

A HOLIDAY OMEGAVERSE NOVELLA  
**CALLIOPE STEWART**



**KNOT AGAIN**

*Satan*

SHE'S ON THE  
KNOTTY LIST

Knot Again Satan  
Unholy Holidays  
Book 2

Calliope Stewart

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# Triggers & Other

Like with any book, Knot Again Satan does contain some triggers that may influence some readers as to whether or not they'd like to read.

**Triggers:**

- Religious mentions
- Mentions of Hell
- Attempted drowning

**This book also contains several sexual situations that go outside of the laws of physics such as:**

Doppelgängers, throat dissension, tail play, anal, DVP, oral, and more.

*If any of the above makes you uncomfortable, this may not be the book for you.*

*It's beginning to look a lot like Smutmas for all my good little girls and boys.*

*Enjoy*

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# Chapter One



L ights flashed on the walls of my office as I held a dagger high overhead before bringing it down with a vicious grunt. It punctured the item sitting on my desk with a dull thud as the sound of ripping paper filled the cavernous space.

Exhaustion filled every bone in my body, and if I was capable of sweating, I knew it'd be dripping from my pores.

“Uh, sir?” a voice tried in vain to get my attention.

“Not now,” I growled, bringing the knife up again, my concentration fully on the task in front of me.

Another stab, more ripping, and another wave of weariness filled me. This was one of the hardest things I'd had to do in the thousands of years since I'd been unceremoniously booted from heaven.

Something that had never been done in Hell before, and something I'd never attempted. It would take every ounce of my magic to make it work, and even then, I wasn't sure if it would be the same thing.

“Sir...” the voice tried again.

Irritation filled me as I chucked the knife in the general direction of the voice. They yelped and I felt my lips pull up into my first smile of the day.

“That's not funny, sir,” Max Weber grumbled as he yanked the knife out of his abdomen and let it slip from his bony fingers. It disappeared in a poof

of green smoke before it could damage the shiny black marble floors of my office.

“What do you want, Max? Can’t you see I’m busy?” I asked, gesturing to the thing in front of me.

“It’s ah... *unique*,” Max said, eyeing it carefully before looking up at me, his beard twitching with undisguised humor. He’d only been with me for a little over a century, but he’d grown as accustomed to Hell as any of my demons. This included feeling comfortable enough to have a giggle at my expense. “Perhaps maybe try wrapping the present with scissors instead of a knife next time?”

Max wasn’t afraid to make fun of me—even if I was his boss and the literal king of Hell.

“You’re no help,” I grumbled, picking up the brightly colored present from my desk. It had started as a box, but now it just looked like a ball of mangled snowmen and reindeer. Apt, as I was the lord of suffering and penitence, but definitely not what I was going for.

Max tugged on the hem of his brightly colored Hawaiian shirt. It was one of the many that the father of bureaucracy owned, but this one featured Santa Claus hanging ten on a surfboard.

“I’m sure Miss Eden won’t mind anything you give her for Chr—X-mas,” Max said, amending his use of the word when he saw my sharp look.

I was the only person in Hell who couldn’t say the actual word, but if I couldn’t say it, then I’d be damned if anyone else did.

The denizens of Hell mostly used the holiday to get black out drunk at our annual bash, but this would be the first year that we went all out.

And that was because of the doe-eyed omega that had completely enchanted me only a few short months ago on Halloween night.

As if my thoughts had conjured her, I felt her awareness along the edges of our bond.

*You’re awake early, angel*, I purred down the connection, feeling her shudder with delight as she groggily got up out of bed.

Blinking, I left Max mid-lecture and looked through the eyes of Eden Evans, finding her to still be dark in the cramped dorm room that she shared with her roommate.

*Cleo is snoring up a storm, so I couldn’t sleep*. Eden’s whispered explanation floated around me, making me shiver with unabashed desire.

Most humans shouldn’t have been able to maintain any sort of connection



with me after our encounter, but Eden wasn't just any human. The bite on her hand was proof of that.

I wasn't sure what had possessed me to put my mark on her that night. It was something between the desire to be able to see her again—something I'd never felt before—and wanting to possess her entirely. One moment we'd been saying our goodbyes, and the next my teeth were buried in her hand.

While I was busy musing over the implications of our bond, Max continued to speak before finally pausing his tirade about courting young women.

“Sir, are you even listening to me?” he asked, a tinge of whining in his voice.

“No,” I replied, my eyes going back down to the gift.

I'd never wrapped anything before in my long life. After all, there wasn't time for arts and crafts when one was busy running the land of the damned.

I'd taken up crotchet once, though admittedly that had been more to torture an old granny who had spent the latter part of her life murdering her neighbors. She had no qualms about burying people in her backyard, but Hell forbid I fuck up a line of stitching.

Honestly, it was one of the most effective forms of punishing someone that I'd seen in over a millennium. I'd even hung my shoddy work in her cell as a constant reminder.

“I was saying that if you want to make Miss Eden feel welcome, we probably should redecorate the main hall...” Max continued, his voice quickly sounding like the parents from the *Peanuts*. A whole lot of, *wa-wa-wa-wa*.

I blinked again and I was back with Eden as she stepped under the pounding water of her shower. Physical sensation was usually limited when I stepped behind her eyes, but the shower was so hot that even I could feel the steam off of it as she washed her hair.

*Wanna mess around?* I asked, finally waving a hand in order to banish Max from my office in a puff of green smoke.

*You always make me late for class,* Eden's words were scolding, but I could feel her smile as one of her hands slid down in between her thighs.

With another wave of my hand, the doors to my office locked and the crisp suit I'd been wearing disappeared, leaving me completely naked as I leaned back in my chair.

*You shouldn't be such a goody-two-shoes when you're having mental*

*phone sex with the devil, darling*, I reminded her as my tail wound around my already stiff and aching cock.

Eden's gasp echoed off of the tiled walls of her bathroom and she quickly brought her free hand up to muffle the noise, the other hand already buried between her thighs. Through the bond I could feel the reverberations of her pleasure.

Despite Eden's innocent exterior, pure lust was always bubbling just beneath the surface of her milky soft skin.

*You're such a naughty little thing that I should stop calling you angel*, I purred with a grunt as my tail made quick work of my stiff length, driving me toward what was surely going to be yet another unsatisfying climax. Nothing would ever compare to the real thing now that I'd tasted it.

*Well, it is the season to be on the naughty list*, Eden quipped back. Even the voice in her mind was breathless as she leaned fully against the wall of the shower.

My lips pulled up into a grin.

*I'll show you exactly what being on the naughty list looks like very soon*, I reminded her, feeling her pleasure continue to rise as her fingers quickened.

Eden then let out a moan that was still muffled by her fingers. The world around her brightened and her body tensed as she came.

I wasn't much further after her, my tail tightening almost painfully on my knot as streams of glowing green splattered across my desk and the present that would definitely need to be rewrapped now.

Leaning back in my chair I huffed a sigh, waving my hand and setting the room to rights. All traces of our morning fun disappeared and my suit was back in place, as if it had never happened.

It was good, but it wasn't the same as when she'd summoned me on Halloween. I couldn't inhale her mouth-watering scent or feel her insides try to choke the life out of my cock as she drained me dry.

But it would have to do for another week.

*You all right there, angel?* I asked once I felt her breathing slow down again.

*Yep, never better*, Eden replied hazily as she stepped out of the shower on wobbling legs.

I watched through her eyes as she glanced at herself in the mirror. Her curvy body was still flushed from the heat of the shower and her orgasm, a red flush creeping up in between her breasts.

At the sight, my ardor instantly began to rise again.

“Easy there, tiger,” she said out loud, the blue eyes in her reflection sparkling as she checked her phone sitting on top of her neatly folded clothes.

“Shit!” she cursed after glancing at the time.

*I take it you're late?* I asked, feeling her inward glare as she hurried to pull on her clothes for the day.

*You know I am,* she grumbled as she grabbed all of her things. *I'm going to have to go to class with wet hair now thanks to you.*

I felt my grin widen. *But wasn't it fun?*

Eden paused, her hand hovering in the air over her messenger bag.

*Yes,* she finally admitted before slinging it over her shoulder and grabbing her water bottle, *but you try explaining to a crotchety art teacher that you're late because you were having interdimensional phone sex with Satan.*

*And that's why I'm here and you're there,* I replied primly.

*Shut up,* she shot back, her steps echoing in the empty dorm hallway.

Laughter rumbled out of my chest.

*Have a good day, angel, draw lots of things, make lots of art,* I told her as our connection faded away and I was sitting alone in my office again.

I had a full docket of sinners to go through, an inspection of two of the nine circles, and a performance review with Asmodeus to finish before the end of the day.

But even still, my eyes were drawn to the present on the desk again.

“I'll just rewrap this first and worry about the rest later,” I said out loud to the empty room.

Pushing the button on my intercom I spoke to my secretary. “Janice? Do you happen to know how to wrap presents?”

## Chapter Two



“If you are not feeling every stroke of your charcoal, your sketches will be dull and lifeless. *Regarder*, look at Trenton’s piece for instance, he just scraped his charcoal across the paper and now our poor model looks like a Picasso rather than a da Vinci,” Madame Fournier told the class as she held poor Dylan’s sketch pad aloft for everyone to see. “You must be soft, Dylan, *doux*, understand?”

Dylan, who was only taking our life drawing class to get the credits he needed for his degree, just ducked his head and nodded until she gave him back his pad and moved on.

Madame Fournier was an older woman who dressed almost exclusively in dark clothing and spoke with a thick French accent. Her studio was in the old astronomy tower at the university, which made the space freezing in the winter.

I felt bad for the nude woman perched awkwardly on a stool in the middle of the room. Judging by the dotted gooseflesh on her body, there was a high chance that she was just as cold as she looked.

When Madame Fournier made it to the corner where I was sitting she pinched her chin and observed my sketch.

I’d been late, so my sketch was rudimentary compared to everyone else’s, but I was pleased with it nonetheless.

“That is very sensual, Eden,” she commented, her eyes on the expression I’d drawn for the model. “Though, I would hazard a guess that you’ve taken some liberties, no? Our model looks more bored than aroused like the woman in your drawing.”

I wished I was as good at coming up with the art school bullshit explanations as the rest of my peers were, but as I glanced between my piece and the professor I drew a complete blank.

“I just thought it looked better this way,” I managed to blurt.

Madame Fournier’s wrinkled face twitched with what looked like the ghost of a smile. “You would be right, though I must remind you that we are drawing the model in front of us, not a self-portrait.”

With that, Madame Fournier turned and began harassing the next student in the line.

Her words confused me. What did she mean by that? I *had* been sketching the model.

Glancing between my pad of paper and the model still sitting on the stool, I realized with a jolt that the face I’d been drawing looked nothing like hers. The model had high, thin features and the woman in my drawing had soft, rounder features.

Glancing at the plump lips that were parted in ecstasy and eyes that stared off of the canvas like they were looking at nothing and everything, I realized what Fournier was getting at.

*Oh shit*, I thought to myself as Fournier’s words finally seemed to click in my brain. I *had* been drawing myself. Not only that, I was drawing what I was pretty sure my face looked like right before I came this morning with Luc in the shower.

My face burned as I flipped the page over to a fresh one.

There was still a week left in classes until I would be able to see him again, but that time seemed to stretch on forever in front of me as I hurried to resketch the model again. This time I made sure to keep the features thin and bored.

After Halloween, I hadn’t been sure what would happen between Luc and me. After all, it wasn’t like dating the devil was something that most girls ever dealt with.

Not to mention the bond mark on my hand.

Before he’d bitten me, he explained that his bond would take two bites to be permanent. The first bite would allow us to communicate like we had this

morning. He could see through my eyes and feel some of my emotions and I could do the same, at least, whenever he let me.

And the second? That one would be permanent, though Luc hadn't given me the specifics of what that meant.

I'd only caught glimpses of Luc's daily life, and if I was being honest, Hell looked a whole lot like a sleek office building.

Twenty minutes later I had a half-completed sketch and the model was pulling her robe back on. The face still didn't look right, my wandering thoughts causing me to draw on autopilot, but it would have to do for today.

Dropping my sketch on Madame Fournier's desk, I shouldered my bag and hurried down the steps of the tower and out into the frigid New England air.

The quad, despite being filled with eight inches of snow, was full of students either hurrying to class or to the Commons for breakfast. I found Cleo amongst the throng, a winter coat thrown over her candy cane pajamas.

"Aren't you freezing?" I asked, looping my arm through hers and drawing her in close as we turned in the direction of food.

Cleo's sniffled, her nose red from the cold.

"I am, Justin was *supposed* to meet me for breakfast but the idiot spent the night gaming with his bros," she said with an eye roll. "I just hope he feels how pissed I am through the bond."

Even though they'd been dating for less than a year, they'd gone ahead and bonded against everyone's advice. It was generally frowned upon for an alpha and omega to bond while still in school. It made for distractions and territorial disputes between alphas, but Cleo and Justin had ignored everyone entirely and he bit her anyway just after Thanksgiving break.

Next semester she would be moving into the bonded dorm with him, making this next week our last week as roommates.

"At least it's waffle day," Cleo continued, oblivious to my thoughts. "Waffle day makes everything better."

The Commons was crowded by the time we stepped inside and the air was instantly muggy from all of the bodies filling the space.

A long line had formed and students were waiting with their trays, chatting amongst themselves as they waited for the staff to dish out eggs, bacon, fruit, and much to Cleo's glee, Belgian waffles.

"Have you started Clinch's final yet?" I asked as I handed her a tray.

Professor Clinch was our painting instructor, my favorite class of the

week. I could do well with most artistic mediums, though sculpting usually stumped me, but painting was my absolute favorite.

Something about the building of layers and color until it became an actual image was so satisfying to me. It made my brain buzz with pleasure to be covered in paint in a bright, airy studio as the blank canvas in front of me was completely transformed. The true high of an artist.

Cleo, on the other hand, did not feel the same way about Professor Clinch, or painting for that matter.

Her freckled nose scrunched with distaste. “Yeah, but I don’t feel good about it. Give me a pound of clay and I can make you a detailed bust, but ask me to paint a face? It will always look like shit,” she said with a toss of her bright red ponytail.

We went through the rest of the line, getting our food until our trays were full. Cleo even managed to sweet talk her way into an extra waffle, which put a little pep in her step as we tried to find an empty table in the overcrowded dining hall.

“Eden! Cleo!” a voice called over the din, and I turned to find Kyle Dormer waving us over to the booth he was sitting in.

“Ooh, a booth, we love a booth,” Cleo said, shooting me a pleading look. Booths were prime real estate in the Commons, and it looked like my best friend had no qualms with chucking me under the bus if that meant she got to sit her butt on a cushy bench seat.

I nearly said no, but then she popped her bottom lip out and pouted.

“*Fine*,” I finally surrendered with a shake of my head and we made our way over to Kyle.

I’d spent the first part of the semester obsessing over Kyle Dormer. He was the football star alpha that had transferred in after awakening as an alpha. He had all the calmness of a beta, but exuded the kind of alpha energy that made omegas slick between the knees. Me included—or used to be included anyway.

Funnily enough, though, my obsession had quickly waned after I accidentally summoned a certain seven-foot-tall demon on Halloween.

Now I just felt awkward when it came to Kyle. I was fairly sure he knew how much I’d liked him before, and now whenever everyone hung out together he’d shoot me strange looks that I couldn’t quite decipher.

He never had more than a passing interest in me before. Had Cleo not been dating one of his teammates, I’d have probably been completely

invisible to the handsome alpha.

“Look at you snagging the good seat,” Cleo said as she dropped her tray onto the table and scooted onto the bench, making room for me. “So, I take it your late-night gaming sesh only affected my alpha then?”

Kyle shrugged sheepishly. “The rest of the guys were starting to wake up when I left for my morning class, but I don’t know where they are past that.”

“Huh, interesting,” Cleo said, stabbing the waffle on her plate with her fork before bringing a golden, gooey chunk up to her mouth. “God, I love waffle day.”

We watched as the tiny omega began to devour her food with a vigor that seemed to impress even Kyle.

“Make sure you breathe, Cleo, I don’t know how to do the Heimlich,” he joked before turning his eyes to me. “Do you, Eden?”

“Do I what?” I asked, taken off guard by his sudden attention.

Kyle, now that I was looking at him, shot me a dimpled smile. “Know the Heimlich? Your friend here is about to unhinge her jaw and dump the plate in.”

I opened my mouth to reply to his question, but then I felt the same awareness that I always did when Luc was joining me in my head.

*I do not like this child*, he grumbled, his deep voice echoing in my brain.

*He’s harmless*, I said, trying to hush him so that I could pay attention to the conversation happening in front of me.

“I know how to do the Heimlich,” I finally replied, a little absentmindedly as Luc’s scoff filled my ears.

Another dimpled smile. “I always knew you were a smart girl, Eden Evans.”

*Oh, fuck right off*, Luc growled, an image of his office flashing through my mind as he slammed a dark green fist onto his desk. *You don’t like shit like that, right? The kid looks like Captain America, far too much of a goody two shoes for my angel.*

Had he asked me that question prior to Halloween I would have told him that Kyle Dormer was exactly what I liked. But now? Now I prefer things to be a little bit on the wilder side.

