing off on it.

"We told you what we found. Nothing. No portal." Keir stood his ground.

Our father clicked his tongue, and I fought the urge to wince. The nagging feeling our father knew more than we'd anticipated crept in. We should have known better. He had eyes and ears everywhere. We couldn't hide from him. We never could.

Did he know about the portal? Did he know about Lily? What if he did? What would he do? What would *we* do? We'd stood against our father many times before, but never on something of this caliber.

I knew what I was willing to do for Lilly, but would my brothers feel the same way?

"Have you heard from Squad 34?" His question was directed at Keir, trying to catch him slipping up.

Squad 34 must've been the group of demons that attacked Keir and Lilly when they'd first journeyed to Hell. Keir was suspicious that our father had sent demons to follow him, and while I understood why Keir took Lilly through the portal, it was reckless and dangerous. Lilly thankfully came back in one piece, but more of her heart belonged to Keir than before, even if she didn't know it. We could sense it—even see it.

“I didn’t even know you sent out a squad. Did you not believe your sons? Had to send some of your henchmen out to do what we’d already done?” Keir was an expert liar, which was why he was the one talking, not us.

Our father chuckled and shook his head. “Believe my sons? The sons who choose to live away from me and their mother? The sons who have yet to invite us to their home after over a century living there? The sons who refuse to become captains of my army? The sons who—”

“We get it. You don’t trust us,” Nicholas interrupted him.

Keir and I exchanged glances. Nicholas hardly ever spoke against our father, though he stood with us. He hated conflict and avoided it when he could.

Our brother continued. “If you don’t believe us, have our minds searched. We’ll go willingly. You can have our brains picked apart and find out for yourself.”

He was challenging our father, and it was stupid. Volunteering to have our minds searched? We *were* lying to him. If he looked into our heads, he’d find out the truth: that we’d found the portal, opened it, brought a human back, and had her close it. I had no idea what my twin was thinking, but it was too late to say anything.

Nicholas and our father glowered at one another, neither backing down. Our father’s jaw shifted as he thought about how to handle the situation. I could see the wheels turning. Either take Nicholas up on his offer, possibly pissing off our mother, and potentially be made to look a fool, or take the ‘high road’, trust his sons, and wait for them to slip up?

“I don’t need to search your minds to find the truth,” our father gritted through his clenched teeth. He knew he was caught between a rock and a hard place.

Nicholas was a genius, and I felt guilty for the short moment I doubted him. Our father would back off, at least directly. He’d probably be lurking in the shadows, have us followed, but he’d surely stop confronting us about the portal.



Our father looked like he wanted to say more, but I'm sure he was regretting taking on all three of us at once. "I have more important matters to attend to. I'll be watching." After one more look, he stood from the chair and left the office.

I waited for several seconds after his departure to breathe out and relax.

"Fuck," Keir whispered.

"He knows about the portal." Nicholas's eyes matched his worried tone. "What if he knows about Lilly?"

"He doesn't. There's no way. We've been careful," I comforted him.

"Have we? We *let* her leave the flat today." Keir groaned in frustration. "I knew it was a bad idea. I should never have agreed to it. We've put Lilly at risk, all for a little fresh air." His hand wiped down his face as he groaned again.

"She's fine. Ida is more than capable of handling things. She would never let anything happen to her. You know that. Lilly is safe." I looked between my brothers, one angry and one worried. "Let's go home. I want to see our girl."

Both of them relaxed a bit.

Nicholas was definitely on the same page as me. We missed her. We'd grown used to spending all our time with her.

Kier, though he denied himself the privilege of touching her, still found comfort in being near her, seeing her. I'd noticed it many times, especially when he came home from a particularly rough day. Even if he didn't talk to her much, he was softer and calmer when they were in the same room.

"I'll be right behind you," Keir told us, grabbing his coat from the back of his chair and following us out of the office.



## Chapter 39

Nicholas

Lilly and Ida were sitting on the couch laughing when the doors opened.

“And then the twins froze all his underwear, so he had to go commando for the entire day,” Ida finished, telling Lilly of one of our pranks we’d pulled on Keir when we were younger.

*“Come on!” my twin beckoned me. “Hurry up. He’ll be back any minute.”*

*“I’m trying. I’m trying. Shut up.” I found the drawer I was looking for, grabbing its contents and stuffing them into the bag I’d brought with me. “Got ‘em,” I told Aiden.*

*He was smirking, waiting for me at the door. He’d been the lookout. Keir hated when we got into his room. He’d kill us—literally—if he found us in here.*

*We laughed hysterically as we power-walked down the hall and headed toward the kitchen.*

*“What do you two think you’re doing?”*

*Fuck. He’d caught us.*

*We turned to find Keir looking at us dubiously, knowing we were up to no good. We never were. We had way less responsibility than Keir, who was heir to the throne. We could get away with just about anything because we didn’t matter. We didn’t have the weight of the realm on our shoulders. Unfortunately, that meant Keir was the victim of our crimes. He was an easy target.*

*“Nothing,” Aiden said, lying flawlessly.*

*“Uh huh.” Keir eyed us, more suspicion in his eyes.*

*Shit. There was no way we’d get away with this one. We were as good as dead, and we hadn’t even completed our prank.*

*“What’s in the bag?” he asked me.*

*I focused on my breathing. I’d always been the worst at lying. “Don’t lie to me, Nicholas,” my older brother warned me.*

*I gulped. “Nothing. Just some clothes.” It wasn’t a total lie. He didn’t need to know they were his clothes.*

*“Let me see,” Keir said as he reached his hand out to grab the bag.*

*I stepped back out of instinct, and Keir smirked. He’d caught us, and he knew it.*

*“Keir!” The voice of our father shook the walls of the palace wing we called home. “Get your ass back to the chambers. We aren’t finished.”*

*Keir’s gleaming eyes changed to wide, empty holes in a second. Today, he’d been training in the torture chambers, the least favorite of his heir duties, especially when our father insisted on sitting in.*

*“Don’t do anything you’ll regret,” he threatened before stalking down the hall away from us.*

*I began to feel guilty.*

*“Don’t let him get to you,” my brother told me, knowing where my head was at. “He needs this distraction. Really, we’re helping him.” Aiden winked and laughed as he turned around and headed towards the kitchens. “Come on! We gotta get this going before he comes back.”*

*I thought for a moment before deciding to follow my twin to finish our prank.*

*When Keir found out we’d frozen all his underwear, he’d been furious. Our room took days to put back together after our brother’s anger had been unleashed on it. We had to get new beds and a new bathroom mirror. Those pieces weren’t even salvageable.*

*It had been hilarious, though, watching him go commando for an entire day. He was so uncomfortable, and few knew the reason why. They just saw a squirmy heir. I'd felt bad about it then, but it was funny thinking about it now.*

Lilly was laughing so hard, her pale face was bright red, and tears spilled from her eyes. It warmed my heart to see her happy. The few hours out had done her some good; that much was obvious. I hoped my brothers, especially Keir, saw it too.