*Eden? Are you there? Hello?* Luc shot the words into my head at such a fast rate that it made me dizzy.

“Knock it off,” I accidentally said out loud rather than in my head.

Kyle’s dimpled smile fell. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you.”



“No, it’s not you I was talking to,” I hurried to say, my face burning with embarrassment.

*Stop being a giant baby, you’re literally the king of Hell so why do you feel the need to compete?* I scolded Luc, feeling his pout through the invisible tethers of the bond.

“Then who were you talking to?” Kyle asked, confused.

“She talks to herself sometimes,” Cleo told him around a bite of waffle. “Don’t take it personally.”

“Baby!” Justin greeted us with a shout as he dropped his tray on the table and went to lean across me to give her a kiss.

Cleo held up a hand to stop him. “Uh-uh, bucko, you were supposed to meet me outside.”

“I’m sorry, me and the boys forgot to set our alarms and this asshole didn’t wake us up,” Justin, all golden curls and silly grins, said as he pressed a kiss to her outstretched palm before glaring at Kyle.

“You’re a grownup, Justin, you can wake your own damn self up,” Kyle replied with a sniff as he took a sip of his coffee.

*This entire conversation makes me want to throw myself into the pit of flames outside of my window,* Luc chimed in, adding to the already clustered mix of voices around me.

I stood, my tray still largely uneaten. “I’m gonna head out,” I announced to the group in a louder voice than I’d intended.

Cleo frowned. “Why? You should stay and eat with us.”

But Justin was already sliding into the seat that I’d just vacated, pressing a kiss to the crescent shaped bond mark on Cleo’s neck. The contact made her giggle and I knew his transgression this morning had been all but forgiven.

“I need to get some studio time in to finish my finals,” I said with a shake of my head. “I’ll see you guys later.”

With that, I turned on my heel and headed for the little window where the to-go containers were kept and packed my food inside.

It hadn’t been a lie that I had a ton to finish before everything was due next week. Clinch’s painting was on the top of my list, and if I put my all into it, I could finish it by the end of the day.

By the time that I made it back outside, it was already snowing again. White flurries filled the air, landing on my face and soothing my throbbing headache.

*Sorry about that*, Luc's voice whispered in my mind. Then, as if he was physically touching me, a cool sensation spread across my forehead and the headache was gone.

The feeling stopped me in my tracks.

*How were you able to do that without being here?* I asked curiously.

While we could speak and feel each other's emotions, we hadn't been able to touch each other since Halloween.

*I get a little stronger as the winter solstice approaches*, he explained. *The veil between my realm and Earth thins enough that I can impose my will to an extent. In this case, it was my will to soothe your pain. It's also why you're able to come and visit me, angel.*

He'd explained it in simple terms to me when he brought up the potential of my traveling to him for our next meeting, but I'd never asked for the specifics. *I thought the bond took care of all of that?*

*It helps, but only the second bond will truly make it to where you and I can travel freely to each other—if that's something you want*, Luc hurried to tack on at the end.

Truthfully, I'd been thinking about it a lot. From a human perspective, it was crazy to seal a permanent bond with the devil after only meeting him once.

But I also couldn't forget the way he made my skin sing whenever we touched, or how he'd taken each dirty little thought that popped into my head and turned it into reality.

Who else could do that for me? Every human man seemed to fade into grayscale next to my handsome devil.

"Eden!" As if my thoughts had conjured him, Kyle's voice came from behind me and I turned to find him jogging in my direction.

*Here we go again*, Luc grumbled, clearly annoyed by the alpha football player's reappearance.

"You forgot this," he said once he'd reached me, holding out my dorm key which was hanging off of a green ribbon. Cleo had one just like it, except hers was pink.

I took it and offered him a smile, ignoring Luc's irritated huff. "Thanks, but you could have given it to Cleo. You didn't have to run after me."

"Nah, I don't mind, I had something I wanted to ask you anyway. Can I walk you to class?" he asked, his breath visible in the icy air.

*No, absolutely not*, Luc hissed. *This kid has nothing but sex on the brain*

*and you are right smack dab in his crosshairs.*

“Sure,” I agreed, giving Luc a mental push to be quiet so as not to have a repeat of the dining hall. “My studio isn’t far.”

We fell into step together, our feet crunching in the fresh snow as we crossed the quad and headed in the direction of the art building. Every art student had their own assigned space to work freely and mine was the furthest from everything, so it would take us a few minutes to get there.

*Angel, I swear, when you get here I’m going to make that pretty ass of yours so red,* Luc growled and I couldn’t help the shiver of anticipation that rolled down my spine.

Luc’s effect on me was instantaneous and my scent blossomed, making Kyle suck in a sharp breath.

I took a step away from him. “Sorry, close to my heat,” I lied, my cheeks warming.

*If you don’t want to make the alpha next to me super horny, I’m gonna need you to knock it the fuck off,* I scolded inwardly.

*Shit, sorry, didn’t mean to turn you on,* Luc said sheepishly, though there was a note of pleased satisfaction in his baritone voice that he had that effect on me even across dimensions.

Kyle’s dark eyes seemed to melt as he glanced sideways at me. “Well, uh, if you ever need help with that...?”

*Over my dead body will he ever ‘help’ with your heat,* Luc hissed and stood to begin pacing the length of his office.

*You literally cannot die, now shh, I need to be able to focus on this conversation without looking completely insane,* I told him and returned my attention to the alpha walking next to me.

“That’s okay, I’ve got it covered, but thank you,” I told him hurriedly before Luc found a way to transport himself, solstice be damned, to the earthly plane for the sole purpose of ripping Kyle Dormer apart.

Kyle seemed put out by my denial and I watched as he deflated a bit before bouncing right back like I hadn’t just refused him. “Cleo told me that you aren’t going home for Christmas, and it so happens that neither am I. We should definitely hang out at some point.”

Confusion filled me. Why was Kyle so interested in me now? I could still vividly remember the night I’d witnessed him fucking one of the sorority girls at that party before Halloween. The experience had been a confusing mix of hurt over not being the girl he chose, and a wave of lust that made me

realize that maybe I wasn't as vanilla as I originally thought.

*It's the sheen of my, ah, essence. He's picking up on it on an instinctual level and seeing you in a way he never has before,* Luc explained, picking up on my emotions. *I had smeared you from head to toe in it by the time we were done.*

*Are you saying that he's more attracted to me because you smeared your jizz all over me?* I asked, scrunching my nose with distaste.

*I mean, you're also very attractive in your own right, but yes my jizz is definitely helping. But maybe he's realizing he missed out?* he supplied unhelpfully.

"I'm sorry, I'm actually going to visit a friend over winter break," I said, trying to let him down gently.

"Oh." Again, Kyle seemed to deflate and shake it right off. I really had to admire his ability to bounce back, because if I'd been 0-for-2 I would have gone back to my dorm and never left it again. "Well, we'll just have to hang out in the spring then."

"Yeah, maybe," I said noncommittally, relieved to finally see the doors to the art building appear through the flurry of snow around us. "Thanks for walking me."

"Any time," Kyle said, grinning as he shoved his hands into the pocket of his jacket.

I turned to walk inside, but Kyle's voice stopped me.

"You know, Eden," he said, making me turn to look at him again. "You're different than you used to be."

I frowned. "In what way?"

His cheek dimpled as he shrugged. "I don't know, you're just more confident? I guess? You carry yourself differently now."

*Riding a demon's dick would make anyone more confident,* Luc purred with pride. I felt myself flush at the memory his words conjured.

"I'm the same I've always been," I told him, shrugging a shoulder like his words didn't have any deeper meaning to me.

How was I supposed to explain that I'd gotten a boost in self-esteem when the seven-foot-tall king of Hell fucked me in a pocket dimension on Halloween?

Anyone would think I was insane. Hell, half the time I thought I'd gone insane and was sitting in a padded room somewhere lost in my head.

"Have a good rest of your day, Kyle," I said, giving him a wave before

hurrying inside.

*I still don't like him*, Luc muttered as I typed my code into the keypad of my studio.

*You don't have to like him*, I reminded him. *Don't be jealous, Luc, you're the only alpha for me.*

As I said it, I realized it wasn't a lie. Even if I never saw Luc in person again, no other alpha would ever compare. How could they?

*I am quite hard to live up to*, Luc chimed in, reading my thoughts.

I rolled my eyes. *Goodbye, Luc, don't you have work to do?*

*Oh, tons, but I find myself wanting to be with you more and more*, he said, his words sending a thrill through me.

I blinked and suddenly I was looking through his eyes. He was sitting in what looked like a long conference room where a meeting was taking place with some very interesting looking individuals.

"Are you even listening, Luc?" A red woman with flaming hair and horns asked as she stood in front of a projector screen.

"Not even a little bit," I heard him say.

Then he blinked again and I was back in my studio surrounded by my art.

*See?* He said, his words slipping along the bond as if he was tenderly stroking a cat. *You are far more interesting than them, angel, but I'll let you get to your own work.*

All of my earlier irritation at his meddling flew out of my chest. *Okay, but you'll come back later?*

*Of course, I can never seem to stay away from you for very long, Eden Evans.*

Then he was gone and I was alone again.

I stared blankly up at my final piece for Clinch's class for far too long, my mind still on the devil that had been whispering in my mind.

When it came to that second bite that Luc had mentioned again, I was pretty sure that all he had to do was smile at me and I would agree and throw myself right at him.

# Chapter Three



“Honey, are you sure you don’t want to come home for Christmas?” my mom’s voice asked through the speaker of my cell phone.

I was sitting cross-legged on my bed, my sketch book open in front of me as I tried not to look at the bare half of the room next to me.

Cleo had moved out this morning, taking her things across campus to the bonded dorm. We’d promised to still see each other every day, but gone were the days that we could stay up late into the night talking or hanging out just because we were home.

I thought it wouldn’t bother me so much, I was an introvert after all, but now as I stared at the bare mattress and empty walls, I felt... morose.

“No, mom, I’m okay, really,” I assured her absentmindedly, the tip of my pencil caressing the full lips of the man I was drawing. “Besides, you’re going to have your hands full with the little ones.”

The little ones were my four younger siblings that she’d had after remarrying my stepdad, Hal. They ranged from three months old to seven years and they were chaotic at the best of times.

Both of my parents had remarried and had more kids. In fact, I was the only evidence that they’d ever been married at all. They never treated me badly, but even I could see that it was easier to love the children of someone you actually liked. I was just a reminder of the failure of their early twenties

when they were young and stupid.

“I just don’t like the idea of you being there all alone,” she said, though there wasn’t much actual worry in her voice. Only guilt.

She would never admit it, but I was pretty sure she was relieved to not have me come home for the holidays this year.

“I won’t be here alone, Cleo and the rest are also staying for break too,” I lied as I sketched a pair of horns onto my man. Now that I was finished with all of my finals, I could draw Luc to my heart’s content.

As if my thoughts summoned him, I felt his consciousness slide along mine like a cat winding between legs. He’d been quiet over the past couple of days, letting me finish my finals, but I was glad to feel him with me again.

*My horns aren’t nearly big enough in that sketch, angel, he purred, did they feel that small when I was—*

I gave him a mental push.

*No horn talk when I’m on the phone with my mother,* I told him curtly, returning my attention to the phone call.

“Oh, really?” my mother was saying, not completely able to disguise the relief in her voice. “In that case I don’t want to keep you from your friends. I’ll send you some Christmas money, so make sure to buy yourself something nice! Also tell your dad where you’ll be. You know how he worries.”

I held in the desire to scoff at her words. While my mom at least tried, my dad was on a family Christmas trip to Bali right now. He’d sent me a hundred bucks and a ‘Merry Christmas’ at the beginning of December.

But I’d never rocked the boat before, and I sure as Hell wasn’t about to start now.

“I will,” I said, pushing any and all negative feelings about my parents’ lack of caring deep down inside of me. I didn’t need them anymore.

*No, you don’t,* Luc whispered in my mind. I could feel his discontent through the bond.

After a few more platitudes on her end, my mom hung up and I was, once again, sitting alone in my dorm room.

Well, not completely alone.

*I wish carelessness was a sin punishable by eternity in Hell,* Luc huffed, his deep timbre nearly a growl.

Despite my somber mood, my lips pulled up into a soft smile. *Yes, but then you would be stuck with my mother for all eternity, and I think that’d be more of a punishment for you at that point.*

*Besides, I continued, they aren't so bad. I was always fed, clothed, and loved as much as they were capable of.*

It was just hard when you looked enough like your mom that it reminded your dad of his failed marriage and you acted enough like your dad that it drove your mom crazy.

*Doesn't matter. If you are going to bring a life into the world you should cherish it,* Luc argued, clearly not going to let me just brush my emotions under the rug.

*Isn't the Devil supposed to hate life?* I asked, half-joking.

Luc's dark laughter echoed through my mind. *It's quite the opposite, angel. The worst people imaginable come through my realm, but as far as I know, they are the vast minority of humans who are born on Earth. It's all light and shadows. To have death, you must have life, or else I'd be out of business. Balance.*

*You're awfully philosophical tonight,* I teased.

*I have been alive for a very, very long time, and while I have seen many philosophers come and go, most agree that life is precious,* he said and his words echoed off of the walls of my bedroom, almost as if he was standing right next to me speaking out loud. It was one of the ways that he seemed to be floating in between our two worlds with increasing frequency over the past week.

During Halloween I'd had lots of dreams of him and his whispered words, but now it seemed like he was about to pop in and out of existence at the drop of a hat.

*The veil is thinning fast, it's nearly time. Do you have everything you need?* Luc asked, his voice once again in my head.

I nodded. *Yeah, I just have a few more things to pick up at the hardware store tomorrow morning.*

*Good, and remember that it has to be in the same place you summoned me before. The magic that still remains will aid your journey through dimensions,* he reminded me for what felt like the millionth time.

The way he was speaking about it made it seem like I was going on a road trip instead of crossing dimensions to visit my demon king boyfriend.

*I got it, you giant worry wart,* I said with a roll of my eyes. *You've made me memorize everything for the past month, remember?*

*I just want to make sure. We wouldn't want you to end up in some random dimension, would we?*



*Has that actually ever happened before?* I asked, curious. I hadn't questioned him much about the inner workings of the universe... I was far too busy reminiscing about how his skin tasted under my tongue. The memory sent an anticipatory tingle down my spine.

Luc's own lust, just as easily stirred as mine, rose up through the bond, but he continued our conversation as if it hadn't. *To the odd demon here and there? Yes. But to a human? Never. You will be the first living human in my realm in over five thousand years.*

I tried in vain to wrap my head around his words. How is it that a completely average art student got the attention of the literal king of Hell? If it wasn't actually happening to me, I would never have believed it.

*Why me?* I asked, my thoughts getting the better of me. *I'm nothing special.*

*None of that, angel, not everyone is capable of summoning Satan, that in of itself makes you special,* Luc chided gently. *Besides, even the devil has to have his matching piece. I may be a fallen angel, but the big guy used us angels to model humans after.*

*I did summon you by accident,* I pointed out.

There was a beat of silence.

*I prefer to think of it as fate, rather than an accident,* Luc said, his voice fading after he finished. *Get your things together, angel, I'm impatient to really feel you again.*

Then it was just me sitting on my bed, my half-finished sketch of my devil tossed haphazardly to the side.

I sat for another minute, mulling over Luc's words, before finally grabbing my pencil to make the horns bigger in my sketch.



My breath curled in front of me as I pulled myself through a broken window at the old abandoned house that had been the location of the infamous Kappa Sigma Psi Halloween party this year. The same party that had changed my life forever.

Someone had attempted to clean up after the mess that fifty fraternity brothers and their two hundred guests had wreaked on the place, but I could

still see empty red solo cups in the corners and under the ratty furniture.

I was sure that, at some point in time, this house had been gorgeous. It sat on top of a hill overlooking the town and it was surrounded by quiet woods.

I could almost close my eyes and imagine a family from the early 1900's sitting together in the parlor, a fire roaring in the massive brick fireplace.

But now it was just empty and sad.

Months ago, I'd been dressed up as an angel while I drew the symbols that I'd found randomly in a book. Now, as I climbed the stairs again, I was dressed in a pair of jeans and a thick sweater to ward off the New England chill.

Luc had insisted that I wouldn't need to bring any clothes or toiletries with me, and judging by the way he'd been able to conjure up items out of thin air, I believed him.

Instead, I only carried a duffel bag full of everything I would need to give myself a round trip ticket to Hell for the holidays.

The room where I'd drawn the symbols still looked the same. The chalk had faded over the past couple of months and was scuffed in places from being underfoot during the party.

As I surveyed the room, I dug out the pink fuzzy journal where I'd written everything down. It wasn't as old and mystical as the book I'd initially found the symbols in, but it worked.

Humming under my breath, I made short work of the symbols. They were easier to draw than the last time, like they'd somehow burned into my memory that night. It was all muscle memory with a few changes to certain symbols. After all, I wanted to go *to* Hell, not bring someone from it.