"I can't believe you *froze* his underwear," Lilly said, laughing through her words.

Aiden snickered beside me. "You bet your ass we froze his underwear. He deserved it, don't worry."

"I *deserved* it?" Keir challenged him. "What does one do to deserve his entire underwear drawer frozen in a block of ice?"

Lilly, biting her lips to keep her giggles at bay, busted out laughing. "A block of ice?" she sniffled, tears falling down her face. "You poor thing," she teased Keir.

"Poor thing? Me?" Keir was fighting his own smirk. He rarely let himself let loose, but Lilly was the one most likely to bring it out of him.

She nodded, attempting yet again to contain her laughter.

"He was an ass growing up." Aiden sat down next to Lilly. "Even at 187 years old."

I chuckled, amused with Lilly's pleasure in learning something about our past, a fun memory.

"I was the ass?" Keir poured himself a drink and took a sip. "Who pranked who?"

"Hey, there was that one time you bleached our entire formal wardrobe," I reminded him.

"I was truly the one pranked then, boys," Ida added. "Do you know how long it took me to get those replaced?" She was half teasing, half chastising. "I had never spoken to the tailor

that much until that point. He couldn't take clients for a month, so that poor man was pranked too."

"Whoops," Aiden said with a shrug. "Our bad."

Ida chuckled. "Yes, your bad. I can't believe the realm survived you three."

"Three?" Keir inquired with an eyebrow raised at her.

"Yes," Ida said matter-of-factly. "All three of you."

"All I did was defend myself," Keir said, throwing his hands up in surrender.

Everyone was laughing, even Keir. My brothers looked happy, *extremely* happy. Lilly's eyes were full of, well, something I couldn't identify, as she looked between us.

I caught Ida's eyes watching Lilly, too, and then she looked around until she caught mine looking right at her. Her smile grew wider, and she winked. Keeping her eyes on mine, she leaned her head, gesturing toward Lilly.

I furrowed my eyebrows in confusion. What did she mean by that? Instead of answering me, Ida gave me a sympathetic smile, like she knew something I didn't, and it was amusing to her.

"I should go...leave you all to it," Ida said as she stood and walked to the elevator.

Lilly suddenly looked uncomfortable, and I wanted to tell her it was okay, that we knew about her day. I wanted to hear all about it: what she thought of getting out, of Ida's colorful home, of Mavis, of everything.

I couldn't, though. As much as I hated it, I had to stand with my brothers. I understood the need to protect her, and if she knew we'd let her out willingly, she would continue to push the boundary. It wasn't safe, though. Even today was a risk, but it was necessary for her.

"I'm going to my room," Keir said, his coldness returning.

Seeing the night and day change in him and how quickly it happened was unbelievable. He hated when I told him, but Lilly could be—was actually—good for him. He refused to give in, though, convinced he'd hurt Lilly like our father had hurt our mother.

“What now?” Lilly asked me and my twin, her eyelashes batting, making my heart race.

“I've got something in mind,” Aiden said suggestively.

Lilly looked at me, her cheeks reddening. “Don't look at me,” I said softly, seduction creeping in. “I'm with him.”

Lilly looked down shyly for a moment, but when she lifted her face, it was replaced with a sexy, flirtatious expression. “Come get me then,” she taunted before jumping up from the couch and running down the hall.

Aiden and I exchanged an amused glance before taking off after her, but she didn't get far before I, the faster of us twins, threw my arm around her waist. I lifted her up, and she squealed as I took her to our bedroom.

Once I tossed her on the bed, Aiden pounced. He held her hands above her head as he kissed her, shoving his tongue in as far as he could, claiming her.

As my twin kept her distracted, I removed her shoes and socks, then pulled her pants off. Aiden, for his part, released her and ripped her shirt down the middle. My twin got off her, and we stood by the bed, admiring our stunning, irresistible little offering on display for us.

“What are you waiting for?” Lilly teased, wiggling her body suggestively. “I'm waiting.”

I chuckled in sync with my brother, watching her writhe in anticipation. “I think it's time Lilly got a little taste of the twins in action,” Aiden looked at me, conveying his plan with his expression.

“I've already had you both in action,” she said with a nervous giggle.

I smirked and looked away from my brother to stare into her eyes. “Not that kind of action, baby.”

Her face contorted into confusion, and my brother and I took that as the sign to start. Lilly’s gasp made my heart skip a beat, and for once, I actually felt nervous. No woman had seen us in our true form, sexually speaking, but Lilly was no ordinary woman.

I turned to see Aiden mostly transformed. Wonder was written all over Lilly’s face as her body shook with expectancy.

“Are you ready, little one?” my twin asked as he took a step toward the bed.

Lilly’s breath hitched, and she tried to swallow her inability to speak, a whimper escaping instead.

“He asked you a question, Lilly,” I said, a warning in my voice. She thought I was her sweet prince, but I knew she loved when I took control. Even now, the way she clenched her thighs gave away her arousal.

Her timid eyes caught mine, and—after swallowing—her timid voice responded, “Please.”

“Please, what?” Aiden demanded, drawing her attention.

“I want you,” she looked from him to me, “both of you, *please.*”

Her plea was all we needed. Within seconds, our clothes were off, and we were crawling onto the bed with our girl, her body instinctively moving to make space.

“Don’t move,” Aiden growled at her. Once he got her positioned in the middle of the bed, he pulled her arms above her head and held them tight.

“Don’t. Move,” he repeated before his fire wrapped itself around her wrists, securing them to one another before snaking around the headboard of the bed. He turned to look at me. “Her legs.”



I nodded as I grabbed Lilly's ankles and pulled them to each bedpost, using my own powers to cuff her ankle in ice, anchoring them to the posts.

Lilly, who had remained silent like a good girl, wiggled her legs and hips, testing the restraints. A desperate whimper left her slightly parted lips, and she hissed out as she tugged her wrists, the fire slightly singeing her skin but not burning her.

*Oh, this will be fun.*



## Chapter 40

Lillian

The twins had me completely restrained. They'd never used their powers on me like this—together—nor had I seen them fully transformed this way. It was way more intense than when I saw them in my mom's room back on Earth.

Aiden's body was outlined in a faint, glowing, orange luminescence. His now-red hair sparked and moved like fire, his eyes burning and swirling like lava. His skin was no longer its smooth, typical bronze. Instead, his skin was yellowing as his appearance changed.

Nicholas's profile glowed a bright blueish white. His hair was also white, and it flowed like water on top of his head. His eyes were an even more brilliant blue than usual, if that was even possible. His skin was tinted blue, like the sky on a bright winter day.

They were incredible. Breathtaking. I could have stared at them all day, taking in their magnificence, had I not been painfully aroused by them.

"Please," I begged after they stood away from me and admired their handiwork, which only made my middle pulse more. I wanted them so bad, so *fucking* bad.

Aiden's lips curled up, and Nicholas's eyes gleamed. They were loving this: me, all helpless, begging for them. It was their favorite, so I'd give them what they wanted.

"Please. I *need* you," I continued, not laying it on so thick to sound fake, because I wasn't faking. No way. "I'm aching for you. Please, touch me, kiss me, use me, fill me. Please. Anything. I'm begging you."

The twins let me go on for another forty-five seconds or so before Aiden took a single step toward the beside. Toward me. The movement made me stop in my imploring.

“Such a good girl. Aren’t you, little one?” he asked, his voice deep and husky, sending shivers down my spine.

“I don’t think so.” Nicholas stepped up next to his brother, a wicked look in his eyes. “I think she’s more of a bad girl. Our personal little whore.” His tongue glided over his bottom lip.

“Hmm. I think you’re right.” Aiden looked from his brother to me. “Do you agree with Nicholas?” he asked me.

I swallowed the lump forming in my throat. No matter how many times I’d been with these men, they still made me nervous as hell. I slowly nodded my head, earning a smile from both my princes.

“What does our little whore want, then?” Aiden asked me.

My eyes darted down to his thick cock, which twitched under my gaze. Then, I tore my eyes away to look at Nicholas’s, which was every bit as tantalizing as his brother’s. I tugged my bottom lip between my teeth. My mouth was practically salivating at the thought of Aiden’s cock in my mouth while Nicholas rammed his as deep as he could into my pussy.

“See, brother?” Nicholas said teasingly. “A little whore.”

His twin chuckled in response, and my breath caught in my throat when I looked up at them. They looked ready to devour me—to ruin me.

“Well, let’s give her what she wants then,” Aiden spoke, low and calm.

The brothers moved slowly, too slowly. I wiggled around, anticipating their touch, wishing they’d hurry up already.

“Be patient, Lilly,” Nicholas warned me, leaning profoundly close to my aching middle. “Be a good girl for us, okay?”

I nodded, happy to oblige, especially if it got me what I wanted—no, needed.

“Open your mouth, little one,” Aiden said as he straddled my chest, the head of his cock pointed at my lips. I barely got my lips parted before he thrust forward, forcing my mouth wide.

Just as Aiden took my mouth, I felt Nicholas’s mouth on my clit. His tongue swirled and moved in ways I’d only ever imagined.

I pulled against both sets of restraints, but neither gave in. My wrists were singed again, and though it wasn’t too painful, it was a reminder to stop struggling.

I was completely at their mercy as Aiden used my mouth, and his brother made my whole body sing with undeniable pleasure. I tried moaning, but it was stifled by the cock filling my mouth. Aiden’s eyes grew hungrier as he fucked me harder. I wanted to beg for more, for release, but all I could do was lay there and take what my princes were giving me.

The pleasure from Nicholas’s mouth reached the tipping point, and just as I was about to fall over the edge of an orgasm, it all stopped.

Nicholas pulled away from me, and Aiden pulled out of my mouth. It was like they were in sync. They knew how close to get me, and they knew when to stop. They’d fucking edged me.

Aiden laughed, sensing my frustration, though my low, dissatisfied growl was a sure sign too. “Oh, don’t be mad, little one. You’ll reach that sweet release soon enough.” Aiden caressed my cheek sweetly, then got off the bed entirely.

Nicholas took his place.

“Wha—”

“Shhhh,” Nicholas hushed me as he stroked his cock, still licking me off his lips. “Open your mouth like a good little slut, Lilly. It’s my turn to fuck that pretty little mouth of yours.”

The way he spoke to me sent tingles down my chest, across my belly, and straight between my legs. I opened my mouth wide, ready to take him—to please him.

Nicholas groaned softly when he slid between my lips, taking his time, unlike his brother had. I lifted my tongue to meet the base of his cock, earning me another moan, louder this time.

Just as Nicholas filled my mouth, Aiden's tongue flicked my clit, making me shudder and moan around his brother, who twitched in my mouth.

Nicholas fucked my mouth slowly, never speeding up, as if he was relishing the feeling of me wrapped around him so tightly. His eyes stayed on mine, making everything more intense.

I loved them like this. Transformed. Mine. Filling me up. Ravaging my body. Making me theirs in every way possible. Yet again, though, just as my orgasm was about to crest, everything ceased.

Once my mouth was empty again, I growled. *Fuck*. I hated it, but I also loved it. Only these men could push me like this. Only they could make me feel this way.

“Please,” I begged as they stood next to the bed again, as if observing me.

Nicholas reached out and dragged his hand from my knee to my inner thigh, but stopped before touching me where I wanted it most.

“Look at her, Aiden,” he said, leaning down to look between my legs. “She's fucking dripping for us.”