By the time I'd finished, the air had started to hum with magic. Whatever residual energy Luc had left behind seemed to fill the air with static electricity. It was enough to lift a few of my blond curls as I sat back on my knees and observed my work.

"You know," I commented out loud to the empty room, "if college doesn't work out, I could probably get a job with a satanic cult."

*Those idiots have no idea what they're doing,* Luc chimed in for the first time today. *Nine times out of ten they accidentally summon Azazel when he's in the middle of something and end up getting slaughtered.*

"Noted," I said with a grin. "Are you here to make sure I don't mess everything up?"

*I have complete trust in you, Eden, but I have to admit that I am curious*

*to see it through your eyes*, the devil replied, amusement in his voice.

Eager to get started, I ignored his words and stood to strip. Apparently, all of my clothes would incinerate from my body if I wore them during the ritual, though I had a sneaking suspicion Luc just wanted me to be naked as soon as possible.

The cold air in the room caressed my bare skin, making it prickle into gooseflesh as I stepped into the center of the circle.

My slick had been enough to trigger the magic last time. But I wasn't in heat today, and even if I was, it would still take something *more*.

Pulling out the silver knife that had been purchased off of Etsy for the express purpose of this ritual, I gripped the intricately carved handle and drew the blade down one palm and then the other.

Pain sparkled briefly across my vision before red blood welled up in the deep slices I'd made in my palms. In any other case, it would be far too much blood to be losing as quickly as I was. But I knew that, if I did this right, Luc would be waiting on the other end to heal me.

Crouching low, I pressed both of my bloody palms into the center of the circle and let my eyes drift shut.

At some point during the slicing and dicing of my hands, the hum of magic in the air had kicked into a fever pitch until it was nearly a roar.

*The words, angel*, Luc's voice whispered excitedly into my mind.

I opened my mouth and began to chant the words that Luc had made me practice over and over until there was no stumbling or stuttering. They were in Latin and any mispronunciation could potentially land me somewhere other than Hell entirely.

The white chalk marks on the ground began to glow until they burst into pale green flames that licked up my arms and legs. They didn't burn, though, but instead just spread warmth along my freezing skin.

Then reality began to shred around me, the abandoned house that I was sitting in ripping like paper and revealing a dark void. Soon, the only light around me came from the burning symbols.

For the first time since the ritual began, a thread of fear filled me and I glanced around, looking for anything that told me that I'd succeeded in sending myself to Hell.

"Luc?" I asked out loud, surprised by how muffled my voice sounded. It took me a moment to realize that it was because there was no echo in the space I was in.

A strange sense of claustrophobia began to fill me, like the walls of the blank, black space around me had started to close in.

Sucking in a lungful of air, I cupped my still-bleeding hands around my mouth. “Luc!” I shouted into the void.

Had I mispronounced something? Was I just hanging in the space between Earth and Hell? What if I was stuck here forever?

That last thought nearly sent me over the edge into a panic attack.

Then I felt a tug, and then another.

It was like someone had tied a line to my ankle and when I looked down I realized someone *had*. There was a shining green tether wrapped around both of my ankles before disappearing into the darkness.

The tugging continued until I finally jerked my foot up in order to tug back.

The next pull was much, much harder, pulling me through the flaming circle and down into the void with a scream.

Then I was free falling—or at least I was until I landed in a pair of sturdy, warm arms.

Glowing green eyes met mine, filled with a mixture of hunger and relief. Luc looked just the same as the last time I’d seen him, though this time he was fully dressed in a crisp suit.

His dark green features were just as chiseled as before, and in the light of the shiny black throne room that I found myself in, I could see the neon green glow flowing just underneath his skin.

“There you are, angel,” he purred and this time I could feel his entire body rattle with it. “You had me worried there for a moment.”

After he finished speaking, his mouth descended on mine in the burning kiss that I’d been dreaming about ever since Halloween.

# Chapter Four



“Something is wrong,” I said as I paced up and down the shining marble floor of my throne room. It had been five minutes since Eden had said the ritual words.

I could feel her presence fade from the Earthly plane, the light of her soul flickering in the ether, but she should have been here by now. The teleportation was supposed to be instantaneous.

“I’m sure it’s nothing, sir,” Max said from where he was standing at the foot of the large dais my throne sat upon. The rest of my demon horde were milling around the room, clearly feeling the sudden dip in my mood.

Forneus, one of my higher-ranking demons braved a step up, his deep blue skin shimmering under the overhead light from the massive chandeliers. “Your Hellishness, perhaps she needs you to pull her all the way through?”

We’d spent the better part of the last few months working through how to summon Eden to Hell while she was still, technically, human. Forneus had been the one to take the lead on that as he was the demon that went earthside the most.

“And how do you propose I do that?” I asked with a growl. I couldn’t even connect with her mind while she was floating in between realms, or Hell forbid, in another realm entirely.

Forneus lifted a thin shoulder in a shrug. “You are connected with the

human via the first bite, yes?”

My demons had been... less than enthused that I had shared my first bite with a human, especially after thousands of years of pushing me to choose a demon as my mate.

But none of the demons in my horde had ever come close to making me feel the things that my angel had.

The innate need to find a fated mate had been instilled in all living creatures, and while those in Heaven wanted to forget about us, demons were also included in that.

Eden was mine. I just needed to figure out a way to convince her to accept my second bite so that she could be mine forever.

“Yes, we are,” I said to Forneus, descending the steps until I towered over the shorter demon. Despite the fact that he was one of my Marquises of Hell, he was a rather short humanoid creature that stood a full head shorter than all of my other generals.

“Well, why don’t you give it a tug and see if you can pull her through?” Forneus clasped his hands in front of him, his expression neutral. “She should still be connected with you, even if you can’t hear her.”

I wasn’t completely sure it would work, but I let my eyes drift shut anyway. With the second bite, I would have made short work of this, but because our connection was still fledgling I had to search through the threads of my power until I found the tiniest string that linked my human and me.

It was a tiny, glimmering green stream amongst the roar of the ocean of my ability, but at this moment it was the only thing that mattered to me.

I gripped the stream with a mental fist and gave it a tug, feeling nothing but slack.

A sliver of panic filled my chest. I should have just gone to her instead. But the gift I wanted to give her had to be given within my realm, so I’d pushed for her to come to me.

I yanked on the tether three times, much harder than I had initially.

There was a beat of torturous nothingness, and then I finally felt a faint tug on the other end.

Relief flooded my veins and I began to pull on the line, reeling it in as the weight on the other end got heavier and heavier.

A familiar scream echoed off of the walls of my throne room as Eden popped into existence, still completely nude.

With a quick wave of my hand, I expelled all of the people in my throne

room, causing them to disappear in a puff of smoke. Then I held my arms out for my omega.

The first thing I noticed was that her granny smith apple scent was so thick that I could practically taste it on my tongue. It was something that had existed only in memory ever since Halloween.

Being able to speak directly into her mind was all well and good, but it had nothing on the feel of her soft, supple skin or the look in her big blue eyes as she gazed at me with relief.

“There you are, angel, you had me worried for a minute,” I purred and my mouth descended on hers.

A little gasp escaped her as she immediately responded in kind, her tiny human teeth nipping at my bottom lip as she wrapped both arms around my neck. Our tongues danced, mine longer than hers, and she let out a breathy moan that sent shivers of pleasure straight down to my groin.

Everything we’d done mentally paled in comparison to this moment. My cock was immediately hard, ready to go, but I needed to get Eden acclimated to Hell first before I dragged her back to my chambers and had my way with her.

With one last flick of our tongues, I pulled away and let her slide down my body. I could feel each swell of her curves and I was just about to throw caution to the wind and bend her over my throne when she spoke.

“Where is this?” Her voice, usually a quiet presence in the back of my mind, echoed off of the walls of the room, reminding me that she had indeed just traveled dimensions and had nearly ended up stuck in between them.

With a wave of my hand, clothing appeared on her body. A soft black dress that hugged her in all the right places while also maintaining her modesty.

“My throne room, angel,” I told her softly as I gently led her up the steps. “Are you feeling all right?”

Eden’s pink lips pursed as she seemed to take mental stock over her body before shrugging. “I feel a little disconnected, if that makes any sense?”

Sitting on my throne, I gently pulled her into my lap, still sucking in mouthfuls of her delicious scent.

“You did just go against the laws of nature,” I reminded her. “It’ll take a bit to acclimate to my realm.”

Pulling on my power, I began to softly imbue it within her, tethering her soul more concretely to her body. Hell definitely wasn’t the place for a

human like Eden. Prior to our fates colliding, she'd been on the heavenly track.

But now she'd tangled with the Devil and that had fucked everything up.

I was sure the idiots upstairs weren't happy with me for meddling with one of their souls, but they'd yet to say anything to me about it. Even they wouldn't dare mess with fate.

The tightness in Eden's body began to loosen as I pushed more of my magic into her. "Is this helping?"

She nodded, resting her face in the crook of my neck. "You didn't say it would be that scary," she said, a pout in her voice. "It was dark and empty where I was."

"Sorry, angel," I apologized, pressing a soft kiss to the crown of her head. "I didn't think you would get stuck with the in between. You won't have to do that again."

Eden must really have been out of it because she didn't register my words at all, and instead, pushed her nose directly under my chin, inhaling deeply.

A rattling purr rumbled out of my chest. It was the basest instinct of an alpha, even for a being like me, but it still surprised me. I'd never been one to purr, but when it came to my angel I was having trouble stopping myself.

Someone knocked on the massive doors that sat on the other end of the hall, the sound echoing off of the cavernous space.

"What?" I asked, my voice being carried magically to Max, who stood on the other side.

"Sir? There is a bit of an emergency with the eighth circle," Max said hesitantly. "Some of them convinced Anticif to let them out and now they're, ah, running a gambling racket at the River Styx to see which angry souls in the fifth circle will be reset first."

I cursed under my breath. It was always the damn eighth circle. Murderers, heretics, gluttons, and the rest of my sinners were simple to control. But the fraudsters of the eighth circle? The bane of my fucking existence.

They were slick-tongued con artists who spent eternity ruining the smooth machine that were my nine circles.

Normally, I just corralled them up and sent them back to the trenches where they were supposed to walk on their own for eternity, never being allowed to speak to another soul. But they'd somehow circumvented even my magic. Leave it to a fraud to find a loophole.



But now they were interrupting my highly anticipated time with my omega and I had half a mind to turn their trenches into a pit with spikes at the bottom.

With a snap of my fingers Eden and I were transported into my bed chambers. It was yet another massive space that sat at the top of a tower, completely surrounded by windows.

It overlooked my favorite circle: Limbo.

Limbo was the first circle and the souls who lived there weren't necessarily bad, just not good enough to make it up to the pearly gates of heaven.

I'd remodeled a hundred years ago after the state of Florida, so now it had a beach-y feel, though I did have minions disguised as the quintessential Florida man terrorizing the residents of the circle, just for fun.

There was no sun in Hell, but I'd come up with something similar. A ball of my magic sat in the distance, casting a purple light on Limbo, giving it an almost sunset-like glow.

Setting Eden down on the massive bed in the center of the room, I pulled the black covers up to her chin. "Take a nap, angel, and I'll be back in a bit."

I wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed with her and notch my cock between her plump ass cheeks, but Hell waited for no one, not even Satan himself.

Thankfully, Eden's eyes were already drooping shut. She offered me a sleepy smile before tucking her chin into the pillow.

With a wave of my hand the light in the room dimmed. No one other than myself would be able to enter this space, so for now she was safe and I had a job to do.



"I legitimately couldn't care less what you thought you were doing," I said to Anticif who was sitting across from me. It had taken ages to round up all of the eighth circle sinners and I still wasn't sure we'd gotten them all.

My demons would have to be on alert when taking care of their respective circles. If one sinner was in the wrong place, it could upset the balance of Hell entirely.

“They were really convincing, boss,” Anticif continued to protest as he had for the last hour. He was one of the youngest of my horde, which meant that he erred on the side of gullible. A recipe for disaster when it came to monitoring the eighth circle of Hell.

I was going to have to talk to Azazel about getting him transferred to a different circle. Gluttony was much less involved and the sinners there had no desire to leave for fear of freezing to death in the icy tundra biome.

I rubbed a hand over my face. If I was human, I knew that I’d have been exhausted at this point.

“That’s what they do, Anticif, they’re liars,” I reiterated, irritation in my voice. “I want you to go and take stock of the souls in your circle. Count and recount until you can tell me, with certainty, that they are all present and accounted for.”

Anticif’s sharp-toothed mouth opened agape. “But that will take ages!” the demon sputtered.

“And you have half of that time,” I told him before waving my hand and dismissing him from the room.

Someone knocked on my office door.

“This better be good, Max,” I said irritably as the doors opened on their own, revealing the head of my HR on the other side.

While I was handling the sinners, Max was doing everything else in the palace that needed doing in order to finish preparing for Eden’s arrival.

Without any more preamble, Max held a clipboard up to his face and began to speak. “The main hall preparations are complete for the X-mas celebration tonight. I’ve prepped the horde and the other souls who work in the palace and they are all ready to behave themselves in front of Miss Eden.”

In Hell, celebrations were held often, but with how strangely time moved in my realm we never had any specific reason behind it other than the odd Solstice hitting on the same day. Or—at least—with how strangely time *used* to move.

Ever since Halloween, my ability to feel the flow of time changed. Now, I was able to feel the change of days, months, years, and seasons in the human realm and it seemed as if my realm reflected the same.

It was something new in Hell, which was a rarity in itself. My denizens had been chattering with excitement for months, excited to celebrate with a massive party. I just needed to make sure they behaved themselves first.

Most demon revelry ended with massive orgies in the main hall, a

pastime I used to partake in with relish, but now I couldn't fathom sharing my human with any of my horde. If one of them even tried to proposition her, I'd throw them into the darkness beyond my realm and let them fend for themselves.

"Remind them that this is an X-mas celebration, not an excuse to end up in a giant pile of writhing bodies," I said, dropping the last of my intake files in its appropriate box. With all of the craziness of the day, I'd nearly forgotten to decide where the new sinners would go. It wouldn't do to let my work pile up and distract me from my time with Eden.

Max snorted. "Yes, let me tell a room full of demons that they can't fornicate freely because there's a human in their midst. They'll laugh me out of the room."

I looked the soul up and down with a critical eye. "You know they'd probably take you more seriously if you weren't wearing an oversized Hawaiian shirt and flip flops."

"Well, you know what they always say: dress for the job you want and not the one you have," Max said, glowering at me as his mustache twitched with indignation. "And I'd like my job to be a down-on-his-luck beach detective just like in Hawaii Five-O."

I really needed to figure out how to get more channels on our network other than shows from the seventies and eighties. It was really starting to mess with the souls' style in Limbo.

The entire main strip of the first circle looked like something out of *Baywatch*, big hair and all, regardless of what time period the soul died during. Watching Hippocrates wander around in a bright purple leather jacket and a perm was not a pleasant sight.

Opening my mouth to suggest that he at least goes for business casual when he was in the office, I was promptly cut off by the stirring of my omega across the palace.

"Max, as much as I'd love to sit and discuss your fashion sense for the next millennia, my angel awakens," I said before the office melted around me and I was back in my chambers again.

Eden was curled up in a ball on the sheets, her eyelids just starting to flutter as she regained consciousness.

A little sigh left her lips, and suddenly, I was just as hard as I'd been earlier when I got my first inhale of her scent.

The edge of the mattress sank under my weight as I brushed a stray

golden curl out of her face.

“Angel, are you awake?” I asked, knowing for a fact that she was.

My lips pulled up into a mischievous grin. I’d waited two months to touch her, to taste her again. I had big plans for my little human.

And wouldn’t you know it? There was just enough time before dinner for us to get started.

# Chapter Five



Something about Luc's chambers was exceedingly cozy to my omega senses. Despite its cavernous appearance, I didn't feel the need to curl up in a corner and wrap myself in a ball of blankets.

No, instead it was full of his petrichor. Luc smelled like rain-soaked earth in the middle of a vast, ancient forest.

I wasn't sure how long I slept for after popping unceremoniously into his realm, as naked as the day I was born. I was just grateful that Luc seemed to have sent everyone that had been packed in the room out before they could see me.

The panic from being stuck in between dimensions had sat heavy in my chest, quickly exhausting me. I vaguely recalled someone telling Luc that something was wrong with one of the circles and him tucking me into his massive bed.

Then nothing. Just blissful darkness as my soul seemed to be trying to acclimate to Hell.

"Angel, are you awake?" he asked as his presence came closer, a fresh wave of his scent filling my nose.

His chest was rattling in a loud purr again and the sound slinked up my skin, reminding me just how electric Luc made me feel.

Warm hands smoothed down my hip and I felt my black dress melt away,

leaving me nude again.

“Beautiful,” he breathed.

My eyes finally flew open when I felt his lips press into the inside of my thigh.

“Wait!” I gasped, pressing my hand into his silky black hair. “Don’t you think you’re moving a little too fast?”