*Oh my god*. His voice was heavenly, and as I lifted my head to peer down at him, the heat between my legs fucking *burned*.

“Hail Satan,” Aiden purred. “She *is*.” He looked back up at me. “Little one, is that for us?”

I nodded, desperate for their touch again—for my release.

Nicholas smirked. “Your body is begging for us, baby. It’s hungry for our cocks. That tight little pussy just wants to be filled up, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” I said, my breath shaky. “Please. Fill me up. I need your cocks. I want them so bad.” All my pride, what little was left anyway, went out the window. They wanted me to beg? I’d fucking beg. I’d do anything to be fucked into oblivion.

“One more,” Aiden said with a wink, then looked at his brother and nodded.

Nicholas must’ve known what he meant, though I was confused, because he nodded back.

“I’m not sorry, Lilly,” Nicholas said before sinking his mouth down on my pussy.

I instantly tensed up, my body feeling like it was on fire. I accidentally pulled on the fire around my wrists and grimaced at the pain.

“Fuck,” I breathed out. “Don’t stop.”

I moved my hips as best I could against his tongue, lapping at me like he couldn’t get enough. The licking turned to biting and sucking, and soon enough, the bliss of release crept back up.

“Yes,” I exclaimed. “Keep going.”

Nicholas moaned against me, and the vibrations shot me higher.

“I’m going to—”

Nicholas pulled back, and I cried out. He’d edged me *again*. That was what Aiden meant by one more.

“Fucking prick,” I mumbled.

Both brothers chuckled, and Nicholas lifted himself so that he could kiss me, the taste of my pleasure on his lips.

“You love it,” he said into my mouth before licking across my lips.

“Let’s give the girl what she wants, brother,” Aiden said. He snapped, and the fire around my wrists disappeared.

I immediately used my freedom to sink my fingers into Nicholas’s hair, pulling his mouth so close to mine, it almost hurt. “Fuck,” he whispered. “So needy.”

The cold restraints around my ankles also dissipated, and I was free.

Nicholas wrapped his hand under my back and gripped my waist, flipping me onto my stomach. “Stay just like that, baby.”

He nudged my legs apart and positioned the head of his cock where he wanted it. Then, in one swift move, he filled me up. The sudden intrusion made my head shoot up, but he grabbed my hair and pushed me back down.

He used his other hand to push down on my lower back, just above my ass. The position gave him more access than he needed. He hit a spot I didn’t even know existed, and my eyes rolled back. I was so lost in pleasure, I couldn’t move or make a sound, only lay limp.

Finally, the orgasm I’d been chasing for so long was in sight. I was fearful I would be denied again, but then Nicholas shouted for me to come before he did.

I saw stars as I rode the wave of immense pleasure, my body coiling up and springing open. I came harder than I’d ever come before, the sweet release nearly bringing tears to my eyes.

“Fuck,” Nicholas groaned. “Just like that. I love when your pussy tightens around me.”

He thrust a few more times before chasing me over the edge, spilling his cum into me and collapsing onto my back.

“My turn,” the fiery prince said from his vantage point at the side of the bed.

Nicholas removed himself from me, and Aiden took his place, rolling me over back to my back before grabbing my



ankles.

“Stay,” he said before grabbing his cock and sliding into me. Once his tip was in, he grabbed my ankles and looked into my eyes. “Don’t close your eyes,” he said in warning. “I want to watch as I rip you apart.”

I shuddered and pulled my bottom lip between my teeth, the anticipation of his first thrust making my body buzz. “Please,” I begged, hating that he kept me waiting.

Before I could plead anymore, his hips shoved forward, pushing his cock into me until it couldn’t go anymore, his pelvis against mine. It took everything to keep my eyes open, but I did it.

“Good girl.” His praise made my pussy pulse, tightening around him and making him moan. “Keep doing that,” he rumbled as he pushed my ankles further toward the bed, opening me even wider.

I felt like he was going to split me in two. Pain mixed with pleasure as he held me open wider than should have been possible, testing my flexibility. I focused on my muscles and gripped around him again. His thrusts became harder, more violent, and I cried out at the beautiful, agonizing satisfaction.

“Come with me, little one,” he demanded.

I nodded, eager to please him.

Before I knew it, another wave of ecstasy found me. It took over my body, and I writhed against his hold on my ankles. I clenched down tight and pushed my head back into the pillows.

Aiden practically roared as he came with me. His thrusts slowed, but they stayed just as rough. He thrust through as we finished together, and when he stopped moving, he lowered my ankles before leaning down to kiss my forehead.

“You’re fucking perfect,” he whispered, his hot breath brushing across my face.

My body shook against him, the aftershocks of the orgasms still affecting me. I couldn't reply. I closed my eyes, too exhausted to fight them open.

"Let her sleep. We can clean her and the bed tomorrow. She's exhausted," I heard Nicholas tell his brother.

"Well, of course she is. She had a crazy day and crazy sex," Aiden responded with laughter in his voice.

Crazy day? What did he mean by that? Did they know what I'd done? Before I could ponder it any further, or ask him what he meant, the darkness of sleep took over.



# Chapter 41

Lillian

A couple of weeks passed and I still wasn't allowed to leave the flat, but I'd come to terms with my confinement. The twins hardly ever left my side, and if they did, Ida stayed with me.

I liked Ida. She was so kind and was always surprising me with my favorite things. The guys must've been filling her in on everything they learned about me. She also taught me how to apply makeup, something I'd never even tried. She was like the mom I never had. I felt weird being taken care of, but Ida made it seem normal, and eventually, we settled into a routine.

Every day, I woke up with the twins in my bed and took a shower before heading to the kitchen for breakfast. Over the weeks, I noticed my form had filled out and eventually gave way to curves. I no longer had the tiny figure I did back home. Eating three gourmet meals, plus snacks, changes a girl. Even my bra size went up. The twins made sure to let me know they liked it.

Keir rarely joined us for meals, and it was a quick stop when he did. He hardly spoke to me, except to ask if everything was to my liking. The tension between us was unbearable, but I was afraid to push him and lose him altogether.

If I couldn't have him in the same way I had the twins, I would be okay with just having him around. I *did* keep asking him to uphold his promise and teach me how to defend myself, but he kept claiming to be busy. I couldn't help but feel betrayed.

Aiden and Nicholas taught me a few moves, but I was usually too upset to do much with them. Plus, any form of touching me in any fashion usually led to sex.

The twins stuck to me like glue most days. They would entertain me with TV, stories of their childhood, demon-watching from their balcony, or sex. Thankfully, they took turns with me rather than trying to fuck me at the same time again. I still felt sore just thinking about it.

I'd learned that the twins loved to have me helpless during sex. Oftentimes, I was tied up in some fashion. Sometimes, I was tied to various pieces of furniture; other times, my hands were tied to themselves or my ankles.

Sex with them was a blend of pain and pleasure, and I was here for it. I'd never experienced anything so dynamic in my life. I would never admit it to them, but they really did own me. *All of me.*

The twins had their own rooms, but we used those primarily for fucking. My room was where we landed every night. By the second night, there was a much bigger bed in my room.

Being with the guys constantly also allowed me the chance to observe them. They were brothers, but the differences between them were huge. Aiden and Nicholas did *everything* together, even me, but Keir tended to stick to himself. Aiden and Nicholas were a little less tidy, Aiden moreso, but Keir was a neat freak. Aiden and Nicholas liked to wear relaxed clothes, such as jeans and T-shirts or even sweatpants, but Keir was *always* dressed in all black, usually a button-up and dress pants. It was almost entertaining how different they were.

For once, I wasn't afraid of being thrown out on the streets or being woken up by my frantic mother searching for money. I wondered if she got herself out of those binds. Maybe she died tied up in that chair. I didn't feel anything at the thought of her dying. She had abandoned me a long time ago, and now, I was somewhere safe, where I was wanted. I belonged here way more than I ever belonged there.

Missing Katie was the hardest, but I kept reminding myself she was safe now. I hoped she and Matthew were exploring things. She deserved to be happy.

Every day was the same here, but I was okay with that. I was happy and safe, and thanks to the overprotective and ridiculously possessive twins, I didn't have a care in the world.

One morning, after going two rounds with each, I found myself in the bathroom throwing up. The sex had been amazing, but I had a skull-splitting headache that had been getting worse over the past few days.

"Lilly, are you okay? What's going on?" Aiden and Nicholas asked me through the locked door. I didn't want them to see me like this.

"I'm fine, just not feeling good." Was I getting sick? I was feeling feverish now that I was thinking about it. I'd been feeling achy, but I thought it was the ramped-up energy the guys and I had found in the bedroom lately.

"Let us in, little one. Let us take care of you." Was Aiden crazy? He did *not* want to be in here with me throwing up. That was gross.

"No way. I think I'm just sick. I don't want you guys to see me like this." My thoughts raced, thinking about what could have been wrong with me. "Oh shit," I shouted.

"Lilly? Are you okay? What happened? Let us in!" the twins yelled through the door.

I heard a noise at the door and looked just in time to see the knob freeze and shatter. Nicholas opened the door and took in the sight of me on my knees, my head hovering over the toilet. "Oh, Lilly."

Tears were spilling down my cheeks. "I forgot about birth control..."

The twins looked confused. "What?" they asked in unison.

"Birth control...to keep me from getting pregnant," I clarified, kind of shocked they hadn't heard of it. Aiden smiled, and the sight irritated me. "Why are you smiling? This is *not good*."

"Lilly, we can't get you pregnant," Nicholas answered.

I know the look I gave them was both dirty and confused. “What do you mean? How can you not get me pregnant?”

“It’s just not possible,” he continued. “Down here kids aren’t *that* common. Only destined loves can have kids.”

“Destined loves?” I inquired, but before I could get any answers I was vomiting profusely again.

“*Fuck*, Lilly is this normal?” Aiden asked.

At the same time Nicholas asked, “What do we do?”

I couldn’t answer either of them, only shake my head. This was *not* normal.

The retching didn’t stop for several minutes, my body wanting to give out and slink to the floor by the time it was done. I felt *awful*, a level of sick I’d never felt in my life.

The twins sat on the floor with me, holding my hair, rubbing my back, and wiping me off with a cool cloth. I thought I would hate them being near me, but it felt so nice to have them fuss over me for a real reason.

I started to stand, but my knees buckled, sending me crashing to the floor.

“Shit.” Aiden picked me up and cradled me. “Lilly, how long have you been sick?” He looked at his brother. “She’s burning up.”

I mumbled something about feeling off for a while, but today was certainly the worst. I thought I just had a headache from adjusting to the warm weather. I closed my eyes and leaned into my fiery prince.

I woke up on the couch in the common room, Ida and Keir whispering with the twins. Everyone rushed to my side, even Keir, when I tried and failed to sit up. I felt much worse than I had earlier, unrealistically quickly.

“What’s going on?” They were all looking at me like I was on my deathbed.

Ida looked at Keir, who nodded, then turned back to me. “We aren’t quite sure what’s wrong, but I’ve called someone who might be able to help.” That got the brothers’ attention. She gave them each a motherly look. “Don’t be mad. She went through something similar when she first got here. She can help her.”

“And what if she outs us to our father?” Keir was visibly upset.

“She won’t. I’ll explain everything. She will understand. I’m sure of it,” Ida responded.

Keir and Ida continued to argue as the twins helped me get propped up on the couch.

“Wait. Who are they talking about?” I asked.

“Our mother.” Nicholas winced. “Not ideal, but I think Ida’s right. Our mom was human once, so maybe she knows how to help.” Their mom was a human? I shook my head. I must’ve heard him wrong. He kissed my forehead and then leaned his against it. “You look awful.”

I choked out a laugh. “I can only imagine how I look, considering how I feel.” I felt sicker than I’d ever been. I was hot and cold all at once. I had chills and aches all over. My stomach was churning, and I felt barely conscious.

Aiden squeezed my hand. “You’ll be okay.” He gave me a sympathetic smile.

“Guys, I’m not dying. I probably just have a bad cold, right? No need to get all worked up.”

Ida and Keir had finished their bickering, and everyone looked at me like a sick puppy. Before I could respond, the elevator dinged and opened.