Luc’s glowing green eyes were sparkling when he flicked them up to look at me, before he nuzzled the sensitive skin of my thighs. “Angel, we fucked upon our first meeting, and I’ve been dying to be in between these thighs again since October.”

Then he buried his face in the juncture of my thighs, his impossibly long tongue tasting me.

We’d regularly pleased ourselves while speaking mentally over the past few months, but that had nothing on the real thing. His tongue felt like nirvana as it slipped in between my folds and prodded at the entrance of my pussy.

“You’re tight, love, I’m going to have to loosen you up all over again,” he said, and rather than being put off by it, he seemed excited by the prospect.

My brain, still a little bit groggy from my nap, was struggling to keep up with the onslaught of sensations as his tongue seemed to stiffen as it slipped inside of me. What would normally be a pliable organ felt more akin to a sex toy, long and stiff, before shifting back into a wiggling tongue again.

I’d nearly forgotten what sex with the Devil felt like, but as Luc made short work of my first orgasm of the day, I was reminded that he could make anything happen that he wanted.

All it took was the lap of his tongue and the press of the pad of one of his fingers and I was rocketing over the edge with a ragged moan. My legs locked around his head, every muscle in my thighs twitching as I rode through the near-agonizing wave of pleasure.

“That took hardly any time at all, angel, you’re going to have to try to refrain from coming or I’m afraid you’re going to exhaust yourself,” Luc said once he’d emerged from between my thighs.

The dark green skin of his jaw shone with my slick and I watched as his long tongue swiped it up and he savored every drop.

My chest rose and fell with haggard breaths as I worked to get my next words out.

“That’s one way to wake a girl up, Luc,” I rasped, pressing the back of

my hand over my eyes to try and soothe the lights that were still dancing in my vision.

A rumbling chuckle found my ears.

“Can I show you another?” he asked, his large hands tightening on my hips as he pulled himself up until our mouths were able to meet.

Invisible electricity sparkled where we touched, and I sighed with relief at the sensation.

*This* was what I had been craving. The itch I could never scratch after Halloween. Everything about Luc’s presence was intoxicating—addicting even.

His long, hard length brushed along my thigh, sending a shiver of anticipation throughout my body.

I was just about to hitch my leg around his hips and pull him in when someone knocked on the door.

A growl of displeasure rumbled out of my devil as he broke our kiss.

“What?” he snapped, his voice bouncing off of the tall ceiling of his chambers.

The same voice from earlier filtered through the dark wood. “Uh, my lord, sorry to bother you... but you said you wanted me to come and get you when the main hall was ready?”

Luc’s head drooped and he rested his forehead against my collar bone for a moment before responding. “We’ll be out soon.”

Green eyes met mine.

“Raincheck?” he offered sheepishly.

A pout formed on my face. “Again?”

“Sorry, angel, but I do have a realm full of demons who are curious about the human that’s enchanted their leader,” Luc said, gently pulling me up into a sitting position. Despite the shift in the mood, he still took in my naked body with enough hunger that I was half-tempted to try my luck at convincing him to finish what we’d started.

With a little shake of his horned head, Luc swept down for a chastened kiss.

“Later,” he said, his promise muffled by our lips.

With a snap of his fingers, my nude body was covered in a black dress that fell to my ankles. With another snap a fuzzy black cardigan joined the outfit.

“It can get a little chilly in Hell,” he explained, holding his hand out for

me to take.

“Really?” I asked, confused. “Isn’t Hell supposed to be full of flames and whatnot?”

Luc snorted. “That’s a misconception. Only the sixth and seventh circles get hot. No, the palace is more like an office building in the winter. The AC is up too high and all of the souls freeze their asses off.”

“But not you?”

“I don’t feel cold, or at least not in the way you think. Temperature doesn’t make me particularly comfortable or uncomfortable,” Luc explained as he pulled the massive door to his chambers open, revealing a man in a Hawaiian shirt on the other side.

He looked older, his long thin face covered in hair. At first, his expression seemed stern and severe, but as soon as he saw me the corners of his eyes crinkled.

“Hello, Miss Eden,” he greeted me, his thick mustache twitching as he shot me a quick smile. “Welcome to Hell.”

“You were supposed to take longer than twenty minutes, Max,” Luc scolded, ignoring the man’s greeting.

Max shrugged one skinny shoulder. “I did tell you that we were nearly done decorating for X-mas in the main hall. You just took that to mean that it would still take us several hours. You have no faith in your employees, sir.”

“And you seem to have a lot of audacity for a soul,” Luc growled, but there was no real anger behind it. It was more like the ribbing between friends rather than an employer and employee.

“If you could run the palace without me, I’d be enjoying my retirement in Limbo,” the man shot back before his attention returned to me. “Since my illustrious boss can’t remember his manners, I’ll just introduce myself. My name is Max Weber and I handle all of the souls that work in the palace and anything else Lord Lucifer needs.”

He held his hand out to me and I was about to shake it when Luc swatted it down.

“No touching,” he grumbled, threading his fingers through mine as if to keep me from shaking hands with the soul.

Max didn’t seem put off by Luc’s suddenly petulant attitude, instead he just rolled his eyes. “Sorry miss, it seems like my boss has reverted to a giant demonic infant.”

“Watch it,” Luc warned.



“Watching it, sir,” Max replied instantly, seeming to have found the end of Luc’s patience. “Come, the horde is waiting in the main hall and I’ve told them no alcohol until you arrive.”

With one last twinkle-eyed smile, Max turned on a flip-flopped heel and began heading down the long, black marble hallway.

“Why did he call it X-mas?” I asked curiously as we followed behind him hand-in-hand.

The corner of Luc’s mouth pulled up into a wry smile. “Because I can’t say the actual word, so we modified it for your visit.”

“You can’t say Christmas?” I asked, surprised, and then yelped when a little flame popped up on Luc’s shoulder.

“No,” he said, nonchalantly patting it out. “I can’t use the guy in the sky’s name at all.”

I’d never considered that there would be things that Luc *couldn’t* do. But it did make complete sense that he wouldn’t be able to use the name of the person who’d banished him from Heaven.

“You didn’t have to change it for me,” I said, but I couldn’t help but feel flattered. I’d talked *ad nauseam* about how much I loved the holiday season and how I looked forward to it every year. It’s what led to his invitation to Hell in the first place.

Luc gave my hand a reassuring squeeze. “Your excitement was infectious, angel, so I couldn’t help but spread it to my realm.”

We came upon a large set of double doors, similar to the ones that adorned Luc’s throne room. I wasn’t exactly sure how we’d made it to the main hall. We hadn’t gone down any stairs from his tower chambers and we’d only walked for maybe a minute and a half.

Seeing my confused expression, Luc bent down so we were eye to eye, his green eyes sparkling in the dim light from the sconces. “It’s magic, Eden, everything in this realm runs on my magic.”

“So you can do whatever you want?” I asked.

Luc’s smile sharpened. “Anything. Even more than I was capable of in that pocket dimension on Halloween.”

There was hot innuendo in his words and my body buzzed at the sound of it, my perfume blooming between us and making Luc’s pupils dilate. My fingers twitching in his, the desire to take advantage of his lowered head and press a kiss to his lips and taste him filling me.

And I nearly acted on the urge too, if not for Max clearing his throat.

“If you two are going to look at each other like that, Lord Lucifer, then the demon orgy you are trying to prevent will assuredly happen as soon as you walk inside,” the soul said, his mustache twitching with mirth.

Luc’s lips pulled down into a frown, and much to my dismay, he straightened to his full height. “Just open the door, Max,” he commanded.

I watched as the soul pressed his palm flat to the dark wood, causing the massive doors to swing open with no use of force, and revealing the vaulted dining hall within.

The place looked as if Santa’s elves had vomited everywhere. Every inch was filled with brightly colored garlands, tinsel, and ribbons. In the center was a huge, green fir tree that was decorated lopsidedly, the majority of the ornaments sitting on the left side of the tree and making it lean under the weight.

Once I’d taken in the decorations, my eyes then moved to the hundreds of demons filling the long tables that ran the length of the cavernous space.

They looked like nothing I’d ever seen. I should have known that they wouldn’t look human, after all Luc was far from it, but seeing the rainbow of colors, heights, horns, and tails, I could see that the demon race was just as diverse as the human one.

A purple demon woman hopped up from her place at the table and trotted over to us, a sharp-toothed smile already on her face.

“Took you long enough, your eminence,” she trilled, her voice much bubblier than I thought it would be. Bright purple eyes locked in on my face. “She’s prettier than you said she’d be.”

Luc didn’t seem offended by the demon’s words. “I said she was the most gorgeous being that I’d ever had the pleasure of meeting, what more did you want from me?”

The demon shrugged. “I mean, you could have asked good old Shakespeare in Limbo what he thought? The guy is always waxing on about his paramour of the week.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, As,” Luc said drily. “Eden, this is Astaroth, she runs the first circle.”

“At your service, Miss Eden.” Astaroth gave a flourishing bow, her dark curls bouncing.

“Nice to meet you,” I said, feeling shy underneath the sudden scrutiny of so many inhuman beings.

Astaroth’s smile widened. “Adorable. If you ever want to taste something

other than Lord Lucifer, come find me.”

“Not happening,” Luc said through gritted teeth and waved his hand. Astaroth’s legs began to walk her involuntarily back to her seat.

“You’re no fun, milord, learn how to take a joke!” she called once her backside met the bench again.

The demons around her laughed uproariously, earning a withering look from the female demon.

“Astaroth is the least shy of the bunch,” Luc said as he led me down the center of the room until we reached the long head table at the front. It was also decorated with what looked like elf miniatures. They looked just like the elf on the shelf toys that had become popular over the past couple of years.

Once we got closer I realized that the elves were in fact alive, or as alive as anything could be in Hell.

“Hello!” one of them squeaked as they all stood up in their ridiculous outfits.

“Did you shrink them?” I asked Luc, watching as the elves began to serve food on a pair of golden plates.

“Not me specifically. That’s all Abaddon’s doing. He likes to turn the sinners in his circle into miniatures and put them in doll houses,” Luc said, nodding at a shadowy demon in the corner.

Luc held my chair out for me and I settled in, watching the elves work to fill my plate with food. “What circle does Abaddon run?”

“Greed, funnily enough.” Luc gently swatted an elf away from the glass of amber liquid. “These sinners are on the lighter end of the spectrum, it’s why they are permitted to leave the circle to serve in the palace.”

Before meeting Luc, I’d always just figured that if Hell existed that they just chucked everyone into the same flaming pit and called it a day. But now I could see that it was much more complicated.

I frowned, my brain struggling to retain all of the information that was being thrown my way. “So how does all of this work? You keep mentioning circles, as in *Dante’s Inferno* circles?”

“Dante Alighieri can suck my dick!” someone hooted from the back end of the hall.

Luc winced. “It’s true, to an extent at least. Someone spilled the beans to the writer when they were topside in the 1300’s. Isn’t that right, *Leviathan*?” he asked, glaring into the crowd.

A green demon stood up in his seat, scowling at the people who were

poking at him. “How many times am I going to have to apologize for that? It happened six centuries ago!”

“I’ll forgive you when people stop thinking that people who like the same sex go to my circle of Hell,” another demon shot back.

“Yeah! Where the fuck did he even get that from?” the same voice that spoke first shouted over the din of agreements from the rest of the demon horde.

“Okay, that’s enough,” Luc’s voice boomed, silencing the crowd. “Lilith, do you want to give Eden your spiel?”

A golden skinned female demon sprang up from her seat, excitement on her face. “Finally, someone wants to see my PowerPoint!”

There was a chorus of groans as she snapped her fingers. A massive screen popped into existence, a PowerPoint at the ready.

The first slide was entitled: *‘The Rings of Hell 101 and what else to know about the demon realm.’*

Cute.

Lilith wasted no time, conjuring a pointer out of thin air as the slide changed to some kind of a map.

“Hell is made up of nine rings, or circles, and the palace. Each ring houses a different kind of sinner, some worse than the others,” Lilith explained, pointing at the largest ring on the map.

“The first and largest circle is Limbo. The souls who live in Limbo weren’t evil, just not the best people. They will spend some time here before eventually being yeeted topside to try again to see if they can make it to the pie in the sky.”

Luc leaned in close to my ear so he could whisper. “It’s what you can see from the windows of my chamber.”

“The second circle is that of Lust, and it’s my personal playground,” Lilith said, licking her lips like she was hungry before continuing. “These are the horniest souls, but they used their horniness for evil or let it hurt the people around them.”

“The third circle is Gluttony, good old Belphegor runs that.” As Lilith spoke, a massive demon stood and waved, his deep blue skin shimmering with an almost metallic sheen. “This is where all of the people who like something in excess go. He’s fond of giving them ice baths that last eternity.”

I shuddered at the thought.

“We spoke about the fourth circle already. That’s where the little elves

come from. The fifth and sixth circle are Anger and Heresy respectively. Belial handles Anger, and let me tell you, it's a real battle royale down there. Are you still modeling it after the American Civil War?" Lilith asked an orange demon who was sitting nearby.

The demon, Belial, I gathered, shook his head. "Nah, I've moved on to pirates. Much more fun to watch them shoot cannons at each other on boats."

There was a murmur of agreement from the surrounding demons, one of them even giving Belial a thumbs up.

Lilith smiled at the demon before turning to look at a nearby demon nursing a large stein of alcohol. "Asmodeus handles heresy, which I never explain correctly, care to share with the class what you do with your sinners?"

The demon locked eyes with me, his expression stony. "Darkness with the burning of flames periodically on their feet."

"Horrific," Lilith sang cheerfully before continuing. "The seventh circle is for all of the souls who used violence over anything else and the eighth is saved for our silver-tongued liars. Both are currently run by coalitions of lesser demons as they need a bit of a heavier hand as the souls within tend to be a little bit, ah, slippery."

Luc scoffed. "I'll say," he muttered darkly under his breath, shaking his head when I shot him a curious look.

"Last, but certainly not least, we have the ninth circle," Lilith said, pointing to the map diagram. The room dimmed ominously, all of the demons shushing each other as Lilith's jovial expression melted and was replaced by something far more serious.

A shiver of trepidation filled my body at the shift in the mood of the room.

"Treachery," Lilith began, a light illuminating her face from down below as if she was telling a scary story with a flashlight. "A frozen, desolate wasteland where every traitor finds themselves. It's an icy tundra where souls almost never see another being except for the denizen that commands them."

A whispering noise fills the hall and I glance over at Luc with confusion. Prior to this all of the demons had responded like the head of a corporate department, giving me nods of acknowledgement before going back to their food.

Hell seemed to run more like a Fortune 500 company rather than the fiery pits that most people believe the Bible depicts.

But the ninth circle sounded exactly like everything that I'd ever heard, and for that it was scary.

Luc gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

*Just wait, angel*, he whispered into my mind, his voice shaking like he was trying to hold back some kind of emotion.

"This denizen is the baddest demon of the horde," Lilith said, her voice hushed as the rest of the light was sucked out of the room. "And without further ado, I'd like to introduce the demon that is responsible for the sinners of Treachery."

There was a pause, a held breath, and then Lilith's somber expression cracked into a massive grin.

"Kevin!" she crowed, gesturing to the crowd.

The demons in the room began to cheer as a demon stood and gave a bashful wave. If it weren't for the lime green skin and curly horns, I'd think he was a teenager.

"Kevin?" I asked incredulously as the hall continued their uproarious hurrah, some of them giving the demon hearty slaps on the back.

Luc's voice still trembled when he spoke again, but now I realized that it was with laughter. "Sorry, angel, I knew they were going to do this, but I wanted to see your face."

"But, *Kevin*?" I repeated again as the hall began to quiet. "That doesn't really seem like a demon's name."

Luc shrugged. "He's new. Only been a demon for about sixty years, a baby by all accounts."

"We just like to hype him up," Lilith cut in, her sharp-toothed smile wide.

"Kevin! Kevin! Kevin!" The demons chanted like a bunch of frat guys as they threw the skinny demon into the air.

Luc watched affectionately before turning to meet my eyes. "Are you mad that we played a little joke on you?"

I thought about it for a moment before shaking my head. "Not really, but you're still going to have to make it up to me later."

The green in Luc's eyes seemed to turn molten as he leaned down to press a kiss to my mouth, ignoring the watching demon's hoots.

"I think that can be arranged," he growled, his hand cupping my face so softly that it felt more intimate than anything we'd ever done prior.

I opened my mouth to suggest that we skip dinner and head back up to his tower, but I never got the chance because the entire hall began to rumble and

shake.

“What the fuck?” I heard one of the demons say loudly as everyone stood from their seats and glanced up at the shaking chandeliers.

Luc frowned, clearly just as confused as the rest of his horde.

“What’s going on?” I asked, watching as one of the elves fell over trying to keep my water goblet upright.

“The magic of my realm is fluctuating, and wildly at that,” he explained grimly. The hand that had previously been caressing my face lifted high into the air, glowing green as the shaking slowed, and then stopped completely.

Luc stood from his seat, his expression turning stormy.