Keir and Ida went straight to the elevator. I couldn’t hear their words, but they sounded worried and angry all at once. Then, I heard a cheery, higher voice that must’ve been their mom.



I felt panicked. I was about to meet their mom. *Holy shit*. I was a mess, and the queen of Hell was here to see me. I tried to sit up, but the motion made me nauseous, and I threw up over the side of the couch. Thankfully, Nicholas jumped out of the way just in time.

“Oh dear, she *is* sick.” My eyes lifted to meet hers, and I was speechless. I knew where Keir got his good looks from.

Their mom had long black hair that framed her face and fell just below her midsection. Her lips were full and red, her eyes large and identical to Keir’s. Her presence filled the room. I would have satisfied the urge to bow to her if I had not been weak and sick.

She bent down and wiped her hand across my cheek. “She’s burning up. How long has she been like this?”

Aiden rubbed the back of his neck. “We aren’t sure. She’s stubborn,” he gave me a side-eye, “and refuses to let us help her. She was fine this morning. She ran to the bathroom and threw up. Hours later, she’s like this.” His voice was heavy with worry.

“She said she’d been feeling bad for the past few days, but today was the worst,” Nicholas added.

“You poor thing.” Her touch was so gentle and nurturing. Why did the brothers have an issue with her? “Give us the room,” she commanded. Everyone, even Keir, left me alone with their mother, the queen of Hell, though their looks of apprehension did not go unnoticed.

I swallowed, feeling beyond nervous. What was she going to say? What was she going to do? Did she know I was in love with her sons? *Shit*. Did I just admit I was falling for them? I hope Keir didn’t hear that.

I waited, expecting to hear his voice in my head, but it was silent. I relaxed with relief. Maybe he hadn’t heard me. We hadn’t had that connection for a while. There had been no chances of *heightened emotions* between us. He’d been avoiding me like the plague since Austin.

“My darling.” She lifted my head and sat down, placing my head back in her lap as she stroked my hair. “We were never meant to be in this world, yet our hearts led us here anyway, didn’t they?” What was she talking about? “I’m going to tell you a story. About me.”

She continued to stroke my hair, making my body erupt in goosebumps.

“I was human once too, darling.” I turned my head to look at her, and she nodded. “It’s true. I was twenty-two, a year younger than you are now.” How did she know how old I was? Did someone tell her? “It was the 1920s.” She looked to the side, as if reminiscing. “I ran into him, Arthur, at a party. He was captivating, the most charismatic man I’d ever met. Of course, he talked his way into my bed that night.” She laughed. “It was supposed to be a one-night thing, no strings attached, but I guess he was as captivated with me as I was with him. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months. He finally did leave, to return to Hell, which I knew nothing about at the time. It was a month later that I found out I was pregnant with Keir.”

“Wait...” I spoke out loud. “Is Keir...?” Was Keir human? No way. I saw him be all demon-like with his brothers. He was more terrifying than both of them.

“No. Keir is not human. I was human when I bore him, but he was not. Thankfully, I had the feeling there was something special about him, so I refused to go to the doctor. A friend helped me deliver him at home. It nearly killed me.” She paused. “Arthur said he felt the birth of our son from Hell, and he came back for us. His sweet-talking convinced me to forgive him and come to Hell as his companion. It was what was best for Keir. He needed to be around his own kind.” Another pause, this one longer, sadder. “Anyway, within a couple of months, I was in your position, on my deathbed.” I tensed up. Deathbed? Was it that bad? “Luckily, there’s a cure.”

I sat up quickly and immediately regretted it. I shoved the heels of my palms into my temples, trying to make the pain subside. “What do you mean a cure? I’m just sick.”

“Oh, honey.” She moved to sit next to me and wrapped her arm around me in a comforting way. “You don’t belong here in Hell. You are human and *alive*. Only demons and dead souls are meant to come to Hell. It’s killing you.”

I swallowed a hard knot that had formed in my throat. “So, what do I do?”

She patted my back. “Well, I didn’t finish my story.” She pulled me back down to her lap and resumed stroking my head. “I thought I was going to die, but there’s a loophole. Hell doesn’t know the difference between its own essence, even if it’s in a human. During sex, Arthur confessed he loved me, and part of his essence was transferred to me, a small piece of his link to Hell. Made me seem demon without me actually *being* demon. It saved me.” Wait, so I just had to have sex with one of them? That would be easy. “So, which one of my sons are you in love with, darling?”

I shifted uncomfortably, not knowing how to tell her I wasn’t in love with *one* of her sons.

“Oh.” Her tone gave away her surprise. “I see.”

I sat up more slowly than before this time. “I didn’t mean for it to happen.”

“We never do.” She squeezed my shoulder.

“It’s just, the twins are so sweet and unlike anyone I’ve ever met and...”

“Wait.” She looked confused. “Just the twins?”

I tightened my jaw. Did she know I felt something for Keir? Something he would never feel back? Was it worth confessing? “No...” I spoke without realizing it.

“I see.”

“Keir doesn’t feel the sa—”

“Give him time, darling. He’s always been different from my impulsive, passionate twins. There’s nothing wrong with that; he just needs more time to be sure. He’s always been my cautious one.” She smiled and took my hand in hers. “The twins’ essences should be enough for now.” I think that was supposed to be reassuring, but it wasn’t. What if Keir never reciprocated my feelings? Would I die?

She called the brothers back into the room, and once they were seated on the couch across from us, looking uncomfortably between me and their mother, she told them what was needed to make me better. I needed their essences. All of them.

“No,” Keir said immediately, and he might as well have shoved one of his daggers into my heart. Fuck. I hated that I cared no matter how hard I fought it.

“We’ll do it,” Nicholas said at the same time, Aiden nodding in agreement with his twin.

“You love her?” she asked with her eyebrows raised.

They both looked at me, and the smiles that spread across their faces covered up any ill feelings I had. It was the type of smile that made me feel like I was floating. It was contagious, and soon, my face held the same smile.

“We do,” they said at the same time, looking back to their mother, who smiled with approval.