“Anticif!” he bellowed, his voice echoing with supernatural command.

Whatever was going on, it had pissed my devil off and I was pretty sure I was about to get a firsthand look at just what happened when one of Lucifer’s demons stepped out of line.

# Chapter Six



“Anticif!” My voice cracked through the hall like a whip as I, in my temper, briefly forgot that my human was still sitting next to me.

Over the several millennia that I had been the overlord of Hell, my power fluctuating had only happened a handful of times. Each time had been because someone, or *something* in Hell was going against the natural order that I had woven with my magic.

I prided myself on the control that I exerted over it. Everything ran smoothly, like a well-oiled machine, only getting smoother still as Max and his bureaucracy joined my realm.

There was only one explanation for it. Anticif had sworn up and down that he had counted and recounted his escaped sinners. But seeing how my hall had shaken and rumbled? Obviously the demon had been wrong.

My horde of demons split like the red sea until a sheepish-looking Anticif stood alone.

“Sire—” he began, but I cut him off.

“Enough,” I said harshly as I descended the steps, leaving Eden behind at the head table. “I asked you to wrangle *all* of your sinners, did I not?”

“But, your hellishness—” Anticif stuttered, wincing when my hand shot out to stop him, wrapping around the shorter demon’s throat.

“Did. I. *Not*?” I bit out, my anger over his inability to manage such a



simple task boiling in my chest.

Anticif's voice was choked when he finally managed a reply. "Yes, sire, you did."

"And did you do what I asked?" I growled.

The demon shook his head.

I released his throat, letting him drop back down to the ground. Despite the fact that, as a demon, he didn't need oxygen, he still hacked a vicious cough and rubbed his throat.

My irritation ebbed just as quickly as it had roared to the surface and I scrubbed a tired hand over my face. "How many are still missing?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four," Anticif muttered, almost as if he was afraid to say. "Out of eight hundred, though, sire, I did get the majority."

Someone, probably Lilith, snorted behind me as I shook my head at the stupidity of that statement.

"Azazel," I snapped, feeling the presence of my second in command as he appeared next to my elbow.

"Yes, Lord Lucifer?" he asked, his dusky red skin appearing in my peripheral vision as he leveled a look at the demon in front of me with little pity.

"Gather all of the free hands you can find. I want those sinners found *immediately*." The command in my voice shimmered with power, making several of my horde wince. '*And make sure it's done before X-mas Eve,*' I added silently to just him.

He knew that I'd been planning big things for that night and I'd be damned if some lying souls ruined it for me.

"Yes, sire," Azazel said, bowing low as I brushed past him and ascended the steps to where Eden was still sitting.

"Sorry, angel," I apologized as I scooped her up from her seat again and into my arms. Her granny smith scent was near-torturous now as I left the hall.

Unfortunately, there would be no time tonight to finish what we'd started. I needed to find each and every sinner that was out of place before it caused even more chaos within my realm.

"Did I scare you?" I asked as I hurried down the candlelit hallway toward the direction of my chamber. I could have easily teleported us, but I wanted a chance to talk to her before I had to leave again.

Eden blinked, her blue eyes confused. "Why would that have scared me?"

I stopped mid-stride. “Because I choked someone in front of you?”

Eden’s lips pulled down into a frown. “Yes? You’re literally Satan? I expected at least some light choking, though I was hoping it would have been me instead,” she said and I could already see a smile starting to form on her face.

It took a lot to confound the Devil, but the human in my arms had succeeded with very little effort. “You have got to stop turning me on when there are realm-shattering issues, angel,” I groaned before teleporting us into my chambers.

“Sorry, I can’t help it,” she giggled as I tossed her onto the bed, her black dress melting away and revealing the body that had taken up residence in every single one of my fantasies.

“I have about five minutes until Azazel and Max come to find me so that we can track down the rest of the missing sinners,” I purred, climbing over her prone form and pressing my face in between her breasts as my own clothes disappeared into the void.

“How much can we do in five minutes?” Eden asked breathlessly, her fingers wrapping around my horns and squeezing.

It was rare that anyone touched them. Horns for demons were like a direct connection to whatever we had going on in our crotch. Like a straight shot of lightning that was sure to make me hard.

I wished that I could pop us into a pocket dimension like I had on Halloween and have my way with her... but with my magic as finicky as it was because of the escape of the fraudsters, I didn’t want to risk it.

“You would be surprised with what I can do with five minutes,” I rumbled as I brought our hips together.

While I couldn’t knot her the way I wanted to, I could bring us both to what I hoped would be a satisfying finish. Had I trusted my own self-control, I would have slipped easily into her slick entrance and brought her to a new height of what pleasure without a knot could be.

But I didn’t trust myself to not slip my knot in at the last second and lock us together for an indeterminate amount of time.

So, instead, I flipped Eden around and notched the length of my cock in between her plush thighs from the back. I could feel the already swollen nub of her clit as it brushed past the sensitive head of my length.

“Squeeze those pretty thighs of yours together for me, angel,” I commanded with a gentle bark, feeling her spine stiffen at the sudden note of

alpha in my voice.

Her blue eyes became hazy with desire as she did as I asked, tightening nearly too much as the whisper of a moan left her lips.

Banding my arms around her torso, I brought her in as closely as I could and rolled my hips back. My cock dragged through her slick, coating both it and her thighs as I thrust forward.

Eden's body shuddered as her hands shot out, scrambling for purchase on anything she could reach, finding one of the silken black pillows that was near her head and dragging it in with clutching fingers.

"Too much?" I asked, pressing a kiss to the nape of her neck, just behind her ear. It was where I would put my second bite if she decided to have me, and boy did I hope she decided to have me.

Eden shook her head, turning to catch my lips with her mouth instead. "Not enough," she rasped once we broke apart.

Remembering that we only had a few stolen minutes left before my responsibilities came back to haunt me, I took her words to heart and began to move in earnest.

She wanted to writhe as I thrust my cock in between her thighs, I could feel it as every inch of her body tensed against mine, but I was in charge right now and my little omega was just going to have to fall into step.

Tightening my arms around her soft frame even more, my tail snaked from behind me and wrapped around the tip of my cock, drawing it upward ever so slightly.

Doing this had a dual effect for Eden and me.

It made it so that every thrust brought my cock sliding back and forth across her delicate little clit, *and* it helped bring me to the crest of my own pleasure much faster.

Time was of the essence and I could already feel the approach of my second-in-command as he made his way to my chambers.

"Come for me, angel. I promise to take more time in the future, but for now I just need to feel you come," I whispered into her ear, making her shudder.

Releasing one of my arms, I turned her chin until we were face to face. Her eyes were half-lidded with pleasure, but she still shot forward to press a blazing kiss to my lips, her tongue slipping into my mouth without any prodding from me.

I always forgot that, despite her angelic appearance, Eden didn't have a

shy bone in her body.

Then her thighs were clenching around my cock, almost impossibly tight, as she came with a mangled scream that I quickly swallowed with another kiss as I used my tail to pump furiously at my cock.

Glowing green jets shot out in front of us, coating the dark sheets as Eden quivered around me, her slick leaking over both of our bodies.

Eden slumped back against me, her breasts rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. I rolled her onto her back and pressed affectionate kisses underneath her jaw and down her neck until my lips twisted on one of her stiff pink nipples.

“No more,” she moaned, exhausted, as she gave my head a gentle push. “Give me a break.”

Three soft knocks on the door to my chamber interrupted whatever I was going to say next, and suddenly my time with my omega was over.

“When you wake up, Max will give you a tour of the palace and circles if you like,” I whispered, taking one more kiss from her sleepy lips. “Come see me in my office after.”

Eden nodded, her eyes already shut. “Good luck finding your sinners,” she yawned.

With a wave of my hand, the light in the room dimmed and the bed shifted and changed. The flat surface dipped in the middle, cradling the omega’s body and then a mass of pillows and the softest blankets my mind could conjure swaddled her up until she looked so cozy that it made me want to crawl in right next to her.

This was the nest she’d imagined many times while I hovered in her dreams trying to learn more about her. If she desired I would create a thousand nests for her, hell, I’d turn the entire first circle into a giant nest if she wanted.

With one last reluctant look, I left Eden asleep and made sure my suit was firmly back in place before opening the door to Azazel’s knowing grin.

“Shut up if you like the way you look,” I growled, shutting the room firmly behind me and began walking in the direction of my office. “Now update me on where we’re at with the search.”



“It’s not my fault you decided that the seventh circle should be a big ass maze, Azazel,” Lilith snapped at the other demon as they continued the same argument that they’d been having for the past hour.

We were currently hovering over the endless twists and turns that made up the seventh circle. The idea behind it was that the violent souls who inhabited it would spend eternity lost in the maze, never able to scratch that violent itch that had plagued them in their life on Earth. It worked like a charm... right up until you actually needed to find the souls within.

My magic was able to feel the disturbance that the liars were creating, a bit like a dowsing rod, but I didn’t have specific locations for any of them. This meant that I would need to be involved in every step of the search. It also meant that I wouldn’t be able to go back to the palace to visit the omega that had traveled dimensions to see me.

I was half-convinced that this was the dude upstairs’s way of fucking with me, but I had to admit that even he wouldn’t be this petty.

“I expressly remember you thinking it was a great idea, Lilith, especially since we were getting rid of the three ring model it had before,” Azazel sniped back. “Remember? You said it while you were perched on my di—”

“That’s enough,” I turned to cut them both off. As the ruler of Hell and a primordial being I couldn’t get headaches, but these two were certainly doing their damndest to test that hypothesis today.

They’d been bickering nonstop since we started our search at the ninth circle. The ninth circle was probably going to be our easiest search of the bunch as Kevin had been waiting for us with a list of his sinners and the sixty that he’d found that didn’t belong in his circle. They’d been promptly sent back to the eighth circle with the promise of a thousand years of torture for daring to leave their fate. Despite his youth, Kevin was definitely showing why I’d picked him to run a circle in the first place.

After that we’d stopped off in the eighth circle to check that it was secure. Anticif had been yanked from his post and the newer demon that had taken over was busy battening down the hatches, so to speak. With any luck, something like this would never happen again under his watch.

“Sorry, boss,” they chorused together as we continued to soar over the maze.

My power jumped, telling me that another renegade fraudster was nearby. “We’ve got another one,” I called over my shoulder, my dark feathered wings coming in close to my body as I dipped into a dive.

We still had seven more circles to search and I had a feeling that my time with Eden was going to have to wait even longer.  
Sometimes it being the ruler of Hell sucked.

# Chapter Seven



“**A**nd this is Lord Lucifer’s pool hall,” Max said, gesturing to the massive Olympic sized pool that sat in a glass building. We were walking together in the expansive garden, and hopefully, nearing the end of the longest tour of my life.

When I awoke, Max was waiting outside ready to show me every inch of Luc’s palace, from the humongous kitchens where souls worked to cook meals for any demon that wished to eat throughout the day, to the stable where supernatural looking warhorses with flaming hooves and hellhounds lived. There was even an alpaca named Alfreed who looked strangely normal, though Max assured me that he was anything but.

“You may swim here anytime you like, though be sure that Forneus isn’t also swimming. He tends to make things a little, ah, tentacle-y,” Max explained with a grimace that told me he’d been on the wrong end of the demon’s tentacles at one time or another.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I said softly, glancing at the crystalline surface and imagining how it would feel to have the water sluicing over my body as Luc stuck his tail in my...

I shoved the thought down, my face warming as I took a step away from Max so he couldn’t smell my perfume blooming. I hadn’t asked if souls still felt the pull toward designations, but I certainly didn’t want to find out

because I got too horny when looking at a swimming pool.

Time was strange in Hell, but even I knew it had only been a few hours at most since Luc had left me sleeping in the nest he'd created. It had been a pleasant surprise to wake up to, and an even more pleasant one when I realized that the smell of him still remained despite the change.

I'd spent the first thirty minutes of being awake rearranging everything to my liking, my brain getting lost in little fantasies of dragging the devil into my nest and having my way with him.

Unfortunately, none of that could happen until Luc found all of the sinners that had escaped their circle.

Maybe it should have bothered me more to see souls being actively punished in Hell... but it didn't.

I knew better than anyone that good and bad was a spectrum, but also that those who were truly bad ended where they belonged in Hell. Well, Limbo aside. It had been a surprise to me that there were relatively normal people just existing in the first circle. It made me wonder, truly, what made the difference between someone going to Heaven or Hell.

"Miss Eden?" Max's voice cut straight through my thoughts.

I blinked, glancing up from my feet. "Yes?"

"I was just letting you know that Lord Lucifer has just returned, if you'd like to see him?" Max asked as he gave the hem of his brightly colored Hawaiian shirt, which was covered in surfing Santa Clauses, a sheepish tug.

My heart soared with an excitement that must have been on my face because Max's beard twitched as he smiled. "Shall I escort you there right away?"

I nodded, my feet already itching to run headlong back into the palace. "Please!"

Luc was sitting behind his desk when we entered his office, pinching the bridge of his nose. I'd seen the cavernous space on our tour earlier, but now that its owner was back the office seemed to be full of him.

"Max, if you've come to tell me I have something else to do today, I'm going to banish you from the palace," Luc grumbled, not looking up.

I couldn't help but smile as I approached, hearing the door click shut behind me as Max closed it. "I'm a little offended that you think that I'm an elderly man in a tacky shirt."

Luc's head snapped up, a half-grin already forming on his face. He must have really been exhausted from the day, because there was no way I'd have



been able to walk in the office without him realizing otherwise.

“Wow, hurtful!” Max’s muffled voice came from the other side of the door.

“Go away!” Luc barked, already standing, his hands reaching for me.

I danced out of his reach, ignoring his huff of displeasure. “Do you have anything else to do today?”

Luc’s lips turned down into a frown. “I have a meeting in ten minutes with Azazel and Lilith, but you know I’ve done more with less time.”

My face flushed at the memory and I was about to slip out of the dark dress I was wearing when my eyes shifted back to the large desk again. A naughty idea flashed in my mind, borne from reading far too many smutty office romances.

A purr rattled out of the alpha in front of me, telling me that Luc must have slipped into my mind for a brief moment to see what I was thinking.

“You never cease to amaze me, angel,” he said, reaching out to snag my hand and drag me into him, his size shrinking so that he only stood a head taller than me rather than his full seven-foot height. His lips burned as he kissed me, his tongue seeking as it danced with mine.

Then he drew me around the back of his desk. “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked as he settled back into his chair.

I nodded, my mind running wild with the fantasy that was about to become reality. “Just make sure they don’t know I’m here.”

“Never,” Luc promised, gently guiding me underneath the desk. “I’m too possessive to even share the knowledge of you on your knees with those bastards.”

His words sent a thrill straight through me. Some omegas craved an entire pack of alphas to keep them sated, but all I needed was the devil in front of me.

Without hesitation, I unzipped the fly of his suit pants and reached inside for his stiff length. Glowing green liquid was already leaking from the tip and my mouth watered at the memory of how it had tasted on Halloween.

I was so busy staring at the dark green length, that when the door to Luc’s office burst open I nearly whacked my head on his desk in surprise.

“Luc, tell Azazel that he should take the third circle. I can’t stand the cold,” a familiar female voice whined.

“All I said is that we should do it together, Lilith,” came the dry voice of a man. “You know I can’t look in the frozen wasteland all on my own.”

“So? Get Astaroth to help you. She was really keen to do that when your dick was embedded in her ass,” Lilith sniffed and I let out an involuntary snort before covering my mouth, worried that I’d just given myself away.

*‘They can’t hear you, angel,’* Luc’s voice whispered in my mind as he responded to the two demons out loud. “Why don’t all three of you do it? I can’t hold your hand all the time and there are still twenty sinners unaccounted for.”

“Over my dead body,” Lilith sniffed.

“You’ve never had a dead body,” Azazel pointed out. “Besides, can’t you get over the whole Astaroth thing? It was fifty years ago and we were on a break!”

*‘Was that a Friends reference?’* I asked Luc as I wrapped my hands around his length, giving it a firm pump.

*‘Yeah, it’s Azazel’s guilty pleasure. The weirdo,’* Luc responded, his voice tight as the two demons continued to bicker.

Opening my mouth, I sucked the tip of his cock in between my lips and groaned as the taste of cinnamon and nutmeg exploded across my tongue. It had taken a couple of weeks for me to place the taste of Luc’s cum. But when I had a sip of eggnog at Thanksgiving, it hit me like a truck.

Sliding his length as far back into my throat as I dared, I ran my tongue up and down the ridged sides in an attempt to coax more of it out.

Luc made an audible noise above and the arguing stopped.

“Are you all right, Lord Lucifer?” Azazel asked.

“Fine, why do you ask?” Luc said, his voice tight as I gently prodded at the tip of his cock with my teeth—not enough to really hurt—but enough of a surprise sensation that another noise slipped free from his mouth.

“Because you sound like you’re in pain,” Lilith said, her own voice taking on a speculating note.

A bolt of excitement filled me as I mischievously tugged at the knot of my dress and opened it. I’d never used my breasts in this way before, but something about the image of wrapping them around his dark green length made my insides twist.