Their mom shot a quick look at Keir, but she covered it up with a big smile as she turned to the rest of us. “The twins should be enough for now.” She stood, and the guys stood with her. “Let’s just hope you don’t wait until it’s too late. You’ve always been too guarded, Keir. Satan spare me, I hope this is what you need to change.”

She left without another word. No goodbyes. No hugs. Nothing. She just walked to the elevator and disappeared.

Aiden and Nicholas were at my side in an instant, fussing over me again and asking if she’d done or said anything. I told them what she had told me. Her story. That was it. Once I

convinced them I was fine, they picked me up and took me to my room.

“Do we wait until she’s better?” Aiden asked Nicholas.

“No. She needs it to get better, idiot.” Nicholas was already removing my clothes, even though I couldn’t move. “I’ll go first.”

“No way, man. I claimed her first; I’ll fill her first.” I snorted at Aiden’s comment. “I see she’s well enough to be a perv.”

Nicholas didn’t put up a fight as Aiden settled himself between my legs. He actually left the room, and when I looked up at Aiden, confused, he smiled.

“Giving one’s essence is kind of a big deal, little one. It’s binding. It’s more than sex.” I gulped audibly. Binding? “I guess I should make sure you’re okay with that, shouldn’t I?”

I bit my lip as I thought about what we were about to do. If he gave me his essence, we would be bonded together forever. I would be tied to him *and* Hell. Was I okay with that? Did I honestly have another option? Apparently I would die without it, so why would I refuse it? Did I have a reason to say no?

Aiden and Nicholas had been amazing to me. They’d treated me better than anyone ever had. They’d protected me, killed for me, cared for me.

My heart raced, and I realized where I was leading myself. I had already fallen for them, both of them. I had no reason not to say yes to a bond that would last forever. These men had already marked my soul. I was already theirs.

“Lilly?” Aiden looked hesitant. I hadn’t realized my thoughts had taken me so far away. “Do you want this?”

I took a deep breath and smiled. “I do.”

He visibly relaxed, pleased with my answer. “Thank Satan.” He dipped down and captured my mouth with his. This kiss was different, less about claiming and more about giving

himself to me. I could feel the difference. “Let me know if it’s too much. I’ve heard it can be intense.”

I nodded and arched my back as he entered me. I was sick, yeah, but his cock still felt amazing. He kept his thrusts slow, taking it easy on me. I clung to him for dear life, probably leaving claw marks on his back.

“Aiden...” I moaned into his kisses.

He continued to thrust and slowly picked up speed, scattering kisses along my collarbone as he went. It was too much, so I grabbed his hair and pulled his ear down to my mouth. I licked the shell of his ear, knowing it drove him crazy.

“Fuck,” he growled. “I’m almost ready.” I thought he meant ready to come, but he grabbed my chin with his fingers and made me look at him. “I love you, little one.”

In an instant, I was filled with what felt like fire. I cried out as my body shook and pressed into Aiden’s. Intense was an understatement. I was burning from the inside out. I managed to steal a glance at him through half-lidded eyes and found him transformed. His eyes were blazing, and his hair was moving like fire. It was so damn hot, and it was what I needed to find my own release.

“Come for me, little one. Your pleasure is mine. Forever.”

“I love you, Aiden.” I moaned his name and let the waves of heat and pleasure roll through my body. As I climaxed, something clicked, and I knew it was done.

He held me tight against him afterward, breathing heavily, our hearts beating in sync. As I stared into his eyes, I realized I’d never noticed the gold flecks in the red. He also had hints of red scattered in his brown hair. Why was I just now seeing those details?

“I love you so much, little one, and now you are truly mine. Forever.” He kissed my nose, then my lips.

We laid there for a while longer, and just as our bodies returned to normal, Nicholas knocked on the door. “Hail Satan, you even look different.” He looked wild as he took me in.

I smiled, already feeling better than I had earlier. The essence was working. “Is that a bad thing?” I chewed on my bottom lip.

He licked his lips. “Not a chance. Hell looks good on you, baby.”





## Chapter 42

Nicholas

I let Aiden have Lilly first. I did so knowing she'd be in even better condition when I got my turn, after my twin's essence entered her.

Keir was at the bar, pouring himself a drink. "Want one?" he offered, not even turning to face me.

"Sure." I thanked him once he handed me my glass.

Lilly's moans filled the hall, and they carried into the living room. Keir stiffened, then gulped his drink down and poured himself another.

"It's not too late, you know," I pointed out.

He snorted, lifting his drink to his mouth. It was gone when he lowered his glass. "My mind will not be swayed."

I sighed. "Why? We're back in Hell. She's not going anywhere. She *can't* go anywhere."

I knew he was hesitant to pursue Lilly, afraid he might hurt her, but she'd proven time and time again that she was stronger than we'd given her credit for. We wanted to protect her, shelter her, but she wanted to be able to protect herself. I was certain she was more than capable of handling Keir, but he still doubted her. Maybe he doubted himself, thinking he'd hurt her, regardless of how strong she was. I couldn't be sure.

"Not being able to run is not the point. The point is...I won't do that to her. She deserves better. She deserves more than I can give her." He sounded conflicted. He was saying these things to convince himself, not the rest of us. He was so terrified to become our father, he would deny himself the woman Fate literally picked for him.

I let out a deep breath, contemplating how to go about this. I was tired of watching my brother suffer, but he was causing

his own problems. The last thing I wanted to do was piss him off, but I also couldn't keep silent while he tortured himself.

"I say this as your brother, who only wants the best for you, okay?" I didn't wait for him to respond before continuing. "Get your head out of your ass, dude."

His eyes shot up to mine, and I could have sworn I watched them twitch. "Excuse me?" he said, a shocked undertone to his voice.

I rarely took the tough brother position. I could admit I was the soft one of us three, but it kept things balanced. However, I couldn't be the soft brother when the issue had such a simple solution.

"You heard me. Get. Your. Head. Out. Of. Your. Ass," I said slowly, knowing it would bother him. "I don't know why, but this girl is falling in love with you too. She lights up when you walk into the room. You two already push each other's buttons like you've known each other forever. It's equally sweet and disgusting, honestly." I shrugged, reining in my jealousy. I'd never have what Keir and Lilly had, and here he was, taking it for granted. "Now is your chance to claim her. Tell her who you are. Tell her how you feel. She will accept you, brother, I can promise that."