It also allowed me to cover every inch of his impressive cock.

“Don’t worry about me. Give me a report of each sinner you’ve found,” Luc growled and I could feel the powerful muscles of his thighs tightening as I pressed my breasts together around his cock.

Humming under my breath, I lavished attention on the bulbous head,

lapping up every single drop of cum that I could catch and relishing in the taste.

At some point, I stopped listening to the conversation that was happening above me, so invested in the reactions that I was pulling from Luc that I wouldn't have cared if the entire office burst into flames.

*'I wish I could fit it all in my mouth,'* I told him a little sheepishly as I hovered in between his legs, gripping his wet length in my fist.

Without responding, Luc's hand reached under the desk and gently grabbed my throat. My earlier comment about being choked came to mind as warm magic slipped underneath my skin. That would have to come later, though, because somehow I was filled with the knowledge that what Luc was doing would make my desire to take his cock in my throat a reality.

I didn't wait for him to say anything else, instead I dove right in and was amazed as his thick, long length slipped into my mouth and down my throat without so much as a gag.

Luc's fist hit the desk above, causing Azazel to stop mid-report.

"Sir?"

"Keep. Going," Luc bit out and I wasn't sure if that had been meant for me or Azazel.

But we both did as instructed anyway.

Curious, I touched my neck and was surprised to find it slightly distended. I should have panicked at that moment, but instead I just felt a rush of pure power.

Luc's hips bucked up to meet my mouth and I gripped his swollen knot in my fist, relishing the way he seemed to come apart underneath my hands.

With a shout, Luc came, spilling an impressive amount of his delicious essence into my mouth. I licked up every drop, cleaning him thoroughly before gently tucking his softening length back into his pants again.

"What happened to Azazel and Lilith?" I rasped as Luc dragged me from under the desk and into his lap.

"I banished them about half-way through you taking me into your throat," Luc explained, his lips seeking as he nibbled on my jaw. "You are a wonder, Eden Evans."

"Your magic did most of the work," I pointed out a little breathlessly as his teeth worked at a spot on my neck. I almost wished he would bite me again there, just sink his sharp teeth into my skin and really mark me as his.

"I could, you know," he said quietly before pressing his teeth a little

harder into my neck.

We hadn't talked about the second, more permanent, bite at all since I'd landed in Hell. There hadn't been a chance to.

"But how would that even work? A human and the literal Devil?" I shook my head, struggling to imagine it. "Would I still be able to live my life on Earth?"

"If you like you could, for a time, but if you accept my second bite, you will be my queen, Eden," Luc explained, his arms tightening around me as he inhaled my scent deeply. "Everything that I have will be shared with you, including my immortality."

"And what do I have to offer you?" I asked. "I'm just an invisible art student."

"You still don't realize your worth? It's not just anyone who can enamor me, angel. In the thousands of years since I was created, I've never met anyone quite like you," Luc whispered.

"Like me? What's so special about me?" I pushed away from his chest so I could watch his expression.

Luc's lips pulled up into a wry grin. "You are someone who was made for me, angel, my fated mate. When the big guy upstairs created designations, he made it so that there would be the perfect combination of person or persons for every living thing. Myself included, though I just figured it was something that would never come for me. Yet another punishment because of my own sins."

Luc leaned down to press a soft kiss to my forehead. "And then I started having dreams about an omega that smelled of granny smith apples and that loved to paint. I wasn't sure about it until I stepped through the veil on Halloween, but as soon as I saw your face and heard the naughty thoughts in your mind? I knew you were my perfect match."

"But how is any of it supposed to work? How am I supposed to explain to my friends and family that my mate is Satan, king of Hell?" It seemed all too complicated for my brain to even comprehend. "Will I be able to graduate college?"

In the grand scheme of things, graduating with a Bachelor's of Fine Arts seemed to be small potatoes, but it had been my entire life for almost three years. The one thing that was solely mine and that set me apart from everyone else. If I hadn't been a talented painter, I don't know what my identity would be.

Luc chuckled. “Of course, angel, I wouldn’t take that away from you. Once we’re fully mated you and I will be able to between the realms as we wish. The funny thing about magic is that it will change in order to fit the vessel it is put into. I’m not completely sure what that will look like once you are completely mine, but I am excited to find out.”

“And my family?” I pressed. Even if they weren’t the best, they were still mine. I didn’t want to suddenly go missing after college and leave them to wonder what happened to me.

“We can have a real wedding on Earth, Eden, it’s an experience I’ve never had so I must admit that I am curious. Though, we can’t get married in a church unless you want your groom to burst into flames,” he joked as he cradled my face in his hands. “We can tell your family and friends that I’m from Ohio or something.”

I frowned, confused. “Ohio? Why Ohio?”

“Everyone is from Ohio, Eden, it’s the perfect backstory,” Luc explained before dropping his face to mine for another sweet kiss. “You don’t have to say yes or no right now, but I’d like an answer by X-mas Eve if possible.”

I nodded, suddenly distracted by his length pressing against the zipper of his pants.

“Again?” I asked, surprised.

“I’m always hard when I’m with you, angel,” Luc told me smugly.

“Then I suppose you’d be open to round two? Maybe with some penetration this time?”

While all of the orgasms he’d given me since my arrival had been mind-blowing, the craving to feel all of him, knot included, still filled me.

Luc’s grin was just forming when someone knocked on the door.

“I swear on the fires of Hell that if one more person interrupts us I am going to banish them to an eternity of being a fly,” Luc said, cursing under his breath before calling over my shoulder. “Come in!”

I moved to get off of his lap, but Luc’s grip on me tightened as the door opened again.

Azazel stepped inside without looking up from the paper he was holding. “Lord Lucifer, banishing me from your office before I could finish saying what I need to say was rather rude—”

He paused, seeming to finally realize that I was perched on Luc’s lap. The crimson glow under his dark red skin seemed to swell as he gave an embarrassed bow. “My apologies, Lord Lucifer, Miss Eden, I didn’t realize

you were in here together.”

‘*Do you think he knows I was here the whole time?*’ I asked Luc silently, resting my head on his chest.

Luc’s chest rumbled with a genial chuckle. ‘*Probably. Azazel is much more astute than he looks.*’

“Continue with what you need to say, Azazel,” Luc said out loud, reminding his demon right-hand that he had come in for a reason.

Azazel looked at both of us blankly. “What? Oh, I was going to say that Astaroth has a pretty good idea where half of the sinners are in her circle. But we need your assistance pinpointing them exactly.”

Luc sighed heavily. “And I suppose that means I must leave the palace again?”

“Yes, sir,” Azazel said sheepishly. “We’re meeting out front in ten minutes.”

“Thank you, I’ll be there,” Luc said, frowning deeply.

Once the door had shut behind his demon, I turned to Luc. “Is it just me or is Azazel a bit shy about the smell of sex in the room? Aren’t most demons supposed to be hedonistic?”

I didn’t mention the fact that he and Lilith seemed comfortable enough to talk about him sleeping with another demon.

The corner of Luc’s mouth pulled up into a half-smile. “You picked up on that? Despite his bravado, Azazel is one of my most innocent demons. He doesn’t even like whips and chains, angel.”

I shook my head in mock disbelief. “What kind of demon doesn’t like whips and chains?” I gasped with mock offense.

Though, if I was being honest, whips and chains didn’t do anything for me either.

“It is one of the many mysteries of my realm,” Luc said as his smile faded. “I suppose I need to head out.”

“I’m sorry you’re so busy,” I murmured, fiddling with his tie.

“No, *I’m* sorry you came all the way here for our time to be cut short like this,” Luc apologized, frowning for a moment before an idea seemed to pop into his head.

Lifting a hand, he snapped his fingers and the office around us melted away until we were sitting together in a comfortable armchair in an airy room. The entire space was a mix of warm woods and light cream walls. The wall furthest from us were floor to ceiling windows that overlooked the first

circle and the ever-present sunset outside. It was wholly different from the black marble of the rest of the palace, so it was clear that Luc had made it with me in mind.

“I’d been meaning to create something like this for you, but I’ve been so busy,” Luc explained as he snapped his fingers again and any art supplies that I could ever ask for blinked into existence. “It’s not very fair of me to expect you to continue to wait for me in my chambers, but I do hope this brings you some joy while I’m busy fixing things in my realm.”

I stood from his lap and ran my hands down the large canvas that was perched on a beautiful ash oak easel. “Luc,” I breathed reverently as I turned to face him.

“Do you like it?” he asked, looking a bit unsure of himself. “I’ve never been much of a painter, so I’m afraid I’ve forgotten something—”

I closed the space between us in a single bound and threw my arms around his neck, pressing a desperately grateful kiss to his lips.

“I *love* it,” I told him, putting every ounce of my excitement into my words. “It’s perfect!”

Luc’s worry melted from his face and he spun me around once before putting me on my feet. “Good, I’m glad. If you need anything else ask Max or patch into our connection.”

I nodded, my brain already running a million miles a minute at what I could paint. Something about being here with Luc had filled me to the brim with inspiration.

Luc’s image began to fade and before he disappeared completely he offered me one last thing: “I love you, Eden Evans.”

Then he was gone.

I always thought that the first time a man told me he loved me would fill me with panic. After watching my parents go through a nasty divorce, I never believed in the forever kind of love that you read about in books. That was all just fiction created by women with huge imaginations and a penchant for daydreaming.

But with Luc? With Luc there was nothing but forever.

All I needed to do was take that last step and say the words out loud myself.

# Chapter Eight



“**A**nd you’re sure you can’t find the last sinner in *any* of the nine circles?” I asked, scrubbing an exhausted hand over my face as Azazel and Lilith finished their daily report.

It had been two days since I created Eden’s art studio and I’d only been able to see her for a handful of stolen moments.

The longer that there were sinners out of their assigned circles, the more haywire my magic had become. Just this morning the souls that worked in the palace kept getting lost when the staircases and hallways changed like it was Hogwarts. It had put a stopper in all daily functions and we were still looking for Janice who had failed to show up to her desk.

Azazel shook his head. “I have searched all of them from top to bottom, Luc, and he’s not in any of them.”

Of course the only missing sinner that we hadn’t been able to find would be Charles-fucking-Ponzi. The slippery eel had somehow managed to evade all of my horde for two days and it was starting to grate on my nerves. Turns out the asshole had planned the entire thing, convincing the hordes of fraudsters around him to escape.

I couldn’t even feel him anywhere because of how out of sync my power was becoming.

Not to mention the fact that X-mas Eve was tomorrow. There was no



sealing the second bond with Eden if my magic was out of whack like this. There was no telling what would happen if we tried and I wasn't willing to risk her safety.

"Well, keep looking, no one rests until good ol' Charles is back in his circle where he belongs," I said with a sigh, waiting until they left the office before laying my head down on the desk in front of me.

*'Are you all right?'* Eden's voice whispered into my mind. She was sitting in her studio, her hands covered with paint as she used what I'd learned was called a palette knife to create texture on her painting.

Without responding, I transported myself to her and sucked in a lungful of her sweet scent, letting it soothe me as I wrapped my arms around her shoulders. Instead of the silky black dresses she'd been wearing for the first day, today she was dressed in a velvet red overall dress and a black turtleneck. It was perfect for the holiday season, not to mention the fact that it made her look like an X-mas present that I desperately wanted to unwrap.

"I'll take that as a no," Eden said, turning to grin at me.

I shook my head before burying my face in the crook of her neck where her scent was the strongest. "We still can't find the last sinner that escaped."

"I'm sorry." Eden pressed a soft kiss to one of my horns and the tenderness of it nearly made my knees buckle. "I'd hug you back, but my hands are covered in paint."

As she spoke, I felt the tingle of one of her little fantasies as it popped into her head. It was amazing what her brain could conjure at the slightest stimuli, and in her mind she was imagining me naked as she used her hands to finger paint all over my skin.

My dour mood immediately shifted and I lifted my face to look at her. "Naughty," I teased, nipping on her plump bottom lip.

"You know I can't help it," she said, her cheeks flushing a delightful shade of pink.

"And I love you for it," I purred. I'd been sprinkling the word in every chance I got. I'd never said I loved anyone before, and I feared I was quickly becoming addicted to it.

Straightening back into a standing position, I snapped my fingers and my clothing melted away, leaving me naked for her perusal.

Eden's eyes sparkled with barely concealed excitement. "Are you sure?"

Instead of answering her, I gently grabbed her hand and dipped it into a cup of metallic gold paint. Bringing her fingers to my chest, I smeared the

color everywhere.

With a little squeal, Eden dipped back into the cup of paint and began to paint swirls on my torso.

I'd only ever seen Eden paint from her own eyes before, but now as she worked I saw the look on her face. She always created beautiful pieces, but they didn't hold a candle to the beauty of my angel as she did what she loved best.

Ethereal was the only word that came to mind as she scrunched her nose with concentration, the golden freckles that were scattered across the bridge dancing as she drew her fingertips from the top of one of my pecs down over my nipple.

I wanted to kiss her again and she must have felt the desire because her blue eyes flicked up to meet mine. "Stay still," she scolded gently, her voice soft.

"Only if you promise that I get to paint you after," I whispered back as she stepped around to paint my back.

There was a pause before she said: "Only if you are very, very good, Lucifer."

Her use of my full name was jarring in the best kind of way.

I didn't usually make a habit of letting anyone order me around, but if Eden asked me to kneel at her feet and kiss them, I'd do so gladly.

After that we sat in relative silence, Eden humming some X-mas tune under her breath as her fingers crept lower and lower. With the lack of conversation to distract me, each brush of her fingertips made my entire body shiver with pleasure.

Then she reached around to grip my stiff cock with her paint covered hand and I nearly lost it.

"Angel, are you painting me or trying to make me horny?" I asked through gritted teeth.

Eden's gold hair brushed across my skin as she peeked around my shoulder to grin mischievously before fluttering her eyelashes innocently. "Can't it be both?"

"Minx," I bit out as she stroked my length lovingly.

Finally giving in to the urge to unwrap her like a present, I whirled around and unclipped the shoulder straps of her overalls.

I could have made her clothes disappear in a flash, but there was something incredibly sexy about undressing her. It filled the air with a thick

tension that would make even a priest cum in his robes.

The overalls dropped to the ground and her turtleneck was next until she was just standing in front of me in a lacy green bra and panty set.

“Hell save me,” I groaned, brushing a finger across where her nipple would be and watching as it pebbled underneath the fabric.

“I figured you’d come see me at some point today,” Eden said, nibbling on her bottom lip as she reached for my cock again. I stepped out of her reach, grinning as she pouted up at me.

“Ah-ah, as I recall you said you’d let me paint you if I behaved myself,” I said, wagging a finger in front of her face.

Eden huffed. “And this is you behaving?”

“The Devil never behaves, angel, you should know that by now,” I replied as I perused the paint colors, choosing a silver that would match nicely with the gold she’d used on me.

My painting skills paled in comparison to Eden’s, but I wasn’t painting her for the look. No, I was painting for the feel. With a snap her bra and panties disappeared, leaving her bare for me.

Then my silver covered fingers drew a line in between her breasts, stuttering as her chest heaved with anticipatory breaths. Rounding each nipple with silver, I took special care to make sure each one was hard before moving on.

My designs were rudimentary swirls and whorls, but by the time I was finished, my angel looked exquisite.

“Do you like it?” I asked, cupping her face and spreading the silver across her cheek.

Eden nodded, glancing down at the patterns that I’d painted into her skin before pushing into my arms so that the two colors began to mix and meld together.

“Now I like it even more,” she said, resting her chin on my chest.

Pressing a kiss to her cheeks, forehead, and finally to her mouth, I then sat on her stool with her perched on my knee. “I’m going to find this sinner before tomorrow night if it’s the last thing that I do.”

“Well I certainly hope it’s not the *last* thing you do,” Eden murmured, her lips pulling up into a grin. “You haven’t even knotted me yet.”

“You’re right, that would definitely be a sin,” I agreed.

Eden nodded solemnly. “Yes, it would be. We’d have to throw you into the second circle for that.”

Then, as if on cue, someone knocked on the door.

“I swear they can smell when we’re getting hot and heavy,” Eden grumbled good naturedly, propping her chin on my shoulder.

I chuckled. “That’s because they can, they’re demons, darling.”

“Then they should respect a girl trying to get fucked with abandon by the Devil,” she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

“And that’s why I’m going to go and find that sinner and then you’re not leaving my bed until the new semester starts. You’re going to be walking funny all spring,” I purred, feeling her shudder against me.

“Sire?” Azazel’s muffled voice came from the other side of the doors. “I have an update on Ponzi.”

“Learn to read the fucking room, Azazel!” I called and waited for the demon’s footsteps to fade back down the hallway before I turned to Eden again. “Sorry, angel, duty calls. Do you want me to magic the paint away?”

Eden shook her head. “Leave it and you can come help me wash it off in the tub later.”

The purr in my chest turned into a roar.

“It’s a date then,” I said before getting to my feet, my suit back in place again. The paint disappeared, but I left just the tiniest smear of gold on the back of my hand as a reminder that I needed to find the last sinner or X-mas would be completely ruined.