He was silent, his eyes fixed on the third drink he'd poured, swirling it in his glass.

More of Lilly's sounds of pleasure sounded around us, and we turned to face the hallway. It took everything to not walk in, but I knew they needed privacy for this exchange. The giving of essence was a huge deal, and I would get my turn soon enough. I could almost see her face now, twisted with pleasure. My cock hardened at the thought.

I turned to face my brother, but he was still staring toward the hall, his jaw twitching. I wanted to slap some sense into him, but instead, I just waited. His eyebrows were scrunched together, and he kept opening his mouth, trying to say something. I could be patient.

Another moment passed before he finally spoke. “Just take care of her.”

Keir put his unfinished drink down on the bar and stalked down the hallway. He paused at Lilly’s door, but then continued to his own, slamming the door behind him.

I finished my drink before I headed to her room. I paused at the door. It was quiet; I was sure they were finished. The door was cracked, so I tilted my head to get a look.

Aiden was holding Lilly, both breathing heavily as they stared into each other’s eyes. My brother was nearly transformed into his fiery state, and Lilly was practically glowing. I needed to be near her, so I knocked on the door, announcing my presence.

They both turned to face me, but all I could focus on was her. Her skin was bright, her eyes no longer had bags under them, and the green of her irises shined. Her smile made my chest swell, and I couldn’t help but return it. She was breathtaking. Hell looked so fucking good on her.



## Chapter 43

Lillian

Nicholas laid on the bed with me for a while, still fully clothed.

I laughed. “What are you waiting for?”

He kissed the sensitive spot below my ear, one of my favorite spots for his lips to be. “I just want to soak in what we are now before it changes.”

I turned to face him. “You were always my sweet prince.” I kissed his lips, and my hips moved of their own accord against him.

“I hope that’s a good thing.” He kissed me back, his tongue darting across my lips.

“Oh, it is. It definitely is.” I tried to kiss him again, but he backed up. “What are you doing?”

“I said I wanted to soak this in, Lilly.” He kissed my forehead. “It’ll be different after this. I want to remember my fragile, helpless, *human* offering.” He winked, and my clit pulsed. I shouldn’t have been turned on by that, but I was.

“Please,” I said softly as I planted a kiss on his neck. I kissed up his jawline, knowing I was tempting him, that he would snap any minute.

“Lilly...”

“Please.” I moved to straddle him, his eyes almost closed. I bit my lip and unfastened his jeans. “I *need* you, Nicholas.”

“Damn woman,” he huffed as he flipped us over so I was on my back beneath him. His clothes came off quickly, and he was inside me even quicker.

“Oh, yes.” I pressed my head back into the pillows as he buried himself deep. His hands kept my hips moving with his,

while mine were busy grabbing the sheets to ground myself in the moment.

“Fuck, Lilly. You feel so good.” He sounded desperate for me, and that only made things hotter.

“More. I need more.” I tried to reach for him, but he was too far, and my hips were held too high for me to move.

“Such a little whore, begging for more,” he snickered.

His hands released my hips, letting me fall back onto the bed. He brought his mouth down to my nipple and licked it, making me arch my back. When his teeth came out to play, I was ready to finish.

“Nicholas...”

He released my nipple and kissed my jaw. “I love you, Lilly.”

“I love you, too.” He kissed my lips. “Fuck. Please,” I whispered into his mouth.

“Come for me, baby. Now.” My body clenched around him as something cold as ice spread through my body. This was it. I knew he was giving me his essence. It even felt like him. He was transformed, too. His hair had gone completely white, and his eyes were shining bright blue.

My body tightened as the cold spread throughout my entire body, but my climax took the edge off. I felt Nicholas spill into me as his essence filled me. He collapsed and hugged me close to him for what seemed like forever after we finished.

I noticed new things about him, too, like the white flecks in his blue eyes and the white strands scattered in his brown hair. The twins’ essences must have done something more than bring me back to life. I felt like I was buzzing with energy.

We were brought out of our half-sleepy state when Aiden knocked on the door. He smiled when he found us still in bed. “How do you feel, little one?”

“Alive.” I motioned for him to join us in bed.

I stayed between the twins for a long time. I told them the things I'd noticed, and they said it was because a part of me was in them. I would see them in a new light, and the edge would be taken off as my body got used to the essence.

I didn't need Keir's essence. I felt perfectly fine now with just the twin, even better than before. Maybe I was wrong about my feelings. I chewed on my lip as I came to the realization that Keir was not a part of my equation anymore.

"Something wrong?" Nicholas kissed my head. "I can feel your sadness."

Was I sad about Keir? I didn't think so, but maybe deep down, a tiny part of me was disappointed. "No. I'm fine. Just taking all of this in."

He chuckled, and it sent a shiver down my spine. "We will be here for you every step of the way."

"We couldn't have you dying on us when we just got you," Aiden teased.

I smiled. "I can't believe it. I'm here in Hell, and I finally feel like I *belong*. I don't know how to explain it, but this is *home*." I stopped talking as the tears flowed.

"Shhh." Nicholas cupped my cheek and kissed my tears. "It makes sense. You were always meant to be here, Lilly. This *is* your home."

I smiled at my twin princes and gave them each a light kiss. As I was about to say something back, a loud crash sounded. *What was that?*

"Boys!" It was a man's voice, but it was more than that. His voice was horrifying and angry, and it practically shook the flat. It was unlike anything I'd ever heard. "Get your asses in here, and bring your filthy human with you."

I looked at the twins, hoping for some sort of explanation, but they were still looking at each other, their faces completely devoid of color.

My bedroom door swung open, and I was relieved to see Keir, but the fear on his face made my blood run cold.

Their father.

*Satan.*

King of Hell.

He'd found out about me.

I was so dead.



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## About the Author

S. Lynn Smith is a 25-year-old Midwest gal who has always had a love for books and writing, getting increasingly darker and steamier as she grew up. She loves spending her time with her husband and daughter when she isn't writing or busy being a full-time stay-at-home-mom. Their Offering is her debut book, and she has plans for at least one more book in the series as of now.

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