# Chapter Nine



After our painting session, Luc disappeared completely, not even showing up to help me wash off in the tub. I would have been annoyed by being stood up if not for the constant quakes and tremors that were only getting worse throughout the night.

Christmas Eve in Hell felt like any other day, well, except for the demons who were dressed in hideous sweaters as they busily decorated every inch of the palace they could get their hands on.

“Oh, Miss Eden, good afternoon!” Max said cheerfully from his place atop what had to be a thirty-foot ladder. Even just looking up at him as he placed an ornament on the tree made me dizzy.

“Hey, Max, need help with anything?” I’d spent the morning painting and I was starting to feel a little guilty that everyone was going to such lengths to celebrate a holiday for me, so I’d wandered into the main hall to see what I could do to assist.

Max pulled another ornament from the floating box next to the ladder and put it on a branch that was nearly out of his reach before answering. “Actually, that would be wonderful! We still can’t find Janice because of how much the palace is shifting around, so I’m down a set of hands.”

Janice was the elderly secretary that looked like someone straight out of the eighties, shoulder pads and all. She was constantly followed by a cloud of

cigarette smoke, which I was pretty sure had been the thing that killed her. She'd been missing for a few days because of the chaos of Luc's magic fluctuations.

"Abaddon, can you bring me down?" Max called and I watched as what looked like puppet strings wrapped around Max's wrists and brought him gently to the ground again. "Could you perhaps head to the kitchen and check on the cook, Susie? She's been a basket case all week preparing for the feast and I want to know if she needs anything else from me. Then if you could..."

Max listed off a laundry list of tasks of which I lost count of after he asked me to check in with the decorating crew in the dining hall.

"You got it," I told him with a wave as I turned my feet in the direction of the kitchen. As I walked, another quake shook the entire palace, sending a nearby soul that was carrying a massive stack of towels careening to the ground.

"Oh, rats," the soul said, heaving a heavy sigh as he started to refold and stack all of the towels again.

Kneeling down, I started to help him straighten the pile. "Let me give you a hand with that."

Dark eyes met mine before shifting away. He was on the skinnier side with a dark mustache that twitched as he spoke. "Thanks, I should have taken two trips, but you know how Madame Susie is."

I didn't. I'd only met Susie once when Max was giving me the grand tour of the palace. "Where is she having you bring these?" I asked, trying to make casual conversation. Most of the souls in the palace were friendly despite the fact that they'd somehow ended up in Hell.

Luc had explained that he only employed souls that lived in Limbo, and in exchange they were reincarnated much faster than other souls who belonged to the first circle. It was a win-win for everyone it seemed.

"Oh, to the pool, I guess the demon there needs them," the soul explained sheepishly as he finished restacking them.

"Forneus? I'm surprised he needs towels at all," I joked, remembering Max's words about the tentacled demon's swimming habits. In fact, I was surprised any of the demons used towels at all as they could simply use their power to dry themselves off.

The soul shrugged. "I dunno, I'm just following orders."

With a wiggle of his fingers in place of a wave, the soul started off down the hallway again.

Watching him go, I shook off the strange nagging feeling in my chest and turned on my heel to continue my journey to the kitchen.

Susie was, in fact, freaking out by the time I got there.

She was busily scolding one of the scullery souls as they were elbow deep in the cavity of a turkey. “That is *not* how you remove the innards of a turkey, you absolute nincompoop!” she barked in her thick Irish accent, whacking the poor kid with a wooden spoon.

“But this is how my mama used to do it, ma’am,” the soul grumbled, removing a bloody arm that was holding a manual eggbeater.

“And how do you propose we get all the chopped up innards out of the bird now?” Susie asked, placing a hand on her plump hip. Every strand of her red hair seemed to stand on end in her anger, like she’d stuck her finger in a light socket.

The soul shrugged. “Well, my mama just washed it out with water...”

Susie pressed the back of her hand to her brow, like she was about to faint. “I cannot bear to hear another word. Just go and help Millie finish peeling the potatoes before I ask Lord Lucifer to chuck you into the ocean.”

She turned and finally seemed to notice my presence. “Why, Miss Eden! What brings you to my personal Hell on this fine day?”

“Max told me to come see how you were doing,” I said, offering her what I hoped was a friendly smile.

Susie blew a strand of red hair out of her eyes. “About as good as can be expected after not celebrating the holiday for nearly two centuries. My mam used to tell me that one just had to crack on when things get hard, but this is just ridiculous.”

I wanted to apologize for being the source of her stress, but instead, I just kept my smile plastered on my face. “Is there anything I can help you with to make things easier?”

“Oh, love, nothing in the kitchen. Those beautiful hands of yours are made for a brush, not a spatula. But if you could do me one tiny favor?” Susie clasped her hands together, as if pleading with me.

“Anything,” I insisted, just happy to be of any kind of help to the soul.

Susie hurried over to the wall where all of the laundry was being washed by various maids and pulled a stack of towels out for me. “Could you please take these to Marquis Forneus at the pool? It is beyond me why the demon loves toweling those infernal tentacles off, but he says he likes how the texture feels, so I try to send someone every day.”

I frowned, confused by her request. “Didn’t you already send someone to do that today?” I asked, thinking of the soul in the hallway that had dropped a stack of towels twice this size.

Susie shook her head. “No, love, we’ve been so blastedly busy here that I haven’t even had time to spare it a thought. But if you could do that for me, I will bow to you as my Queen of Hell forever. Now, on with you,” she said, shooing me out of the kitchen without giving me the chance to say anything else.

I stood in the hallway for a minute, confused. Why had the soul said that Susie ordered him to do a task she hadn’t?

It was such a strange lie to tell.

Then a shocked gasp ripped its way from my mouth as everything clicked into place.

“Holy shit,” I said out loud and began to hurry in the direction of the pool.

My feet were just touching the grass of the grounds when Luc finally seemed to pick up on my shift in mood.

‘*Angel? What’s wrong?*’ he asked and in his mind’s eye I could see him soaring over a flaming pit, closely followed by Lilith and Azazel.

The pool hall was visible in the distance now, a shadowed figure standing just outside. I kicked up into a run. ‘*You are never going to believe who I found,*’ I told him breathlessly.

‘*Who?*’ Luc asked, pulling to a hovering stop midair.

I showed him my memory of the hallway and my conversation with the soul.

‘*Son of a bitch, the bastard has been right under my nose the entire time,*’ Luc cursed and I could feel him concentrating on something. ‘*And my magic seems to be even more on the fritz than before. I can’t even teleport to you.*’

‘*What do you think he wants with Forneus?*’ I asked, confused about the why of everything.

Luc was already flying back in the direction of the palace as fast as his wings could carry him. ‘*Because Forneus is one of my upper denizens. Meaning he has the ability to teleport to Earth. The asshole is trying to jailbreak from Hell itself and Forneus when he’s in his current form isn’t necessarily the most, ah, coherent if you will. If he manages to touch him, chances are Forneus will just teleport to Earth without realizing who he’s bringing with him.*’



*‘Well, that’s definitely the worst-case scenario,’* I said, dropping the towels, abandoning them completely in favor of an all-out sprint toward the pool hall. I was definitely going to be doing cardio when I made it back to Earth because, man, was I out of shape.

*‘If you think quakes from a couple of misplaced souls in Hell is bad, you don’t want to know what a soul escaping Hell entirely will look like,’* Luc’s growl rumbled in my mind. *‘Angel, I will be there in less than ten minutes, do not go in there yourself. I repeat, do not go in there by yourself.’*

*‘I don’t think you have ten minutes, Luc,’* I said, watching as the soul slipped inside the doors of the hall. *‘But I can try to give you them.’*

*‘Eden—’* Luc started but I ignored him as I yanked the glass door to the pool hall open.

Nothing could have prepared me for what I saw.

The pool, which had looked peaceful when Max showed it to me a few days ago, was now a writhing mass of black tentacles that I assumed were Forneus. When I’d met him before, he’d been a suave looking blue demon. But now he was completely unrecognizable.

My eyes scanned them, looking for the sinner that had spent the past few days on the run, and I quickly found him wading into the water.

“Hey!” I shouted, causing him to freeze in place. “What do you think you are doing?”

The soul turned, his dark eyes wide as he took me in.

“There’s no use in lying to me,” I said, stomping into the water and reaching for him. He tried to bat my hand away, but I tangled my hand in his shirt and held on tight.

“I can’t stay here anymore. I don’t belong in Hell,” the man stuttered. “I’ve already done almost a hundred years of it and I’m done.”

“Doesn’t matter,” I said, “You can’t leave. It will throw everything here into chaos.”

The center of the writhing mass of tentacles let out an ear-splitting screech, one of the long appendages slamming into the water just a few feet away from us.

“I just need to touch one tentacle. You’re a soul trapped here, so you should understand,” the sinner pleaded with me, trying to pry my fingers from his shirt.

It made sense why he would think I was just like him. I looked like all of the human souls that wandered the palace. No horns or tails anywhere on me.

But I wasn't like them.

"I'm not trapped here," I told him quietly.

The sinner frowned. "What?"

Drawing up to my full height, which was a couple of inches taller than him. "I said I'm not trapped here. I'm going to be the queen of Hell, and you are out of order."

That sounded way cooler than it felt, but as if my words seemed to attract the attention of Forneus, a massive tentacle shot out and knocked both of us off balance.

I didn't even get a chance to take a breath before my head sunk under the water and the sinner began to wrestle with me just beneath the surface.

As I fought to put myself to rights again, a chilling thought settled in my mind.

Could I die in Hell?

I assumed so as I was still very much an alive human being.

Underneath the water, something glanced off the side of my head and disoriented me as a wave of nausea filled my body. Darkness filled the edge of my vision as I pushed in vain against the soul's bony fingers.

Then I was being dragged, sputtering, from the water and up into Luc's arms.

He clutched me to him as Azazel and Lilith fished the sinner out of the water before he could touch one of Forneus's tentacles.

"You are the most ridiculously, stupidly brave human being I've ever met," Luc barked, his bright green eyes tight with worry as he looked me over, checking for injuries other than what had to be a gash on the side of my head. He brushed a hand along the edges of the wound and it sealed together as if it had never been there in the first place.

"And you made it here much faster than ten minutes," I rasped, sucking in all the air I could get.

Luc just shook his head in disbelief, his dark wings wrapping around both of us as he turned to leave the pool hall. "Azazel, take care of that asshole. Send him somewhere much worse than the eighth circle for daring to lay a hand on my queen."

With that, Luc stomped out of the hall, letting the glass door shatter behind him as he slammed it.

In a blink we were in the en suite bathroom connected to his chambers and he was dropping me in the large tub that was already full of piping hot

water, my soaked clothing disappearing with an audible pop.

“So I gather you heard what I said back there?” I asked after a few minutes of us staring each other down.

“The part where you declared yourself my queen?” Despite Luc’s clear anger over my putting myself in danger, the corner of his mouth still twitched up into the ghost of a smile.

“Yes, that,” I said, pushing myself back in the water, just out of his reach. “And can I just say, that queens shouldn’t be scolded by their kings?”

Luc frowned. “Only queens who don’t put themselves in active danger can avoid being scolded, Eden.”

Heaving a sigh, I leaned against the edge of the tub. “I knew you were coming, Luc, so I figured that I could hold him off.”

“Even still, I felt your fear just before I pulled you out of the water,” Luc insisted. “And for your information, until you get my second bite you *can* die. Even in Hell.”

I sat quietly for a moment, chastened by his words.

“Then I guess we’ll just have to seal that second bond tonight, then,” I finally murmured, looking up at him again.

His expression, tight with frustration and worry, smoothed into surprise almost immediately. “Are you sure?”

“I wouldn’t have said it if I wasn’t,” I held my arms open for him and he didn’t think twice before diving still fully clothed into the water with me, his lips crashing into mine.

My skin felt tender as the fabric of his suit brushed against it and I let out a little moan when his tail slipped between my legs to play.

After what felt like an eternity, I broke away from the kiss and rested my forehead against his. “Okay, now that we’re agreed, what does the second biting ceremony entail, exactly?”

Luc’s smile was properly devilish as he pulled away. “You’re in for a real treat, angel, the realest treat of your life.”

# Chapter Ten



“In front of *everyone*?” I whispered to Luc as Azazel and Lilith sang a unique rendition of the 12 Days of Christmas for the dining hall that was packed full of demons.

“On the twelfth day of X-mas the eighth circle gave to me,” Lilith’s soprano soared next to Azazel’s baritone as they listed the gifts off. “Twelve cheating husbands, eleven pathological liars, ten wall street executives, nine wives lying about their spending habits, eight MLM marketers, seven elderly scammers, six catfishers, five Munchausen by proxy, four only sponsored beauty influencers, three fake Frenchmen, two dead beat dads, and the inventor of the Ponzi scheme!”

The crowd cheered as the pair took a bow in their matching green velvet outfits.

“Your dress will cover almost everything, angel,” Luc said as he clapped for them. “Besides, I think you’ll find most of them will be too busy with their own partners to care what we’re doing on the throne.”

Luc had explained that the second bite ceremony was also something of a coronation for me. This meant that he would take me on the throne and bite only at the point of knotting. This would allow the magic to change me and truly make me his equal. His queen.

It would also trigger a heat, which was a bonus for the both of us.

“Come now, angel,” Luc said, bringing his lips close to my ear. “I distinctly remember how turned on it made you when we played voyeurism on Halloween. You couldn’t get enough of it.”

He wasn’t wrong. Even the memory of it made my insides clench with need.

“And what else do I need to do?”

Luc’s face split into a grin. He knew he had me, hook, line, and sinker.

“You’ll need to eat a peach grown in the orchards of Hell so you can safely travel between dimensions without getting lost. If you have a piece of my dimension within you, it will always help you find me.”

I frowned. “Like Hades and Persephone?”

“If you like. Most mythology is based on something real, after all,” Luc said with a shrug.

“But why a peach instead of a pomegranate?” I asked, confused by the fruit choice.

Luc looked down my body which was encased in a black dress that hugged each and every one of my curves before flowing around my legs. “I just picked a fruit that looked the most like that luscious ass of yours. I figured a peach was perfect.”

My face heated at the hunger in his words. Our time up to this point had been marked by quick rendezvous and unsatisfying orgasms. It was like our circumstances had edged us for a week, and now Luc was ready to devour me in front of his entire horde of demons.

As if he was reading my thoughts, Luc cupped my chin in one hand and pressed a burning kiss to my mouth.

“Eat your dinner, angel, you’re going to need all of the strength you can get for tonight,” he purred before turning back to his own meal.

Twenty minutes later, the dining hall melted away to the throne room which had been equally decked out for the holiday.

The massive space, which had been relatively empty a week ago when I arrived, was now full of various cushions and mattresses, belying what was about to occur within its hallowed walls.

“Good evening my horde,” Luc’s voice boomed as we stood together on top of the dais.

Demons were already coupling off, their hands roving as they half-listened to Luc’s address.

“You may have noticed that this solstice has been a bit different from

what you are used to,” he said, eyeing the gold garland strung up throughout the room. “It has been my greatest joy to welcome, my mate, and your future queen, Eden, to our realm.”

There were a couple of hoots from the crowd and I felt my face flush again at being the center of attention. Something I was definitely going to have to get used to.

Luc waited for them to quiet before continuing. “But the time has come to truly make Eden one of us. Our queen.”

“Our queen, our queen, our queen,” the demons chanted, their feet stomping on the black marble floors.

“Be grateful, my horde, that I am sharing anything of my queen with you. Relish in the look on her face as I make her come while we sit together on the throne,” Luc’s voice was full of power as he spoke, the lights in the room flickering from the magic in it. “Then greet her as your queen.”

There was a roar from behind me as Luc took my hand and led me to the glittering black throne, the back of which stretched up to nearly the top of the cathedral height ceilings.

Luc settled first before tugging me down to join him, my legs splaying on either side of his thighs as I straddled him.

“Are you ready for this, Eden?” he asked, his glowing eyes on mine. “There’s no turning back after this.”

A fat peach appeared in his hand from out of thin air and he held it up for me.

Making sure to keep my eyes locked with his, I leaned down and buried my teeth into the flesh of the peach. The very same way he’d be doing to me in just a few short minutes.

It was the best peach I’d ever tasted. Just ripe enough to be sweet while also retaining a crisp tartness that spread across my tongue.

Warmth began to spread throughout my body and my insides cramped, a telltale sign that my heat was beginning.

“There we go,” Luc purred, brushing my hair out of the way so that he could kiss his way down my jaw. “Your heat smells divine, angel.”

“I need you,” I managed to say through gritted teeth, no longer caring who was watching.

Behind us, the moans of Luc’s demons only spurred on my own desire as I reached in between our bodies and pulled his cock free from his pants.

It was thick, hard, and everything I could ever want in this moment.

“You don’t want me to stretch you a bit with my fingers and tail first?” Luc asked, his hands gripping the tops of my thighs, dimpling them with the pressure.

I shook my head emphatically. “You’ve been toying with me all week, I just want to feel you. All of you.”

Gripping him in my fists, I guided the head of his length to my already sopping wet entrance.

It had been months since I’d been penetrated by the devil in front of me, but I slid down his shaft as if it had only been a day since Halloween. His knot was already swollen when the lips of my cunt reached the base of his cock and the edge of it brushed tantalizingly against my clit.

A sigh of pure relief whooshed out of me as I leaned against him for a moment, letting myself get used to being so full again.

“Feels good?” Luc asked, his hand slipping around my back to rub smooth, soothing circles.

I nodded, inhaling his fresh, petrichor scent into my lungs. “The best.”

“Well, I’m about to start moving or else the demons are going to start a running commentary,” Luc joked as his hips shifted underneath me, causing an involuntary noise of pleasure to slip from my lips. “Don’t be shy, angel, they love it loud.”

With that, large hands gripped my hips and lifted me, pulling me nearly off his long length before dropping me unceremoniously back down again.

This time, my moan was much louder and the crowd behind us cheered in response.

Luc’s lips found my ear as he thrust into me again. “Do you hear them? They’re cheering for you, and judging by the way that pretty pussy of yours is clenching down around me, you love it.”

I did love it. Feeling their eyes made my skin tingle in all the best ways as my devil took me in front of them.

When he’d first explained the ceremony to me, I’d been on the fence, but now I found myself pulling my skirt up to give the demon horde behind us a full view of where Luc and I were connected.

“Dirty omega,” Luc chuckled before catching my lips, his tongue dancing with mine as we writhed together.

“My perfect match in every way,” he said once we’d broken apart, his cock pushing up into my deepest parts, making the moan that was exiting my mouth turn into a scream of pleasure.

Lifting my hands, I gripped his horns tightly, making his hips stutter as he let out a growl.

“You know my weak spots, my darling devil, and I also know yours,” I rasped, giving his jaw a nip. I wished that I could dig my teeth into his neck and make my own, permanent mark.

Luc tilted his head to the side, presenting the smooth, green skin of his neck. “Do it, angel, I’ll wear any mark your little teeth make forever.”

A shuddering breath left my lips, and without thinking about it anymore, I struck. My teeth made short work of his skin and I swear I felt the pop of each tooth as I dug them into his neck.

Luc’s roar of pleasure and pain echoed off of the walls of the throne room and he roughly shoved me back down on his cock, his knot digging into the tender entrance of my pussy as he came.

Liquid heat filled me, soothing the heat cramps that had been twisting inside of my body and I had to break free from his neck to howl through my own orgasm. Lightning quick pain pricked just behind my ear as Luc’s sharp teeth made short work of the second bonding bite.

Then the world around me shifted on its axis as every bit of his power flowed between us.

My forehead started to burn along with the point just above my tailbone. I was growing horns and a tail. I wasn’t sure *how* I knew it, but I just did.

Once my sparkling vision cleared and I was a little more coherent, I reached up to find a pair of dainty little horns coming from my forehead.

Growing new appendages didn’t scare me, though, instead it thrilled me completely. “How do they look?” I asked my king who was gazing fondly up at me, his glowing green eyes full of love and lust.

“Like horns fit for a queen,” he told me, reaching up to give one a little squeeze.

The touch sent lightning bolts of pleasure straight to my clit.

“*Oh*,” I gasped, my eyes widening at the sudden sensation.

Luc grinned. “Now you know how I feel when you grip my horns, angel.”

“We’re going to have so much fun playing with both of these,” I said, my tail lashing into my vision. It was a light blue color, so I assumed that the rest of me was blue as well. “But I have to ask, can you even still call me angel when I’ve become the queen of Hell?”

Luc shrugged. “You will always be an angel to me, Eden, even if you now wear the infernal crown. Now, let’s officially introduce you to your



court.”

I was about to ask how he was going to do that when we were knotted so tightly together, but he answered that question by wrapping my legs firmly around his torso and standing with us still connected.

We turned to face the crowd which had devolved into a writhing mass of moans and naked bodies. In the haze, I caught a glimpse of Lilith and Azazel in the middle of what looked like an eightsome of brightly colored demons.

“My court,” Luc’s voice was amplified by his magic and I could feel what was now my own magic rise to meet it. “I will now introduce you to your new queen. Queen Eden, the divine.”

The room shook as the demons roared their approval, some even breaking free from whatever embrace they were in to join.

“Enjoy the rest of your solstice, I expect you all back to work in the morning,” Luc said and as we turned away the throne room melted away and we were back in his chambers again.

“No more throne sex?” I asked, feeling a little sad that it was over so soon.

Luc grinned. “No, no more throne sex. Now the real fun begins, my queen.”

# Chapter Eleven



“No more,” Eden groaned, giving my shoulder a smack as I continued to rut inside of her.

My lips, which had been busy marking her pale blue skin with yet another love mark, pulled up into a grin.

Time had become a blur shortly after our arrival in my chambers as we made love in and on every inch of the space.

Eden’s transformation and the onset of her heat had made her insatiable and every time we finished, she was raring to go again.

But now it seemed her ardor was finally beginning to cool as my omega gave my shoulder another weak shove as the inside of her cunt fluttered around me in yet another orgasm. One of many that I’d managed to pull out of my angel over the past several hours.

Releasing the suction of my lips, I observed the fresh, dark blue bruise with pride.

“I know you’ve got at least a few more in you,” I teased, rolling my hips forward and nudging my knot inside of her, shuddering with pleasure as the entrance of her pussy contracted around it like a gripped fist.

Eden looked up at me and her blue eyes, which had been so human only a few hours ago, glowed in the dim light of my chambers.

My queen was resplendent in her new form. Everything about her was the

same, just *more*. Her creamy skin had changed to the palest of blues, her golden freckles turning a darker shade of indigo.

Her horns were much smaller than mine, but still just as sensitive, and the point of her tail was curved and soft, like a heart rather than the point that my own made.

When Eden returned to Earth, she would wear her human skin yet again, but for now she was every inch the infernal being that I was. Somehow, just looking at her made me feel complete for the first time in my life.

The life of the Lord of Hell was a long and largely lonely occupation. Sure, I had the souls and demons that were under my care, but none were made of the same cloth that I was.

In sharing my magic with Eden, I had created my perfect equal. My perfect match.

“You’ve already had me in every way that you can, what else is there?” Eden asked, her thighs tightening around my hips as I knotted myself as deeply as I could and came with a grunt.

Our tails entwined next to us, blue and green, as she let out another gasp as I filled her to the brim.

While it was true that we’d sullied every inch of Eden’s nest, there was still something else I wanted to do.

With a grin, I teleported us into the same pocket dimension where we’d first fucked on Halloween.

“Remember this?” I asked as we floated through the darkness.

As Eden glanced around the space, I could feel her nostalgia through our freshly minted second bond. Like humans, we could feel each other’s emotions without inhibition now.

“I do,” Eden whispered, her hands cupping my face as she pressed a surprisingly chaste kiss to my mouth.

“Well, I want to see what you can do with your magic,” I said, forcing my knot to deflate enough so that I could pull out of her. “Just imagine whatever you want, the same way you did on Halloween, and this time it will be you making your dreams come true.”

Eden nibbled on her bottom lip, her golden hair floating around her head as she contemplated her next move.

A presence appeared next to me and when I turned, I found a doppelganger of Eden floating at my elbow.

“Remember this?” the clone asked, a mischievous grin on her face.

My lips tilted up.

“I do,” I purred, remembering the strange sense of jealousy I felt when my own doppelganger and I took Eden together.

Another popped into existence on my other side, then another, until there were several Eden’s surrounding me.

“Well, it’s my turn to play with the devil a little bit,” the real Eden said, floating close again as numerous hands began to smooth down my skin and bodies pressed themselves into every inch of me.

It was like an apple scented inferno had engulfed me, covering my vision in pale blue as fingers gripped, lips sucked, and tongues explored.

“This is...” I managed to gasp around the seeking mouth of one of Eden’s clones.

Eden, the real one, brought my face to hers, silencing my words as lips closed around my cock.

Another thing that had changed about my omega, apparently, was the length of her tongue. A savage grunt rattled in my chest as the clone’s tongue wound my shaft, and what was worse, the clone made loud slurping noises that did little to calm the intense wave of sensation filling my body.

Then came the chorus of whimpers and moans as Eden’s various doppelgangers began to rub themselves onto me, spreading glowing blue slick in their wake.

Their noises filled the pocket dimension and my ears as one by one they came, disappearing into a puff of smoke at the height of their climax until only the clone at my cock and Eden remained.

“It was my turn to paint you, just like you did with me on Halloween,” Eden murmured against my mouth, her fingers buried in my hair as the clone’s fingers slipped behind my cock to fondle my balls. “And what a masterpiece you make, my king.”

“You are the naughtiest—” was all I managed to say before the clone’s sucking mouth made me come with a shout, her fingers and tongue never ceasing their movement until she was sure that she’d drained each drop from me. Then the clone also disappeared into a puff of smoke.

It was my turn again and with a snap of my fingers, my own clone appeared in the empty space behind Eden.

“Hello, darling,” he purred, wrapping both of his arms around her.

“Star!” Eden greeted him with a kiss, her hands still wrapped around my neck. Again, the same obsessive need to possess her fully filled my chest. I

eyed my clone that had far too much personality to be a straight mirror image of me.

“Remember who she belongs to,” I growled once the two broke apart.

My clone just grinned.

“Whatever you say, boss,” he said, giving me a mock salute. “Now can we fuck our girl?”

We wouldn't have to be as gentle with her as we'd been on Halloween. She'd been human then, so coaxing and stretching had been required. But now? Now she was the queen of Hell and could handle a little rough treatment.

With a shake of my head, I lifted one of Eden's legs to give myself better access and slipped inside of her slick, wet cunt. It felt just as amazing as it had when she'd ridden me on my throne during the coronation ceremony, and I let out a little moan as I sheathed myself entirely.

Eden's lips sought my own, her tongue entwining with mine. Glowing blue eyes fluttered shut as she let out a sigh of pleasure, her blue tail snaking up to wrap around the bicep of my clone in order to drag him closer.

Star's grin was full of sharp teeth that only got wider as he drew a whimper from Eden when he notched the head of his cock at her back entrance. Through the bond, I could feel the same initial hesitance that always rattled through my omega when we played with the tight rosette of her ass.

But those feelings always melted away quickly and now was no different. Especially seeing as her body had been changed and she was more pliable than before, meaning she could take his cock with ease even in her tight back hole.

Fingernails dug into my shoulders as Eden threw her head back and let out a mangled gasp as Star and I filled her completely.

Pressing my lips close to her ear, I inhaled her tart apple scent before asking: “Do you like it, angel?”

Eden nodded wordlessly, her pussy clenching down around my cock, twisting and milking it for all it was worth.

“Good, because you and I are going to spend the rest of eternity thinking up new and unusual ways to drive each other wild,” I said, pulling my hips back and slamming them forward until my knot caught on the edges of the entrance to her pussy before yanking it back out again.

The pleasure-pain ricocheting down the bond was like being electrocuted by lightning. It very nearly made me come prematurely as Star continued to

work his way in and out of Eden's tight ass.

"And when we run out of ideas? We'll start all over again in this pocket dimension, just like we did on Halloween," I continued, grunting with the effort it took to rein in my control. "It'll go down in our history books. The human that summoned the devil and earned a crown for herself. Eden, the divine."

With a blink of magic, I swapped places with Star so that I was the one driving into her ass, the tight ring massaging my shaft for all it was worth as I ran my tongue along the fresh bond mark I'd given her.

"No fair," Star grunted, his knot immediately getting stuck inside of her and making him come. "I wasn't done back there."

"You protest far too much to be a mirror image of me," I said, leveling a quelling look at my doppelganger. "Now pipe down and give her clit a pinch."

"What?" Eden asked hazily, one blue eye opening. But Star was already doing as asked, his fingers twisting the swollen bud and drawing a scream from the omega caught in between us as she came.

It was enough sensation to drag me right along with her, my teeth digging back into the mark on her neck.

The pocket dimension closed in on us, drenching everything in an inky blackness until it finally spat us back out into her nest with a thud.

At some point, Star had dissipated completely, leaving Eden and me alone again.

I was still knotted in her ass, and while I could have forced my knot to shrink with my magic, I was enjoying the feeling of her body being spooned against mine. It gave my hands a reason to rove over her curves and explore without anything being overtly sexual.

While I, hypothetically, shouldn't have been exhausted as the lord of Hell, Eden had sure given me a run for my money.

Her tail, which seemed to truly have a mind of its own, trailed affectionately up and down my face and neck as she worked to catch her breath.

"I'll never get tired of this," she said once her heart rate slowed enough for her to speak.

"What do you mean, angel?" I asked, giving her nipple a little tweak.

Eden turned, a soft smile on her face. "All of this, all of you. When I was a little girl I couldn't imagine loving anyone as much as I love you."

Even though I knew that Eden was in love with me, it was the first time she'd ever admitted it out loud.

“Well, it's hard to compare a human man to me, darling,” I said, banding my arms around her torso and squeezing her tightly to my chest. “But I feel the same. In the thousands of years since I've been on this infernal plane of existence, I've never met anyone quite like you, Eden Evans.”

Eden grinned and pressed a quick kiss to my lips. “So, what happens next?”

I thought about it for a moment, because what could you say when you and your newly changed mate were immortal.

“Next, my angel? Next is forever.”

# Epilogue



The blare of my alarm clock was less than welcome as I cracked one groggy eye open to glare at it.

After spending most of the night trying to perfect my latest still life painting, I was less than enthused about the early morning wake up call.

Slapping at my phone until it was silenced, I rolled over onto my back and let out a mangled noise of frustration.

“Remind me to never schedule a class at eight in the morning ever again,” I said to the empty room.

Last semester, Cleo would have chimed in with some half-asleep words of encouragement before rolling over and going back to sleep, but now I was alone.

When she’d first brought up moving across campus to the mates apartments, I thought that every day was going to become exceedingly more lonely. After all, what would I do without my best friend constantly chattering in my ear?

But a month into the new term, I found myself relishing in having my own space. Besides, I still saw her throughout the day, probably more than I did even when we were living together.

The campus dorm office had removed her bed, desk, and armoire so that someone else could use it, so I’d filled the space with a comfy futon that



faced the large easel that I'd dragged in from my studio.

On the easel was a half-finished painting. Professor Clinch had asked what it was, but I wasn't sure how to explain that the people playing limbo on a beach were dead souls living in the first circle of Hell... so I just went with the line that I was trying my hand at absurdity and she didn't question it further.

I continued to lay in my warm bed until my snoozed alarm started blaring again, telling me that it really was time to get out of bed.

My floor was ice cold from the still-early February chill and I hissed as I walked on my tiptoes to the bathroom.

Another benefit of living on my own was the fact that I was able to sleep naked, a habit I'd quickly taken to as soon as I returned from my winter vacation in Hell. This meant that I was able to slip into the shower with relative ease, letting the boiling hot water pound into my pale human-like skin.

Skin that now felt too tight on my body, like I was wearing a suffocating mask. The blue of my other form was definitely not human realm appropriate, so I kept my magic busy maintaining my original form so as not to freak any humans out. They could tell something was different about me, that was clear.

In my first week back their unabashed staring had unnerved me until Luc explained that it was because I was no longer human. It drew attention until I got better at putting my human facade on, but even still I always got a few stares when I was walking to classes.

I was busily rinsing shampoo out of my hair when the rings of the shower curtain squealed as it was drawn open.

"Wanna mess around?" Luc's voice purred, sending a shiver of anticipation down my spine.

It was the same line he always gave when he slipped between dimensions to Earth to spend time with me.

Luc had his own human glamour firmly in place, making him about a foot shorter than he actually was. He looked just like Clark Kent and I had a feeling it was because he'd peeked into my memories to see what my human type was.

Strong arms wrapped around me, drawing me into his chest as his already stiff cock was pressed in between us.

"You're going to make me late for class," I scolded, giving him a half-

hearted smack as he caught my lips in a hungry kiss.

I was breathless and limp by the time he broke away.

“I’ll make sure you get wherever you need to on time,” he said, snapping his fingers.

My magic rose to meet his, like calling to like, and I innately knew that he’d stopped time outside of the shower stall.

It was a skill I was still struggling to learn. Since my transformation I’d only managed to stop things for twenty or so seconds before time sped up to catch back up again.

“I’ll agree to a morning quickie if you agree to get dinner with Cleo and her alpha this week,” I finally surrendered, drawing a finger down the side of his face and watching the illusion melt in its wake, showing the dark green skin beneath.

I was very slowly introducing Luc to all of the humans in my life so that, eventually, we could get married in the human world without anyone questioning it too much.

Luc pressed the head of his cock into the entrance of my already slick pussy.

“It’s a deal with the devil, angel,” he purred.

I grinned.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

# Also by Calliope Stewart

[The San Francisco Omegas](#)

[The Seattle Omegas](#)

[Omegas Through Time](#)

[Monstrous Ink](#)

[Knot Today Satan](#)

# About the Author

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